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This volume contains:—

- 1. Early Naval Ballads of England.*
- 2. Hobson's Jests.*
- 3. Nursery Rhymes of England.*

EARLY NAVAL BALLADS.

THE
EARLY NAVAL BALLADS
OF
ENGLAND.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ.
F.R.S. F.S.A. F.R.A.S.

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETIES OF
EDINBURGH, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, OXFORD,
PARIS, COPENHAGEN, ETC. ETC.

*Richard Halliwell Esq
from his affectionate brother*

Queen of the sea,
All hail to thee!
Here shall my home or ever be.

The author.

Planché

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PREFACE.

IN offering the accompanying little volume to the members of the Percy Society, the Editor is anxious to avail himself of the introductory leaves to apologise for the incompleteness of its chronological arrangement—an error which may perhaps be considered by no means a light one by the exact antiquary. The fact is that a few curious ballads were discovered after the first sheets were worked off, which properly ought to have been included in them; and the necessity of inserting these out of their proper places induced the Editor, in preference to forming an appendix, to follow no order whatever in the subsequent part, and thus to preclude the possibility of a casual reference to the book being interrupted by any specified order of the dates of the several ballads.

Of the collection itself it is not necessary to speak, further than to remark that instead of a *selection* of the best ballads on naval subjects, which would have been comprised in a very brief

compass, the Editor has found it expedient to insert every one that he could discover which could possibly be included in his collection, and the reader will perceive that this plan has not been the means of forming a volume by any means commensurate in size with the national interest of the subject.

If, however, a thought worthy of the British tars of old should ever by these means be generated on the wide ocean in the breast of a modern disciple of Neptune, the Editor apprehends that the purpose of those who suggested the idea of such a publication, and carried it into execution, will be fully answered. At all events, the triumphs of our marine power cannot be too frequently recalled to our memories, and a novelty in time may produce a corresponding change in the directions of the thoughts so induced.

The Editor has found it necessary to omit a few ballads of the sea, which might have been introduced, owing to their occasional grossness. He is aware that this fault is not generally considered sufficiently valid to exclude documents of any value, but daily experience convinces him of the necessity of making some attempt to restore that Platonic respect which is due to literature, and the immediate progenitors of its influences. Those principles of utili-

tarianism which are so universally adopted at the present day, when applied to subjects of historical interest and curiosity, will readily seize hold of any apparent defect in the system, and will be used as an argument against the value of any collateral researches.

The Editor's thanks are preeminently due to Mr. E. F. Rimbault, the zealous Secretary of the Percy Society, who has supplied him with several of the ballads here printed, and other important communications. The Editor having been absent from London while this little volume was passing through the press, Mr. Rimbault has also kindly executed the task of correcting the proof-sheets, and collating the ballads with the original copies.

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EARLY NAVAL BALLADS.

THE EARLIEST SEA SONG.

THE following curious ballad, which is by far the earliest yet discovered on this subject, was first pointed out by Mr. Wright, in a manuscript of the time of Henry VI. in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, R. iii. 19. The key to the subject of it may be found in a singular letter printed in Sir Henry Ellis's *Original Letters*, Second Series, vol. i. p. 110, from which it appears that ships were every year fitted out from different ports, with cargoes of pilgrims, to the shrine of St. James of Compostella; for, strange as it may seem, pilgrims at this time were really, as Sir Henry Ellis observes, articles of exportation.

MEN may leve all gamys,
That saylen to Seynt Jamys ;
For many a man hit gramys ;
When they begyn to sayle.

For when they have take the see,
At Sandwyche, or at Wynchylsee,
At Bystow, or where that hit bee,
Theyr herts begyn to fayle.

Anone the mastyr commaundeth fast
To hys shyp-men in all the hast,
To dresse hem sone about the mast,
Theyr takelyng to make.

With "howe ! hissa !" then they cry,
 "What, howte ! mate, thow stondyst to ny,
 Thy felow may nat hale the by ;"
 Thus they begyn to crake.

A boy or tweyne anone up-styen,
 And overthwarte the sayle-yerde lyen ;—
 " Y how ! taylia !" the remenaunte cryen,
 And pull with all theyr myght.

"Bestowe the boote, bote-swayne, anon,
 That our pylgryms may pley thereon ;
 For som ar lyke to cowgh and grone,
 Or hit be full mydnyght."

"Hale the bowelyne ! now, vere the shete !—
 Cooke, make redy anoone our mete,
 Our pylgryms have no lust to ete,
 I pray God yeve him rest."

"Go to the helm ! what, howe ! no nere ?
 Steward, felow ! a pot of bere !"
 "Ye shall have, sir, with good chere,
 Anone all of the best."

" Y howe ! trussa ! hale in the brayles !
 Thow halyst nat, be God, thow fayles,
 O se howe well owre good shyp sayles !"
 And thus they say among.

“Hale in the wartake !” “Hit shall be done.”
 “Steward ! cover the boorde anone,
 And set bred and salt thereone,
 And tarry nat to long.”

Then cometh oone and seyth, “be mery ;
 Ye shall have a storme or a pery.”
 “Holde thow thy pese ! thow canst no whery,
 Thow medlyst wondyr sore.”

Thys menewhyle the pylgryms ly,
 And have theyr bowlys fast theym by,
 And cry afthyr hote malvesy,
 “Thow helpe for to restore.”

And som wold have a saltyd tost,
 For they myght ete neyther sode ne rost ;
 A man myght sone pay for theyr cost,
 As for oo day or twayne.

Som layde theyr bookys on theyr kne,
 And rad so long they myght nat se,—
 “Allas ! myne hede woll cleve on thre !”
 Thus seyth another certayne.

Then commeth owre owner lyke a lorde,
 And speketh many a royall worde,
 And dresseth hym to the hygh borde,
 To see all thyng be well.

Anone he calleth a carpentere,
 And biddyth hym bryng with hym hys gere,
 To make the cabans here and there,
 With many a febyl cell.

A sak of strawe were there ryght good,
 For som must lyg theym in theyr hood ;
 I had as lefe be in the wood,
 Without mete or drynk.

For when that we shall go to bedde,
 The pumpe was nygh our bedde hede,
 A man were as good to be dede,
 As smell thereof the stynk.

A TRUE RELATION OF THE LIFE AND DEATH
 OF SIR ANDREW BARTON, A PYRATE
 AND ROVER ON THE SEAS.

THE present text of the following ballad, which has been printed by Percy and others, is taken from an original black-letter copy preserved in the British Museum. It will be seen that the several versions vary considerably from each other.

Tune—"Come, follow my love," &c.

WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers
 bedeckt the earth so trim and gay,
 And Neptune with his dainty showers
 came to present the month of May,

King Henry would a hunting ride,
 over the river Thames passed he,
 Unto a mountain-top also
 did walk, some pleasure for to see :

Where forty merchants he espy'd,
 with fifty sail came towards him,
 Who then no sooner were arriv'd,
 but on their knees did thus complain :
 "An't please your grace, we cannot sail
 to France no voyage to be sure,
 But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,
 and robs us of our marchant ware."

Vext was the King, and turning him,
 Said to the Lords of high degree,
 "Have I ne'er a Lord within my realm,
 dare fetch that traytor unto me?"
 To him reply'd, Charles Lord Howard,
 "I will, my liege, with heart and hand ;
 If it will please you grant me leave," he said,
 "I will perform what you command."

To him then spoke King Henry,
 "I fear, my Lord, you are too young."
 "No whit at all, my Liege," quoth he ;
 "I hope to prove in valour strong :
 The Scotch knight I vow to seek,
 in what place soever he be,
 And bring ashore with all his might,
 or into Scotland he shall carry me."

“ A hundred men,” the King then said,
“ out of my realm shall chosen be,
Besides sailors and ship-boys,
to guide a great ship on the sea :
Bow-men and gunners of good skill
shall for this service chosen be,
And they at thy command and will,
in all affairs shall wait on thee.”

Lord Howard call'd a gunner then,
who was the best in all the realm,
His age was threescore years and ten,
and Peter Simon was his name :
My Lord call'd then a bow-man rare,
whose active hands had gain'd fame,
A gentleman born in Yorkshire,
and William Horsely was his name.

“ Horsely,” quoth he, “ I must to sea
to seek a traytor, with good speed ;
Of a hundred bow-men brave,” quoth he,
“ I have chosen thee to be the head.”
“ If you, my Lord, have chosen me
of a hundred men to be the head,
Upon the main mast I'll hanged be,
if twelve score I miss one shilling's breadth.”

Lord Howard then of courage bold,
went to the sea with pleasant cheer,
Not curb'd with winter's piercing cold,
tho' it was the stormy time of year ;

Not long had he been on sea,
more in days than number three,
But one Henry Hunt there he espy'd,
a merchant of New-castle was he ;

To him Lord Howard call'd out amain,
and strictly charged him to stand,
Demanding then from whence he came,
or where he did intend to land :
The merchant then made answer soon,
with heavy heart and careful mind,
" My Lord, my ship it doth belong
unto New-castle upon Tine."

" Canst thou shew me," the Lord did say,
" as thou didst sail by day and night,
A Scottish rover on the sea,
his name is Andrew Barton, knight?"
Then the merchant sigh'd and said,
with grieved mind, and well away,
" But over well I know that wight,
I was his prisoner yesterday :

" As I, my Lord, did sail from France,
a Burdeave voyage to take so far,
I met with Sir Andrew Barton thence,
who rob'd me of my merchant ware :
And mickle debts God knows I owe,
and every man doth crave his own ;
And I am bound to London now,
of our gracious King to beg a boon."

"Show me him," said Lord Howard then,
 "let me once the villain see,
 And ev'ry penny he hath from thee ta'en,
 I'll double the same with shillings three."
 "Now God forbid," the merchant said,
 "I fear your aim that you will miss :
 God bless you from his tyranny,
 for little you think what man he is.

"He is brass within and steel without,
 his ship most huge and mighty strong,
 With eighteen pieces of ordnance
 he carrieth on each side along :
 With beams for his top-castle,
 as also being huge and high,
 That neither English nor Portugal
 can Sir Andrew Barton pass by."

"Hard news thou shew'st," then said the Lord,
 "to welcome stranger to the sea :
 But as I said, I'll bring him aboard,
 or into Scotland he shall carry me."
 The merchant said, "If you will do so,
 take counsel then, I pray, withal,
 Let no man to his top-castle go,
 nor strive to let his beams down fall."

"Lend me seven pieces of ordnance then
 of each side of my ship," said he,
 "And to morrow, my Lord,
 again I will your honour see :

A glass I set as may be seen,
 whether you sail by day or night ;
 And to morrow be sure before seven,
 you shall see Sir Andrew Barton, knight."

The merchant set my Lord a glass
 so well apparent in his sight,
 That on the morrow, as his promise was,
 he saw Sir Andrew Barton, knight ;
 The Lord then swore a mighty oath,
 " Now by the heavens that be of might,
 By faith, believe me, and by troth,
 I think he is a worthy knight."

Sir Andrew Barton seeing him
 thus scornfully to pass by,
 As tho' he cared not a pin
 for him and his company ;
 Then called he his men amain,
 " Fetch back yon pedlar now," quoth he,
 " And ere this way he comes again,
 I'll teach him well his courtesie."

" Fetch me my lyon out of hand,"
 saith the Lord, " with rose and streamer high ;
 Set up withal a willow-wand,
 that merchant like I may pass by."
 Thus bravely did Lord Howard pass,
 and on anchor rise so high ;
 No top-sail at last he cast,
 but as a foe did him defie.

A piece of ordnance soon was shot,
by this proud pirate fiercely then,
Into Lord Howard's middle deck,
which cruel shot killed fourteen men.
He called then Peter Simon, he :
" Look how thy word do stand instead,
For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast,
if thou miss twelve score one penny breath."

Then Peter Simon gave a shot,
which did Sir Andrew mickle scare,
In at his deck it came so hot,
kill'd fifteen of his men of war ;
" Alas," then said the Pirate stout,
" I am in danger now I see ;
This is some lord I greatly fear,
that is set on to conquer me."

Then Henry Hunt, with rigour hot,
came bravely on the other side,
Who likewise shot in at his deck,
and killed fifty of his men beside :
Then, " Out, alas," Sir Andrew cry'd,
" What may a man now think or say,
Yon merchant-thief that pierceth me,
he was my prisoner yesterday."

Then did he on Gordion call,
unto the top-castle for to go,
And bid his beams he should let fall,
for he greatly fear'd an overthrow.

The Lord call'd Horsley, now in haste,
"Look that thy word stand instead,
For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast,
If thou miss twelve score a shilling's breath."

Then up mast-tree swerved he,
this stout and mighty Gordion ;
But Horsley he most happily
shot him under his collar-bone :
Then call'd he on his nephew then,
said, "Sister's sons I have no mo,
Three hundred pound I will give thee,
if thou wilt to top-castle go."

Then stoutly he began to climb,
from off the mast scorn'd to depart :
But Horsley soon prevented him,
and deadly pierc'd him to the heart.
His men being slain, then up amain
did this proud pirate climb with speed,
For armour of proof he had put on,
and did not dint of arrows dread :

"Come hither, Horsley," said the Lord,
"see thou thy arrows aim aright ;
Great means to thee I will afford,
and if thou speedst, I'll make thee knight :"
Sir Andrew did climb up the tree,
with right good will and all his main ;
Then upon the breast hit Horsley he,
till the arrow did return again :

Then Horsley 'spied a private place,
with a perfect eye in a secret part,
His arrow swiftly flew apace,
and smote Sir Andrew to the heart :
"Fight on, fight on, my merry men all,
a little I am hurt, yet not slain;
I'll but lie down and bleed awhile,
and come and fight you again :

"And do not," said he, "fear English rogues,
and of your foes stand not in awe,
But stand fast by St. Andrew's crosse,
until you hear my whistle blow."
They never heard his whistle blow,
which made them all full sore afraid.
Then Horsley said, "My Lord aboard,
for now Sir Andrew Barton's dead ;"

Thus boarded they this gallant ship,
with right good will and all their main,
Eighteen score Scots alive in it,
besides as many more was slain.
The Lord went where Sir Andrew lay,
and quickly thence cut off his head ;
"I should forsake England many a day,
if thou wert alive as thou art dead."

Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,
with mickle joy and triumphing ;
The pirate's head he brought along
for to present unto our King :

Who briefly unto him did say,
 before he knew well what was done,
 "Where is the knight and pirate gay,
 that I myself may give the doom?"

"You may thank God," then said the Lord,
 "and four men in the ship," quoth he,
 "That we are safely come ashore,
 sith you never had such an enemy :

That is, Henry Hunt, and Peter Simon,
 William Horsely and Peter's son ;
 Therefore reward them for their pains,
 for they did service at their turn."

To the merchant therefore the King he said,
 "In lieu of what he hath from thee tane,
 I give thee a noble a-day ;
 Sir Andrew's whistle and his chain :

To Peter Simon a crown a day ;
 and half-a-crown a-day to Peter's son.
 And that was for a shot so gay,
 which bravely brought Sir Andrew down :

Horsely, I will make thee a knight,
 and in Yorkshire thou shalt dwell :
 Lord Howard shall Earl Bury hight,
 for this act he deserveth well :

Ninety pound to our English men,
 who in this fight did stoutly stand ;
 And twelve pence a-day to the Scots till they
 come to my brother king's high land.

Printed by and for W. O. and sold by the Booksellers.

IN PRAIS OF SEAFARINGE MEN, IN HOPE OF
GOOD FORTUNE.

THE two following ballads are taken from MS. Sloane, 2497, fol. 47, a manuscript in the British Museum of the time of Queen Elizabeth. The note at the end of this ballad enables us to determine its date, for it can scarcely refer to any other "farewell" than that of Sir Richard Greenville, who fitted out a squadron for foreign discovery in the spring of the year 1585. As usual in the manuscript documents of the time of Queen Elizabeth, the orthography of the gallant officer's name is strangely metamorphosed; and, were I induced to follow the example of many writers of the present day, I might reasonably take to myself the credit of having discovered the proper mode of writing it, and be the first to commence an innovation, which, on account of its novelty alone, would be certain of meeting with a numerous body of supporters.

WHOE siekes the waie to win renowne,
Or flies with whinges of hie desarte,
Whoe seikes to wear the lawrea crouen,
Or hath the mind that would espire,
Lett him his native soylle eschew,
Lett him go rainge and seeke a newe.

Eche hawtie harte is well contente,
With everie chance that shal betyde ;
No hap can hinder his entente ;
He steadfast standes, though fortune slide.
The sunn, quoth he, doth shine as well
Abrod, as earst where I did dwell.

In chaynge of streames each fish can live,
 Eche foule content with everie ayre,
 Eche hautie hart remainethe still,
 And not be dround in depe dispaire :
 Wherfor I judg all landes alicke,
 To hautie hartes whom fortune sicke.

Too pas the seaes som thinkes a toile,
 Sum thinkes it strange abrod to rome,
 Sum thinkes it a grefe to leave their soylle,
 Their parents, cynfolke, and their whome.
 Thinke soe who list, I like it nott ;
 I must abrod to trie my lott.

Whoe list at whome at carte to drudge,
 And carke and care for worldlie trishe,
 With buckled sheoes let him goe trudge,
 Instead of launce a whip to slishe ;
 A mynd that base his kind will show,
 Of caronn sweete to feed a crowe.

If Jasonn of that mynd had bine,
 The Gresions when thay cam to Troye,
 Had never so the Trogian's foylde,
 Nor never put them to such anoye :
 Wherfore who lust to live at whome,
 To purchas fame I will go rome.

Finis, Sur Richard Grinfilldes farewell.

ANOTHER OF SEAFARDINGERS, DESCRIBING
EVILL FORTUNE.

[MS. Sloane, 2497, fol. 47.]

WHAT pen can well reporte the plighte
Of those that travell on the seaes ?
To pas the werie winters nighte
With stormie cloudes wissinge for daie,
With waves that toss them to and fro,—
Thair pore estate is hard to show.

When boistering windes begins to blowe
On cruell costes, from haven wee,
The foggie mysts soe dimes the shore,
The rocks and sandes we maie not see,
Nor have no rome on seas to trie,
But praie to God and yeld to die.

When shauldes and sandie bankes apears,
What pillot can direct his course ?
When fominge tides draueth us so nere,
Alas ! what forteun can be worse ?
Then ankers haald must be our staie,
Or ellce we falle into decaye.

We wander still from loffe to lie,
And findes no steadfast wind to blow ;
We still remaine in jeopardie,
Each perelos poynt is hard to showe ;
In time we hope to find redresse,
That longe have lived in hevines.

O pinching, werie, lothsome lyfe,
 That travell still in far exsyle,
 The dangers great on sease be ryfe,
 Whose recompence doth yeld but toylle !
 O Fortune, graunte me mie desire,—
 A hapie end I doe require.

When freats and states have had their fill,
 And gentill calm the cost will clere,
 Then hautie hartes shall have their will,
 That longe hast wept with morning cheere ;
 And leave the seases with thair anoy,
 At home at ease to live in joy.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

THE following, which appears, says Mr. Chappell, to have been written at the time of the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, is taken from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. Pearsall, bearing the date of 1588. The music of the song is given by Mr. Chappell.

FROM mercilesse invaders,
 From wicked men's device,
 O God ! arise and helpe us,
 To quele owre enemies.

Sinke deepe their potent navies,
 Their strength and corage breake,
 O God ! arise and arm us,
 For Jesus Christ, his sake.

Though cruel Spain and Parma
 With heathene legions come,
 O God ! arise and arm us,
 We'll dye for owre home !

We will not change owre Credo
 For Pope, nor boke, nor bell ;
 And yf the Devil come himself,
 We'll hounde him back to hell.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE: OR, EIGHTY-EIGHT.

[From MS. Harl. 791, fol. 59.]

IN eyghtye-eyght, ere I was borne,
 As I can well remember,
 In August was a fleete prepar'd,
 The moneth before September.

Spayne, with Biscayne, Portugall,
 Toledo and Granado,
 All these did meete, and made a fleete,
 And call'd it the Armado.

Where they had gott provision,
 As mustard, pease, and bacon,
 Some say two shippes were full of whippes,
 But I thinke they were mistaken.

There was a litle man of Spaine,
That shott well in a gunn-a,
Don Pedro hight, as good a knight
As the Knight of the Sun-a.

King Phillip made him Admirall,
And charged him not to stay-a,
But to destroy both man and boy,
And then to runn away-a.

The King of Spayne did freet amayne,
And to doe yet more harme-a,
He sent along, to make him strong,
The famous prince of Parma.

When they had sayl'd along the seas,
And anchor'd upon Dover,
Our Englishmen did bourd them then,
And cast the Spaniards over.

Our Queene was then att Tilbury,
What could you more desire-a?
For whose sweete sake, Sir Francis Drake
Did sett them all on fyre-a.

But let them looke about themselves,
For if they come againe-a,
They shall be serv'd with that same sauce,
As they weere, I know when-a.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE: OR, EIGHTY-EIGHT.

THE following is another version of the foregoing ballad, and is taken from "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy," vol. ii. p. 37. The tune is also given by D'Urfey. Another copy is given in the "Westminster Drollery," 12mo. Lond. 1671.

To the tune of Eighty-eight.

SOME years of late, in Eighty eight,
 As I do well remember-a,
 It was, some say, on the ninth of May,
 And some say in September-a.

The Spanish train launch'd forth a-main,
 With many a fine bravado,
 Whereas they thought, but it prov'd nought,
 The Invincible Armado.

There was a little man that dwelt in Spain,
 That shot well in a gun-a,
 Don Pedro hight, as black a wight,
 As the Knight of the Sun-a.

King Philip made him Admiral,
 And bad him not to stay-a,
 But to destroy both man and boy,
 And so to come away-a.

The Queen was then at Tilbury,
 What could we more desire-a?
 Sir Francis Drake, for her sweet sake,
 Did set 'em all on fire-a.

Away they ran by sea and land,
 So that one man slew three score-a,
 And had not they all run away,
 O my soul, we had killed more-a.

Then let them neither brag nor boast,
 For if they come again-a,
 Let them take heed they do not speed,
 As they did they know when-a.

ODE.

SITTING AND DRINKING IN A CHAIR MADE OUT OF THE
 RELIQUES OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S SHIP.

FROM a rare collection of "Choyce Poems," printed at London
 in the seventeenth century, a copy of which is preserved in the
 British Museum.

CHEAR up, my mates ! the wind doth fairly blow,
 Clap on more sails, and never spare,
 Farewel all land ! for now we are
 In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go.
 Bless me ! 'tis hot, another bowl of wine,
 And we shall cut the burning line !
 Hey, boys ! she sends it away, and by my head I know
 We round the world are sailing now.
 What dull men are those who tarry at home,
 When abroad they might wantonly roam ?

And gain such experience ; and spie too
 Such countries and wonders as I do ?
 But prithee, good pilot, take heed what you do,
 And fail not to touch at Peru,
 With gold there the vessel to store,
 And never, and never be poor,
 And never be poor any more.

What do I mean ? What thoughts do me misguide ?
 As well upon a staffe may witches ride
 Their fancied journeys in the air,
 As I sail round the world in a chair ;
 'Tis true, but yet this chair which here you see,
 For all its quiet now and gravity,
 Has wand'red and has travell'd more
 Than ever beast, or fish, or bird, or ever tree before ;
 In every air, in every sea 'tas been,
 'Tis compasst all the earth, and all the heaven 'tas seen,
 Let not the pope's itself with this compare,
 This is the only universal chair.

The pious wandrers fleet, sav'd from the flame
 (Which still the reliques did of Troy pursue,
 And took them for its due)
 A squadron of immortal nymphs became,
 Still with their arms they row'd about the seas,
 And still made new and greater voyages :
 Nor has the first poetique ship of Greece,
 Though now a star, she so triumphant show,
 And guides her sailing successors below,
 (Bright as her antient freight, the shining fleece)

Yet to this day a quiet harbour found,
 The tide of heaven still carries her around ;
 Only Drake's sacred vessel (which before
 Had done, and had seen more
 Then those have done or seen,
 Even since they goddesses, and this a star has been,)
 As a reward for all her labours past,
 Is made the seat of rest at last.

Let the case now quite altered be ;
 And as thou went'st abroad the world to see,
 Let the world now come to see thee.

The world will do't for curiosity,
 Does no lesse than devotion pilgrims make,
 And I myself, who now love quiet too,
 As much almost as any chair can do,
 Would yet a journey take
 An old wheel of that charriot to see ;
 Which Phæton so rashly brake, [Drake ?
 Yet what could that say more then these remains of
 Great relique ! thou too in this port-of-ease
 Hast still one way of making voyages.
 The breath of fame, like an auspicious gale
 (The great trade wind which nere does fail)
 Still with full trimme, and spreading sail,
 Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt run
 As long around it as the sun.
 The straights of time too narrow are for thee,
 Launch forth into an undiscovered sea,
 And steer the endless course of vast eternity.
 Take for thy sail this verse, and for thy pilot me.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE following is taken from "Wit and Drollery," 12mo. Lond. 1656. Another copy is preserved in MS. No. 36, in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, fol. 296.

Sir Francis, Sir Francis, Sir Francis his son,
 Sir Robert, and eke Sir William did come,
 And eke the good Earle of Southampton,
 Marcht on his way most gallantly ;
 And then the Queen began to speak :
 You are welcome home Sir Francis Drake ;
 Then came my L. Chamberlain, and with his white staffe,
 And all the people began for to laugh.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

Gallants all of British blood,
 Why do not ye saile on th' ocean flood ?
 I protest ye are not all worth a philberd,
 Compared with Sir Humphry Gilberd.

THE QUEEN'S REASON.

For he walkt forth in a rainy day,
 To the New-found-land he took his way,
 With many a gallant fresh and green ;
 He never come home again. God bless the Queen

THE FAME OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

FROM a little duodecimo volume, printed at London in the year 1641, under the title of "Witt's Recreations, augmented with ingenious conceites for the Wittie, and merrie medicines for the Melancholie."

SIR DRAKE, whom well the world's end knew,
Which thou did compasse round,
And whom both poles of heaven once saw,
Which north and south do bound.

The starres above would make thee knowne,
If men here silent were ;
The sun himselfe cannot forget
His fellow-traveller.

THE TRIUMPH OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

It is probably a chimerical idea, but I cannot help thinking that there is some similarity between this song and one of the airy rhymes of the White Lady of Avenel. It is taken from the well-known opera of "Sir Francis Drake."

Steersman. ALOOF ! and aloof ! and steady I steer !
 'Tis a boat to our wish,
 And she slides like a fish
When chearily stem'd, and when you row clear.
 She now has her trimme !
 Away let her swim,
Mackrels are swift in the shine of the moon ;
 And herrings in gales when they wind us,
But, timeing our oars, so smoothly we run
 That we leave them in shoals behind us.

Chorus. Then cry, one and all !
 Amain ! for Whitehall.

The Diegos wee'l board to rummidge their hould,
 And drawing our steel they must draw out their gold.

Steersman. Ourmaster and's mate, with bacon and pease,
 In cabins keep aboard ;
 Each as warm as a lord :
 No queen, lying-in, lies more at her ease.
 Whilst we lie in wait
 For reals of eight,
 And for some gold quoits, which fortune must send :
 But, alas, how their ears will tingle,
 When finding, though still like Hectors we spend,
 Yet still all our pockets shall jingle.

Chorus. Then cry, one and all !
 Amain, &c.

Steersman. Oh, how the purser shortly will wonder,
 When he sums in his book
 All the wealth we have took,
 And finds that wee'l give him none of the plunder ;
 He means to abate
 The tyth for the state ;
 Then for our owners some part he'l discount :
 But his fingers are pitcht together ;
 Where so much will stick, that little will mount,
 When he reckons the shares of either.

Chorus. Then cry, one and all !
 Amain, &c.

Steersman. At sight of our gold the boatswain will bristle,
 But not finding his part,
 He will break his proud heart,
 And hang himself strait i'th'chain of his whistle.
 Aft and afore !
 Make way to the shore !
 Softly as fishes which slip through the stream,
 That we may catch their sentries napping.
 Poor little Diegos, they now little dream
 Of us the brave warriors of Wapping.

Chorus. Then cry, one and all !
 Amain, &c.

ON THE SIGNALL VICTORY OBTAINED IN A
 SEA-FIGHT BY HIS MAJESTY OF GREAT
 BRITAIN'S FLEET OVER THE DUTCH.

[From MS. Burney, 390, fol. 60.]

LET the vast tritons summon once againe
 The numerous subjects of the curled maine;
 And lett their Neptune lay down his command,
 To take new laws from this great victor's hand :
 Now must great Charles bee monarch of the sea,
 Whose kingdom once the Rodian laws did sway.
 'Tis he whose hands stretch out ore sea and land,
 Threatens revenge to those that dare withstand,
 Whilst that Olympus, like his head on high,
 Far above clouds and storms secure doth ly.

Was't not our Drake whose voyage first of all
 Did girdle round the world's terrestrial ball?
 Whilst scorning nature should his sight confine,
 Or to his triumphs place or laws enjoyne,
 Thro' rocks and seas unknown a way did pierce,
 Seeking new empires round the universe;
 Lett forraign powers divide the world from hence,
 They have the center, we the circumference.

Why then dares Holland 'gainst our navies fight,
 Both arm'd with force and priviledg'd with right?
 Must not those rebell states his laws obey,
 Whose pow'r is made as boundless as the sea?
 But let them come, to plead our king's defence
 We need no other than that warlick prince,
 Rupert, the lyon rampant of this nation,
 Slighting his own to seek its preservation;
 And now his birth in time of wars, we find,
 Did but foretell his valour to mankind,
 While he grew up to be the world's wonder,
 Born, Bacchus-like, in midst of clouds and thunder;
 'Tis he thro' thousand terrors dare to sayle,
 And 'gainst whole shours of bullets, thicke as haile,
 Secure, like Alexander, us'd to flee,
 Scorning suggestions of mortality.

And yet, as if his hand could not suffice
 Alone to manage this great enterprize,
 A new St. George England att last doth find,
 At once the love and terror of mankind,
 That universall Stator, whose command
 Can calme the tempest both of sea and land;

'Tis he who all the arts of states hath known,
 And better then our politicians shown
 What 'tis to moddle empires, and can soon
 The discords of tumultuous kingdoms tune :
 'Tis hee who still'd three nations, and knew why
 Their different voices made up harmony.
 Thus did our English colours quitt the shore,
 Under their joynt command, as heretofore
 The Roman ensigns, by two consuls led,
 Display'd like egles with a double head :
 But what ill-boding, will not Dutch seamen fear
 When Castor and Pollux att once for us appear.
 And yet no sooner had we sent our fleet,
 But Hollanders with fresh recruits they meet,
 Who to encourage all their men to fight,
 Preface their actions with some seeming right ;
 And now decoy whole nations, who flock thither
 To club and twist their interests together.
 But the hasty French, not dareing to withstand
 That valour, which they oft have felt by land,
 Soon chang'd their nature, and began to doubt
 What their share be in this general rout ;
 And after serious councill thought it best
 To threaten but att home secure to rest.
 Thus while we scourg one nation, still we bring
 Terror to all the world, who knows our king
 Might if he pleas'd engross the trade at sea,
 And make all kingdoms to him tribute pay :
 Yet he but strives to makes those waters free,
 As nature ment that element should bee :

Not comett-like, sparkling but threatening rays,
 But with a gentler influence rules the seas :
 Thus generous princes, who 'gainst rebels fight,
 Defend their title but do not use their might.

Then let them with our dreadfull navies joyne,
 Arm'd with dispaire, and doubl'd strength with wine,
 Their cannons roare about the trembling maine,
 Till Jove in thunder eccoed back againe ;
 And numerous sparks in clouds of smoke doe stray,
 Clouding at once and bringing back the day :
 Th' amazed waves lippe up the noyse to heare,
 And then sinke downe and bed themselve for fear.

Thus they but beat the airs, but when we fire
 Thunder and lightning issue from each lyre ;
 And fire-winged bullets, while from us they fly,
 Send back the loud reports of victory :
 Some ships we sink, others being sett on fire,
 To us prove bone-fires, to them a fun'rall pyre,
 And, as if sinking now would not suffice,
 Unless that some were burnt for sacrifice ;
 Those elements (which nere yet friends were known)
 Must now conspire to bring two deaths in one.
 Those that escap'd distracted all with fear,
 Fly from that vengeance which they saw so near.
 'Twas then brave Rupert, whom those rebels drove
 With thunder not unlik to that of Jove,
 But that this difference was onely known,—
 Jove has his Vulcan, he can make his own,
 And, like those Parthian kings, would nere refuse
 To make those weapons which himself might use.

For, as Italian pictures, often know'n
 To represent two various shapes in one,
 So his capacious head att once hath been
 The kingdom's council and its magazine.
 Then let De Ruyter with his fleet go boast,
 Prisoners at home, and banisht to their coasts ;
 Let him and Trump, to quit themselves from shame,
 Try on each other how to lay the blame ;
 And which are to be praised is all the doubt,
 Those that first ran or those that longest fought,
 While all the people from their shore each day
 May see our fleet beseige their land by sea.
 Their marchant men att home no harbour find,
 But onely are secure from seas and wind ;
 We sent our fire-ships in amongst them thither,
 And saw them flaming half a league together.
 Beacons in vain communicate their fears,
 While that whole towns are fired about their eares ;
 While flames, sad ushers of our destroying hand,
 And, turning all to ashes, make their land,
 Anticipate that universall doome
 Of fire, which must nature herself consume ;
 Of fire, I say, which nere shall cease from spoyle
 Till all the world be its own fun'rall pyle.

Well then may high and mighty states beware,
 Amphibious sort of men, whose houses are
 But floating arks ; of which scarce one in ten
 But fraught with more religions then with men.
 Ther's no religion all the world around,
 But in their Amsterdam it may be found ;

While each from other in their churches vary,
And every sin there finds a sanctuary.
But yet, of all religions, they can't lett
Their people all turn Turks, lest Mahomet
The juicy grape might banish from their land,
And all their courage spoyle by one command :
Thus should they loose their wine and valour too,
And of themselves might make that maxime true
Which Bellarmine of Christians falsly spake,
That their religion did them cowards make.
But artificial strenth can't now suffice,
Whave conquer'd them and made their wine our prize :
Victorious ore their courage, some are slaine,
And those escap'd dare not appear again.
Well did our learned Platonists prefix
Wondrous events to the year of sixty-six,
And now the world's climaterick fear,—
But sure I am 'tis no Platonick year.
For nere was itt, nor nere again must bee
A parellell to this grand victory.
And now th' amazed world at last must find
England to be the empire of mankind ;
For when that nature did us first divide,
From all the vaster parts of earth beside,
What did she then intend us for to bee,
But as the greater world's epitome,
And that no forraign power beyond the sea
Should ere the British prowess oversway?
'Tis mighty Charles can dread and terror spake,
And with his nod at once three kingdoms shake ;

The world's and faith's defender, and if wee
Admitt a god to rule the seas, 'tis hee.

Let him send forth blasts of his breath each way,
More powerfull than the blustering winds, the sea
Shall belch and vomitt out its precious foame,
And send it for a present to his home,
While storms and tempests rays'd about the maine
Shake down the clouds, and make them fall in raine,
Clere watery mountains, rowling ore and ore,
Hastening for to embrace trembling shore,
Shall undermine those hills whose heads are high
Involv'd in clouds and swimming in the sky:
Thus can he make the ocean overflown,
Deluge whole kingdoms to enlarge his own ;
Or let him smile, and dart a glorious ray
To guild those places which nere knew the day,
Their cristall rocks of ice shall disappear,
Hastening to melt, and run away for fear ;
The frozen ocean lock'd att lenth shall bee,
And know no bounds when he has made it free.

Then let us all awhile astonish'd stand
To see such wonders wrought by sea and land.
Yet but a mortall pow'r who onely can
Doe less than Gods, and yet far more then man :
Then henceforth let these two in one agree,
And hee nor god nor man but both shall bee.

Finis. FRAN. MUNDY, JUN. Fellow of New Coleadge.

THE VALIANT SAILORS.

A FAVOURITE SEA SONG.

THIS is taken from a broadside in the British Museum. It appears to be a modern version of an old ballad by Martin Parker, entitled "Saylers for my Money;" a copy of which is in the Pepysian Collection. In Ritson's "English Songs," vol. ii. p. 130, there is a much longer version of the present ballad.—E. F. R.

You gentlemen of England
 Who live at home at ease,
 How little do you think
 On the dangers of the seas ;
 While pleasure does surround you,
 Our cares you cannot know,
 Or the pain on the main,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 Or the pain &c.

The sailor must have courage,
 No danger he must shun ;
 In every kind of weather
 His course he still must run :
 Now mounted on the top-mast,
 How dreadful 'tis below.
 Then we ride as the tide,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Proud France again insulting
 Does British valour dare,
 Our flag we must support now
 And thunder in the war:

To humble them come on lads,
And lay their lillies low,
Clear the way, for the fray,
Tho' the stormy winds do blow.

Old Neptune shakes his trident,
The billows mount on high ;
Their shells the tritons sounding,
The flashing lightnings fly :
The wat'ry grave now opens
All dreadful from below,
When the waves move the seas,
And the stormy winds do blow.

But when the danger's over,
And safe we come on shore ;
The horrors of the tempest,
We think of then no more ;
The flowing bowl invites us,
And joyfully we go,
All the day drink away,
Tho' the stormy winds do blow. }

A SONG OF THE SEAMEN AND LAND SOLDIERS.

From "Wit and Drollery," 12mo. Lond. 1656.

WE seamen are the bonny boyes,
 That feare no stormes nor rocks-a ;
 Whose musick is the canon's noise,
 Whose sporting is with knocks-a.

Mars has no children of his owne,
 But we that fight on land-a ;
 Land-soldiers kingdomes up have blowne,
 Yet they unshaken stand-a.

'Tis brave to see a tall ship saile,
 With all her trim gear on-a ;
 As though the devill were in her taile,
 She for the winde will run-a.

Our maine battalia when it moves,
 There's no such glorious thing-a ;
 Where leaders, like so many Joves,
 Abroad their thunder fling-a.

Come let us reckon what ships are our's,
 The Gorgon and the Dragon ;
 The Lyon that in fight is bold,
 The Bull with bloody flag on.

Come let us reckon what workes are our's,
 Forts, bulwarks, barricadoes,
 Mounts, gabions, parrapits, countermurs,
 Casemates and pallisadoes.

The bear, the dog, the fox, the kite,
 That stood fast on the Rover ;
 They chas'd the Turk in a day and night,
 From Scandaroon to Dover.

Field-pieces, muskets, groves of pikes,
 Carbines and canoneers-a ;
 Squadrons, half moons, with rankes and files,
 And fronts, and vans, and reers-a.

A health to brave land-soldiers all,
 Let cans a piece goe round-a ;
 Pell-mell let's to the battaile fall,
 And lofty musick sound-a.

THE MARINER'S CHORUS.

The following is taken from an opera, printed at London in 1659,
 and entitled "The History of Sir Francis Drake."

WINDS may whistle and waves dance to 'em,
 Whilst merchants cry out such sport will undo 'em,
 And the master aloud bids, "Lee the helm, lee !"
 But we shall now fear nor the rocks nor the sand,
 Whilst calmly we follow our plunder at land,
 When others in storms seek prizes at sea.

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

THIS favourite old sea song is in a collection of penny song books, formerly belonging to Ritson, and, with music, in Dale's Collection. See Chappell's *National Airs*, p. 97. The ballad is not strictly accurate in its details.

O, we sail'd to Virginia, and thence to Fayal,
Where we water'd our shipping, and then we weigh'd all ;
Full in view of the seas, boys, seven sails we did espy ;
O, we manned our capstan, and weigh'd speedily.

The first we came up with was a brigantine sloop,
And we ask'd if the others were big as they look'd ;
But turning to windward as near as we could lie,
We found there were ten men of war cruising by.

Oh ! we drew up our squadron in very nice line,
And boldly we fought them for full four hours' time ;
But the day being spent, boys, and the night coming on,
We let them alone till the very next morn.

The very next morning the engagement prov'd hot,
And brave Admiral Benbow receiv'd a chain shot ;
And when he was wounded, to his merry men he did say,
" Take me up in your arms, boys, and carry me away."

Oh ! the guns they did rattle, and the bullets did fly,
But Admiral Benbow for help would not cry ;
Take me down to the cockpit, there is ease for my smarts,
If my merry men see me it will sure break their hearts.

The very next morning, by break of the day,
 They hoisted their top sails, and so bore away ;
 We bore to Port Royal, where the people flocked much,
 To see Admiral Benbow carried to Kingston Church.

Come all you brave fellows, wherever you've been,
 Let us drink to the health of our king and our queen,
 And another good health to the girls that we know,
 And a thirđ in remembrance of brave Admiral Benbow.

THE ROYAL TRIUMPH :

OR, THE UNSPEAKABLE JOY OF THE THREE KINGDOMS, FOR THE
 GLORIOUS VICTORY OVER THE FRENCH, BY THE ENGLISH
 AND DUTCH FLEETS ; TO THE JOY AND COMFORT
 OF ALL TRUE SUBJECTS.

Tune is, Let the soldiers rejoyce.

THIS is taken from a printed copy preserved in the Bagford Col-
 lection of Ballads, in the British Museum. It may be well to
 mention here, in case the reader may wish to examine the original,
 that I refer to three volumes of ballads under the press-mark 643 M,
 which, as I am informed by Mr. Rimbault, were collected by
 Bagford, the celebrated typographer and collector of title-pages.

VALIANT Protestant boys,
 Here's millions of joys,
 And triumph now brought from the ocean ;
 For the French mighty fleet,
 Now is shatter'd and beat,
 And destruction, destruction, boys, will be their portion.

Here's the Jacobite crew,
 Now believe me, 'tis true,
 Invited the French to this nation ;
 Who was crossing the seas,
 With the Teague Rapparees,
 True cut-throats, true cut-throats, upon my salvation.

But alas they did find
 A true Protestant wind,
 Which five weeks or longer it lasted ;
 Till the most royal fleet
 And the Dutch both compleat,
 They with thunder, with thunder, this project soon
 blasted.

On the nineteenth of May,
 The French fleet made way,
 To make of our courage a tryal ;
 They suppos'd we'd ne'r fight,
 But they won't in the right,
 For we show'd them, we show'd them, we were true and
 loyal.

Our Admiral's bold,
 With their brave hearts of gold,
 They fell on like brave sons of thunder ;
 And their chain-shot let fly,
 As the fleet they drew nigh,
 Where they tore them, and rent them, and tore them
 asunder.

Our squadron true-blew,
Fought their way through and through,
At length in Lob's Pound, boys, we got 'um ;
Where we gave the proud French
Such a fiery drench,
That we sent them, we sent them, straight down to the
bottom.

Such a slaughter we made,
While the loud cannons play'd,
Which laid the poor Monsieurs a bleeding ;
Nay, their chief admirall,
We did bitterly maul,
And have taught him, have taught him, I hope, better
breeding.

Our brave Admiral,
Being stout Dellaval,
Whose actions all men may admire ;
For the French Rising Sun,
Was not able to run,
Which with seven, with seven more ships he did fire.

Valiant Rook sail'd straightway
Where a French squadron lay,
Close amongst the rocks then for shelter ;
But we fell on Gilllore,
And we fir'd twelve more,
Thus we fir'd and burn'd the French fleet helter-skelter.

Being sunk, took, and burn'd
 'There's not many return'd,
 Was this not a wofull disaster?
 How they far'd on our coast,
 Let 'em sail home and boast,
 To old Lewis, to old Lewis, their fistula master.

When he hears how they speed,
 It will strike him near dead,
 Losing what he long has been getting;
 But we'll have him to know,
 That we'll still keep him low,
 He shall never, shall never, boys, conquer Great Britain.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Buck.

THE FAIR MAID'S CHOICE: OR, THE SEAMAN'S
 RENOWN.

Being a pleasant song made of a sailor,
 Who excells a miller, weaver, and a taylor,
 Likewise brave gallants that goes fine and rare,
 None of them with a seaman can compare.

By T. L.

To the tune of Shrewsbury for me.

[From Bagford's Collection.]

As I through Sandwich town passed along,
 I heard a brave damsel singing of this song,
 In the praise of a sailor she sung gallantly,
 Of all sorts of tradesmen a seaman for me.

I gave good attention unto her new ditty,
My thoughts it was wondrous gallant and pretty,
With a voice sweet and pleasant most sweetly sung she,
Of all sorts of tradesmen a seaman for me.

THE FAIR MAID'S SONG IN PRAISE OF A SEAMAN.

Come all you fair maidens in country and town,
Lend your attention to what is penn'd down ;
And let your opinions with mine both agree,
Of all sorts of tradesmen a sailor for me.

The gallant brave seaman God bless him, I say,
He is a great pains-taker both night and day,
When he's on the ocean so hard worketh he,
Then of all, &c.

Of all sorts of gallants so gaudy and fine,
That with gold and silver so bravely doth shine,
The seaman doth out-pass them in each degree,
Then of all, &c.

For a seaman will venture his life and his blood,
For the sake of his king and his countri's good,
He is valiant and gallant in every degree,
Then of all, &c.

He ventures for traffique upon the salt seas,
To pleasure our gentry which lives at ease,
Through many dangerous places pass he,
Then of all, &c.

Amongst all your tradesmen and merchants so brave,
I can't set my fancy none of them to have,
But a seaman I will have my husband to be,
Then of all sorts of tradesmen a seaman for me:

With a thievish miller I never will deal,
Because out of a bushel a peck he will steal,
I will have no society with such knaves as he,
But of all sorts of tradesmen a seaman for me.

Likewise a pimping taylor, and a lowsie weaver,
To steal cloth and yarn they do their endeavour,
Such fellows are not for my company,
But of all, &c.

Also the carpenter and the shoemaker,
The blacksmith, the brewer, and likewise the baker,
Some of them use knavery, and some honesty,
But of all, &c.

For I love a seaman as I love my life,
And I am resolv'd to be a seaman's wife,
No man else in England my husband shall be,
Then of all, &c.

And I'll tell why I love a seaman so dear,
I have to my sweet-heart a seaman most rare,
He is a stout proper lad as you shall see,
Then of all, &c.

If that I were worth a whole ship-load of gold,
My love should possess it, and with it make bold,
I would make him master of every penny,
Then of all, &c.

Through fire and water I would go I swear,
For the sake of my true love whom I love so dear,
If I might have an earl I'de forsake him for he;
Then of all, &c.

Here's a health to my dear, come pledge me who please,
To all gallant seamen that sail on the seas,
Pray God bless and keep them from all dangers free,
So of all sorts of tradesmen a seaman for me,

FINIS.

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

A COMMENDATION OF MARTIN FROBISHER.

FROM a contemporary manuscript, in the Ashmolean Library, at Oxford, No. 208. From a note in the same handwriting as the manuscript, the poem appears to have been written by John Kirkham.

YOUR muses guid my quivering quille,
Caliope drawe neare,
Sicilian nymphes accord my suet,
And to my hestes give ear.

Your sacred hyd a wyll I crave,
 My shivering sence to staye,
 Such hewt exploits I take in hand,
 That men to me maye saye ;

Thy ragged rims and rurall verse
 Cannot ascend soe hye,
 To touch the tape of Martin's prayes,
 Which fleth the hiest skie.

Wher whirlinge sphers doe hit resound,
 And dewshe stares contain,
 What thundringe tromps of goulden fame,
 In azure aper so plaine.

Whose hewtie acts not heavens allon
 Contented ar to have,
 But earth and skyes, the surging seas,
 And silvan's eccoughes brave,

Do all resound, with tuned stringe
 Of silver harmonye,
 Howe Frobisher in every cost,
 With flickering fame dothe flye.

A mertial knight aventuras,
 Whose valure great was suche ;
 That hazard hard and light estem'd,
 His countrie to enriche.

THE SEAMAN'S VICTORY :

OR, ADMIRAL KILLIGREW'S GLORIOUS CONQUEST OVER THE FRENCH FLEET IN THE STREIGHTS, AS THEY WERE COMING FROM THOULON TOWARDS BREST; WITH THE MANNER OF TAKING THREE OF THEIR FRENCH MEN-OF-WAR, AND SINKING TWO MORE : ALTHOUGH THE FRENCH ADMIRAL VAINLY BOASTED HE WOULD RECOVER BREST OR PARADICE, YET HE SHAMEFULLY RUN FROM THE ENGLISH FLEET.

THE following ballad is taken from the Bagford Collection, where it is directed to be sung "To the Tune of the Spinning-wheel."

HERE'S joyfull newes came late from sea,
 'Tis of a gallant victory,
 Which o'er the French we did obtain,
 Upon the throbbing ocean main,
 As soon as e'er they found our rage,
 The rogues was glad to disengage.

The French fleet sailing from Thoulon,
 As we by letters understand,
 To join with those that lay at Brest,
 As some of them have since confest;
 But our brave fleet with them did meet,
 And made the Frenchmen soon retreat.

Five ships, with others, did advance,
 Being the very pride of France;
 The Lewis, Dauphin, and the Sun,
 With others which were forc'd to run,
 As by this ditty you shall hear,
 Brave English boys the coast did clear.

The French at first did brag and boast,
But we so wisely rul'd the roast,
Under our Admiral Killebrew,
That we engag'd and beat them too :
Declaring that we did not fear
The haughty rage of proud Mounsieur.

Our admiral bore up amain,
Resolving that he would maintain
A sharp and bloody fight with those
Who dare King William's crown oppose ;
Then broad-sides streight began to roar,
Which laid the French in reeking gore.

Right valiant seamen, fierce and bold,
Courageous noble hearts of gold,
All with a resolution bent,
Whole showers of shot to them they sent,
By which the French in hundreds fell,
Our guns did ring their passing-bell.

We pour'd our shot on ev'ry side,
'Tis bravely done, the captains cry'd,
Though sharp and bloody be the fray,
The French are beat, we have the day :
True English boys, 'twas bravely done,
See how the Frenchmen run, they run.

Now while we did maintain the fight,
Two French ships there we sunk down right,

And likewise have we taken three,
 This crown'd our work with victory ;
 The noble valiant Killegrew,
 After the rest do's still pursue.

The Frenchmen they did retreat,
 They were a shatter'd torn fleet ;
 But if he shall them overtake,
 A prize of all the rest he'll make ;
 Courageous boys are sail'd with him,
 Who freely ventures life and limb.

Under the admiral's command,
 For to defend the native land :
 May Heaven prosper still and bless
 Our valiant soldiers good success,
 Then we hereafter may advance,
 To shake the very crown of France.

Printed for P. Brooks, by J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

THE SEAMAN'S COMPASS :

OR,

A dainty new ditty composed and pen'd,
 The deeds of brave seamen to praise and commend ;
 'Twas made by a maid that to Gravesend did pass.
 Now mark, and you quickly shall hear how it was.

To the Tune of The tyrant hath stolen.

[From Bagford's Collection.]

As lately I travelled
 towards Gravsend,

E

I heard a fair damsel
a seaman commend,
And as in a tilt boat
we passed along,
In praise of brave sea-men
she sung this new song :
Come tradesmen or merchant,
whoever he be,
There's none but a seaman
shall marry with me.

A sea-man in promise
is faithful and just,
Honest in carriage,
and true to his trust :
Kinde in behaviour
and constant in love,
Is firm in affection
as the turtle dove,
Valiant in action
in every degree,
There's none, &c.

The sea-men adventures
their lives at the seas,
Whilst land-men on shore
takes pleasure and ease :
The sea-men at all times
their business must ply,
In winter and summer,
in wet and in dry,

From toyl and pains-taking
they seldom are free,
There's none but a seaman
shall marry with me.

Moreover I'de have you
for to understand
That sea-men bring treasure
and profit to land,
Above and beneath ground,
for wealth they have sought,
And when they have found it
to England 'tis brought,
With hazard of lives
by experience we see,
There's none but a sea-man
shall marry with me.

Seamen from beyond seas
bring silver and gold,
With pearls and rich jewels
most rare to behold,
With silks and rich velvets
their credits to save,
Or else you gay ladies
could not go so brave,
This makes my heart merry,
as merry may be,
There's none but a sea-man
shall marry with me.

The sea-men bring spices
and sugar so fine,
Which serve the brave gallants
to drink with their wine,
With lemmons and oranges
all of the best,
To relish their pallats
when they make a feast;
Sweet figs, prunes, and raysins,
by them brought home be.
There's none, &c.

To comfort poor people
the seamen do strive,
And brings in maintenance
to keep them alive,
As raw silk and cotton wool
to card and to spin,
And so by their labours
their livings comes in;
Most men are beholding
to sea-men we see,
With none but a sea-man
I married will be.

The mercer's beholding
we know well enough,
For holland, lawn, cambrick,
and other gay stuff,
That's brought from beyond-seas
by sea-men so bold,

The rarest that ever
men's eyes did behold,
God prosper the sea-men
where ever they be,
There's none, &c.

The merchants themselves
are beholding also
To honest sea-men
that on purpose do go
To bring them home profit
from other strange lands,
Or else their fine daughters
must work with their hands,
The nobles and gentry
in every degree,
Are also beholding, &c.

Thus for rich or poor men
the seamen does good,
And sometimes comes off with
loss of much blood ;
If they were not a guard
and a defence for our land ;
Our enemies soon will get
the upper hand,
And then in a woful case
straight should we be,
There's none but a seaman
shall marry with me.

To draw to conclusion,
and so make an end,
I hope that great Neptune
my love will befriend,
And send him home safely
with health and with life,
Then shall I with joyfulness
soon be his wife ;
You maids, wives, and widdowes
that sea-men's loves be,
With hearts and with voices
joyn prayers with me.

God blesse all brave seamen
from quicksands and rocks,
From losse of their blood,
and from enemies knocks,
From lightning and thunder
and tempests so strong,
From shipwrack and drownin,
and all other wrong ;
And they that to these words
will not say Amen,
'Tis pittie that they should ever
speak word agen.

L. P.

A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT BETWEEN CAPTAIN
WARD AND THE RAINBOW.

To the Tune of Captain Ward, &c.

[From the British Museum Collection of Old Ballads.]

STRIKE up, you lusty gallants,
with musick and sound of drum,
For we have descryed a rover
upon the sea is come,
His name is Captain Ward,
right well it doth appear,
There has not been such a rover
found out this thousand year.

For he hath sent unto the King,
the sixth of January,
Desiring that he might come in
with all his company :
And if your King will let me come,
till I my tale have told,
I will bestow for my ransome
full thirty tun of gold.

O nay, O nay, then said our King,
O nay, this may not be,
To yield to such a rover,
myself will not agree ;
He hath deceiv'd the Frenchman,
likewise the King of Spain ;
And how can he be true to me,
that hath been false to twain ?

With that our King provided
a ship of worthy fame,
Rainbow is she called,
if you would know her name ;
Now the gallant Rainbow
she roves upon the sea,
Five hundred gallant seamen
to bear her company.

The Dutchman and the Spaniard,
she made them for to flye,
Also the bonny Frenchman,
as she met him on the sea.
When as this gallant Rainbow
did come where Ward did lye,
Where is the captain of this ship ?
this gallant Rainbow did cry.

O that am I, says Captain Ward,
there's no man bids me lye ;
And if thou art the King's fair ship,
thou art welcome unto me.
I'll tell thee what, says Rainbow,
our King is in great grief,
That thou shouldst lye upon the sea,
and play the arrant thief,

And will not let our merchant's ships
pass as they did before ;
Such tidings to our King is come,
which grieves his heart full sore.

With that this gallant Rainbow
she shot out of her pride,
Full fifty gallant brass pieces,
charged on every side.

And yet these gallant shooters
prevailed not a pin ;
Though they were brass on the outside,
brave Ward was steel within :
Shoot on, shoot on, says Captain Ward,
your sport well pleaseth me,
And he that first gives over
shall yield unto the sea.

I never wrong'd an English ship,
but Turk and King of Spain,
And the jovial Dutchman,
as I met on the main.
If I had known your King
but one two years before,
I would have sav'd brave Essex life,
whose death did grieve me sore.

Go tell the King of England,
go tell him thus from me,
If he reign King of all the land,
I will reign King at sea.
With that the gallant Rainbow shot,
and shot, and shot in vain,
And left the rover's company,
and return'd home again.

Our royal King of England,
 your ship's return'd again,
 For Ward's ship is so strong
 it never will be tane.
 O everlasting, says our King,
 I have lost jewels three,
 Which would have gone unto the seas,
 and brought proud Ward to me !

The first was Lord Clifford,
 Earl of Cumberland ;
 The second was Lord Mountjoy,
 as you shall understand ;
 The third was brave Essex,
 from field would never flee,
 Which would a gone unto the seas,
 and brought proud Ward to me.

Licensed and entered.

London : Printed by and for W. Onley, and are to be Sold by the
 Booksellers.

THE SONG OF DANSEKAR THE DUTCHMAN.

FROM an old black-letter copy, preserved in Anthony & Wood's
 Collection, at Oxford, No. 401. Another copy is in the Pepysian,
 at Cambridge; and another, in vol. 402, of Wood's Collection,
 which is "printed for F. Coles, J. Wright, T. Vere, and W. Gilbert-
 son." It was sung to the tune of "The king's going to Bulloign."

SING we seamen now and than
 Of Dansekar the Dutchman,
 Whose gallant mind hath won him great renown ;

To live on land he counts it base,
But seeks to purchase greater grace
By roving on the ocean up and down.

His heart is so aspiring,
That now his chief desiring
Is for to win himself a worthy name ;
The land hath far too little ground,
The sea is of a larger bound,
And of a greater dignity and fame.

Now many a worthy gallant,
Of courage now most valiant,
With him hath put their fortunes to the sea ;
All the world about have heard
Of Dansekar and English Ward,
And of their proud adventures every day.

There is not any kingdom,
In Turkey or in Christendom,
But by these pyrates have received loss ;
Merchantmen of every land,
Do daily in great danger stand,
And fear do much the ocean main to cross.

They make children fatherless,
Woful widows in distresse,
In shedding blood they took too much delight ;
Fathers they bereave of sons,
Regarding neither cries nor moans,
So much they joy to see a bloody fight.

They count it gallant bearing,
To hear the cannons roaring,
 And musket-shot to rattle in the sky ;
Their glories would be at the highest,
To fight against the foes of Crist,
 And such as do our Cristian faith deny.

But their cursed villanies,
And their bloody pyracies,
 Are chiefly bent against our Christian friends ;
Some Christians so delight in evils,
That they become the sons of divels,
 And for the same have many shameful ends.

England suffers danger,
As well as any stranger,
 Nations are alike unto this company ;
Many English merchantmen,
And of London now and then,
 Have tasted of their vile extremity.

London's Elizabeth,
Of late these rovers taken have,
 A ship well laden with rich merchandize ;
The nimble Pearl and Charity,
All ships of gallant bravery,
 Are by these pyrates made a lawful prize.

The Trojan of London,
With other ships many a one,
 Hath stooped sail, and yielded out of hand,

These pyrates that they have shed their bloods,
And the Turks have bought their goods,
Being all too weak their power to withstand.

Of Hull the Bonaventer,
Which was a great frequenter,
And passer of the straits to Barbary ;
Both ship and men late taken were,
By pyrates Ward and Dansekar,
And brought by them into captivity.

English Ward and Dansekar,
Begin greatly now to jar,
About dividing their goods ;
Both ships and soldiers gather head,
Dansekar from Ward is fled,
So full of pride and malice are their bloods.

Ward doth only promise
To keep about rich Tunis,
And be comander of those Turkish seas ;
But valiant Dutch-land Dansekar,
Doth hover neer unto Argier,
And there his threat'ning colours now displays.

These pyrates thus divided,
By God is soon provided,
In secret sort to work each other's woe ;
Such wicked courses cannot stand,
The divel thus puts in his hand,
And God will give them soon an overthrow.

Finis. Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson:

A SONG ON THE DUKE'S LATE GLORIOUS
SUCCESS OVER THE DUTCH.

FROM a broadside in the possession of Mr. Rimbault. It was evidently written soon after a most obstinate engagement, which took place in Southwold Bay, on the 20th May, 1672, between the combined fleets of England and France on the one side, and that of the Dutch on the other.—E. F. R.

ONE day, as I was sitting still,
Upon the side of Dunwich-hill,
And looking on the ocean,
By chance I saw De Ruyter's fleet
With royal James's squadron meet ;
In sooth it was a noble treat
To see that brave commotion.

I cannot stay to name the names
Of all the ships that fought with James,
Their number or their tonnage ;
But this I say, the noble host
Right gallantly did take its post,
And covered all the hollow coast
From Walderswyck to Dunwich.

The French, who should have join'd the Duke,
Full far astern did lag and look,
Although their hulls were lighter ;

But nobly faced the Duke of York,
Tho' some may wink and some may talk,
Right stoutly did his vessel stalk,
To buffet with De Ruyter.

Well might you hear their guns, I guess,
From Sizewell-gap to Easton Ness,
The show was rare and sightly :
They batter'd without let or stay
Until the evening of that day,—
'Twas then the Dutchmen run away,
The Duke had beat them tightly.

Of all the battles gain'd at sea,
This was the rarest victory
Since Philip's grand armado.
I will not name the rebel Blake,
He fought for horson Cromwell's sake,
And yet was forced three days to take,
To quell the Dutch bravado.

So now we've seen them take to flight,
This way, and that, where'er they might,
To windard or to leeward ;
Here's to King Charles, and here's to James,
And here's to all the captains' names,
And here's to all the Suffolk dames,
And here's to the house of Stuart.

THE ENGLISHMEN'S VICTORY OVER THE
SPANIARDS.

RELATING HOW FIVE ENGLISH FRIGATES, VIZ. THE HENRY,
RUBY, ANTELOPE, GREYHOUND, AND BRYAN, BURNT ALL
THE SPANISH SHIPS IN THEIR HARBOUR, AT MALAGO: BAT-
TERED DOWN THEIR CHURCHES AND THEIR HOUSES ABOUT
THEIR EARS, KILL'D ABUNDANCE OF THEIR MEN, AND
OBTAINED AN HONOURABLE VICTORY.

Wherever English seamen goes
They are a terror to their foes.

To the tune of Five sail of frigats bound for Malago, &c.

[From the British Museum Collection of Old Ballads.]

COME all you brave sailors
that sails on the main,
I'll tell you of a fight
that was lately in Spain,
And of five sail of frigats
bound to Malago,
For to fight the proud Spaniards,
our orders was so."

There was the Henry and Ruby,
and the Antelope also,
The Grey-hound, and the Bryan,
for fire-ships must go ;
But so bravely we weighed,
and played our parts,
That we made the proud Spaniards
to quake in their hearts.

Then we came to an anchor
so nigh to the mould,
Methinks you proud English
do grow very bold:
But we came to an anchor
so near to the town,
That some of their churches
we soon battered down.

They hung out their flag of truce,
for to know our intent,
And they sent out their long-boat,
to know what we meant:
But our captain he answered
them bravely, it is so,
For to burn all your shipping
before we do go.

For to burn all your shipping
you must us excuse,
'Tis not five sail of frigats
shall make us to muse.
But we burnt all their shipping,
and their gallies also,
And we left in the city
full many a widow.

Come, then says our captain,
let's fire at the church;
And down came their belfrey,
which grieved them much;

And down came the steeple,
which standeth so high,
Which made the proud Spaniards
to the nunnery flye.

So great a confusion
we made in the town,
That their lofty buildings
came tumbling down :
Their wives and their children
for help they did cry,
But none could relieve them,
though danger was nigh.

The flames and the smoak,
so increased their woe,
That they knew not whither
to run nor to go ;
Some to shun the fire,
leapt into the flood,
And there they did perish
in water and mud.

Our guns we kept firing,
still shooting amain,
Whilst many a proud Spaniard
was on the place slain :
The rest being amazed,
for succour did cry,
But all was in vain,
they had no where to flye.

At length being forced,
they thought it most fit
Unto the brave Englishmen
for to submit :
And so a conclusion
at last we did make,
Upon such conditions
as was fit to take.

The Spanish armado
did England no harm,
'Twas but a bravado
To give us alarm ;
But with our five frigats
we did them bumbast,
And made them of Englishmen's
valour to taste.

When this noble victory
we did obtain,
Then home we returned
to England again ;
Where we were received
with welcomes of joy,
Because with five frigats
we did them destroy.

London : Printed by and for W. O., and are to be sold by J. Dea[n].

NEPTUNE TO ENGLAND.

[From MS. Sloane, 1514, fol. 40.]

OF thee, great state, the god of waves
In equall wrongs, assistance craves,
 defend thyselfe and mee :
For if ore seas there be no sway,
My godhead cleane is tane away,
 the scepter pluckt from thee.
Such as ore seas all sovereigntie oppose,
Though seeming friends, to both are truly foes.

If little Venice brings alone
Such waves to her subjection,
 as in the gulfe doe stirre ;
What then should great Britannia please,
But rule as ladie ore all seas,
 and thou as queen of her.
For sea-dominion may as well bee gain'd
By new acquests, as by descent maintain'd.

Goe on, great state, and make it knowne,
Thou never wilt forsake thine owne,
 nor from thy purpose start :
But that thou wilt thy power dilate,
Since narrow seas are found too straight
 for thy capacious heart.
So shall thy rule, and mine, have large extent :
Yet not so large, as just and permanent.

THE DUKE OF ORMOND.

THE following song is taken from "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy," vol. iii. p. 95. The tune, "set by Mr. Church," is also given by D'Urfey. It was sung by sailors, as well as soldiers.

YE brave boys and tars,
That design for the wars,
Remember the action at Vigo ;
And where Ormond commands,
Let us all joyn our hands,
And where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Let conquest and fame,
The honour proclaim,
Great Ormond has gotten at Vigo :
Let the trumpets now sound,
And the echoes around,
Where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Let the glories be sung,
Which the Ormonds have won,
Long before this great action at Vigo :
They're so loyal and just,
And so true to their trust,
That where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Old records of fame,
Of the Ormond's great name,
Their actions like these were of Vigo ;

And since this prince exceeds
In his forefather's deed,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Tis the praise of our crown,
That such men of renown,
Shou'd lead on the van, as at Vigo :
Where such lives and estates,
Are expos'd for our sakes,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Twas the whole nation's voice,
And we all did rejoyce,
When we heard he commanded for Vigo :
To Anna so true,
All her foes to pursue,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Tis the voice of the town,
And our zeal for the crown,
To serve Ormond to France, Spain, or Vigo :
So noble and brave,
Both to conquer and save,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

To the soldiers so kind,
And so humbly inclin'd,
To wave his applause gain'd at Vigo :
Yet so kind and so true,
He gave all men their due,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

We justly do own,
 All the honour that's won,
 In Flanders as well as at Vigo :
 But our subject and theme,
 Is of Ormond's great name,
 And where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Then take off the bowl,
 To that generous soul,
 That commanded so bravely at Vigo :
 And may Anna approve,
 Of our duty and love,
 And where he goes, may you go, and I go.

A SONG ON THE VICTORY OVER THE TURKS.

From D'Urfey's "Wit and Mirth," vol. i. p. 44. The music is
 also given.

HARK the thund'ring cannons roar,
 Echoing from the German shore,
 And the joyful news comes o'er ;
 The Turks are all confounded !
 Lorrain comes, they run, they run,
 Charge your horse thro' the grand half moon,
 We'll quarter give none,
 Since Starembourg is wounded.

Close your ranks, and each brave soul
Take a lusty flowing bowl,
A grand carouse to the royal Pole,
The empire's brave defender ;
No man leave his post by stealth,
But drink a helmet-full to th' health
Of the second Alexander.

Mahomet was a sober dog,
A small-beer, drowsy, senseless rogue,
The juice of grape, so much in vogue,
To forbid to those adore him ;
Had he but allowed the vine,
Given 'em leave to carouse in wine,
The Turk had safely past the Rhine,
And conquer'd all before him.

With dull tea they fought in vain,
Hopeless vict'ry to obtain ;
Where sprightly wine fills ev'ry vein,
Success must needs attend him.
Our brains (like our cannons) warm,
With often-firing feels no harm,
While the sober sot flies the alarm,
No lawrel can befriend him.

Christians thus with conquest crown'd,
Conquest with the glass goes round,
Weak coffee can't keep its ground
Against the force of claret :

Whilst we give them thus the foil,
 And the pagan troops recoyl,
 The valiant Poles divide the spoil,
 And in brisk nectar share it.

Infidels are now o'ercome,
 But the most Christian Turks at home,
 Watching the fate of Christendom;
 But all his hopes are shallow,
 Since the Poles have led the dance;
 Let English Cæsar now advance,
 And if he sends a fleet to France,
 He's a whig that will not follow.

THE YOUNG SEAMAN'S MISFORTUNE: OR, THE
 FALSE-HEARTED LASS OF LIMEHOUSE.

From the Pepys Collection, and reprinted by Evans (Old Ballads,
 edit. 1810, vol. i. p. 213).

To the tune of the Spinning-wheel.

You loyal lovers far and near,
 That live and reign in Cupid's court,
 I'd have you freely lend an ear,
 While I my sorrows do report:
 She that I lov'd has left me o'er;
 I'll never trust a woman more.

In her I plac'd my chief delight,
And was her captive night and day ;
For why ? her charming beauty bright
Had clearly stole my heart away :
But she will not my joys restore ;
I'll never trust a woman more.

On board of ship I chanc'd to go,
To serve our good and gracious king :
Now when she found it must be so,
She did her hands in sorrow wring,
Yet wedded when I left the shore ;
I'll never trust a woman more.

My dearest love, she often cry'd,
Forbear to sail the ocean sea ;
If fortune shall us now divide,
Alas ! what will become of me ?
This she repeated ten times o'er !—
I'll never trust a woman more.

A thousand solemn vows I made,
And she return'd the like again,
That no one should our hearts invade,
But both in loyal love remain ;
Yet she another had in store !
I'll never trust a woman more.

I was obliged to leave the land,
And ready to go hoist up sail,
At which tears in her eyes did stand,

And bitterly she did bewail ;
Yet she another had in store !
I'll never trust a woman more.

I gave her then a ring of gold,
To keep in token of true love,
And said, my dearest dear, behold !
I evermore will loyal prove.
She married when I left the shore !
I'll never trust a woman more.

Five months I ploughed the ocean main,
With courage void of dread and fear :
At length with joy return'd again
To the embraces of my dear.
But she another had in store !
I'll never trust a woman more.

Constancy doth torture me,
And make my sorrows most severe ;
Like a keen dart, it pierc'd my heart,
For why ? I did the tydings hear
As soon as e'er I came on shore !
I'll never trust a woman more.

Now must I wander in despair,
I find it is the fates' decree ;
My grief is more than I can bear,
I can love none alive but she :
Farewell, farewell, my native shore !
I'll never trust a woman more.

THE GALLANT SEAMAN'S RETURN FROM THE
INDIES: OR THE HAPPY MEETING OF
TWO FAITHFUL LOVERS.

WHEREIN IS SHEWED THE LOYAL CONSTANCY OF A SEAMAN
TO HIS LOVE, WITH HER KIND SALUTATION UNTO HIM
FOR HIS WELCOME HOME.

Observe this song, which is both neat and pretty,
'Tis on a seaman in his praise of Betty.

To the tune of Five sail of frigots, or Shrewsbury.

[From the Bagford Collection of Old Ballads.]

I AM a stout seaman and newly come on shore,
I have been a long voyage where I near was before ;
But now I am returned, I'me resolved to see
My own dearest honey, whose name is Betty.

I have been absent from her full many a day,
But yet I was constant in every way ;
Though many a beautiful dame I did see,
Yet none pleased me so well as Betty.

Now I am intended, whatever betide,
For to go and see her and make her my bride ;
If that she and I can together agree,
I never will love none but pretty Betty.

THE GALLANT SEAMAN'S SONG AT HIS MEETING OF
BETTY.

Well met, pretty Betty, my joy and my dear,
I now am returned thy heart for to chear ;

Though long I have been absent, yet I thought on thee,
O my heart it was always with pretty Betty.

Then come, my own dearest, to tavern let's go,
Whereas we'll be merry for any hour or two ;
Lovingly together we both will agree,
And I'll drink a good health to my pretty Betty.

And when we have done, to the church we will hy,
Whereas we'll be joynd in matrimony ;
And always I'll be a kind husband to thee,
If that thou wilt be my wife, pretty Betty.

I will kiss thee and hug thee all night in my arms,
I'll be careful of thee and keep thee from harms,
I will love thee dearly in every degree,
For my heart it is fixed on pretty Betty.

For thee I will rove and sail far and near,
The dangerous rough sea shall not put me in fear ;
If I do get treasure I'll bring it to thee,
And I'll venter my life for my pretty Betty.

And more than all this, I'll tell thee my dear,
I will bring thee home rich jewels for to wear,
And many new fashions I will provide thee,
So that none shall compare with pretty Betty.

Then come, my own dearest, and grant me thy love,
Both loyal and constant to thee I will prove ;
If that thou wilt put trust and belief in me,
I vow near to love none but pretty Betty.

THE SECOND PART.

To the same tune.

Betty's reply, wherein she shows her love,
Promising him always constant to prove.

O WELCOME, my dearest, welcome to shore,
Thy absence so long hath troubled me sore ;
But since thou art returned, this I'll assure thee,
It is thou art the man that my husband shall be.

Although that some maids now-a-dayes prove untrue,
Yet I'll never change my old love for a new ;
My promise I'll keep while life remains in me,
For thou art the man that my husband shall be.

I have been courted by many a proper youth,
If thou wilt believe me, I'll tell thee the truth ;
But all my affections I have set on thee,
For thou art the man that my husband shall be.

Then, dearest, be not discontented in mind,
For to thee I'll always prove loving and kind ;
No lord nor knight I'll have, if they would have me,
For 'tis thou art the man that my husband shall be.

If that I might gain a whole ship-load of money,
I would not forsake my true love and honey ;
No wealth nor yet riches shall force to tempt me,
To forsake him who ever my true love shall be.

This lusty brave seaman and his dearest dear
 Was married full speedily, as I did hear ;
 Now they both together do live happily,
 And he vows to love his pretty Betty.

He is overjoy'd now he has gain'd his mate,
 They do love and live without strife and debate ;
 He is kind unto her in every degree,
 So I wish him well to enjoy pretty Betty.

Al you young men and maidens, pray learn by my song,
 To be true to your sweet-hearts and do them no wrong ;
 Prove constant and just, and not false hearted be,
 And so I will now conclude my ditty.

By L. L.

FINIS.

THE DANGERS OF THE SEAS.

FROM an old manuscript, now in the possession of Mr. C. H. Wright, of Manchester, who has very kindly favoured me with a transcript of it. I have had no opportunity of examining the manuscript, and am therefore unable to give the date of it.

I RUE to see the raging of the seas,
 When nothing may King Eolus' wrath appease.
 Boreas' blastes asunder rendes our sayles :
 Our tacklings breake, our ankers likewise fayles.

The surging seas, they battred have my shippe,
And eke mine oares avayle me not a chippe.
The ropes are slackte, the mast standes nothing strong :
Thus am I tost the surging seas along.
The waves beate in, my barke to overflowe ;
The rugged seas my ship will overthrowe.
Yea, driven I am, sometimes against a rocke,
Sometimes againe a whale his backe I locke.
When Neptune thus, and Eol falles to stryfe,
Then stand I most in daunger of my lyfe.
And when the winde beginneth moste to rage,
Then out I caste (my barke for to asswage)
Each thing of waight, and then if sea at will
I chaunce to have, I lesse regard mine ill.
If shipwrack once I suffer in my lyfe,
Farewell my goodes, farewell my gentle wife :
Adewe my friends, adewe my children all,
For nought prevayles, though on your helpe I call.
First goe I to the bottome of the seas,
And thrice I rise, but nothing for mine ease.
For why? at length, when last of all I fall,
My winde doth fayle, wherewith I burst my gall.
My body then, so full as it may be
With water store, then may each men me see
All borne aloft amid the fomyng froth,
And dryven to lande, if Neptune waxeth wrothe.
But yet, if so I cunning have to swimme,
When first I fall into the water brimme,
With streaking armes, and eke with playing feete,
My parte I play, the water flouddes to grete.

And then, perchance, some shippe comes saying by,
 Whiche saves my life, if me they doe espie.
 Perchance, likewise, I drowne before they come,
 Perchance the crampe my feet it maketh numme:
 If so it dothe, then sure I am to die,
 In this distresse the sea will ayde denie.
 Wherefore I wishe, who well may live by land,
 And him forbid the sea to take in hande.

THE MARINER'S MISFORTUNE: OR, THE UNFORTUNATE VOYAGE OF TWO CONSTANT LOVERS.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A FAITHFUL SEAMAN, WHO GOING TO TAKE HIS FAREWEL OF HIS SWEETHEART, SHE RESOLVED, COME LIFE OR COME DEATH, TO SAIL WITH HIM; AND PUTTING HERSELF IN MAN'S APPAREL, WENT THE VOYAGE WITH HIM, BUT BY DISTRESS OF WEATHER, COMING HOME WERE CAST AWAY; THE CONSTANT SEAMAN HAVING NO OTHER HELP, BETOOK HIMSELF TO SWIMMING, AND HAVING GOT HIS SWEETHEART UPON HIS BACK, SWAM TILL HE WAS ALMOST TYRED, BUT WAS AT LAST TAKEN UP BY AN ALGERINE, WHO CARRIED THEM TO ALGIERS, WHERE BEING BROUGHT BEFORE THE GOVERNOUR, SHE CONFESSED HERSELF TO BE A FEMALE, WHICH SO ASTONISHED THE GOVERNOUR, THAT HE IN REQUITAL OF HER CONSTANCY, SET THEM BOTH FREE, WHO ARE HAPPILY ARRIVED IN ENGLAND AGAIN.

[From the Bagford Collection of Old Ballads.]

Tune of The Souldier's Departure.

A seaman loy'd a maiden pretty,
 and esteem'd her as his life;

She was beauteous, fair, and witty,
whom he vow'd should be his wife :
He was minded, and designed
for to leave the Brittish shore,
And sail again unto the main,
as he had often done before.

So he kindly came unto her,
and his mind did thus express :
Dearest, of my love be sure,
in thee is all my happiness,
And yet must I immediately
be forc'd to leave thee on the shore,
When I again come from the main,
I swear I'll never leave thee more.

These his words her mind did trouble,
and did pierce her tender heart ;
Then her sorrows they grew double,
and increas'd her deadly smart :
She replyed, if she dyed,
to the main with him she'd go.
Quoth he, my dear, I greatly fear
hardship thou canst not undergo.

I am loath for to forsake thee,
yet I constant will remain,
And my faithful wife will make thee
when I home return again :

He did protest he did not jest,
 but yet she constantly did cry,
 I do not fear, my only dear,
 for with thee I will live and dye.

I'm resolv'd, in spight of danger,
 that I will thy mesmate be ;
 Through the world I'll be a ranger,
 for my love's dear company :
 By joynt consent, to sea they went,
 to satisfy her hearts desire ;
 This was not known to any one,
 for she was drest in man's attire.

To the ocean then they sailed ;
 little did the captain know
 That a female with him sailed
 and sometimes in the long-boat row.
 She did behave her self so brave
 that none could this her trick discern,
 Industriously this damsel she
 did navigation strive to learn.

Do but mark how fickle fortune
 did their comforts all destroy ;
 She doth often prove uncertain
 and eclipse true lover's joy :
 For blust'ring wind, too oft we find
 do work poor seamen's overthrow,
 And so were they all cast away,
 great pitty 'twas it should be so.

In this distress these faithful lovers
both were like for to be lost;
Surgins seas did wash them over,
they on mighty waves were tost:
In this distress, most pittiless
care for his love he did not lack,
With weary limbs long time he swims
While his true love was on his back.

But he at last was almost tyred,
past hopes of finding some relief;
Tho' fortune smiles they oft desired,
for to ease them of their grief:
An Algerine, at that same time,
did happen to come sayling by,
So straitway he most earnestly
aloud to them for help did cry.

They took them up into their ship;
that they were Turks they quickly found,—
At first their hearts for joy did leap,
at last they were with sorrow drown'd:
For Algier then they sailed agen,
not knowing who they had for prize,
For none bewray'd it was a maid
whose echo's then did pierce the skies.

Before the governor they came,
and then the truth she did reveal;
She freely did confess the same
which long before she did conceal:

So presently her constancy
 most mightily he did commend,
 And back again, he o're the main
 did both these faithful lovers send.

Printed for J. Blare, at the "Looking-Glass," on London Bridge.

A PLEASANT NEW SONG BETWIXT A SAYLOR
 AND HIS LOVE.

FROM the Bagford Collection of Old Ballads. It is directed to be sung to the favourite old tune called "Dulcina;" the original ballad of which is given by Percy. "The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow," to the same tune, has been reprinted by Percy, Ritson, and others.—E. F. R.

WHAT doth ayl my love so sadly,
 in such heavy dumps to stand?
 Doth she grieve or take unkindly
 that I am so near at hand?
 Or doth she vow,
 she will not know,
 Nor speak to me when I do come?
 If that be so,
 away Ile go,
 First kiss and bid me welcome home.

Had I ever thee forsaken,
 putting thee out of my mind,

Then thou might'st have justly spoken
 that I to thee was unkind :
 or should I take
 some other mate,
 Then might thou have a cause to mourn ;
 but let me dye,
 before that I
 Do so ; then bid me welcome home.

Sooner shall the grass leave growing,
 from the hare the hound shall run ;
 Husbandmen shall leave their sowing,
 floods shall run the land upon ;
 the fish shall flye,
 the sea run dry,
 The birds shall sing no more, but mourn.
 ere I of thee
 unmindful be :
 Then kiss and bid me welcome home.

Smile on me, be not offended,
 pardon grant for my amiss ;
 Let thy favour so befriend me,
 as to seal it with a kiss :
 To me, I swear,
 thou art so dear,
 That for thy sake Ile fancy none ;
 then do not frown,
 but sit thee down,
 Sweet, kiss and bid me welcome home.

If thou hast proved chaste Diana,
 since from thee I did depart,
 I have as constant been unto thee,
 for on thee fixed was my heart :
 no, not for she
 Jupiter see,
 Diana in her tower alone
 should me intice,
 no, Ile be nice,
 Then kiss and bid me welcome home.

No, nor Venus, Cupid's mother,
 nor the fairest wife of Jove,
 Should Lucretia, or some other,
 seek by gifts to win my love ;
 should Hellen fair
 to me compare,
 And unto me for love make moan,
 yet none of these
 my mind shall please,
 Then kiss and bid me welcome home.

From thy sight tho' I were banisht,
 yet I always was to thee
 Far more kinder than Uliesses
 to his chaste Penelope :
 for why, away
 he once did stay
 Ten years, and left her all alone ;

but I from thee
 have not been three,
 Sweet, kiss and bid me welcome home.

Come, sweetheart, and sit down by me,
 let thy lap my pillow be,
 While sweet sleep my mind beguileth,
 and all my dreams shall be of thee.
 I pray thee stay,
 steal not away,
 Let lullaby be all thy song ;
 with kisses sweet
 lull me asleep,
 Sweet, kiss and bid me welcome home.

THE WOMAN'S ANSWER.

I have been sad to see how from me,
 thou from me so long did stay,
 Yet now I more rejoice to see thee
 happily arriv'd this way :
 thou from our shore
 shalt go no more,
 To wander thus abroad alone ;
 but thou shalt stay
 with me away.
 And here's my hand, thou'rt welcome home.

I have prov'd Diana to thee
 since from me thou went'st away ;
 I have suitors well-nigh twenty,
 and much ado I had to stay :

but I deny'd,
 when they reply'd,
And sent them all away with scorn ;
 for I had sworn
 to live forlorn,
Until that I see thee come home.

Seeing thou art home returned,
 thou shalt not go from home in haste,
But lovingly come sit down by me,
 let my arms embrace thy wast :
 farewell annoy,
 welcome my joy,
Now lullaby shall be the song ;
 for now my heart
 seems loath to part,
Then kiss and bid me welcome home.

Since, sweetheart, thou dost befriend me,
 thus to take me to thy love,
Never more will I offend thee,
 but will ever constant prove :
 thou hast my heart
 not to depart,
But ever constant to remain ;
 and thou art mine,
 and I am thine,
Then let us kiss and welcome home.

FINIS.

A BALLAD, BY THE LATE LORD DORSET,
WHEN AT SEA.

FROM D'Urfey's "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy," vol. v. p. 168. It is said to have been written at sea by the Earl of Dorset, in the first Dutch war, 1664. Pepys, in his Diary, Jan. 2, 1665, after stating that he went to dine with Lord Broncker, in Covent Garden, says:—"I occasioned much mirth with a ballet I brought with me, made from the seamen at sea to their ladies in town." The original tune may be seen in D'Urfey's work.—E. F. R.

To you fair ladys now on land,
We men at sea indite ;
But first wou'd have you understand
How hard it is to write.
The muses, now, and Neptune, too,
We must implore to write to you ;
With a fa la, la, la, la.
The muses, now, and Neptune, too,
We must implore to write to you ;
With a fa la, la, la, la.

But, tho' the muses shou'd be kind,
And fill our empty brain ;
Yet, if rough Neptune cause the wind
To rouse the azure main,
Our paper, pens, and ink, and we
Rowl up and down our ships at sea,
With a fa la.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not that we're unkind ;
Nor yet conclude that we're lost,
By Dutch, by French, or wind :
Our grief shall find a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a-day,
With a fa la.

The King, with wonder and surprise,
Will think the seas grown bold ;
For that the tide does higher rise
Then e'er it did of old :
But let him know, that 'tis our tears
Sends floods of grief to White-hall stairs,
With a fa la.

Shou'd Count Thoulouse but come to know
Our sad and dismal story ;
The French wou'd scorn so weak a foe,
Where they can get no glory :
For what resistance can they find
From men as left their hearts behind,
With a fa la.

To pass the tedious time away,
We throw the merry main ;
Or else at serious ombra play ;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
We were undone when we left you,
With a fa la.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dyes in ev'ry note ;
As if it sigh'd for each man's care,
For being so remote :
Think then how often love we've made
To you, while all those tunes were play'd,
With a fa la.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind ;
Let French men vapour, Dutch men curse,
No sorrow we shall find :
'Tis then no matter how things goe,
Nor who's our friend, nor who our foe,
With a fa la.

Thus having told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears ;
In hopes this declaration moves,
Some pity to our tears :
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea,
With a fa la.

THE JOLLY SAILOR'S RESOLUTION.

From the sixth volume of D'Urfey's "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy," p. 40. The tune is also given.

As I am a sailor, 'tis very well known,
 And I've never as yet had a wife of my own ;
 But now I've resolved for to marry if I can,
 To show myself a jolly, jolly brisk young man,
 man, man,
 To show myself a jolly, jolly brisk young man.

Abroad I have been, and since home I am come,
 My wages I have took, 'tis a delicate sum ;
 And now mistress hostess begins to flatter me,
 But I have not forgot her former cruelty,
 ty, ty,
 But I have not forgot her former cruelty.

Near Limehouse she liv'd, where I formerly us'd,
 I'll show you in brief how I once was abus'd,
 After in her house I had quite consum'd my store,
 But kick me if I ever, ever feast her more,
 more, more,
 But kick me if I ever, ever feast her more.

I came to her once with abundance of gold,
 And as she that beautiful sight did behold,
 She said with a kiss thou art welcome, John, to me,
 For I have shed a thousand, thousand tears for thee,
 thee, thee,
 For I have shed a thousand, thousand tears for thee.

Her flattering words I was apt to believe,
And then at my hands she did freely receive
A ring which she said she would keep for Johnny's sake.
She wept for joy as if her very heart would break,
break, break,
She wept for joy as if her very heart would break.

We feasted on dainties and drank of the best,
Though I with my friends I am happily blest,
For punch, beer, and brandy, they night and day did call,
And I was honest Johnny, Johnny pay for all,
all, all,
And I was honest Johnny, Johnny pay for all.

They ply'd me so warm that in troth I may say,
That I scarce in a month knew the night from the day,
My hostess I kiss'd tho' her husband he was by,
For while my gold and silver lasted, who but I,
I, I,
For while my gold and silver lasted, who but I.

They said I should marry their dear daughter Kate,
And in token of love I presented her strait,
With a chain of gold, and a rich and costly head,
Thus Johnny, Johnny, Johnny by the nose was lead,
lead, lead,
Thus Johnny, Johnny, Johnny by the nose was lead.

This life I did lead for a month and a day,
And then all my glory begun to decay,

My mony was gone, I quite consum'd my store,
My hostess told me in a word, she would not score,
score, score,
My hostess told me in a word she would not score.

She frown'd like a fury, and Kate she was coy,
A kiss or a smile I no more must enjoy ;
Nay, if that I called but for a mug of beer,
My hostess she was very deaf, and could not hear,
hear, hear,
My hostess she was very deaf, and could not hear.

But that which concerned me more then the rest,
My money was gone, and she'd needs have me prest
Aboard of the fleet ? then I in a passion flew,
And ever since I do abhor the canting crew,
crew, crew,
And ever since I do abhor the canting crew.

Now, having replenish'd my stock once again,
My hostess and daughter I vow to refrain
Their company quite, and betake myself to a wife ;
With whom I hope to live a sober life,
life, life,
With whom I hope to live a sober life.

Then in came a damsel, as fresh as a rose,
He gave her a kiss, and begun for to close
In courting, and said, canst thou love an honest tar,

Who for these six or seven years has travell'd so far,
 far, far,
 Who for these six or seven years has travell'd so far.

His offer was noble, his guineas was good,
 And therefore the innocent maid never stood
 To make a denial, but granted his request ;
 And now she's with a jolly sailor, sailor blest,
 blest, blest,
 And now she's with a jolly sailor, sailor blest.

WITH FULL DOUBLE CUPS.

From D'Urfey's "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy,"
 edit. 1719, vol. iii. p. 304. The tune is "by Mr. Barincloth."

ALL hands up aloft,
 Swab the coach fore and aft,
 For the punch clubbers straight will be sitting ;
 For fear the ship rowl
 Sling off a full bowl,
 For our honour let all things be fitting :
 In an ocean of punch
 We to-night will all sail,
 I'th' bowl we're in sea-room
 Enough, we ne'er fear :
 Here's to thee, messmate.

Thanks, honest Tom,
'Tis a health to the king,
Whilst the larboard-man drinks,
Let the starboard-man sing.
 With full double cups
 We'll liquor our chops,
 And then we'll turn out
 With a Who up, who, who ;
 But let's drink e'er we go,
 But let's drink e'er we go.

The wind's veering aft,
Then loose ev'ry sail,
She'll bear all her topsails a-trip ;
 Heave the logg from the poop,
 It blows a fresh gale,
And a just account on the board keep ;
 She runs the eight knots,
And eight cups, to my thinking,
 That's a cup for each knot,
Must be fill'd for our drinking.
 Here's to thee, skipper.
Thanks, honest John,
'Tis a health to the king,
Whilst the one is a drinking,
The other shall fill.
 With full double cups,
 We'll liquor our chops, &c.

The quartier must cun,
Whilst the foremast-man steers,

Here's a health to each port where e'er bound ;
 Who delays, 'tis a bumper,
 Shall be drub'd at the geers,
 The depth of each cup therefore sound :
 To our noble commander,
 To his honour and wealth ;
 May he drown and be damn'd
 That refuses the health.
 Here's to thee, honest Harry.
 Thanks, honest Will,
 Old true penny still ;
 Whilst the one is a drinking,
 The other shall fill.
 With full double cups,
 We'll liquor our chops, &c.

What news on the deck, ho ?
 It blows a meer storm ;
 She lies a try under her mizon,—
 Why, what tho' she does ?
 Will it do any harm ?
 If a bumper more does us all reason :
 The bowl must be fill'd, boys,
 In spight of the weather ;
 Yea, yea, huzza let's howl all together.
 Here's to thee, Peter.
 Thanks, honest Joe,
 About let it go ;
 In the bowl still a calm is,
 Where e'er the winds blow.
 With full double cups,
 We'll liquor our chops, &c.

THE ROYAL TRIUMPH OF BRITAIN'S MONARCH.

From "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy,"
vol. vi. p. 98. The tune is also given by D'Urfey.

New pyramids raise,
Bring the poplar and bayes,
To crown our triumphant commander ;
The French, too, shall run,
As the Irish have done,
Like the Persians, the Persians ;
Like the Persians, the Persians ;
Like the Persians before Alexander.

Had the Rubicon been
Such a stream as the Boyn,
Not Cæsar, not Cæsar himself had gon on ;
King William exceeds great Cæsar in deeds,
More than he did great Pompey before.

Though born in a state,
Fore-told was his fate,
That he should be a monarch ador'd ;
One globe was too small
To contain such a soul,—
New worlds must submit to his sword.

So great and benign
Is our sov'reign Queen,
Made to share his empire and bed ;
May she still fill his arms
With her lovely soft charms,
And a race of King Williams succeed.

ENGLAND'S TRIUMPH AT SEA.

From MS. Harl. 7526, fol. 65. At the end of the ballad is the following note:—"To Mr. Harley, at one of the Commissioners of Accounts, in Buckingham Street, York Buildings." Another copy is in MS. addit. 2715, fol. 79. It was written on the fleet, in 1691.—E. F. R.

A MIGHTY great fleet, the like was nere seen
Since the reign of K. W. and Mary his queen,
Design'd the destruction of France to have been,
which nobody can deny.

This fleet was compos'd of English and Dutch,
For ships, guns, and men, there never were such,
Nor so little done when expected so much,
which nobody can deny.

Eighty-six ships of war, which we capitall call,
Besides frigats and tenders, and yachts that are small,
Say'd out and did little or nothing at all,
which nobody can deny.

Thirty-nine thousand and five hundred brave men,
Had they chanc'd to have met the French fleet, O then,
As they beat 'em last year, they'd have beat 'em agen,
which nobody can deny.

Six thousand great guns, and seventy-eight more,
As great and as good as ever did roar,
It had been the same thing had they left 'em ashore,
which nobody can deny.

Torrington now must command 'em no more,
For we try'd what mettal he was made on before,
And 'tis better for him on land for to whore,
which nobody can deny.

For a bullet, perhaps, from a rude cannon's breach,
Which makes no distinction betwixt poor and rich,
Instead of his dog might have tane off his bitch,
which nobody can deny.

But Russell, the cherry-cheekt Russell, is chose
His fine self and his fleet at sea to expose ;
But he will take care how he meets with his foes,
which nobody can deny.

We had sea-collonells o'th' nature of otter,
Which either might serve by land or by water,
Tho' of what they have done we hear no great matter,
which nobody can deny,

In the midst of May last they sail'd on the mayn,
And in September are come back again,
With the loss of some ships, but in battle none slain,
which nobody can deny.

ADMIRAL RUSSEL'S SCOWERING THE FRENCH
FLEET: OR, THE BATTLE AT SEA.

FROM a small collection of songs, entitled "The Midshipman's Garland," bound up in one of Bagford's volumes, in the British Museum. The first four verses have been reprinted in Evans's "Old Ballads," vol. iii. p. 215, edit. 1810; and in Ritson's "English Songs," vol. ii. p. 197, edit. Park. The great naval victory, intended to be celebrated by the following old song, was determined after a running action of several days, off Cape La Hogue, on the coast of Normandy, the 22nd of May 1692.—E. F. R.

THURSDAY in the morn, the ides of May,
 recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
 Brave Russel did discern by dawn of day,
 the lofty sails of France advancing, now:
 All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
 Let fly a culvering, the signal of the line;
 let ev'ry hand supply his gun:
 Follow me, and you'll see
 that the battle will be soon begun.

Turvil o'er the main triumphant rowl'd,
 to meet the gallant Russel in combat on the deep;
 He led a noble train of heroes bold,
 to sink the English admiral at his feet.
 Now every valiant mind to victory does aspire,
 The bloody fight's began, the sea it fell on fire;
 and mighty fate stood looking on;
 Whilst a flood, all of blood,
 fill'd the port-holes of the Royal Sun.

Sulphur, smoak, and fire, disturb'd the air,
 with thunder and wonder to fright the Gallick shore ;
 Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
 to see their lofty streamers, now no more.
 At six a-clock the red, the smiling victor led,
 To give a second blow, their total overthrow ;
 now death and horror equal reign,
 How they cry, run or dye,
 Brittish colours ride the vanquisht main.

See, they run amaz'd thro' rocks on sand,
 one danger they grasp at, to shun a greater fate ;
 In vain they crie for aid to weeping lands,
 the nimphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate ;
 For evermore adieu, thou dazling Royal Sun,
 From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun :
 Enough, thou mighty god of war !
 Now we sing, bless the Queen,
 let us drink to ev'ry English tar.

Come, jolly seamen all, with Russel go,
 to sail on the main proud mounsieur for to greet,
 And give our enemy a second blow,
 and fight Turvil, if that he dare to meet.
 Come, brother tar, what cheer? Let each supply,
 And thump 'em off this year, or make mounsier to fly,
 while we do range the ocean round,
 Day or night we will fight,
 when our enemy is to be found.

Let it ne'er be said that English boys
 should e'er stay behind when their Admiral goes ;
 But let each honest lad crie with one voice,
 brave Russel, lead us on to fight the foes :
 We'd give them gun for gun, some sink, and others burn.
 Broad-sides we'll give 'em too, till monsieur cry's morblew!
 des Enleteer will kill us all !
 Whilst they scower, we will pour,
 thick as hail, amongst them cannon-ball.

Licensed according to Order.

THE SAYLOR'S SONG.

FROM "Wit and Mirth," vol. iv. p. 170. It is called "The Saylor's Song in the Subscription Musick, sett by Mr. Weldon, sung by Mr. Dogget." The concerts in York-buildings were sometimes called "The Subscription Musick," and it was probably for them that Mr. Weldon composed the following song.—E. F. R.

JUST coming from sea, our spouses and we,
 We punch it, we punch it, we punch it ;
 We punch it, we punch it a board with couragio,
 We sing, laugh, and cling, and in hammocks we swing :
 And hay, hay, hay, hay, my brave boys, bonviagio,
 We sing, laugh, and cling, and in hammocks we swing ;
 We sing, laugh, and cling, and in hammocks we swing,
 And hay, hay, hay, hay, my brave boys, bonviagio.

ADMIRAL KEPPEL TRIUMPHANT.

FROM Dr. Burney's Collection of English Songs, in the British Museum, vol. ix. p. 110. It is there stated that "the words and music" are by "J. Timms of Dartford." Mr. Timms' name, in spite of his loyalty, has not obtained a place in our poetical or musical biography.—E. F. R.

YE brave British tars, come attend to my muse,
 Be jovial and hearty, in wine let's carouse;
 Ye brave &c.
 For Keppell from the accusation is clear,
 That was brought against him by Sir Hugh Palliser.
 For Keppel &c.

One morning, last July, at break of the day,
 The French was descry'd in battle array;
 Brave Keppel, impatient to fight proud Monsieur,
 Directed his course and unto them drew near.

The French fleet to windward first gave a broad side,
 Augustus undaunted their great guns defy'd;
 His fleet being mann'd with compleat British tars,
 Appal'd the Monsieur with the thunder of Mars.

Aghast the pale French in dismay bore away,
 Our ships being crip'd oblig'd us to stay,
 Main sails, gallant royals, stay sails to repair,
 That we might again reattack the Monsieur.

This done, our commander the signal did make
 For the ships to the Lee to come in his wake;
 Regardless of order Sir Hugh Palliser,
 Refus'd to obey and kept back in the rear.

This gave the French time to retreat into Brest,
But observe the sequel which is a meer jest,
As guilt is always companion of fear,
So mind the dark plan of Sir Hugh Palliser.

Assisted by Beelzebub, Prince of old Stykes,
His infernal sire (the weapon he strikes,)
Himself to exculpate the shaft he lets fly,
Intending a sacrifice Keppel should die.

The plan was laid down, then the charge it was made,
Augustus accused of being afraid,
To fight the Monsieurs, and of running away,
And leaving the French fleet triumphant at sea.

But justice and Montague there did preside,
They found out the falsehood, his errors descry'd ;
The jury withdrew, for they all saw the cheat,
Acquitted Augustus because he was great.

This true Son of Neptune couragious and bold,
Will fight for his King, and by him be control'd ;
To minions in power he'll not be a slave,
The French he'll chastize with a heart free and brave.

So now brother sailors let us reunite,
To serve under Keppel, the French for to fight ;
His name, like the gold from the furnace, shall shine
In Old England's annals, to Time's latest time.

Then fill up your glasses, and let them not stand,
A health to the hero that doth us command ;
May each British heart and voice say without fear,
A fig for the French and Sir Hugh Palliser.

THE SAILOR'S COMPLAINT.

AN old sea song, called "Come and listen to my ditty, or the Sailor's Complaint," is to be found in the British Musical Miscellany, published by Walsh. It was to this air that Stevens wrote the song "Cease, rude Boreas," by which title it is now better known. Other songs have also been adapted to the same tune. See Chappell's National Airs, p. 35.

COME and listen to my ditty,
All ye jolly hearts of gold ;
Lend a brother tar your pity,
Who was once so stout and bold.
But the arrows of Cupid,
Alas ! have made me rue ;
Sure true love was ne'er so treated,
As I am by scornful Sue.

When I landed first at Dover,
She appear'd a goddess bright ;
From foreign parts I was just come over,
And was struck with so fair a sight.
On the shore pretty Sukey walk'd,
Near to where our frigate lay,
And, although so near the landing,
I, alas ! was cast away.

When first I hail'd my pretty creature,
The delight of land and sea,
No man ever saw a sweeter,
I'd have kept her company ;

I'd have fain made her my true love,
For better or for worse ;
But, alas ! I cou'd not compass her,
For to steer the marriage course.

Once, no greater joy and pleasure
Could have come into my mind,
Than to see the bold DEFIANCE
Sailing right before the wind ;
O'er the white waves as she danced,
And her colours daily flew,
But that was not half so charming
As the trim of lovely Sue.

On a rocky coast I've driven,
Where the stormy winds do rise,
Where the rolling mountain billows
Lift a vessel to the skies :
But from land, or from the ocean,
Little dread I ever knew,
When compared to the dangers
In the frowns of scornful Sue.

Long I wonder'd why my jewel
Had the heart to use me so ;
Till I found, by often sounding,
She'd another love in tow :
So farewell, hard-hearted Sukey,
I'll my fortune seek at sea,
And try a more friendly latitude,
Since in your's I cannot be.

THE SEAMAN'S HAPPY RETURN.

FROM a volume of black-letter ballads, in Wood's Collection, at Oxford, vol. E. 25. It is there entitled "The Valiant Seaman's Happy Return to his Love, after a long Seven Years' Absence," and directed to be sung to the tune of "I am so deep in love;" or, "Through the cool shady woods."

WHEN Sol did cast no light,
 being darken'd over,
 And the dark time of night
 did the skies cover,
 Running a river by,
 there were ships sailing,
 A maid most fair I spy'd,
 crying and wailing.

Unto this maid I stept,
 asking what griev'd her,
 She answer'd me and wept,
 fates had deceiv'd her :
 My love is prest, quoth she,
 to cross the ocean,
 Proud waves to make the ship
 ever in motion.

We lov'd seven years and more,
 both being sure,
 But I am left on shore,
 grief to endure.

He promis'd back to turn,
if life was spar'd him,
With grief I dayly mourn
death hath debar'd him.

Straight a brisk lad she spy'd,
made her admire,
A present she receiv'd
pleas'd her desire.
Is my love safe, quoth she,
will he come near me ?
The young man answer made,
Virgin, pray hear me.

Under one banner bright,
for England's glory,
Your love and I did fight—
mark well my story :
By an unhappy shot
we two were parted ;
His death's wound then he got,
though valiant-hearted.

All this I witness can,
for I stood by him,
For courage, I must say,
none did outvye him :
He still would foremost be,
striving for honour ;
But Fortune is a whore,—
vengeance upon her !

But ere he was quite dead,
or his heart broken,
To me these words he said,
pray give this token
To my love, for there is
then she no fairer ;
Tell her she must be kind
and love the bearer.

Intomb'd he now doth lye
in stately manner,
'Cause he fought valiantly
for love and honour.
That right he had in you,
to me he gave it :
Now since it is my due,
pray let me have it.

She, raging, flung away
like one distracted,
Not knowing what to say,
nor what she acted.
So last she curst her fate,
and shew'd her anger,
Saying, friend, you come too late,
I'll have no stranger.

To your own house return,
I am best pleased
Here for my love to mourn,
since he's deceased.

In sable weeds I'll go,
let who will jeer me ;
Since death has served me so,
none shall come near me.

The chaste Penelope
mourn'd for Uliesses,
I have more grief than she,
rob'd of my blisses.
I'll ne'r love man again,
therefore pray hear me ;
I'll slight you with disdain
if you come near me.

I know he lov'd me well,
for when we parted,
None did in grief excell,—
both were true-hearted.
Those promises we made
ne'r shall be broken ;
Those words that then he said
Ne'r shall be spoken.

He hearing what she said,
made his love stronger,
Off his disguise he laid,
and staid no longer.
When her dear love she knew,
in wanton fashion
Into his arms she flew,—
such is love's passion !

He ask'd her how she lik'd
his counterfeiting,
Whether she was well pleas'd
with such like greeting?
You are well vers'd, quoth she,
in several speeches,
Could you coyn money so
you might get riches.

O happy gale of wind
that waft thee over,
May heaven preserve that ship
that brought my lover.
Come kiss me now, my sweet,
true love's no slander;
Thou shalt my hero be,
I thy Leander.

Dido of Carthage queen
lov'd stout Æneas,
But my true love is found
more true than he was.
Venus ne'r fonder was
of younger Adonis,
Then I will be of thee,
since thy love her own is.

Then hand in hand they walk,
with mirth and pleasure,
They laugh, they kiss, they talk—
love knows no measure.

Now both do sit and sing—
 but she sings clearest ;
 Like nightingale in Spring,
 Welcome my dearest !

Finis. Printed for P. B. and E. O., and are to be sold at their shops, in West Smithfield, and on Snow Hill.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

THE following well-known song was written by Glover, the author of "Leonidas," in the year 1739. The case of Hosier was briefly this:—In April 1726 he was sent with a strong fleet to the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country ; but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, he lay inactive on that station, until he became the jest of the Spaniards. He afterwards removed to Carthagea, and continued cruising in those seas, till far the greater part of his crews perished by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart.—E. F. R.

Tune,—“ Come and listen to my ditty.”

As near Porto-Bello lying
 On the gently-swelling flood,
 At midnight, with streamers flying,
 Our triumphant navy rode ;
 There while Vernon sate all-glorious
 From the Spaniards' late defeat :
 And his crews, with shouts victorious,
 Drank success to England's fleet ;

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
 Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
 Then, each heart with fear confounding,
 A sad troop of ghosts appear'd ;
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding-sheets they wore,
 And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
 Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
 When the shade of Hosier brave
 His pale bands was seen to muster,
 Rising from their wat'ry grave :
 O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
 Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts beside him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh ! heed our fatal story ;
 I am Hosier's injur'd ghost ;
 You who now have purchas'd glory
 At this place where I was lost,
 Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
 You now triumph, free from fears,
 When you think of my undoing,
 You will mix your joys with tears.

See these mournful spectres, sweeping
 Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
 Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,
 These were English captains brave :

Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold ;
Lo ! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright,
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders, not to fight.
Oh ! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain.

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast atchiev'd with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though, condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom ;
To have fall'n, my country crying
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail ;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe :
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves, for ever mourning,
Shall we roam, depriv'd of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request :
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England—sham'd in me.

ADMIRAL VERNON'S ANSWER TO ADMIRAL
HOSIER'S GHOST.

THE following ballad is taken from a small broadside, printed at Salisbury. It is stated in the "Suffolk Garland," 8vo. Ipswich, 1828, that its author was one John Price, a land-waiter in the port of Poole. The taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards, in 1739, appears to have afforded ample scope for the ballad writing generation. In the following year was issued from their press a collection, entitled "Vernon's Glory: containing fifteen new Songs, occasioned by the taking of Porto Bello and Fort Chagre."—E.F.R.

Tune,—“Cease, rude Boreas.”

HOSIER! with indignant sorrow
I have heard thy mournful tale;
And, if heaven permit, to-morrow
Hence our warlike fleet shall sail.
O'er these hostile waves wide roaming,
We will urge our bold design;
With the blood of thousands foaming,
For our country's wrongs, and thine.

On that day, when each brave fellow
Who now triumphs here with me,
Storm'd and plunder'd Porto Bello,
All my thoughts were full of thee.
Thy disastrous fate alarm'd me;
Fierce thy image glar'd on high!
And with gen'rous ardour warm'd me
To revenge thy fall, or die!

From their lofty ships descending,
Thro' the flood in firm array,
To the destin'd city bending
My lov'd sailors work'd their way :
Straight the foe, with horror trembling,
Quit in haste their batter'd walls ;
And in accents undissembling,
As he flies, for mercy calls !

Carthagena, tow'ring wonder !
At the daring deed dismay'd,
Shall, ere long, by Britain's thunder,
Smoaking in the dust be laid.
You, and these pale spectres, sweeping
Restless o'er this wat'ry round,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,
Pleas'd shall listen to the sound.

Still rememb'ring thy sad story,
To thy injur'd Ghost I swear,
By my future hopes of glory,
War shall be my constant care ;
And I ne'er will cease pursuing
Spain's proud sons, from sea to sea,
With just vengeance for thy ruin,
And for England, sham'd in thee !

CAPTAIN DEATH.

THE following ballad records a most remarkable instance of desperate courage, which was exerted on December 23rd; 1757, by the officers and crew of an English privateer, called the *Terrible*, equipped with twenty-six guns, and manned with two hundred men, under the command of Captain William Death. It is supposed to have been written by one of the surviving crew.—E. F. R.

THE muse and the hero together are fir'd,
 The same noble views have their bosoms inspir'd ;
 As freedom they love, and for glory contend,
 The muse o'er the hero still mourns as a friend :
 And here let the muse her poor tribute bequeath
 To one British hero,—'tis brave Captain Death !

His ship was the *Terrible*,—dreadful to see !
 His crew were as brave and as gallant as he ;
 Two hundred, or more, was their good complement,
 And sure braver fellows to sea never went :
 Each man was determined to spend his last breath
 In fighting for Britain, and brave Captain Death.

A prize they had taken diminish'd their force,
 And soon the good prize-ship was lost in her course :
 The French privateer and the *Terrible* met ;—
 The battle begun,—all with horror beset :
 No heart was dismay'd,—each as bold as Macbeth ;—
 They fought for Old England, and brave Captain Death.

Fire, thunder, balls, bullets, were seen, heard and felt ;
A sight that the heart of Bellona would melt !
The shrouds were all torn, and the decks fill'd with blood,
And scores of dead bodies were thrown in the flood :—
The flood, from the days of old Noah and Seth,
Ne'er saw such a man as our brave Captain Death.

At last the dread bullet came wing'd with his fate,
Our brave captain dropp'd—and soon after his mate ;—
Each officer fell, and a carnage was seen,
That soon dyed the waves to a crimson, from green :
And Neptune rose up, and he took off his wreath,
And gave it a Triton to crown Captain Death.

Thus fell the strong Terrible, bravely and bold ;
But sixteen survivors the tale can unfold ;
The French were the victors—though much to their
cost,—
For many brave French were with Englishmen lost.
And thus says Old Time, From good queen Elizabeth,
I ne'er saw the fellow of brave Captain Death.

THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BENBOW.

THE BROTHER TARS' SONG.

FROM a broadside, printed at Salisbury, by Fowler, a noted ballad printer of the last century. See p. 38 of the present collection for another ballad upon the same subject. Admiral Benbow rose into distinction soon after the Revolution, and was rewarded by King William with a flag. Some curious particulars respecting him, may be found in a pamphlet, printed in 1702 (the year of his death), entitled "The Present Condition of the English Navy." During the life-time of the admiral, his sister presented his picture to the corporation of Shrewsbury, who caused it to be hung up in their town-hall, where it still remains, as a testimony of the regard his countrymen had for this worthy officer and true patriot.—E. F. R.

COME all you sailors bold,
 Lend an ear, lend an ear,
 Come all you sailors bold, lend an ear :
 'Tis of our admiral's fame,
 Brave Benbow called by name,
 How he fought on the main
 You shall hear, you shall hear.

Brave Benbow he set sail
 For to fight, for to fight,
 Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight :
 Brave Benbow he set sail,
 With a fine and pleasant gale,
 But his captains they turn'd tail
 In a fight, in a fight.

Says Kirby unto Wade
 I will run, I will run,
 Says Kirby unto Wade I will run :
 I value not disgrace,
 Nor the losing of my place,
 My enemies I'll not face
 With a gun, with a gun.

'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark
 Fought the French, fought the French,
 'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark fought the French :
 And there was ten in all,
 Poor souls they fought them all,
 They valued them not at all,
 Nor their noise, nor their noise.

It was our admiral's lot,
 With a chain-shot, with a chain-shot,
 It was our admiral's lot, with a chain-shot :
 Our admiral lost his legs,
 And to his men he begs,
 Fight on, my brave boys, he says,
 'Tis my lot, 'tis my lot.

While the surgeon dress'd his wounds,
 Thus he said, thus he said,
 While the surgeon dress'd his wounds, thus he said :
 Let my cradle now in haste,
 On the quarter-deck be placed,
 That my enemies I may face
 Till I'm dead, till I'm dead.

And there bold Benbow lay
 Crying out, crying out,
 And there bold Benbow lay crying out ;
 Let us tack once more,
 We'll drive them to their own shore,
 I value not half a score,
 Nor their noise, nor their noise.

AN EXCELLENT SONG, ON THE WINNING OF
 CALES BY THE ENGLISH.

THE following ballad is taken from "The Garland of Goodwill," by Thomas Delone. It has been printed by Percy, from the celebrated folio MS. but with many variations from the present copy. The city of Cadiz (corruptly *Cales*) was taken on June 21, 1596, under the command of Lord Howard, admiral, and the Earl of Essex, general. The ballad was, no doubt, sung "to the tune of the New Tantara," although not so stated in the old copy.—E.F.R.

LONG had the proud Spaniard
 advanced to conquer us,
 Threatening our country
 with fire and sword ;
 Often preparing
 their navy most sumptuous,
 With all the provision
 that Spain could afford.
 Dub a-dub, dub,
 thus strike the drums ;
 Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,
 English men comes !

To the seas presently
 went our Lord Admiral,
 With knights couragious
 and captains full good :
 The Earl of Essex,
 a prosperous general,
 With him prepared
 to pass the salt flood.
 Dub a-dub, dub,
 thus strike the drums :
 Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,
 English men comes !

At Plymouth speedily,
 took they ships valiantly ;
 Braver ships never
 were seen under sail ;
 With their fair colours spread,
 and streamers o'er their head,
 Now bragging Spaniards
 take heed of your tail.
 Dub a-dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunningly,
 came we most happily,
 Where the king's navy
 did securely ride ;
 Bring upon their backs,
 piercing their butts of sack,
 Ere that the Spaniard
 our coming descry'd.

Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,
English men comes ;
Bounce a-bounce, bounce a-bounce,
off went the guns.

Great was the crying,
running and riding,
Which at that season
was made at that place ;
Then beacons were fired,
as need was required ;
To hide their great treasure
they had little space,
As they cryed,
English men comes !

There you might see the ships,
how they were fired first,
And how the men drowned
themselves in the sea ;
That you might hear them cry.
wail, and weep piteously,
When as they saw no shift
to escape thence away.
Dub a-dub, &c.

The great Saint Philip,
the pride of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the botiom
and sunk into the sea ;

But the Saint Andrew,
and eke the Saint Matthew,
We took in fight manfully,
and brought them away.
Dub a-dub, &c.

The Earl of Essex,
most valiant and hardy,
With horse-men and feet-men
march'd towards the town.
The enemies which saw them,
full greatly affrighted,
Did fly for their safeguard,
and durst not come down.
Dub a-dub, &c.

Now, quoth the noble earl,
courage my soldiers all,
Fight and be valiant,
the spoil you shall have;
And well rewarded all,
from the great to the small,
But look to the women
and children you save.
Dub a-dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that sight,
saw 'twas in vain to fight,
Hung up their flags of truce,
yielding up the town.

We marched in presently,
decking the walls on high
With our English colours,
which purchased renown.
Dub a-dub, &c.

Ent'ring the houses then
of the richest men,
For gold and treasure
we searched each day :
In some places we did find
pye baking in the oven,
Meat at the fire roasting,
and men ran away.
Dub a-dub, &c.

Full of rich merchandize
every shop we did see,
Damask and sattins
and velvet full fair ;
Which soldiers measure out
by the length of their swords
Of all commodities,
and each one hath a share.
Dub a-dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken,
and our brave general
March'd to the market-place,
there he did stand.

There many prisoners
 of good account were took ;
 Many crav'd mercy,
 and mercy they found.
 Dub a-dub, &c.

When as our general
 saw they delay'd time,
 And would not ransom
 the town as they said,
 With their fair wainscots,
 their presses and bedsteads,
 Their joint-stools and tables,
 a fire we made.
 And when the town burnt in a flame,
 With tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra-rara,
 from thence we came.

THE SHADWELL TAR'S FAREWELL.

WHEN GOING, UNDER THE BRAVE SIR EDWARD HAWKE,
 AGAINST THE FRENCH, NOW THREATENING AN INVASION.

THE following ballad is taken from a broadside, printed with the
 music. It is stated to have been written by Mr. Lockman, and
 "sung by Mr. Atkins, at Sadler's Wells."

WHEN we, dearest Nell! shall be parted,
 O think not that ill can betide ;
 'Tis death thus to see thee sad-hearted,
 Tho' I fear not a French broadside.

We're going to plough the rough ocean,
 In search of a treacherous foe ;
 Resolv'd, when his fleet is in motion,
 To give it a terrible blow.
 With cannon, by fate well directed,
 We'll curb the proud navy of France ;
 Defeat the invasion projected,
 And teach the Mounseers a new dance.

Near Mile-End, when robbers surrounded,
 This stick, cut from tough British oak,
 Their clubs and their pistols confounded,
 And fell'd two thieves at a stroke.
 This brave oaken trowel so trusty,
 Which could such mean villains withstand,
 Will surely deal blows stout and lusty,
 On those who would ravage our land.
 With cannon, &c.

How blithe lives the bold British sailor !
 Good flip and good punch his delight ;
 He dreads not on board a stern gaoler,
 But sings on from morning till night.
 Whilst Frenchmen in gallies are sighing,
 Condemn'd to the oar and the chain,
 Their officers heed not their crying,
 But lash them the more they complain.
 With cannon, &c.

But hark ! Stepney bells are a-ringing,
 The gale wafts the sweet music nigher :

Methinks I to battle am springing,
 Mid thunder and whirlwinds of fire !
 Ring louder, ye bells ! O ! ring louder,
 And victory must be our own ;
 Whilst Frenchmen, exhausting their powder,
 Their signal defeat shall bemoan.
 With cannon, &c.

One kiss, dearest Nell ! and I leave you ;
 Take care of our Dickey and Nan :
 By Neptune, I'll never deceive you,
 But toast you in every cann.
 When I in my hammock am rolling,
 I'll dream of my Nelly, my dove ;
 Abroad, never once go a-strolling,
 But come back quite brimful of love.
 With cannon, &c.

NEPTUNE'S RESIGNATION.

WRITTEN on the naval victory obtained by Sir Edward Hawke, Nov. 20, 1759, over the French, off Belleisle. From a broadside, printed by Fowler, of Salisbury. It will, perhaps, be unnecessary to remind the reader that Admiral Hawke's splendid victory was gained during the raging of a tremendous storm.—E. F. R.

THE wat'ry God, great Neptune, lay,
 In dalliance soft, and amorous play,
 On Amphitrite's breast ;

When Uproar rear'd its horrid head,
 The Tritons shrunk, the Neriads fled,
 And all their fear confess'd.

Loud thunder shook the vast domain,
 The liquid world was wrapt in flame,
 The god amazed spoke!
 "Ye winds, go forth, and make it known,
 Who dares to shake my coral throne,
 And fill my realms with smoke!"

The Winds, obsequious at his word,
 Sprung strongly up, t' obey their lord,
 And saw two fleets a-weigh;
 The one, victorious Hawke, was thine;
 The other, Conflans' wretched line,
 In terror and dismay.

Appal'd, they view Britannia's sons,
 Deal death and slaughter from their guns,
 And strike the deadly blow!
 Which caus'd ill-fated Gallic slaves
 To find a tomb in briny waves,
 And sink to shades below.

With speed they fly, and tell their chief,
 That France was ruin'd past relief,
 And Hawke triumphant rode:
 "Hawke! (cry'd the fair) pray who is he
 That dare usurp this pow'r at sea,
 And thus insult a god?"

The Winds reply, " In distant lauds,
There reigns a King, who Hawke commands ;
 He scorns all foreign force ;
And, when his floating castles roll
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
 Great Hawke directs their course :

" Or, when his winged bullets fly,
To punish fraud and perfidy,
 Or scourge a guilty land,
Then gallant Hawke, serenely great,
Tho' death and horror round him wait,
 Performs his dread command !"

Neptune with wonder heard the story
Of George's sway, and Britain's glory,
 Which time shall ne'er subdue ;
Boscawen's deeds, and Saunders' fame,
Join'd with brave Wolfe's immortal name,
 Then cry'd, " Can this be true ?

" A King ! he sure must be a god !
Who has such heroes at his nod,
 To govern earth and sea !
I yield my trident and my crown,
A tribute due to such renown !
 Great George shall rule for me !"

HAWKE'S TRIUMPH OVER THE MIGHTY BREST
 FLEET, COMMANDED BY M. CONFLANS,
 NOVEMBER 20, 1759.

SUNG IN CHARACTER OF A FRENCH OFFICER.

From a broadside, printed by Fowler, of Salisbury. For the loan of Fowler's broadsides, reprinted in the present collection, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. F. W. Fairholt.—E. F. R.

VAT mean you, Shon Englis, to make dis great poder,
 Wit your beef and puthen, your dis, dat, and toder?
 Pray vat do you mean to hit de French in the teef,
 With your beef and your puthen, your puthen and
 beef?

Derry down, &c.

Vat tho' we've no beef, nor yet puthen to eat;
 We have de fine frogs, dat be very cood meat;
 We make de frigasee wit bon soup and sallat,
 Vich very well suits wit de grand Frenchman's pallat.

You say dat your beef make you no fear de gon;
 But remember, Shon Englis, we make you to run
 After us at Blenheim, and Malplaquet battle,
 Where de guns dey did roar, and drums dey did rattle.

But now we must tell you, wit much complaisance,
 We intended to pay you von visit from France;
 And if Monsieur Hawke would have let us come over,
 In our flat-bottom'd boats we'd have landed at Dover.

But de De'il pick de Hawke, he wou'd not fly away,
 But in de Brest harbour oblig'd us to stay ;
 Came squinting and peeping, and play'd his mad frolic,
 Which gave our poor sailors von fit of de cholic.

But now we must tell you vat came by and by ;
 Our Admiral take out his glass for to 'spy :
 He shouted, Truss up, boys, dere's nothing to fear ;
 Shon Englis be gone, and de coast it be clear.

Den we sail'd out amain, and thought to do something,
 But de dogs came again, wid balls big as pumkins ;
 Did pounce us, and pelt us, and make such a clatter,
 Dat two or three of our ships fell down in the vater.

Den Monsieur Conflans vas in very great passion,
 And thought he'd do something to honour his nation ;
 He boldly commanded, " Without more delay,
 You dogs lift your heels, and let's ALL run away."

THE SAILOR'S RESOLUTION.

[From "Calliope, or the Musical Miscellany," 8vo. Edinb. 1788.]

How little do the landmen know
 Of what we sailors feel ;
 When waves do mount and winds do blow ;
 But we have hearts of steel.

No danger can affright us,
 No enemy shall flout ;
 We'll make the Monsieurs right us,
 So toss the cann about.

Stick stout to orders, messmates,
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink :
 Then, France, have at your first-rates,
 For Britons never shrink.
 We'll rummage all we fancy ;
 We'll bring them in by scores ;
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
 Shall roll in Louis d'ors.

Whilst here at Deal we're lying,
 With our noble commodore,
 We'll spend our wages freely, boys,
 And then to sea for more.
 In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,
 In war we'll never fly.
 Here's a health to George our king, boys,
 And the royal family.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S LOYAL TOAST.

FROM a curious collection of one hundred songs, with the music, entitled "Orpheus Britannicus;" the whole engraved upon copper, with curious head-pieces, by Benjamin Cole. For the transcript of this and the following song, I am indebted to Mr. Joseph Warren.—E. F. R.

CAN time be spent better than over good wine,
 By a gang of brave lads on a loyal design ?

We've been serving great George all the day, and
at night,
To indulge with a bumper or two is but right.
Here's his Majesty's health, and confusion to those
Who harbour a thought to disturb his repose.

What are French Gasconades to such fellows as these,
Whose courage is such they can do as they please,
Who will speak to Monsieur in such thundering notes,
That you'll never hear more of their flat-bottom boats ;
Who start at no danger, who fear no rebuke !
So here's to Prince George, and his Highness, the
Duke.

Tho' Brittons do each kind of artifice slight,
Altho' we can't lie, they shall find we can fight :
In a very small time, my lads, let us not fear,
But to give good account of the sneaking Perrier.
The French are but magpies, their province is talk,
So we'll take off our glasses to Holbourn and Hawke.

Bold Frankland and Boscowan, Brett, Vernon, and
Knowles,
Are terrible names to papistical souls ;
Let him but appear, and away fly the craft,
For Frenchmen won't stay to be rak'd fore and aft.
Here's success to our arms, both by land and by sea,
And may England for ever be happy and free.

A NEW SONG,

ADDRESSED TO THE CREW OF THE PRINCE EDWARD, PRIVATE
SHIP OF WAR.

[From the same Collection.]

Now, my boys, the ship floats,
Let us rattle our throats
To the praise of our worthy commander ;
With hearts, lads, and hands,
Let us toss off our canns,
To the success of Prince Edward,
And to the Prince Edward's success.

While our ship remains stout,
Let us stand the last bout,
To honour our British commander ;
Tho' our fleets they may fail,
Yet we'll boldly assail,
In the defence of Prince Edward, &c.

Thus arm'd for the deep,
Should the French dare to peep
From their ports, with pride to attack us ;
Those dastards of France
Shall be taught a new dance,
From the revenge of Prince Edward, &c.

When our ancestors fought,
This great lesson was taught,
"Have your country's glory at heart, boys !"

May a true martial fire
 Ev'ry bosom inspire,
 That is engaged in Prince Edward, &c.

Remember, brave boys,
 That the soul of our joy
 Depend on our courage and duty ;
 May no cowardly name
 With malignity stain
 The noble command of Prince Edward, &c.

Should the fates kind decree
 Us success on the sea,
 Under Morecock our valiant commander ;
 In praises we'll sing,
 To heaven's high King,
 Who has preserv'd the Prince Edward,
 Who has the Prince Edward preserv'd.

THE SAILOR'S SONG DURING THE WAR.

[From "Calliope, or the Musical Miscellany," 8vo. Edinb. 1788.]

COME on, my brave tars,
 Let's away to the wars,
 To honour and glory advance ;
 For now we've beat Spain,
 Let us try this campaign,
 To humble the pride of old France,
 My brave boys, &c.

See William, brave prince,
 A true blue ev'ry inch,
 Who will honour the illustrious name :
 May he conqueror be
 O'er our empire, the sea,
 And transmit British laurels to fame,
 My brave boys, &c.

There heroes combined,
 When the Dons they could find,
 Vied who should be foremost in battle :
 By no lee-shore affrighted,
 Altho' they're benighted,
 They made British thunder to rattle,
 Brave boys, &c.

See Dalrymple, Prevost,
 Gallant Harrington too,
 And Farmer, who gloriously fell ;
 With brave Pearson, all knew,
 That the hearts of true blue,
 Once rous'd, not the world could excel,
 My brave boys, &c.

With such heroes as those,
 Tho' we've numberless foes,
 British valour resplendent shall shine ;
 And we still hope to show
 That their pride will be low
 In eighty, as fam'd fifty-nine,
 My brave boys, &c.

Then brave boys enter here,
 And partake of our cheer,
 You shall feast and be merry and sing :
 With the grog at our nose,
 Drink success to true blues,
 Huzza ! and say God save the king,
 My brave boys, &c.

THE SAILOR'S DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

[From "Calliope, or the Musical Miscellany," 8vo. Edinb. 1788.]

COME, come, my jolly lads,
 The wind's abaft,
 Brisk gales our sails shall crowd ;
 Come bustle, bustle, bustle, boys,
 Haul the boat,
 The boatswain pipes aloud.
 The ship's unmoor'd,
 All hands on board,
 The rising gale
 Fills every sail,
 The ship's well mann'd and stored :
 Then fling the flowing bowl !
 Fond hopes arise,
 The girl we prize
 Shall bless each jovial soul :
 The cann, boys, bring,
 We'll drink and sing,
 While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast
 We're bound to steer,
 We'll still our rights maintain ;
 Then bear a hand, be steady, boys ;
 Soon we'll see
 Old England once again.
 From shore to shore,
 While cannons roar,
 Our tars shall show
 The haughty foe
 Britannia rules the main.
 Then fling the, &c.

THE SONG OF LIBERTY.

[From Burney's Collection of Old Songs, in the British Museum,
vol. ix. The music is given in the original.]

YE hardy sons of honor's land,
 Where Freedom Magna Charta plann'd,
 Ye sov'reigns of the sea ;
 On ev'ry shore where salt tides roll,
 From east to west, from pole to pole,
 Fair Conquest celebrates your name,
 Witness'd aloud by wond'ring Fame,
 When will you be free ?

Mistake me not, my hearts of oak,
I scorn with Liberty to joke,
 Ye sov'reigns of the sea ;
No right I blame, I praise no wrong,
But sing an independant song ;
Since ministers must be withstood,
And patriots are but flesh and blood,
 I dare with both be free.

While strange told tales from scribbler's pen,
Disturb the heads of honest men,
 Ye sov'reigns of the sea ;
The trash of temporising slaves,
Who earn their daily bread as knaves,
Heedless which side may rise or fall,
The ready money that's their all,
 Such fellows can't be free.

We meet for mirth, we meet to sing,
And jolly join, God save the King,
 Ye sov'reigns of the sea ;
As honest instinct points the way,
Our king, our country, we obey ;
Yet pay to neither side our court,
But liberty in both support,
 As men who should be free.

Assist, uphold your church and state,
See great men good, and good men great ;
 Ye sov'reigns of the sea ;

Shun party, that unwelcome guest,
No tenant for a Briton's breast,
Forget, forgive, in faction's spite,
Awe all abroad, at home unite,
Then, then, my friends, you're free.

Ye sov'reigns of wide ocean's waves,
To heroes long enshrin'd in graves,
A requiem let us sing ;
I Alfred, Henry, Edward name ;— ,
Then William, our deliverer, came ;—
May future ages Brunswick own
Perpetual heir to England's throne,
So here's God save the King !

FINIS.

THE
CONCEITS OF OLD HOBSON.

©

THE
PLEASANT CONCEITS
OF
OLD HOBSON,

THE MERRY LONDONER.

Compiled by Edward G. 1802.

A.D. 1607.

*Richard Halliwell Esq
from his affectionate-brother
— The Milton*

EDITED BY

J. Orchard Halliwell
JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ.

3
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J. C. Halliwell, of Briston Hill, Surrey, Eng
through Henry Stevens

This was given by the editor to his brother,
after whose decease it reverted to the editor,
who being desirous of having it placed in
some library in America, sent it to the
library of Harvard College.

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PREFACE.

ALMOST every one is familiar with an old saying "Hobson's choice, this or none," applied in cases where no choice whatever is afforded, which is said to have originated with one Hobson, who was formerly a carrier and livery-stable keeper at Cambridge, and compelled every person who wanted a horse, to have that next the stable door, as the one which had taken the most rest. This personage has been immortalised by Milton, and we constantly hear of him in the jest books of the seventeenth century.

But it is necessary to warn the reader from falling into Malone's very natural error of confusing Hobson, the Cambridge carrier, with William Hobson, haberdasher of London, who lived some time before the other, and whose marvellously merry conceits were collected by Johnson, the well known writer of the "Seven Champions," and published in the rare tract now reprinted. According to Johnson, this Hobson

was a "haberdasher of smale wares," dwelling in the Poultry, "in the beginning of Queene Elizabeths most happy raigne." We learn from Stowe that he died in 1581, and was buried in the church of St. Mildred in the Poultry.

It is unnecessary to enter into the question of the authenticity of anecdotes of this kind, the more especially as several instances are pointed out in the notes where some of the tales can be traced to a much earlier period than the age of "old Hobson." Nothing is more uncertain than the attribution of "jests" to persons who have made themselves famous as wits, and we are occasionally favoured in the public prints with anecdotes concerning men of our own time, that have long been familiar to us in slightly different forms in jest books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

J. O. H.

June 21st 1843.

THE
PLEASANT CONCEITES
OF
OLD HOBSON THE MERRY LONDONER,

FULL OF HUMOROUS DISCOURSES AND WITTY
MERIMENTS.

WHEREAT THE QUICKEST WITTES MAY LAUGH, AND THE
WISER SORT TAKE PLEASURE.

Printed at London for Iohn Wright, and are to bee sold at his
shoppe neere Christ-Church gate.

1607.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL,
SIR WILLIAM STONE, KNIGHT,
MERCER TO THE QUEENES MOST
EXCELLENT MAIESTY.

YOUR friendly disposition (Right worshippingfull) giving grace to well meaning minds, hath imboldned me amongst others, to testifie that good will in outward shew, which my heart of long time hath secretly bore to your worship, and now taking oportunity, I present to your favorable censure this small booke, contayning many quick flashes of the witty iests of old Hobson the merry Londoner, lately a cittyzen of good estimation, and I thinke not altogether forgotten of your worship ; receave this little treatise (I beseeche you) with favour answerable to my good will, and as your leasure shall serve, bestow now and then a little reading therefore, which if it please you to doe, I doubt not but you will like well of the labour, and besides the honest recreation which it affordeth, apply what

your worship maketh choyce of unto your private
pleasure, and thus wishing your prosperity, acceptance
of this my guift, and a good opinion of the giver, I
conclude, hoping that my honest wish

shall not be voyd of a

happy successe.

Your Worships most humble to command.

RICHARD IOHNSON.

THE PLEASANT LIFE OF OLD HOBSON THE
MERRY LONDONER, FULL OF HUMOROUS
DISCOURSES, AND WITTY MERRIMENTS,
WHEREAT THE QUICKEST WITS MAY LAUGH,
AND THE WISER SORT TAKE PLEASURE.

MASTERS HOBSONS DESCRIPTION.

IN the beginning of Queene Elizabeths most happy raigne, our late deceased Sovereigne, under whose peacefull goverment long florished this our country of England, there lived in the citty of London a merry cittizen named old Hobson, a haberdasher of smale wares, dwelling at the lower end of Cheapside, in the Poultry : as well knowne thorough this part of England, as a sargeant knows the counter-gate. He was a homely plaine man, most commonly wearing a buttond cap close to his eares, a short gowne girt hard about his midle, and a paire of slippers upon his feete of an ancient fashion ; as for his wealth, it was answerable to the better sort of our cittizens, but of so mery a disposition that his equal therein is hardly to be found ; hereat let the pleasant disposed people laugh, and the more graver in carriage take no exceptions, for here

are merriments without hurt, and humorous iests savoring upon wisdom : read willingly, but scoffe not spitefully, for old Hobson spent his dayes merrily.

2. OF MASTER HOBSONS PROVERBS.

Not many yeares since there was Sir Iohn Baynes, (by the common voyce of the citty) chosen Shrieve of London, which man in former times had beene Master Hobsons prentice, and ridinge alonge the streete with other aldermen about the citty businesse, was saluted by Master Hobson in this maner, Bones a God man, what a cock-horse knave, and thy master a foote, heres the world turnd upside downe ; Sir Iohn Baines hearing this his masters merry salutation, passed along with a pleasant smyle, makinge no answeere at all. Upon slight regard, Master Hobson tooke occasion to say as followeth : heres pride rydes on horse-backe, whilste humilitye goes a foote ; in speakinge these words, came foure other aldermen rydinge after Master Shreife, whose names were these : Allderman Ramsey, Allderman Bond, Allderman Beecher, and Allderman Cooper, at whose passage by, he made this pleasant rime,

- | | | |
|--------------------|---|--------------------------|
| 1. Ramsey the rich | } | 3. Beecher the gentleman |
| 2. Bond the stout | } | 4. and Cooper the loute. |

This pleasant rime so sodaynely spoken by Master Hobson, is to this day accounted for his proverbe in London.

3. OF MASTER HOBSON AND IOHN TAWNYCOTE.

MASTER HOBSON being a haberdasher of small wares (as I sayd before) and his shoppe on a time full of customers, his negligent prentises carelessly credited a Kentish pedler with ten pounds of commodities, neither knowing his name nor his dwelling place, which oversight, when maister Hobson understood, and noting the simplicity of his servantes, and their forgetfulness, demanded what apparrell the pedler had on? Mary, sir (quoth one of the prentises) he had on a tauny cote. Then (quoth Maister Hobson) put downe Iohn Taunycote, and so was the pedler, by the name of Iohn Taunycote, entred to the booke. About a month after, the same pedler came againe to London to buy ware, and comming to Maister Hobson in a russet cote, willed him to turne over his booke for ten poundes that one Iohn Rowlands owed him. Ten pounds (quoth Maister Hobson) that Iohn Rowlands oweth me, I remember no such man, bones of God, knave, thou owest mee none; but I doe, saith the pedler: whereupon the booke was serched, but no Iohn Rowlands was to be found. I thinke thou art mad, quoth Hobson, for thou owest me nothing; but I doe, quoth the pedler, and will pay it. Being in this strife a long time, one of his servants said that hee had found in the booke such a debte by one Iohn Tawny-cote; that is myselfe, replied the Pedler, I was then Iohn Tawny-cote, though I am now Iohn Russet-cote; so paid hee the ten pounds by the same name to Maister Hobson, and received twenty

more upon his owne word and name of Iohn Rowland, the which twenty pound hee shortly after paid for suertyshippe, and so by this his over kind heart, paying other mens debtes, hee grew so poore, and into such necessity, that he was forced to maintaine his living by hedging and ditching, and other such like country labours. Within a while after this, Maister Hobson comming into Kent, to seeke up some desperate debts, came to Dartford, where finding this poore man ditching for a groat a day, in pittie of him said, how now Iohn Tawny cote, bones a God man, thou canst never pay me with this poore labour ; come home knave, come home, I will trust thee with twenty pound more, follow thy old trade of pedling again, and one day thou maiest pay me all. Thus the pedler had a new credit of Maister Hobson, by which good meanes he grew rich, that in time he bought his freedome of London, and therein grew so welthy a Cittisen, that he became one of the maisters of the Hospitall, and when he died, he proved a good benefactor to the same house.

4. HOW MAISTER HOBSON MADE A LIGHT BANQUET FOR HIS COMPANY.

UPON a time Maister Hobson invited very solemnly the whol livery of his company to a light banquet, and for the same provided the greatest taverne in all London in a redines : the appoynted houre being come, the cittizens repaired thether, richly atired, the better to grace Maister Hobsons banquet : but expecting

great cheare, and good intertainment, they were all utterly disapoynted, for what found they there, thinke you ? nothing, on my word, but each one a cup of wine and a manchet of bread on his trencher, and some five hundred candles lighted about the roome, which in my mind was a very light banquet, both for the belly and for the eye. By this merry jest, hee gained such love of his companie, that hee borrowed gratis out of the hall a hundred and fiftie pound for two yeares.

5. HOW MAISTER HOBSON CHAUK'D HIS PRENTISSES THE WAY TO THE CHURCH.

EVERMORE when Maister Hobson had any buisines abroad, his prentises wold ether bee at the taverne, filling there heads with wine, or at the Dagger in Cheapeside, cramming their bellies with minced pyes, but above al other times, it was their common costome (as London prentises use, to follow their maisters upon Sundays to the Church dore) and then to leave them, and hie unto the taverne ; which Maister Hobson on a time perceving one of his men so to doe, demanded at his comming home, whot the preachers text was : Sir (quoth the fellow) I was not at the beginning ; what was in the midle (quoth Maister Hobson) : Sir (quoth the fellow) then was I asleepe : (said Maister Hobson againe) what was then the conclusion ? then replied his servant, I was come, Sir, away before the end : by which meanes he knew well he was not there, but

rather in some tipling house, offending Gods maiesty and the lawes of the land. Therefore the next Sunday morning after, Maister Hobson called all his servants together, and in the sight of many of his neighbors and their prentises, tooke a peece of chauke, and chaukd them all the way along to the Church derectly, which proved a great shame to his owne servants, but a good example to all others of like condition : after this was there never the like misdemenour used among them.

6. HOW MAISTER HOBSON HUNG OUT A LANTERNE AND CANDLE LIGHT.

IN the beginning of Queene Elizabeths raigne, when the order of hanging out lanterne and candle light first of all was brought up, the bedell of the warde where Maister Hobson dwelt, in a darke evening crieng up and downe, hang out your lantornes, hang out your lantornes, using no other words : whereupon Maister Hobson tooke an empty lantorne, and according to the beadles call, hung it out. This flout by the Lord Maior was taken in ill part, and for the same offence was sent to the Counter : but being released the next night following, the beadle thinking to amend his call, cried with a loud voice, hang out your lantorne and candle. Maister Hobson hereupon hung out a lantorne and candle unlighted, as the beadle againe commanded, whereupon he was sent again to the Counter ; but the next night the beadle being better advised, cried, hang out your lantorne and candle light, hang

out your lantorne and candlelight; which Maister Hobson at last did to his great commendations, which cry of lantorne and candlelight is in right manner used to this day.

7. HOW MAISTER HOBSON BAYTED THE DIVELL WITH A DOG.

Not farre from Maister Hobsons house, there dwelled one of the cunning men, otherwise called fortune tellers, such cossoning companions, as at this day (by their crafts) make simple women beleeve, how they can tell what husbands they shall have, how many children, how many sweethearts, and such like: if goods bee stole, who hath them, with promise to helpe them to their losses againe: with many other like deceitfull elusions. To this wise man (as some termes him) goes Maister Hobson, not to reap any benefit by his crafty cunning, but to make a jest and tryall of his experience; so causing one of his servants to lead a masty dog after him, staying at the cunning mans doore with the dog in his hand, up goes Maister Hobson to the wise man, requesting his skil, for he had lost ten pound lately taken from him by theeves, but when and how he knew not well: the cunning man knowing Maister Hobson to be one of his neighbors, and a man of a good reputation, fell (as he made showe) to coniuring and casting of figures, and after a few words of incantation, as his common use was, he tooke a very large faire looking glasse, and bad Maister Hobson to looke in the same,

but not to cast his eyes backward in any case; the which hee did, and therein saw the picture of a huge and large oxe with two broad hornes on his head, the which was no otherwise, (but as hee had often deceitfully shewd to others, a cossoning fellow like the cunning man himselfe, clothed in an oxe hide, which fellow he maintained as his servant to blinde the peoples eyes withall, and to make them beleieve hee could shew them the Divill at his pleasure in a glass:) this vision Maister Hobson perceving, and gessing at the knavery thereof, gave a whistle for his dog which then stayed below at the doore in his mans keeping, which whistle being no sooner hard, but the dog ran up stayers to his maister as he had beene mad, and presently fastned upon the poore fellow in the oxe hide, and so tore him as it was pittifull to see: the cunning man cried for the passion of God, take off your dog: no (quoth Maister Hobson) let the Divill and the dogge fight, venture thou thy devill and I will venture my dog. To conclude, the oxe hide was torne from the fellows backe, and so their knaveryes were discovered, and their cunning shifts layd open to the world.

8. HOW MAISTER HOBSON ALOWED HIS WIFE TWO MEN
TO WAIGHT ON HER TO THE MARKET.

As Mai. Hobson increased in riches, so increased his wife in pride, in such sort that she would seldom goe out of doores without her man before her. Upon a time having buissnes to Cheapside market amongst

many other of her neighbors, the more to shew her haughty stomach, desired of her husband that she might have her man to attend her, who seeing her disposition, willingly consented theréunto: and thereupon called two of his lustiest men, put them in armor with two browne-bills on their necks, placing one of them before her, the other after, and so proferred to send her forth to market. She in a nicenes, tooke such displeasure hereatt, that for a mounth after she lay sicke in her bed, and would eate nothing but caudles made of muskadine.

9. OF AN EPITAPH THAT MAISTER HOBSON MADE FOR A DEAD MAN.

THERE was a very rich cityzen (dwelling not far from London bridge) whom in his life time was never knowne to doe any deed worthy of memorie: who dying, left Maister Hobson his onely executor to dispose of his goods, as also to lay upon his grave a faire marble stone; and as upon marble stones there bee commonly ingraven certaine verses in the maner of an epitaph of the mans conversation thereunder buried, so Maister Hobson considered what epitaph he would set upon his friends grave, knowing the few good deeds he did in his life time, caused these two verses following to be ingraven upon the marble stone.

EPITAPH.

He was begotten, borne, and cryed,
He lived long time, fell sicke, and died.

HOW MASTER HOBSON PROVED HIMSELFE A POET.

MAISTER HOBSON having ocasion to ride into the wild of Kent, where in that age scollers were very scarce, during the time of his taring there, there hapned to be buried one Iohn Medcaufe, a very sufficient farmer, upon whose grave was written these verses following, in faire Romaine letters.

I desire yee in the Lords behalfe,
To pray for the soule of poore Iohn Caufe.

Maister Hobson, noting the simplicity of the verses, writ underneath as followeth.

O thou, Death, more suddell then a foxe,
Thou mightst a let this caufe lived to be an oxe,
To have eat grasse, hay and corne,
And like his sire to have wore a horne.

HOW MAISTER HOBSON FOUND HIS FACTOR IN FRANCE
WITH A FRENCH CURTIZAN.

MAISTER HOBSON having in France a factor which dealt for him in marchandise, and lacking divers sorts of wares to furnish his chapmen for Bristowe faire, sent to his aforesaid factor (being a mery conceited youth) for certaine matches of such commodities as were then most in request: he mistaking his maisters meaning, sent him al the matches used for gun-powder that could be bought in France, to the valew of two thousand poundes worth; Maister Hobson receaving them, and seing himselve matcht with a commodty of

matches, thought all was not well in France, and that his man neglected his busines there. To know the truth thereof, the next morning very early, not revealing it to his wife, in a night gowne, a buttoned cap, and in a payre of slippers, tooke shipping at Billingsgate, and so passed over into France, when after some inquiry made of his mans life and conversation, he found him in a lewd house, reveling with a most gallant French curtezan, whome Maister Hobson after a smile or two saluted in this manner, What now, knave? what, a wenching, knave? at rack and manger, knave? bones of me, cannot a snatch and a way serve your turne, knave? is this the French wares you deale withall, knave? His man seeing himselfe so taken napping, for a time stood amazed, not knowing what to say, but recovering his sences, he gave his maister this pleasant answere; though, sir, this ware is a broken commodity, yet may wee deale with them, being dealers with all wares, or rather haberdashers of small wares, which is seldome lik'd of French gentlewomen: Maister Hobson at this pleasant answere could not choose but pardon him, and so came they both over into England, where now this rack and a manger is growne to a proverbe.

12. HOW MAISTER HOBSON GOT A PATTENT FOR THE SALE OF HIS MATCHES.

THE commodity of matches which his factor sent him from France, being slow of saile, considering the

little use for them being a time of pease, like a witty cittizen Maister Hobson hies himselfe to court to the Queene Elizabeth, for then she raigned, and having a pattent ready made for the sale of the aforesaid matches, where so soone as hee came into the Queenes presence, hee kneeled downe, and desired her grace to give an assignement to his pattent, declaring what it was, and the great losse he was like to sustaine by that commodity; the Queene perceaving for what intent he came, and considering the great benefit that would come by such a grant, and meaning to give it to some gentleman nere unto hir, as a recompence for his service, said unto Maister Hobson, My friend (sayd the Queene) bee content, for thou shalt not have thy pattent sealed, nor will I give thee thy request. Maister Hobson hearing the Queenes denial, said, I most hartely thanke your maiesty; both I and all mine, are bound to thanke, and pray for your highnes; and so making lowe obeysance, went his way; at these his words the Queene much marvelled, and when he had gone a litle from her, she caused him to be sent for backe againe, whome when he was returned, the Queene asked, if he did well understand what answer her grace did give him. Yes truely, saide Maister Hobson. What said I (quoth the Queene?) Marry your grace bad me be content, for I should not have my desire, nor my pattent sealed. Why did youe then (qd. the Queene) give me such great thanks? Because (said Maister Hobson) your grace gave mee so soone an answer, withoute either longer sute or losse of time, the which would have beene to my very much harme and great hinderance, for I have

at home a mighty charge of househould, to which I am bound in duety to looke diligently, and to maintaine carefully. The Queene marking well the wisdom and discreet answer of Maister Hobson, and now conceaving a new favour towards him, sayd, now shall you give me twice thanks, for you shall have your pattent sealed, and your desiars performed that you sue for. So casting her eyes upon the Lord Chauncelour, commaunded the same by him to be done, which was accomplished with all speede, whereby in short time, hee had quicke saile of his commodity of matches to his hearts content, and his welthes great encrease.

MASTER HOBSONS IEST OF RINGING OF BELLS UPON THE QUEENE'S DAY.

UPON Satint Hewes day, being the seventeenth of November, upon which day the tryumph was holden for Queene Elizabeths hapy goverment, as bonfiers, ringing of bells and such like, but in the parish where Maister Hobson dwelled, he being Churchwarden, was no ringing at all, by reason the steeple was a mending and the bells downe, and being asked by a servant of the Queenes house why they ringed not? hee answered because they had no bels in their steeple. Then qd. the Queens man, may you very wel sel away your steeple. Why so, qd. Maister Hobson. Because, quoth the other, it standet emty and vacant. To whom Maister Hobson replyed againe, we may better sell awaye our pulpet,

for these twelve mounths was there never a sermon in the same, and it rather stands empty and vacant. After this the parson of the church preached every Sunday following.

OF A BEGERS ANSWEAR TO MAISTER HOBSON.

A POORE begger man, that was foule, blacke and loathsome to behould, came on a time to Maister Hobson as he walked in Moore feelds, and asked something of him for an almes: to whom Maister Hobson said, I prethee good fellow get thee from me, for thou lookst as thou camst lately out of hell. The poore begger man perceving hee would give him nothing, answered; forsooth, Sir, you say true, for I came lately out of Hell indeed. Why didst not thou tarry there still, quoth Maister Hobson. Nay Sir, quoth the begger, there is no roome for such begerr men as I am, for all is kept for such gentlemen cittizens as you be: this wity answeare caused Maister Hobson to give the poore man a teaster.

HOW LONG MAISTER HOBSONS DAUGHTER MOURNED FOR HER HUSBANDS DEATH.

MAISTER Hobson had a daughter which was a very faire and young woman, the which for her husband that laye a dying, made great sorrow and lamentation, and would not bee comforted by any perswasions, where-

fore her father came to her and sayd, Daughter, leave of your mourning, for if God take away your husband, I will speedily provide you another of as great a welth and credit as he is now of, and farre more young and lusty. But yet for all this would shee not leave mourning, and grew greatly displeas'd that her father made any motion of another husband, protesting that she would never marry more. But now marke the variable minds of women ; her husband was no sooner dead and buried, the charges of his buriall paid for, and shee with her friends set at supper to comfort her, betweene sobbing and weeping, she whispered her father in the eare and said, Father, where is the same man, that ye said should bee my husband ? Thus may you see (quoth Maister Hobson) the nature of women kind, and how long they mourne for their husbandes after they bee dead : these words made the yong woman never after to aske her father for a husband.

HOW MAISTER HOBSON CAUSED HIS MAN TO SET UP A
SIGNE.

MAISTER Hobson having one of his Prentices new come out of his time, and being made a free man of London, desired to set up for himself, so taking a house not far from saint Laurence lane, furnished it with store of ware and set the signe of the Mayden-head ; hard by was a very rich man of the same trade, had the same signe, and reported in every place where

he came, that the yong man had set up the same signe that he had, onely to get away his customers, and dayly vexed the yong man there withall; who, being greved in mind, made it knowne to Maister Hobson, his late maister, who comming to the rich man, said, I marvell, Sir (quoth Maister Hobson) why you wrong my man so much as to say he seketh to get away your customers; mary, so he doth (quoth the other) for he hath set up a signe called the maiden-head as mine is; that is not so (replied Maister Hobson) for his is the widdoes head, and no mayden-head, therefore you do him great wrong: the rich man hereupon seeing himself requited with mocks, rested satisfied, and never after that envied Maister Hobsons man, but let him live quietly.

OF MAISTER HOBSONS IEST OF A LOUSE AND A FLEA.

UPON a time Maister Hobson going to my Lord Maiors to dinner amongst the livery of his company, and being waited on by one of his prentices, the said prentise spied a louse creeping upon the side of his gowne and tooke it off: Maister Hobson espying him to doe some thing in secret, asked him what it was? the fellow being ashamed, was loath to tell him, but being importuned by his maister said it was a louse; oh (qd. Maister Hobson) this is good lucke, for it sheweth me to be a man, for this kind of vermine chiefly breedeth on mankind, and thereupon gave five

shillings to his man for his labour: another of his prentises, being a pickthanke knave, and having hard that his fellow had five shilings given him for taking a louse from of his maister, having his gowne likewise on, and made as though he tooke a flea from the same, and conveyed it privily away, but when maister Hobson constrayned him to tell what it was, with much dissembling shamefastnes he said it was a flea: Maister Hobson perceving his disimulation, said to him, what dost thou make mee a dogge? for fleas be most commonly bread upon dogs. And so the five shillinges he lookd for he had given fiveteene stripes; for quoth Maister Hobson, there is great difference betweene one that doth a thing with a good mind, and him that doth a thing by disimulation.

HOW ONE OF MAISTER HOBSONS MEN QUITED HIM
WITH A MERRY IEST.

MAISTER Hobson had a servant that hee had long before made a freeman, and was still at Maister Hobsons commandment, and did him much good service; wherefore upon a time hee came unto his maister and said, Sir, I have done your service long time iust and truly, wherefore I pray you bestowe some thing upon mee to begin the world withall. Fellow, quoth Maister Hobson, thou sayst true, and hereon have I thought many times to doe a good turne; now will I tell thee what thou shalt doe. I must shortly ride to Bristowe

faire, and if thou wilt beare my charges thether, I will give thee such a thing as shall be worth to thee a hundred pounds: I am content (quoth the fellowe). So all the way as hee road his man bore his charges, and paid for all things dewly, till they came to their last lodging, and there after supper he came to his maister and said, Sir, I have borne your charges as you commanded me; now I pray you let me know what the thing is that will be worth to me a hundred poundes? Did I promise thee such a thing (quoth his maister); you did (quoth the fellow) shew it me in wrighting (quoth his maister); I have none (qd. the fellow); then thou art like to have nothing (quoth his maister) and learne this of me, when so ever thou makest a bargaine with any man, looke that thou take a wrighting for thy security, and be wel advised how thou givest thy bond to any man; this thing had benefitted me in my time a hundred pounds, and so may it likewise do thee. Thus when the poore fellow saw there was no remedy, he held himselfe content, and all that night pondred in his mind how to grow quittance with his maister; so on the morrow when his maister had dispatched his buissines in the towne, and was set forward back again towards London, he taried a litle behind to recon with the hostes where he lay, and of her he borrowed as much mony on his maisters cloke as came to all the charges that they spent by the way. Maister Hobson had not riden past two miles but that it begon to raine, wherupon he called for his cloke of another servant that rod by, who said that it was be-

hind with his fellow who had it with him : so they tooke shelter under a tree till he overtooke them. When he was come, maister Hobson most angerly sayd : thou knave, why comst not thou away with my cloke ? Sir and please you (quoth the poore fellow) I have layd it to pawne for your charges all the way. Why knave, quoth maister Hobson, didest not thou promise to beare my charges to Bristowe : did I, quoth the fellow ? yes (quoth Maister Hobson) that thou didest. Shew me a wrighting then therefore (said the fellow). Whereunto Maister Hobson (seeing himselfe so cunningly overreached) answered but litle.

OF MAISTER HOBSONS RIDING TO STURBRIGE FAIRE.

MAISTER Hobson on a time in company of one of his neighbors roade from London towards Sturbrige faire ; so the first night of there iorny they lodged at Ware in an Inne where great store of company was, and in the morning, when every man made him ready to ride, and some were on horsbacke setting forward, the cittizen his neighbour found him sitting at the Inne gate booted and spurd in a browne studdy, to whome hee saide, for shame, Maister Hobson, why sitte you heare ? why doe you not make yourselfe redy to horsebacke that we may set forward with company ? Maister Hobson replied in this manner. I tarry (quoth he) for a good cause. For what cause, quoth his neighbour. Mary, quoth Master Hobson, here be so many horses,

that I cannot tell which is mine owne, and I know well, when every man is ridden and gone, the horse that remaneth behind must needs be mine.

HOW MAISTER HOBSON FOUND A FARMERS PURSE.

THERE was a certaine farmer that lost forty pounds betwixt Cambridg and London, and being so great a summe, he made proclamation in all market townes thereabouts, that whosoever had found forty and five pounds, should have the five pounds for his labour for finding it, and therefore he put in the five pound more then was lost. It was Maister Hobsons fortune to find the same some of forty pounds, and brought the same to the Baylife of Ware, and required the five pounds for his paines, as it was proclaymed. When the country farmer understood this, and that he must needs pay five pounds for the finding, he sayd that there was in the purse five and forty pounds, and so would hee have his own mony and five pounds over: so long they strove that the matter was brought before a justice of peace, which was then one Maister Fleetwood, who after was Recorder of London: but when Maister Fleetewood understood by the bayleife that the proclamation was made for a purse of five and forty pound, he demanded where it was; here, quoth the baylie, and gave it him; is it just forty pound, said Maister Fleetewood? yes truly (quoth the bayleife): here Maister Hobson, sayd Ma. Fleetwood, take you this mony, for it is your

owne, and if you chance to find a purse of five and forty pound, bring it to this honest farmer; that is mine, quoth the farmer, for I lost iust forty pound; You speake to late (quoth Maister Fleetewood); thus the farmer lost the mony, and maister Hobson had it according to iustice.

HOW MAISTER HOBSON WAS A IUDGE BETWIXT TWO WOMEN.

THERE dwelled not farre from Maister Hobson two very ancient women; the youngest of them both was above three-score yeares of age; and uppon a time sitting at the taverne together, they grew at variencie which of them should be the youngest, (as women indeede desier to bee accounted younger then they be); in such manner that they layd a good supper, of the valew of twenty shillings, for the truth thereof, and Maister Hobson they agreed upon to bee their judge of the difference: so after Maister Hobson had knowledg thereof, the one came to him, and as a present, gave him a very faire pidgion pye, worth some five shillings, desiering him to pass the vardet of her side: within a while after the other came, and gave Maister Hobson a very faire grayhound, which kind of dogges he much delighted in, praying him likewise to be favourable on her side; wherefore hee gave iudgment that the woman that gave him the grayhound was the yonger, and so she woun the supper of twenty shillings, which she perceiving, came to him and sayd,

Sir, I gave you a pidgion pie, and you promised the verdit should goe on my side. To whom Maister Hobson said, of a truth, good woman, there came a grayhound into my house, and eate up the pidgion pye, and so by that meanes I quite forgot thee.

OF THE PRIDE OF MAISTER HOBSONS WIFE.

MAISTER Hobsons wife carrying something a stately mind, and delighting in brave apparell, upon a time walking abroad with other women her neighbours, they espied a payre of silke stockins upon her legges, and desiring the like, never let their husbands to live in quiet after, til they had silke stockins of the same fashion: so within a weeke or two following, their husbandes came complayning to Maister Hobson, and said, Sir (quoth one of them) the sufferance of your wives pride hath spoyled all ours, for since she hath worne silke stockings, our wives have growne so importunate, that they must needs have the like, and you are the cheifest cause in suffering her to weare the same. Oh my good neighbours, (qd. M. Hobson) I have great cause in doing so, and it bringes me much quietnes; as how (qd. one of them); mary thus (neighboures) for seeing I cannot please her above the knee, I most needs please her belowe the knee, and the only thing to please a woman is to let her have her will.

OF MASTER HOBSONS REWARDING A POET FOR A
BOOKES DEDICATION.

UPON a new yeares day Maister Hobson sitting at dinner in a poets company, or one as you may tearme him a writer of histories, there came a poore man and presented him a cople of orringes, which hee kindly tooke as a new yeares guift, and gave the poore man for the same an angell of gould, and thereupon gave it his wife to lay it up among other jewells, considering that it had likewise cost him an angel; the which he did, the Poet siting by and marking the bounty of Ma. Hobson for so small a matter, he went home and devised a booke contayning forty sheets of paper, which was halfe a yeare in writing, and came and gave it to Maister Hobson in dedication, and thought in his mind that he in recompencing the poore man so much for an orringe would yeeld far more recompence for his booke, being so long in studying. Maister Hobson tooke the poets booke thankfully, and perseving he did it onely for his bounty shewed for the orring given him, willed his wife to fetch the said orringe, which he gave to the poet, being then almost rotten, saying, here is a jewell which cost me a thousand times the worth in gould, therefore I think thou art well satisfied for thy bookes dedication: the poet seing this, went his way all ashamed.

HOW MAISTER HOBSON GAVE ONE OF HIS SERVANTS THE
HALFE OF A BLIND MANS BENEFIT.

MAISTER Hobson beeing still very good to poore and most bountyfull to aged people, there came to him usually twice or thrice a weeke a silly poore ould blinde man to sing under his window, for the which he continually gave him twelve pence a time. Maister Hobson having one of his servants so chorlish and withall so covitous that he would suffer the blind man to come no more unles he shard halfe his benefit: the which the blind singing man was forst to give, rather then to loose all; after twice or thrice parting shares, Maister Hobson had thereof intelligence, who consulting with the blind man, served his servant in this maner; still he looked for halfe whatsoever he got, so this at last was Maister Hobsons guift, who gave commandement that the blind man should have for his singing three-score jeerkes with a good wippe, and to be equally parted as the other guifts were; the which were presently given; the blinde mans were but easie, but Maister Hobsons mans were very sound ones, so that every jerke drewē bloud; after this he never sought to deminish his masters bounty.

HOW MAISTER HOBSON FOUND OUT THE PYE STEALER.

IN Christmas holy-dayes when Ma. Hobsons wife had many pyes in the oven, one of his servants had

stole one of them out, and at the taverne had merrilie eaten it. It fortund that same day some of his friends dined with him, and one of the best pyes were missing, the stealer whereof, at after dinner he found out in this maner: he caled all his servants in friendly sort together into the hall, and caused each of them to drinke one to another both wine, ale and beare, till they were al drunke; then caused hee a table to be furnished with very good cheare, whereat hee likewise pleased them. Being set all together, he said, why sit you not downe fellowes? We be set all redy, quoth they. Nay quoth Maister Hobson, he that stole the pye is not set yet. Yes that I doe (quoth he that stole it): by which meanes he knew what was become of the pye, for the poore fellow being drunke could not keepe his owne secretts.

OF MAISTER HOBSON AND A DOCTOR OF PHISICKE.

UPON a time when Maister Hobson lay sicke and in very great payne, there came unto him a Doctor of Phisicke, that tould him he could not escape but must needs die of that sicknes. Maister Hobson a while after, not by the Doctors helpe but by the will of God, recovered, and was whole of his disease, yet he was very lowe, and bare brought, and as he walked forth on a day, he met the said Doctor, which, doubting whether it ware the sicke man or no, sayd, are not you, Sir, the man called Maister Hobson? Yes trewly (quoth he) are you alive or dead, sayd the Doctor; I am dead,

quoth Maister Hobson ; what doe you here then, sayde the Doctor ; I am here, quoth Maister Hobson, because I have experience in manye earthly things, and God hath sent me to the world againe with a commandement to take up all phisitions that I can get, and send them thether to him ; which saying made Maister Doctor as pale as ashes for feare ; maister Hobson seing this, sayd unto him, feare not, Maister Doctor, though I said all phisitions ; for you are none, and there is no man that hath witte will take you for one ; therfore you are not in my charge ; farewell.

HOW MAISTER HOBSON ANSWERED A POPISH FRYER.

In the rainge of Queene Mary, when this land was blinded with superstition, there was a Popish frier that made an oration in the Charter-house yard, where many formes were placed full of people to hear the same oration, amongst which number sat Maister Hobson, which fryer, much extolling him that was then Pope of Rome, comparing him to Saint Peter, for in degree he names him above all the holy Fathers in time past, as Doctors, Marters, Prophets, yea and above more then prophets, Iohn Baptist, then in what high place, sayd the frier, shall we place this good man ; what place I say is fit for him or where shall he sit ? Maister Hobson hearing him speake so prophanly and sitting amongst the audience, start up and sayd, If thou canst find no other, then set him here in my place, for I am weary, and so went his way.

HOW MAISTER HOBSON ANSWERED MUSITIONS.

UPON a time Maister Hobson lying in Saint Albones, there came certaine musitions to play at his chamber dorre, to the intent as they filled his ears with their musicke, he should fil their purses with mony: where upon he had one of the servants of the inne (that waited upon him) to goe and tell them, that hee could not then indure to heare their musicke, for he mourned for the death of his mother. So the musitians disapoynted of their purpose went sadly all away. The fellow that heard him speake of mourning, asked him how long agoe it is since he buried his mother; Truly (quoth Maister Hobson) it is now very neare forty yeares agoe; the fellow, understanding his subtilty, and how wittily he sent away the musitians, laughed very hartely.

OF MASTER HOBSON TEACHING HIS MAN TO USE MONEY.

MAISTER HOBSON had a servant so covetous, and withall so simple witted, that all the money he could gather together he hid in the ground, of the which Maister Hobson having some intelligence fell a coniuring for it in this maner; with a good wand he so belabored my yong man, that he presently revealed where it lay, the which summe of money Maister Hobson tooke quite away, all saving a smale summe, the which the poore fellow put to so good a use, in buying

and selling, that in short time he greatly increased it ; when Maister Hobson understood what he had done, and what good use he put his money too, sayd, Sirra, you can tell how to use money, and learne to make profit thereof, I will restore to thee all againe ; and so he did, which made the fellow ever after a good husband.

OF MAISTER HOBSONS SORE EYES AND HIS ANSWER TO
PHISITIONS.

UPON a time, when Master Hobson had sore eyes, there came a certaine phisition to him, thinking to have some recompence for his councill, warning him that he should in any case forbear drinking, or ells by the same loose his eyes, to whom Master Hobson sayde, it is much more pleasure for me to loose my eyes with drinking, then to keepe them for worms to eate them out. Another time a phisition came to Maister Hobson and said, Sir, you looke well, and greeve at nothing and have a healthfull countenance ; true (quoth Maister Hobson) for I have not to doe with any phisitions, nor with phisicke : to whom he replied, Sir, said he, you have no cause to blame the physition, for his phisicke never did you hurt ; thou saist true, quoth Maister Hobson, for if I had proved phisicke, I had not beene now heare alive ; another phisition came to him on a time and said, Sir, you be a very ould man ; very trew, quoth Maister Hobson, for thou wert never my phi-

sition : such maner of checkes and floutes would he stil give to them that spoke to him of phisicke, for in all his life hee never tooke any.

OF MAISTER HOBSONS IEST OF THE SIGNE OF SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

MAISTER Hobson and another of his neighbours on a time walking to Southwarke faire, by chance drunke in a house which had the signe of Sa. Christopher, of the which signe the good man of the house gave this commendation, Saint Christopher (quoth he) when hee lived upon the earth bore the greatest burden that ever was, which was this, he bore Christ over a river ; nay there was one (quoth Maister Hobson) that bore a greater burden ; who was that (quoth the inkeeper) Mary, quoth Maister Hobson, the asse that bore both him and his mother : so was the Inne-keeper called asse by craft. After this talking merely together, the aforesaid Inne-keeper being a litle whited with drinke, and his head so giddy that he fell into the fire, people standing by ran sodainely and tooke him up ; oh, let him alone (quoth Maist. Hobson) a man may doe what he will in his owne house, and lie wheresoever he listeth ; the man having little hurt, with this sight grew immediately sober, and after foxed Maister Hobson and his neighbour so mightely, that comming over London bridge being very late ranne against one of the cheane posts, at which Maister Hobson thinking it to

bee some man that had iustled him, drew out his dodgion dagger and thrust it up into the very hillts into the hollow post, where-upon verely hee had thought. he had kil'd some man ; so runing away was taken by the watch, and so all the jest was discovered.

OF MAISTER HOBSONS ANSWERE TO A MESSENGER OF
THE LORD MAIORS.

UPON a time Ma. Hobson had arested one of my L. Maiors kinsmen for a certaine det owing him, and being in the counter, my Lord Maior sent one of his officers for to intreat Maister Hobson to be favorable to his kinsman, telling a long tale, and to little purpose, whome Maister Hobson answered in this manner, my friend (quoth he) what thou saydst in the beginning I doe not like of, and what was in the middle I doe not well remember, and for thy conclusion, I understand it not ; and this was all the favour Maister Hobson shewed to my Lord Maiors kinsman.

HOW MAISTER HOBSON BID AN ALDERMAN TO DINER.

THIS Maister Hobson on a time had a servant that was over full of words, and toe much talkative ; being offended therewith, gave him still in charge to say nothing, and to answer to that hee was demaunded and no more : so upon a day Maister Hobson made a great diner, and sent his said servant some two dayes before

to invite an Alderman of London there-unto, so upon the day when diner time came, all the gwestes stayd for the said Alldermans comming till two of the clocke, and so at last Maister Hobson sayd unto his servant, didst thou bid Maister Alderman to diner? yes truly (said he) why cometh he not then? (quoth Maister Hobson) mary (quoth the fellow) he said hee could not: why touldst thou not me so, quoth Maister Hobson? because quoth the fellow, you did not aske me? here-upon (though long first) they went all to diner, and being mery together drinking of wine, there came in a certaine ruffen and stole one of the fairest sillver cupps away, the which the fellow seing, said never a word, but let him goe, which when Maister Hobson missed, he demanded of his servant where it was; Sir, (quoth the fellow) a theefe came in and stole it away: why didst not thou stay him (qd. Maister Hobson?) mary, sir, (quoth he) because he asked no question of me: after this, Maister Hobson noting the simplenes of his servant, let him have his tounge at free liberty.

HOW MAISTER HOBSON GREW OUT OF LOVE WITH AN IMAGE.

In the raing of Queene Mary, when great superstition was used in England, as creeping to the crosse, worshipping of images and such like, it was Maister Hobsons chance amongst other people to be in the Church, and kneeling to an image to pray, as it was then used,

the same image by some mishapp fell downe upon Maister Hobson and broke his head, upon which occasion he came not thether in halfe an yeare after, but at length by the procurement of his neighbours he came to the Church againe, and because he saw his neighbours kneele before the same image, he kneeled downe likewise, and said thus, wel I may cap, and kneele to thee, but thou shalt never have my heart againe so long as I live: meaning for the broken head it had given him.

HOW MAISTER HOBSON SAID HE WAS NOT AT HOME.

On a time Master Hobson upon some ocation came to Master Fleetwoods house to speake with him, being then new chosen the recorder of London, and asked one of his men if he were within, and he said he was not at home, but Maister Hobson perceving that his maister bad him say so, and that he was within, not being willing (at that time) to be spoken withall, for that time desembling the matter he went his way; within a few dayes after it was Maister Fleetwoods chaunse to come to Maister Hobsons, and knocking at the dore, asked if he were within? Maister Hobson hearing and knowing how he was denied Maister Fleetwoods speach before time, speake himselfe aloud, and said hee was not at home; then sayd Maister Fleetwood, what Master Hobson, thinke you that I knowe not your voyce? whereunto Maister Hobson answered and said, now

Maister Fleetewood am I quit with you, for when I came to speake with you, I beleved your man that said your were not at home, and now you will not beleve mine owne selfe and this was the mery conference betwixt these two merry gentlemen.

Colected together by

R. IOHNSON.

FINIS.

NOTES.

P. 1, l. 9,—*Printed*.] Misprinted *ptinted* in the original.

P. 5, l. 12,—*In the Poultry*.] According to Stow's *Survey*, 4to, Lond. 1618, p. 474, William Hobson, haberdasher, died in 1581, and was buried in the church of St. Mildred, in the Poultry.

P. 9, l. 4,—*A manchet*.] A small loaf of fine bread. Minshew says, "panis exigui species."

P. 11, l. 15,—*Wise man*.] Misprinted "wise men" in the original.

P. 11, l. 18,—*Masty*.] That is, mastiff.

P. 14, l. 13.—*A let*.] That is, have let. There is an early copy of this tale in MS. Ash. 38, p. 187, where it is attributed to "Tarlton the Jester."

P. 15, l. 11,—*At rack and manger*.] A proverbial expression, meaning to let every thing go to rack or ruin. "To leave all at rack and manger, laisser tout à l'abandon."—*Miege's Great French Dictionary*, 1688.

P. 16, l. 19, *Words*.] Misprinted *wods* in the original.

P. 17, l. 15,—*Satint Hewes day*.] That is, St. Hugh's day, the 17th of November, on which day, in 1558, Elizabeth ascended the throne. The anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth was first publicly celebrated about the year 1570. See Nicolas's "Chronology of History," ed. 1838, p. 168.

P. 18, l. 19,—*Teaster*.] That is, sixpence.

P. 21, l. 11,—*And so the*.] Perhaps we should read, "and so for the."

P. 23, l. 10,—*Shew me a wrighting then*.] Incidents of this kind are usual in old stories, and one somewhat similar was recently introduced in the second act of a comedy called "London Assurance."

P. 23, l. 13,—*Sturbrige faire.*] A famous fair held near Cambridge. Books of this period contain frequent allusions to it.

P. 24, l. 20,—*Maister Fleetwood.*] A celebrated lawyer, who, according to Wood, was “of a marvellous merry and pleasant conceit.” This tale is much more ancient than Fleetwood’s time, being found in some middle-age collections. Many examples of Fleetwood’s “merry conceits” will be found in his letters printed in Wright’s “Queen Elizabeth and her Times.”

P. 25, l. 9,—*There dwelled.*] A tale similar to this may be seen in Wright’s “Latin Stories,” p. 73, *De balivo et uxore sua*, and in “Jack of Dover,” p. 20.

P. 25, l. 21,—*Vardet.*] That is, verdict.

P. 25, l. 28,—*Which she perceiving.*] That is, the one who lost the supper.

P. 26, l. 7,—*Maister Hobsons wife.*] A tale similar to this may be seen in “Jacke of Dover,” p. 6.

P. 28, l. 3,—*Maister Hobson beeing.*] This is a very popular story. See Wright’s “Latin Stories,” p. 122, *De janitore imperatoris Frederici*, and the note, p. 241.

P. 29, l. 2,—*Fortund.*] That is, happened.

P. 32, l. 7,—*Husband.*] That is, an economist.

P. 33, l. 18,—*Whittled.*] Drank to excess. “*Whittled*, or cup-shot, qui a beu dans l’excès.”—Miege’s Great Dictionary, 1688.

P. 33, l. 24,—*Foxed.*] That is, made tipsy. Miege has, “to fox, or fuddle.” See his Great Dictionary, 1688.

P. 36, l. 14,—*New chosen the recorder.*] Fleetwood was chosen recorder of London in 1569. It may be mentioned here that Markham published a work called “Hobson’s Horse-load of Letters,” 4to. Lond. 1613.

⊙
THE NURSERY RHYMES

OF

ENGLAND,

Collected principally from Oral Tradition.

EDITED BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ.

"Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum
Nænia."

HORACE.

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To
Thomas Halliwell
from his affectionate ^{uncle} ~~stepfather~~
The Editor
James Oakes Halliwell.

Jan 1st. 1842

This was given to J. B. Lowell & af.
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PREFACE.

IN the present age of literary revivals of all kinds, the members of the Percy Society will not perhaps reject an attempt to rescue from the hand of oblivion and introduce into notice the works of an ancient series of bards, who amidst the general resuscitation of early literature have never hitherto been favoured with any vindicating critic. That their works have at one time or other been in every one's mouth, is, I presume, a sufficient proof of their genuine right to fame; and if the names of their several authors be as difficult to settle satisfactorily, as that of the *Iliad* itself, yet the modesty that was the reason in the first instance of their being withheld, only serves now to enhance the reputation of these writers. The lullabies of the ancients are for

ever lost, and a future race may not despise the knowledge of our method of primary instruction for our children, *οτε παππαζουσι και μαμμαζουσι.*

If we had any credible sources of information, it would be a subject worthy of investigation, to ascertain the origin of the popularity of these national nursery melodies : but, like most other branches of popular literature and traditional anecdotes, their history is wrapped up in great obscurity. We can ascertain that they have been current in our nurseries for nearly two centuries, in all parts of England, under forms very slightly differing from each other ; but more than this we know not. And these traditional nonsense-scrap have come down to us in such numbers, that in the short space of three years the Editor of the present volume had collected considerably more than a thousand. A selection is here presented to the reader.

A few nursery rhymes can be traced back to a very early period. Every child will remember the lines on Bryan O'Lin,—

“ Bryan O'Lin, and his wife, and wife's mother,
All went over a bridge together :

The bridge was loose, and they all tumbled in,
 'What a precious concern!' cried Bryan O'Lin :"

which are found, under a very slightly modified form, in a little black-letter book, by W. Wager, called, "*The longer thou livest the more Foole thou art,*" printed about the year 1560 :

" Tom a Lin, and his wife, and his wives mother,
 They went over a bridge all three together ;
 The bridge was broken and they fell in,
 The devil go with all, quoth Tom a Lin."

A few more examples of this kind will be found in the following pages.

In attempting a classification, I am well aware that much question may arise concerning the true appropriation of many of the nursery rhymes to their several classes, and I must claim the indulgence of my readers for any mistakes I have committed in this respect.

I may here also take the opportunity of stating, that it was originally my intention to have introduced also a collection of merriments upon which many of these rhymes are founded, but the project was overruled by a gentleman, who gave it as his opinion that the Society would by their publi-

cation be involved in an awkward question of copyright. I was not previously aware that "Goody Two Shoes," and romances of this kind, were regarded so jealously by the trade.

My respectful and grateful thanks are due to Sir Edward F. Bromhead, Bart. who most kindly and liberally furnished me with a very large and valuable collection of nursery rhymes from Lincolnshire, together with several useful suggestions, to which I have been greatly indebted.* Nor must I omit to mention my obligations to my friend Mr. Black, a member of the Council of the Percy Society, who has also kindly given me his valuable assistance.

J. O. H.

35, *Alfred Place*,
Feast of All Saints, 1841.

* I am in possession of a curious and clever satirical pamphlet, entitled "Infant Institutes," 8vo. Lond. 1797, to which I am indebted for some interesting scraps.

NURSERY RHYMES.

First Class.—Historical.

I.

WHEN good king Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king ;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums :
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside ;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

II.

[THE following song, relating to Robin Hood, the celebrated outlaw, is well known at Worksop, in Derbyshire, where it constitutes one of the nursery series.]

ROBIN Hood, Robin Hood
 Is in the mickle wood!
 Little John, Little John,
 He to the town is gone.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood
 Is telling his beads,
 All in the green wood,
 Among the green weeds.

Little John, Little John,
 If he comes no more,
 Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
 He will fret full sore!

III.

[THE original of "The house that Jack built" is presumed to be a hymn in *Sepher Haggadah*, fol. 23, a translation of which is here given. The historical interpretation was first given by P. N. Leberecht, at Leipsic in 1731, and is printed in the "Christian Reformer," vol. xvii. p. 28. The original is in the Chaldee language, and it may be mentioned that a very fine Hebrew manuscript of the fable, with illuminations, is in the possession of George Offor, Esq. of Hackney.]

1. *A kid, a kid*, my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

2. Then came *the cat*, and ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

3. Then came *the dog* and bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

4. Then came *the staff*, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

5. Then came *the fire*, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

6. Then came the *water* and quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
7. Then came *the ox*, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
8. Then came *the butcher* and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

9. Then came *the angel of death* and killed the butcher,
 That slew the ox,
 That drank the water,
 That quenched the fire,
 That burned the staff,
 That beat the dog,
 That bit the cat,
 That ate the kid,
 That my father bought
 For two pieces of money :
 A kid, a kid.

10. Then came the *Holy One*, blessed be He!
 And killed the angel of death,
 That killed the butcher,
 That slew the ox,
 That drank the water,
 That quenched the fire,
 That burned the staff,
 That beat the dog,
 That bit the cat,
 That ate the kid,
 That my father bought
 For two pieces of money :
 A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation :

1. The kid, which was one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews.

The father, by whom it was purchased, is Jehovah, who re-

presents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signifies the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whose dominion the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the caliphate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox, denotes the crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza, is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.

IV.

[THE following version of a popular rhyme is in one of Douce's books. I consider it to refer to the rebellious times of Richard II.]

My father he died, I cannot tell how,
 But he left me six horses to drive out my plough :
 With a wimmy lo ! wommy lo ! Jack Straw blazey boys !
 Wimmy lo ! Wommy lo ! Wob, wob, wob !

V.

My father he died, but I can't tell you how,
He left me six horses to drive in my plough :

With my wing wang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsey boys bubble oh,
Under the broom.

I sold my six horses and I bought me a cow,
I'd fain have made a fortune, but did not know how :
With my, &c.

I sold my cow, and I bought me a calf ;
I'd fain have made a fortune, but lost the best half :
With my, &c.

I sold my calf, and I bought me a cat ;
A pretty thing she was, in my corner sat :
With my, &c.

I sold my cat, and I bought me a mouse ;
He carried fire in his tail, and burnt down my house.
With my, &c.

VI.

[The same song as the preceding, dictated by a lady now living
in the Isle of Man, but a far better version.]

My daddy is dead, but I can't tell you how ;
But he left me six horses to follow the plough :
 With my whim wham waddle ho !
 Strim stram straddle ho !
 Bubble ho ! pretty boy,
 Over the brow.

I sold my six horses to buy me a cow,
And wasn't that a pretty thing to follow the plough ?
 With my, &c.

I sold my cow to buy me a calf,
For I never made a bargain, but I lost the best half.
 With my, &c.

I sold my calf to buy me a cat,
To sit down before the fire, to warm her little back :
 With my, &c.

I sold my cat to buy me a mouse,
But she took fire in her tail, and so burnt up my house :
 With my, &c.

VII.

[THERE is an old proverb which says that “a cat may look at a king.” Whether the same adage applies equally to a female sovereign, and is referred to in the following nursery song, or whether it alludes to the glorious Queen Bess, is now a matter of uncertainty.]

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
 I've been to London to see the Queen.
 Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
 I frighten'd a little mouse under the chair.

VIII.

THE rose is red, the grass is green,
 Serve Queen Bess our noble queen!
 Kitty the spinner
 Will sit down to dinner,
 And eat the leg of a frog:
 All good people
 Look over the steeple,
 And see the cat play with the dog.

IX.

[Taken from MS. Douce, 357, fol. 124. See Echar'd's *History of England*, book iii. chap. 1.]

SEE saw, sack-a-day ;
 Monmouth is a pretie boy,
 Richmond is another,
 Grafton is my onely joy,
 And why should I these three destroy,
 To please a pious brother ?

X.

[Written in 1641, on the occasion of the marriage of Mary, the eldest daughter of Charles I, with the young Prince of Orange.]

WHAT is the rhyme for *porringer* ?
 The king he had a daughter fair,
 And gave the Prince of Orange her.

XI.

[The following nursery song alludes to William III, and George, Prince of Denmark.]

WILLIAM and Mary, George and Anne,
 Four such children had never a man :
 They turn'd their father out of door,
 And call'd their brother the son of a whore.

XII.

OVER the water, over the lee,
 Over the water to Charley.
 Charley loves good ale and wine,
 Charley loves good brandy,
 Charley loves a little girl,
 As sweet as sugar-candy.

XIII.

[The following may possibly allude to King George and the Pretender.]

JIM and George were two great Lords,
 They fought all in a churn ;
 And when that Jim got George by the nose,
 Then George began to gern.

XIV.

POOR old Robinson Crusoe !
 Poor old Robinson Crusoe !
 They made him a coat,
 Of an old nanny goat,
 I wonder how they could do so !
 With a ring a ting tang,
 And a ring a ting tang,
 Poor old Robinson Crusoe !

XV.

THE king of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men ;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

Second Class.—Tales.

XVI

THERE was an old woman had three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John :
Jerry was hung, James was drowned,
John was lost and never was found,
And there was an end of her three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John !

XVII.

THERE was a man in Thessaly,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jump'd into a quickset hedge.
And scratch'd out both his eyes ;
And when he saw his eyes were out,
And he was in great pain,
He jump'd into a holly bush,
And scratch'd 'em in again.

XVIII.

WHEN I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I laid upon the shelf;
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife;
The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow.
The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife had a fall;
Deuce take the wheelbarrow, wife, and all.

XIX.

Rowsty dowl, my fire's all out,
My little dame is not at home!
I'll saddle my cock and bridle my hen,
And fetch my little dame home again!
Home she came, tritty trot,
She asked for the furmety she left in the pot;
Some she eat and some she shod,
And some she gave to the truckler's dog;
She took up the ladle and knocked its head,
And now poor Dapsy dog is dead!

XX

ROBIN and Richard
 Were two pretty men ;
 They laid in bed
 Till the clock struck ten ;
 Then up starts Robin
 And looks at the sky,
 Oh ! brother Richard,
 The sun 's very high.
 You go before with the bottle and bag,
 And I will come after on liddle Jack Nag.
 You go first, and open the gate,
 And I'll come after, and break your pate.

XXI.

[From MS. Bib. Reg. 8 A. v. fol. 52, of the time of Henry VIII.]

WE make no spare
 Of John Hunkes' mare ;
 And now I
 Think she will die :
 He thought it good
 To put her in the wood,
 To seek where she might ly dry ;
 If the mare should chance to fale,
 Then the crownes would for her sale.

XXII.

I HAD a little dog, and his name was Blue Bell,
 I gave him some work, and he did it very well ;
 I sent him up stairs to pick up a pin,
 He stepped in the coal-scuttle up to the chin .
 I sent him to the garden to pick some sage,
 He tumbled down and fell in a rage ;
 I sent him to the cellar, to draw a pot of beer,
 He came up again, and said there was none there.

XXIII.

THERE was a little man,
 And he woo'd a little maid,
 And he said, little maid, will you wed, wed, wed ?
 I have little more to say,
 Than will you, yea or nay,
 For least said is soonest mended—ded, ded, ded.

The little maid replied,
 Some say a little sighed,
 But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat ?
 Will the love that you're so rich in,
 Make a fire in the kitchen ?
 Or the little god of Love turn the spit—spit, spit ?

XXIV.

I HAD a little moppet,
I put it in my pocket,
And fed it with corn and hay ;
Then came a proud beggar,
And swore he would have her,
And stole my little moppet away.

XXV.

THERE were two birds sat on a stone,
Fa, la, la, la, la, de ;
One flew-away, and then there was one,
Fa, la, la, la, la, de ;
The other flew after, and then there was none,
Fa, la, la, la, la, de ;
And so the poor stone was left all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, la, de !

XXVI.

THERE was a little Guinea-pig,
Who, being little, was not big,
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay ;
And while he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeak'd, and sometimes vi'lent,
And when he squeak'd he ne'er was silent :
Tho' ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died ;
And as I'm told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.



XXVII

Did you not hear of Betty Pringle's pig ?
It was not very little, nor yet very big ;
The pig sat down upon a dunghill,
And then poor piggy he made his will.

Betty Pringle came to see this pretty pig,
That was not very little, nor yet very big ;
This little piggy it lay down and died,
And Betty Pringle sat down and cried.

Then Johnny Pringle buried this very pretty pig,
That was not very little, nor yet very big ;
So here's an end of the song of all three,
Johnny Pringle, Betty Pringle, and the little Piggie.

XXVIII.

THREE wise men of Gotham,
 Went to sea in a bowl:
 And if the bowl had been stronger,
 My song would have been longer.

XXIX.

[THE following was most probably taken from a poetical tale in the "Choyce Poems," 12mo. Lond. 1662. As it is a very popular nursery song, I shall give the tale to which I allude in No. 30.]

THREE children sliding on the ice,
 Upon a summer's day,
 As it fell out, they all fell in,
 The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
 Or sliding on dry ground,
 Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
 They had not all been drown'd.

XXX.

[From "Ovid de Arte Amandi &c. Englished, together with Choice Poems, and rare Pieces of Drollery." 1662.]

SOME Christian people *all* give ear,
 Unto the grief of us,
 Caused by the death of three children dear;
 The which it hapned thus. c 2

And eke there befel an accident,
By fault of a carpenter's son,
Who to *saw* chips his sharp axe lent,
Wo woeth the time may Lon—

May London say, wo woeth the carpenter,
And all such *block-head* fools,
Would he were hang'd up like a serpent here,
For jesting with edge-tools.

For into the chips there fell a spark,
Which *put out* in such flames,
That it was known in Southwark,
Which lies beyond the Thames.

For *lo*, the bridge was wondrous *high*,
With water underneath,
O'er which as many *fishes* fly,
As *birds* therein doth breath.

And yet the fire consum'd the bridge,
Not far from place of landing ;
And though the building was full big,
It *fell down* not-with-standing.

And eke into the water fell
So many pewter dishes,
That a man might have taken up very well
Both *boil'd* and *roasted* fishes.

And that the *bridge* of London town,
For building that was sumptuous,
Was *all* by fire *half* burnt down,
For being too contemptuous :

And thus you have all but half my song,
Pray list to what comes after ;
For now I have *cool'd* you with the *fire*,
I'll *warm* you with the *water*.

I'll tell you what the river's name is,
Where these children did slide-a,
It was fair London's swiftest Thames,
That keeps both time and tide-a.

All on the tenth of January,
To the wonder of much people,
'Twas frozen o'er, that well 'twould bear
Almost a country steeple.

Three children sliding thereabouts,
Upon a place *too thin*,
That so at last it did fall *out*,
That they did all fall *in*.

A great lord there was that laid with the king,
And with the king great wager makes :
But when he saw he could not win,
He seight, and would have drawn stakes.

He said it would bear a man for to slide,
And laid a hundred pound ;
The king said it would break, and so it did,
For three children there were drown'd.

Of which one's head was from his *should-*
ers stricken, whose name was John,
Who then cry'd out as loud as he could,
" O Lon-a, Lon-a, London !

" Oh ! tut,-tut,-turn from thy sinful race,"
Thus did his speech decay :
I wonder that in such a case
He had no more to say.

And thus being drown'd, alack, alack,
The water ran down their throats,
And stopt their breath three hours by the clock,
Before they could get any boats.

Ye parents all that *children have*,
And ye that have none yet ;
Preserve your children from the grave,
And teach them at home to sit.

For had they at a sermon been,
Or else upon dry ground,
Why then I would have never been seen,
If that they had been *drown'd*.

Even as a huntsman ties his dogs,
 For fear they should go from him ;
 So tie your children with severity's clogs,
 Untie 'em, and you'll undo 'em.

God bless our noble parliament,
 And rid them from all fears !
 God bless all th' *commons* of this land,
 And God bless *some* o' th' peers !

XXXI.

THERE was an old man in a velvet coat,
 He kiss'd a maid and gave her a groat ;
 The groat was crack'd, and would not go,—
 Ah, old man, d'ye serve me so ?

XXXII.

THERE was an old man,
 And he had a calf,
 And that's half :
 He took him out of the stall,
 And put him on the wall ;
 And that's all.

XXXIII.

I'LL tell you a story,
About Jack a Nory ;
And now my story's begun :
I'll tell you another
About Jack his brother,
And now my story's done.

XXXIV.

THE man in the moon,
Came tumbling down,
And ask'd his way to Norwich.
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth,
With supping hot pease porridge.

XXXV.

THE man in the moon drinks claret,
But he is a dull Jack-a-Dandy ;
Would he know a sheep's head from a carrot,
He should learn to drink cider and brandy.

XXXVI.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run !
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street !

XXXVII.

THERE was an old woman
Liv'd under a hill,
She put a mouse in a bag,
And sent it to mill ;

The miller did swear,
By the point of his knife,
He never took toll
Of a mouse in his life !

XXXVIII.

Four and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man among them durst not touch her tail ;
She put out her horns like a little kyloe cow,
Run, tailors run, or she'll kill you all e'en now.

XXXIX.

JACK Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean ;
And so, betwixt them both,
They lick'd the platter clean.

XL.

LITTLE Jack Jingle,
He used to live single :
But when he got tired of this kind of life,
He left off being single, and liv'd with his wife.

XLI.

[THE last verse of the following song is popular in our nurseries,
and must be of great antiquity, as it is alluded to in MS. Lansd.
760, in a poem of the time of Henry VII.]

COME all ye brisk young bachelors,
That wish to have good wives ;
I'd have you be precautions,
How you spend your lives.
For women they are as various,
As the fish are in the sea ;
They're ten times more precarious,
Than a winter or summer's day !

When first you begin to court them,
They're as mild as any dove,
And you will think them,
Full worthy of your love ;
But when you do get married,
The case is altered then ;
For you will find, my friend,
They can let loose their tongues !

Now Aristotle chose
A most commodious wife,
As ever was in this land, Sir,
A partner for his life ;
But soon he found out
'Twas all a hum,
You must not stay to pick them,
But take them as they come !

Blank or prize 'tis all a chance,
Shut your eyes and then advance !
Whiche'er you touch be pleased at once,
For you must pay, let who will dance.

There was a victim in a cart,
One day for to be hung ;
And his reprieve was granted,
And the cart was made to stand :
"Come marry a wife and save your life !"
The judge aloud did cry.

“ Oh why should I corrupt my life ?”
The victim did reply :
“ For here’s a crowd of every sort,
And why should I prevent the sport ?
The bargain’s bad in every part—
The wife’s the worst ; drive on the cart !”

XLII.

THE lion and the unicorn,
Were fighting for the crown ;
The lion beat the unicorn,
All round about the town.
Some gave him white bread,
Some gave him plum cake,
And sent him out of town.

XLIII.

DOCTOR Faustus was a good man,
He whipt his children now and then ;
When he whipp’d them he made them dance,
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipp’d them back again !

XLIV.

LITTLE Miss Mopsey,
Sat in the shopsey,
Eating curds and whey ;
There came a little spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened little Miss Mopsey away !

XLV.

TOM married a wife on Sunday,
Beat her well on Monday,
Bad was she on Tuesday,
Midling was she on Wednesday,
Worse was she on Thursday,
Dead was she on Friday ;
Glad was Tom on Saturday night,
To bury his wife on Sunday.

XLVI.

SOLOMON Grundy,
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,

Died on Saturday,
 Buried on Sunday ;
 This is the end
 Of Solomon Grundy !

XLVII.

THERE was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
 He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile ;
 He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked-
 mouse,
 And they all liv'd together in a little crooked house.

XLVIII.

LITTLE blue Betty lived in a den,
 She sold good ale to gentlemen :
 Gentlemen came every day,
 And little blue Betty hopp'd away.
 She hopp'd up stairs to make her bed,
 And she tumbled down and broke her head.

XLIX.

THE fox and his wife they had a great strife,
 They never eat mustard in all their whole life ;
 They eat their meat without fork or knife,
 And lov'd to be picking a bone, e-oh !

The fox jumped up on a moonlight night ;
The stars they were shining, and all things bright ;
Oho ! said the fox, it's a very fine night,
For me to go through the town, e-oh !

The fox, when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his lugs and he listened a while !
Oh, ho ! said the fox, it's but a short mile
From this unto yonder wee town, e-oh !

The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake ;
I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bone, e-oh !

The grey goose she ran round the hay-stack,
Oh, ho ! said the fox, you are very fat ;
You'll grease my beard and ride on my back,
From this into yonder wee town, e-oh !

The farmer's wife she jump'd out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head !
Oh, husband ! oh, husband ! the geese are all dead,
For the fox has been through the town, e-oh !

The farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,
And shot the old rogue of a fox through the head ;
Ah, ha ! said the farmer, I think you're quite dead ;
And no more you'll trouble the town, e-oh !

L.

THERE WAS an old man, who lived in a wood,
As you may plainly see ;
He said he could do as much work in a day,
As his wife could do in three.
With all my heart, the old woman said,
If that you will allow,
To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,
And I'll go drive the plough.

But you must milk the Tidy cow,
For fear that she go dry ;
And you must feed the little pigs,
That are within the sty ;
And you must mind the speckled hen,
For fear she lay away ;
And you must reel the spool of yarn,
That I spun yesterday.

The old woman took a staff in her hand,
And went to drive the plough ;
The old man took a pail in his hand,
And went to milk the cow :
But Tidy hunched, and Tidy flinched,
And Tidy broke his nose,
And Tidy gave him such a blow,
That the blood ran down to his toes !

High! Tidy! Ho! Tidy! high!
 Tidy! stand still,
 If ever I milk you Tidy, again,
 'Twill be sore against my will!
 He went to feed the little pigs,
 That were within the sty;
 He hit his head against the beam,
 And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,
 For fear she'd lay astray;
 And he forgot the spool of yarn,
 His wife spun yesterday.
 So he swore by the sun, the moon, and the stars,
 And the green leaves on the tree;
 If his wife didn't do a day's work in her life,
 She should ne'er be rul'd by he.

 LI.

THERE was a man in our toone, in our toone, in our
 toone,
There was a man in our toone, and his name was
 Billy Pod;
And he played upon an old razor, an old razor, an old
 razor,
And he played upon an old razor, with my fiddle fiddle
 fe fum fo.

And his hat it was made of the good roast beef, the
good roast beef, &c.

And his hat it was made of the good roast beef, and his
name was Billy Pod ;

And he played upon an old razor, &c. &c.

And his coat it was made of the good fat tripe, the
good fat tripe, the good fat tripe,

And his coat it was made of the good fat tripe, and his
name was Billy Pod ;

And he played upon an old razor, &c.

And his breeks they were made of the bawbie baps,
the bawbie baps, &c.

And his breeks they were made of the bawbie baps,
and his name was Billy Pod ;

And he played upon an old razor, &c.

And there was a man in tither toone, in tither toone,
in tither toone,

And there was a man in tither toone, and his name
was Edrin Drum ;

And he played upon an old laadle, an old laadle, an old
laadle,

And he played upon an old laadle, with my fiddle,
fiddle fe fum fo.

And he eat up all the good roast beef, the good roast
beef, &c. &c.

And he eat up all the good fat tripe, the good fat tripe, &c. &c.

And he eat up all the bawbie baps, &c. and his name was Edrin Drum.

 LII.

THERE was a little man,
 And he had a little gun,
 And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead.
 He went to a brook,
 And fired at a duck,
 And shot him through the head, head, head.

He carried it home,
 To his old wife Joan,
 And bid her a fire for to make, make, make.
 To roast the little duck,
 He'd shot in the brook,
 And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.

The drake was a swimming,
 With his curly tail ;
 The little man made it his mark, mark, mark !
 He let off his gun,
 But he fir'd too soon,
 And the drake flew away with a quack, quack, quack.

LIII.

LUCY Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it :
Nothing in it, nothing in it,
But the binding round it.

LIV.

SAYS Aaron to Moses,
Let's cut off our noses :
Says Moses to Aaron,
'Tis the fashion to wear 'em.

LV.

SAYS Moses to Aaron,
That fellow's a swearing :
Says Aaron to Moses,
He's drunk I supposes.

LVI.

BESSY Bell and Mary Gray,
They were two bonnie lasses :
They built their house upon the lea,
And covered it with rushes.

Bessy kept the garden gate,
 And Mary kept the pantry :
 Bessy always had to wait,
 While Mary lived in plenty.

LVII.

MY lady Wind, my lady Wind,
 Went round about the house to find
 A chink to get her foot in :
 She tried the key-hole in the door,
 She tried the crevice in the floor,
 And drove the chimney soot in.

And then one night, when it was dark,
 She blew up such a tiny spark,
 That all the house was pothered :
 From it she rais'd up such a flame,
 As flamed away to Belting Lane,
 And White Cross folks were smothered.

And thus when once, my little dears,
 A whisper reaches itching ears,
 The same will come, you'll find :
 Take my advice, restrain the tongue,
 Remember what old nurse has sung
 Of busy lady Wind !

LVIII

ROBIN the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
 He eat more meat than fourscore men ;
 He eat a cow, he eat a calf,
 He eat a butcher and a half ;
 He eat a church, he eat a steeple,
 He eat the priest and all the people !

LIX.

PEG, Peg, with a wooden leg,
 Her father was a miller :
 He tossed the dumpling at her head,
 And said he could not kill her.

LX.

[THE tale of Jack Horner has long been appropriated to the nursery. The four lines which follow are the traditional ones, and they form part of "The pleasant History of Jack Horner, containing his witty Tricks and pleasant Pranks, which he plaied from his Youth to his riper Years," 12mo. a copy of which is in the Bodleian Library.]

LITTLE Jack Horner, sat in the corner,
 Eating of Christmas pie :
 He put in his thumb, and took out a plum,
 And said, " What a brave boy am I !"

LXI.

[THIS nursery song may probably commemorate a part of Tom Thumb's history, extant in a little Danish work, treating of "Swain Tomling, a man no bigger than a thumb, who would be married to a woman three ells and three quarters long." See Mr. Thoms' Preface to "Tom à Lincoln," p. xi.]

I HAD a little husband,
 No bigger than my thumb ;
 I put him in a pint pot,
 And then I bade him drum :
 I bridled him, and saddled him,
 And sent him out of town :
 I gave him a pair of garters
 To tie up his little hose ;
 And a little silk handkerchief,
 To wipe his little nose.

LXII.

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
 She had so many children she didn't know what to do ;
 She gave them some broth without any bread,
 She whipped them all well and put them to bed.

LXIII.

[The following is a Scotch version of the same song.]

THERE was a wee bit wifie,
Who lived in a shoe ;
She had so many bairns,
She kenn'd na what to do.
She gaed to the market
To buy a sheep-head ;
When she came back
They were a' lying dead.
She went to the wright
To get them a coffin ;
When she came back
They were a' lying laughing.
She gaed up the stair,
To ring the bell ;
The bell-rope broke,
And down she fell.

LXIV.

TAFFY was a Welchman, Taffy was a thief ;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a piece of beef :
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home ;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a marrow-bone.

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in ;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a silver pin :
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took up a poker and flung it at his head.

LXV.

OLD Dr. Foster went to Gloster,
To preach the word of God :
When he came there, he sat in his chair,
• And gave all the people a nod.

LXVI.

MARY had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs,—upon my word
He was a pretty fellow.

The sweetest note he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary ;
She often where the cage was hung,
Sate to hear her canary.

LXVII.

THE carrion crow, he sat upon an oak,
And he called the tailor a cheating folk ;
“ Sing heigho, the carrion crow,
Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de rhino.”

Wife, fetch me my good strong bow,
That I may kill the carrion crow.
“ Sing heigho,” &c.

The tailor shot, and missed his mark,
And shot the old sow through the heart. .
“ Sing heigho,” &c.

LXVIII.

[Another version of one given p. 23.]

THERE was an old woman sat spinning,
And that 's the first beginning ;
She had a calf,
And that 's half ;
She took it by the tail,
And threw it over the wall,
And that 's all !

LXIX.

SOME little mice sat in a barn to spin ;
 Pussy came by, and she popped her head in :
 " Shall I come in, and cut your threads off ?"
 " Oh ! no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off !"

LXX.

THREE blind mice, the three blind mice,
 They all ran after the farmer's wife,
 Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife.

LXXI.

ST. DUNSTAN, as the story goes,
 Once pulled the devil by the nose,
 With red-hot tongs, which made him roar,
 That he was heard ten miles or more.

LXXII.

As I was walking o'er little Moorfields,
 I saw St. Paul's a running on wheels,
 With a fee, fo, fum.
 Then for further frolics I'll go to France,
 While Jack shall sing and his wife shall dance,
 With a fee, fo, fum.

LXXIII.

TOMMY TROT, a man of law,
 Sold his bed and lay upon straw :
 Sold the straw and slept on grass,
 To buy his wife a looking-glass.

LXXIV.

THERE was a lady lov'd a swine,
 Honey, quoth she,
 Pig, Hog, wilt thou be mine ?
 Hoogh, quoth he.

I'll build thee a silver sty,
 Honey, quoth she ;
 And in it thou shalt lie,
 Hoogh, quoth he.

Pinn'd with a silver pin,
 Honey, quoth she ;
 That you may go out and in,
 Hoogh, quoth he.

Wilt thou have me now,
 Honey ? quoth she ;
 Hoogh, hoogh, hoogh, quoth he,
 And went his way.

LXXV.

THERE was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell ;
She went to market all on a market day.
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came by a pedlar whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about ;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake,
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
“Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I !

“But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me ;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail !”

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark ;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
“Lauk a mercy on me, this can't be I !”

LXXVI.

LITTLE Mary Ester sat upon a tester,
Eating curds and whey ;
There came a spider, and sat down beside her,
And frightened little Mary Ester away !

LXXVII.

[This nursery rhyme is quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's
Bonduca, Act. v. sc. 2.]

SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye ;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie ;

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing ;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king ?

The king was in the parlour
Counting out his money ;
The queen was in her closet
Eating bread and honey ;

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
Up comes a little blackbird,
And snaps off her nose.

LXXVIII.

A CARRION CROW sat on an oak,
 Watching a tailor shape his cloak.
 "Wife," cried he, "bring me my bow,
 That I may shoot you carrion crow."

The tailor shot and miss'd his mark,
 And shot his own sow through the heart.
 "Wife, bring me some brandy in a spoon,
 For our old sow is in a swoon."*

LXXIX.

[THIS apparently alludes to the celebrated General Monk; but
 as it seems to be altogether apocryphal, I have not admitted
 it into the historical class.]

LITTLE General Monk
 Sat upon a trunk,
 Eating a crust of bread;
 There fell a hot coal
 And burnt in his clothes a hole,
 Now Little General Monk is dead.
 Keep always from the fire:
 If it catch your attire,
 You too, like Monk, will be dead.

* See p. 42.

LXXX.

LITTLE Jenny Wren fell sick upon a time,
 When in came Robin Red-breast, and brought her
 bread and wine ;
 " Eat, Jenny, drink, Jenny, all shall be thine !"
 Then Jenny she got better, and stood upon her feet,
 And says to little Robin, " I love thee not a bit !"
 Then Robin he was angry and flew upon a twig,
 " Hoot upon thee, fie upon thee, ungrateful chit !"

LXXXI.

THE STORY OF CATSKIN.

[As related by an old nurse, aged eighty-one. The story is of oriental origin ; but the song, as recited, was so very imperfect, that a few necessary additions and alterations have been made.]

THERE once was a gentleman grand,
 Who lived at his country-seat ;
 He wanted an heir to his land,
 For he'd nothing but daughters yet.

His lady's again in the way,
 So she said to her husband with joy ;
 " I hope some or other fine day,
 To present you, my dear, with a boy."

The gentleman answered gruff,
“ If ’t should turn out a maid or a mouse,
For of both we have more than enough,
She shan’t stay to live in my house.”

The lady at this declaration,
Almost fainted away with pain ;
But what was her sad consternation,
When a sweet little girl came again !

She sent her away to be nurs’d,
Without seeing her gruff papa ;
And when she was old enough,
To a school she was packed away.

Fifteen summers are fled,
Now she left good Mrs. Jervis ;
To see home she was forbid,—
She determined to go and seek service

Her dresses so grand and so gay,
She carefully rolled in a knob ;
Which she hid in a forest away,
And put on a Catskin robe.

She knock’d at a castle gate,
And pray’d for charity ;
They sent her some meat on a plate,
And kept her a scullion to be.

My lady look'd long in her face,
And prais'd her great beauty ;
I'm sorry I've no better place,
And you must our scullion be.

So Catskin was under the cook,
A very sad life she led,
For often a ladle she took,
And broke poor Catskin's head.

There is now a grand ball to be,
When ladies their beauties show ;
"Mrs. Cook," said Catskin, "dear me !
How much I should like to go."

"You go with your Catskin-robe,
You dirty impudent slut !
Among the fine ladies and lords,
A very fine figure you'd cut !"

A basin of water she took,
And dashed in poor Catskin's face ;
But briskly her ears she shook,
And went to her hiding place.

She washed every stain from her skin,
In some cristal waterfall ;
Then put on a beautiful dress,
And hasted away to the ball.

When she entered, the ladies were mute,
 Overcome by her figure and face ;
 But the lord, her young master, at once
 Fell in love with her beauty and grace !

He pray'd her his partner to be,
 She said, " Yes," with a sweet smiling glance ;
 All night with no other lady
 But Catskin, our young lord would dance.

" Pray tell me, fair maid, where you live,"
 For now was the sad parting time ;
 But she no other answer would give,
 Than this distych of mystical rhyme,—

" *Kind sir, if the truth I must tell,
 At the sign of the basin of water I dwell.*"

Then she flew from the ball-room, and put
 On her Catskin robe again ;
 And slipt in unseen by the cook,
 Who little thought where she had been.

The young lord the very next day,
 To his mother his passion betray'd,
 And declared he never would rest,
 Till he'd found out his beautiful maid !

There's another grand ball to be,
 Where ladies their beauty show ;

“Mrs. Cook,” said Catskin, “dear me,
How much I should like to go.”

“You go with your Catskin robe,
You dirty, impudent slut!
Among the fine ladies and lords,
A very fine figure you’d cut!”

In a rage the ladle she took,
And broke poor Catskin’s head;
But off she went shaking her ears,
And swift to her forest she fled.

She washed every blood stain off,
In some cristal waterfall;
Put on a more beautiful dress,
And hasted away to the ball.

My lord at the ball-room door,
Was waiting with pleasure and pain;
He longed to see nothing so much,
As the beautiful Catskin again.

When he asked her to dance, she again
Said “Yes,” with her first smiling glance;
And again all the night my young lord,
With none but fair Catskin did dance!

“Pray tell me,” said he, “where you live;”
For now ’twas the parting time;

But she no other answer would give,
Than this distych of mystical rhyme,—

**“Kind sir, if the truth I must tell,
At the sign of the broken ladle I dwell.”**

Then she flew from the ball, and put on
Her Catskin robe again ;
And slipt in unseen by the cook,
Who little thought where she had been.

My lord did again the next day,
Declare to his mother his mind,
That he never more happy should be,
Unless he his charmer should find.

Now another grand ball is to be,
When ladies their beauty show :
“Mrs. Cook,” said Catskin, “dear me,
How much I should like to go.”

“You go with your Catskin robe,
You impudent, dirty slut !
Among the fine ladies and lords,
A very fine figure you’d cut !”

In a fury she took the skimmer,
And broke poor Catskin’s head !
But heart-whole and lively as ever,
Away to her forest she fled !

She washed the stains of blood,
 In some cristal waterfall ;
 Then put on her most beautiful dress,
 And hasted away to the ball.

My lord at the ball-room door,
 Was waiting with pleasure and pain ;
 He longed to see nothing so much,
 As the beautiful Catskin again.

When he asked her to dance, she again
 Said " Yes," with her first smiling glance ;
 And all the night long, my young lord
 With none but fair Catskin would dance !

" Pray tell me, fair maid, where you live ;"
 For now was the parting time :
 But she no other answer would give,
 Than this distych of mystical rhyme,—

**" Kind sir, if the truth I must tell,
 At the sign of the broken strimmer I dwell."**

Then she flew from the ball, and threw on
 Her catskin-cloak again ;
 And slipt in unseen by the cook,
 Who little thought where she had been.

But not by my lord unseen,
 For this time he follow'd too fast ;

And hid in the forest green,
Saw the strange things that past !

Next day he took to his bed,
And sent for the doctor to come ;
And begg'd him no other than Catskin,
Might come into his room !

He told him how dearly he lov'd her,
Not to have her his heart would break ;
Then the doctor kindly promis'd,
To the proud old lady to speak.

There's a struggle of pride and love,
For she fear'd her son would die ;
But pride at the last did yield,
And love had the mastery !

Then my lord got quickly well,
When he was his charmer to vow ;
And Catskin before a twelvemonth,
Of a young lord was brought to bed.

To a way-faring woman and child,
Lady Catskin one day sent an alms ;
The nurse did the errand, and carried
The sweet little lord in her arms.

The child gave the alms to the child,
This was seen by the old lady mother ;

“ Only see,” said that wicked old woman,
“ How the beggars’ brats take to each other !”

This throw went to Catskin’s heart,
She flung herself down on her knees,
And pray’d her young master and lord,
To seek out her parents would please.

They set out in my lord’s own coach,
And travell’d ; but nought befell,
Till they reach’d the town hard by,
Where Catskin’s father did dwell.

They put up at the head inn,
Where Catskin was left alone ;
But my lord went to try if her father,
His natural child would own.

When folks are away, in short time
What great alterations appear !
For the cold touch of death had all chill’d,
The hearts of her sisters dear.

Her father repented too late,
And the loss of his youngest bemoan’d ;
In his old and childless state,
He his pride and cruelty own’d !

The old gentleman sat by the fire,
And hardly looked up at my lord ;

He had no hopes of comfort,
A stranger could afford.

But my lord drew a chair close by,
And said, in a feeling tone,
“Have you not, sir, a daughter I pray,
You never would see or own?”

The old man alarm'd, cried aloud,
“A hardened sinner am I!
I would give all my worldly goods,
To see her before I die!”

Then my lord brought his wife and child,
To their home and parents' face;
Who fell down and thanks return'd
To God, for his mercy and grace!

The bells ringing up in the tower,
Are sending a sound to the heart;
There's a charm in the old church bells,
Which nothing in life can impart!

LXXXII.

SAYS Robin to Jenny, “if you will be mine,
We'll have cherry tart, and drink currant wine.”
So Jenny consented,—the day was nam'd,
The joyful news the cock proclaim'd:

Together came the Rook and Lark,
One was parson, the other clerk :
The goldfinch gave the bride away,
Who promised always to obey :
The feathered tenants of the air,
Towards the feast gave each a share ;
Some brought grain, and some brought meat,
Some brought savours, some brought sweet :
And as it was most pleasant weather,
The jovial party dined together ;
And long did Robin and his mate,
Live in the happy married state.
Till, doleful to relate ! one day
A hawk with Jenny flew away,
And Robin, by the cruel sparrow,
Was shot quite dead with bow and arrow.

LXXIII.

[The tale of Simple Simon forms one of the chap-books, but the following verses are those generally sung in the nursery.]

SIMPLE Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair :
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
“ Let me taste your ware.”

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Shew me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"I have not got any."

Simple Simon went to town,
To buy a piece of meat :
He tied it to his horse's tail,
To keep it clean and sweet.

Simple Simon went out fishing,
For to catch a whale :
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle ;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

LXXIV.

THERE was an old woman of Norwich,
Who lived on nothing but porridge !
Parading the town,
She turned cloak into gown !
This thrifty old woman of Norwich.

LXXXV.

THERE was an old woman of Leeds,
Who spent all her time in good deeds ;
 She worked for the poor,
 Till her fingers were sore,
This pious old woman of Leeds !

LXXXVI.

OLD mother Hubbard,
Went to the cupboard,
 To get her poor dog a bone ;
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
 To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
 The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
 To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
 The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer,
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
But when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dress'd in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow ;
The dame said, your servant,
The dog said, bow, wow.

LXXVII.

OLD King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;
And he called for his pipe,
And he called for his glass,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
And every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he ;
“ Tweedle dee, tweedle dee,” said the fiddlers.
Oh there’s none so rare,
As can compare,
With King Cole and his fiddlers three !

LXXIX.

TOM he was a piper’s son,
He learn’d to play when he was young,
And all the tunes that he could play,
Was “ Over the hills and far away ;”
Over the hills, and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleas’d both the girls and boys,
And they stopp’d to hear him play,
“ Over the hills and far away.”

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still ;
Whenever they heard they began for to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play ;
So Doll and the cow danced the Cheshire round,
Till the pail was broke and the milk ran on the ground.

He met old dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her legs ;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass ;
He took out his pipe and played them a tune.
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.

LXXXIX.

THERE was a lady all skin and bone,
Sure such a lady was never known :
This lady went to church one day,
She went to church all for to pray.

And when she came to the church stile,
 She sat to rest a little while :
 When she came to the church-yard,
 There the bells so loud she heard.

When she came to the church door,
 She stopt to rest a little more ;
 When she came the church within,
 The parson pray'd 'gainst pride and sin.

On looking up, on looking down,
 She saw a dead man on the ground :
 And from his nose unto his chin,
 The worms crawl'd out, the worms crawl'd in.*

Then she unto the parson said,
 Shall I be so when I am dead ?
 Oh yes ! oh yes ! the parson said,
 You will be so when you are dead.

 XC.

LITTLE John Jiggy Jag,
 He rode a penny nag,
 And went to Wigan to woo :

* This line has been adopted in the modern ballad of "Alonzo and the fair Imogene." The version given above was obtained from Lincolnshire, and differs slightly from the one in "Gammer Gurton's Garland," 8vo. Lond. 1810, p. 29-30.

When he came to a beck,
He fell and broke his neck,—
Johnny, how dost thou now ?

I made him a hat,
Of my coat-lap,
And stockings of pearly blue :
A hat and a feather,
To keep out cold weather ;
So, Johnny, how dost thou now ?

XCI.

SATURDAY-night my wife did die,
I buried her on the Sunday,
I courted another a coming from church,
And married her on the Monday.
On Tuesday night I stole a horse,
On Wednesday was apprehended,
On Thursday I was tried and cast,
And on Friday I was hanged.

XCII.

LITTLE Tom Trigger,
Before he was bigger,
Thought he would go out with his gun ;

Left off bow and arrows,
With which he shot sparrows,
And said he would have some fun.

He shot at a pig,
That was not very big,
But pig away did run ;
Says he, to be sure,
I am not very poor,
I'll put some more shot in my gun.

He shot at a cat,
That had caught a rat,
And hit her right on the pate ;
I'll have your furry skin
To put my powder in,
Your venison, no matter for that.

He started a hare,
The people did stare,
Says he, I'll have you for my dinner ;
It being almost dark,
He missed his mark,
For he was a young beginner.

He came to a stile,
A man all the while
A pitchfork had in his hand ;
Says he, give me the gun,
But he began to run,
All over the ploughed land.

Unhappy was his lot,
Into a hedge he got,
 The man came behind to beat him ;
Tom cannot get through,
He had the man in view,
 But he contrived to cheat him.

A house was in the vale,
And Margery sold ale,
 Says he, I'll have some beer ;
Soon it will be night,
And not a bit of light,
 My roundabout way home to cheer.

A sow in the sty,
As Tommy came by,
 Was calling her pigs to repose ;
Says Tom, I love fun,
And at the pigs did run,
 But fell down and hurt his nose.

Margery came out,
To see what it was about,
 And she said, Master Tommy, O fye !
He took up his gun,
And he began to run,
 From the pigs that were in the sty.

Tom at last got home,
He would no longer roam,
 And his mother began to scold ;

Now he plays at taw,
Sometimes at see-saw,
And is not quite so bold.

Tom and his dog Tray,
In the month of May,
Went to play with a ball,
Which he threw up to the sky,
Yet not so very high,
It soon came down with a fall.

He had a little stick,
It was not very thick,
He hit the ball to make it go faster ;
His little dog Tray,
Soon scampered away,
To bring the ball back to his master.

He got up a tree,
As high as may be,
Some eggs from a nest to obtain ;
A bough bent in two,
(You see it in the view),
And he fell to the ground in great pain.

A doctor they did call
To cure him of the fall,
A long while he kept his bed ;
At last he got well
Of all that him befel,
So this time he shall not be dead.

Tom has now got better,
Writes a pretty letter,
And is always reading his book ;
He is not quite so wild,
As when he was a child
And no pains with his learning he took.

XCIII.

THERE was a frog liv'd in a well,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
There was a frog liv'd in a well,
Kitty alone, and I.
There was a frog liv'd in a well,
And a farce* mouse in a mill,
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

This frog he would a wooing ride,
Kitty alone, &c.
This frog he would a wooing ride,
And on a snail he got astride.
Cock me cary, &c.

* Merry.

He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
 Kitty alone, &c.
 He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
 And there he did both knock and call,
 Cock me cary, &c.

Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
 Kitty alone, &c.
 Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
 To see if thou canst fancy me,
 Cock me cary, &c.

Quoth she, answer I'll give you none,
 Kitty alone, &c.
 Quoth she, answer I'll give you none,
 Until my uncle Rat come home,
 Cock me cary, &c.

And when her uncle Rat came home,
 Kitty alone, &c.
 And when her uncle Rat came home,
 Who's been here since I've been gone?
 Cock me cary, &c.

Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
 Kitty alone, &c.
 Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
 That's been here since you've been gone,
 Cock me cary, &c.

The frog he came whistling through the brook,
Kitty alone, &c.

The frog he came whistling through the brook,
And there he met with a dainty duck.

Cock me cary, &c.

This duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,

This duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,
So there's an end of my history book.

Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

XCIV.

THERE was an old woman toss'd up in a blanket,
Ninety-nine times as high as the moon :
But where she was going no mortal could tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.

Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
Whither, ah ! whither, whither so high ?
Oh ! I'm sweeping the cobwebs off the sky,
And I'll be with you by and by.

XCV.

THERE was an old woman,
And she sold puddings and pies :
She went to the mill,
And the dust flew in her eyes :
Hot pies and cold pies to sell !
Wherever she goes,
You can follow her by the smell.

XCVI.

OLD Mother Niddity Nod swore by the pudding-bag,
She would go to Stoken Church fair ;
AND then old Father Peter, said he would meet her,
Before she got half way there.

XCVII.

GILES Collins he said to his old mother,
Mother, come bind up my head ;
AND send to the parson of our parish,
For to-morrow I shall be dead, dead,
For to-morrow I shall be dead.

His mother she made him some water-gruel,
And stirred it round with a spoon ;
Giles Collins he ate up his water-gruel,
And died before 'twas noon,
And died before 'twas noon.

Lady Anna was sitting at her window,
Mending her night-robe and coif ;
She saw the very prettiest corpse,
She'd seen in all her life, life,
She'd seen in all her life.

What bear ye there, ye six strong men,
Upon your shoulders so high ?
We bear the body of Giles Collins,
Who for love of you did die, die,
Who for love of you did die.

Set him down ! set him down ! Lady Anna she cry'd,
On the grass that grows so green ;
To-morrow before the clock strikes ten,
My body shall lie by his'n, his'n,
My body shall lie by his'n.

Lady Anna was buried in the east
Giles Collins was buried in the west ;
There grew a lily from Giles Collins,
That touch'd Lady Anna's breast, breast,
That touch'd Lady Anna's breast.

There blew a cold north-easterly wind,
And cut this lily in twain ;
Which never there was seen before,
And it never will again, again,
And it never will again.

XCVIII.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them :
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating :
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they still were all fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determin'd for to find them ;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.

It happen'd one day, as Bo-peep did stray,
Unto a meadow hard by :
There she espy'd their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heav'd a sigh, and wip'd her eye,
 And over the hillocks went stump-o ;
 And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
 To tack again each to its rump-o.

 XCIX.

JOHN COOK had a little grey mare ; he, haw, hum !
 Her back stood up, and her bones they were bare ; he,
 haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shuter's bank ; he, haw, hum.
 And there his nag did kick and prank ; he, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shuter's hill ; he haw, hum :
 His mare fell down, and she made her will ; he, haw, hum.

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf ; he, ha, hum :
 If you want any more you may sing it yourself ; he,
 haw, hum.

 C.

THERE was a mad man and he had a mad wife,
 And they liv'd in a mad town :
 And they had children three at a birth,
 And mad they were every one.

The father was mad, the mother was mad,
 And the children mad beside ;
 And they all got on a mad horse,
 And madly they did ride.

They rode by night and they rode by day,
 Yet never a one of them fell ;
 They rode so madly all the way,
 Till they came to the gates of hell.

Old Nick was glad to see them so mad,
 And gladly let them in :
 But he soon grew sorry to see them so merry,
 And let them out again.

 CL.

THERE was an old man, and he liv'd in a wood ;
 And his lazy son Jack would snooze till noon :
 Nor followed his trade, although it was good,
 With a bill and stump for making of brooms, green
 brooms ;
 With a bill and a stump for making of brooms.

One morn in a passion, and sore with vexation,
 He swore he would fire the room,
 If he did not get up and go to his work,
 And fall to the cutting of brooms, green brooms, &c.

Then Jack arose and slipt on his clothes,
And away to the woods very soon,
Where he made up his pack, and put it on his back,
Crying, Maids, do you want any brooms? green
brooms, &c.

Third Class.—Jingles.

CII,

HUB a dub dub,
Three men in a tub ;
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker,
They all fell out of a rotten potato.

CIII.

LITTLE Jack-a-dandy,
Loved plum cake, and sugar-candy,
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop hop hop.

CIV.

DING, dong, bell,
Puss is in the well !
Who put her in,
Little Tommy Lin :

Who pulled her out,
Dog with long snout ;
What a trick was that,
To drown my granny's cat,
Who never did any harm,
But catch the mice in the barn.

CV.

DINGY diddledy,
My mammy's maid,
She stole oranges,
I am afraid ;
Some in her pocket,
Some in her sleeve,
She stole oranges,
I do believe.

CVI.

Cock a doodle doo,
My dame has lost her shoe ;
And master's lost his fiddling stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock a doodle doo,
What is my dame to do ?
Till master finds his fiddling stick
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock a doodle doo,
 My dame has found her shoe,
 And master's found his fiddling stick,
 Sing doodle doodle doo.

Cock a doodle doo,
 My dame will dance with you,
 While master fiddles his fiddling stick,
 For dame and doodle doo.

 CVII.

HEY ding a ding, what shall I sing?
 How many holes in a skimmer?
 Four-and-twenty,—my stomach is empty;
 Pray, mamma, give me some dinner.

 CVIII.

DEEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son John,
 Went to the bed with his trousers on;
 One shoe off, the other shoe on,
 Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

CIX.

FÆDUM, fiddledum fee,
The cat's got into the tree.
Pussy come down,
Or I'll crack your crown,
And toss you into the sea.

CX.

YANKEE Doodle came to town,
Upon a Kentish poney ;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him Macaroni.

CXI.

COME dance a jig
To my Granny's pig,
With a raudy, rowdy, dowdy ;
Come dance a jig,
To my Granny's pig,
And Pussey cat shall crowdy [i. e. fiddle.]

CXII.

[From Devonshire.]

DRIDDLETY drum, driddlety drum,
 There you see the beggars are come ;
 Some are here and some are there,
 And some are gone to Chidlely fair.

CXIII.

[The following may possibly be a game, but I am without any
 evidence for so attributing it.]

INTERY, mintery, cutery-corn,
 Apple seed and apple thorn ;
 Wine, brier, limber-lock,
 Five geese in a flock,
 Sit and sing by a spring,
 O-U-T, and in again.

CXIV.

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
 With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm ;
 She could sing nothing but fiddle cum fee.
 The mouse has married the humble bee ;
 Pipe cat, dance mouse,
 We'll have a wedding at our good house.

CXV.

HEY, dorolot, dorolot !
Hey dorolay, dorolay !
Hey, my bonny boat, bonny boat,
Hey, drag away, drag away !

CXVI.

SEEK a thing, give a thing,
The old man's gold ring ;
Lie butt, lie ben,
Lie among the dead men.

CXVII.

HIE ! diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.

CXVIII.

CRIPPLE Dick upon a stick,
And Sandy on a sow,
Riding away to Galloway,
To buy a pound o' woo.

CXIX.

FIDDLE-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee,
 The fly shall marry the humble bee.
 They went to the church, and married was she,
 The fly has married the humble bee.

CXX.

[*Magot-pie* is the original name of the chattering and ominous bird. See *Macbeth*, Act iii. sc. 4, where the same word is used.]

ROUND about, round about,
 Maggoty pie,
 My father loves good ale,
 And so do I.

CXXI.

DOODLEDY, doodledy, doodledy, dan,
 I'll have a piper to be my good man ;
 And if I get less meat, I shall get game,
 Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy, dan.

CXXII.

[From Shropshire.]

ONE, two, three,
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.
How good you be,
One, two, three,
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.

CXXIII.

DICK and Tom, Will and John,
Brought me from Nottingham.

CXXIV.

ONE-ERY, two-ery,
Ziccary zan ;
Hollow bone, crack a bone,
Ninery ten :
Spittery spot,
It must be done ;
Twiddleum twaddleum,
Twenty-one.

Hink spink, the puddings stink,
 The fat begins to fry,
 Nobody at home, but jumping Joan,
 Father, mother and I.
 Stick, stock, stone dead,
 Blind man can't see,
 Every knave, will have a slave,
 You or I must be he.

CXXV.

TOMMY Tibule, Harry Wibule,
 Tommy Tissile, Harry Whistle,
 Little wee, wee, wee.

CXXVI.

[A Scottish ditty, sung on whirling round a piece of lighted
 paper to a child.]

DINGLE, dingle, doosey;
 The cat's in the well;
 The dog's away to Bellingan,
 To buy the bairn a bell.

CXXVII

[Water-skimming.]

A DUCK and a drake,
A nice barley cake,
With a penny to pay the old baker :
A hop and a skotch,
Is another notch,
Slitherum, slatherum, take her.

CXXVIII

GILLY Silly Jarter,
Who has lost a garter ?
In a shower of rain,
The miller found it,
The miller ground it,
And the miller gave it to Silly again.

CXXIX.

SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
Jackey shall have a new master ;
He shall have only a penny a-day,
Because he can work no faster.

CXXX.

[See Jamieson's *Glossary*, voc. zickety, and Blackwood's
Edinburgh Magazine, Aug. 1821, p. 36.]

ZICKETY, dickety, dock,
The mouse ran up the nock ;
The nock struck one,
Down the mouse run,
Zickety, dickety, dock.

CXXXI.

SEE, Saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw ;
Was not she a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and lie upon dirt ?

CXXXII.

DING, dong, darrow,
The cat and the sparrow ;
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be hang'd tomorrow.

CXXXIII.

PUSSICAT, wussicat, with a white foot,
When is your wedding, and I'll come to't.
The beer's to brew, the bread's to bake,
Pussy cat, pussy cat, don't be too late!

CXXXIV.

RIDE to the market to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jig;
Ride to the market to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

CXXXV.

LEG over leg,
As the dog went to Dover;
When he came to a stile,
Jump he went over.

Fourth Class.—Riddles.

 CXXXVI.

[A HEDGEHOG.]

As I went over Lincoln bridge,
 I met mister Rusticap ;
 Pins and needles on his back,
 A going to Thorney fair.

 CXXXVII.

[A BED.]

FORMED long ago, yet made to day,
 Employed while others sleep ;
 What few would like to give away,
 Nor any wish to keep.

 CXXXVIII.

[A CINDER.]

A RIDDLE, a riddle, as I suppose,
 A hundred eyes, and never a nose.

CXXXIX.

[A WELL.]

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't pull it up.

CXL.

[AN EGG.]

HUMPTY DUMPTY sate on a wall,
Humpti dumpti had a great fall ;
Three score men and three score more,
Cannot place Humpty dumpty as he was before.

CXLI.

Goosy goosy gander !
Where shall I wander ?
Up stairs and down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber ;
There I met an old man,
That would not say his prayers.
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him down stairs.

CXLII.

[A RAINBOW.]

[The allusion to Oliver Cromwell satisfactorily fixes the date of this riddle to belong to the seventeenth century.]

PURPLE, yellow, red and green,
The king cannot reach it nor the queen ;
Nor can old Noll, whose power's so great,
Tell me this riddle while I count eight.

CXLIII.

[A CANDLE.]

LITTLE Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat ;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

CXLIV.

[PAIR OF TONGS.]

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes.

CXLV.

[ONE LEG IS A LEG OF MUTTON; TWO LEGS, A MAN; THREE
LEGS, A STOOL; FOUR LEGS, A DOG.]

Two legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg.
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.

CXLVI.

As I was going to sell my eggs,
I met a man with bandy legs,
Bandy legs and crooked toes,
I tripped up his heels and he fell on his nose.

CXLVII.

PEASE-porridge hot, pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old.
Spell me *that* in four letters.

CXLVIII.

[TEETH AND GUMS.]

THIRTY white horses on a red hill.
 Now they tramp, now they champ, now they stand still,

CXLIX.

[A CHERRY.]

As I went through the garden gap,
 Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap !
 A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat.
 If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a groat.

CL.

ELIZABETH, Elspeth, Betsy and Bess,
 They all went together to seek a bird's nest.
 They found a bird's nest with five eggs in,
 They all took one, and left four in.

CLI.

As I was going to St. Ives,
 I met a man with seven wives,
 Every wife had seven sacks,
 Every sack had seven cats,
 Every cat had seven kits :
 Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
 How many were there going to St. Ives ?

CLII.

SEE, see ! what shall I see ?
A horse's head where his tail should be.

CLIII.

I HAD a little castle upon the sea-side,
One half was water, the other was land ;
I open'd my little castle door, and guess what I found ;
I found a fair lady with a cup in her hand.
The cup was gold, filled with wine ;
Drink fair lady, and thou shalt be mine.

CLIV.

WHEN I went up sandy-hill,
I met a sandy boy ;
I cut his throat, I sucked his blood,
And left his skin a hanging-o.

CLV.

[THE HOLLY TREE.]

HIGHTY, tighty, paradighty clothed in green,
The king could not read it, no more could the queen ;
They sent for a wise man out of the East,
Who said it had horns, but was not a beast !

CLVL

I HAD a little sister, they call'd her peep, peep,
She waded the waters deep, deep, deep,
She climbed up the mountains high, high, high,
Poor little creature she wanted an eye.

Fifth Class.—Proverbs.

CLVII.

A SEMPSTRESS that sews,
 And would make her work redde [i.e. scarce],
 Must use a long needle,
 And a short thread.

CLVIII.

[The following old saw is generally believed to refer to the Teutonic method of numbering. See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, edited by Sir H. Ellis, vol. ii. p. 324.]

FIVE score of men, money, and pins,
 Six score of all other things.

CLIX.

SEE a pin and pick it up,
 All the day you'll have good luck ;
 See a pin and let it lay,
 Bad luck you'll have all the day !

CLX.

A SWARM of bees in May,
 Is worth a load of hay ;
 A swarm of bees in June,
 Is worth a silver spoon ;
 A swarm of bees in July,
 Is not worth a fly.

CLXI.

St. Swithin's day if thou dost rain,
 For forty days it will remain :
 St. Swithin's day if thou be fair,
 For forty days 'twill rain na mair.

CLXII.

To make your candles last for aye,
 You wives and maids give ear-o!
 To put 'em out 's the only way,
 Says honest John Boldero.

CLXIII.

THE taylor of Bisiter,
 He has but one eye ;
 He cannot cut a pair of green galagaskins,
 If he were to try.

CLXIV.

NEEDLES and pins, needles and pins,
 When a man marries his trouble begins.

CLXV.

RIDDLE me, riddle me, riddle me ree !
 None are so blind as those that won't see.

CLXVI.

[ONE version of the following song, which I believe to be the genuine one, is written on the last leaf of MS. Harl. 6580, in a hand of the end of the seventeenth century, but unfortunately it is scarcely adapted for the "ears polite" of modern days. See also MS. Sloane, 406, where it is also quoted.]

A MAN of words and not of deeds
 Is like a garden full of weeds ;

And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow ;
And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall :
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky ;
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door ;
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a stick across your back ;
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart ;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead, indeed.

Sixth Class.—Lullabies.

CLXVII.

HUSH a bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock ;
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

CLXVIII.

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy 's gone a hunting,
To get a little hare's skin,
To wrap a baby bunting in.

CLXIX.

HUSHY baby, my doll, I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread and some milk by and bye ;
Or, perhaps you like custard, or may-be a tart,—
Then to either you're welcome, with all my whole heart.

CLXX.

BYE, O my baby,
When I was a lady,
O then my poor baby didn't cry ;
But my baby is weeping,
For want of good keeping,
Oh, I fear my poor baby will die.

CLXXI.

Hush thee, my babby,
Lie still with thy daddy,
Thy mammy has gone to the mill,
To grind thee some wheat,
To make thee some meat,
And so my dear babby lie still.

CLXXII.

HUSH a bye a ba lamb,
Hush a bye a milk cow,
You shall have a little stick,
To beat the naughty bow-wow.

CLXXIII.

CRY, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your eye,
And tell your mother it was I.

Seventh Class.—Charms.

CLXXV.

[The three following charms are for the hiccup, and each one must be said thrice in one breath, to render the specific of service.]

WHEN a twister twisting would twist him a twist,
 For twisting a twist three twists he will twist ;
 But if one of the twists untwists from the twist,
 The twist untwisting untwists the twist.

CLXXVI.

ROBERT ROWLEY rolled a round roll round,
 A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round ;
 Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round ?

CLXXVII.

PETER Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper ;
 A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked ;
 If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
 Where is the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked ?

CLXXVIII.

[Ady, in his "Candle in the Dark," 4to. Lond. 1655, p. 58, says that this is a charm used for making butter come from the churn. It was to be said thrice.]

COME, butter, come,
 Come, butter, come!
 Peter stands at the gate,
 Waiting for a butter'd cake;
 Come, butter, come!

CLXXIX.

I WENT to the toad that lies under the wall,
 I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
 I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before,
 I tore the bat's wing, what would you have more?

CLXXX.

[A charm somewhat similar to the following may be seen in the *Townley Mysteries*, p. 91. See a paper in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxvii. p. 253, by the Rev. Launcelot Sharpe, M.A.]

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
 Guard the bed that I lay on!
 Four corners to my bed,
 Four angels round my head!
 One to watch, one to pray,
 And two to bear my soul away!

CLXXXI.

[THE present charm, which appears to be only another version of the one just given, is preserved by Aubrey, in MS. Lansd. 231, fol. 114. It may likewise be found in Ady's "Candle in the Dark," 4to. Lond, 1655, p. 58.]

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
 Bless the bed that I lye on!
 And blessed guardian-angel, keep
 Me safe from danger whilst I sleep!

CLXXXII.

[The following charm was learnt by the late Sir Humphrey Davy, when a boy, as a cure for the cramp.]

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John, ease us, I beg!
 The devil has tied up a knot in my leg.
 Crosses three ✠ ✠ ✠ we make to ease us;
 Two for the robbers, and one for Christ Jesus.

Eighth Class.—Games.

CLXXXIII.

WE are three brethren out of Spain,
 Come to court your daughter Jane.
 My daughter Jane she is too young,
 And has not learn'd her mother-tongue.

Be she young, or be she old,
 For her beauty she must be sold.
 So fare you well, my lady gay,
 We'll call again another day,

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight ;
 And rub thy spurs till they be bright.
 Of my spurs take you no thought,
 For in this town they were not bought.
 So fare you well, my lady gay,
 We'll call again another day.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
 And take the fairest in your sight.
 The fairest maid that I can see,
 Is pretty Nancy, come to me.

Here comes your daughter safe and sound,
Every pocket with a thousand pound ;
Every finger with a gay gold ring ;
Please to take your daughter in.

CLXXXIV.

HERE we come a piping,
First in spring and then in May,
The queen she sits upon the sand,
Fair as a lilly, white as a wand ;
King John has sent you letters three,
And begs you'll read them unto me ;
We can't read one, without them all,
So pray Miss Bridget deliver the ball !

CLXXXV.

SIEVE my lady's oatmeal,
Grind my lady's flour,
Put it in a chesnut,
Let it stand an hour ;
One may rush, two may rush,
Come, my girls, walk under the bush.

CLXXXVI.

GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
The moon does shine as bright as day ;
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your play-fellows into the street.
Come with a whistle, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

CLXXXVII.

I WON'T be my father's Jack,
I won't be my mother's Gill,
I will be the fiddler's wife,
And have music when I will.
T'other little tune,
T'other little tune,
Pr'ythee, love, play me
T'other little tune.

CLXXXVIII.

RIDE a cock horse,
To Banbury Cross,
To see what Tommy can buy ;

A penny white loaf,
A penny white cake,
And a two-penny apple pie.

CLXXXIX.

SEE saw, Jack in a hedge,
Which is the way to London bridge?
One foot up, and one foot down,
That is the best way to London town.

CXC.

THERE were two black-birds,
Sitting on a hill,
The one nam'd Jack,
The other nam'd Jill ;
Fly away Jack !
Fly away Jill !
Come again Jack !
Come again Jill !

CXCI.

TOM Brown's two little Indian boys,
One ran away,
The other wouldn't stay,—
Tom Brown's two little Indian boys.

CXCII.

[The following is a song to a nursery dance.]

GAY go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London Town.

Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles.

Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells at St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells at St. Helen's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

When I shall grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray, when will that be?
Say the bells at Stepney.

I am sure I don't know,
Says the great bell at Bow.

CXCIII.

SNAIL, snail,
Come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you
As black as a coal.

CXCIV.

[One child holds a wand to the face of another, repeating these lines, and making grimaces, to cause the latter to laugh, and so to the others; those who laugh paying a forfeit.]

BUFF says Buff to all his men,
And I say Buff to you again;
Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
But carries his face
With a very good grace,
And passes the stick to the very next place!

CXCIV.

DANCE, Bumpkin, dance,
 (*Keep the thumb in motion.*)
 Dance, ye merrymen, every one ;
 (*All the fingers in motion.*)
 For Bumpkin, he can dance alone,
 (*The thumb only moving.*)
 Bumpkin, he can dance alone. (*Ditto.*)
 Dance, Foreman, dance,
 (*The first finger moving.*)
 Dance ye merrymen every one ;
 (*The whole moving.*)
 But Foreman, he can dance alone,
 Foreman, he can dance alone.

And so on with the others—naming the 2d finger *Middleman*—the 3d finger *Ringman*—and the 4th finger *Littleman*. *Littleman cannot dance alone.*

CXCVI.

QUEEN Anne, queen Anne, you sit in the sun,
 As fair as a lily, as white as a wand.
 I send you three letters, and pray read one,
 You must read one, if you can't read all,
 So pray, Miss or Master, throw up the ball.

CXCVII.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
To buy little Johnny a galloping-horse :
It trots behind, and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more.

CXCVIII.

RIDE a cock-horse to Coventry cross ;
To see what Emma can buy ;
A penny white cake I'll buy for her sake,
And a twopenny tart or a pie.

CXCIX.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,
She will have music wherever she goes.

CC.

To market ride the gentlemen,
So do we, so do we ;
Then comes the country clown,
Hobbledy gee, Hobbledy gee !

CCI.

THIS is the key of the kingdom.
In that kingdom there is a city.
In that city there is a town.
In that town there is a street.
In that street there is a lane.
In that lane there is a yard.
In that yard there is a house.
In that house there is a room.
In that room there is a bed.
On that bed there is a basket.
In that basket there are some flowers.
Flowers in the basket, **basket** in the bed, **bed** in the
 room, &c. &c.

 CCII.

[Song set to five toes.]

1. **LET** us go to the wood, says this pig ;
 2. **What** to do there ? says that pig ;
 3. **To** look for my mother, says this pig ;
 4. **What** to do with her ? says that pig ;
 5. **Kiss** her to death, says this pig.
-

CCIII.

Eggs, butter, cheese, bread,
 Stick, stock, stone, dead,
 Stick him up, stick him down,
 Stick him in the old man's crown.

CCIV.

[I believe the following is only a portion of a dialogue, but I
 have not been able to recover it.]

HERE comes a poor woman from baby-land,
 With three small children in her hand:
 One can brew, the other can bake,
 The other can make a pretty round cake.

CCV.

[A string of children, hand in hand, stand in a row. A child
 (A) stands in front of them, as leader; two other children (B and
 C) form an arch, each holding both the hands of the other]

- A. DRAW a pail of water,
 For my lady's daughter;
 My father's a king, and my mother's a queen,
 My two little sisters are dress'd in green,
 Stamping grass and parsley,
 Marigold leaves and daisies.

B. One rush, two rush,

Pray thee, fine lady, come under my bush.

[A passes under the arch, followed by the whole string of children, the last of whom is taken captive by B and C. The verses are repeated, until the whole are taken.]

CCVI.

ELEVEN comets in the sky,
 Some low and some high ;
 Nine peacocks in the air,
 I wonder how they all came there.
 I do not know and I do not care ;
 Seven lobsters in a dish,
 As fresh as any heart could wish ;
 Six beetles against the wall,
 Close by an old woman's apple-stall ;
 Four horses stuck in a bog,
 Three monkeys tied to a clog ;
 Two pudding-ends would choke a dog,
 With a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

CCVII.

[A Scotch version of the song already given at p. 109.]

LAZY dukes, that sit in your neuks,
 And winna come out to play ;

Leave your supper, leave your sleep,
 Come out and play at hide-and-seek.
 I've a cherry, I've a chess,
 I've a bonny blue glass,
 I've a dog among the corn,
 Blow Willie Buckhorn.
 Three score of Highland kye,
 One booly-backed,
 One blind of an eye,
 An' a' the rest hawkit.
 Laddie wi' the shelly-coat
 Help me owre the ferry-boat ;
 The ferry-boat is owre dear,
 Ten pounds every year.
 The fiddler's in the Canongate,
 The piper's in the Abbey,
 Huzza ! cocks and hens,
 Flee awa' to your cavey.

CCVIII.

THERE were three jovial Welshmen,
 As I have heard them say,
 And they would go a-hunting
 Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
 And nothing could they find,
 But a ship a-sailing,
 A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said, nay ;
The third said it was a house,
And the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said, nay ;
The third said it was a cheese,
And half o't cut away.

CCIX.

[Song set to five fingers.]

1. THIS little pig went to market ;
 2. This little pig staid at home ;
 3. This little pig had a bit of bread and butter ;
 4. This little pig had none ;
 5. This little pig said, Wee, wee, wee !
I can't find my way home.
-

CCX.

[A game at ball.]

CUCKO, cherry tree,
Catch a bird, and give it to me ;
Let the tree be high or low,
Let it hail, rain, or snow.

CCXI.

I CAN make diet bread,
Thick and thin ;
I can make diet bread,
Fit for the king.

CCXII.

[The following lines are sung by children when starting for a
race.]

Good horses, bad horses,
What is the time of day ?
Three o'clock, four o'clock,
Now fare you away.

CCXIII.

[The following is the Oxfordshire version of the game of the Confessional, as shown in shadows on the wall.]

FATHER, O father, I'm come to confess,
 Well, my daughter, well!
 Last night I call'd the cat a beast.
 Shocking, my daughter, shocking!
 What penance? my father, what penance?
 What penance! my daughter, what penance!
 What penance shall I do?
 Kiss me.

CCXIV.

[The Kentish version of the same game.]

Good morning, father Francis.
 Good morning, Mrs. Sheckleton. What has brought
 you abroad so early, Mrs. Sheckleton?
 I have come to confess a great sin, father Francis.
 What's it, Mrs. Sheckleton?
 Your cat stole a pound of my butter, father Francis!
 O, no sin at all, Mrs. Sheckleton.
 But I kill'd your cat for it, father Francis.
 O a very great sin indeed, Mrs. Sheckleton, you must
 do penance.
 What penance, father Francis?
 Kiss me.
 O no, O yes, O no, O yes, &c. *ad libitum*.

CCXV.

[Children hunting bats.]

BAT, bat (*clap hands*),
 Come under my hat,
 And I'll give you a slice of bacon ;
 And when I bake,
 I'll give you a cake,
 If I am not mistaken.

CCXVI.

[THIS is acted by two or more girls, who walk or dance up and down, turning, when they say, "turn, cheeses, turn." The "green cheeses," as I am informed, are made with sage and potatoe-tops. Two girls are said to be "cheese and cheese."]

GREEN cheeses, yellow laces,
 Up and down the market-places,
 Turn, cheeses, turn !

CCXVII.

[Two of the strongest children are selected, A and B. A stands within a ring of the children, B being outside.]

- A. Who is going round my sheepfold ?
- B. Only poor old Jacky Lingo.
- A. Don't steal any of my black sheep.

B. No, no more I will, only by one,
Up, says Jacky Lingo. (*Strikes one.*)

[The child struck leaves the ring, and takes hold of B behind; B in the same manner takes the other children, one by one, gradually increasing his tail on each repetition of the verses, until he has got the whole. A then tries to get them back; B runs away with them; they try to shelter themselves behind B; A drags them off, one by one, setting them against a wall, until he has recovered all. A regular tearing game, as children say.]

 CCXVIII.

[CHILDREN stand round, and are counted one by one by means of this rhyme, which I have already given in a different form at p. 89. The child upon whom the last number falls is *out*, for "Hide or Seek," or any other game where a victim is required. A cock and bull story of this kind is related of the historian Josephus.]

HICKORY (1), Dickory (2), Dock (3),
The mouse ran up the clock (4),
The clock struck one (5),
The mouse was gone (6);
O (7), u (8), r (9), spells out!

 CCXIX.

[A number of boys and girls stand round one in the middle, who repeats the following lines, counting the children until one is counted out by the end of the verses.]

RING me (1), ring me (2), ring me rary (3),
As I go round (4), ring by ring (5),

A virgin (6) goes a maying (7),
 Here 's a flower (8), and there 's a flower (9),
 Growing in my lady's garden (10);
 If you set your foot awry (11),
 Gentle John will make you cry (12),
 If you set your foot amiss (13),
 Gentle John (14) will give you a kiss.

[The child upon whom (14) falls, is then taken out and forced to select one of the opposite sex. The middle child then proceeds.]

This [lady or gentleman] is none of ours,
 Has put [his or her] self in [the selected child's] power,
 So clap all hands, and ring all bells, and make the
 wedding o'er. [*All clap hands.*]

[If the child taken by lot joins in the clapping, the selected child is rejected, and, I think, takes the middle place. Otherwise, I think, there is a salute.]

CCXX.

SEE-SAW, sacradown ;
 Which is the way to London town ?
 One foot up, and the other down,
 And that is the way to London town.
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
 I caught a hare alive ;
 6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
 I let him go again.

CCXXI.

HIGHTY cock O!
To London we go,
To York we ride;
And Edward has pussy-cat tied to his side;
He shall have little dog tied to the other,
And then he goes trid trod to see his grandmother.

CCXXII.

SEE-SAW, jack a daw,
What is a craw to do wi' her;
She has not a stocking to put on her,
And the craw has not one for to gi' her.

CCXXIII.

[Another version of No. 219.]

As I go round ring by ring,
A maiden goes a maying,
And here 's a flower and there 's a flower,
As red as any daisy. If you set your foot awry,
Gentle John will make you cry;
If you set your foot amiss,
Gentle John will give you a good kiss.

CCXXIV.

ONE old Oxford ox opening oysters ;
 Two tee totums totally tired of trying to trot to Tad-
 berry ;
 Three tall tigers tipping ten-penny tea ;
 Four fat friars fanning fainting flies ;
 Five frippy Frenchmen foolishly fishing for flies ;
 Six sportsmen shooting snipes !
 Seven Severn salmons swallowing shrimps ;
 Eight Englishmen eagerly examining Europe ;
 Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nonpareils ;
 Ten tinkers tinkling upon ten tin tinder-boxes with ten
 tenpenny tacks ;
 Eleven elephants elegantly equipt ;
 Twelve typographical topographers typically translating
 types.

 CCXXV.

[A stands with a row of girls (her daughters) behind her ;
 B, a suitor advances.]

B. TRIP trap over the grass ; If you please will you
 let one of your [eldest] daughters come,
 Come and dance with me ?
 I will give you pots and pans, I will give you brass,
 I will give you anything for a pretty lass.
 A says " No."
 B. I will give you gold and silver, I will give you
 pearl,
 I will give you anything for a pretty girl.

- A. Take one, take one, the fairest you may see.
 B. The fairest one that I can see
 Is pretty Nancy, come to me.

[B carries one off, and says:]

You shall have a duck, my dear,
 And you shall have a drake,
 And you shall have a young man apprentice for
 your sake.

(Children say:)

If this young man should happen to die,
 And leave this poor woman a widow,
 The bells shall all ring, and the birds shall all sing,
 And we'll all clap hands together.

[So it is repeated until the whole are taken.]

The verses of the Three Knights of Spain are played in nearly
 the same way.

CCXXVI.

THE first day of Christmas,
 My mother sent to me,
 A partridge in a pear-tree.
 The second day of Christmas,
 My mother sent to me,
 Two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear-tree.
 The third, &c.
 Three French hens, two turtle doves, and a partridge, &c.

The fourth, &c.

Four canary birds, three French hens, two turtle, &c.

The fifth, &c.

Five gold rings, &c.

The sixth, &c.

Six geese a laying, &c.

The seventh, &c.

Seven swans a swimming, &c.

The eighth, &c.

Eight ladies dancing, &c.

The ninth, &c.

Nine lords a leaping, &c.

The tenth, &c.

Ten ships a sailing, &c.

The eleventh, &c.

Eleven ladies spinning, &c.

The twelfth, &c.

Twelve bells ringing, &c.

[Each child in succession repeats the gifts of the day, and forfeits for each mistake. This accumulative process is a favourite with children; in early writers, such as Homer, the repetition of messages, &c. pleases on the same principle.]

Fifth Class.—Paradoxes.

CCXXVII.

O THAT I was where I would be,
 Then would I be where I am not ;
 But where I am I must be,
 And where I would be I can not.

CCXXVIII.

HERE am I, little jumping Joan ;
 When nobody's with me,
 I'm always alone.

CCLXXIX.

[The conclusion of the following resembles a verse in the
 nursery history of Mother Hubbard.]

THERE was an old woman and what do you think ?
 She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.
 Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
 And yet this old woman could never be quiet.

She went to the baker, to buy her some bread,
And when she came home, her old husband was dead ;
She went to the clerk to toll the bell,
And when she came back her old husband was well.

CCXXX.

THE rule of the road is a paradox quite,
And custom has prov'd it so long :
He that goes to the left is sure to go right,
And he that goes right must go wrong.

CCXXXI.

[The following is quoted in Parkins' Reply to Dr. Stukeley's second number of *Origines Roystoniana*, 4to. Lond. 1748, p. 6.]

PETER White will ne'er go right,
And would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose where'er he goes,
And that stands all awry.

Tenth Class.—Literal.

CCXXXII.

A, B, C, tumble down dee,
The cat's in the cupboard, and can't see me.

CCXXXIII.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
I caught a hare alive;
6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
I let her go again.

CCXXXIV.

GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B,
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.

CCXXXV.

ONE, two,
Buckle my shoe ;
Three, four,
Shut the door ;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks ;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight ;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen ;
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve ?
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a courting ;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a kissing ;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a waiting ;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.

CCXXXVI.

PAT-a-cake, pat-a cake, baker's man :
So I will master as fast as I can :
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put in the oven for Tommy and me.

CCXXXVII.

[The following is taken from MS. Sloan. 2497, of the sixteenth century.]

N. for a word of deniance,
 E. with a figure fiftie,
 Spelleth his name that newer
 Will be thriftie.

CCXXXVIII.

Miss one two and three, could never agree,
 While they gossiped round a tea caddy.

CCXXXIX.

ONE's none ;
 Two's some ;
 Three's a many ;
 Four's a penny.
 Five is a little hundred.

Eleventh Class.—Scholastic.

CCXL.

A DILLER, a doller,
 A ten o'clock scholar,
 What makes you come so soon?
 You us'd to come at ten o'clock,
 And now you come at noon.

CCXLI.

MISTRESS Mary, quite contrary,
 How does your garden grow?
 With cockle shells, and silver bells,
 And cowslips all a row.

CCXLII.

Donkey walks on four legs,
 And I walk on two;
 The last I saw,
 Was very like you.

CCXLIII.

LIAR, liar, lick spit,
Turn about the candlestick.
What's good for liar?
Brimstone and fire.

CCXLIV.

WHEN I was a little boy my mammy kept me in,
But now I am a great boy I'm fit to serve the king ;
I can hand a musket, and I can smoke a pipe,
And I can kiss a pretty girl at twelve o'clock at night.

CCXLV.

TELL tale, tit !
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in the town
Shall have a little bit.

CCXLVI.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad ;
The rule of three does puzzle me,
And practice drives me mad,

Twelfth Class.—Customs.*

CCXLVII.

[The following is sung at the Christmas mummings in
Somersetshire.]

HERE comes I,
Liddle man Jan,
Wi my 3word
In my han!

If you don't all do,
As you be told by I,
I'll 3end you all to York,
Vor to make apple-pie.

CCXLVIII.

DIBBITY, dibbity, dibbity, doe,
Give me a pan-cake
And I'll go.
Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity, ditteer,
Please to give me
A bit of a fritter.

* This class might be extended to great length, but I shall content myself with giving a few, and referring to Sir H. Ellis's edition of Brand's Popular Antiquities for more.

CCXLIX.

was probably the custom, on repeating these lines, to hold snail to a candle, in order to make it quit the shell. In Normandy it was the practice at Christmas for boys to run round lit trees, with lighted torches, singing these lines :

Taupes et mulots,
Sortez de vos clos,
Sinon vous bruleraï et la barbe et les os.]

SNAIL, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.

CCL.

I SEE the moon, and the moon sees me,
God bless the moon, and God bless me.

CCLL

[AUBREY, in his "Remaines of Gentilisme and Judaisme," gives another version of this song, as current in the seventeenth century, very curious, but unfortunately much too indelicate to be printed in a book emanating from the Percy Society, or indeed any other.]

WHEN I was a little girl,
I wash'd my mother's dishes ;
I put my finger in my eye,
And pull'd out little fishes.

CCLII.

HERRINGS, herrings, white and red,
Ten a penny, Lent's dead.
Rise dame and give an egg,
Or else a piece of bacon.
 One for Peter, two for Paul,
 Three for Jack a Lent's all,
 Away, Lent, away.

CCLIII.

[The unmarried ladies in the north address the new moon in the following lines :]

ALL hail to the moon ! all hail to thee !
I prithee, good moon, declare to me
This night who my husband must be !

Thirteenth Class.—Songs.

CCLIV.

PARSON Darby wore a black gown,
And every button cost half a crowu ;
From port to port, and toe to toe,
Turn the ship and away we go !

CCLV.

I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple-grey,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away ;
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire ;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

CCLVL

As Tommy Snooks, and Bessy Brooks,
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
" Tomorrow will be Monday."

CCLVII

[A north-country song.]

SAYS t'auld man tit oak tree,
 Young and lusty was I when I kenn'd thee;
 I was young and lusty, I was fair and clear,
 Young and lusty was I mony a lang year,
 But sair fail'd am I, sair fail'd now,
 Sair fail'd am I sen I kenn'd thou.

CCLVIII

[The following song is given in Whiter's *Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare*, 8vo. Lond. 1794, p. 19, as peculiar to Cambridge and Norfolk.]

HEIGH, ho! heigh, ho!
 Dame what makes your ducks to die?
 What a pize ails 'em, what a pize ails 'em?
 Heigh, ho! heigh, ho!
 Dame, what ails your ducks to die?
 Eating o' polly wigs, eating o' polly wigs. [i. e. Tadpoles.]
 Heigh, ho! heigh, ho!

CCLIX.

Buz, quoth the blue fly,
Hum, quoth the bee,
Buz and hum they cry,
And so do we :
In his ear, in his nose,
Thus, do you see ;
He ate the dormouse,
Else it was thee.

CCLX.

[Out of the many songs relating to the heroine of the following stanza, one only has been deemed eligible for insertion in this volume.]

NANCY DAWSON was so fine,
She wouldn't get up to serve the swine,
She lies in bed till eight or nine,
So its oh ! poor Nancy Dawson.

CCLXI.

WE'RE all dry with drinking on't,
We're all dry with drinking on't ;
The piper kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
And I can't sleep for thinking on't.

CCXLII.

THERE was an old man who liv'd in Middle Row,
 He had five hens, and a name for them, oh !
 Bill and Ned and Battock,
 Cut-her-foot and Pattock,
 Chuck, my lady Prattock,
 Go to thy nest and lay.

CCLXIII.

WHo comes here ?
 A grenadier.
 What do you want ?
 A pot of beer.
 Where is your money ?
 I've forgot.
 Get you gone,
 You drunken sot.

CCLXIV.

CURLY locks ! curly locks ! wilt thou be mine ?
 Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine :
 But sit on a cushion, and sew a fine seam,
 And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream !

CCLXV.

I'LL sing you a song,
Nine verses long,
 For a pin ;
Three and three are six,
And three are nine ;
You are a fool,
 And the pin is mine.

CCLXVI.

THE quaker's wife got up to bake,
 Her children all about her,
She gave them every one a cake,
 And the miller wants his moultter.

CCLXVII.

BARBER, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs will make a wig ?
"Four and twenty, that's enough."
Give the poor barber a pinch of snuff.

CCLXVIII.

WE'LL go a shooting, says Robin to Bobbin ;
We'll go a shooting, says Richard to Robin ;
We'll go a shooting, says John all alone ;
We'll go a shooting, says every one.

What shall we kill, says Robin to Bobbin ;
What shall we kill, says Richard to Robin ;
What shall we kill, says John all alone ;
What shall we kill, says every one.

We'll shoot at that wren, says Robin to Bobbin ;
We'll shoot at that wren, says Richard to Robin ;
We'll shoot at that wren, says John all alone ;
We'll shoot at that wren, says every one.

She's down, she's down, says Robin to Bobbin ;
She's down, she's down, says Richard to Robin ;
She's down, she's down, says John all alone ;
She's down, she's down, says every one.

How shall we get her home, says Robin to Bobbin ;
How shall we get her home, says Richard to Robin ;
How shall we get her home, says John all alone ;
How shall we get her home, says every one.

We'll hire a cart, says Robin to Bobbin ;
We'll hire a cart, says Richard to Robin ;
We'll hire a cart, says John all alone ;
We'll hire a cart, says every one.

Then hoist, boys, hoist, says Robin to Bobbin ;
 Then hoist, boys, hoist, says Richard to Robin ;
 Then hoist, boys, hoist, says John all alone ;
 Then hoist, boys, hoist, says every one.

So they brought her away, after each pluck'd a feather,
 And when they got home, shar'd the booty together.

CCLXIX.

Up hill and down dale ;
 Butter is made in every vale ;
 And if that Nancy Cock
 Is a good girl,
 She shall have a spouse,
 And make butter anon,
 Before her old grandmother
 Grows a young man.

CCLXX.

As I was going up Pippen-hill
 Pippen-hill was dirty,
 There I met a pretty miss,
 And she dropt me a curtesy.

Little miss, pretty miss,
Blessings light upon you,
If I had half-a-crown a day,
I'd spend it all upon you.

CCLXXI.

I AM a pretty wench,
And I come a great way hence,
And sweethearts I can get none :
But every dirty sow,
Can get sweethearts enow,
And I, pretty wench, can get never a one.

CCLXXII.

THERE was a little boy and a little girl
Liv'd in an alley ;
Says the little boy to the little girl,
Shall I, oh, shall I ?

Says the little girl to the little boy,
What shall we do ?
Says the little boy to the little girl,
I will kiss you.

CCLXXIII.

TRIP upon trenchers, and dance upon dishes,
 My mother sent me for some barm, some barm ;
 She bid me tread lightly, and come again quickly,
 For fear the young men should do me some harm.

Yet didn't you see, yet didn't you see,
 What naughty tricks they put upon me :
 They broke my pitcher,
 And spilt the water,
 And huff'd my mother,
 And chid her daughter,
 And kiss'd my sister instead of me.

CCLXXIV.

I'LL sing you a song :
 The days are long,
 The woodcock and the sparrow :
 The little dog has burnt his tail,
 And he must be hang'd to-morrow.

CCLXXV.

THE cat sat asleep by the side of the fire,
 The mistress snored loud as a pig :
 Jack took up his fiddle, by Jenny's desire,
 And struck up a bit of a jig.

CCLXXVI.

THE sow came in with the saddle,
 The little pig rock'd the cradle,
 The dish jump'd over the table,
 To see the pot with the ladle.
 The broom behind the butt
 Call'd the dish-clout a nasty slut :
 Odds-bobs, says the gridiron, can't you agree ?
 I'm the head constable,—come along with me.

CCLXXVII.

AROUND the green gravel the grass grows green,
 And all the pretty maids are plain to be seen ;
 Wash them with milk, and clothe them with silk,
 And write their names with a pen and ink.

CCLXXVIII.

[The song of a boy while passing his hour of solitude in a
 corn-field.]

AWA' birds, away,
 Take a little and leave a little,
 And do not come again ;
 For if you do,
 I will shoot you through,
 And there is an end of you.

CCLXXXIX.

THOMAS a Didymus, king of the Jews,
Jumped into the fire and burned both his shoes.

CCLXXX.

WHAT care I how black I be,
Twenty pounds will marry me ;
If twenty won't, forty shall,
I am my mother's bouncing girl.

CCLXXXI.

A LITTLE old man and I fell out ;
How shall we bring this matter about ?
Bring it about as well as you can,
Get you gone, you little old man !

CCLXXXII.

BOBBY SHAFT is gone to sea,
With silver buckles at his knee ;
When he'll come home he'll marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaft !

Bobby Shaft is fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair ;
He's my love for evermore !
Pretty Bobby Shaft !

CCLXXXIII.

RIDE, baby, ride,
Pretty baby shall ride,
And have little puppy-dog tied to her side,
And little pussy-cat tied to the other,
And away she shall ride to see her grandmother.
To see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother. •

CCLXXXIV.

THE rose is red, the violet's blue,
The honey's sweet, and so are you.
Thou art my love, and I am thine ;
I drew thee to my Valentine ;
The lot was cast, and then I drew,
And fortune said it should be you.

CCLXXXV.

ONE misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather ;
Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin.
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again ?

CCLXXXVI.

I LOVE sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life.
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And took fourpence home to my wife.

Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took twopence home to my wife.

Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little twopence,
I love twopence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took nothing home to my wife.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife ?
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.

CCLXXXVII.

OF all the gay birds that e'er I did see,
The owl is the fairest by far to me ;
For all the day long she sits on a tree,
And when the night comes away flies she.

CCLXXXVIII.

I HAD a little hobby-horse, and it was well shod,
 It carried me to the mill-door, trod, trod, trod ;
 When I got there I gave a great shout,
 Down came the hobby-horse, and I cried out.
 Fie upon the miller, he was a great beast,
 He would not come to my house, I made a little feast ;
 I had but little, but I would give him some,
 For playing of his bagpipes and beating his drum.

CCLXXXIX.

DANCE, little baby, dance up high,
 Never mind, baby, mother is by ;
 Crow and caper, caper and crow,
 There, little baby, there you go ;
 Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
 Backwards and forwards, round and round ;
 Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,
 With the merry coral, ding, ding, ding.

CCXC.

If all the seas were one sea,
 What a *great* sea would that be !
 And if all the trees were one tree,
 What a *great* tree that would be !

And if all the axes were one axe,
What a *great* axe that would be !
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great* man he would be !
And if the *great* man took the *great* axe,
And cut down the *great* tree,
And let it fall into the *great* sea,
What a splish splash *that* would be !!

CCXCI.

JOHN BALL shot them all ;
John Scott made the shot,
 But John Ball shot them all.

John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
 But John Ball shot them all.

John Block made the stock,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Scott made the shot,
 But John Ball shot them all.

John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,

And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
 But John Ball shot them all.

John Puzzle made the muzzle,
And John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
 But John Ball shot them all.

John Clint made the flint,
And John Puzzle made the muzzle,
And John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
 But John Ball shot them all.

John Patch made the match,
John Clint made the flint,
John Puzzle made the muzzle,
John Crowder made the powder,
John Block made the stock,
John Wyming made the priming,
John Brammer made the rammer,
John Scott made the shot,
 But John Ball shot them all.

CCXCII.

LITTLE Tommy Tacket,
Sits upon his cracket ;*
Half a yard of cloth will make him coat and jacket ;
Make him coat and jacket,
Breeches to the knee.
And if you will not have him, you may let him be.

* A little three-legged stool seen by the ingle of every cottage in the north of England.

Fourteenth Class.—Fragments.

CCXCIII.

LITTLE boy, pretty boy, where was you born?
 In Lincolnshire, master: come blow the cow's horn.
 A half-penny pudding, a penny pie,
 A shoulder of mutton, and that love I.

CCXCIV.

WHEN I was a little boy, I had but little wit,
 It is some time ago and I've no more yet;
 Nor ever ever shall, until that I die,
 For the longer I live, the more fool am I.

CCXCV.

Cross patch,
 Draw the latch,
 Sit by the fire and spin;
 Take a cup,
 And drink it up,
 And call your neighbours in.

CCXCVI

ROCK-A-BYE, baby, the cradle is green ;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen ;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring ;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

CCXCVII.

SHAKE a leg, wag a leg, when will you gang ?
At midsummer, mother, when the days are lang.

CCXCVIII.

How many miles is it to Babylon ?
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light ?
Yes, and back again,
If your heels are nimble and light,
You may get there by candle-light.

CCXCIX.

[The following stanza is of very considerable antiquity, and is common in Yorkshire. See Hunter's Hallamshire Glossary, p. 56.]

LADY-COW, lady-cow, fly thy way home,
Thy house is on fire, thy children all gone,
All but one that ligs under a stone,
Ply thee home, lady-cow, ere it be gone.

CCC.

SING jigmijole, the pudding-bowl,
The table and the frame ;
My master he did cudgel me,
For kissing of my dame.

NOTES.

P. 1, l. 1. *When Good King Arthur.* There is a similar song on king Stephen, which is introduced in an old play; but this is the genuine one recorded in the nursery.

P. 2, l. 16. *The house that Jack built.* The Hebrew tale which I have given, may possibly be the original of all accumulative stories of the same kind. The tale of the old woman and the crooked sixpence is one of this class, and I here insert two versions of it :

“AN old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. What, said she, shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market, and buy a little pig. As she was coming home, she came to a stile: but piggy would not go over the stile.

“She went a little further, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog, Dog! bite pig; piggy won't go over the stile; and I shan't get home to night. But the dog would not.

“She went a little further, and she met a stick. So she said, Stick! stick! beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to night. But the stick would not.

“She went a little further, and she met a fire. So she said, Fire! fire! burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; (and so forth, always repeating the foregoing words.) But the fire would not.

“She went a little further; and she met some water. So she said, Water! water! quench fire: fire won't burn stick. But the water would not.

“She went a little further, and she met an ox. So she said, Ox! ox! drink water, water won't quench fire, &c. But the ox would not.

“She went a little further, and she met a butcher. So she said, Butcher ! butcher ! kill ox ; ox won’t drink water, &c. But the butcher would not.

“She went a little further, and she met a rope. So she said, Rope ! rope ! hang butcher ! butcher won’t kill ox, &c. But the rope would not.

“She went a little further, and she met a rat. So she said, Rat ! rat ! gnaw rope ; rope won’t hang butcher, &c. But the rat would not.

“She went a little further, and she met a cat. So she said, Cat ! cat, kill rat ; rat won’t gnaw rope, &c. But the cat said, to her, If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk ; I will kill the rat. So away went the old woman to the cow.

“But the cow said to her, If you will go to yonder haystack,* and fetch me a handful of hay ; I’ll give you the milk. So away went the old woman to the haystack ; and she brought the hay to the cow.

“As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk ; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat.

“As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk, the cat began to kill the rat ; the rat began to gnaw the rope ; the rope began to hang the butcher ; the butcher began to kill the ox ; the ox began to drink the water ; the water began to quench the fire ; the fire began to burn the stick ; the stick began to beat the dog ; the dog began to bite the pig ; the little pig in a fright jumped over the stile ; and so the old woman got home that night.”

“THERE WAS AN old woman, that lived in a house : and, sweeping under her bed, she found a silver penny. So she went to

* Or, haymakers, proceeding thus in the stead of the rest of this paragraph :—“and fetch me a wisp of hay, I’ll give you the milk. So away the old woman went, but the haymakers said to her, If you will go to yonder stream, and fetch us a bucket of water, we’ll give you the hay. So away the old woman went, but when she got to the stream, she found the bucket was full of holes. So she covered the bottom with pebbles, and then filled the bucket with water, and away she went back with it to the haymakers ; and they gave her a wisp of hay.”

market and bought a pig : but as she came home, the pig would not go over the stile.

“She went a little further, and she met a dog; and she said to the dog, Good dog! bite pig: pig won't go; and it's time that I was at home an hour and a half ago. But the dog would not. (*And so forth, as in the other story, mutatis mutandis, to the Rat.*)

“She went a little further, and she met a cat. So she said to the cat, Good cat! kill rat; rat won't bite rope; rope won't hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat pig; pig won't go. And it's time that I was at home an hour and a half ago.

“The cat began to kill the rat; the rat began (*and so forth, as in the other story;*) the pig began to go. And so the old woman got home at last.”

It will be observed that these two versions, for which I am indebted to Mr. Black, are much more like the Hebrew tale than *The House that Jack built*; but as our collection would scarcely be complete without this latter, I shall insert a copy of it:

1. THIS is the house that Jack built.
2. This is the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
3. This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
4. This is the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
5. This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
6. This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,

That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

7. This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
8. This is the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
9. This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.
10. This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That wak'd the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

11. This is the farmer sowing his corn,
 That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,
 That wak'd the priest all shaven and shorn,
 That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
 That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
 That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn.
 That tossed the dog,
 That worried the cat,
 That killed the rat,
 That ate the malt,
 That lay in the house that Jack built.

P. 9, l. 10. *The rose is red.* The tune to this may be found in the "English Dancing Master," 1650.

P. 11, l. 5. *Little.* Sometimes, *pretty.*

P. 11, l. 12. *To gern.* That is, to cry as a child.

P. 12, l. 1. *The king of France.* In a little tract, called "The Pigges Corantoe, or Newes from the North," 4to. Lond. 1642, this is called "Old Tarlton's Song." This fact is mentioned in Mr. Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.* vol. ii. p. 352, and also in the preface to Mr. Wright's *Political Ballads*, printed for the Percy Society. It is perhaps a parody on the popular epigram on Jack and Jill:

"Jack and Jill went up the hill,
 To fetch a pail of water;
 Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
 And Jill came tumbling after."

There was an old play, now lost, called "Jack and Jill." I may here take the opportunity of inserting the following, which was accidentally omitted in the historical class:

"High diddle ding!
 Did you hear the bells ring?
 The parliament soldiers are gone to the king.
 Some they did laugh, some they did cry,
 To see the parliament soldiers pass by."

P. 13, l. 7. *There was a man in Thessaly.* Sometimes, "There dwelt a man in Babylon," and is so quoted in "Twelfth Night," act ii. scene 3.

P. 14, l. 8. *Deuce take the.* Sometimes, "down came."

P. 16, l. 9. *There was a little man.* Sung to the same tune as No. 52. The following version is taken from a broad-side printed at Strawberry Hill in the last century :

"There was a little man, and he woo'd a little maid,
And he said, my little maid, will you wed?
I have little more to say, than will you yea or nay?
For little said is soon mended.

"Then this little maid she said, little sir, you've little said,
To induce a little maid for to wed;
You must say a little more, and must add a little dower,
E'er I make a little print in your bed.

"Then this little man reply'd, if you'll be my little bride,
I'll raise my love note a little higher;
Tho' I little love to prate, yet you'll find my heart is great,
With the little God of Love all on fire.

"Then the little maid she said, your fire may warm the bed,
But what shall we do for to eat?
Will the flames you're only rich in, make a fire in the kitchen,
And the Little God of Love turn the spit?

"Then this little man he sigh'd, and some say a little cry'd,
And his little heart was big all with sorrow;
I'll be your little slave, and if the little that I have
Be too little, little dear, I will borrow.

"Then this little man so shent, made the little maid relent,
And set her little soul a-thinking;
Tho' his little was but small, yet she had his little all,
And could have of a cat but her skin."

P. 17, l. 1. *I had a little moppet.* This is a game.

P. 19, l. 8. *Three children sliding on the ice.* Sung to the tune of Chevy Chase.

P. 19, l. 18. *Some Christian people.* Music in D'Urfey's "Pills to purge Melancholy." Alluded to in Gay's *Trivia*.

P. 25, l. 5. *There was an old woman.* The first two lines are the same with those of a song in D'Urfey's "Pills to purge Melancholy."

P. 25, l. 15. *Kyloe.* Query, *Kerry*.

P. 26, l. 10. *MS. Lansd.* The reference to this MS. should be No. 762. See "Reliq. Antiq." vol. i. p. 288. A broadside of this states that it is "sung to the tune of the London Prentice."

P. 28, l. 14. *Faustus.* Perhaps Foster.

P. 36, l. 1. *Lucy Locket.* Lucy Locket and Kitty Fisher were two celebrated courtezans of the time of Charles II.

P. 36, l. 13. *Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.* These two stanzas are founded on the well-known Scotch story.

P. 38, l. 13. The merriment of *Jack Horner* has, I believe, long since departed from the modern series, and I therefore give the following copy of it from Douce's collection: "The History of Jack Horner, containing the witty pranks he play'd, from his youth to his riper years, being pleasant for Winter Evenings."

I.

Of his birth and education.

JACK HORNER was a pretty lad,
near London he did dwell,
His father's heart he made full glad,
his mother loved him well:

She often sat him on her lap,
 to turn him dry beneath,
 And fed him with sweet sugar-pap,
 because he had no teeth.

While little Jack was sweet and young,
 if he by chance should cry,
 His mother pretty sonnets sung,
 with lulla-baby-by.

A pretty boy, a curious wit,
 all people spoke his praise,
 And in the corner he would sit,
 on Christmas holidays.

And said, Jack Horner in the corner,
 eats good Christmas pye :
 With his thumbs pulls out the plums,
 crying what a good boy was I.

These pretty verses which he made
 upon his Christmas cheer,
 Did gain him love, as it is said,
 of all both far and near ;

For lasses lov'd his company,
 each day above another ;
 For why? they knew that he would be
 a man before his mother.

He grew, I say, at any rate
 both proper, straight, and trim,
 So that young Nancy, Sue, and Kate,
 were all in love with him.

Happy was she that could enjoy
 from him one kind embrace ;
 Though once he was a little boy,
 yet now he grows apace.

So few were like him far and near,
 and match for him was none ;
 As being thirteen inches high,
 a giant to Tom Thumb.

Whene'er he took a sword in hand,
 he made his foes to bleed,
 As you shall come to understand,
 when you this story read.

 II.

Jack frights a tailor for cabbaging cloth out of his coat.

JACK being twenty years of age,
 liv'd with a worthy knight.
 In manner of a pretty page,
 to yield him much delight :

The knight right generous and free,
 did for a taylor send,
 For to make Jack a livery,
 so much he was his friend,

Of half a yard of good broad cloth
 the coat was to be made,
 But yet the taylor he was loth
 to quit his thievish trade.

The knavish taylor was to blame,
 (a crafty cunning wag,)
 Be pinch'd as much out of the same
 as made a marble bag.

His coat was spoil'd then being made,
 it came not to his knee :
 Jack in a raging passion said,
 I'll be revenged on thee.

The knight he having kill'd a goat,
 whose skin was full as black
 I do declare as any soot ;
 this project pleased Jack.

He wrapt it round him like a gown
 at twelve o'clock at night,
 And then he rambled thro' the town,
 this taylor to affright.

He through a window did advance,
 near to the taylor's bed ;
 And round the room did skip and dance
 with horns upon his head.

He growl'd and grumbled like a bear,
 and did such anticks play ;
 As made the taylor then to stare,
 and tremble where he lay.

Seeing the horns hang o'er his head,
 his body short and thick,
 The taylor said, speak who art thou ?
 quoth Jack, thy friend old Nick :

Thou hast obey'd my order well
 I find in each degree :
 And therefore in my gloomy cell,
 I have a place for thee.

For you have been a friend indeed,
 I such a taylor lack :
 Therefore come away with speed,
 I'll bear thee on my back :

Sweet Mr. Devil then he cry'd,
 O pardon me I pray ;
 I can't, I won't, he then reply'd,
 make haste and come away.

The taylor naked to the skin,
 his bed he did refrain,
 And down the town thro' thick and thin,
 he ran with might and main.

III.

*How he served the cook-maid, who broke his head with a ladle,
for making a sop in the dripping-pan.*

ANOTHER pleasant prank he play'd,
upon a holiday,
Unto his master's servant maid,
which was a bloody fray.

Now she was lusty Jane by name,
and was their constant cook :
And when he to the kitchen came,
she would him overlook.

Upon a certain day young Jack,
a slice of bread did take,
And threw it in the dripping-pan,
that he a sop might make.

So soon as she the same did see,
it put her in a rage,
And with the basting ladle she
Jack Horner did engage.

She gave him cracks upon the crown,
so hard and struck so fast,
That he at length did tumble down,
and gasping at the last.

But though he did at first retreat,
he soon returned again ;
For standing fast upon his feet,
he fought with might and main.

He was but thirteen inches high,
and she full six times more,
Yet, by his ingenuity,
he brought her to the floor.

So cruel hard he made her roar,
she cry'd, Let me alone,
And I will ne'er offend thee more,
Jack, while my name is Joan.

Why, then, said Jack, if it be so,
that you'll not me offend,
I will this minute let you go,
and so the fray did end.

IV.

An old hermit gives Jack an invisible coat and a pair of enchanted pipes, with which he plays many tricks.

UPON a pleasant holiday,
Jack, going to a fair,
And as he pass'd along the way,
he saw a wonder there ;

An aged man sat in a cave,
that could not stand nor go,
His head wore blossoms of the grave,
And look'd as white as snow ;

He call'd to Jack, and this did say,
come hither lad to me,
And if thou dost my will obey,
rewarded thou shalt be ;

Bring me a fairing from the town,
at thy own proper cost,
A jug of nappy liquor brown,
thy labour shan't be lost.

Jack made the hermit this reply,
who then sat in the cell,
What's your request I'll not deny,
and so old dad farewell.

At night he being stout and strong
this lad he did not fail,
But at his back lugged along
a swinging jug of ale :

Which when the hermit he beheld,
 it pleas'd him to the heart,
 Out of the same a cup he fill'd,
 and said before we part,

I have a pipe which I'll bestow
 upon you,—never doubt,
 Whoever hears the same you blow,
 shall dance and skip about;

I have a coat for thee likewise,
 invisible I mean;
 And it shall so bedim their eyes,
 that thou shalt not be seen :

If thou should with an hundred meet
 when thus you pass along,
 Although upon the open street,
 not one of all the throng

Shall ever see you in the least,
 but hear the music sound;
 And wonder that both man and beast
 is forc'd to dance around.

Jack took the coat and bag-pipes too,
 and thankfully did say,
 Old Father I will call on you,
 whene'er I come this way.

V.

*Of his making six fiddlers dance over hedge and ditch, till they
 broke all their glasses and crowds.*

THIS coat and pipe he having got,
 he homewards trudg'd with speed;
 At length it was his happy lot
 to cross a pleasant mead;

Where he six fiddlers soon espy'd
 returning from the fair;
 Under their coats crowds by their sides,
 with many others there.

Jack presently his coat put on,
that screen'd him from their sight,
Saying I'll do the best I can
to plague them all this night;

His pipes he straight began to play,
the crowders they did dance;
The tradesmen too, as fast as they,
did caper, skip and prance.

Still he play'd up a merry strain
on his pipes loud and shrill,
So they danc'd and jump'd amain,
tho' sore against their will.

Said they this is enchanted ground,
for though no soul we see,
Yet still the music's pleasant sound,
makes us dance veh'mently.

Jack Horner danc'd and piping went,
straight down into the hollow,
So all these dancers by consent,
they after him did follow.

He led them on thro' bogs and sloughs,
nay, likewise ponds and ditches,
And in the thorny briary boughs,
poor rogues, they tore their breeches!

At last it being somewhat late,
Jack did his piping leave,
So ceas'd, seeing their wretched state
which made them sigh and grieve.

Sure this same is old Nick, I know,
the author of this evil:
And others cry'd if it be so,
he is a merry devil.

Jack Horner laugh'd and went away,
and left them in despair:
So ever since that very day,
no crowders would come there.

VI.

*Jack's kindness to the innkeeper, who he puts in a way to pay
his debts.*

AN honest man, an innkeeper
a friend to honest Jack,
Who was in debt alas ! so far
that he was like to crack ;

Now this man had a handsome wife,
sweet, fair, and beauteous too,—
A Quaker lov'd her as his life,
And this Jack Horner knew.

The Quaker was an esquire born,
and did in wealth abound :
Said he, I'll catch him in the corn,
and put him in the pond.

First to the innkeeper I'll go,
and when I do him find,
He soon shall understand and know
that I'll be true and kind.

He met him in a narrow lane,
and said, my friend, good morrow .
But the innkeeper reply'd again,
my heart is full of sorrow ;

Two hundred pounds I am in debt,
which I must pay next week,
It makes me sigh, lament, and fret,
having the coin to seek.

Quoth Jack, if you'll be rul'd by me
I'll put you in a way,
How you yourself from debts may free
and all the money pay.

Nay, this is joyful news he cry'd,
thou art a friend indeed,
Thy wit shall be my rule and guide
for never more was need.

Go tell thy loving wife said he,
 thy joy and hearts' delight,
 That thou must ride miles forty-three
 and shan't come home to night.

Then mind the counsel I shall give,
 and be no whit afraid;
 For I can tell you as I live
 your debts will soon be paid.

Mount thy bay nag, and take thy cloak,
 likewise thy morning gown;
 And lodge within a hollow oak
 a mile or two from town.

Then you may sleep in sweet content
 all night and take your rest,
 And leave it to my management,
 then Sir, a pleasant jest—

Next morning there you shall behold
 the like ne'er seen before;
 Which shall produce a sum of gold,
 nay, likewise silver store.

Unto his house straightway he went,
 and told her he must go
 A journey, saying be content,
 for why, it must be so.

She seemingly began to weep,
 and with sad sighs reply'd—
 You know, alas! I cannot sleep
 without you by my side.

Cries he, kind wife, do not repine,
 why should you sigh and grieve?
 I go out to a friend of mine
 some money to receive.

This said, with woman fond deceit,
 she straightway ceas'd to mourn,
 And gave him twenty kisses sweet,
 wishing his safe return.

So soon as he was out of sight,
 she for the quaker sent,
 And ordered him to come at night,
 that to their heart's content

They may be merry, sport, and play,
 as her husband was from home.
 The quaker said, by yea and nay,
 I will not fail to come.

Now just about the close of day
 they did to supper fall ;
 Now Jack was there as well as they,
 and walk'd about the hall,

And did her fond behaviour note,
 she on her friend did lean,
 Jack having his enchanting coat
 was not for to be seen.

Who perfectly did hear and see
 when they did toy and play ;
 Thought he, I'll be reveng'd on ye,
 before the morning day.

* * * * *

VII.

Jack slays a monstrous giant, and marries a knight's daughter.

JACK HORNER a fierce giant kill'd,
 one Galligantus stout,
 As large as ever man beheld
 in all the world throughout.

This very giant could with ease,
 step fifteen yards in length :
 Up by the root he pluck'd oak trees,
 so mighty was his strength.

His lips did open like two gates,
his beard hung down like wire,
His eyes were like two pewter plates,
he breathed smoke and fire.

'Tis said that he destroy'd as much
as ten score men could eat ;
So that the people did him grudge
every bit of meat.

His mess was still continually
two bullocks in a dish ;
Then he would drink whole rivers dry,
and thus he starv'd the fish :

He went to drink it seems one day
by a deep river side,
Whereat a lighter fall of straw
did then at anchor ride ;

Besides another full of hay ;
a third with block and billet ;
He cramm'd all these into his maw,
and yet they did not fill it.

He did annoy the nations then,
by night and eke by day ;
Whoever passed by his den,
became his fatal pray.

Hard by these liv'd a noble knight,
who had one daughter dear ;
For youth and splendid beauty bright
but few could her come near.

He preferr'd her to be the wife,
of him that would destroy,
The brutish cruel giant's life,
who did them so annoy.

At length Jack Horner being told,
whoever did him slay,
Might have gold and silver eke,
likewise a lady gay ;

Quoth Jack, now let me live or die,
I'll fight this swinging boar ;
Though I'm but thirteen inches high,
and he ten yards and more.

A sword he got five inches long,
a little cap of steel.
A breast-plate too both stout and strong,
quoth Jack, I'll make him reel.

Upon a badgers back he got,
in order to proceed ;
Thus being mounted cap-a-pee,
away he rode full speed.

With double courage stout and bralle,
he did his valour keep :
Then coming to the giant's cave,
he found him fast asleep.

His mouth it was not open wide,
but stood it seems half-cock,
Jack down his throat with speed did ride,
he never stood to knock.

Jack cut and slash'd his swinging tripes,
this griev'd the giant sore ;
Then did he play upon his pipes,
which made him dance and roar.

He cry'd, I dance, yet I'm not well,
there's no man minds my moan :
At length he died and down he fell,
Then gave a hideous groan.

With that he soon with speed did run,
and did in brief declare,
What by his valour he had done,
and gain'd the lady fair.

He marry'd this fair beauty bright,
her charms he did admire :
And since her father was a knight,
young Jack became a 'squire.

P. 39. l. 11. A couplet is wanting after this line.

P. 39, l. 19. *She whipped them all, &c.* Sometimes this line is thus given :

“ She borrow’d a beetle, and she knock’d ’em all o’ th’ head.”

P. 40, l. 18. *Taffy was a Welshman.* Sung on the first of March on the Welsh borders, and other parts of England.

P. 41, l. 9. *Mary had a pretty bird.* This is probably modern.

P. 43, l. 5. *Three blind mice.* The following version is from “ Deuteromelia, or the second part of Musicks Melodie, 1609,” where the music is also given :

“ Three blinde mice, three blinde mice,
 Dame Julian, the miller, and his merry old wife,
 Shee scrapte her tripe, take thou the knife.”

P. 46, l. 7. *Sing a song of sixpence.* It is probable that Sir Toby alludes to this nursery song in “ Twelfth Night,” act ii. scene 3, when he says, “ Come on ; there is sixpence for you : let’s have a song.” The following additional stanza was obtained from the Isle of Man :

“ Jenny was so mad,
 She didn’t know what to do ;
 She put her finger in her ear,
 And crackt it right in two.”

P. 48, l. 1. *Little Jenny Wren.* This is part of the tale given at p. 57, and is taken from a farthing merriment.

P. 60, l. 19. *Laughing.* Probably *loffen*, to complete the rhyme. So in “ Midsummer Night’s Dream,” act ii. scene 1 :

“ And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe.”

P. 61, l. 1. *She took a clean dish.* Sometimes thus :

“She went to the triper’s.”

P. 63, l. 1. *Old King Cole.* This ought to have been placed in the first class. It is a singular fact that *King Cole* was one of the ancient British kings. The following two versions differ from that which I have printed in the text :

I.

“Old King Coel
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;
Old King Coel,
He sat in his hole,
And he call’d for his *fiddlers three*, &c.

“The first, he was an Irishman ;
The second, he was a Scot ;
The third, he was a Welshman ;
And all were rogues, I wot.

“The Irishman lov’d usquebaugh ;
The Scot was drown’d in ale ;
The Welshman had like to be chok’d by a mouse,
But he pull’d her out by the tail.”

II.

“Old King Coel
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;
Old King Coel,
He sat in his hole,
And he call’d for his *pipers three*.

“The first, he was a miller ;
The second, he was a weaver ;
The third, he was a tailor ;
And all were rogues together.

“ The miller, he stole corn ;
 The weaver, he stole yarn ;
 The little tailor stole broad-cloth,
 To keep these three rogues warm.

“ The miller was drown'd in his dam ;
 The weaver was hung in his loom ;
 And the devil ran away with the little tailor,
 With the broad-cloth under his arm.”

P. 64, l. 17. *There was a lady all skin and bone.* The following version was obtained from Yorkshire, where it is used in a nursery game :

“ There was an old woman she went to church to pray ;
 And when she got to the church-yard stile,
 She sat her down to think a little while ;
 And when she got to the church-yard door,
 She sat her down, to think a little more ;
 And when she got the church within,
 She knelt her down to pray for sin ;
 She look'd above, she look'd below,
 She saw a dead man lying low ;
 The worms crept in, and the worms crept out ;
 She ask'd the parson, ‘ may I go out ?
 Yes, you may, ’ &c.

P. 70, l. 7. *There was a frog liv'd in a well.* The tune to this is given in a scarce work, called “ The Merry Musician, or a Cure for the Spleen,” 12mo., and also in “ An Antidote to Melancholy,” 1719. The well-known song, “ A frog he would a wooing go,” appears to have been borrowed from this. See Dauney’s “ Ancient Scottish Melodies,” p. 53.

P. 72, l. 12. *There was an old woman.* Sung to the air of *Liliburlero*. See “ Musick’s Handmaid,” 1673, where the air is called, “ Liliburlero, or Old Woman whither so high.”

P. 79, l. 10. *Ding, dong, bell.* The burden to a song in the “ Tempest,” act i. scene 2 ; and also to one in the “ Merchant of Venice.”

P. 80, l. 2. *Dog with long snout.* Sometimes, "Little Johnny Grout."

P. 84, l. 5. Another version runs thus :

" Give a thing,
Take a thing,
That's the devil's golden ring."

P. 86, No. 124. A game.

P. 87, l. 9. *Tommy Tibule.* A game on a child's toes.

P. 90, l. 5. *Ride to the market.* A game on the nurse's knee.

P. 100, l. 1. *Bisiter.* That is, Bicester, in Oxfordshire.

P. 103, l. 19. *Was.* Probably "wasn't."

P. 104, l. 3. This is said to have been written by Dr. Wallis.

P. 105, l. 14. The charm in the *Townley Mysteries*, to which I refer, is as follows:

" For ferde we be fryght a crosse let us kest,
Cryst crosse, benedyght, eest and west,
For dreede.
Jesus o' Nazorus,
Crucyefixus,
Marcus, Andreas,
God be our spede."

P. 106, l. 5. The two last lines of this charm are perhaps imitated from the following in Bishop Ken's *Evening Hymn*:

" Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep."

P. 107, l. 1. *We are three brethren.* Sometimes "knights." The versions of this game vary considerably from each other.

P. 109, l. 1. *Girls and boys*. The tune to this may be found in all the late editions of Playford's "Dancing Master."

P. 112, No. 194. The following is a Scotch version of this game :

" 1. Buff says Buff to all his men.
 2. I say Buff to you again.
 1. Methinks Buff smiles.
 2. No, Buff never smiles,
 But strokes his face
 With a very good grace,
 And passes the staff to another."

P. 116, l. 1. A game on a slate.

P. 113, l. 17. *Queen Anne*. A different version of No. 184, p. 108.

P. 114, l. 15. *Then comes*. Sometimes, "Then comes down."

P. 117, l. 6. *Eleven comets in the sky*. This ought to be said in one breath. The following is another version of it :

" Eight ships on the main,
 I wish them all safe back again ;
 Seven eagles in the air,
 I wonder how they all came there ;
 I don't know, nor I don't care.
 Six spiders on the wall,
 Close to an old woman's apple-stall ;
 Five puppies in Highgate Hall,
 Who daily for their breakfast call ;
 Four mares stuck in a bog ;
 Three monkeys tied to a log ;
 Two pudding-ends will choke a dog,
 With a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog."

P. 133, l. 5. *The rule of the road*. I am told that this is a very modern composition.

P. 131, l. 1. For "dee," read "D."

P. 131, l. 3, No. 123. See page 124.

P. 133, l. 4. *E. with a figure fiftie.* This ought to be thus :

"E. with a figure of L. fiftie."

This is probably an epigram on one of the family of the Noels, or Nowels.

P. 134, l. 9. *Cowslips.* Some read "muscles." I have a copy of the date 1797, which has "cuckolds," probably the genuine old reading.

P. 137, No. 251. *When I was a little girl.* A friend has kindly furnished me with a different version of these curious lines :

"WHEN I was a little girl,
I wash'd my mammy's dishes :
I put my finger in my eye,
And pull'd out four-score fishes.

"My mammy call'd me good girl,
And bade me do so 'gain :
I put my finger in my eye,
And pull'd out fourscore-ten."

It is a singular fact, that a comparatively modern discovery in physiology was anticipated in the original version of this song.

P. 142, No. 263. This is a game.

P. 144, l. 1. *We'll go a shooting.* This is an English version of a very curious song, used on the occasion of "hunting the wren," on St. Stephen's Day, in the Isle of Man. On that day the children of the villagers procure a wren, attach it with a string to a branch of holly, decorate the branch with pieces of ribbon that they beg from the various houses, and

carry it through the village, singing these lines. An extract from an Irish work, from which it appears that this custom is likewise prevalent in Ireland, is given in Sir Henry Ellis's edition of Brand's "Popular Antiquities," vol. ii. p. 516 :—
 "The Druids represented this as the king of all birds. The great respect shown to this bird gave great offence to the first Christian missionaries, and, by their command, he is still hunted and killed by the peasants on Christmas Day, and on the following (St. Stephen's Day) he is carried about hung by the leg in the centre of two hoops, crossing each other at right angles, and a procession made in every village, of men, women, and children, importing him to be the king of birds." I am glad to be able to give the genuine traditional song, as recited in the Isle of Man:

THE HUNTING OF THE WRAN.

"We'll hunt the wran, says Robin to Bobbin;
 We'll hunt the wran, says Richard to Robin;
 We'll hunt the wran, says Jack o' th' land;
 We'll hunt the wran, says every one.

"Where shall we find him? says Robin to Bobbin;
 Where shall we find him? says Richard to Robin;
 Where shall we find him? says Jack o' th' land;
 Where shall we find him? says every one.

"In yon green bush, says Robin to Bobbin;
 In yon green bush, says Richard to Robin;
 In yon green bush, says Jack o' th' land;
 In yon green bush, says every one.

"How shall we kill him? says Robin to Bobbin;
 How shall we kill him? says Richard to Robin;
 How shall we kill him? says Jack o' th' land;
 How shall we kill him? says every one.

"With sticks and stones, says Robin to Bobbin;
 With sticks and stones, says Richard to Robin;
 With sticks and stones, says Jack o' th' land;
 With sticks and stones, says every one.

“How shall we get him home? says Robin to Bobbin;
 How shall we get him home? says Richard to Robin;
 How shall we get him home? says Jack o’ th’ land;
 How shall we get him home? says every one.

“We’ll borrow a cart, says Robin to Bobbin;
 We’ll borrow a cart, says Richard to Robin;
 We’ll borrow a cart, says Jack o’ th’ land;
 We’ll borrow a cart, says every one.

“How shall we boil him? says Robin to Bobbin;
 How shall we boil him? says Richard to Robin;
 How shall we boil him? says Jack o’ th’ land;
 How shall we boil him? says every one.

“In the brewery pan, says Robin to Bobbin;
 In the brewery pan, says Richard to Robin;
 In the brewery pan, says Jack o’ th’ land;
 In the brewery pan, says every one.”

In the copy which was given to me, there were two additional stanzas, beginning respectively, “How shall we eat him?” and, “With knives and forks:” but these are probably modern interpolations.

P. 149, No. 297. There is another couplet on this sovereign, which runs thus,—

“THOMAS a Didymus had a black beard,
 Kiss’d Nancy Fitchett, and made her afear’d.”

P. 149, No. 282. *Bobby Shaft.* This ought to be, “Bobby Shaftoe,” a member of a celebrated family at the end of the seventeenth century.

P. 151, l. 17. *Of all the gay birds.* These four lines are part of an old song, the whole of which may be found in “Deuteromelia,” 4to. Lond. 1609, and it is singular that it should have come down to us from oral tradition. This ver-

sion was obtained from Lincolnshire. The following copy is taken from the work here quoted: but there are considerable variations in later copies, some of which may be more correct.

“Of all the birds that ever I see,
The owle is the fayrest in her degree:
For all the day long she sits in a tree,
And when the night comes, away flies she!
Te whit, te whow!
Sir knave to thou,
This song is well sung, I make you a vow.
And he is a knave that drinketh now.
Nose, nose, nose, nose!
And who gave you that jolly red nose?
Sinamont, and ginger, nutmegs and cloves,—
And that gave me my jolly red nose!”

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