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**Roxburghe Ballads.**



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THE EXECUTION OF KING CHARLES I.

[In fac-simile, from a Contemporary, Broadside : see p. 624.]

“ With my own power my Majesty they wound,  
In the King's name the King himself's uncrown'd :  
So doth the Dust destroy the Diamond.”—*Charles I*, p. 620.

“ That thence the Royal Actor borne,  
The tragic scaffold might adorn,  
While 'round the armed bands  
Did clap their bloody hands :  
He nothing common did, or mean,  
Upon that memorable scene,  
But with his keener eye  
The axe's edge did try ;  
Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,  
To vindicate his helpless right :  
But bowed his comely head,  
Down, as upon a bed.”—(*Marvel's Ode*, p. 618.)

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# The Roxburghe Ballads.

Illustrating the last Years of the Stuarts.

EDITED,  
WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., CANTAB., F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF 'KARL'S LEGACY,' 1868, AND 'CAVALIER LYRICS,' 1888;  
EDITOR OF FOUR REPRINTED 'DROLLERIES' OF THE RESTORATION;  
OF 'THE BAGFORD BALLADS' AND 'AMANDA GROUP OF  
BAGFORD POEMS'; 'THE TWO EARLIEST QUARTOS  
OF A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, 1600';  
'THE POEMS OF THOMAS CAREW,' 1893;  
ETC.

WITH HIS COPIES OF ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

Vol. VII.

Groups of Trades and Sports, of Cupid Ballads, of Matrimonial  
and Anti-Matrimonial; of Merry Adventures, Willow-Green,  
Love's Mischances, Complaints, and Tom the Taylor;  
Nautical, Historical, and Christmas Carols.

41066

*Falstaff*.—"An I have not Ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup  
of Sack be my poison,"—*Henry IV*, Part I, ii. 2.

HERTFORD:

Printed for the Ballad Society,

BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

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HERTFORD



PRINTED BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

## Preface to Vol. VII.

“Will had promis’d his SUE that *this trip, if well ended,*  
Should coil up his hopes, and he’d anchor on shore;  
When his pockets were lined, why, his life should be mended,  
The laws he had broken he’d never break more !”

—*Will Watch, the bold Smuggler.*



HE completion of this Seventh Volume of *Roxburghe Ballads* finds us so near the end of our work that we need not hesitate to ask our subscribers and readers to aid our final endeavours, so that what remains to be done by the Editor and Printers may be done thoroughly, and no flaw of incompleteness mar the whole.

The next Part (XXIII) should certainly contain the last remaining NINETY of the ballads. The GENERAL INDEX to the entire Roxburghe Collection, as here edited (total of about 5,500 pp. 8vo, with innumerable *Notes* on all varieties of historical and social details), will wind up the long and valuable series. If life remains to us, nothing but the absence of funds should delay completion.

In the present volume we give no less than *three hundred and seventy Ballads and Songs*, not more than a hundred remain to be printed — and one-third of a volume will suffice to hold them. This ought to be ready early in 1894.

We can appeal to the Contents of Volume Seven in justification of our previous promises, and also to the successful grouping of the ballads for their mutual illustration: more especially the bringing into their legitimate connection the various lost ballads, antecedent and sequels, which had left the original collection of broadsides so fragmentary. Many that had been utterly lost, after having once belonged to the Harleian and Pearson Collections (see p. 571), are here given back to the world, although they vanished without becoming Roxburghe and Bright property.

With a “Group of Ballads on Trades and Sports” our Vol. VII begins, and to this succeeds “A Group of Cupid Ballads;” and, as wedlock extends farther than courtship, a still larger “Group of Matrimonial Ballads,” including many mischances owing to shrews and perverse womenkind who neglect to obey the seventh commandment. The Nineteenth Century, with its numerous Glass-houses, cannot afford to fling stones at the seventeenth century on the score of public or private scandals. With Ben Jonson’s ‘Cock-Lorrell’ Banquet at the Peak of Derbyshire, and a few other ditties, intervening, we reach (on p. 241) a “Group of Merry Adventures,” such as Osric might pronounce to be ‘very dear to fancy,’ and these are followed by some Ballads on the

'Wearing of the green' willow, and others on 'Love's Mischances,' beside several 'Complaints' and mishaps of Tom the Tailor. "A Second Group of Nautical Ballads," later in date than those given in Volume Sixth, is continued far into our third instalment; but the good, genial Stephen Austin, senior, to whom they were dedicated, has been lost to us. He joined the great majority whilst the sheets were passing through the press.

Other deaths have fallen grievously on the Ballad Society, and we mourn the death of such staunch friends and supporters as the late Frederick Cousins, F.S.A.; Brinsley Nicholson, M.D.; James Stock Mitchell, Esq. (mentioned affectionately on p. 39), and that unrivalled student of Scottish Song, John Muir Wood—whom we last beheld at home in Glasgow, August, 1888.

The remainder of the volume is devoted chiefly to two "Groups of Historical Ballads," first on Thomas Stukeley, Dick Whittington, the Lady Arabella Stewart or Seymour, the early duellists Steward and Wharton, with Armstrong and Musgrave in rivalry for Lady Dacre's daughter; and the long-promised Civil War Ballads, few of which had been hitherto reprinted and attainable. These lead us on, by the Escape of Charles II, to the Restoration ditties, laudation of General Monk, and a few additions to our store celebrating the last of the crowned Stuarts. The "Second Historical Group" holds ballads on William and Mary, ending with her death, after including a goodly array of Maiden Warriors, Female Drummers, and She-Soldiers, of the approved unsexed pattern, such as delight a new 'shrieking sisterhood.' Purloining of other folks' laurels was attempted unblushingly to grace Orange Queen Mary; we see also old legends concerning the 'gude-man of Ballangeich,' King James of Cramond Brig renown (the first King James of Scotland), served up anew, *crambe repetita, bis cocta*, as 'Royal Recreation; or, King William's Merriment.' All three Parts are given here: now restored to circulation.

A "Group of Christmas Carols," none hitherto reprinted except the favourite 'God rest you, merry gentlemen!' forms the appropriate finale. He must be hard to please, and not one who 'loves a ballad in print, even too well,' who finds our Seventh Volume distasteful. We propitiate him here with '*Death and the Lady.*'

Three or four distinct issues are represented in the Trowbesh Collection, some adorned with a large woodcut, divided from top to toe by a black line, leaving half a Skeleton on one side, and half of a richly-robed Lady on the other. To this seventeenth-century ballad our woodcut, on p. 466, had once belonged.

[The Roxburghe White-letter reprint is much later than the original Black-letter broadsides: Exemplar in white-letter preserved by Anthony à Wood, 417, fol. 129, was printed for *J. Deacon*; Douce's, III. 34, has no tune marked; Douce, IV. 46 (sub-title 'Life and Death contrasted') is a Pitts Press, Seven-Dials slip. 'A True and Tragical Song concerning Captain John Bolton,' beginning "Good Christian people all, both young and old" (Roxb. Coll., III. 453), of date 1775, to the tune of *Fair Lady, lay your costly robes aside.*



[Roxburghe Coll., III. 442; Wood, 417, 129: Lind., 371; Douce, Madden.]

## The Great Messenger of Mortality;

Or, A Dialogue betwixt Death and a Lady.

From whence it appears that Death is no Respector of Persons, either for Birth or Beauty; so that, as sure as we are born, we shall certainly die: Therefore let us prepare ourselves against that Hour and Time, that he may appear as a welcome Messenger [who] brings glad tidings.

TUNE OF, *Farewel, my Heart's Delight*. [This indicates the first line of '*Two Faithful Lovers*;' for which see *Bagford Ballads*, p. 471.]

- DEATH*.—"Fair Lady, lay your costly Robes aside!  
No longer may you glory in your Pride.  
Take leave of all your carnal vain Delight,  
For I am come to summon you this night."
- LADY*.—"What bold attempt is this? Pray let me know  
From whence you come, and whither I must go,  
Shall I who am a Lady yield or bow  
To such a pale-faced visage? Who art thou?" 8
- DEATH*.—"Do you not know me? Well, I'll tell you, then,  
'Tis I that conquers all the sons of Men.  
No pitch of Honour from my Dart is free,  
My name is *Death*, have you not heard of me?"
- LADY*.—"Yes, I have heard of thee, time after time.  
But being in the glory of my prime,  
I did not think thou would'st have come so soon:  
Why must my Morning Sun be turn'd to Noon?" 16
- DEATH*.—"Talk not of noon. Thou may'st as well be mute,  
This is no time at all for to dispute.  
Your richest jewels, gold, and garments brave,  
Your houses, lands, they must new masters have.  
Tho' thy vain heart to Riches has inclin'd,  
Yet thou, alas! must leave it all behind." 22
- LADY*.—"My heart is cold, I tremble at the news,  
Here's bags of Gold, if thou wilt me excuse,  
And seize on those, thus finish thou the strife,  
With such, who are now weary of their life.  
Are there not many bound in Prison strong,  
In bitter grief of Soul have languish'd long?  
And fain would find a grave, a place of Rest,  
From all their griefs, in which they are oppress'd.  
Besides, there's many with their hoary head,  
And palsied joints, by which their joys are fled,  
Release thou them, whose grief and sorrow's great,  
And spare my life to have a longer date." 34
- DEATH*.—"Tho' they with Age are full of grief and pain,  
Till their appointed time they must remain.  
I come to none before my Warrant's seal'd:  
And when it is, they must submit and yield.  
I take no Bribe; believe me it is true,  
Prepare yourself to go, I come for you." 40

- LADY.*—"Death be not so severe ! let me obtain  
A little longer time to live and reign.  
Fain would I stay, if thou my life would spare,  
I have a Daughter beautiful and fair  
I'd live to see her wed whom I adore,  
Grant me but this, and then I ask no more." [N.B. 46
- DEATH.*—"This is a slender frivolous excuse,  
I have you fast, and will not let you loose.  
Leave her to Providence, for you must go  
Along with me, whether you will or no.  
I, Death, command great Kings to leave their Crown,  
And at my foot they lay their Scepters down.  
If not to kings I will this favour give,  
But cut them down, can you expect to live  
Beyond the limits of your time and space?  
No, I must send you to another place." 56
- LADY.*—"You learned Doctors now display your skill,  
And let not Death of me obtain his will.  
Prepare your cordials, let me comfort find,  
My Gold shall fly like chaff before the wind." 60
- DEATH.*—"Forbear to call, their skill will never do,  
They are but Mortals here as well as you ;  
I give the fatal wound, my Dart is sure,  
'Tis far beyond a doctor's skill to cure.  
To purchase life, rather than yield to die,  
How freely would you let your silver fly ;  
But while you flourish'd here, all in your store,  
You could not spare one penny for the Poor.  
In all your pomp, the Poor then you did hate,  
And, like rich Dives, scourg'd them from your Gate ;  
But tho' you did, those whom you thus did scorn,  
They like your self into this world was born.  
Tho' for your Alms they both did cringe and bow,  
They bore God's Image here as well as you ;  
Tho', in his Name, a Suit to you they'd make,  
You would not give one penny for his sake.  
My Lord beheld wherein you did amiss,  
And calls you hence, to give Account for this." 78
- LADY.*—"O heavy News ! must I no longer stay ?  
How shall I stand, good God, at that great Day ?"  
Down from her eyes her dying tears did flow,  
And said, "There's none knows what I undergo :  
Upon a Bed of Sorrow here I lie,  
My carnal life makes me afraid to die,  
My sins, alas ! are many, gross, and foul,  
But Heaven still have mercy on my Soul !  
And tho' I do deserve Thy righteous frown,  
Yet pardon, Lord, and pour a Blessing down !"  
Then, with a dying sigh, her heart did break,  
And did the Pleasures of the World forsake.  
Here you may see the high and mighty fall,  
For Death he sheweth no Respect at all  
To any one, if high or low degree,  
Great men submit to Death as well as we.  
Tho' they are gay, their lives are but a span,  
A Lump of Clay : so poor a creature's Man." 96

We need not linger to specify the many ballads here brought back to the knowledge of students, after having been utterly lost or forgotten for more than a couple of centuries; drawn from obscure manuscripts or unique broadsides, hitherto hidden apart. These additions are in general sequels or antecedents, gathered elsewhere. It has been a labour of love, to make this work as complete as possible, remembering its enormous bulk and the complexity of its original mis-arrangements.

So much of early ballad wealth was destroyed amid the confusion of the civil war time (and political excitement is always subversive of the lighter graces and tenderness in literature), that it is only after the Restoration in 1660—or after the Great Fire in 1666, that we retain the greater number of published broadside ballads. Of earlier times the entries in the Registers of the Stationers' Company reveal a terrible percentage of absolute loss. Yet even these lists were never so efficiently made as to include more than a fraction of the ballads written and printed. We do not despair of recovering more of these, success having emboldened us. Many early ballads remain hidden amid the packets of uncatalogued documents in private collections (we print one on p. 825); although far more of them perished during the Civil-Wars. They had been duly licensed and printed, their date and title recorded in the *Registers of the Stationers' Company*, before the Long-Parliament sat. Some few are found, copied in old MSS. All were in danger of dispersal or destruction by ignorant servants or executors, besides the ordinary mischances of flood and fire. Many of the strayed lambkins we shelter. Of the other lost-mutons their titles were suggestive. Francis Coles, on June 28, 1624, printed certain ballads, 'More Sauce than Pig;' 'Oatmeal Ho!' and 'Peep Into.' John Wright in 1632, published 'Foote it, Madam!'

Hitherto lost, but entered by first line in the Stationers' Company Registers, as already old and transfer property, 14 December, 1624, now recovered in MS. is 'A right excellent and godly new Ballad, shewing the uncertaintye of this presente lyfe, the vanitie of the alluring world, and the unspeakable joyes of heaven prepared for those that unfainedly beleve in the Lord Jesus. To the Tune of *Wigmore's Galliard*.' Eighteen stanzas, this one being the first:—

“ All carefull Christians marke my song,  
Consider Death must ende our dayes,  
This earthly lyfe it is not long,  
And Christ shall come to judge our wayes.  
*The glass doth run, the clock doth go,  
Awake from synne: why sleepe ye so? ”*

Where, except in the muniment room of Nirgend's College, or amid the Trowbesh MSS., can we look for (let us say) such a ballad as was entered to Symon Stafford, on 22 Septembris, 1606, thus:—

*"An Answer to a fond lascivious Songe, intituled, 'And arte thou comme againe, and said'st tho'uld come no more?'"* Can it be this?

## Lost Labour:

With Pipe and Tabor.

### I.

*"AND art thou come again,  
And said thou would'st come no more?"  
Thou to be free wert fain?  
No freedom can one gain,  
Thus lingering at her door:  
Stay not, thou silly swain,  
Wreck'd on the Syren's shore.*

### II.

*Sweet mockery tuned her strain,  
Her songs no blessing bore;  
Bewildering heart and brain,  
They left a scar and stain,  
On memory evermore:  
Yet art thou come again,  
And said, "I come no more!"*

### III.

*Love binds thee with her chain,  
That very chain I wore,  
Who warn thee back in vain,  
Knowing the hopeless pain;  
Thy fate was mine before:  
To come again, again!  
Yet say, "We come no more."*

TROWBESH VON NIRGENDS.

Sweeter are the rinsings of the older Vine-press than the 'small acid tiff' of the unripened modern grapes, lately in fashion. Now *here is a genuine Song* (recovered from Shirburn MS., fol. 140 *verso*. and 141 *recto*, by our generous friend and helper, the Rev. Andrew Clark, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, the learned editor of '*Life and Times of Anthony Wood*,' 1891-94, see p. 8:4). It fitly accompanies our editorial ditty, and might have been sang by the SYREN therein mentioned. It is this English Lorelai nymph who sings—*'Wilt thou be gone, my Deare?'*

## Wilt thou be gone, my Deare?

TO THE TUNE OF, *Sweete Gardiner.*

AND wilt thou, my Deare, be gone? \*  
 And wilt thou no longer remaine?  
 Farewell, I can live alone,  
 Thy company I can refraine.  
 If it be your favour  
 Thus for to waver,  
*Goe, goe!*

*And never come to me againe.*

I scorne for thy love to sue,  
 My thoughts do detest the same;  
 I am as well resolved as you,  
 And as little I doe complaine.  
 If it be your favour  
 Thus for to waver,  
*Goe, goe!*

*And never come to me againe.*

These follyes you will repent,  
 When dreames have possesst your braine,  
 And in your false armes, discontent,  
 Yow will wish me, your lover, againe;  
 But when your lypps misses  
 My wonted kisses,  
*You know,*

[*caret.*

*Fain would you come to me againe.*

Then kisse me, nor clasp mee no more,  
 Nor coll mee, nor court me in vaine;  
 You might this have knowne, before,  
 To have kist mee, and with me have laine.  
 But now, adue,  
 Au' when it please you:  
*Soe goe!*

*And never come to me againe.*

**Finis.** [Author unknown: of date circa 1606.]

\* MS. mis-reads, "And wilt thou be gone, my deare?" losing the rhyme.

In a Rawl. MS., that had once belonged to Dorothy Halford, is held 'A Pretty Song to y<sup>e</sup> tune of, *Legeranto*' (query, *Le Coranto*?):—

“Those passions here which I professe,  
 Good Sir, requires great cost.  
 I pray you make not so much haste,  
 Lest that your love be lost.

When Summer is going, then Winter is coming a-pace.

I you advise, if you be wise  
 In tyme to stay your chase.” [Ten stanzas follow.

In the same MS., solely, is preserved that identical ballad of 'England's Triumph,' which had been entered to John Danter in Stationers' Registers, 20 Novembris, 1595, viz.:—

A proper new ballade, wherein is plaine to be seene  
 How God blesseth *England* for love of our Queene.



Sung to the Tune of *Tarleton's Carroll*.

**L**ONDON, London, singe and praise thy Lord,  
 Let *England's Joy* be seene;  
 Trew subjects quickly show, with one accorde,  
 Your love unto your Queene,

*Elizabeth* so brave:

Whose vertues rare beseeme her well,  
 From all the world she bears the bell,  
 Her due deserts no tongue can tell,

Herselfe she doth behave

That all the world doth marvell much  
 How Nature should frame anie such.

Of vice none lyving can her touch.

[Nine twelve-line stanzas.]

Mistress Dorothy Halford may have been as fair as Waller's Dorothy Sidney ('*Sacharissa*') or more lovable than the later Dorothy Osborne. She was not so prudish as to reject from her manuscript either of the two jocular ditties, *Mother Watkin's Ale* or *The Carman's Whistle*, preserving thus distinct early versions of each. They differ from the 16th century (before 1592), B.-L. broadside of 'A Ditty Delightful of *Mother Watkin's Ale*, A Warning well weigh'd, though counted a tale,' which begins, lengthily, "There was a maid this other day, and she would needs go forth to play; and as she walk'd she sith'd [=sigh'd] and said 'I am afraid to die a mayd.'" The Rawl. MS. 185, fol. 14, holds six sixteen-line stanzas, beginning thus:—

**A**S *Watkin* walked by the way,  
 He met a Lass, and made her stay,  
 "Faire maide," quoth he, "Go you with me,  
 And *Watkin's Ale* I will give thee."

She did not him denie, but went forth merrily,  
 And thank'd him heartily, for his good merry tale.

*Watkin*, perceiving then, that she did love a man,  
 With pleasant talk began to walk along the dale.

She stept aside then out of sight,  
 (What they did more let *Venus* right,)

[text, 'Wrigh.')

But as it seemed a pretty tale, he gave her well of *Watkin's Ale*.

Of the sixteenth-century Black-letter broadside a unique exemplar was formerly preserved. It came into the hands of George Daniel, of 18, Canonbury Square; and by auction-sale, in 1864, into those of the late Henry Huth, who gave the full text to the Philobiblon Society, in 1867. It is the liveliest ditty in his Collection of Seventy-nine '*Ancient Ballads*,' which contains also 'The Faire Widow of Watling-Street' (see our p. 826), with which we begin Vol. VIII.

The other (fol. 21) is 'A Pleasant new Songe called 'The Carman's Whistle';' to the tune of, '*O Neighbor Roberte*.' Thirteen eight-line stanzas.

**I**N a pleasant morninge, in the merrie month of *May*,  
 Announce the frutefull meddowes a young man took his way.  
 And gazing rounde about him, what pleasures he could see,  
 He spied a pretty maiden, under an Oaken tree.

Comely was her countenance, and lovely was her lookes,  
 Seeming that wanton *Venus* had writ her in her bookes;  
 Many a smirking smile she lent, amidst those meddowes greene,  
 The which he well perceived, yet was of her unscen. Etc.

This is probably the original, certainly a much earlier version than the common B.-L. broadside, printed for W. Onley, entitled, 'The Courteous Carman and the Amorous Maid; or, the Carman's Whistle,' which begins:—

“As I abroad was walking, by the breaking of the day,  
Into a pleasant meadow, a young man took his way,  
And looking round about him, to mark what he could see,  
At length he spied a fair Maid, under a myrtle-tree.” Etc.

(Oddly enough these two ballads conjointly in the same MS. were also named together by one T.N. in a letter to Anthony Munday, prefixed to *Gerileon of England*, 1592—“I should hardly be persuaded that one professor of so excellent a science [as printing] would be so impudent to print such ribauldrie as *Watkin's Ale*, *The Carman's Whistle*, and sundry such others.” Evidently this Tom Noddy's bear refused to dance to any but the very genteelest of tunes; although *Water parted* and the *Minuet in Arindne* were still *in futuro*.)

Enough said, as to manuscript copies of old ballads having been hidden from view, but not wholly lost. Every fresh discovery aids the work; the interchange of tune-names also had hitherto caused confusion, and slovenly ignorance had been rampant, suiting well enough a slovenly auditory of critics and public. “Beefy face and grubby hand! Law, what *can* they understand.” Not to them we appeal.

“Good wine needs no bush” hung outside the door, our ancestors declared, but in these days of expensive advertising and be-puffery our modest Editorial venture, long continued, has suffered grievously by lack of funds, from the total absence of any means to make it known: except the warm appreciative laudation so kindly given, from time to time, in the *Athenæum* and *Notes and Queries*. Few of the established subscribers became weary, although some neglected promptitude and regularity of payment. Alas! it has been Death who has been the most unrelenting foe, mowing down our friends without mercy. We dare not here chronicle the losses, so many now fail to answer *Adsum* to the Roll-Call. Our own turn to be silent may be near but we strive to complete—in one more Part—these *Roxburghe Ballads*.

“The Third Group of Nautical Ballads,” concluding them, will be found rich in memorials of our naval victories under Admirals Vernon, Matthews, and Keppel; with Lord Bellhaven's disastrous voyage, and sundry pirates or misadventurers, Captain Green, Captain Glen, and the renowned Paul Jones of 1779. Of executions we have five ballads, including Mistress Arden of Faversham, 1606, Luke Hutton, 1595, George Barnwell, before 1624, William Grismond, and George Saunders: mild hangings, not beheadings.

There are also ‘Warnings’ and ‘Strange Events’; a “Group of Romantic Ballads,” and the conclusion of our ‘Religious Group.’ A few lively ditties on the rogueries of millers, the annoyances given by mothers-in-law, and broad humour of cockney-Scotch dialect; a short “Group of Queen Anne's Reign,” and a still smaller one of ‘Robin Hood Ballads,’ with the few ‘Sempill Ballads’ belonging to our Collection, will furnish sufficient variety.

The opportunity may be used to add a few necessary Appendix Notes to Vols. I and II to supply omissions and late discoveries to the entire work. Without a full Index it would be shorn of half its value. We have not delayed the numerous Civil War and Commonwealth Ballads, belonging to the Roxburghe and Bagford Collections, beyond this Volume Seven (see p. 611). We secure them at once, here, although this makes the extra Part XXIII indispensable, to complete the series.

We are in sight of Victory, and fearlessly make this last Voyage. Have we not a willing crew who trust us to the end? That end ought not to be long delayed, life being so uncertain, therefore we desire to press onward. (See *Finale* on p. 817.) We are unwilling to abandon the ship and leave it derelict, or to let any pickarooning pirate run us down to Davy Jones's Locker. There is, however, something of evil omen in a foretold 'last voyage;' like the one in our motto from Thomas Cory's '*Will Watch the bold smuggler*' of 1806 '*Hospitality*.' With Hamlet, 'we defy augury: There is special providence in the fall of a sparrow.'

### Questioning.

*FRIEND, why shrink from what lies before us?*

*Since all is well, tho' the end draw near.*

*Lonely the path winds, silenced the chorus,*

*Darker the sky and the woodland sere.*

*Need the far distance so much affright thee?*

*Hast thou not quaff'd of rapture thy share?*

*Here, the feast palls, no more to delight thee;*

*Why should we dread what is waiting there?*

*Few are the Guests who with thirst unsated*

*Drain the last drops from their cup of Joy;*

*Many sped hence, carly-call'd or belated,*

*Glad to depart ere the banquet cloy.*

*Fresh as of yore smiles Nature, caressing;*

*Of our men alone the new ways repell:*

*Death surely bringeth Life's choicest blessing,*

*Sweetest of welcomes, our funeral-knell.*

JOSEPH WOODFALL EBSWORTH.



\* \* Note on a woodcut, the 'Strange Banquet,'  
for p. 220.

**I**NAPPROPRIATE though it had been for 'The Devil's Entertainment by Cock Laurel, at the Peak of Derbyshire,' 1621, the woodcut shows 'A Strange Banquet,' for 1637, since all the men wear their blue-bonnets or steeple-crowned beavers while clustered around the crowned king who holds a bag of money. It was used also for a broadside reprint of 'The Story of Ill May-day,' representing Prentices with Charles I, instead of Henry VIII. The ballad begins—

"Peruse the story of this Land, and with aduise ment note the same,  
And you shall iustly vnderstand how Ill May-day first got the name.  
For when King *Henry Eight* did raigne, and rulde our famous kingdom here,  
His royall Queene he had from *Spain*, with whome he lived full many a yere.

"Queene *Katherine*, as our stories tell, sometime had been his brother's wife,  
By which vnlawfull marriage fell an endlessse trouble during life." Etc.

'Ill May-day,' 1517, reappeared among the '*Broadside Black-letter Bal'ads*,' (privately reprinted in 1868, by the late John Payne Collier, F.S.A.), with a fac-simile of a debased copy of the woodcut, and a supplementary half-stanza, supposed to refer to King Charles I (here *italicized* and square-bracketted) :—

"So now heneeforth we need to feare no such mishap as they [*Prentices*] did bring,  
But peace and order euerie where, and loyal harts ento ovr King."

He asserted, "No doubt, when the broadside first came out Queen *Elizabeth* was reigning, and was celebrated at the close; this portion was omitted in 1607, because King *James* was then on the throne; but when [*Thomas*] *Gosson* reprinted the ballad, about 1630 or 1640, he made the conclusion complimentary to *Charles I*. No copy is known which contains the tribute to *Elizabeth*, and which must have appeared about 1597 or 1598." But dear old J. P. C. mistook

this matter. 1st. His broadside is lost from view, not traceable. 2nd. It was stated to bear the colophon, 'Printed for *Thomas Gosson*;' but Thomas died in 1614, seven years after the ballad had appeared in the 1607 edition of *Strange Histories* (without the supplementary half-stanza), and fourteen before Charles I came to the throne. 3rd. His May-day woodcut is a grossly-debased copy of the better one here engraved: how could the May-day copy precede the original? 4th. The costumes are of a later date than 1614; they belong to the time of Charles, whose portrait is indicated, not James I. 5th. Disproving the possibility of any issue during Elizabeth's reign, the tune is marked, '*Essex's last Good-night*;' viz., the ballad, "All you that cry *O hone! O hone!*" (reprinted in vol. i, p. 571), which was not registered to Margaret Alldo for publication until 18th May, 1603: two months after the death of Elizabeth.

An earlier name for the *Essex Good-night* tune had been *The King's last Good-night*. It is thus cited in a contemporary MS. version of the already-mentioned *O hone! O hone!* 'Lamentable new ballad upon y<sup>e</sup> Earle of Essex's death:

"All you that crye *O hone! O hone!* come now and sing 'O Lord with me.'  
For why? our jewell is from us gone, the valiant Knight of chivalrye,  
Of rich and poor beloved was he, in tyme an honorable Knight,  
Who by our laws condemnd was he, *And late aid take his last Good-night.*"

'*Essex's last Good-Night*' lay hidden till Elizabeth died. Honoré de Balzac, in his *Contes Drolatiques*, calls her "the worst of devils, *id est*, a wicked old heretic woman—to keep prisoner sweet Mary of Scotland; to the shame of all the knights in Christendom, who should have come without previous assignation to the foot of Fotheringay, and have left thereof no single stone." There could scarcely be any intended laudation of Queen Bess, in the ballad of 'Ill May-Day,' because it records the clemency of good Queen Katherine, who was displaced for the wanton Ann Boleyn, Elizabeth's own mother.

Few men except good Catholics ventured to speak plainly on such political scandals. In Elizabeth's praise, 1601, was written and probably printed (hitherto lost, except in Shirburn MS., fol. 184), fourteen stanzas: 'A pleasant new ballad of the most blessed and prosperous raigne of her Majestye, for the space of two and fortye yeeres, and now entering into the three and fortieth, to the great joy and comfort of all her Majesty's] faythfull subjects.' To the tune of, *The Queene's Hunt is up* (see *Popular Music*, pp. 60, 62).

"RING out your bell's! O what should you doe else?  
Strike up your drums for joy!  
The noblest Queene, that ever was seene.  
In England doth raigne this day.  
The noblest Queene that ever was seen,  
In England doth raigne this day."

Probably soon after April, 1599, had been already extolled the Earl of Essex's apocryphal Triumphs in Ireland; but troubles followed his unfortunate compromise with Tyrone, speedily punished by his own downfall. See p. 824, in *Appendix*: "Of joyful triumphs I must speak."

Another manuscript ditty, recording Sir Charles Blount's victory in that 'distressfull country,' entitled, 'A joyfull new Ballad of the late Victorie obtained by my Lord *Mount Joy* and our ma.'s forces in *Ireland*, against that arch-traytor *Tirone* and his confederats, upon the 24 of *December* last [1601]. Also the yielding of the Towne of *Kingsale*, with three or four other houldes by Don *Jhon* at *Aquila*, Generall of the *Spanish* army, which was yeelded up the 9 of *January* last, 1602. To the tune of, *Fortune my foe*. Thirty-two four-line stanzas Trowbesh MSS., transcript of Shirburn MS., fol. 156 *verso*.



“ ENGLAND, give prayse unto the Lord thy God,  
The which in mercy doth withhold his rod,  
From us whose synnes deserved have the same,  
Yet we continue, *Sodom-like*, past shame.  
*From us whose sinnes deserved have the same, etc.*

“ O let us now returne unto the Lord,  
And to his prayse singe Psalmes with one accord,  
Which hath defended little *England's* right,  
From forraine foes, their cruelty and might.”

It ends with this stanza :—

“ To God [give praise, for He] doth still defende, [Hurt by damp,  
Lord on this [people still] thy blessing sende ! illegible.  
Preserve our Queen, her Counsayle grave and wise :  
Confound her foes, that doth the truth despise.”

These lugubrious pseudo-religious triumphant songs were nearly as doleful as Laments and Warnings. This one had been sung to the proverbial ‘hanging-tune,’ *Fortune my foe* (see p. 694, and *Popular Music*, p. 162). The land was poisoned with puritanism which speedily was to bring forth natural results in rebellion and intolerant sectarianism, under hypocritical disguise of pious humility and self-absorption. To such people were commended ‘The Pityful Lamentation of a Damned Soule,’ eighteen stanzas, (Shirburn MS., fol. 222), with premonitions extracted from the noble *Book of Wisdom* :—

“ Inquisition shall be made for the thoughts of the Ungodly, and the sound of his words shall come unto God for the correction of his iniquities.”—*Sag.*, I, v. 9.

“ But the soules of the Righteous are in the hands of God, and no torment shall touch them. In the sight of the unwise they appeared to dye, and their end was thought grievous, and their departing also as a destruction: but they are in peace.”—*Sag.*, III, v. 1.

“ AS I walked forth in a morning-tyde,  
I heard a voyce which bade me abyde,  
And ever me-thought to me it cryde,  
‘*Alas for woe that I did not repent !  
For I am dampned [sic] by God's just judgment.*’ ”

Hitherto lost, but now recovered (after it had been registered as a transfer on 14 December, 1624), was this genuine set of ‘Bellman’s verses,’ viz.

‘The Bel-man’s Good-morrow which in our ears doth ring,  
How we must be prepared for Christ, our heavenly King.’

To the tune of, *Awake, awake, O England* [for which see Vol. IV. p. 468; the same tune as *O man in desperation*, p. 796 of present Vol.].

“ FROM sluggish sleep and slumber, good Christians, all arise !  
For Christ’s sake, I praye you, lyft up your drowsye eyes,  
The night of shame and sorrowe is parted cleane awaye ;  
God give you all Good-morrowe and send you happye daye ! ”

This lively ditty suited the Christmas-time, for those who had not learnt to

“ Quarrel with mince-pies and disparage  
Their best and dearest friend, Plum-porridge.”

Occasionally the pietistic reverted to profane jigs and sarabands or galliards. Thus (entered by its first line in Stationers' Registers, on 14th December, 1624, and mistakenly deemed irrecoverable), there was 'A right excellent and godly new Ballade, shewing the vncertainetye of this present lyfe, the vanitye of the alluring world, and the vnspeakable joyes of heaven prepared for those that vnfainedly beleuee in the Lord Jesus. To the Tune of, *Wignore's Galliarde*.'

" **A**ll carefull Christians, marke my song,  
 Consider death must ende my dayes;  
 This earthly lyfe it is not long,  
 And Christ shall come to iudge our wayes  
*The glasse doth run, the clock doth go,*  
*Awake from synne! Why sleepe ye so?"*

Another adopted the pretty tune of *Dainty, O come thou to me!* (cf. p. 582), to a religious ballad of 13 stanzas:—"The sinner despisinge the world and all earthly vanities, repoceth his whole confidence in his beloved Saviour, Jesus Christ."

" **J**ESU, my loveinge spouse, eternall Veritye!  
 Perfect Guide vnto my soule; Way to Eternity.  
 Strengthen me with thy grace! From thee I'll never flee,  
 Let them saye what thay will; *Jesu, come thou to mee!"*

Lastly, we may mention one more of fifteen stanzas, entitled 'A Proper new ballad, devised upon the theame *I know not what*; wherein is showed how men ought not to set their mindes on worldly pleasure, but on the Lyving Lord,' 1614. To the Tune of, *Labandalashot*:—

" **W**HO views the lyfe of mortall man,  
 His state and whereof he began,  
 Shall find such huge[ous] heapes of woe,  
 As neither tongue nor pen can showe.  
 Wherewith our minds may daunted be  
 From usinge wordly mirth and glee,  
 And move us to consider well  
 What paines there are prepared in hell  
 For wicked people, as their lot,  
 Which have done here *they know not what.*"

This tune, *Labandalashot*, had been used in Dec. 1586, for 'The Lamentation of Beekles in Suffolk,'—"My loving good neighbours" (Huth's *Philobiblon Ballads*); and ten years earlier for George Mannington's Lament, 1576 "I waile in woe, I plunge in pain," (*Handefull of Pleasant Delites*; and Ritson's *Ancient Songs*). Also for the *Garland of Goodwill* 'Song of King Edgar,' beginning:—

" When as King Edgar did govern this land,  
*Adown, adown, down, down,*  
 And in the strength of his years he did stand,  
*Call him adown-a."*

The burden quoted by Ophelia (*Hamlet*, iv. 5), and Dame Quickly (*Merry Wives*, i. 4)





[These belong to 'The Organ's Echo,' p. 612: Tune, p. 660.]

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\* \* \* *The Bookbinder is advised to retain, and not to cancel, the successive temporary Prefaces and Tables of Contents, which belong to the respective Parts : each holding special matter deserving to be preserved for future reference.*

*This direction applies also to the previous volume.*



**Roxburghe Ballads.**









“ **M**Y Dearest, let’s walk through the Meadows this weather,  
 And hear the Birds welcome in the Spring ;  
 Beneath a shade we’ll sit down together,  
 And hear the Nightingale sweetly sing.  
 There, as we pass, the chirping Sparrow,  
 Now from the blust’ring winter free,  
 Will strain his throat for to bid us Good-Morrow,  
 As we pass over the flow’ry lea.

“ The whistleing Blackbird will tune up his throat, too,  
 To see us lovingly pass along ;  
 The pretty Lark she will set up her note, too,  
 And in the air sing us her fine song.  
 The Magpye in the hedge will chatter,  
 And tell the Good-wife of her guess,  
 Seeming to tattle of many a matter :  
 Thus all the Birds will their joys express.

“ There we shall hear too the sweet-singing Thrushes  
 Strain up their throats with the Jenny-Wren,  
 Seated on twigs in the pleasant Green bushes,  
 Singing as loud as their throats can strain,” etc.

— *The Spring Birds’ Notes, to the Tune of  
 Charon make Haste, 1685.*

The  
**Roxburghe Ballads.**

Illustrating the last Years of the Stuarts.

EDITED,  
WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., CANTAB., F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF 'KARL'S LEGACY,' 1868, AND 'CAVALIER LYRICS,' 1888;  
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OF 'THE BAGFORD BALLADS' AND 'AMANDA GROUP OF  
BAGFORD POEMS'; 'THE TWO EARLIEST QUARTOS  
OF A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, 1600:'  
ETC.

WITH HIS COPIES OF ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

**Vol. VII. Part II.**

Groups of Trades and Sports, of Cupid Ballads, of Matrimonial  
and Anti-Matrimonial Ballads.

*Fiddler.*—"Under your Mastership's correction I can sing  
'The Duke of Norfolk'; or, 'The Merry Ballad  
Of Diverus and Lazarus'; 'The Rose of England';  
'In Crete when Dedimus first began';  
'Jonas, his Crying out against Coventry';  
'Maudlin the [Bristowe] Merchant's Daughter';  
'The Devil,' and 'Ye dainty Dames';  
'The Landing of the Spanyards at Row,  
With the Bloody Battle of Mile-End.'"

[—*Pride's Fall.*]

*Thomas.*—"All excellent!"—*Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas*, iii. 3.

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No. 31.

## Editorial Preface to Part XX.

“ Wherefore this tangle of perplexities,  
The trouble or the joy? the weary maze  
Of narrow fears and hopes that may not cease? ”

—*Emma Lazarus : Phantasies.*



IT is with feelings of mingled satisfaction and regret that the Editor sends forth this portion of the FINAL VOLUME, the SEVENTH, of *Roxburghe Ballads*: satisfaction, in so far as a hundred choice ditties are here secured against neglect and extinction, the merit of many among them deserving to be recognized anew, especially those written by Ben Jonson; Martin Parker, Laurence Price, Tobias Bowne, and the vivacious Tom D'Urfey; others, and often confined to a unique impression, are by less-renowned yet once popular ballad-mongers, whose names are unknown or their labours inextricably intermingled. After two centuries and more of seclusion, they flutter forth again, like bats and owls, into the light of day, and seek shelter in the homes of our *Ballad Society*.

So many of these homes are desolated year by year, and the long-continued work has so many obstacles to encounter, that a regretful sadness is difficult to conquer, even by one whose whole course of life has been to mirthfully set at defiance every tendency to let “melancholy mark him for her own,” as she did the disagreeably obtrusive victim of Thomas Gray's ‘Elegy.’ To be cheerfully buoyant, keeping a light heart and a thin pair of etcetera, is not a bad rule of conduct, in a world which finds so many of its Nineteenth-century poets perpetually maudlin, its critics atrabilious, its theologians a prey to ghastly doubts of their own ability to believe the sacred truths our wiser ancestors laid to heart and died for valiantly; while our verbose Statesmen, dreary Professors, and place-hunting turncoat Politicians, court the mob, cherishing pessimism, lured by democratic socialism or destructive separatist theories. One might think that such people had continued to live too long, until after “night's candles are burnt out,” and yet no “jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;” so desponding are their moods. As though neither nature nor art could please them, and they adopted Hamlet's words, without his excuse, “Man delights not me, nor woman either!”

Why so melancholy, my little Sirs? Have you lost enjoyment of an astronomical treatise, a dish of syllabubs under the tree, of an opera by Gluck, a punch-bowl, a well-harmonised glee, or an unadulterated old English ballad? The sea-side breezes, the scent

of violets in the hedge-rows; the balmy breath of our northern heights at Hampstead Heath, or a brisk ascent of Scotch or Swiss mountains (we name not Wales, because unfortunately it has the drawback of harbouring discontented and dishonest natives to destroy the charm, since "*Taffy* was a Welshman, and *Taffy* was a thief" from hoar antiquity); cannot any or all of these banish your dyspepsia? Can no perusal of the countless masterpieces of English and foreign literature, 'that large utterance of the early gods,' console you for selfish troubles, insects of the day with your paltry jealousies, and awaken a nobler ambition? Are some of these delights too far removed from you? Well, then, take the goods provided for you, and turn to banquet on our newly completed portion of *Roxburghe Ballads*. With "Sports and Trades," with "Cupid Ballads," and with 'Matrimonial or Anti Matrimonial Ditties,' you may banish *Atra Cura*.

Erelong another Part will be ready for your delectation: a second third of this final volume. It will hold a 'GROUP OF WILLIAM AND MARY BALLADS,' with a few on military commanders and historical characters, extending through the days of Queen Anne to the early Georges; a second and concluding 'GROUP OF LATER NAVAL BALLADS,' which might make an 'Old Salt' linger over them, and forget his grog or his sailing-orders; a 'GROUP OF RELIGIOUS AND MORAL BALLADS,' considerably too sublime in their ecstatic devotion for ordinary easy-going sinners to resist being converted to exemplary conduct and churchmanship; with our friend W. R. Wilson's now ready 'GROUP OF MERRY ADVENTURES' for men and maids; and a varied 'GROUP OF NOTABLE EVENTS AND OCCURRENCES,' not omitting a few pleasant highwaymen or edifying hangings, which suffice to show that people were wide awake two centuries ago, and knew how to enjoy life or death, whichever chanced to come uppermost. These are early-forthcoming dainties from our excellent printers, the Messrs. Stephen Austin & Sons' Hertford press; and Members of the Ballad-Society may say with Parson Evans, as we formerly quoted, in a truly prophetic spirit, "*I will make an end of my dinner: there is pippins and cheese to come!*"

Among the rarities in the present Part XX. is a unique ballad, probably written by Martin Parker, (reprinted on p. 168), "*The Northern Lasse's Lamentation,*" with its thrilling burden of '*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree, They flourish at home in my own Country.*' Another ballad having almost identically the same burden is mentioned on p. 170; this being itself a unique broadside, originally perhaps by Laurence Price, if not Martin Parker's, and never hitherto reprinted, it is added here for comparison without delay. (The music of *Love's Tide* was composed by Henry Lawes, and printed in 1659: beginning, "How calm and temperate am I grown." See vol. vi. p. 774, where we gave the song complete.)

## The Lancashire Lovers ;

Or, The Merry Wooing of Thomas and Betty.

Thomas to pritty Betty went a wooing,  
 And with this Virgin fain he would be doing ;  
 She blushes, then she smiles, and crys, " Pish ! fie !"  
 And with half-smiles, half-frowns, puts his hand by ;  
 At length by gentle dalliance the Maid  
 Is over-power'd and is [over-sway'd] ;  
 Love's pleasures having tasted, with faint breath,  
 " Thomas," she says, " I am thine unto the death."  
 Now Thomas to the seas must go ;  
 Betty in man's Apparel goes also :  
 Thomas was by a common bullet slain,  
 But Betty safely did return again.

TO THE TUNE OF *Love's Tide* [see p. 97] ; or, *At home to be in my own Country.*

THOMAS.

" MY Betty, thou knowest I have courted thee for long,  
 I prithee now ease me of my pain ;  
 My love it is true, and my passion is strong,  
 Come let me but kiss thee once again.  
*The Ash and the Oak, and the Ivy-Tree,*  
*Flourish bravely at home, in our Country."*

BETTY.

" Those flatteries, *Thomas*, I pray you forbear,  
 Young men they are wanton, deceitful and wild,  
 They study all they can young maidens to ensnare,  
 But I'll have a care how I am beguil'd.  
*The Ash [and the Oak, and the Ivy Tree,*  
*Flourish bravely at home in my own Country].*

12

THOMAS.

" To tell thee I love [thee] better than Gold,  
 Or prize thee more than precious Pearl,  
 Is nothing but the truth, and to say 't I'll be bold :  
 For I love thee more than those, my Girl.  
*The Ash and the Oak, and the Ivy Tree,*  
*Flourish bravely at home, in our own Country."*

BETTY.

" If your love it be true, I do thank you for 't ;  
 But why should I marry, being not fifteen ?  
 I believe you're a wag, and love for to sport  
 With every Virgin you have seen. *The Ash, [the Oak,] etc."*

24

THOMAS.

" Pretty *Betty*, believe me, I am not in jest :  
 I'll be constant and true to thee all my life.  
 That love to my Dearest, which I have exprest,  
 I [s] i]n honesty, *Betty*, to make thee my Wife." *The Ash, etc.*

BETTY.

" But, *Thomas*, you know I am too young for to wed,  
 Full seven years longer I well may tarry :  
 I fear for to lose my soft maidenhead, [i.e., maidenhood, frequenter.  
 Which tempts you thus with me to marry." *The Ash, etc.*

36

THOMAS.

“ Oh, *Betty* ! fear nothing, I’le do thee no harm ;  
 The flower is sweetest when [it is] new blown ;  
 I know that thy blood now begins to be warm,  
 Though the pleasures of Love thou hast never known.” *The Ash, etc.*

BETTY.

“ Go, *Thomas*, I doubt thou art wantonly bent,  
 Yet I’le swear you almost tempt me to love ;  
 If I thought I should not the bargain repent,  
 I would venture to taste the sweet pleasures of Love.” *The Ash.* 48

THOMAS.

“ Fear nothing, my Dearest, come give me thy hand ;  
 Speak freely, my *Betty*, and vow to be mine :  
 My Body and Estate is at thy command,  
 And all the delights of the world shall be thine.” *The Ash, etc.*

BETTY.

“ Here I’le give thee my hand, and with it my heart ;  
 And to seal the bargain I’le give thee [a] kiss :  
 From my true Love I will never depart.  
 I’le venture it now, let it hit or miss.” *The Ash, etc.* 60

Thus *Thomas* and *Betty* at last were agreed.  
 But mark how Fortune did on them frown :  
 Poor *Thomas* was forc’d to the Seas with speed,  
 And poor *Betty* with grief was cast down.  
*The Ash, [the Oak, and the Ivy Tree,*  
*Flourish bravely at home, in our Country].*

## [The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.]

THOMAS.

“ NOW, *Betty*, for a while I must bid thee adue,  
 And to the Seas I must speedily go :  
 But I to my *Betty* will ever be true,  
 Not doubting but she will prove so too.” *The Oak, etc.* 72

BETTY.

“ Since the Fates have desired to take thee from me, [‘ take him.’]  
 I’le cross their designs : with my dearest I’le go :  
 In a Souldier’s apparel I cloathed will be,  
 And none of the Seamen shall me know.” *The Ash, etc.*

THOMAS.

“ If that thou art resolved with me for to go,  
 My endeavour shall be thee in safety to keep :  
 To save thee from hard boards I’le lye down full low,  
 And at night in my arms my dearest shall sleep.”  
*Oh the Ash, [the Oak, and the Ivy-Tree,*  
*Flourish bravely at home in our Country].* 84

Thus both sail’d together upon the salt main,  
 And their ship with their enemy did quickly engage ;  
 Poor *Thomas* by a bullet was unhappily slain,  
 Which made his sweet *Betty* with madness to rage. *To the Ash, etc.*



BETTY.

“ Now a fare-wel unto all worldly joy !  
My *Thomas* being dead, no delights I shall see :  
Although at first I did seem to be coy,  
Yet often times we did hug by the Ivy-Tree :  
*The Ash, and the Oak, and the Ivy-Tree :*  
*And I'll now stay at home, in my own Country.*”

96

Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.*

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts : 1st, the Knight and Lady, a little *papoose* floating suggestively down the river towards them, as in vol. vi. p. 110 ; 2nd and 3rd are on p. 143 in the present volume. Date, of later issue, *circa* 1672.]

Tobias Bowne wrote many of our *Roxburghe Ballads*, including 'A Fairing for Young Men and Maids' (on p. 111) and the series which bears his name, 'Tobias' Advice,' his 'Experience' and his 'Observation' (on pp. 151, 153, 155) ; we here add 'Toby's Delight,' probably his also, from a unique broadside not hitherto reprinted.

## Toby's Delight ;

Or, An Encouragement for Young Men and Maids.

*Young Men and Maids pray never tarry,  
If e're you do intend to marry ;  
For if your charge be ne'r so great,  
He that sends mouths will sure send meat.* [Compare p. 129.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Tender Hearts of London City.* [See vol. vi. p. 80.]

- “ THOU art she whom I love dearly, therefore, dearest, do not fear me,  
I do love thee as my life ;  
All that's mine shall be thine, and if thou wilt but be my Wife.
- “ Though I have not much to give thee, yet I vow I will not leave thee  
While that I enjoy this life ;  
Till Death doth come, & call us home, which parteth every man & wife.” 10
- [THE MAID ANSWERS.]
- “ I have heard some people babble, saying, ' You'l come into trouble,  
You must expect a charge come on,  
When you are wed and brought to bed : ' those things I'de have you think upon ! ”
- [MAN.]
- “ Suppose that we had Children plenty, if it were eighteen or twenty,  
Yet they are blessings to the Poor :  
And in their sight take more delight than he that hath thousands in store. 20
- “ Therefore why should we be daunted ? it's your love I ask, pray grant it,  
And to thee I will prove true.  
I'll not leave thee, nor deceive thee, and will love no one but you.”
- MAID.
- “ Though your Father did deride me, and your Mother she doth chide me,  
Yet I will not leave my dear :  
But I will do my best for you, to please you shall be all my care.” 30

MAN.

"Lay aside all ill suspicion, doubt not of my poor condition,  
Banish all such dread and fear;  
Why may not we as well agree, as those who have thousands a year?"

"It's known that we came all from *Adam*; *Moll* and *Joan* as well as *Madam*,  
Then why should we then not agree  
With our descent to be content, as *Madam*, though in silks she be?" 40

MAID.

"My love, what need we care for riches? it's a thing the heart bewitches;  
Dung and dross we may it call;  
But perfect Love is far above all Riches that on some do fall.

"What need we to frown or quarrel? 'tis but meat, drink, and apparel,  
In this world we can desire.  
My love to you it is as true as the[irs] that walk in silk attire. [*text*, 'them.']

"I like the words which thou hast spoken, if your vows are never broken,  
Yet I doubt how things may fall;  
If you prove kind, you'll please my mind, for true Love is the best of all."

MAN.

"Say no more, my love, about it; we will live in love, ne'r doubt it:  
I would have you nothing fear.  
The poor, I see, as well agree, as those that have thousands a year. 60

Come, Maid, fill us one full quart in, that we may both drink at parting,  
Since we cannot longer stay;  
Come, here's to you, and so adieu! until we meet another day."

[Probably written by **Tobias Bowne**.]

Finis.

Printed for *P[hilip] Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Pye-Corner*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, each of two figures, the 1st given in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 563; 2nd, here on p. 208. Date, 1683<sup>2</sup> or 1683.]

Tobias was too sensible a man to be the slave of crotchets, whims, or silly 'fads,' and managed to make the best of the world in which he found himself, instead of yelping as a Social Reformer whose eyes and ears admit nothing without prejudice. We take his lessons thankfully, 'and so say all of us.'

It may be of no use (except at generous Plymouth and Thanet) for the Editor to do, what is rightfully the business of the Secretary-Treasurer, *viz.* to urge strenuously the Members of the Ballad Society to *pay up arrears of subscriptions*, and enable printers to complete this work. Therefore we leave the matter alone, without so much as a hint that guineas are needed. "O no! we never mention it," except where an old ballad, on p. 53, says "down with your dust."

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

JANUARY 20, 1890.

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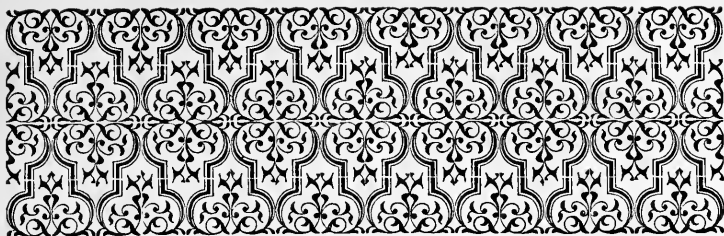
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## ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.

*WE who need no persona ingrata,  
To growl and pick holes in our coat,  
Here furnish a List of Errata,  
Which pro temp. our kind readers should note:  
Since, despite all our care, and our printers',  
Being fallible mortals, alas!  
We have found out a few blots and splinters:  
Please to cancel, and not let them pass.*

- Page 9.—For *Heneage Finch*, read *John, Lord Finch*, as rightly on p. 103.  
 „ 19.—The woodcut of two men going to dig gravel is on p. 196.  
 „ 23.—The woodcuts are given on p. 133 (=vi. p. 243). Chronos has  
 brought together into silence the two who differed in opinion.  
 „ 28, and p. 43.—The Milkmaid cut is on p. 168, left, with Mercer of p. 83.  
 „ 32.—The tune of *My child must have a father* is identified on p. 99.  
 „ 51.—Read *part is here; remainder on p. 54.*  
 „ 83.—The woodcut of Exchange haberdasher is added on p. 168, right.  
 „ 105.—Reference to woodcut of woman with fan should be vi. 166; not 16.  
 „ 108.—The woodcut of youth, vi. 50, is given on p. 203, right.  
 „ 110.—Read '*thank you too*;' an accidental slip of *g* for *y*.  
 „ 125.—Third line, delete words preceding the bracket (*Vingtième Siècle*).  
 „ 187.—Square-bracket, for p. 163, p. 166, read respectively p. 162, p. 165.



## Group of Tradesmen & Sportsmen.

*MY heart felt sore, Son of Adam !  
 My heart still is heavy for you,  
 At the beck of each Cit, Miss, or Madam,  
 With so very much too-much to do !—  
 My experience of life having shown me  
 (Breaking manacle, fetter and chain,)  
 Social bondage might soon have o'erthrown me ;  
 But I scorn'd to sell Freedom for gain.*

*Chronos warns us 'Near Twelve,' Son of Adam !  
 My own life-spring is well-nigh unwound ;  
 Was it worth while to mutter a sad damn,  
 Because, either way, Failure we found ?  
 Nay, truly, though foot-sore and weary  
 Both pilgrims may long for their rest,  
 Sloth we conquer'd, 'twixt Goblin and Peri :  
 Whether paid or un-paid, Work was best.*

—Laborare est Orare : Trowbesh MSS.



**D**RAMATIC IMPERSONATIONS have been popular since the earliest days of ballads and songs. When a man begins to sing we need not make him swear on the Koran or the Testament that he is not the character he represents himself to be, and he may assume whatever virtues or vices are in keeping with the part. Descendants of the earlier Civil-war fanatics, 'zealous congregations,' showed more favour to dreary sententiousness than to rollicking fun or the tender sentiment of love-ditties : all the vendors of penny broadsides knew where to find such cattle, and how to profitably disperse their pedlar-wares. This the multitude of extant 'Godly Warnings' amply proves. Such heavy articles, howsoever insincerely fabricated, found a rapid sale

among our unctuous hypocrites or acrid Puritans, and perhaps neither camp yet lacks followers. The singer assumed a double mask. Sometimes he chose to be a repentant Prodigal; sometimes the Prodigal's aggrieved and pious father who rebuked his unrepentant son, but displayed a close acquaintance with all his haunts of vice, without the fellow-feeling making him wondrous kind. His favourite attitude appeared to be standing on the ladder of the gallows, making a last dying speech and confession of past wickedness. This gave grand opportunities for histrionic details and exhortation. He might be a Highwayman, an unfortunate apprentice like George Barnwell who had gone wrong after 'the Dolly-mops,' or even a 'German Princess' like Mary Carleton: to all of whom we shall listen in these pages. At the very least, he could pretend to be an Expiring Christian, in the strong odour of sanctity; even a 'Clerk of Bodmin' (as on p. 40): Cornwall being always prone to sanctimoniousness, a Truro-rural county, whose turbulent miners delve for Tin and Theology in darkened underground explorations, with their own worldliness and other-worldliness discomfited.

With a "GROUP OF TRADES AND OF SPORTS" we begin this final volume of *Roeburgh Ballads*: a second special group of the Seamen and Sailors coming a little later. Sometimes the tradesmen bemoan the 'Hardness of the Times' (but when were the times such as could be wished? the laws of supply and demand are enforced with the suffering of the many and the gain of the few). They enquire,

" Oh ! where are now those golden Springs,                    [mispr. "times."  
 When Gold was counted [with] needless things?  
 None loved his Neighbour for a self[ish] end,  
 But once and always stood his friend.  
 Yet now, through want, times altered are,  
 Each in himself is a Man of War,  
*Trading being dead and Money scant,*  
*Is the subject of this sad Complaint."*                    [vide, p. 4.

The Pedlars and petty Chapmen, who were the flying stationers of their day, utter a 'Sorrowful Lamentation,' declaring that "The times are grown hard, more harder than stone." One London tradesman laments the prodigality of his wife, to the ironically incongruous tune of *The Spinning Wheel*. On the other hand, we find the handicrafts rejoicing in their various callings, whether it be a 'Clothier's Delight' or a 'Shoe-maker's Delight;,' they seek enjoyment, in 'The Royal Recreation of Jovial Anglers.' In contrast with a sorrowful citizen, befooled and pummelled by a 'Courageous Ploughman,' or a 'Braggadocio Gentleman' confuted in dialogue when he hears 'The Honest Tradesman's Honour Vindicated' (for which see our p. 37), we have the always-welcome praise of pure 'Country Innocence' by 'The Happy Husbandman,' who sings, 'My young Mary does mind her dairy;,' the 'Faithful Young Farmer's hearty wooing of his Nanny;,' 'The Plowman's Answer



to the Milk-maid's Delight,' and 'The Innocent Country Maid's Delight' in her description of the happiness attendant on those "Who carry the Milking-pail" (see for two, pp. 29, 27). We have also the stalwart deeds recorded of 'Three Worthy Butchers of the North,' who might have been safely summoned on a Jury. Are there not a 'West-country Weaver,' a 'Jovial Pedlar,' a 'St. Giles's Broker,' seeking to buy a green goose and getting it very green indeed; each and all songful, willing to relate the experience of their lives for our behoof? What more can any one demand as a beginning? After this orchestral tuning of the fiddles, let the curtain be drawn, the play begin, and everything go smoothly till the end of our Seventh Volume. Few of the Editor's early companions, Old Stagers, may survive to give it a *plaudité*, but those who quit their seats early should transfer their pass-out checks to Executors, helping us with necessary subscriptions.

---

THIS FIRST 'Group of Trades and Sports' IS  
DEDICATED,  
In Affectionate Esteem,

TO ONE WHOSE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR ENGLISH DRAMA IS THAT OF A  
SCHOLAR, UNRIVALLED ALSO IN RECOGNISING THE EXCELLENCE  
OF ACTING, WITH COMPETENT JUDGMENT OF THE TRAINED  
CRITIC; GENEROUSLY ACCORDING PRAISE WHERE  
PRAISE MAY BE DESERVED; NEVER UNKIND  
OR UNJUST, WHEN CONSTRAINED  
TO CONDEMN.

*THROUGH* rain and sleet, where wild winds rage and moil,  
On many a cheerless road, men journeying fret,  
Jaded, till from thy hand warm clasp they get,  
Old Friend! whom Time and Chance lack power to spoil.  
Soon Shuffling-off their weary mortal-coil,  
Even as they flung hence garments soiled or wet,  
Pleased to have paid in full stern Nature's debt,  
Haste they to climes where none shall grieve or toil.

Keep on thy way! secure of love and praise,  
Never repining, while our world may wag;  
Is there one grudges thee thy blithesome days?  
Good-Fellowship can nowhere pine or flag  
Holding thy genial presence, that out-weighs  
Ten-fold each prize in Fortune's Lucky-Bag.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 454. Apparently unique.]

## The Tradesman's Complaint

Upon the Hardness of the Times, Deadness of Trade,  
and Scarcity of Money.

Wherein he sighs and makes great moan,  
How trading is (almost) fled and gone :  
He intreats all men, in each degree,  
To help in this his want and misery.

TO THE TUNE OF, *In Summer time, etc.*; or, *Phancie's Phœnix*.<sup>1</sup>



OH where are now those golden [Springs], [‘these . . . times.’]  
When gold was counted [with] needless things?  
None loved his neighbour for a self[ish] end,  
But once and always stood his friend :  
But now through want times altered are,  
Each in himself a man of War :  
Trading being dead and money scant,  
Is the subject of this sad Complaint.

8

The time has been, that in this land,  
A man's word was as good as his band :  
The time is now as you may see,  
New Faith hath kill'd Old Honesty :

<sup>1</sup> On the many ballads beginning “*In Summer-time*,” see pp. 274, 283, 570, 745, 789, 790 of vol. vi., and the ‘Robin Hood Group’ in this vol. vii. But *Phancie's Phœnix*, i.e. *Fancie's Phœnix*, is given on pp. 42–45, beginning “Come, all you Bachelors,” with ‘Fancie's Favourite’=“Come, come away, you maidens fair,” written by C. H., to the same tune. *Query*, the C.H. of vi. 323?

There is so much hatred one to th' other,  
That there is none that loves his brother :  
    Oh all good men of each degree,  
    Learn to live in Love and Unity. 16

The time has been in this city round  
A man might in a morning take a pound :  
The time is now, though in 's shop he stay,  
Yet scarce takes twelve pence all the day :  
Trading's so dead, and money scant,  
Is subject of this sad complaint :  
    Oh all good men of each degree,  
    Redress our Countrie's misery. 24

The times have been, what tradesmen gain'd,  
Hath decently their charge maintain'd ;  
The time is now, through trade's decay,  
In street they beg, oh well-a-day !  
Trading is so dead, and money scant,  
Is subject of this sad complaint :  
    Oh all good men of each degree,  
    Help to redress our misery. 32

The time has been, each Rich Man's door  
Was seldom shut against the poor ;  
The time is now, some wives go fine,  
They care not though the begger pine :  
Trading being dead makes times so hard,  
Poor people cry without regard :  
    Oh all good men of each degree,  
    Help to regard our misery. 40

In elder times it was, indeed,  
The Rich would help the poor man's need :  
The time is now, so themselves be serv'd,  
They care not if poor people be starv'd :  
Trading being dead, makes times so hard,  
The Rich the poor do not regard :  
    Oh all good men of each degree,  
    Help to redress our misery. 48

For dearth of trade all men complain,  
How can poor men their Charge maintain ?  
Hardness of times makes many rue,  
How can we give *Caesar* his due ?  
Money's so scant through trade's decay,  
Which makes poor tradesmen sigh and say,  
    *" Oh all good men of each degree,  
    Help to release our misery."* 56

The Courtier he complains for gold ;  
 To whom the tradesmen wares hath sold,  
 And having run so on his score,  
 He's forced, alas ! to shut up door :  
 Times being so hard through trade's decay,  
 It makes poor tradesmen sigh and say,  
     " *Oh all good Men of each degree,*  
     *Help us in our necessity !*"

64

The poor Country-Man he doth complain  
 Of the loss of his cattle and grain,  
 Rents being so dear, and money scant,  
 Makes him mourn forth this sad complaint :  
 Which makes him sigh and make great moan,  
 Whose grief would melt a heart of stone :  
     " *Oh all good men of each degree,*  
     *Help, help us in our poverty.*"

72

That trade may flourish here again,  
 That plenty may amongst us raign,  
 That great men's charity may show,  
 And pay poor men what they do owe :  
 It is my prayer, and let all men  
 To this Petition, say, *Amen !*  
     Oh all good men of each degree,  
     Learn to live in Love and Unity.

80

*Finis.*

Printed for *J. Conniers*, near the *Marshalsee* in *Southwark*.

[In Black-letter, with three woodcuts. 1st, the Blacksmiths, on p. 4 ; 2nd, two men alternately beating a coil of hemp ; 3rd, the men as on p. 7. Date, c. 1682.]

### *The Clothier's Delight.*

PEOPLE ignorantly suppose that the "Sweating system" is a modern innovation. This satirical ballad offers evidence to the contrary. It claims to be a song of triumph, celebrating "The Clothiers' Delight" at their own prosperity, but it does not redound to their credit, if we read between the lines. The Drapers' Company is one of the most generous among our many excellent City Guilds (none dearer to us personally than the Worshiptful Company of the Tallow Chandlers on Dowgate-Hill, whose guest we have often had the honour to be). But the ballad is bitterly in disparagement of the Master-Clothiers, representing them as exacting, greedy, selfish, and oppressive to their poor workpeople. We see no reason to doubt the truth of the ballad in regard to the City men of 1682. Capitalists were the same at all times.

\* \* Tunes named: 1st, "*Jenny, come tye my bonny Cravat !*" is the burden of an amatory ballad, beginning, "As *Johnny* met *Jenny* a going one day," to which Roxb. Coll., II. 420, is the sequel or "Second Part of the new *Scotch Jigg* ; or, *Jenny's* reply to *Johnny's Cravat*." This begins, "As *Jenny* sate under a sycamore tree." 2nd, *Packington's Pound*, see vol. vi. p. 331. 3rd, *Monk hath confounded*, see vol. vi. pp. 136, 137.

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 35. Apparently Unique.]

## The Clothier's Delight :

Dr, The Rich Men's Joy, and the Poor Men's Sorrow.  
Wherein is exprest the craftiness and subtilty of  
many Clothiers in England, by beating down their  
Work-men's wages.

Combers, Weavers, and Spinners, for little gains,  
Doth earn their money by taking of hard pains.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Jenny, come tye my [bonny Cravat]*, etc., *Packington's Pound*,  
or, *Monk hath confounded*, etc. [For Note on tunes, see p. 6.]



OF all sorts of callings, that in *England* be,  
There is none that liveth so gallant as we ;  
Our Trading maintains us as brave as a knight,  
We live at our pleasure, and taketh delight :  
We heap up [of] riches and treasure great store,  
Which we get by griping and grinding the poor.

[“heapeth.”]

*And this is a way for to fill up our purse,  
Although we do get it with many a curse.*

8

Throughout the whole kingdom, in country and town,  
There is no danger of our Trade going down,  
So long as the Comber can work with his Comb,  
And also the Weaver weave in his Loom :  
The Tucker and Spinner, who spins all the year,  
We will make them to earn their wages full dear.

[=Loom.]

*And this is the way [for to fill up our purse], etc.*

16

In former ages we us'd to give,  
 So that our work-folks like farmers did live ;  
 But the times are altered, we will make them know  
 All we can for to bring them all under our bow :  
 We will make them to work hard for sixpence a day,  
 Though a shilling they deserve if they had their full pay.  
*And this is the way [for to fill up our Purse], etc.* 24

And first for the Combers, we will bring them down  
 From eight-groats a score unto half a Crown :  
 If at all they murmur, and say 'tis too small,  
 We bid them cho[ose] whether they will work at all.  
 We'll make them believe that Trading is bad,  
 We care not a pin, though they are ne'r so sad.  
*And this is the way [for to fill up our Purse], etc.* 32

We'll make the poor Weavers work at a low rate,  
 We'll find fault where's no fault, and so we will bate :  
 If trading grows dead, we will presently show it ;  
 But if it grows good, they shall never know it :  
 We'll tell them that Cloath beyond sea will not go,  
 We care not whether we keep cloathing or no.  
*And this is the way [for to fill up our Purse], etc.* 40

Then next for the Spinners we shall ensue,  
 We'll make them spin three pound instead of two ;  
 When they bring home their work unto us, they complain  
 And say that their wages will not them maintain :  
 But if that an ounce of weight they do lack,  
 Then for to bate three pence we will not be slack.  
*And this is the way [for to fill up our Purse], etc.* 48

But if it holds weight, then their wages they crave,  
 We have got no money, and what's that you'd have ?  
 We have bread and bacon, and butter that's good,  
 With oatmeal and salt, that is wholesome for food ;  
 We have sope and candles whereby to give light,  
 That you may work by them so long as you have sight.  
*And this is the way [for to fill up our Purse], etc.* 56

We will make the Tucker and Shereman understand  
 That they with their wages shall never buy land ;  
 Though heretofore they have been lofty and high,  
 Yet now we will make them submit humbly ;  
 We will lighten their wages as low as may be,  
 We will keep them under in every degree.  
*And this is the way [for to fill up our Purse], etc.* 64

When we go to Market, our workmen are glad ;  
 But when we come home, then we do look sad,  
 We sit in the corner as if our hearts did ake,  
 We tell them 'tis not a penny we can take :  
 We plead poverty before we have need,  
 And thus we do coaks them most bravely indeed.

*And this is the way [for to fill up our Purse], etc.* 72

But if to an ale-house they customers be,  
 Then presently with the ale-wife we agree,  
 When we come to a reckoning, then we do crave  
 Two-pence on a shilling, and that we will have ;  
 By such cunning ways we our treasure do get,  
 For it is all fish that doth come to our net.

*And this is the way [for to fill up our Purse], etc.* 80

And thus we do gain all our wealth and estate,  
 By many poor men that works early and late ;  
 If it were not for those that do labour full hard,  
 We might go and hang our selves without regard :  
 The Combers, and Weavers, and Tuckers also,  
 With the Spinners that worketh for wages full low :

By these people's labours *we fill up our Purse*, etc. 88

Then hey for the Cloathing-trade, it goes on brave ;  
 We scorn for to toyl and moyl, nor yet to slave ;  
 Our Workmen do work hard, but we live at ease,  
 We go when we will, and come when we please :  
 We hoard up our bags of silver and gold,  
 But conscience and charity with us is cold.

*By poor people's labour we fill up our purse,  
 Although we do get it with many a curse.*

Finis.

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

[In Black-letter, with three woodcuts. The 1st (left) is in vol. vi. on p. 163, left ; the 2nd on our p. 7 ; the 3rd, right (a poor copy, mutilated of his wings, symbolical of his name, *Heneage Finch*) is on p. 517 of *Bagford Ballads* : the original caricature belonged to 1640, and reappears complete in "The Dainty Damsel's Dream" on a later page. In the first stanza "*taketh*" was misprint for *take* : So with '*heapeth*' and '*worketh*.' Date of ballad, *circa* 1679. Oppressive and purse-proud clothiers, whose workmen complained of them, would be the very people to hunt down debtors with "Bailiffs and their Dogs" as in the next ballad, which belongs to the same date, 1679, or a few months later.]



## Against Bailiffs and their Dogs.

### The Poet's Dream.

" If there were Dreams to sell,  
Merry and sad to tell,  
And the Crier rung the bell,  
What would you buy ? "

—T. L. Beddoes, *Dream-Pedlary*.

THERE is so much conventicle bitterness in this odd ballad, with its incidental railing against an Old-Street "Play-house Wench" (worthy of a bigotted Cirencestrian Winterbotham in later days), that one might imagine some Praise-God Barebones had indited it before the rebellion and civil-wars. But all the evidence attainable combines to show the date of it to have been 1679, or at the latest September, 1680. Philip Brooksby's name as publisher is on our Roxburghe broadside, his period being 1672-1695; the woodcut was a late copy (after the fire of 1666), representing Prince Rupert and his dog 'Boy'; the tune of *Sawney* points to a song beginning "Sawney was tall and of noble race," written by Tom D'Urfey for his "Virtuous Wife," Act iii., which was acted in 1679, a song imitated speedily and politically parodied in disparagement of Thomas Osborne, Earl of Danby, as "The Disloyal Favourite," beginning "Tommy was a Lord of high renown" (for which see pp. 85-89 of our reprinted *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. iv.), a scathing jibe from the Shaftesbury faction. The prayer for a fresh parliament soon to be given to the nation, with the sanctimonious flattery applied to the first Lord Shaftesbury and the Earl of Essex in our final stanza, as being "Christian-Peers that may right our wrong, when Heaven yields up a Parliament," serve to indicate precisely the unquiet time immediately preceding the calling of Charles II.'s fourth parliament. Summoned in October, 1679, but prorogued on 26 January and 15 April next year, it did not actually meet and begin stormily its discontented work until October 21, 1680. We refer readers back to our account of the successive parliaments, their difficulties and their gross faults, already given in the introduction to "Long-looked-for Come at Last," in vol. iii. pp. 189-196. Taken thus, in connection with the political disaffection, the present ballad becomes doubly interesting, descriptive of the time.

It may be well, since it is often mentioned in ballad-literature, to give Tom D'Urfey's Anglo-Scottish song complete, on p. 14. The music to it was composed by his friend Thomas Farmer: it is printed in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, i. 316, 1719 edition; Playford's *Choice Ayres*, iii. 9, 1681; and Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 620. D'Urfey has it in his *New Collection of Songs*, p. 39, 1683.



[Roxburghe Coll., II. 254; Pepys, IV. 302; Huth, II. 56; Jersey, I. 73.]

## The Poet's Dream :

Or, The Great Out-cry and Lamentable Complaint of the Land  
against

### Bayliffs and their Dogs.

Wherein is expressed their Villanous Out-rages to poor Men.  
With a True Description of their Knavery and their Debauch'd  
Actions; prescribed and presented to the view of all People.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Savny* [*will ne'er be my Love again*], etc.



AS I lay slumbering in a Dream,  
Methought the world most strangely went;  
The Bayliffs on High Seats was seen,  
Which caus'd the Poor's great discontent.  
They pluckt true Justice from the Throne,  
Erecting Laws was made of their own,  
And burthen'd the Poor till they made them groan,  
*And that's the cause that the Land complains.*

- Their meeting-house was an ale-wives bench,  
 Fix'd in a Street that is termed Old ; [Old Street.  
 Their Speaker was an a Play-house-Wench,  
 Both whore and thief, and a devilish scold.  
 She'd guzzel brandy, wine, or ale,  
 And then she'd at her neighbours rail,  
 And send for the Bayliffs to have them to Jayl,  
*And that's the cause that the Land complains.* 16
- Methoughts a mighty Hunting-match,  
 Was made by Bayliffs and their Currs ;  
 Poor men was the deer they strove to catch,  
 The houses plac'd in the room of furrs : [i.e. Firs.  
 The suburbs-round it was their park,  
 The Bayliffs yell, the dogs did bark,  
 The poor kept as close as *Noah* in the Ark,  
*And that's the cause that the Land complains.* 24
- Then Shephard and his dog wheel'd up to th' right,  
 And thunder'd by a cursed lane,  
 And there the villains wrought their spight,  
 For by them once was a poor man slain :  
 They swear, before they'l ever lack,  
 They'l go to hell a pick-a-pack,  
 And thus poor Debtors they go to rack,  
*And that's the cause that the Land complains.* 32
- There's cursing *Will* and damme-*Jack*,  
 And Robbin' *Turner's* alive agen ;  
 And paunchgut-*Tom* (a hellish pack),  
 With perjur'd-*Dick* and bawdy *Ben* :  
 Which formerly on earth did dwell,  
 And now they are return'd from Hell,  
 And doth against our Laws rebell,  
*And that's the cause that the Land complains.* 40
- When I awaked from my Dream,  
 Methoughts the World turn'd upside down,  
 And in great haste, I writ this theam,  
 For the Bayliffs' Dogs of our town :  
 Who for their prey each hour do wait,  
 Like death at every poor man's gate,  
 And brings the Realm to a dismal fate,  
*And that's the cause that the Land complains.* 48
- When poor men are out of employ,  
 And have not a farthing in the world,  
 The while there wives and children cry,  
 There's many are in a prison hurl'd.

Men are enticed by the Bumms, [i.e. Bum-Bailiffs.]  
 Who swear they ne'r will pay their summs ;  
 Thus poor in flocks to the Jaylor comes ;  
*And that's the cause that the Land complains.* 56

The Tally-man, curmudgeon keeps  
 A Baylif and his Dog to bite ;  
 If in their books men ever creeps,  
 They quickly swear they'l have their right ;  
 So soon as e're they do backslide,  
 The torturing Jale they must abide,  
 Then *Toty* and [his] dog's employ'd ;  
*And that's the cause that the Land complains.* 64

When rogues are at the *Old Bayly* burn'd, [burnt in the hand,  
branded]  
 And that their pilfering trades do fail ;  
 From Thieves to Bayliffs-dogs have turn'd,  
 To plague and hurry the Poor to jayl :  
 How like kid-nappers all the day  
 In every corner they survey,  
 And quaff whole bowls when they get the [ir pay,]  
*And that's the cause that the Land complains.* 72

Ten groats the fees, and a crown the [bed,  
 And three round ooo's for a writ beside ;  
 Thus laws are broken, and poor men d[read [mutilated.]  
 Such racking torments they must abide.  
 And while the Prisoner sends for bail,  
 They tope the brandy, beer, and ale,  
 And makes him pay, or they have him to [jayl :  
*And that's the cause that the Land complains.* 80

For twenty shillings, ten, or five,  
 They'l put a man to a cursed Charge ;  
 Or run him to Jayl they'l soon contrive,  
 Where other bills are exprest at large :  
 The Jayl-fees many are bound to rue,  
 The garnish, bed, and Turn-key too,  
 Expects an unexpected due ;  
*And that's the cause that the Land complains.* 88

Your *Moore-field* mobbs, and *Whetstone-w* . . .<sup>1</sup>  
 Has Bayliffs and their Dogs for friends ;  
 When lustful youth pays *Venus'* scores,  
 Those spunging Pimps the house attends.

<sup>1</sup> Mutilated. Whetstone-Park, an ill-famed locality between Holborn and Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, has been mentioned in our *Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*. A Ballad in Harleian MS. 6913, fol. 59, begins, "In a famous street near *Whetstone's-Park*, where there's commonly fiddles as soon as 'tis dark," etc.

14 D'Urfey's *Original* 'Sawney was tall, and of noble race.'

If cullies fight in a drunken fit,  
 Away goes *Toby's* dog for a Writ,  
 Thus many falls in the Bayliff's pit,  
*And that's the cause that the Land complains.* 96

'Tis seldom a Bayliff, or his dog,  
 Is ever known for to go to church ;  
 As soon as they hear the Word of God,  
 They leave the parson in the lurch :  
 They swear they'l come to church no more,  
 They lay their sins to *Adam's* score,  
 And jaunts to *Moorfields* to a whore :  
*And that's the cause that the Land complains.* 104

Thus I conclude and end my Song,  
 Desiring that you wou'd be content :  
 There's Christian-Peers that may right our wrong  
 When Heaven yields up a Parliament :  
 I hope true reason will plead our cause,  
 While they'r erecting wholesome laws,  
 They'l keep us from the *Crocodil's* paws :  
*And cease the Poor of the Land's complaints.* 112

Finis.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball*, near the *Bear Tavern*.  
 [Black-letter. Woodcut of Prince Rupert and 'Boy,' p. 11. Date, before October,  
 1680. *The Bear-Tavern* was in *Pye-Corner, Smithfield*.]

**Lettice's Song. Sawney's Neglect.**

(Sung in "*The Virtuous Wife*," 1679.)

**S**AWNEY was tall and of Noble race, and lov'd me better than any eane ;  
 But now he ligs by another Lass, and *Sawney* will ne'er be my Love agen.  
 I gave him fine *Scotch* sark and band, I put 'em on with mine own hand ;  
 I gave him House and I gave him Land, *Yet Sawney will ne'er be my Love agen.*

I robb'd the groves of all their store, and nose-gays made to give *Sawney* one ;  
 He kiss'd my breast and feign would do mere, Geud feth! me-thought he was a  
 bonny one :

He squeez'd my fingers, grasp'd my knee, and carv'd my name on each green tree,  
 And sigh'd and languish'd to lig by me, *Yet now he wo' not be my Love agen.*

My Bongrace and my sun-burnt face he prais'd, and also my Russet Gown ;  
 But now he doats on the Copper Lace of some leud Quean of London Town :  
 He gangs and gives her Curds and Cream, whilst I poor soul sit sighing at heam,  
 And ne'er 'joy *Sawney* unless in a Dream, *for now he ne'er will be my Love agen.*

[By **Tom D'Urfey**. See p. 10.]

A pleasanter 'Dream' was Lettice's, no doubt, than 'The Poet's Dream of Bailiffs and their Dogs.' There are indications of private grievance of the self-styled 'Poet' against the sundry-adjectived Will, Jack, Turner, Tom, Dick and Ben, but we suppose that '*Toby* and his dog' may fairly represent a class (as John Doe and Richard Roe), not a simple individual Toby, like Tobias Bowne, whose 'Advice' and 'Experience we reach in our '*Matrimonial Group*.'

\* \* A *Roxburghe Ballad*, "Jenny's Answer to Sawney," sequel to Tom D'Urfe's song, to the same tune, is from the same publisher, Philip Brooksby.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 223 ; Jersey Coll., II. 154.]

Jennie's Answer to Sawney ;

Wherein Love's Cruelty is requited ; or, The Inconstant Lober  
justly Despisd.

Being a Relation how *Sawney* being disabled and turn'd out of doors by the Miss of *London* town, is likewise scorned and rejected by his Country Lass and forced to wander where he may.

[*Sawney*] at last, in a most woful case, [misp. "*Jenny*."] Is forced to leave the patch'd and painted face ;  
For money there rules all, and when 'tis gone  
The cully is no longer waited on :  
Down to his *Jenny* he does hye with speed,  
But she remembers his Ungrateful deed ;  
Nor will forgive, though on his knees he fall,  
So mortify'd he is despis'd by all.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Sawney will ne'r be my Love again.*

WHEN *Sawney* left me he had store of gilt, but he hath spent it in *London* town,  
And now is return'd to his Sun-burn'd face, his own dear Joy in a Russet  
Gown :  
He is come for another Sark and band, and coakses me for more of my coin,  
But I'se 'guid-faith, shall hold my hand ; *For SA WNY shall never more be mine.*

*Sawney* rid home on a Running Nagg, and fain wou'd he have me gang to the shade ;  
But never was *Scot* in such a case with riding upon a *London* Jade.  
But now he repents o' th' Painted-face, and bans the lewd Queans of *London* fine,  
He fain wou'd have let his Nagg run a race, *But SA WNY shall never more be mine.*

He now would angle in my fish-pond, to quench those flames that scorch him so ;  
And wou'd put it in with his own hand, but let him gang where the North-winds  
blow.  
I'se be content with my former Dream, nor at his absence will I repine ;  
No more will I'se taste of his Curds and Cream, *For SA WNY never more shall  
be mine.*

But yet methought that I'se was sad, to see poor *Sawney* look so forlorn ;  
To think what glee I'se once from him had, and that I'se shou'd now his kind-  
ness scorn.

Guid faith ! he look[t] both pale and wan, repenting that he had been so unkind ;  
And beg'd of me for a Sark and band ; *But SA WNY shall never more be mine.*

He told me he wou'd be now my Slave, and never more see *London* Town,  
But ganging with me shou'd think it brave, take more delight in my Russet Gown  
Than in that filthy Copper-Lace that covers Harlots void of grace,  
Pox'd and patch'd with an Impudent face : *But SA WNY shall never more be mine.*

Guid faith ! I'se keep close my two-leav'd Book, I'se will not trust him to gang  
between ; [Quean.  
Lest my Fish-pond is spoil'd with his hook, because he hath ligg'd with a *London*

She having gull'd him of all his store, [and] bid him to gang and seek for more,  
Now he's return'd both maim'd and poor : *But SAWNY shall never mō be mine.*

Tho' he shew'd me the gay green Tree, on which he oft had carv'd my name ;  
Whilst Primroses I'se pluck'd hard by, and made him Nosegays of the same :  
Guid faith ! I'se smile to see him weep, because his promise he did not keep,  
But with a Miss o' th' Town did sleep : *Yet SAWNY shall never more be mine.*

I'se bid him gang, from whence he came, and to the *London* Mort declare,  
He had wrong'd me, and cou'd not for shame to me for House or Land repair :  
He told me that she was muckle Fag, for when he had emptied his bag,  
She sent him home with a running nagg : *Yet SAWNY shall never more be mine.*

And that he did intreat her still, but she was cruel and would not bear,  
Swearing she would poor *Sawny* kill, if that he stayed any longer there ;  
Thus any e'ne may plainly see, what he got by leaving of me,  
And what the Queans of *London* be : *Yet SAWNY shall never more be mine.*

Thus may the Lasses see how I paid him for his base inconstancy,  
Who for to ride on a *London* jade, cockt up his Bonnet and gang'd from me.  
For which I shall requite him now, and no more of his kindness allow,  
But let him gang home to his father's plow, *for SAWNY shall never more be mine.*

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, near the *Hospital-Gate* in  
*West-Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter, with three woodcuts. Date, probably, 1679-80. The Scotch Lass thought disparagingly of the "London Queans and foul Traders." Similarly an English "Innocent Country Maid" tells her scorn for wickedness and her delight in rural happiness on p. 27. The cuts are the Scot of p. 26 and the 'painted face' below ; also two figures, *Bayford Ballads*, p. 174.]



[Roxburghe Coll., III. 592 ; Bagford, I. 54 ; Euing, 351, etc. ; see *Note*.]

## A True Character of sundry Trades and Callings ; Or, a New Ditty of Innocent Mirth.

This Song is new, perfect and True, there's none can this deny ;  
For I am known, Friend, to be One that scorns to tell a Lie.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Old Sir Simon the King*. Licensed according to Order.



**N**OW Gentlemen, sit you all merry, I'll sing you a song of a *Want* ;  
I'll make you as merry as may be, tho' Money begins to grow scant.  
A Woman without e'er a Tongue, she never can scold very loud ;  
'Tis just such another great want when a Fidler wants his Crowd. [*Note*, p. 18.  
[*Good people, I tell unto you, these lines they are absolute new ;  
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies : this Ditty is merry and true.*]

A Ship that's without e'er a Sail may be driven the Lord knows whither ;  
'Tis just such another sad want, when a Shooe-maker wants his Leather.  
A man that has got but one legg will make but a pitiful Runner ;  
And he that has no Eyes in his Head will make but a sorrowful Gunner. 12  
*Good people, I tell unto you, etc.*

A Doctor without any Stomack will make but a pittiful Dinner,  
And he that has got no victuals to eat will quickly look thinner and thinner.  
A Bell without ever a clapper will make but a sorrowful sound ;  
And he that has no Land of his own must work on another man's Ground.  
*Good people, etc.*

A Black-smith without any bellows, he need not to rise very soon ;  
And he that's no Cloaths to put on may lie in bed till it's noon.  
An Innkeeper without any custom will never get store of pelf ;  
And if he has ne'r a Sign to hang up, may e'en go hang up himself. 24  
*Good people, etc.*

A Miller without any stones, he is but a sorrowful Soul,  
And if he had no Corn to grind, he need not stand taking of Toll.  
The Taylor we know he is loth to take any Cabbage at all,  
If he has no silk, stuff or cloath, to do that good office withal.  
*Good people, etc.*

A Woman without e'er a fault she like a bright Star will appear,  
 [And] a Brewer without any mault will make but pitiful Beer, [‘But,’ *Roxb.*  
 A Man that has got but one Shirt, when e'er it is wash'd for his hide,  
 I hope it can be no great hurt to lye in his Bed till 'tis dry'd.

*Good people, [I tell unto you these lines they are absolute New ;] etc.* 36

A Mountebank without his fools, and a Skip-kennel turn'd out of place,  
 A Tinker without any tools, they are all in a sorrowful case.  
 You know that a dish of good Meat it is the true stay of Man's life ;  
 But he that has nothing to eat he needs not to draw out his knife.

*Good people, etc.*

A Pedlar without e'er a Stock [=Pack], it makes him look pittiful blew ;  
 A Shepherd without e'er a flock, has little or nothing to do ;  
 A Farmer without any corn, he neither can give, sell, or lend ;  
 A Huntsman without e'er a horn, his Wife she must stand his best friend.

*Good people, etc.*

48

A Ploughman that has ne'er a plough, I think may live at his ease ;  
 A Dairy without e'er a cow will make bad butter and cheese ;  
 A man that is pittiful poor has little or nothing to lose,  
 And he that has never a foot, it saves him the buying of shooes.

*Good people, etc.*

A Warren without e'er a Coney is barren, and so much the worse ;  
 And he that is quite without money can have no great need of a purse.  
 I hope there are none in this place that now are displeas'd with my song.  
 Come buy up my Ballads apace, and I'll pack up my awls and be gone.

*Good people, I tell unto you, these lines are absolute new,*

*For I hate and despise the telling of Lies, this Ditty is merry and true.*

[The Roxburghe copy is in white-letter, modern, with a small woodcut of a town church, but without any publisher's name, division of stanzas, or burden of “*Good people,*” etcetera. A better exemplar is in the Bagford Collection, with three small cuts (L. 54 ; also Euing, No. 351), printed for *Philip Brooksby* at the *Golden-Ball, Pye-Corner*. Marked “*To the Tune of, Old Simon the King,* and with the burden-motto (following the title), printed as four lines,

*This song is new, and perfect true, There's none can this deny ;*

*For I am known, friend, to be One that scorns to tell a Lye.*

We follow this Bagford instead of the Roxburghe, except in a few cases, *must* for *may* ; *pelf* for *wealth* ; and *are* for *is*, in final stanza. Another copy is at the British Museum, C. 22, c. 2, 166 *verso*. It is reprinted in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719, vol. iv. p. 49, following ‘*The Reformed Drinker,*’ and to the same Tune. See, our vol. vi. pp. 276, 317. Date, *circa* 1672-1684.]

\*\* *A Crowde*, mentioned in the first stanza, was a small fiddle used by wandering musicians, larger than a Dancing-master's *Kit*. Hence the name *Crowdero* borne by the Fiddler (one Jackson, the original), in Butler's immortal burlesque of *Hudibras*, 1662. (*Crowd* is not here = an assemblage. See also p. 69.)

“ I th' head of all this warlike rabble  
*Crowdero* march'd expert and able.  
 Instead of trumpet and of drum,  
 That makes the warrior's stomach come . . .  
 A squeaking engine he applied  
 Unto his neck, on north-east side,  
 Just where the hangman does dispose,  
 To special friends, the knot of noose.”

—*Hudibras*, Part 1, Canto 2, l. 105.



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 383; Euing, No. 236; Jersey, I. 322.]

## The Naked Truth;

Or, a New Song without a Lye.

TUNE OF, *Old Simon the King*; or, *The Character of sundry Trades and Callings.*

THO' Trading we find in the City, and many more places, is bad.

Yet here I will sing a fine ditty, we'd as good be merry as sad:

Of several Trades I will treat, and will with the *Butcher* begin,

With what kind of Trade shall he meet, if he has neither carcass nor skin?

*All you that are now in this throng, I reckon to do you no wrong,*

*Believe me, I pray, by yea and by nay, there is not a lye in this Song.*

A *Weaver* without loom or shuttle, like one out of use, may lye by,

A *Tinker* without any mettall no woman will ever employ:

A *Cobler* without *St. Hugh's* bones, he cannot mend old, or make new, [cf. p. 35.

A *Pavier* without any stones, oh, what is he able to do?

*All you that are now in this Throng, etc.*

12

A Man that is quite moneyless, thro' crowds he in safety may pass,

A *Cook* that hath no meat to dress, he need not stand making of sawce.

A *Taylor* without e're a yard, his bodkin, goose, thimble and sheers,

You'll find that he is as much marr'd as if he had lost both his ears: *All you, etc.*

A *Fisherman* without a net, you know he can catch but a few,

But yet his good wife she will fret when ever she wants of her due:

The jolly brisk *Baker* is one, to whom the young Lasses do trouble,

So that he is clearly undone if he has not a Rusling-pole:

[qu. ruffling]

*All you that are now, etc.*

24

The *Miller's* for taking to task the mistress or *Gillian* the maid,

The *Cooper* without hoops or cask, he cannot well follow his trade:

The *Poet* without e're a Muse can never make Sonnets compleat;

A *Footman* without pumps or shoes will certainly blister his feet: *All you, etc.*

A *Scrivener* without ink or pen, his bonds and his letters can't write,

A *Captain* that lost all his men, will have but small stomach to fight.

The man that shall marry for gold, and brings home a Shrew to his bed,

Both morning, noon, night she will scold, and still have a noise in her head.

*All you that are now, etc.*

36

The Chimney-sweeper pray don't scoff, for if he hath shackles and poles,

He'll call to the maids each morn, to scour and cleanse their black holes:

That man that is naked indeed, he is not like *Taylor's*, and those,

For tho' he has ne're so much need, he is not for pawning his cloaths. *All you, etc.*

A Gallant that has a good coat, 'twill help him out at a dead lift,

A *Sculler* that has ne'r a boat, he fears not running a drift;

Some *Sharppers* a calling does use, 'tis robbing Rich Men of their store,

But he that has nothing to loose, he needs not a watch at his door.

*All you that are now, etc.*

48

I ne'r was brought up for to lye, and therefore I tell you the truth,

My ballads I'd have you to buy, they're fit for diversion of youth;

My pocket with Cole to encrease, let every young-man and maid, [Cole=money.

Now lay out a penny a piece, and then I shall have a good trade.

*All you that are now in this throng, I'll do you no manner of wrong,*

*Believe me, I pray, by yea and by nay, there is not a lye in this Song.*

Finis.

[Colophon lost.]

[Euing's and Jersey's were Printed for *Josiah Blare*, at the *Looking-Glass*, on *London-Bridge*. Two cuts: Spade-and-pick men: given later. Date, circa 1684.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 227 ; Pepys, IV. 153 ; Huth, II. 59 ; Jersey, II. 7.]

## The Invincible Pride of Women ;

Or,

The London Tradesman's Lamentation for the Prodigality of his Wife, which doth daily pillage his Purse.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Spinning-Wheel*. (See note on p. 21.)

Licensed according to Order.



I Have a Wife, the more's my care, who like a gaudy peacock goes,  
 In top-knots, patches, powder'd hair, besides she is the worst of  
 shrows ;  
 This fills my heart with grief and care to think I must this burthen bear.

*Note.*—In this best of all possible worlds it is difficult or impossible to get on comfortably without the valuable institution of whipping. Nemesis is needed. Even if it does not convert hardened offenders, retributive justice soon makes them smart, comforts the righteous souls of outsiders, and restores the balance that had been disturbed. When the London Tradesman had grown rich by iniquities (such as are indicated mildly in 'The Clothier's Delight,' on our p. 7), it was soothing to the mind of the ballad-purchaser to remember that the wrong-doer possessed a wife, who had power and will to make her husband's life miserable, scattering his wealth among her loose companions, and turning him to ridicule.

It is her forecast to contrive to rise about the hour of Noon,  
And if she's trimm'd and rigg'd by five, why this I count is very soon ;  
Then goes she to a Ball or Play, to pass the pleasant night away.

And when she home returns again, conducted by a bully spark,  
If that I in the least complain, she does my words and actions mark,  
And does likewise my gullet tear, then roars like thunder in the air.

I never had a groat with her, most solemnly I here declare ;  
Yet she's as proud as *Lucifer*, and cannot study what to wear :  
In sumptuous robes she still appears, while I am forc'd to hide my ears.

The lofty Top-knots on her crown, with which she sails abroad withal,  
Makes me with care, alas ! look down, as having now no hope at all,  
That ever I shall happy be in such a flaunting Wife as she. 30

In debt with ev'ry shop she runs, for to appear in gaudy pride,  
And when the milliner she duns, I then am forc'd my head to hide :  
Dear friends, this proud imperious wife she makes me weary of my life.

Sometimes with words both kind and mild I let her know my  
wretched state, [great

For which I streightways am revil'd : says she, " I will appear more  
Than any merchant's *London* Dame, tho' thou art ruin'd for the same."

'Tis true she is both fair and young and speaks *Italian, Greek* and *Dutch*,  
Besides she hath the scolding tongue, which is, in faith, a Tongue  
too much ;

I dare not speak nor look awry, for fear of her severity. 48

My worldly glory, joy and bliss, is turn'd to sorrow, grief and care ;  
He that has such a Wife as this needs no more torment I declare ;  
To buy those trinkets which they lack both stock and credit goe to rack.

There's many more as well as I, in famous *London-city* fair,  
Whose wives with prodigality do fill their husbands' hearts with care.  
I pity those with all my heart, since I with them do bear a part.

---

[In Black-letter, with four woodcuts. 1st, the cavalier, vol. vi. p. 237, left ; 2nd, the prim upright woman of vol. vi. 224, right ; 3rd, a little man, as in vol. vi. 82 left ; and a crowned lady in an oval wreath, for which see our p. 26. We substitute another cut from a different ballad of a shrew. Publisher's name lost from Roxburghe copy. Pepys's printed for *Philip Brooksby, Jonah Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back*. Date of issue, *circa* 1686-88.]

\* \* The Tune named for this ballad, *The Spinning-Wheel* (mentioned also in vol. iv. p. 77), gains its name from the 'excellent new Tune' belonging to "The Bonny Scot; or, the Yielding Lass," Licensed by R. Poccock, 1685-88, beginning, "As I sate at my Spinning Wheel, a bonny lad there passed by." Reprinted in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 19, 1876. In the same series (pp. 121-4, 930-7), we had to do with the "Top-Knots" of ribbon (line 25) in female head-gear. The subject is not exhausted, and deserves a few words at a convenient time.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 513 ; Douce, II. 250 ; Jersey, I. 208.]

## The West Country Weaver :

Containing

His Sorrowful Lamentation for the Hardship which he undergoes by a Proud Imperious Wife : Together, with his Resolution to reclaim Her by the well-approved Oil of Holly.

TO THE TUNE OF, *If Love's a sweet Passion, &c.* [See vol. vi. pp. 31-34.]  
Licensed according to Order.

Good people, I marry'd a turbulent Wife,  
Who with railing has made me quite weary of life ;  
Tho' I do my endeavour to give her content,  
Yet my labour, alas ! to no purpose is spent :  
On her errands, Peel-garlick her husband she sends ; [Cf. Nares.  
*You may see what it is to be marry'd, dear Friends.*

When I was a Batchelor gallant and Gay,  
Then at stool-ball, or cricket, I freely might play,  
Nay, and sometimes with *Margery* ride to a fair ;  
But, alas ! now my head is incumbred with care :  
I must tarry at home for to feed my wife's Hens :  
*You may see what it is to be marry'd, dear Friends.* 12

If I an acquaintance do happen to meet,  
Any time in the day, as I pass through the street,  
And that we for one flaggon together should go,  
Strait she comes like a loud and invincible Shrow,  
At my noddle the pipe and the flaggon she sends :  
*You may see what [it is to be marryd, dear Friends].*

All Winter betimes I am forced to rise  
For to make her a fire and caudle likewise,  
Which I bring her each morning with care to her bed,  
Which perhaps in her passion she'll fling at my head,  
This I often have had to make me amends,  
*You may see what [it is to be marry'd, dear Friends].* 24

She set me one morning to hang on the pot,  
And I needs must acknowledge I clearly forgot  
For to put in the water, but saunter'd about  
Till the porridge-pot bottom was clearly burnt out :  
At my noddle the Ladle she presently sends, [See p. 20.  
*You may see what it is to be marry'd, dear Friends.*

One morning she left me at home to be Nurse,  
While she walk'd with her Gallant, whom often I'd curse.  
Now as I was sate rocking, and winding of silk,  
Oh the cat came and eat up the child's sugar'd milk :  
But when this sad disaster was known to my wife,

Honest people, I thought 'twould have cost me my life. 36

Now when she had thrash'd me, up stairs she did go  
With her Gallant, and charg'd me to tarry below ;  
But I cunningly follow'd, up stairs I did creep,  
Ay, and through the key-hole in troth I did peep :  
But her Gallant he heard me, and presently swore  
He wou'd kick me down stairs, if he came to the door.

With courage I told him, I fear'd not his blows,  
I wou'd peep through the keyhole in spite of his nose ;  
Then the Spark in a passion his rapier he drew,  
Straight away from the door of the chamber I flew ;  
For I knowing young Gallants are desperate men :  
And thought I, shou'd he kill me, faith where am I then? 48

I took her to task when the Gallant was gone,  
And I said, " Love, consider but what you have done."  
It was all that I said, when she flew with disdain,  
Ay, and call'd me poor wittal, and cuckold in grain ;  
And a three-legged stool at my noddle she sends :

*You may see what it is to be marry'd, my Friends.*

Before any longer this life I will lead,  
I am fully resolv'd to chastise her with speed,  
With the sweet Oil of Holly I'll chafe her proud hide,  
Which will supple and make her a diligent Bride :  
And when thus she's reclaim'd, to the world I will tell  
How in love, peace and comfort together we dwell. 60

Printed for C. Bates at the Bible and [Sun, near St. Sepulchre's  
Church, in] *Pye-Corner.*

[In Black-letter, with two woodcuts, single figures, of vol. vi. p. 243. Date, c. 1685.]

*Note.*—Here comes another husband, with an equally troublesome wife. If we are to believe his vaunts (which we certainly do *not*) he is ready to bring her into subjection with something more curative than St. Jacob's oil, wonderful though it be. His panacea is the "well-approved Oil of Holly," which needs no three half-penny licence before use. "And here's the liquor, flask'd and fine, and priced and saleable at last." [So sang, in his better inspired days, before becoming intoxicated with Society sycophancy, the poet who links himself in fellowship with a paltry Tanner, by malignant craving for spitting and kicking on the corpse or the translated spirit of the genial, accomplished, and well-beloved Edward Fitzgerald, translator of Omar Khayyám's *Rubáiyat*; and this solely because 'good Fitz' had deprecated continuations of *Awora Leigh*. (See Professor Rob. Yelverton Tyrrell's honest censure in *The Fortnightly Review*, August, 1889.)]

## The Innocent Milk-Maid's Delight.

"Stale ballad news, cashiered the city, must now ride post for the country, where it is no less admired than a Giant in a pageant; till at last it grows so common there too, as every poor Milk-maid can chant or chirp it under her cow, which she useth, as a harmless charm, to make her let down her milk."—*Character of a Ballad-monger*; in *Whimzies*; or, *A new Cast of Characters*, 1631. [By *Clitus Alexandrinus*, alias Richard Brathwaite.]

IN the second volume of these *Roxburghe Ballads*, 1872 (one of the three early vols., edited by the late William Chappell), on pp. 116-120, preceded by an introductory note on pp. 114, 115, was reprinted from the unique exemplar Martin Parker's original ballad of "The Milke-maid's Life; or, a pretty new Ditty, composed and pen'd, The praise of the milking paile to defend." It runs to one hundred and seventeen half-lines, nine stanzas, each of thirteen half-lines. The tune is named *The Milke-maid's Dumps*, and it begins, "You rural Goddesses that woods and fields possess." Exactly one quarter of a century earlier it had been reprinted by John Payne Collier, F.S.A., on pp. 243-248 of his *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, 1847. Mr. Chappell also gave the tune and words in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 1855, with motto, pp. 295-298.

Less rare (there being three copies known) is the revival of our ballad, which was licensed in 1685-88 by Richard Pocock, and entitled "The Innocent Country Maid's Delight; or, A Description of the Lasses of London." We give this Milkmaid-Song on p. 27, as it no less is a *Roxburghe Ballad*. It commences with an adaptation of Martin Parker's sixth stanza, "Those lasses, nice and strange, that keep shops in the Exchange;" the same stanza that is partly quoted in the 5th edition of *The Complete Angler*, chapter iv. 1676 (but not in Izaak Walton's first edition, 1653, where it would have been cap. ii.), preceded by five lines of another ballad by Martin Parker ('Keep a good Tongue in your Head': see *Roxb. Ballads*, iii. 237), thus, except that we run on the half lines of *Comp. Ang.*:—

"I married a wife of late, The more's my unhappy fate;  
I married her for love, As my fancy did me move,  
And not for a worldly estate." [Cf. *Roxb. Coll.*, I. 512.]

"But Oh! the green-sickness Soon changed her likeness;  
And all her beauty did fail.  
But 'tis not so, With those that go,  
Through frost and snow, As all men know,  
And carry the Milking-Pail." [Cf. *Roxb. Coll.*, I. 245.]

(Whether, as we imagine to have been probable, Izaak Walton had deliberately changed the line "all this is for want of good sale," into "And all her beauty did fail," in order to fit it as "one short song," or whether the *Roxburghe* text is corrupt, is unknown.)

Honest Tom D'Urfev could not keep his hands off this Milkmaid, or any other girl that came in his way: especially the *Via Lactea*. In the second part of his *Comical History of Don Quixote*, Act ii. scene 2 (the play which excited the ire of atrabilious Jeremy Collier, who speedily received condign punishment in D'Urfev's *Campaigners*, Preface, and song of "A New Reformation," 1697), he introduces a Dance of Milkmaids, preceding which he makes one of them sing his (adaptation of Martin Parker's) ditty, five stanzas, "Ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods, that love green fields and woods." Although a twice-diluted beverage it still deserves to be quaffed. (As a broadside it is in Pepy's Coll., III. 63; and V. 221.)

Song in Praise of the Bonny Milk-Maid.

I.

YE Nymphs and *Sylvan* Gods, that love green fields and woods,  
When Spring newly born her self doth adorn  
With flowers and blooming buds,  
Come, sing in the praise, whilst Flocks do graze  
In yonder pleasant Vale,  
Of those that choose their sleep to loose,  
And in cold dews, with clouted shooes,  
*Do carry the Milking-Pail.*

II.

The Goddess of the Morn with blushes they adorn,  
And take the fresh air, whilst Linnets do prepare  
A Consort [= Concert] on each green Thorn:  
The Ousle and Thrush on every Bush, [*Pills* prints, "Blackbird and."  
And the charming Nightingale,  
In merry vein their throats do strain,  
To entertain the jolly train  
*That carry the Milking-Pail.*

III.

When cold bleak Winds do roar, and flowers can spring no more,  
The fields that were seen, so pleasant and green,  
By Winter all candy'd o'er;  
Oh! how the Town Lass looks with her white face,  
And her lips of deadly pale!  
But it is not so, with those that go  
Thro' frost and snow, with cheeks that glow,  
*And carry the Milking-Pail.* [*Pills*, "To carry."

IV.

The Miss of Courtly mould, adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,  
With washes and paint her skin does so taint  
She's wither'd before she's Old;  
Whilst she of Commode puts on a Cart-load, [*Pills*, "she iu."  
And with Cushions plumps her tail,  
What joys are found in Russet Gown,  
Young, plump and round, and sweet and sound,  
*That carry the Milking-Pail.*

## V.

The Girls of *Venus's* Game, that venture Health and Fame,  
 In practising feats, with colds and with heats,  
 Make Lovers grow blind and lame :  
 If men were so wise to value the prize  
 Of the Wares most fit for sale,  
 What store of *Beaus* would dawb their clothes,  
 To save a Nose, by following those  
*That carry the Milking-Pail.* [By Thomas D'Urfey, 1694.]

[With music, in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, i. 239, this *sixth* stanza is added :

The Country Lad is free from fears and jealousy,  
 When upon the Green he is often seen  
 With his Lass upon his knee :  
 With kisses most sweet, he does her greet,  
 And swears she'll never grow stale ;  
 Whilst the *London* Lass in e'ery place,  
 With her brazen face, despises the grace  
*Of those with the Milking-Pail.*]

\*\* In the *Douce* Collection (II. 579) is "The Plow-Man's Answer to the Milk-maid's Delight;" beginning, "I am a Plow-man brisk and young, and well I like the Milk-Maid's Song," which may be regarded as an answer to our *Roxburghe* ballad, but is marked to be sung to the tune of "*I am a Weaver to my Trade*" (properly "I am a Weaver by my Trade, and fell in love with a Chambermaid": this is "*Will the merry Weaver and Charity the Chambermaid*; or, A brisk Encounter between a young Man and his Love," printed for Philip Brooksby, and to the tune of *As I am bound*, which is perhaps, "Now I am bound to the Seas." See later page. We have given on p. 22 a "*West-Country Weaver*" (*Roxb. Coll.*, II. 513), beginning, "Good people, I married a Turbulent Wife." It is anti-matrimonial. There were people who answered "Yes!" to the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" in Charles the Second's days. So was it in *Job's*, and, *entre nous*, in Adam's.





[Roxburghe Collection, II. 230 ; Douce, I. 98 ; Jersey, I. 150.]

The  
Innocent Country-Maid's Delight.

Or,

A Description of the Lives of the Lasses of London.

At *London* they the wanton play, as it is often seen,  
Whilst we do go, all of a row, unto the meadows green.

Set to an excellent Country Dance. This may be printed. R.P.

SOME Lasses are nice and strange,  
That keep shop in the *Exchange*,  
Sit pricking of clouts,  
And giving of flouts,  
And seldom abroad do range :  
Then comes the green sickness,  
And changes their likeness,  
And all for want of sale ;  
*But 'tis not so, with we that go,*  
*Through frost and snow, when winds do blow,*  
*To carry the milking-payl.*

11

Each Lass she will paint her face,  
To seem with a comely grace,  
And powder their hair,  
To make them look fair,  
That Gallants may them embrace :  
But every morning,  
Before their adorning,  
They're far unfit for sale ;  
*But 'tis not so, with we that go,*  
*Through frost and snow, when winds do blow,*  
*To carry the milking-payl.*

22

The more to appear in pride,  
They often in coaches ride,  
Drest up in their knots,  
Their jewels and spots,  
And twenty knick-knacks beside :  
Their Gallants embrace 'em,  
At length they disgrace 'em,  
And then they weep and wail ;  
*But 'tis not so, with we that go,*  
*Through frost and snow, when winds do blow,*  
*To carry the milking-payl.*

33

There's nothing they prize above,  
 The delicate charms of Love,  
 They kiss and they court, they're right for the sport,  
     No way like the Turtle-dove :  
     For they are for any,  
     Not one, but a many,  
 At length they spoyl their sale ;  
*But 'tis not so, etc.* 44

They feed upon dainties fine,  
 Their liquor is curious Wine,  
 If any will lend, they'l borrow and spend,  
     And this is a perfect sign  
     That they are for pleasure,  
     Whilst wasting their treasure,  
 And then they may to Jayl ;  
*But 'tis not so, etc.* 55

They sit at their windows all day,  
 Drest up like your Ladies gay,  
 They prattle and talk, but seldom they walk,  
     Their work is no more than play :  
     They living so easy,  
     Their Stomachs are squesie, [sic.  
 They know not what they ail ;  
*But 'tis not so, etc.* 66

When e're they have been too free,  
 And happen with child to be,  
 The Doctor, be sure, is sent for to cure  
     This two-legged tympany : [i.e. swelling.  
     And thus the physician  
     Must hide their condition,  
 For fear they spoyl their sale,  
*But 'tis not so, etc.* 77

There's *Margery, Ciss* and *Prue*,  
 Right country girls and true,  
 Nay *Bridget* and *Jone*, full well it is known,  
 They'l dabble it in the dew :  
     They trip it together,  
     And fear not the weather,  
 Although both rain and hail :  
*Full well you know, away we go,*  
*Through frost and snow, when winds do blow,*  
*To carry the milking-payl.* 88

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Pye-Corner*.

[Black-letter. Cuts : Milkmaid, *post* ; 3 Ladies, pp. 16, 26. Date, 1685-88.]

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 205; Pepys, III. 45; Jersey, I. 21; Euing, 137.]

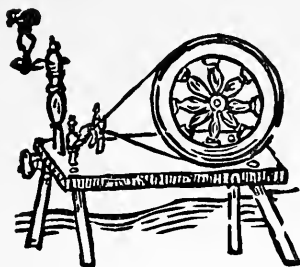
## The happy Husbandman :

Or,

### Country Innocence.

TO A PLEASANT NEW COURT TUNE.

This may be Printed. R[ichard] P[acock].



**M**Y young *Mary* do's mind the Dairy,  
While I go a Howing and Mowing each morn;  
Then hey the little spinning-wheel  
Merrily round do's reel,

While I am singing amidst the corn :  
Cream and kisses both are my delight,  
She gives me them, and the joys of night;  
She's soft as the air, as morning fair,  
Is not such a maid a most pleasing sight?

9

While I whistle, she from the thistle  
Does gather down for to make us a bed,  
And then my little Love does lie  
All the night long, and dye—

In the kind arms of her nown dear *Ned*;  
There I taste of a delicate spring,  
But I mun not tell you, nor name the thing,  
To put you a wishing, and think of Kissing,  
For kisses cause sighs, and young men shou'd sing.

18

Sedge and rushes, and tops of bushes  
Shall thatch our roof, and shall strow all our floor,  
And then the pritty Nightingales  
Will fly from groves and dales

To live with us, and we'll ne'er be poor :

Little lambkins whenever they dye  
 Will bequeath new blankets to thee and I,  
 Our quilts shall be roses, which *June* disposes ;  
 So warm and so sweet my young Love shall lie. 27

Fountains pure shall be thy ewer  
 To sprinkle water upon thy fair face ;  
 And near the little flock shall play  
 All the long Summer's day ;  
 Gentle white lambs will adorn the place.  
 Then at night we'll hie home to our hive,  
 And (like bees) enjoy all the sweets alive :  
 We'll taste all Love's treasure, and enjoy that pleasure,  
 While others for Fame and for greatness strive. 36

No man's frowns are on the Downs,  
 For truly there we most freely may sing,  
 And kiss the pretty *Nancies*,  
 While changes and chances  
 Amuse all the Great, and disturbance bring,  
 We will with our young lambs go to bed,  
 And observe the lives that our Fathers led ;  
 We'll mind not ambition, nor sow sedition,  
 And leave State-affairs to the state-man's head. 45

Oaten reeds (those humble weeds)  
 Shall be the pipes upon which we will play,  
 And on the merry mountain,  
 Or else by a fountain  
 We'll merrily pass the sweet time away :  
 Sure no mortal can blame us for this.  
 And now mark the way of your *London* Miss,  
 She masters your breeches, and takes your riches,  
 While we have more joys by a harmless kiss. 54

No youth here need willow wear,  
 No beauteous maid will her Lover destroy :  
 The gentle little Lass will yield  
 In the soft daisy field,  
 Freely our pleasures we here enjoy :  
 No great *Juno* we boldly defie,  
 With young *Cloris'* cheeks, or fair *Celia's* eye ;  
 We let all those things alone, and enjoy your own,  
 Every night with our Beauties lie. 63

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball*, in *Pye-Corner*.

[In Black-letter. Three cuts : two on p. 29, and the man with staff on p. 31.  
 Date, as Licensed, between August, 1685, and December, 1688.]



[Roxb. Coll., II. 222 ; Pepys, III. 11 ; Douce, I. 97 ; Jersey, I. 75 ; C. 22. c. 126.]

# The Huntingdon-shire Plowman ;

Or, the  
Plowman's Complaint for the loss of his Heart's Delight.

True Love alone, does cause my moan, such sorrows I possess,  
I being left of joys bereft, to languish in distress.

TUNE OF, *My Child must have a Father.* This may be Printed. R. P.



YOUNG-men and Maids I pray attend, unto a Plow-man's ditty ;  
It is to you these lines I send, in hopes that you will pitty  
My sad and woeful destiny, I being now forsaken ;  
I thought she lov'd no man but me, yet I was much mistaken.  
I counted her my heart's delight, and doated on her beauty ;  
I could have serv'd her day and night, and counted it my duty :  
My love to her I made appear, at e'ry time and season,  
Yet I am slighted by my dear, and know not what's the reason.

Except the meanness of my state does cause her to refuse me ;  
But if the truth I may relate, she ought not to abuse me ;  
And hold my person thus in scorn, in giving the denyal ;  
For tho' I am a *Plowman* born, my heart is true and loyal.

24

No rest or quiet could I find, my love is out of measure ;  
She still was running in my mind, I counted her my Treasure :  
But yet at me she still would scoff, instructed by her mother,  
And at the length did leave me off, and marry'd with another.

I count this prov'd my overthrow, by being far asunder,  
So that I daily could not go, therefore I now lye under  
The sence of sorrow, care and grief, which I am still possessing,  
And ne'r expect to have relief or to enjoy the blessing.

Tho' she by Letters knew my mind, which I was often sending,  
Yet now I find her most unkind, my grief is without ending :  
In chains of love I here must lye, in care and grief surrounded ;  
Alas ! I freely now could dye, for why my heart is wounded. 48

But tho' you thus do torture me, as I too well do know it,  
I must and will your Captive be, for I cannot foregoe it :  
Therefore always, I'll write thy praise, in this my love-sick story,  
For I am *Will* the *Plowman* still, and will set forth thy glory.

She had been true to *Cupid's* laws, and never coy nor cruel,  
Had not her mother been the cause : I had enjoy'd my jewel :  
On wealth her mother's mind was bent, she greeded out of measure,  
But love will last when money's spent, then who wou'd wed for treasure ?

Young men that hear me now this day, which have a mind to marry ;  
Pray do not linger and delay, there's danger if you tarry :  
When e're you understand and find, that others are about her,  
Pray take her while she's in the mind, for fear you go without her.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye-Corner*.

[In Black-letter, with four woodcuts. The first is the man with staff, of *Roxb. Ballads*, i. 171 ; 2nd, a girl (like one on p. 31, with a different man and staff) ; 3rd, the girl, of vol. iii. 617, left ; 4th, the startled lady in alcove, vi. 76, right. Date, *Pocock* Licenser, 1685-88. Tune, *My child must have, etc.* ; not found.]



### The Shoemaker's Delight.

“ With gentlesse indge you, at nothing here grudge you,  
The Merry Shoe-makers delight in good Sport ;  
What here is presented, be herewith contented :  
And as you doe like it, so giue you report.”

—Thomas Deloney's *Gentle Craft*, 1627 ed.

WE are unable to devote space to the Cordwainers, Cobblers and Shoemakers, such as they perhaps deserve, or to do more than recommend readers to turn to Thomas Deloney's "booke called *The Gentle Crafte, intreating of Shoemakers*" which was entered on 19 October, 1597, to Raphe Blore, in the Stationers' Registers (C. 25 = *Transcript*, iii. 93). The earliest edition extant is 1598, imperfect, printed for Edward White. It tells how Crispin and Crispianus, sons of King Logrid of Britain, and of Queen Estrada, were sheltered at Faversham, Kent. Crispin wooed and married Princess Ursula, whose son was born in the shoemaker's house. Hence the saying, "A shoemaker's son is born a Prince." From their high lineage, shoemaking is named 'The Gentle Craft.'

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 424; IV. 70; Jersey, III. 81.]

## The Shoemaker's Delight;

Or,

### A New Dialogue betwixt a West-Country Shoemaker and his Love.

Who, after five years Travel for her sake,  
He back return'd, and she amends did make;  
For after he to her had told his mind,  
She seemed not at all to him unkind:  
Young men and maids, then read these lines, and see  
How they in love did lovingly agree.

TO THE TUNE OF, *When Soll will cast no light.* [See Note on p. 34.]

ON *Midsummer* day, as I abroad was walking,  
A young man and a maid I heard a talking:  
Near to a shady grove, flowers were springing,  
And the brave Nightingale sweetly was singing.

The young man, brisk and bold, thus fell to wooing,  
And with his fair maid would [he] fain be doing; [transp.]  
With speeches meek and mild, and kind entreating,  
Saying his heart would break, if she forsake him. 8

“My joy and only dear, pray thee believe me,  
If thou wilt be my wife, I’le never deceive thee;  
No store of means I have, I tell thee plainly,  
But I’le work day and night for to maintain thee.

“What I do promise thee shall be performed,  
By no one in the world thou shalt be wronged:  
I’le venture life or limbs, for thee, my Jewell,  
Then be not thou unkind, nor prove not cruel. 16

“I am not one of those that keeps a bragging,  
And of their house and land their tongues are wagging.  
My love is faithful bent, then be contented,  
If thou wilt be my wife, thou’st ne’r repent it.

“My trade it still will hold, this I am certain,  
A good Husband I will be, my dearest darling;  
I am of *Crispin’s* trade, a brave Shoemaker.  
He loved a Princess dear, and ne’r forsak’t her. [Vide, p. 32.]

“Nor I’le not thee forsake, my dearest *Betty*,  
Thy smiling countenance shineth so pretty,  
If I five thousand pound had in my keeping,  
Thou shouldst it all command, my dearest sweeting.

“So if thou can’st but find in heart to love me,  
 Speak freely now thy mind, as it behooved thee ;  
 Speak freely from thy heart, if thou wilt have me,  
 And to thee I’le prove true, as God shall save me.” 32

## THE MAID’S LOVING REPLY.

“MY love and only dear, I joy to see thee,  
 For when you absent were, oh ! how it did grieve me ;  
 Both day and night I’le swear, I thought upon thee :  
 I wondred in my heart what was come on thee.”

## THE YOUNG MAN.

“These five long years, my dear, thou know’st I wander,  
 In City and in Town, like any stranger,  
 And am return’d again, once more to try thee :  
 How can’st find in thy heart for to deny me.” 40

## THE MAID.

“Well, seeing thou art return’d, thou art welcome to me,  
 By all the powers above, I’le not forgoe thee ;  
 Though Father frown at me, and mother murmour,  
 All the friends that I have shall not part’s in sunder.  
 “Because I find thee plain in words and speeches,  
 You tell me that you have no store of riches,  
 Me to maintain, my dear : be not thou fearful,  
 I have five hundred pound, if thou will be careful. 48  
 “Therefore be not dismaid, but be contented ;  
 All the friends that I have shall not prevent it ;  
 But I will be thy wife, and will endeavour  
 To lead a quiet life with thee for ever.”

## THE YOUNG MAN.

“Oh ! how my heart with joy, my dear, hath filled,  
 Because to my request kindly she yielded ;  
 Now we will live in peace and love together,  
 As the old Proverb goeth, ‘Like birds of a feather.’ ” 56

Thus you may plainly see that time and leisure  
 Many things brings to pass, therefore endeavour.  
 Young men, prove constant still ; maids, do not dissemble ;  
 And then you need not fear for to live single.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball*, in *West-Smithfield*.

[Black-letter. Woodcut, of shoemakers revelling, not re-engraved : see instead p. 35. For the tune, “The Pensive Maid,” beginning “When *Sol* will cast no light,” is given in Second Naval Group. Date, between 1672 and 1688. For *Postscript* to p. 32, *My child must have a father*, see p. 99.]



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 662 ; Douce Coll., III. 38 verso.]

**The Gentle Craft's Complaint : or, The Jolly  
Shoe-makers humble Petition to the Queen and Parliament ;  
with their great hopes of the Advancement of each Leather Trade.**

TUNE OF, *Now, comes on the glorious Year.* [See vol. vi. pp. 617, 621.]



**T**HE jolly Shoemakers, it is said, ha[ve] found a great decay of Trade,  
And lately have been sore dismay'd, and in a dismal taking,  
Because the Leather was grown dear, and carried over sea, we hear ;  
But Gentle Craftsmen, never fear, you'll still be brisk Shoemak[ing].

It is a noble ancient trade, no man on earth can it degrade,  
And must the Craft now be decay'd, no, no, be not mistake[rs].  
*Crispin and Crispianus* too, the town of *Feversham* well knew,  
And likewise noble good *St. Hugh*, were all of them Shoemakers. 16

This craft was never held in scorn, Sir *Thomas Eyer* did it adorn, [Sir *Simon*.  
'A Shoemaker's son a Prince is born ;' but now they've undertaken, [p. 32.  
To send their grievance to our Queen, in hopes a draw-back to obtain,  
And the Parliament their case hath seen, they'll still be brisk Shoemakers.

This is the substance of their state, much unwrought leather was of late  
Sent over, and the taxes great, made jolly hearts to ake, Sir.

\* \* \* We give another Shoemakers'-Ballad, although of later date, the reign of Queen Anne. The yielding honour to "the town of Feversham" (where James II. was maltreated, 1688), in connection with SS. Crispin and Crispianus (l. 7), may be considered a solatium for unenviable notoriety gained by that worthy Medway-side borough at the time when Arden of Feversham was murdered (see the ballad on a later page), or because it had given birth to John Ward the renowned Pirate and Runagate (as shown by us in vol. vi. p. 425, and p. 784 of *Appendix*). "S. Hugh," of line 15 and line 83 : "St. Hugh's Bones" meant the Cobbler's tools. Sir *Simon* [not Thomas] *Eyre*, Shoemaker, was Lord Mayor of London, 1445.

To think their trade should so decay, for many out of business lay,  
Each 'prentice had no heart to stay, that will be brisk Shoemakers. 32

The Parliament hath heard their grief, and quickly will extend relief,  
For thousands of the very chief of them ha[ve been] undertake[rs]  
In this great action to proceed, and there's no doubt but will succeed,  
And by our Senate be decreed to make them brisk Shoemakers.

All others that in Leather deal, the comfort too will also feel,  
What those trades are we shall reveal, Glovers and Harness-makers;  
Coach-makers, Tanners, Skinners too, Translators' joys it will renew,  
Then toss off healths, Boys, since 'tis true, you'll still be brisk Shoemakers.

The Book-binders doth leather use, and boys for Satchels doth it chuse,  
As well as he that mendeth Shoes, so doth the Breeches-maker.  
The Bellows-maker too beside, he is oblig'd to use bulls' hides,  
Then craftsmen lay all cares aside, you'll soon be brisk Shoe-makers.

It was your brave Boys, by free consent, that humbly in full body went,  
Unto our noble Parliament, as you had undertaken.  
As a just reward for all to see, this nation will recorded be,  
Then toss full bumpers, let them flee, to the Honour of Shoe-makers. 64

Our noble Parliament you'll find, to *English* Tradesmen will prove kind,  
And ever will your interest mind, just now 'tis undertaken.  
They have consider'd your Address, our noble Peers could do no less,  
Whilst all the world must still confess, you're honest brisk Shoe-makers.

No longer need you sigh and pine, but toss to *Anna* flasks of wine, [N. B.]  
The noble Craft will clearly shine, no damp will overtake them.  
Then let a general joy abound, in ev'ry incorporated town,  
And great *Augusta's* joys be crown'd, to honour her Shoe-makers. 80

Each journey-man and prentice too, and masters, without more ado,  
May wear the bones of great *St. Hugh*, for work will ne'er forsake them. [p. 35.]  
The case will soon be alter'd quite, each in his labour may delight,  
Then toss a jug or two each night, for the Honour of Shoe-makers.

Then jolly gentle Craftsmen all, be merry, whatsoe'er befall,  
There will for you be a great call, you are not yet forsaken.  
Then hollow, Boys, with a loud huzza, and for our gracious Sovereign pray,  
You'll have redress without delay, and still be brisk Shoemakers. 96

Then let the Pitcher walk amain, and drink their Healths up o'er again,  
Who your complaints did not disdain, when you thought you were forsaken.  
'Tis our good Parliament I mean, and royal *Anne* our noble Queen,  
Who *England's* friends have ever been, now proves the brave Shoe-makers.

Then let all sorrows have an end, and God [h]is blessings down will send,  
And eke this noble Craft defend, and never will forsake them.  
But Trade and business will increase, let fears of wanting now quite cease,  
May nought but health and wealth and peace attend the brave Shoe-makers.

Then to conclude, once more rejoice, sing *Crispin's* fame in heart and voice,  
Throw up your hats with 'Huzza, Boys,' [of] great joys you are partakers;  
Which will to you be now restor'd, then toss the bumper o'er and o'er,  
Remember these dull times no more: you still are brave Shoe-makers. 120

[No colophon in either copy. In White-letter. With two woodcuts: one representing S. Crispin and S. Crispianus; the other is a neat little cut of a boy holding the foot of a lady who is seated in a chair. This pretty lad, Crispin, knows the length of her foot. Date, Queen Anne's reign, 1702-1714.]



[Roxburghe Coll., II. 216; Pepys, IV. 350; Huth, I. 134; Jersey, I. 344.]

## The Honest Tradesman's Honour Vindicated ;

Or,

The Bragadocia quell'd, as in this Ditty out is held,

Or, a merry Dialogue between a Swash Blade  
And an Artist of *London* to vindicate trade :  
With merry jibes, jeers and frumps,  
To drive melancholly men out of their dumps :  
Pen'd to make them merry when  
Melancholly doth possess the brain.

THE TUNE IS, *General Monk was a Noble Man*, etc. [See vol. vi. p. 136.]

GENTLEMAN.

I Am a gallant Blade indeed, and gay apparel wear,  
A fig for Trade, and a crown for a maid, and a fart for sorrow and care :  
I am a Jovial Gentleman, I love sport and recreation,  
Though I have neither house nor land, I keep myself in good fashion.

TRADESMAN.

Some Gentlemen's care is a lass in his lap, whil'st he at a Tradesman is flowting,  
*Dol* with a dish clout hath painted her face, and scorns with her hands to be working :  
She thought to be called high in name, no less than a lady I wis,  
She decked herself in silk an' in satten, yet she's but an ugly Puss. 16

GENTLEMAN.

Alas, good Sir, when did you come from the Citie's labouring trade ?  
Look back again now towards home, and see what for you is made,  
Your wife for you has made a crown, a gallant fair pair of horns,  
Whilst you are here in our country, with one that your calling scorns.

TRADESMAN.

It comes into my memory, sir, now you talk of scorning,  
Do you remember the Oyster Wench you met with one Munday morning.  
When she was in her silver laced gown, oh then you began to woe her ;  
But when she cried ' Oysters ' in the Town you scorn'd as much to know her.

GENTLEMAN.

We Gentlemen live merry lives, you but Mec[h]annicks are, Sir,  
Therefore to us you must make known, when ever we do come, sir ;  
You Tradesmen unto it are tyde, you must work hard for money,  
Whilst merrily abroad we ride, to hunt the Fox and Coney.

*Have*, p. 87.

TRADESMAN.

Now that you talk of Hunting, Sir, one thing comes in my mind ;  
You nothing have to doe but hunt, therefore it comes by kind :  
A hind I do remember well, you lately had in chase,  
Her belly high begins to swell, and you absent the place. 48

### The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

GENTLEMAN.

YOU Tradesman at your work do moyl, whilst we to mirth incline, Sir :  
But we do scorn so much to toyle, except it be at the wine, Sir :  
You Tradesmen have great rents to pay, for that we take no care,  
We rant and rore it, night and day, we spend aud never spare.

TRADESMAN.

Now that you talk of rents, good Sir, of Musick and of Wine,  
To pay your debts do not defer, to your Landlady so fine;  
Her daughter *Dol* is in great fear, she shall not see your face,  
You have left her to shed many a tear and reap your sown disgrace.

64

GENTLEMAN.

If into the country we but ride, out ten miles from the city,  
No sooner have they our face spy'd, but this will be their Ditty,  
"Your worship's welcome to the town, pray, Sir, what will you have?"  
Thus are we known of every clown, and of each fool and knave.

TRADESMAN.

Sir, now you talk of fools and knaves, of country men and clowns,  
And of true dealing honest men, that dwell in country towns,  
Were't not for them, full well I know, long we could not live here,  
They toyl to plow, to reap and sow, to feed 's with bread, beef, and beer.

GENTLEMAN.

Sir, this I grant for to be true, that we by them are fed;  
No company I'll keep with you, for I am better bred:  
Seest thou my Rapier by my side, a broad Hat and long curl'd hair;  
My breeches at the knees so wide, that they would make four pair.

TRADESMAN.

Sir, if for your Rapier you had paid, your Cutler would not frown,  
Nor your Bever-maker have been afraid of your riding out of town;  
Your Taylor he lamenteth still, for a truth I heard it said,  
Oft viewing of his long bill, which you have left unpaid.

96

GENTLEMAN.

Sir, for this present I will rest, and will no more contend,  
I do protest that man is blest that is the Tradesman's friend,  
You work and sing all care away, and drink ale, beer, and wine,  
Whil'st Gentlemen do now and then with great Duke *Humphrey* dine. [See Note,  
at end.]

TRADESMAN.

Good God preserve our Royal King, the Progeny defend,  
With the rest of the Royal Off-spring from those that would contend:  
And God so bless the Parliament that they good laws may make,  
Our future dangers to prevent, and thus my leave I take.

112

*Finis.*

[Publisher's name cut off, but Pepys's copy has "Printed for *W. T., T. P.,* and *W. W.,*" that is, for *W. Thackeray, Thomas Passinger,* and *William Whitwood.*  
In Black-letter, with two woodcuts, which are given in vol. vi. p. 237.  
Date of original issue, *circa* 1662, earlier than this edition of *circa* 1670.]

\* \* \* *Note.*—"To dine with Duke Humphrey (13th stanza, last line) was a well-known jesting phrase, significant of going without any dinner, while strutting about as a gallant in fine clothes, near the tomb or monument of Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester, or in Paul's-walk. The allusions to the King's progeny (next stanza) seem to date the original issue of the ballad to the time of Charles I., about 1640, and before the Civil Wars began. It cannot refer to Charles II. or William III., who had no legitimate children, and is unlikely to have meant James II. since his daughters were unpopular until they became queens; while the interval after the birth of the Prince of Wales and before the Revolution was too brief to account. *The tune* is of 1661.

## The Clerk of Bodmin's Godly Song.

*A*T the Land's End two lonely Students met,  
 (Drifts from the great metropolis of brick,)  
 And, as their Scotch friends say, 'forgathered quick,'  
 As tho' for months they'd danced in the same set.  
 They rambled round the coast, got tired and wet,  
 Rocked Logan-Stone, like boys, with walking-stick :  
 Then sailed to Kynance-Cove, not feeling sick :  
 St. Ives and Michael's-Mount they'll ne'er forget.

*The fish-wives brought them grapes ; the florists, hake !*  
*Pilchards drew nigh in shoals, of self-accord ;*  
*Tin-mines decoyed them down, their necks to break ;*  
*Each Cornish marvel pleased them, nothing bored.*  
*To ripen friendship, there begun, pray take*  
 'Karl's Legacy' with this Memorial word.<sup>1</sup>—Trowbesh MS.

**W**HEN he visited Cornwall in 1798, Charles Dibdin renewed his strength, mental and bodily, in the pure air, the grand and lovely scenery, with the companionship of those whom he called, in one of his most spirited ditties, the "sturdy Cornish miners." His Entertainment Sans Souci, "A Tour to the Land's End," soon recorded his enjoyment. Fortunately he went more than a century too late to be encountered by the pietistic Clerk of Bodmin, whose "Very Godly Song" we here reprint.

Our later generation accepts Zolaistic Realism and stale theology from female novelists (who gather the refuse of French or Tübingen dust-bins, and thereafter fling their dreary disputations to a mixed multitude of loose thinkers, crazy with weak 'fads'; to 'frisky matrons' and *Demi-mondaines* of over-ripe maturity). It is not justified in casting stones at the Stuart populace for having patiently endured many afflicting sermons in ballad form. Men who had long revelled in ghastly horrors, turned instead to D'Urfey's ditties. After the joyful Restoration, when anarchy had been over-mastered, they rejected blasphemous literature, and encouraged no blatant sedition,<sup>2</sup> except from Shaftesbury's 'Protestant brisk boys.'

<sup>1</sup> May-day, 1874. (To the late Mrs. J. S. Mitchell.)

<sup>2</sup> On the prevalence of unbelief among those who by education and University training ought to maintain faith and loyalty, in Oxford, the stronghold of orthodoxy and devotion, hear Bishop Alexander, in *St. Augustine's Holiday*, 1886 :

"They torture all the record of the Life,  
 Give—what from France and Germany they get ;  
 To Calvary carry a dissecting knife,  
 Parisian patchouli to Olivet.

"They talk of critical battle-flags unfurl'd,  
 Of the winged sweep of Science high and grand—  
 And sometimes publish to a yawning world  
 A book of patchwork learning second-hand."—*New Atlantis*.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 544; Bagford, II. 48; Pepys, II. 41; Wood, 401, 65; Jersey, II. 258; Euing, 371; Rawlinson, 181.]

**A very Godly Song, intituled, the Earnest Petition  
of the faithful Christian, being Clerk of *Bodnam*,<sup>1</sup> made upon  
his Death-bed, at the instant of his Transmutation.**

TO A SWEET SOLEMN TUNE [ITS OWN].



**N**ow my painful eyes lye rowling, and my passing-bell is towling,  
Towling sweetly, I lye dying, and my life is from me flying.

Grant me strength, O gracious God, for to endure thy heavy rod,  
Then shall I rejoyce and sing, with Psalms unto our heavenly King.

*Simeon*, that blessed man, believed Christ when he was come, [S. Luke, ii. 25.  
And then he did desire to dye, to live with him eternally.

Christ wroughte me a strong Salvation, by his bitter death and passion;  
He hath wash'd and made me clean, that I should never sin again.

Grievous pains doth call and cry, "O man prepare thy self to dye!"  
All my sins I have lamented, and to dye I am contented.

20

\* \* \* *Bodnam* = *Bodman* in Wood's broadside printed for *F. Colts*, etc., = *Bodmin*, in Cornwall, "wretchedly prone to gloomy views of pessimistic false-religion from early days, and without any sign of improvement so long as the 'Curse of Camborne' is tolerated: an ugly specimen of an evil type," says *Dervaux*. The late *Edward Lear*, who raised the veritable "Leer of Private Life," being the provider of enjoyment without alloy, found *Bodmin* and *Camborne* unsusceptible of civilization by good humour. He could not advance 'Westward Ho!' beyond the neighbourhood of the immortal Cornish Chough, in his first *Book of Nonsense*,

"There was an old man of *Liskard*,  
Who said, 'It is just as I fear'd;  
Two owls and a hen, Four larks and a wren,  
Have all made their nests in my beard!'"

Perhaps this man may have been a descendant of the Parish-Clerk at *Bodmin*.

Silly Soul the Lord receive thee, Death is come, and Life must leave thee,  
Death will tarry no man's leasure, then farewell all earthly pleasure.

In this world I nothing crave, but to bring me to my grave ;  
In my grave while I lye sleeping, Angels have my soul in keeping.

When the bells are for me ringing, Lord receive my soul with singing :  
Then shall I be free from pain, to live, and never dye again.

While the worms corrupting breed on, wait my noisome corps to feed on,  
My fervent soul this prison loathing, craves a robe of angel's cloathing.

Farewel world, and worldly glory, farewel all things transitory,  
*Sion Hill* my Soul ascendeth, and God's royal throne attendeth. 40

Farewel wife and children small, for I must go when Christ doth call :  
And for my death be ye content, when I am gone do not lament.

*Now the bell doth cease to toul, sweet Jesus Christ receive my soul.*

O GOD which did the world create, hear a poor sinner at the gate,  
Thou that from death did'st set me free, remit my sins and show mercy.

O Thou that caus'd thy blessed Son into this universe to come,  
Thy Gospel true for to fulfill, and to subdue sin, death, and hell :

Grant for his sake that dy'd on tree, on the blest Mount of *Calvary*,  
That I, being grieved for my sin, might by repentance Heaven win. 58

The Gospel saith, who so believe, to them wilt thou a blessing give ;  
Amongst which number grant me faith that to believe the Gospel saith.

Which to believe grant that I may, though here I dye, yet live for aye ;  
Then Saviour sweet, remit my sin, and grant me faith that life to wiu.

And since Thy death a price most great hath bought us here, I do intreat  
To give me grace Thy name to praise, both now and evermore always.

For by Thy death my soul is free from Hell, which still by thy decree  
To sinners all for sin is due, until thy Son, our Saviour true, 74

Did vanquish, by almighty power, death, hell, and all that could devour ;  
My sins, O Lord, I do confess, like sands in seas are numberless.

Yet though my sins like scarlet show, their whiteness may exceed the snow,  
If thou thy mercy do extend, that I my sinful life may mend.

Which mercy, thy blest word doth say, at any time obtain I may,  
If power and grace in me remain, from carnal sin for to refrain. [restrain?

Then give me grace, Lord, to abstain from Sin, that I may still remain  
With thee in heaven, where angels sing most joyfully to thee our King.

God grant, O Christ, that when I dye, my soul with thee immediately  
May have abode among the blest, and live for ever in true rest. 94

Printed for *W. Thackeray* in *Duck-lane*.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts, one on p. 40 is common to R. and Bagford. Roxb. agrees with Euing's ; Bagford's white-letter printed for *Wm. Onley* ; Pepys' printed for *J. Wright, J. Clarke, Wm. Thackeray*, and *T. Passinger* ; Rawlinson's and Wood's printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere*, and *W. Gilbertson*, dated, 1676. Roxb. 2nd cut, three skeletons coming from graves, belonged to *T.F.'s Miraculous Newes from the Cittie of Holdt, in Munster*: 1616. It is copied into *Mason Jackson's Pictorial Press*, p. 28, 1885.]



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 128; Douce, II. 178; Euing, No. 113.]

## Phancie's Phoenix;

Or, The Peerless Paragon of the Times.

Being a young Gallant's description of a Lady which he had settled his thoughts on, resolving never to change, nor to love any other Beauty or Face in the World.

And is perswad[ed] if there be  
A *Phoenix* in the world, 'tis she.

TO AN AMOROUS NEW TUNE [its own].



Come, all you Batchellors so brave, that spend your time in *Cupid's* Court,  
And with your complements do crave with many ladies for to sport :  
I am contrary to your mind, I court but one, and she's unkind,  
*She's* vertuous, chaste, and if there be a *Phoenix* in the world, 'tis she.

I little thought I ever could by any beauty e're be won,  
Nor can I now, if that I would, remove my mind on any one ;  
No wealth, no beauty, nor no face, my fixed thoughts from her disgrace,  
*She's* vertuous, chaste, and if there be a *Phoenix* in the world, 'tis she.

I must confess : I am in love, although I thought I never could,  
But sure she was sent from above, and made of Nature's cheifest mould,  
So pure, so fair, and all divine, I'le quit the world to make her mine ;  
*She* vertuous, chaste, and if there be a *Phoenix* in the world, 'tis she.

24

\* \* \* "Fancy's Phoenix" is given here in connection with the ballad on p. 4, *viz.* "The Tradesman's Complaint," sung to the same tune; and this also brings on p. 44, "Fancy's Favourite," the natural male companion of "Fancy's Phoenix."



Do you not see the stars retreat when *Sol* salutes the sky so clear ?  
 So must all beauties ne're so great shrink and withdraw when she appear ;  
 So bright, so clear, that all must say 'tis fair *Roselia* claims the day.  
*She's vertuous, chaste, and if there [be], etc.* [Cf. *Wotton's* "You meaner b."]

Her bashful Cheeks with blushing sweet, cast such a rich vermillion dye,  
 That rose and lilly there doth meet, each striving for the victory :  
 So rare, so pure, you'l scarce believe dame Nature could such colours give.  
*She's vertuous, chaste, and if there [be], etc.*

Her eyes like sparks of diamond clear, such glances cast in merry sort,  
 No wantonness in them appears, yet *Cupid* sure here keeps his court.  
 'Twas from her eyes he shot his dart y<sup>t</sup> thus hath pierced my love-torn heart.  
*She's vertuous, chaste, and if there [be], etc.* 48

But stay, my Muse, what need have I to praise her beauty in such sort,  
 When as her fame abroad doth fly, more then I can of her report ;  
 Were she to me as kind as fair then might I live and not despair.  
*But sure I think if that there be a Phoenix in the World 'tis she.*

For she desires to be alone, and never to participate  
 Her love, she saith, to any one ; but single liv's without a mate ;  
 Such thoughts I think in few remain, yet doth in her : the more's my pain,  
*Then sure I think if that there be, etc.*

Cruel she is to none, I hear, no more she is not unto me ;  
 Nor proud she is not ; that is rare, you'l say, in women for to be.  
 She's courteous, lovely, chaste, and fair, 'tis few that can with her compare,  
*For sure I think if that there be, etc.* 72

Then if she *Phoenix*-like will live and dye alone, I am content ;  
 My heart to her I'le freely give, unto no other I'le consent,  
 But in her flames my heart shall burn, and *Phoenix*-like to ashes turn,  
*For it is her, and none but she, by whom I must revived be.*

And if she will not yeild at last, but still her resolution hold,  
 I will not think my time ill pass'd, nor yet my love shall ne're wax cold, [text, "spent."  
 To stay for such a one as she, I think no time there lost will be,  
*I'd better with my fancy wed, than lodge some women in my bed.*

If that you needs would know of me whereas this *Phoenix* doth abide,  
 For that I must excused be, yet near the *Strand* she doth reside.  
 No other notice will I give, to any one whilst I do live ;  
*And if she doth a Phoenix dye, look in her ashes : there am I.* 96

You roving Batchellors that be resolved for to spend your time,  
 In several Maidens' company, when as their beautys are in prime ;  
 Beware, beware, let nature guide thee to a Maid to make thy Bride :  
*Let not her beauty tempt your eye, [un]lcast vertue too in her you spye.*

I must depart, time calls away, I cannot now express my mind ;  
 This Song is long enough, you'l say, unless that she did prove more kind.  
 She's vertuous, chaste, and therefore I resolve to love her till I dye :  
*For sure I think that if there be a Phoenix in the world, 'tis she.*

[In Black-letter. Woodcuts as on p. 42. No publisher's name on our mutilated Roxburghe broadside. Euing's was printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright*. Date, before 1681, when Vere died. The Lady belongs also to p. 28, with two others, patched, on pp. 16 and 26 ; also a Milkmaid in chintz, given later.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 168 ; Pepys, III. 29 ; Euing, 115, 116 ; Huth, I. 105.]

## Fancie's Favourite ;

Or, The Mirror of the Times.

Being a young Ladies commendation of a young Gallant, which hath a long time shewed her much love; which by his civil carriage, and long patience in waiting on her, at last conquered her, who was once resolv'd to lead a single life, and therefore he termed her the *Phœnix* of the Times.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Fancie's Phœnix*. [See p. 42.]

COME, come away, you Maidens fair, this song to you I will indite,  
'Tis of a Young Man I'll declare, [of] who[m] in praise I needs must write :  
The City if I search about, I scarce shall find his fellow out.  
*He hath been constant now to me, the Mirrour of the Times is he.*

I must confess, I once did mind, a single life to live and dye ;  
But such rare parts in him I find, his civil suit I can't deny,  
But am resolv'd to set him free, and grant him love and libertie :  
*So civil he hath been to me [the Mirror of the Times is he].*

I once did think I never should so much as know what love should be,  
Nor did I dream he ever could with patience so have conquered me :  
His comely gesture I did spie made me delight in 's company,  
*That all may say that doth him see [the Mirror of the Times is he].* 24

Did you e'r see that glorious Star that ushers in the morning bright,  
How he exceeds all other far, by casting forth his sparkling light,  
So all do say as much by he, that e'r did keep his company.  
*His carriage doth his gesture show, he is admir'd where e'r he go.*

He bashful is, yet bold also, and shews it with a gallant grace,  
All vaporing Blades he scorns to know, yet scorns he for to hide his face,  
He'll take no wrong, nor quarrels breed, but stick to 's friend in time of need :  
*He's civil, yet he'll merry be ; [the Mirror of the Times is he].*

If any where you should him spy, in maid or women's company,  
No wanton looks comes from his eye, at any time as you e'er shall see ;  
He'll court, he'll kiss, he'll sing or play, but it shall be in a modest way,  
*For men or women's company [the Mirror of the Times is he].* 48

BUT stay, my Pen doth run too fast, in setting forth his gallantrie,  
For fear I lose him at the last, then cause you'll have to laugh at me,  
When some do hear of him they may persuade his love from me away :  
*But if they gain his love from me, none constant then I think there be.*

But his name I have not told, nor will not yet you may be sure,  
Till of him I can get faster hold, there's no one here shall it procure.  
You Maidens all that hear my song, I would not have you for him long.  
*But if you do, persuaded be, you may find some as good as he.*

A *Phœnix* he hath termed me, because I thought to lie alone,  
But if that such'a Bird there be, out of this climate sure she's flown,  
Our land is cold, and therefore I resolve no *Phœnix* for to die.  
*But though I don't his Phœnix prove, yet I will be his Turtle Dove.* 72

There's many [a] maiden that doth say, a single life is best at ease,  
 How oft, I pray, will you say nay, if once a young man doth you please ?  
 I must confess sometimes you'll prove most coy to him you most do love.  
*What by experience I find true, pray blame not me to tell it you.*

Let me advise you, Maidens fair, not to be coy nor proud at all,  
 For those that count themselves most rare most times doth get the greatest fall :  
 You seldom see a scornful maid, but at the last she is betray'd :  
*Be courteous, yet be vertuous still, and let not young men have their will.*

Chuse not a Husband for estate, unless you fancy him beside,  
 You may repent when 'tis too late, 'tis for a life-time you are ty'd ;  
 No Ranter take, if you be wise, nor yet none of the new precise : [N.B.]  
*The one will rant and spend thy means, the other closely may love queans.*

But now my Song grows to an end, I must be gone, my love doth stay,  
 Last night I did unto him send to meet me at a place to-day :  
 Where we intend so to agree, in what Church we will married be :  
*Then Phoenix-like we'll live and dye, in the pure flames of Chastity.* 104

One Love, one Faith, we do express, and therefore we one name will have,  
 Our love so great is, I confess, we likewise do desire one grave ;  
 To his desire I will incline, his ashes shall be joyned with mine,  
*So Phoenix-like we mean to lie, and Turtle-like we'll live and dye.* C.H. [or, G.H.]

[In Black-letter, with three woodcuts, viz. the lady of vi. 52 left ; man, vi. 332, right ; and the couple of figures, iv. 383. Two cuts in Euing, 115 ; none in Euing, 116. No publisher's name in Roxburghe copy ; but Pepys's printed for *F. Cotes, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke* (as in "Fancy's Phoenix," except the addition of *Clarke* in the partnership. Date, before 1682.)]



[These cuts accompany 'The Lamentation of the Pedlars,' p. 46.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 404 ; Pepys, IV. 297.]

## The Sorrowful Lamentation

of the Pedlars, and petty Chapmen, for the hardness  
of the times, and the decay of Trade.

TO THE TUNE OF, *My Life and my Death*. (See pp. 47, 48.)

This may be Printed, R[ichard] P[acock].

THE times are grown hard, more harder then stone,  
And therefore the *Pedlars* may well make their moan,  
Lament and complain that trading is dead,  
That all the sweet golden fair days now are fled.

*Then Maidens and Men, come see what you lack,  
And buy the fine toys that I have in my Pack.*

Come hither and view, here's choice and here's store,  
Here's all things to please ye, what would you have more,  
Here's points for the Men, and pins for the Maid,  
Then open your purses and be not afraid :

*Come Maidens [and men, Come see what you lack], etc.* 12

Let none at a Tester repent or repine,  
Come bring me your money and I'll make you fine,  
Young *Billy* shall look as spruce as the day,  
And pretty sweet *Betty* more finer then May :

*Then Maidens [and men, come see what you lack], etc.*

To buy a new Licence, your money I crave,  
'Tis that which I want, and 'tis th[is] which you have ;  
Exchange then a Groat, for some pretty toy,  
Come buy this fine whistle for your little boy.

*Come Maidens and Men, come see what you lack,  
Come buy my fine Toys that I have in my Pack.*

24

Here's garters for hose, and cotten for shoes,  
And there's a guilt Bodkin which none would refuse,  
This Bodkin let *John* give sweet mistress *Jane*,  
And then of unkindness he shall not complain.

*Come Maidens [and men, come see what you lack], etc.*

Come buy this fine Coife, this dressing or hood,  
And let not your money come like drops of blood ;  
The *Pedlar* may well of Fortune complain,  
If he brings all his ware to the market in vaine.

*Then Maidens [and men, come see what you lack], etc.*

36

Here's bandstrings for men, and there you have lace,  
Bone-lace, to adorn the fair Virgin's sweet face,  
What ever you like, if you will but pay,  
As soon as you please you may take it away.

*Then Maidens [and men, come see what you lack], etc.*

The World is so hard, that we find little trade,  
Although we have all things to please every Maid ;  
Come pretty fair Maids then, make no delay,  
But give me your hanel, and pack me away.

*Come Maidens [and men, come see what you lack], etc.* 48

Here's all things that's fine, and all things that's rare,  
All modish and neat, and all new *London-ware*,  
Variety here you plainly may see,  
Then give me your Money, and we will agree.

*Come Maidens and men, come see what ye lack,  
Come buy these fine Toyes that I have in my Pack.*

We travail all day through dirt, and through mire,  
To fetch you fine laces and what you desire,  
No pains we do spare, to bring you Choice Ware,  
As gloves, and perfumes, and sweet powder for hair.

*Then Maidens [and men, come see what you lack], etc.* 60

We have choice of Songs and merry books too,  
All pleasant, and witty, delightful, and new,  
Which every young swain may whistle at Plough,  
And every fair Milk-maid may sing to her Cow.

[*N.B.* p. 24.]

*Then Maidens [and men, come see what you lack], etc.*

Since Trading's so dead, we must needs complain,  
And therefore pray let us have some little Gain :  
If you will be free, we will you supply  
With what you do want, therefore pray come and buy.

*The world is so hard, that although we take pains,  
When we look in our Purses we find little gains.* 72

Printed for *J. Back*, at the *Black-boy* on *London-bridge*.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts. 1st and 2nd are on p. 45; 3rd, the lady in an archway, vol. vi. p. 76, right. Date, between August, 1685, and 1686.]

\* \* \* The ballad beginning "My life and my death" is preserved in the Pepys Coll., III. 204. It is entitled, "Love and Constancy United; or, The Languishing Lady made Happy." Licensed by R. Pocock, printed for C. Dennison; warning against counterfeits. The music was by William Turner, and the song is given, music and words, in Henry Playford's *Theater of Music*, 1685, i. 32; and in *Pills to p. Melancholy*, iii. 198, edition of 1719. The words had been printed by *J.M.* for *J. Back* in 1687, in a 'Penny Merriment' entitled '*The Art of Courtship*,' sheet sign. A 3. Also in *The Loyal Garland*, before 1686 edition.

## A Pleasant New Song. [Aurelia to Alexis.]

MY Life and my Death are both in your pow'r,  
 I never was wretched 'till this cruel hour;  
 Sometimes, it is true, you tell me you Love,  
 But alas! that's too kind for me ever to prove:  
 Could you guess with what pain my poor heart is oppress'd,  
 I am sure my *Alexis* would soon make me blest.

Distractedly jealous I do hourly prove,  
 Thus sighing and musing, 'tis all for my Love;  
 No place can I find that does yield me relief,  
 My soul is for ever entangl'd with Grief:  
 But when my kind Stars let me see him (oh then!)  
 I forgive the cruel Author of all my past Pain.

Of this playhouse-song the unique broadside-ballad was an elongation. The final line (unless it has been sorely corrupted from the original manuscript) would seem fatal to a supposition that Mistress Aphra Behn wrote the words. There can be no doubt whatever that the Reply came direct from Tom D'Urfey (see the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xvi. p. 251-5, J.W.E.'s memoir of him). He printed it in his *Third Collection of Poems and Songs*, 1685, p. 12, and in *Pills to p. Mel.*, ii. 57. It lacks his usual gallantry, but goes to the mark.

## Love Unblinded. A Song by D'Urfey.

MY Life and my Death were once in your power,  
 I languish'd each moment, and died ev'ry hour.  
 But now your ill usage has open'd my eyes,  
 I can free my poor heart, and give others advice:  
 By dissembling and lies the Coquet may be won,  
 But he that loves faithfully will be undone.

Time was, false *Aurelia*, I thought you as bright  
 As Angels adorn'd by the glories of light;  
 But your pride and ingratitude now, I thank fate,  
 Have taught my dull sense to distinguish the Cheat:  
 And now I can see in your Face no such prize,  
 No charms in your Person, no darts in your Eyes.

Fain, fain for your sake my Amours I would end,  
 And the rest of my days give my Books, and my Friend;  
 But another kind Fair calls me 'Fool,' to destroy  
 For the sake of one Jilt my whole Life's greatest joy:  
 For tho' Friends, Wine, and Books, make Life's diadem shine,  
 Love, Love is the Jewel that makes it [divine]. [at. l. 'so fine.'

---

 The Jodial Pedlar.

THE collecting of hare-skins and rabbit-skins, in barter for his "points and pins, with laces and braces, and other pretty things," was no small part of a Pedlar's trade. Two distinct ballads in the Roxburghe Collection (III. 184, and III. 656) relate the knaveries of a 'Proud Pedlar,' cheating the girls who trusted him. Ballad-singers held privileges, and did not always sing *Virginibus puerisque* in conventicle hymns. There is no compulsion to read these two ditties; the first of which is reprinted from a mutilated but unique exemplar. The other is a modern 'slip-song,' which we divide for a substantial reason, to save space.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 184, Mutilated throughout, but apparently unique.]

## The Joviall Pedler ;

or,

A merry new Ditty, which is both harmlesse, Pleasant, and Witty.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



¶ Here was [a] Joviall Pedler, and he cryde cony skins,  
[An]d on his back he had a pack [fu]ll of points and pins,  
[W]ith laces and braces, [an]d other prety things.

*Hey down, ho down ! with a hey down, down,  
Down, derry, derry, down, the Pedler never lins,  
But still doth cry, so merry merrily,*

[lins = stops.

“ Maids, have you any Cony, Cony-skins ? ”

13

“ Maids, bring out your Cony-skins,” the Pedler doth you pray ;  
For then you may have points or pins, be they black or gray ;

[Lines are lost from the first column, the rest being torn away ]

26

The Pedler to an Ale-house went and call'd for beere and ale,  
In midst of all his merriment his purse began to faile.  
His laces and braces and all his prety things :

*Hey down, With a hey down, down, Down.*

39

When he came to pay the shot his heart grew very cold,  
For he had broke a black pot, which made his Ostesse scold,  
And all his money spent, which made him to lament,

*Hey down, With a hey [etc.]*

52

The Pedler took his cony-skins, and his Cob-web Lawn,  
The Pedler took his points and pins, [and] laid them there to pawn :  
[His laces] and braces, [And all his pretty things.

*Hey down, etc.]*

[bottom of 2nd column lost.

### The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

[With early woodcut : two men wearing bag-net caps.]

**T**He Pedler he went drunk to bed, and when he did awake,  
Then he remembred what he did, it made his heart to ake.  
His Ostesse had his ware, and left him very bare. *Hey down.*

78

He to his Ostesse faire did say, and did prevaile so farre,  
He got his ware of her again, and took his leave of her :  
He took up his pack, and hung it on his back. *Hey down.*

The high-way it was very deep, which sorely troubled him,  
Through the water did he creep, and set his ware to swim :  
His laces and braces, and all his pretty things. *Hey down.*

The Pedler on a hill did get, and laid his ware to dry.  
His cony-skins was very wet, which grieved him wondrously :  
His laces and braces, and all his pretty things. *Hey down.*

The Pedler he fell fast asleep, and as asleep he lay,  
Up the hill a Knave did creep, and stole his ware away :  
His laces and braces, and all his pretty things. *Hey down.*

130

The Pedler waked from his sleep, [and] found his ware was gone,  
[The silly sheep he could but] weep, [then went his journey on,] [*Lost lines.*  
With an empty pack to shew what he did lack. *Hey down.* [*3rd column.*

### [The Third Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.]

**T**here was two lovely Lasses, that in one house did dwell,  
The one of them was bon[n]y *Kate*, the other bouncing *Nell* :  
And either of them both had Cony-skins to sell. *Hey down.*

143

*Kate* brought forth her Cony-skins, from under-neath the staires,  
They were as black as any Jet, and [not] of silver haire :  
The Pedler would have bought them rather than his eares. *Hey down.* [*'full'*

*Nell* brought forth hers to sell, one of another view, [*MS. 'hewe.'*  
They were as good as good might be, and that the Pedler knew.  
The sawey Jack set down his pack, and set his wares to view. *Hey down.*

[*MS.* reads 'And forth his wares hee drewe. *Hey down.*' Continues thus :

[Then hee tooke up his Packe againe, and would have gon his way,  
Those Maids they cal'd him back againe, and pray'd him for to stay ;  
And they would show him cunny skins, a white one and a grey. *Hey downe.]*

*Besse* went tripping ore the green, with one poor cony-skin, [*Text.*  
Because shee would not have it seene, or known where she had bin,  
She closely hid the same, until the Pedlar came. *Hey down.*

The Maidens of *Camberwell* brought forth their skins ;  
But when they came their ware to sell, the Pedler had no pins,  
Nor laces, nor braces, nor such pretty things. *Hey down.*

The Maidens have truste[d him] with their Cony-skins ; [*Torn off.*  
And he hath [promis'd, sleek and prim, as one who cheats and wius ;  
And tells them, he will come again, and give them pretty things. *Hey down.]*



[Ere two (score) weekes were gon and past, these maids began to say,  
'Where is this Joviall Pedlar that vsde to come this way?

I doubt hee hath couzen'd vs, and soe is run away.' *Hey downe, etc.*]

[*Hiatus valde defendus!* Unique copy. This final stanza is supplied from Harleian MS. 6057, fol. 55. *Wit and Drollery*, 1661 edition, prints a version of eight stanzas, of which the first agrees with the unique broadside; next follows our twelfth as "There were two Joviall Sisters, that in one house did dwell;" our thirteenth and fourteenth follow, as third and fourth, "Kate pull'd forth her Cony-skine," and "Nell pull'd forth her Cony-skine." They are followed by four others, absent from our mutilated copy, given below, square bracketed:—

[The Pedlar he took up his Pack, and 'gan to go his way, Drollery version.  
The Maidens call'd him back again, desiring him to stay,  
For they would show him Cony-skines, a white one and a gray.

*Hay down,*

["I pray you, fair maids, to take no further care,  
For when that I come back again I'll give you ware for ware:  
But you have all at this time that now I can well spare."

*Hay down.*

[E're forty weeks were gon and past, the Maides began to say,  
"What's come of this Pedlar, that used here every day?  
I fear he hath beguiled us, and run another way."

*Hay down.*

[But now these fair Maides their bodies began to swell,  
And where to find the Pedlar, alack! they could not tell,  
Then they wish'd that all fair maides no more Coney-skines would sell.

*Hay down.]*

We suspect that the present broadside had been issued and signed 'London, Printed for Richard Harper in Smithfield;' he having become possessor of the curious woodcut which is on it, given on our p. 49. In the same volume of the Roxburghe Collection (III. 656) is another and more modern ballad concerning "The Proud Pedlar," who for love of a fair wanton Lady proffered his whole pack to bribe her to compliance with his wishes, and afterwards repented having paid so high a price. He therefore went away and stood outside of the house until her husband came home, appealed to him for redress against her, making a false plea (*cf.* 'The Jovial Tinker,' and second tale in the *Decameron*, eighth day), thus frightening her with exposure he obtained restitution of his forfeited ware. (*We are obliged to break it asunder; part remainder is here, on p. 54.*)

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 656.]

## The Proud Pedlar.

SO merrily singeth the Nightingale, and so merrily singeth the Jay:  
And so merrily singeth the proud Pedlar as he walked along the Highway.  
"The Bag at my back is worth twenty pounds, in gold and in good money;  
And I would freely part with it all, for to kiss a night with a Lady."  
The Lady look'd out of her window, and hearing the Pedlar sing;  
"Sing on, sing on, thou proud Pedlar, the Song that thou didst begin."  
The Pedlar look'd over his left shoulder, he looked so neat and so trim;  
"I never sung a Song in all my whole life, but I could sing it again."  
"The Bag at my back is worth twenty pounds, in gold and in good money;  
And I would freely part with it all, for to kiss a night with a Lady."

[Continued on our page 54.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 444; Jersey, I. 314; Euing, No. 319.]

## The St. Giles's Broker.

Shewing how he was cheated in buying a Green Goose,  
with an account of several sorrowful Circumstances  
which follow'd thereupon.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Ladies of London*. [See vol. vi. p. 15.]

Licensed according to Order.

**T**Here was a wealthy old *Broker* of late,  
 Whose Wife was an absolute Beauty,  
 But he so often did kiss his maid *Kate*,  
 He seldome did family duty :  
 E'ery night she might tumble and toss,  
 She'd nothing but Dreams to inflame her,  
 So at the length she was desperate cross,  
 But tell me what Christian could blame her ? 8  
 But as it fell out, upon his Birth-day,  
 Some two or three Friends he invited,  
 There to take part of a Green Goose, they say ;  
 But that civil wife, whom he slighted,  
 She to the market then would not go,  
 He must trudge himself if he'd feast her,  
 Yet a good Green Goose this Spark did not know,  
 So well as his dog knew a Tester. 16  
 Yet he declar'd that he well understood  
 A goose, when he came to the Woman,  
 For when she show'd him one both white and good,  
 He swore he'd be cheated by no man,  
 Saying to her, " Dame, what do you mean ?  
 I would not have this, if you'd give 't me ;  
 I'll have a goose that is delicate green,  
 A wiser than you cannot cheat me." 24  
 Now when she [did] see his right ignorant skill,  
 And being resolved to please him,  
 She pull'd out one that was at *Turner's Hill*,<sup>1</sup>  
 This into his hand streight she giv's him.

<sup>1</sup> The meaning is clear (it was "on the go;" on the turn; more high than pleasant), whatever the origin. Well known is the joke, possibly Goldsmith's, about the grey peas: "Take them to *Kew*—that's the way to *Turnham Green*!"

“A green[er] Goose there is not in town,  
 It being one of mine own killing;  
 The first I show'd you was but half a Crown,  
 For this I must have full three shilling.” 32

“Tell me why you did not shew this at first,  
 Which seems to be greenish all over;”  
 With that he straightway did down with his Dust, [N.B.  
 Said he, “Of green geese I'm a Lover!”  
 Home to his house he strutted in state,  
 And there of his Bargain he boasted,  
 Then gave it into the hands of young *Kate*,  
 And said it must streightways be roasted. 40

But it sent forth a strong dainty perfume,  
 When being a while at the fire,  
*Kate* call'd her master streight into the room,  
 And said, “*Sir, I strangely admire,*  
*You should buy this, 'tis not worth a souse,*  
*No one would be able to eat it,*  
*Nay, it will stink us all out of the house,*  
*I vow and protest you are cheated.” 48*

“Prithee,” said he, “let another be bought,  
 And go thy self *Kate* I entreat thee,  
 And cast this same in some secret vau't,  
 And likewise take care they don't cheat thee.”  
 Honest poor *Kate*, the innocent maid,  
 She did as her master advis'd her,  
 And, as the Goose down the vau't she convey'd,  
 Some two or three women surpriz'd her. 56

Then to a Justice they haul'd her with speed,  
 Concluding some child she did smother,  
 That she might suffer for that wicked deed,  
 And call'd her a ‘Murderous Mother.’  
 Yet she declar'd it was but a Goose,  
 But Justice nor none would believe her,  
 Telling her, that was an idle excuse,  
 To gaol she was sent, which did grieve her. 64

For her returning he waiting did stand,  
 And seem'd to be highly offended,  
 At length a letter came to his Wife's hand,  
 Which show'd the maid was apprehended;  
 Reading the same, she to him did run,  
 With railing his ears she surrounded,  
 “See what your impudent Gillian has done,  
 An innocent Brat she has drowned!” [gill-firt, *Kate*. 72

Then to the Justice he trotted amain,  
 And told him a sorrowful ditty ;  
 When the whole story he then had made plain,  
 His case he did presently pity ;  
*Kate* was releas'd, then home they did go,  
 Her Master did lovingly hand her,  
 Now ever since, those that do him well know,  
 They call him the *Cunning Old Gander*.

80

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.*

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, the first is the woman in vol. vi. p. 157 ; second, the man, on p. 203, r. Date, between 1682 and 1688.]



\* \* \* *We give here the End of the White-letter ballad (interrupted on our p. 51).*

### The Proud Pedlar.

(Continuation.)

**T**He Lady took the Pedlar's hand, and through the Hall him led,  
 Into a large and spacious room, where cushions and pillows were laid.  
 The Pedlar [did st]ay with the lady all night, until it was break of day ; [1'  
 And then he thought of his Tom Pack, when he had no sport to play.  
 "Here's twenty pounds," the Pedlar said, for to buy gloves, jewels, and rings.  
 "So I may have my little Tom Pack, for to get me my [own] living."  
 The Lady took the Pedlar's Pack, and set it upon her knee :  
 "If you would give me twice twenty pounds, you shall have no Pack of me."  
 "I will make grass grow," the Pedlar said, "and where there did grow none :  
 And I will stand at the Hall-gate, till your wedded Lord comes home."  
 At night her own wedded Lord came home, and [s]eeing the Pedlar there stand,  
 "What dost thou here, thou proud Pedlar ? Now this of thee I do demand."  
 "Yesterday I made a feast, for pedlars thirty-and-three,  
 And wanted a mortar to pound the spice, and borrowed one of your Lady.  
 "The mortar was your own Lady's, but the pestle was my own ;  
 But now she has got my little Tom Pack, and I wish the truth was but known."  
 "Come, give him his Pack. Thou proud Pedlar. What makes you here let him stand ?  
 Come, give him his pack and let him be gone, and this of you I do command."  
 "Come, take thy Pack, thou proud Pedlar, come take this Pack of thine ;  
 For never a Pedlar, for thy sake, shall pound spice in a mortar of mine."  
 "Now this is well juggl'd," the Pedlar said, "and it is well juggled of me :  
 For now I have got my little Tom Pack, and kist all night with a Lady.  
 "By my wanton trieks I lost this Pack, by my wits I have got it again ;  
 And if I do live these five hundred years, I will never come there again."  
 [In White-letter, Slip-song, with woodcut of a Young Highland Bagpiper.  
 No printer's name. Date probably after the 'Forty-five, circa 1750.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 212. Probably unique.]

## News from More-lane ;

Or,

A mad knabish an[d] uncivil Frolick of a Tapster dwelling there,  
 who buying a fat Coult for eighteen p[er]nce, the Mare being dead,  
 and he not knowing how to bring the Coult up by hand, killed it  
 and had it baked in a Pasty, and invited many of his Neighbours  
 to the Feast; and telling of them what it was; the Conceit thereof  
 made them all Sick, as by this following Ditty you shall hear.

The Tapster fil'd the Cup up to the brim,  
 And all to make the little Coult to swim;  
 But all that heares it, sayes that for his gaine,  
 He is no better then a Wagg in grain.

THE TUNE IS, *A Health to the best of Men.* [Not = to all honest Men.]

There is a Tapster in *More-lane* that did a Pasty make,  
 All people doe of him complaine, now for his grosse mistake,  
 Hee, instead of Ven'son fine, a good fat Coult did kill,  
 And put in store of Clarret wine, his humour to fullfill.

A peck of flour at the least, with six pound of butter, [<sup>'Flower.'</sup>]  
 Hee made his Neighbours such a feast, and bid them all to supper:  
 A curious fine fat Colt it was, and handled daintily:  
 The Tapster proved himself an asse, for this his knavery. 16

Likewise there was a Baker too that lived in that place,  
 And he was a partaker too, I speak in his disgrace,  
 For he found flour to make it, I speak not in his praise, [<sup>'Flower.'</sup>]  
 And afterwards did bake it, his knavery for to raise.

Likewise there was a Car-man too, and he found butter for it;  
 But when the knavery Neighbors knew, they could not but abhor it:  
 And then there was a Cooke, sir, at *More-gate* doth he dwell,  
 And he then under-tooke sir, to make the Pasty well. 32

Some say it eate as mellow then as any little chick:  
 But I tell thee, good-fellow then, it made the Neighbours sick:  
 The Tapster had his humour, but the neighbours had the worst,  
 Yet I doe hear they had good Beere, and dainty Pasty-crust.

Then every joviall Blade, sir, that lived in that place;  
 They money freely paid, sir, they scorned to be base.  
 They cal'd for beere, likewise for ale, because the Coult should swim.  
 And of the Cup they would not faile, but fil'd it to the brim. 48

## The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

The Car-man's wife cry'd out & said, "troath, 'tis good meat indeed!"  
 So likewise said the chamber-maid, when she on it did feed,  
 The Tapster bid them welcome then, and wea-hae did cry,  
 "You are all welcome gentlemen, your welcome hartily."

The glover's wife was in a heat, and did both pout and mump,  
 Because they would not let her eate the buttock and the rump.  
 As for the merry weaver's wife, I will give her, her due  
 She spent her coyne to end the strife among that joviall crew. 64

This Colt was not so wholesome though as was a good fat hogg,  
 Yet one came in and told the crew it was a mangie dogg?  
 But he that told them was to blame, and was but a silly dolt,  
 The tapster bid him "Peace, for shame! for 'twas a good fat colt.

"The colt he cost me eighteen pence," the tapster he did say,  
 "I hope, good folks, ere you goe hence, you for your meate will pay."  
 "Pox take you for a roagne," quoth one, another he fel'd oaks, [\*  
 Another said he was vndone! 'twas worse then hartly-choaks. 80

The porter he did give nine pence, to have it in a pye.  
 The people ere they went from thence, did feed most hartily.  
 It was the joviall baker, the knavish tapster too,  
 The car-man was partaker, was not this a jovial crew? 88

The potecary he was there, the farr[ier], and sexton too:  
 The tapster put them in great fear, he made them for to spue,  
 Now was not this a knave in grain to use his neighbours so?  
 When knaves are scarcee, he'l go for twain, good people, what think you?

The [potecary] came in at last, & gave the people vomits: ['tapster'  
 "I hope (quoth he) the worst is past, I've eased your foul stomacks."  
 "Wea-hea!" cry'd the tapster then, "how doe you like my sport?"  
 The women said, so did the men, "The devill take you for't!"

At *Brainford*, as I heard some say, a mangie dog was eate;  
 This was not halfe so bad as that, and yet the fault was great;  
 Men of good fashion then was there, that went both fine and brave,  
 Now all do say, that this doth heare, "The tapster is a Knave!"

Finis.

*London*, Printed for *William Gammon*, and to be sould in *Smithfield*.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts. 1st, man, vol. vi. p. 178: 2nd, reverse of man on p. 138, *post*; 3rd, the men smoking, vi. p. 490. Date, *circa* 1690.]

*Note*.—\* *To fell oaks* = be ready to vomit.

\* \* Although it be about seventy years' later date, we give a curious ditty (not hitherto reprinted). enumerating "The Cries of London." Among them are hot rice-milk, and 'Saloop,' a decoction from dried orchis-root, or from *Sassafras*.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 466 ; Douce, I. 7 verso.]

## The Cries of London.

TUNE, *The Merry Christ Church Bells.* [See vol. v. p. 523.]

**H**ARK ! how the Cries in every street make lanes and allies ring :  
 With their goods and ware both nice and rare,  
 All in a pleasant lofty strain ;  
 Come buy my gudgeons fine and new.  
 Old cloaths to change for earthen ware.  
 Come taste and try before you buy, here's dainty poplin pears.  
 Diddle, diddle, diddle dumplings, ho ! with walnuts nice and brown.  
*Let none despise the merry, merry cries, of famous London-town.* 13

Any old cloaths, suits, or coats ? Come buy my singing-birds.  
 Oranges or lemons. *Newcastle salmon.*  
 Come buy my ropes of onions, ho !  
 Come buy my sand, fine silver sand. Two bunches a penny turnips, ho !  
 I'll change you pins for coney-skins. Maids, do you want any milk below ?  
 Here's an express from Admiral *Hawke*, that Admiral of renown. [N.B.  
*Let none despise the merry, merry cries, of famous London-town.*

Maids, have you any kitchen-stuff ? Will you buy fine artichocks ?  
 Come buy my brooms to sweep your rooms.  
 Will you buy my white-heart cabbages, ho !  
 Come buy my nuts, my fine small nuts, two cans a penny, crack and try.  
 Here's cherries round, and very sound.  
 Maids, shall I sweep your chimnies high ?  
 Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, goes the tinker's pan, with a merry chearful sound.  
*Let none despise [the merry, merry cries, of famous London-town].*

Here's fine herrings, eight a groat. Hot codlins, pies, and tarts.  
 New mackerel I have to sell.  
 Come buy my *Wellfleet* oysters, ho !  
 Come buy my whittings fine and new.  
 Wives, shall I mend your husbands' horns ?  
 I'll grind your knives to please your wives, and very nicely cut your corns.  
 Maids, have you any hair to sell, either flaxen, black, or brown ?  
*Let none despise [the merry, merry cries, of famous London-town].*

Work for a Cooper, maids give ear, I'll hoop your tubs and pails.  
 Come *Nell* and *Sue*, and buy my Blue.  
 Maids, have you any chairs to mend ?  
 Here's hot spice-gingerbread of the best, come taste and try before you buy.  
 Here's elder-buds to purge your bloods. But black your shoes is all the cry.  
 Here's hot rice-milk, and barley-broth. Plumb-pudding a groat a pound.  
*Let none despise [the merry, merry cries], etc.* 65

Here's fine rosemary, sage, and thyme. Come buy my ground-ivy.  
 Here's fetherfew, gilliflowers and rue.  
 Come buy my knotted marjorum, ho !  
 Come buy my mint, my fine green mint. Here's fine lavender for your cloaths.  
 Here's parsley, and winter-savory. And heart's ease, which all do choose.  
 Here's balm and hissop, and cinquefoil, all five herbs, it is well known.  
*Let none despise [the merry, merry cries, of famous London-town].*

Here's pennyroyal and marygolds. Come buy my nettle-tops.

Here's water-cresses and scurvy-grass.

Come buy my sage, of virtue, ho !

Come buy my wormwood and mug-wort. Here's all fine herbs of every sort.

Here's southernwood that's very good, dandelion and houseleek.

Here's dragon's-tongue and wood-sorrel, with bear's-foot and horehound.

*Let none despise [the merry, merry cries of famous London-town.]*

Here's green coleworts and brocoli. Come buy my radishes.

Here's fine savoys, and ripe hautboys.

Come buy my green *Hastings*, ho !

Come buy my beans, right *Windsor* beans.

Two-pence a bunch young carrots, ho !

Here's fine nosegays. Ripe strawberries. With ready-pick'd sallad also.

Here's collyflowers and asparagus. New prunes two-pence a pound.

*Let none despise [the merry, merry cries, of famous London-town].*

Here's cucumbers, spinnage, and *French* beans. Come buy my nice sallery.

Here's parsnips and fine leeks [for *Taffy* with his freaks.]

Come buy my [new] potatoes, ho !

Come buy my plumbs, and fine ripe plumbs.

A groat a pound ripe filberts, ho !

Here's corn-poppies and mulberries. Gooseberries and currants also.

Fine nectarines, peaches, and apricots. New rice two-pence a pound.

*Let none despise [the merry, merry cries, of famous London-town].*

Buy a rabbit, wild duck, or fat goose. Come buy a choice fat fowl.

Plovers, teal, or widgeons, come buy my pigeons.

Maids, do you want any small-coal ?

Come buy my shrimps, my fine new shrimps, two pots a penny, taste and try.

Here's fine saloop, both hot and good, but *Yorkshire* muffins is the cry.

Here's trotters, calf's feet, and fine tripes. Barrel figs three-pence a pound.

*Let none despise [the merry, merry cries, of famous London-town].*

Here's new-laid eggs for ten a groat. Come buy [my] water'd cod.

Here's plaice and dabs, lobsters and erabs.

Come buy my maids and flounders, ho !

Come buy my pike, my fine live pike. Two-pence a hundred cockles, ho !

Shads, cels, and sprats. Lights for your cats ;

With haddocks, perch, and tench also.

Here's carp and tench, mullets and smelts. Butter six-pence a pound.

*Let none despise the merry, merry cries, of famous London-town.*

Printed and sold at the Printing-office in *Bow-Church-Yard, London.*

[In White-letter, with two woodcuts. The mention of Admiral Hawke in the second stanza helps to determine the date (interesting solely in regard to a scale of prices and popularity of dainties) as *circa* 1759, after he had defeated Conflans in Quiberon Bay, 20 November. Hawke's victory off Finisterre had taken place twelve years earlier, 14 October, 1747, when he took ten men-of-war from the French. Edward, Lord Hawke, born 1713, died 1781. Date of our "Cries" probably 1759 ; as we scarcely claim it to belong to 1747. In 1662, W. Turner had written "The Common Cries of London Town," to the tune of *Watton Town's End*, beginning, "My Masters all attend you." Printed for *Coles, Vere, and Gilbertson.*]

\* \* \* *Blankly-lane*, scene of the ensuing ballads, was probably *Blakeney*, near a *Land's-end* promontory, at mouth of river Glaven, on the north coast of Norfolk. Thence two thieves escaped to sea, by *Yarmouth*. *A Lament of Geo. Mannington*, 1576, begins "I wayle in woe, I plunge in payne." Compare motto on our p. 59.



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 30 ; IV. 80 ; Jersey, II. 169.]

## The Three worthy Butchers of the North.

I weep, I wail, and travel much in pain, [=travail.  
 Now all my youthful days are past, they'l never come again ;  
 Once I was a Man, but now, alas ! I am none,  
 For all my companions are from me fled and gone.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.

**D**Id you never hear of worthy Butchers three,  
 And how they spent their days in mirth and jollity ?  
 There was *Kitson*, *Wilson*, and *Johnson* (mark me what I say),  
 They took 300 pounds worth of Goods upon a day.  
 When as the day of payment began for to draw near,  
 Their money to their Creditors intended for to bear ;  
 And riding thorow *Blankly-lane* as fast as they cou'd trig, [*a. i.* upon.  
 " Be merry, my hearts, said *Johnson*, let us sing up a jig.  
*With a hey down, down, with a down derry dee,*  
*God bless all true men out of Thieves' company."* 10

Riding then up *Blankly-lane* as fast as they could hie,  
 " Be merry, my hearts ! " said *Johnson*, " I hear a woman cry."  
 " O help, help, help ! O help, or else I dye,  
 O help me some good Christians, for my torments they draw nigh."  
 " O hark, O hark," said *Johnson*, " I hear a woman cry,  
 Sure I came of a woman, and shall I see her dye ? "  
 " No, ride on, neighbour *Johnson*," now *Kitson* he did say,  
 " For that is some lewd woman will cast us all away.  
 If you had but rid on this way as oft as we have done,  
*You would have heard this cry before, and now let us be gone."*

Then *Johnson* whipt into the wood with all his might and main,  
 Whereas he found the woman with cords fast ty'd in twain,  
 With cords fast ty'd in twain, and hand and foot was bound,  
 And found her there stark-naked, with her hair pin'd to the ground.  
 " Alas ! " [to her] said *Johnson*, " what man hath us'd thee so ?  
 He came not of a woman that would work a woman's woe :  
 Hast thou [here] no lewd company ? " now *Johnson* he did say,  
 " For here we are come to save thy life, thou mayst cast us all away."  
 " No, I have no lewd company," the woman she did say,  
 " Three ruffians came riding by, and rob'd me by the way ; 30  
 " They took my cloaths from me, and hand and foot me bound,  
 And left me here in woful sort, with my hair pin'd to the ground."  
 So *Johnson* he whipt out his sword with all his might and main,  
 And presently the woman's cords, *Johnson* he cut in twain,  
 A shirt out of his Cloak-bag presently plucked he,  
 And put it on the woman to cover her secresie.

- “ I have neither wife nor children,” *Johnson* he did say,  
 And thou shalt be the Lady of all, till death take life away :”  
*Johnson* being a loving man, and bore a careful mind,  
 He put his cloak about her to keep her from the wind. 40
- Straight upon horse-back presently got he,  
 And they rode all out of the wood, and rid on gallantly :  
 Riding then up *Blankly-lane* as fast as they could trig,  
 “ Be merry my hearts,” said *Johnson*, “ let us sing up a Jigg ;  
 With a hey down down, with a hey down derry dee,  
 What if there were ten thieves, so we are true men three !”  
 Riding then up *Blankly-lane*, as fast as they could hye,  
 “ Be merry my hearts,” said *Johnson*, “ the Land’s-end draweth nigh.”  
 The woman hearing him say so, presently by and by,  
 She put her finger to her ear, and gave a squeaking cry. 50
- Ten thieves then [came from a Bush] with weapons drawn in hand,  
 They step’d before *Johnson*, and quickly hid him stand ;  
 “ What is it so,” said *Johnson*, “ since ’twill no better be,  
 I vow that some of you shall dye before I killed be :  
 Stand fast, fight men, see that ye be not idle,  
 For I vow his hand shall off that lays hold on my bridle.”  
 “ Alas ! [alas !]” said *Kitson*, “ to fight no heart have I.”  
 “ No more have I,” said *Wilson*, “ in faith, I’d rather dye ;  
 Here is three hundred pound that we are bound to pay,  
 And you shall have it all, and let’s scape with life away.” 60

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

- “ What is it so ?” said *Johnson*, “ fight men, and be free,  
 And stand but at my back, keep the back-blows from me.  
 Stand fast, [then and] fight, men, fight men, and be free,  
 And by the help of God we shall win the Victory.”  
 Five of these thieves and the woman they did go  
 To *Kitson* and to *Wilson*, and bound them fast in woe :  
 As these 10 thieves play before him, and play’d upon the ground,  
 For *Johnson* had five pistols with bullets charged sound ;  
 With bullets charged sound, presently he let fly,  
 Till five of these thieves upon the ground did lye. 70
- “ Put up,” said the other five, “ put up without delay,  
 For if that he gets charged, he will kill us all this day.”  
 “ Fight on !” said the woman, “ fight on, I say to ye,  
 For if you five don’t kill him, I vow your Priest to be.”  
 So *Johnson* he whipt out his *Sword* with all his might and main,  
 And play’d about him gallantly till three more of them were slain,  
 “ Put up !” said the other two, “ put up without delay,  
 For if that we continue fight, he’ll kill us all this day.”  
 “ Fight on !” said the woman, “ fight on I say to ye,  
 For if you two don’t kill him, I vow your Priest to be.” 80

As these two thieves play'd before him, alas! he did not mind,  
 For presently the woman knock'd him down behind;  
 "Oh wretched Woman!" [cry'd he], "wickedly hast thou done,  
 Thou hast kill'd the bravest Butcher that ever *England* won:  
 For had but my fellows, had they prov'd true to me!"—  
 "They were cowards," said the woman, "and as cowards they shall  
 dye."

Two of these Thieves [tho' wounded,] and the Woman they did go,  
 To *Kitson* and to *Wilson* where they lay bound in woe;  
 A club [she took] into her hand, as she got all the gains,  
 Went to *Kitson* and to *Wilson* and dasht out both their brains.

How this murder was discovered, list and you shall hear;  
 It was by a silly Shepherd, hid in the hedge for fear,  
 Seeing this woful murder straight [he] sent forth hue and cry,  
 [To] a gentleman and his man as they came riding by.  
 Ay, but do what e're they could, taken [Thieves] could not be,  
 For they got ship at *Yarmouth*, and so went over sea;  
 This is the trick of thieves when they have murder done,  
 When they have committed roguery, full fast away they run.  
 God bless our royal King and Queen, and send them long to reign,  
 In health, wealth and prosperity, true Justice to maintain,  
*God bless all true men that travel by Land or Sea,*  
*And keep all true men out of Thieves' company!* 102

Paul Burges.

Finis.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, in *West-Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. The first Roxb. copy is undivided into stanzas. Same woodcut in both copies, represents black-vizarded thieves huddled together, with up-raised cudgels. One man lies on the ground; another is on his knees, asking mercy. Date, circ'd 1672-79; certainly before 1695, when *Mary* died.]

\* \* There is another version in this Roxburghe Collection, one that appears to have circulated extensively, six exemplars being known to us (but of Paul Burges's Roxb. two alone, beside the Earl Crawford's, formerly Jersey Collection). Roxb. Coll., III. 496, on p. 62, is the briefer and more rapid in narration (forty-four lines instead of one hundred and two of the other), giving the important addition of the woman being captured and punished. We doubt not that it was genuine history, truthfully told. For the fate of the poltroons, *Wilson* and *Gibson* alias *Kitson*, no elegy is needed; they may have been merry, but the sole worthy was *Johnson*. Paul Burges wrote his version the earlier, and a rival popularizer borrowed (and spoilt) his line of "*Keep all true men out of Thieves' Company.*" 'Gallows and knock were too powerful on the Highway.'

Next ballad has two woodcuts. 1st, originally represented the murder of the Rev. Wm. Storre by Francis Cartwright, who fled beyond seas, in 1613. (It is copied in Mason Jackson's *Pictorial Press*, p. 24.) 2nd, woman hanging in chains, given later in our '*Execution Group.*'

[Roxburghe Coll., III. 496; Pepys, II. 176; Euing, 235; Huth, II. 100;  
Douce, III. 91 *verso*, 92 *vo.*]

## A New Ballad of the Three Merry Butchers,

And ten High-way Men, how three Butchers went to pay five  
Hundred Pounds away, and hearing a Woman crying in the  
Wood, went to Relieve her, and was there set upon by these ten  
High-way men; and how only stout Johnson fought with them  
all, who killed eight of the ten; and at last was killed by the  
Woman [whom] he went to save in the Wood.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE.

**I**LL tell you of a Story of lovely Butchers three,  
There's *Wilson, Gibson, Johnson*, mark well what I shall say,  
For they took five hundred pounds, sir, to pay it all away,  
For they took five hundred pounds, sir, to pay it all away. 4

As they rid on the road, and as fast as they could trig,  
"Strike up your hearts," says *Johnson*, "we'll have a merry jig:  
*With a high ding, ding, with a ho ding ding, with a high ding, Ding dee,*  
*And God bless all good people from evil company.*

As they rid on the road, sir, as fast as they could hie,  
"Strike up your hearts," says *Johnson*, "for I hear a Woman cry;  
With that he steps into the wood, and looks himself all round,  
And there he spy'd a Woman with her hair bound to the ground.

"O Woman! O Woman!" qd. *Johnson*, "hast thou no evil Company;"  
"O no, O no," says the Woman, "and alas, how can that be?  
For there came ten swaggering Blades by, and thus abused me,  
For there came ten swaggering Blades by, and thus abused me." 16

*Johnson* being of a valiant heart, he bore a valiant mind,  
He wrapt his cloak about her for to keep her from the wind,  
*With a high ding ding, with a ho ding ding, with [a] high ding, Ding dee,*  
*And God bless all good people from evil Company.*

"Strike up your hearts," says *Johnson*, "for it's dark all in the sky,"  
She put her finger in her ear, and gave a screeking cry;  
With that there came ten swaggering Blades with their weapons ready drawn,  
And they boldly came to *Johnson*, and bolder bid him stand.

"I will not fight," says *Wilson*, "for I had rather die;"  
"Or I to fight," says *Gibson*, "for I had rather fly."  
"Come on, come on," says *Johnson*, "and fight a man so free,  
Or stand you still behind my back, and I'll win the victory."

Then *Johnson's* pistols they flew off till five of them was slain,  
And then he drew his hanger out with all his might and main,  
*And plaid it about so manfully, 'till three more he had slain,*  
*And plaid it [about so manfully, 'till three more he had slain].* 32

"Come on, come on," says the other two, "and let us make away,  
For if we do not [quit a] hold, our lives he takes away," [*h. him to 't.*]  
"O no, O no," quoth the Woman, "and alas, how can that be,  
For if you do not hold him to't then hanged you shall be."

*Johnson* fighting these two thieves [m]ore, the woman he did not mind,  
And fighting these two thieves before, she knockt him down behind,  
"O Woman, O Woman!" quoth *Johnson*, "alas, what have you done?  
You have kill'd the bravest Butcher that ever *England* won."

Just as she had killed him there came one riding by,  
And saw the deed that she had done, and seized her presently;  
She was condemn'd for to be hang'd in iron chains so strong,  
At the place where she did *Johnson* that great and mighty wrong. 44

*London*, Printed for *J. Bissel*, and sold by *J. Foster*, at the sign of the *Golden Ball* in *Eye-Corner*. [Pepys and Euing, for *J. Bissel*, at *Bible and Harp*.]

[White-letter. Two woodcuts, as described on p. 61. Date, about 1685-97].

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## The German Princess, her Farewell.

"*Mary*, I believed thee true, and I was blest in thus believing,  
But now I mourn that e'er I knew a girl so fair, and so deceiviug.  
Fare thee well!" —*Moore of it.*

THE woman who helped so wickedly to ensure the robbery and murder of "The Three Worthy Butchers of the North" richly deserved her fate, and was hanged in chains where the crime had been committed. No one need lament her. It is very different with *Mary Carleton*, known as "The German Princess," who met her doom after a life of intrigue and adventure, not worse than ladies of that class and disposition generally led of old; profitable or pleasant only while their youth and beauty were attractive.

*Canterbury* long enjoyed the reputation of having given birth to *Madam Aphra Behn* (baptised at *Wye Church*, 10th July, 1640, the daughter of *John* and *Amy Johnson* of *Wye*, four miles distant from *Molash*), whose poems, novels, and risky comedies have made her famous in dramatic annals. *Mary Carleton* *née* *Mary Moders*, born at *Canterbury* on 22 January, 1642 (*sus. per col.*, on her birthday, 167 $\frac{2}{3}$ ), was also connected with the stage; she played her own part, '*Moders*,' the heroine, in a comedy of "The German Princess," at the *Duke's Theatre* in *Dorset Gardens*, 15 April, 1664. (*Vide* p. 66.)

*J. O. Halliwell* believed it might be the same play that was [for *T. Roberts*] printed with a changed title of "The Witty Combat; or, The Female Victor," a tragi-comedy by *T.P.*, 4to. 1663. It was 'acted by Persons of Quality' in *Whitsun-week*, with great applause. "The plot of it is founded on the story of *Mary Carleton*, 'the German Princess,' whose life was formed into a novel and printed in 8vo., 1673." (*T.P.* was *Thomas Porter*, author of '*The Villain*.'

The tune of *The German Princess's Farewell* was used later for two ballads (on pp. 106, 107), and re-named from the former *Long days of absence*: thus cited for "Long days of sadness we your scorns endured" (*The Maid's Complaint*.)

As showing the career of a beautiful but unscrupulous Adventuress we include her in this 'Group of Trades and Sports.' Another ballad on her is on p. 230, beginning, "Will you hear a *German Princess*, how she trick'd an *English-man*?"

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 35. Apparently unique.]

## Some Luck, Some Wit,

Being a Sonnet upon the merry life and untimely death of *Mistress  
Mary Carlton*, commonly called

## The German Princess.

TO A NEW TUNE, CALLED THE *German Princess' adieu*.



**F**arewel, *German Princess*, the Fates bid adieu !  
 Whose fall is as strange as her story is true,  
 Her pedigree she from a Fidler does bring,  
 And Fiddlers do commonly end in a string :  
 How many mad pranks has she plaid on the earth,  
 Which equally moves us to pitty and mirth,  
 But now for a gamball at Christmas the fool  
 Must show us a trick on a Three-legged Stool. [=gallows. 8

The first of her tricks was a freak into *France*,  
 To learn the *French* language, to sing and to dance,  
 And who but a Taylor should lye in the lurch,  
 To cut out her work and to lead her to Church :  
 He ply'd her too with Gold, but when all was prepar'd  
 To measure the Princess about with his yard,  
 She bob'd off the Taylor, and made him a Goose ;  
 But for all her mad pranks she must dye in a *Noose*. 16

Next after to *Holland* she steered her course,  
 And there she abused a Jeweller worse,  
 For when he so many rich jewels had brought,  
 Seal'd up in a box, she another had wrought;  
 And thus he was chous'd by the wit of the Girl  
 With pebbles for diamonds and Glasses for pearl ;  
 Who after his gilding most sadly bemoans, [ ' e '  
 He quite was undone for the loss of his stones.

The next that she shew'd was an *English*-man's jest, [on *King*.  
 And though there was wit in't, 'twas none of the best ;  
 Then who but the 'Princess!' and happy were they  
 That could but obtain this, so welcome a prey ; [ ' pray '  
 As eagerly she at the Cullies did catch,  
 But when she was married she met with her match ; [ *Carleton*.  
 For at last an Attorney did fall in her way,  
 Who gave her his Bond and had nothing to pay.

A Brick-maker then as a suitor did go, [one *Billing*.  
 Whose news was as strange as the news from *Soho* ; [ *N. Bene*.  
 For when he came up to his tenement door,  
 He found there was one in possession before.  
 To furnish this room he [ ' d ] sold all that he had,  
 And now not to enter it made him stark mad ;  
 But she had the money, and kept him in awe,  
 By bidding him 'make up his Brick without straw.' 40

And now the young gallant that next was trappan'd  
 Was a kind of a Drugster, as I understand ; [ *qu. Tho. Day* ?  
 He thought her so rich that the prodigal fop  
 To gain her sold all that he had in the shop ;  
 But when to this prize he began to draw near  
 He found he had bought his Commodity dear,  
 His fore-head did bud, and such pains he indur'd  
 As would not by balsoms or plaisters be cur'd. 48

A Limner, at length, who had heard of her fame,  
 Would needs draw her Picture and give it a frame,  
 With couler and varnish she cheated the Elf,  
 And prov'd that she painted as well as himself :  
 He made her a Face and a robe like a Queen,  
 And swore 'twas as like her as ever was seen :  
 But when at the tavern she left him in pawn,  
 He swore for a Princess a Beggar he'd drawn. 56

A thousand such pranks she did daily invent,  
 And yet with her money was never content,  
 But spent it apace : for the proverb, you know,  
 Says 'wealth that comes lightly as lightly does go.'

At Masques and at Revels, by day and by night,  
 With Toryes and gallants she took her delight,  
 She fancy'd, alas ! it would ne're be day,  
 And so never thought of a reckoning to pay.

64

But what was long look'd for is now come at last,  
 And the sentence of death on the Princess is past,  
 Nor could she be try'd by her peers, for, no doubt,  
 There was not her peer the whole nation throughout.  
 But if any more of the gang should be found,  
 They are born to be hang'd, they shall never be droun'd ;  
 When people must cheat to encourage their pride,  
 It is a *Dutch* trick, which we cannot abide.

72

*London* : Printed for *Phillip Brooksby*, near the *Hospital-gate*, in  
*West-Smith-field*.

[In Black-letter, with two woodcuts, one is a lunette of a German girl, copied on p. 64 ; the other, a man and woman standing hand in hand under a tree. Date of ballad, Christmas, 1672, mentioned in the seventh line : shortly before Mary Carleton's execution at Tyburn, on her birthday, 22 January, 1673.]

\* \* Samuel Pepys, in his immortal *Diary*, 15th April, 1664 (ten months after *Mary* had been tried for bigamy at the Old Bailey, 4 June, 1663, defending herself bravely, so that she was 'acquitted by publique acclamation'), tells how he went with his wife by coach to the Duke's Theatre, in Dorset Gardens, "and there saw '*The German Princess*' acted by the woman herself; but never was any thing [that had been] so well done in earnest, worse performed in jest upon the stage; and indeed the whole play, abating the drollery of him that acts the husband, is very simple, unless here and there a witty sparkle or two." (*Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys*, ii. 458, Mynors Bright's 1876 edition.) Compare an earlier passage (*Ibid.* p. 235), June 7, 1663, "where my Lady Batten [wife of Sir William] inveighed mightily against the German Princesse, and I as high in the defence of her wit and spirit, and glad that she is cleared at the sessions" After her return to London from Jamaica (whither she had been transported in February, 1671), having resumed her evil courses, her final offence was a robbery of plate from Chancery Lane; they sentenced to death this beautiful but reckless woman, once a '*Canterbury Belle*,' "witty and handsome, 'Dutch built, a stout Fregat,'" in December, 1672.

*N.B.*—*Mary's* reputed husbands were, 1st, *Thomas Stedman*, of Canterbury, shoemaker, 12 May, circa 1654 (two children, by him, died young); 2nd, *Thomas Day*, of Dover, surgeon; 3rd, *John Carleton*, London, 21 April, 1663. After her second acquittal for Bigamy she spoke this *Epilogue* to T.P.'s *A Witty Combat* :

*Moder.*—"I've past one Tryal; but it is my fear [cf. p. 63.  
 I shall receive a rigid Sentence here;  
 You think me a bold cheat; put case 'twere so, [cf. A.B.'s Spec.  
 Which of you are not? Now you'd swear, I know, *Amant.*, 22.  
 But do not, least that you deserve to be  
 Worse censur'd than you yet can censure me.  
 The World's a cheat, and we that move in it  
 In our degrees do exercise our Wit:  
 And better 'tis to get a glorious Name,  
 However got, than live by common fame."—*Finis*.



## George of Oxford.

- “Some did say he would escape, some at his fall did glory;  
But these were clownes and fickle friends, and none that loved *Georgie*.  
“Might friends have satisfide the Law, then *Georgie* would find many;  
Yet bravely did he plead for life, if mercy might be any. *Heigh ho, etc.*  
“But when this doughty Carle was cast, he was full sad and sorry;  
Yet boldly did he take his death, so patiently dyde *Georgie*.”

— *A Lamentable Ditty upon George Stoolie.*

**W**HETHER we account as Trade or Sport the pranks played professionally by Mary Carleton, *alias* Stedman, *alias* “The German Princess,” born Moders, daughter of a Canterburian choirister and ‘fiddler,’ she had an unchallenged right to be represented in this “Group of Ballads,” under either qualification. As a companion picture, literally a *pendant*, she ought to find a male Gallant, worthy by life and death to hang beside her. Such a one surely is “George of Oxford” (a song not hitherto reprinted), here given. Wordsworth declared concerning Robin Hood that “Scotland has a thief as good: she has, she has the bold Rob Roy,” and perhaps this praise stimulated Walter Scott to make the brave Gregarach the hero of his own noble romance. But Scotland shows a fantastic and inexplicable modesty, a disparagement of her own resources and native manufacture, insomuch that she actually appropriates to herself several of our English freebooters; not to mention the lifting and resetting of such portable property as she can lay her hands on, in the way of ballads, cattle, spleuchan, bag of guineas, or authorship of popular poems: all being grist that goes to her mill, which has a big dam to it. And she has even tried to naturalize ‘Georgy’ as ‘Geordie.’ Burns contributed the version printed in Johnson’s *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792 (given complete on our p. 72): the most authentic of the Scotch ‘Geordie’ ballads. George R. Kinloch in his *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, 1827, declared that he was “inclined to assign the sixteenth century as the date of this production,” *viz.*

“There was a battle in the North, and Nobles there was many,  
And they hae kill’d Sir *Charlie Hay*, and they laid the wyte [blame] on *Geordie*.”

Kinloch thought that it “originated in the factions of the Huntley family, during the reign of Queen Mary; and the following passage in Buchanan [*History of Scotland*] relates to a transaction which probably gave rise to the ballad.” But, *credat Judæus Apella!* we resemble Master Dumbleton who required better security than the endorsement of Bardolph to Falstaff’s bond. We like not the security of Buchan or of Buchanan. We cannot accept Kinloch’s garbled version in print (on his pp. 192-194), with its burden, “*My Geordie, O, my Geordie O, Oh, the love I bear to Geordie; The very stars in the firmament [!!!], bear tokens I lo’e Geordie!*” Kinloch’s

interleaved copy held this *MS. Note* :—" Mr. Motherwell informs me that he has met with two copies of this ballad. One begins,

' *Geordie* Luckily is my name, and mony a ane does ken me, O,  
Many an ill deed I hae done, but death has now o'ertane me, O.'

[Better to have styled him *Geordie Unlucky*.] The other begins,

' The weather it is clear, and the wind blaws schill,  
And yonder a boy rins bonnie O,  
And he's awa' to the gates o' *Hye*,  
Wi' a letter to *Geordie's* lady, O.'

Kinloch's own *MS.*, seen by us, differs much from his printed version :

We read, third line, " And they were brought before the King," transformed in print to " And monie ane got broken heads" !!! His fifth stanza of print was in *MS.* " O up bespoke a Baron bold, ' Such lovers true should not parted be,'" but this is ill turned into type as " Then up bespak a baron bold, And O but he spak bonnie!" It may have been, possibly, that the ballad, or a ballad, referred to George Gordon, Earl of Huntley, who, having been commissioned to apprehend a notorious Reiver, ' John Muderach,' had returned without having fulfilled his charge, and was imprisoned as a punishment; some desiring his banishment to France, others trying to compass his death.

In Peter Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 133 (see our p. 73) he furnishes a version called " Gight's Lady," beginning,

First I was Lady o' *Black Riggs*, and then into *Kinragie*,  
Now I am the Lady o' *Gight*, and my love he's ca'd *Geordie*.

[*Forty-One mortal stanzas in all : not immortal.*]

Joseph Ritson in his *Northumberland Garland*, Newcastle, 1793 (from Roxburghe Coll., I. 186, or a duplicate), gave " A lamentable new Ditty, made on the death of a worthy Gentleman, named GEORGE STOOLE, dwelling sometime on *Gate-side Moore*, and sometime at *Newcastle in Northumberland*; with his penitent end." ' To a delicate Scottish tune.' Date guessed *circa* 1610-12. There is certainly a connection between this sorry ' Ditty' (reprinted in *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 576) and our " George of Oxford." They probably refer to the same man, by name *Skelton, alias Stowell*; the references to Newcastle and Lady Gray's intercession for him become intelligible; London-Bridge and Oxford remain dubious localizations. It is here:

Come, you lusty Northerne lads, that are so blith and bonny,  
Prepare your hearts to be full sad, to hear the end of *Georgy*.  
*Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my bonny Love ; Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho, my Homny !*  
*Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my owne deare Love, and God be with my Georgie.*

When *Georgie* to his Triall came, a thousand hearts were sorry,  
A thousand Lasses wept full sore, and all for love of *Georgy*. *Heigh-ho, etc.*

[*Three stanzas intervene : given on p. 67.*]

As *Georgie* went up to the Gate, he tooke his leave of many ;  
He tooke his leave of his Lard's wife, whom he lov'd best of any. [*Laird's.*]

With thousand sighs, and heavy lookes, away from thence he parted,  
Where he so often blith had bene, though now so heavy hearted.

He writ a letter with his owne hand, he thought he writ it bravely ;  
He sent it to *New-Castle Towne*, to his beloved Lady.

Wherein he did at large bewaile the occasion of his folly;  
Bequeathing life unto the Law, his soule to Heaven holy.

“ [My], Lady, leave to weepe for me, let not my ending grieve ye: [‘ Why.’  
Prove constant to the [yen] you love, for I cannot releve yee. [‘ ney.’

“ Out upon thee, *Withrington*, and fie upon thee, *Phoenix*! [Fenwick.  
Thou hast put down the doughty one that stole the sheep from *Anix*.\*

“ And fie on all such cruell carles, whose crueltie’s so fickle,  
To cast away a Gentle man in hatred for so little.

“ I would I were on yonder hill, where I have beene full merry;  
My sword and buckier by my side, to fight till I be weary. *Heigh ho, etc.*

“ They well should know that tooke me first, tho’ hopes be now forsaken,  
Had I but freedome, armes, and health, I’de dye ere I’de be taken.

“ But Law condemns me to my grave, they have me in their power;  
There’s none but Christ that can me save, at this my dying houre.”

He call’d his dearest love to him, when as his heart was sorry,  
And speaking thus with manly heart, “ Deare sweeting, pray for *Georgie*!”

He gave to her a piece of gold, and bade her giv’t her ba[i]rnes, [=babes.  
And oft he kist her rosie lips, and laid him into her armes.

And coming to the place of death, he never changed colour,  
’t he more they thought he would look pale, the more his veines were fuller.

And with a cheereful countenance (being at that time entreated  
For to confesse his former life), these words he straight repeated:

“ I never stole no Oxe nor Cow, nor never murdered any:  
But fifty Horse I did receive of a Merchant’s man of *Gory*. [i.e. *Gowrie*.

“ For which I am condemn’d to dye, though guiltlesse I stand dying,  
Deare gracious God, my soul receive, for now my life is flying.” *Heigh-ho, etc.*

The Man of death a part did act, which grieves mee tell the story;

God comfort all [who] are comfortlesse, and dif[e]d so well as *Georgie*,

*Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my bonny love, Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my bonny;*

*Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, mine own true love, Sweet Christ receive my Georgie.*

### Finis.

\* *Withrington* (cf. vi. 742, ‘*Chey Chase*’) must be Sir *Henry*, or *Roger W.*; ‘*Phoenix*’ is Sir *John Fenwick*, who was favoured by Lord William ‘Howard of the Marches.’ *Ney* is merely a misprint for *yen* = one. *Anix* is *Abwick*. Robert Motherwell erred in declaring the George Stoole ballad “evidently imitated from the Scottish song.” *It was antecedent*. He knew not our ‘George of Oxford.’

The “Merchant’s-man of *Gowry*” becomes in our *Roxburghe Ballad*, p. 72, some horse-purchaser for Bohemia (not improbably the Palsgrave Frederick, husband of James I.’s daughter, the admired Princess Elizabeth), which helps to mark the early date, *circa* 1612 (they were affianced 27 December, 1612, and married on 14 Feb., 1612 $\frac{2}{3}$ ). The boast about having “never stolen horse or mare in my life” resembles George Stoole’s “I never stole no Oxe,” etc. (Compare our vol. vi. p. 596, on *Lady Gray*, and *Hughie Graham*.) *Geordie* by dances on the green, with fair ladies whom he had marked down for plunder, anticipated Claude Duval (*Bagford Ballads*, p. 13, 1876); but Duval gave back their jewels to each lovely partner of his *Coranto*. In all such matters *la Grande Nation* sets an example of truer chivalry than *la nation des Boutiquiers*.

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 53 ; Pepys, II. 150 ; Jersey, I. 86 ; Huth, I. 150.]

## The Life and Death of George of Oxford.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, CALLED, *Poor Georgy.*



AS I went over *London-Bridge*, all in a misty morning,  
There did I see one weep and mourn, lamenting for her *Georgy* :  
“ *His time it is past ; His life it will not last,*  
*Alack, and alas ! there is no Remedy !*  
*Which makes the heart within me ready to burst in three,*  
*To think on the death of poor Georgy.*”

“ *George of Oxford* is my name, and few there’s but have known me,  
Many a mad prank have I play’d, but now they’ve overthrown me.  
*My time it is past [my life it will not last],*” etc.

Oh ! then bespake the *Lady Gray*, “ I’le haste me in the morning,  
And to the Judge I’le make my way, to save the life of *Georgy.*  
*His time it is past ! His life else it may cost ;*  
*Alack, and alas ! is there no Remedy ?*  
*It makes the heart within me ready to burst in three,*  
*To think on the death of poor Georgy.*

“Go, saddle me my milk-white Steed, go saddle me my bonny,  
That I may to *New-Castle* speed, to save the life of *Georgy*.

*His time it is past: [His life it will not last],*” etc.

But when she came the Judge before, full low her knee she bended,  
For *Georgy*'s life she did implore, that she might be befriended.

“*His time may be past; his life else it may cost,*

*Alack, and alas! is there no Remedy?*

*It makes the heart within me ready to burst in three,*

*To think on the death of poor Georgy!*”

“Oh rise, oh rise, fair Lady *Gray*, your suit cannot be granted;  
Content your self, as well you may, for *Georgy* must be hanged.

*His time it is past, [His life it cannot last],*” etc.

She wept, she wail'd, she [w]rung her hands, and ceased not her  
mourning; [cf. vi. 596.]

She offer'd Gold, she offer'd Lands, to save the life of *Georgy*.

“*His time it is past! [his life it cannot last],*” etc.

77

### George's Confession.

I Have travell'd through the Land, and met with many a man, Sir,  
But Knight or Lord I bid him stand; he durst not make an answer.

*But my thread it is spun, My glass is almost run,*

*Alack and alas! there is no remedy!*

*Which makes my heart within me ready to burst in three,*

*To die like a Dog!*” (says poor *Georgy*).

88

“The *Brittain* bold that durst deny his money for to tender,  
Though he were stout as valiant *Guy*, I forced him to surrender.

*But now my thread is spun [My glass is almost run],* etc.

“But when the money I had got, and made him cry *peccavi*,  
To bear his charge, and pay his shot, a Mark or Noble gave I.

*But my thread it is spun [My glass is almost run],* etc.

“The Ladies when they had me seen, would ne'r have been affrighted,  
To take a dance upon the Green with *Georgy* they delighted.

*But now my thread is spun [My glass is almost run],* etc.

“When I had ended this our wake, and fairly them bespoken,  
Their rings and jewells would I take to keep them for a Token.

*But now my thread is spun [My glass is almost run],*” etc.

“The Hue and Cry” for *George* is set, a proper handsome fellow,  
With Diamond-eyes as black as jet, and Locks like Gold so yellow.

*His time it is past [his life it cannot last],*” etc.

Long it was, with all their art, e're they could apprehend him,  
But at the last his valiant heart no longer could defend him.

*His time it was past [his life it could not last],* etc.

"I ne'r stole Horse nor Mare in my life, nor *Cloven-foot* or any,  
But once, Sir, of the King's white steeds, and I sold them to *Bohemia*."

*His time it was past* [*his life it could not last*], etc. [see p. 69.]

*Georgy* he went up the hill, and after [him] followed many;  
*Georgy* was hanged in silken string, the like was never any.

*His time it was past, his life will not last,*

*Alack, and alas! there is no remedy,*  
[*Which makes the heart within me ready to burst in three,*  
*To think on the death of poor Georgy*].

176

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, in *West-Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter, with the two woodcuts, as on p. 70. Issued by Philip Brooksby, between 1671 and 1692; the Pepys-exemplar is marked Brooksby "at the sign of the *Golden Ball*, near the *Bear-Tavern* in *Pye-corner*." Probably this was reprinted from an earlier and lost broadside, *temp.* Jacobi I., circa 1612.]

\* \* Here follows the earliest printed Scotch version of "Geordie," and the best. *The Country Lass* (*Rowb. Bds.*, i. 165) tune is now used for *Sally in our Alley*.

### Geordie.

(*The Scots Musical Museum* version, iv. 357, 1792.)

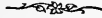
Tune of, *The Country Lass* [= 'Altho' I be a Country Lass'].

THERE was a battle in the North, and nobles there we[re] many,  
And they hae kill'd Sir *Charlie Hay*, and they laid the wyte on *Geordie*.  
O, he has written a lang letter, he sent it to his Lady;  
"Ye maun cum up to *Enbrugh* town, to see what word's o' *Geordie*." [Edinbro'.  
When first she look'd the letter on, she was baith red and rosy;  
But she had na read a word but twa, till she wallow't like a Lily. [Faded.  
"Gar get to me my gude grey steed, my menzie a' gae wi' me; [followers.  
For I shall neither eat nor drink, till *Enbrugh* town shall see me."  
And she has mounted her gude grey steed, her menzies a' gaed wi' her;  
And she did neither eat nor drink, till *Enbrugh* town did see her.  
And first appear'd the fatal Bloek, and syne the Aix to head him;  
And *Geordie* cumin down the stair, and bands o' airn upon him.  
But tho' he was chain'd in fetters strang, o' airn and steel sae heavy,  
There was na ane iu a' the Court, sae braw a man as *Geordie*.  
O she's down on her buded knee, I wat she's pale and weary;  
"O pardon, pardon, noble king, and gie me back my Dearie!"  
"I hae borne seven sons to my *Geordie* dear, the seventh ne'er saw his daddie;  
O pardon, pardon, noble King! Pity a waeiful Lady!"  
"Gar bid the Headin'-man mak' haste," our King reply'd, fu' lordly.  
"O noble King, tak a' that's mine, but gie me back my *Geordie*!"  
The *Gordons* cam, and the *Gordons* ran, and they were stark and steady;  
And ae the word amang them a' was, "Gordons, keep you ready!"  
An aged Lord at the King's right hand, says, "Noble King, but hear me;  
Gar her tell down five thousand pound, and gie her back her Dearie." [Scots.

Some gae her marks, some gae her crowns, some gae her dollars many ;  
And she's tell'd down five thousand pound, and she's gotten again her Dearie.

She blinkit blythe in her *Geordie's* face, says, " Dear I've bought thee, *Geordie* ;  
But there sud' been bluidy bouks on the green, or I had tint my laddie."

He claspit her by the middle sma', and he kist her lips sae rosy ; [*q. interpolated* ?  
" The fairest flower o' woman-kind, is my sweet bonnie Lady ! "



The music of *Geordie* is given in an Appendix to Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, 1827. W. E. Aytoun thought the song bore no " mark of having been altered by [Burns], with the exception, perhaps, of the concluding stanza" (*Ballads of Scotland*, ii. 48, 1857). *Bouks* = corpses ; *tint* = lost ; *pound Scots* = shilling.

Peter Buchan (*Anc. Bds. and Songs of the North of Scotland*, 1828 ; Reprint 1875, i. 299) refuses to endorse Allan Cunningham's acceptance of Kinloch's explanation, as to George Gordon, Earl of Huntley, his offence, neglect to apprehend Muderach, chief of the clan or family of the McRanalds (Buchanan's *Hist. Scotland*, 1799, vol. ii. p. 222). Buchan declares, " the genuine old ballad was composed upon quite another incident, and recounts an affair which actually took place in the reign or rather minority of King James VI. [of Scotland = James I. of England]. Sir George Gordon of Gight [an ancestor of Lord Byron], had become too intimate with the Laird of Bignet's lady, for which the former was imprisoned, and likely to lose his life ; but for the timely interference of Lady Anne, his lawful spouse, who came to Edinburgh to plead his cause, which she did with success,—gained his life, and was rewarded with the loss of her own, by the hand of her ungrateful husband." Of the utter rubbish foisted on Buchan, let the conclusion suffice in proof. Gight's lady had been coveted by Lord Montague, but she thus in dulcet tones rebukes his boast of " I wish that *Gight* had wanted the head, I might enjoy'd his lady : "

Out it speaks the lady herself, " Ye need ne'er wish my body ;  
*O ill befa' your wizen'd snout ! Would ye compare wi' Geordie ? "*

She mouches her steed, sitting behind *Geordie*, and proclaims her love for him, and avouches all she has done for him, but he boasts that he loves his paramour more than he loves his wife, Lady Anne :

He turn'd him right and round about, and high, high looked *Geordie* ;  
" A finger o' *Bignet's* lady's hand is worth a' your fair body.

" My lands may a' be masterless, my babes may want their mother ;  
But I've made a vow, will keep it true, I'll be bound by no other."

These words they caus'd a sharp dispute, and proud and fierce grew *Geordie* !  
A sharp dagger he pulled out, and pierc'd the heart o's lady.

The lady's dead, and *Gight* he's fled, and left his lands behind him ;  
Altho' they searched south and north, there were nane there cou'd find him.

Now a' that liv'd into *Black-Riggs*, and likewise in *Kineraigie*,  
For seven years were clad in black, to mourn for *Gight's* own lady.

No, no, no. We refuse to accept this George Gordon the wife-slayer (even if, following another tradition, he drowned her) as the veritable " *Geordie* " of Burns's contribution to Johnson's *Museum*, or the " *Georgy* " of our ballad and of Oxford. George Stoele, of Newcastle, 1612, is the preferable representative ; " and there the matter remains " :

*J'n'en dis pas davantage, Mironton, Mironton, Mirontaine,*  
*J'n'en dis pas davantage, car en violâ z-assz.*

[Roxburge Collection, III. 230; Bagford, II. 114; Pepys, III. 31; Rawlinson, 126; Jersey, I. 229; Douce, II. 258; Wood's, 401, fol. 97; and 402, 55.]

### Room for a Jovial Tinker: Old Brass to Mend.

Here is a Tinker full of mettle,  
The which can mend pot, pan, or kettle;  
For stopping of holes is his delight,  
His work goes forward day and night.  
If there be any women brave  
Whose Coldrons need of mending have,  
Send for this Tinker, nere deny him,  
He'l do your work well if you try him.  
A proof of him I'le forthwith show,  
'Cause you his workmanship may know.

THE TUNE IS, *Behold the man [with a glass in his hand].*



[*The Jovial Tinker*: Cf. *Merry Drollery*, 1661: 'There was a Lady in this land.']

It was a Lady of the North she lov'd a Gentleman,  
And knew not well what course to take, to use him now and than.  
Wherefore she writ a Letter, and seal'd it with her hand,  
And bid him be a Tinker, to mend both pot and pan.

*With a hey ho, hey, derry derry down; with hey trey, down down derry.*

And when the merry Gentleman the Letter he did read,  
He got a Budget on his back, and Apron with all speed,  
His pretty shears and pincers, so well they did agree,  
With a long pike-staff upon his back, came tripping o're the Lee.

*With a hey [ho, hey, derry derry down], etc.*



- When he came to the Ladye's house, he knocked at the gate,  
Then answered this Lady gay, " Who knocketh there so late ?"  
" 'Tis I, Madam," the Tinker said, " I work for gold and fee :  
If you have any broken pots or pans, come bring them all to me."  
*With a hey [ho, hey, derry derry down], etc.*
- " I am the bravest Tinker that lives beneath the sun,  
If you have any work to do, you shall have it well done ;  
I have brasse within my Budget, and punching under my Apron,  
I'm come unto your Ladyship, and mean to mend your Coldron."  
*With hey [ho, hey, derry derry down], etc.* 40
- " I prethee," said the Lady gay, " bring now thy budget in,  
I have store of work for thee to do, if thou wilt once begin."  
Now when the Tinker he came in, that did the budget bear,  
" God bless," quoth he, " your Ladyship! God save you Madam fair."  
*With hey [ho, hey, derry derry down], etc.*
- But when the Lady knew his face, she then began to wink, [a.l. blink.  
" Hast[e], lusty Butler!" then quoth she, " to fetch the man some drink.  
Give him such meat as we do eat, and drink as we do use,  
It is not for a Tinker's Trade good liquor to refuse."  
*With hey ho, hey derry derry down ; with hey tre, down down derry.* 60
- But when that he had eat and drunk, the truth of all is so,  
The Lady took him by the sleeve, her work to him to show,  
" Set up thy tools, Tinker," quoth she, " and see there be none lost,  
And mend my Kettle handsomely, what ere it doth me cost." *With hey, etc.*
- " Your work, Madam, shall be well done, if you will pay me for't ;  
For every nayl that I do drive you shall give me a mark.  
If I do not drive [like a Tinker true] I'll have nothing for my pain,  
And what I do receive of you shall be return'd again." *With hey, etc.* 80
- At last being come into the Room where he the work should do,  
The Lady lay down [all her pride] and so did the Tinker too :  
Although the Tinker knockt amain, the Lady was not offended,  
But before that she [rose up again], her Coldron was well mended. *With, etc.*
- But when his work was at an end, which he did in the dark,  
She put her hand into her purse, and gave him twenty mark.  
" Here's mon[e]y for thy work," said she, " and I thank thee for thy pain,  
And when my Coldron mending lacks I'll send for thee again." *With hey, etc.*
- The Tinker he was well content for that which he had done,  
So took his budget on his back, and quickly he was gone.  
Then the Lady to her husband went, " O my dear Lord," quoth she,  
I have set the bravest Tinker at work that ever you did see." *With hey, etc.*
- " No fault at all this Tinker hath, but he takes dear for his work,  
That little time that he wrought here it cost me twenty mark."  
" If you had bin so wise," quoth he, " for to have held your own,  
Before you set him to his work the price you might have known." *With, etc.*
- " Pray hold your peace, my Lord," quoth she, " and think it not to[o] dear.  
If you cou'd doo't so well 'twould save you forty pound a year."  
With that the Lord most lovingly, to make all things amends,  
He kindly kist his Lady gay, and so they both were friends. *With hey, etc.*
- You merry Tinkers, every one, that hear this new-made Sonnet,  
When as you do a Lady's work be sure you think upon it :  
Drive home your nayls to the very head, and do your work profoundly,  
And then no doubt your Mistresses will pay you for it soundly. *With hey, etc.*

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.*

[Black-letter. Two cuts, pp. 74 and 76. *Var. lect., cf. p. 77. Date, circa 1656.]*



[Second cut of 'The Jovial Tinker,' mentioned on p. 75; and p. 77.]

*Note.*—That this woodcut originally represented the disguised 'Gentleman' whom the fair 'Lady of the North' had caused to personate a "Jovial Tinker," and that the other figure was intended for her grave unsuspecting husband, of advanced age and solemn dignity, is demonstrable. The antique style of the woodcut indicates an earlier date than 1656 to the ballad reprinted on p. 74. We find it entered to *John Trundle*, 22 March, 1616, 'the ballad called the Jolly Tinker.' The cut was used by Francis Coules, also by Henry Gosson. It became mutilated (as in *Roxb. Bds.*, iii. 492, printed by W. Gilbertson), sacrificing one figure and preserving the Tinker alone. The adventurous lover shows something of his courtly grace, despite the hood which muffles his sharply-cut features. The version in *Merry Drollery*, i. 134, 1661, differs in diction from the broadside, though little in the story. The Lady, with clever duplicity, keeps up the noise by hammering on the kettle, while the pretended tinker solicits her favour:—

And whilst he play'd and made her sport, their craft the more to hide,  
 She with his hammer stroke full hard against the Cauldron side;  
 Which made them all to think and say, 'The Tinker wrought apace!'—  
 And so be sure he did indeed, but in another place.

Later, as a Scotch song, entitled "Clout the Cauldron," it was printed by Allan Ramsay in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, vol. i. 1724, and became popular in the North. Tradition assigned the adventure to a Gordon, of the Kenmure family (*Cromek's Reliques of Burns*, p. 199); but the lover is repulsed by the Lady:—

"Sir, ye appear a cunning man, but this fine plot you'll fail in,  
 For there is neither pot nor pan of mine you'll drive a nail in.  
 Then bind your budget on your back, and nails up in your apron,  
 For I've a tinker under tack [bond], that's us'd to Clout my Cauldron."  
*Fu adrie didle didle, etc.*"

[Text of p. 75 reads 'the nayl to the head;' 'on the bed;' and 'from the bed.']

\*\* Whatever may be found suitable hereafter, there is no need to allot much space at present to two such silly ballads, full of senseless iteration to fill up their respective broadsides, as 1st. "The Old Pudding-pye Woman set forth in her colours, etc.," to a rare new Tune [its own], much in use, or, *There was an Old Wife*. (In the Pepys Collection, I. 444, a tune is mentioned of *Pudding-Pye Doll*.) 2nd. "The Ragman," by John Lookes, who seems to have been hard-bound for ideas, dealing much in repetitions, but fortunately was not encouraged to write other ballads, or if he did so all have perished that bore his name. His may be 'The Old Pudding-pye Woman,' which connects itself with our later-dated "Cries of London," p. 57, by the following motto (Roxb. Coll., II. 388; Pepys, III. 121; Euing, No. 261; Jersey, I. 301):—

Of all the rare and various *London* cries  
 There's none that doth excell 'Hot Pudding-pyes!'  
 Each one that hears it, being bit with hunger,  
 Would wish himself to be a Pudding-monger:  
 For many likes such victuals for the nones,  
 Because in Pudding-Pyes there is no bones.

Of the twelve stanzas, we give the first, third to fifth, eighth, tenth, to end (delaying second, sixth, seventh, and ninth). We suspect *John Lookes* wrote it.

### The Old Pudding-pye Woman.

There was an Old Wife and she sold Pudding pyes,  
 She went to the Mill, and the dust blew into her eyes. [*i.e.* Flour-mill.  
 She has Hot Puddings and Cold Puddings to sell,  
 Where ever she goes you may follow her by the smell . . .

She calls up her Neighbors, for to go and fuddle a Pot,  
 Because to go fasting, O she likes it not!  
 Her Bub she doth tipple, and then having cleared her eyes [Bub = drink.  
 She goes to the Oven, to fetch Pudding-pyes.

"O Baker!" quoth she, "I prethy do not me cozen;  
 I am an Old wife, tell fifteen to the dozen;  
 For by that means my profit doth fairly rise,  
 Or else I must never more cry Pudding-pyes."

At every Corner, and in every street,  
 This Pudding-pye-Woman be sure you oft shall meet;  
 With Basket on head, and hand on her Buttock, she cries,  
 "Come here, all away, that will buy Hot Pudding-pyes!"

In Winter [when it snows] you may behold her dragled Tail,  
 And lagging [slow] she goes along just like a Snail;  
 All sprinkled with mire, a handful about her thighs;  
 You that have good stomachs, come buy her Pudding-pyes! . . .

Her Puddings are fat, in Summer they use to fry  
 With heat of the Sun, or else she hath told a Lye;  
 But what she puts in them, I swear I cannot devise,  
 Then buy, and you'll try, how you like her Pudding-pyes.

She hath a young Daughter, that takes after her Mother,  
 And will be as like her as one Pea 's like another.  
 If any young man have a mind to such a rare prize,  
 He shall have her Daughter and all her Pudding-pyes.

And thus you may see how I this Woman describe;  
 'Tis nothing to me, I'm sure she'll give me no bribe;  
 But that I am content, since that I have told no lyes,  
 Then farewell to those that do cry Hot Pudding-Pyes.

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

[Black-letter, two woodcuts. Date, 1674-1681.]

Of the RAGMAN'S fourteen ten-line stanzas, four may suffice. The tunes named for it are, *Upon the highest Mountains*, and [*Must*] *the absence of my Mistress*.

The second tune-name marks the first line of a ditty already reprinted in these *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. ii. p. 317 (Roxb. Coll., I. 320), beginning, "Must the absence of my Mistress." The title is "A Pair of Turtle-Doves; or, A dainty new Scotch Dialogue." Our Ragman has a motto-verse or Argument:—

[Roxburghe Coll., III. 182. apparently unique.]

### The Rag-Man,

OR,

A company that fell at oddes one day  
Which of them should carry the Cunny-skins away,  
They strove who should have it, but none of them [were] wise,  
For the Usurer and the Divell carry away the prize.

There was a Ragman and a mad-man, as they travelled on a day,  
There came a Begger and a Bagman, and stole the cunny-skins away.  
Quoth the Mad-man to the Rag-man, "I have it in my braine,  
To make the Begger and the Bagman *bring the Cunny-skins again.*" 10

Then with a cup of fuddle, the Mad-man he did take  
The Bagman on the noddle, till his braines began to ake,  
Till the Begger he did stagger, he had drunke himselfe so blinde :  
Thus they pay'd them, till they made them *leave the Cunny-skins behind.* 20

[There successively appear a lock-smith and a drinker; a black-smith and a tinker; a cobler and a broom-man; a car-man and a plow-man; then, in the second part, a joiner and a rope-maker; a brewer and a baker; a glover and a weaver; a fidler and a pedlar: a broker and a taylor; a hangman and a jaylor; lastly, a royster and a reveller; with the ultimate victors, ending thus:—]

It was a Royster and a Revell, as they did meet one day,  
*Came an Usurer and the Devill, stole the Cunny-skins away.*  
Quoth the Royster to the Revell, "We'll take them on the braine :  
We'll make the Usurer and the Devill *bring the Cunny-skins again.*"

The Royster with his rapier at the Devill he did runne,  
And at him he did vapour, but could not make him shunne.  
Whilst the Revell he did cavell, crying out "We have foul play !"  
For the Usurer and the Devill *bears the Cunny-skins away.* 140

### Finis.

London, Printed for Francis Grove on Snow-hill. John Lookes.

[Black-letter. Five woodcuts. Date, *circa* 1620-1655, probably 1652.]

This girl belongs to p. 85; the man to our Ragman ballad. Another cut, ii. 373.



[Roxburge Collection, II. 354; Pepys, IV. 244; Jersey, II. 65; Douce, II. 152.]

## The May-Day Country Mirth ;

Or,

The Young Lads and Lasses' Innocent Recreation.  
Which is to be priz'd before Courtly Pomp and Pastime.

To AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE. Licensed according to Order.



“*Joan*, to the Maypole away let’s run,  
The time is swift and will be gone,  
There go the Lasses away to the Green,  
Where their beauties may be seen :  
*Nan*, [*D*]oll, *Kate* and *Moll*,  
Brave Lasses have Lads to attend ’um,  
*Hodge*, *Nick*, *Tom*, *Dick*,  
Brave dancers, who can amend ’um ?

[Text, “*Noll*.”]

8

\* \* \* We begin this Half-Group of SPORTS with a lively ditty, of which the tune is given in *Popular Music*, p. 302 ; also in *Pills to p. Melancholy*, i. 262, accompanying D’Urfeys’s song, “The Clock had struck, faith, I cannot tell what.”

Line 48.—Dance-tunes used for Ballads, *The New Boree*; *Boree la Base*; *Boree*, or, *Sweet William* ; are all in Henry Playford’s *Dancing Master*, 1695 ed.

- " Did you not see the Lord of the *May*,  
 Walk along in his rich array?  
 There goes the Lass that is only his,  
 See how they meet and how they kiss!  
     Come *Will*, run *Gill*,  
 Or dost thou list to lose thy labour?  
     *Kit Croud*, scrape aloud, [i.e. The fiddler, *Crowder*.]  
 Tickle her, *Tom*, with a Pipe and Tabor! 16
- " Lately I went to a Mask at Court,  
 Where I see Dances of every sort;  
 There they did dance with time and measure,  
 But none like Country Dance for pleasure:  
     There did they dance just as in *France*,  
 Not like the *English* lofty manner, [*Oxf. Droll*, 'lusty m.']  
     And every she, must furnished be  
 With a feather'd knack when she sweats for to fan her.
- " But we when we dance, and do happen to sweat,  
 Have a Napkin in hand for to wipe off the wet,  
 And we with our doxies do jig it about,  
 Not like the Court which often are out;  
     If the Tabor do play, we thump it away,  
 And turn and meet our Lasses to kiss 'em;  
     Nay, they will be as ready as we,  
 That hardly at any time [we] can miss 'em. 32
- " Yonder comes *Dolly* over the Down,  
 And *Roger* he gives her a fair green Gown,  
 See how he hands her up again,  
 And how they trip along amain;  
     They pass, o'er the grass,  
 And at every Stile they are billing,  
     He gives, she receives,  
 Being youthful, ready and willing. 40
- " There is not any that shall out-vye  
 My little pretty *Joan* and I;  
 For I'm sure I can dance as well  
 As *Robin*, *Jenny*, *Tom*, or *Nell*:  
     Last year, we were here,  
 When ruff *Ralph* he play'd us a *Boree*, [See Note, on. p. 79.]  
     And we, merrily  
 Thumt it about and gain'd the glory. 48
- " Come, sweet *Joan*, let us call a new Dance,  
 That we before them may advance,  
 Let it be what you desire and crave,  
 And sure the same sweet *Joan* shall have."

She cry'd and reply'd,  
 " If to please me thou wilt endeavour,  
 Sweet pig, the Wedding Jigg,  
 Then, my dear, I'll love thee for ever." 56

" Sure I will grant thee thy request,  
 And learn thee that among the rest ;  
 For e'er it be long we'll Marry'd be,  
 And then my pretty *Joan* shall see,  
 Fine toys, sweet joys,  
 And soft kisses too, out of measure ;  
 Sweet charms, in my arms,  
 This will be a fountain of pleasure. 64

" And if we hold on as we begin,  
*Joan* thee and I the Garland shall win :  
 Nay, if thou live till another day,  
 I'll make thee Lady of the *May* ;  
 Dance about, in and out,  
 Turn and kiss, and then for greeting ;  
 Now *Joan*, we have done,  
 Fare thee well till the next merry meeting." 72

[No colophon. Pepys' " printed for *W. Thackeray*, at the sign of the *Angel* in *Duck-Lane*." Black-letter, two woodcuts. Date, circa 1672-84.]

[This earlier version is from a MS., formerly Rev. J. H. Todd's, dated 1630. It shows the hand of a courtier Poet, who pines for rural felicity. Our broadside ballad is the popularized extension of the song.]

### A May-Day Ballad.

**J**ONE, to the *May*-pole away let us on, Tyme is swift, and will be gone ;  
 See how the Wenches hie to the Greene, where they know they shall be seene,  
*Besse, Moll, Kate, Doll*, these want no loves to attend them ;  
*Hodge, Dick, Tom, Nick*, brave dauncers, who can amend them ?

*Jone*, shall we have now a *Hay* or a *Rounde*, or some daunce that is new founde ?  
 Lately I was at a Masque in the Courte, where I saw of every sorte  
 Many a dance, made in *France*, many a *Brawle* and many a measure ;  
 Gay coates, sweet notes, brave wenches, O 'twas a treasure !

But now, methinks these courtlye toyes Us deprive of better joyes ;  
 Gowne made of gray, and skin softe as silke, breath as sweet as morning milke ;  
 O these more please, these hath my *Jone* to delight me :  
 False wiles, Courte smiles, none of these hath *Jone* to despight me. (1630.)

### Finis.

[In the three-fold collection made by Captain William Hicks, entitled "*Oxford Drollery*, 1671, the Second Part (not his own, which is the Third), p. 85, five stanzas are given, viz. our four on p. 78, and the final stanza, " And if we hold on as we begin," etc. Wm. Hicks notes it as by one of the Oxford University Wits, " the third and fourth verses being lately added." Cf. *Pills*, ii. 175.]

\* \* \* From dancing round a *May*-pole to dangling a pole with *May*-flies, making fish dance instead, is an easy transition. Our "*Jovial Anglers*" is in the 1670 *Merry Drollery Complete* (not in 1661 edition), without the Massaniello stanza (5th).

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 232 ; Jersey (now Earl Crawford's), II. 248.]

## The Royal Recreation of Jovial Anglers.

Proving that all men are *Intanglers*,  
And all *Professions* are turn'd *Anglers*.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Amarillis*. [1663. See vol. vi. p. 113.]



**O**F all the Recreations which attend on humane nature,  
There's nothing soars so high a pitch, or is of such a stature,  
As is a subtle Angler's life, in all Men's approbation,  
For Anglers' tricks, do daily mix, with every Corporation.

When *Eve* and *Adam* liv'd by love, and had no cause for jangling,  
The Devil did the waters move, the Serpent fell to angling :  
He baits his hook, with God-like look, quoth he, " This will intangle her ; "  
The woman chops, and down she drops : the Devil was first an angler.

Physitians, Lawyers, and Divines, are most ingenious janglers ;  
And he that tries, shall find in fine that all of them are anglers :  
Whilst grave Divines doe fish for souls, Physitians, like cormudgeons,  
Do bait with health to fish for wealth, and Lawyers fish for gudgeons.

A Politician, too, is one, concern'd in Piscatory ;  
He writes, and fights, unites, and slights, to purchase wealth, and glory ;  
His plummet sounds the kingdom's bounds to make the fishes nibble ;  
He draws 'em with a past of lyes, and he blinds them with the Bible.

[*al. lect.* His ground bait is a past, etc.



## The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

A Fisher man subdued a place in spight of locks and staples,  
The warlike *Massaniello* was a fisher-man of *Naples*, [June, 1647.  
Commanded forty thousand men, and prov'd a Royal Wrangler;  
You ne're shall see the like agen, of such a famous angler.

Upon the *Exchange*, 'twixt twelve and one, meets many a neat intangler;  
'Mo[ng]st Merchant-men, not one in ten, but is a cunning angler,  
And (like the fishes in the brooke) brother doth fish for brother;  
A golden Bait hangs at the hooke, and they fish for one another.

A Shop-keeper I next preferr, a formal man in black, sir,  
That throws his angle every where, and cries, "What is't you lack, sir?"  
Fine silks and stuffs, or hoods and muffs; but if a courtier prove th' intangler,  
My Citizen must look to 't then, or the fish will catch the angler.

A Lover is an angler too, and baits his hooke with kisses;  
He playes and toyes, and fain would do, but often times he misses;  
He gives her rings, and such fine things as fan or muff, or night-hood;  
But if you'l cheat a City Peat, you must bait her with a Knight-hood.

There is no angler like a Wench stark-naked in the water,  
She'l make you leave both trowt and tench and throw your self in after:  
Your hook and line, she will confine, the intangled is the Intangler?  
And this I fear, hath spoyl'd the ware of many a Jovial Angler.

If you will trowl for a Scrivener's soul, cast in a rich young Gallant;  
To take a Courtier by the powl, throw out a golden tallent;  
And yet I doubt, the draught will not compound for half the charge on't;  
But if you'l catch the Devil, at a snatch, go bait him with a Serjeant.

Thus have I made the Angler's Trade to stand above defiance,  
For like the mathematick art, it runs through every science.  
If with my Angling Song, I can with mirth and pleasure seaze yee,  
I'le bait my hook with Wit again, and angle still to please ye.

London, Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, W. Gilbertson, and I. Wright.*

[In Black-letter, with three woodcuts. 1st, a curious old cut of two men fishing on opposite sides of a stream; 2nd, an Exchange haberdasher; 3rd, the Cavalier, iii. 576 left. A Jacobean Angler is substituted on p. 82. Date, circa 1663.]



## The Virgin Race in Yorkshire.

"*Yorke, Yorke*, for my monie, of all the Cities that ever I see!  
For merrie pastime and companie, except the citie of *London*."

**YORKSHIRE** well deserved such praise from William Elderton (*Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 4), not having been forgetful to entertain strangers; an angel presented himself in the much later Poet who celebrated the *Temple-Newsham* foot-race of four bonny Yorkshire maidens.

*Temple-Newsham-Green*, east of Leeds, is in the West-Riding of Yorkshire. Another locality, *Drax* (a village in the West-Riding, Yorks., seven miles S.E. from Selby), enjoyed a more prosaic foot-race, at a much later date, celebrated in the "New Song" (p. 85) on *Eclipse*, a runner who appears to have been so nick-named, in compliment to his fleetness, after the Epsom Racer, 1769, whence came the proverb, "*Eclipse is in!* and the rest are Nowhere!" Biped Eclipse beat Charles Walker, "not a great runner, but a great talker;" thus Brag goes down before Holdfast. It was reprinted by Ritson in 1788, the year before the never-beaten Epsom racer 'Eclipse' died, aged 25 years, Feb. 28, 1789. Born April 1, 1764, on the day of the great solar eclipse: hence the stallion's name.

*Drax* is separated from the East-Riding by the Ouse.

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 76; Pepys Coll., IV. 26.]

## The Virgin Race ;

Or, York-shire's Glory.

Being an Account of a Race lately Run at *Temple-Newsham-Green* ; none being admitted to run but such as were supposed Virgins. The first that came to the Two Miles race end was to have a Silver Spoon, the second a Silver Bodkin, the third a Silver Thimble, and the fourth Nothing at all.

TUNE IS, *A New Game at Cards.* [See Note, p. 92.]

YOU that do desire to hear, of a Virgin race run in *York-shire*,  
Come and listen, I'll declare such news before you ne'r did hear ;  
For I think since the world begun, but seldom Virgins races run.  
Four Virgins that supposed were, a race did run, I now declare,  
Sure such a race was never seen as this at *Temple-Newsham-Green* :  
In half-shirts and drawers these Maids did run, but bonny *Nan*  
the race has won.

A silver spoon this *Nan* obtain'd, the next a silver bodkin gain'd ;  
The third that was not quite so nimble, was to have a silver thimble :  
And she that was the last of all, nothing unto her share did fall.  
In drawers red *Ann Clayton* run, and she it was the race that won ;  
*Pegg Hall*, as I may tell to you, did run in drawers that were blew ;  
Honest *Alice Hall* that was the third, her drawers were white,  
upon my word.

A concourse great of people were, for to behold these Virgins there,  
Who so well acted the man's part, and love a Man with all their heart ;  
But what means this ? for well we know, Maids through the nation  
all do so.

Now let us come to bonny *Nan*, who won a race once of a man,  
In *Bassing-Hall-Street* he did dwell, his name was *Luke* 'tis known  
full well,  
And let me now declare to you, at something else she'll beat him too.

Let none the *York-shire* Girls despise, who are so active now a days,  
So brisk and nimble they do grow, that few can match them I do know :  
Then let us stand up for *York-shire*, those Country Girls I love  
most dear.

A *York-shire* girl who can out-vie ? no city girls can them come nigh,  
They've rosey blushes in their cheeks ; while City Girls are green  
as leeks :

This with my fancy will agree, a *York-shire* Girl shall be for me.

Then here's a health to a *York-shire* girl, for in mine eye she is a pearl,  
Whose beauty doth so charm mine eye, that for her I would freely dye:  
Her virtues do her face adorn, and make her look fresh as the morn.

Now to conclude, unto my friend, these lines I freely recommend;  
Advising him above the rest to love a *York-shire* Girl the best;  
But let him use his skill, for I will love a *York-shire* girl until I dye.

Finis.

Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.*

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts. 1st, a ragged Beggar-maid, mounted on horse-back, riding away from a gallant who is burdened with her bag of scraps: a cut that had evidently belonged to "I met with a jovial Beggar, and into the fields I led her" (Roxb. Coll., II. 241, a loose ballad, "The Knight and the Beggar Wench," not yet reprinted). 2nd, the girl holding a fan, as on p. 78. 3rd, a Woman in Ruff, be-hooped, as in *Roxb. Bds.*, ii. 253 right. Date, *circa* 1672.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 804.]

### A New Song; or, the Gamblers Fitted.

YOU Sportsmen all both old and young, come listen now unto my song,  
It is of a foot-race which was run, at *Drax* in *Yorkshire*, by two men,  
To my fa, da, la, etc.

One of whose names it is *C—s W—r*, not a great runner, but a great talker,  
'Tother *Eclipse*, a man of great fame, for by his running he got that name.

On the twenty-[fif]th day of *August*, the time appointed that run they must,  
Where a great many people did resort to *Drax* to see the famous sport.

When many people was come there, they some of them begun to fear,  
Says they, "No race we shall have, I think, for *C—s* is come without his jink."

But soon the money he did produce, or we shou'd have said it was his excuse,  
"O then," says they, "now let's to place, for I believe we shall have a race."

While the company stay'd in town, they cry'd out *Eclipse* for half a crown;  
No sooner into the field they came, but the gamblers all chang'd their name.

They cry'd out *C—s* for a pound or two, which made *Drax* people all look blue;  
"Oh!" says they, "our chance is ill, for these must needs be men of skill.

They started, but had not run half way, before *C—s* begun to shew foul play,  
"O then," says *Eclipse*, "if that's the case, I'll let thee see another pace."

Then *Eclipse* made a spring and left him soon, which made the gamblers to look down,  
Upon that *Drax* people gave a shout, and made poor *Ch—s* give running out.

O brave *Eclipse!* thou hast won this race, and brought this Champion to disgrace,  
Thy name shall be *Eclipse* for ever, while *Ch—s* is nought but a deceiver.

So to conclude and end my song, I hope the gamblers will think on,  
And never shout with such a sound, to lay a guinea to a pound.

If any of you I do offend, with these few lines I now have penn'd,  
I ask your pardon for the same, but I'll conclude with *Eclipse's* fame.

To my fa, da, la, da, la, da, la, lade, dou, dade, dou, de.

[White-letter, a single slip song. One woodcut, of a Nymph standing, with openly-displayed bust. *Jink*=*chink*, money. Date, *circa* 1771-80. See *Note*, on p. 83.]

## Hare-Hunting and Fox-Hunting Songs.

- “What is all this fuss about?’ do you ask? Why it is a fox-hunt, man.”
- “And do you mean to say,” asked the Chevalier, “that all these men and horses, and all these dogs, have been running after the little beast I saw go into that hole?”
- “To be sure,” answered his companion. “It is the most glorious sport in the world!”
- “And are such accidents as these of frequent occurrence?” demanded the Chevalier?
- “Oh, continually,” replied the other. “Seldom a day passes without something of the kind. I myself have twice broken my collar-bone, once my arm, once my leg, and have been once trepanned.” . . .
- “What a nice thing a fox must be!” said the Chevalier. “I should like to eat a bit very much.”—*The Commissioner*, cap. vi. p. 50, 1843.

THERE are few Hunting Songs among the Roxburghe Ballads. One ‘Fox-Chase,’ beginning, “All in a morning fair,” has been reprinted in vol. i. p. 360; another, “Diana and her darlings dear,” came into vol. ii. p. 520. Except “The Hunting of the Hare,” with woodcut, on p. 87, and “The Huntsman’s Delight” (Roxb. Coll., IV. 76, “Come all you young maidens,”) our remaining sporting ballads are restricted to the eighteenth century, which produced nearly all the best ‘*Songs of the Chase*,’ and the best type of fox-hunters. “Princely Diversion,” on p. 91, is a Hare-hunt; the other two are Fox-hunting songs of the Cleaveland pack, 1785. One on p. 95 is the record of a *marvellous run*, from Craythorne to Hinderwell between Saltburn and Whitby.

It was all very well for the quaint but sound-hearted Chevalier *de Lunatio Inquirendo*, in George Paul Ransford James’s neglected but sparkling novel, “The Commissioner,” to wonder at the risk and fatigue encountered by the gallant sportsmen in their pursuit of “the nasty stinking carrion” whom they could not eat, when killed. So long as we admit the right to slay Reynard at all, remembering his farm-yard depredations, the hunting him fairly yields as honourable a death as he could reasonably desire, seeing that he has many good chances of escape, of which he is cunning enough to avail himself skilfully, and for anything we know to the contrary he may enjoy the run as much as the hounds and horses, let alone the fair Diana of the hunting-field, who sits her steed so gracefully and takes the bullfinch gallantly, asking a lead from nobody, but giving it by preference. To ride to hounds is better by far than to look at pigeon shooting, with minicking *minauderie*, while the wounded birds fall in the lady’s lap at Hurlingham. It is best for her to be womanly, but she forfeits nothing when an Amazon takes the field and her fences like a man. She is out of place in a ‘warm corner’ at the cover side.

We begin with “The Hunting of the Hare,” as a thing of course.

[Roxb. Coll., III. 202, 610; Pepys, IV. 270; Wood, 402, 79; Douce, III. 41.]

## The Hunting of the Hare.

With her last Will and Testament.

As 'twas perform'd on *Banstead* downs, [a.l. *Banstead*.]  
By Cong-catchers, and their hounds.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE [Of all the sports the world doth yield].



OF all delights that Earth doth yeeld,  
Give me a pack of Hounds in field:  
Whose eccho shall throughout the sky  
Make *Jove* admire our harmony,  
And wish that he a mortal were,  
To view the Pastime we have here. [a.l. such pleasures.]

I will tell you of a rare scent,  
Where many a Gallant Horse was spent,  
On *Banstead-Downs* a Hare we found,<sup>1</sup> [a.l. *Chadwell* Close.  
Which led us all a smoaking round;  
O're hedge and ditch away she goes,  
Admiring her approaching foes. [=wondering at.]

But when she found her strength to wast[e],  
She parleyed with the hounds at last:  
"Kind hounds," quoth she, "forbear to kill  
A harmless Hare, that ne'er thought ill,  
And if your Master sport do crave,  
I'll lead a scent as he would have."

18

<sup>1</sup> *Banstead* in Surrey (15 miles from London, 3 S.E. from Epsom). The fine turf of *Banstead Downs* was early celebrated for coursing. But it is "A far cry to *Banbury*;" if Oxon *Banbury* be meant in line 116: 1661 lect., *Thoroughby*.

## HUNTSMAN.

“ Away, away, thou art alone,  
 Make haste, I say, and get thee gone !  
 Wee’l give thee Law for half a mile,  
 To see if thou canst us beguile ;  
 But then expect a thund’ring cry,  
 Made by us and our Harmony.”

[*a.l.* ‘company.’]

## HARE.

“ Now since you set my life so sleight,  
 I’l make *Black Sloven* turn to white ;  
 And *York-shire Gray*, that runs at all,  
 I’le make him wish he were in stall ;  
 And *Sorrel*, he that seems to flye,  
 I’le make him supple e’re he dye.

“ Let *Barnard’s Bay* do what he can,  
 Or *Barton’s Gray* that now and then  
 Did interrupt me on my way,  
 I’le make him neither jet nor play,  
 Or constant *Robin*, though he lye,  
 At his advantage, what care I ?

[*a.l.* *Burham Bay.*  
[*text, Barron’s Bay.*[*cf.* l. 117.

36

“ *Will Hatton* he hath done mee wrong,  
 He struck mee as I run along,  
 And with one pat made mee sore so,  
 That I ran reeling to and fro ;  
 But if I dye, his Master tell,  
 That fool shall ring my passing bell.”

[*a.l.* *Kit Bolton.*[*text, so sore.*

## HUNTSMAN.

“ Alas, poore Hare ! it is our nature,  
 To kill thee, and no other creature ;  
 For our Master wants a bit,  
 And thou wilt well become the spit,  
 He’l eat thy flesh, we’l pick thy bone,  
 This is thy doom, so get thee gone !”

## The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

## [HARE.]

“ Your Master may have better chear,  
 For I am dry, and butter is dear,  
 But if he please to make a friend,  
 He’d better [ha]ve a pudding’s end,  
 For I being kill’d, he sport will lack,  
 And I must hang on the Hunts-man’s back.”

[*text, ‘give.’*

54

HUNTSMAN.

“ Alas, poor Hare! we[’d] pity thee,  
 If with our nature ’twould agree ;  
 But all thy doubling shifts, I fear,  
 Will not prevail, thy death’s so near.  
 Then make thy Will, it may be that  
 May save thee, or I know not what.”

[*a.l.* else I.

[THE HARE MAKES HER WILL.]

“ **T**HEN I bequeathe my body free,  
 Unto your Master’s courtesie :  
 And if he please my life to grant,  
 I’ll be his game when sport is scant :  
 But if I dye, each greedy Hound  
 Divides my entra[*i*]ls on the ground.

“ *Imprimis*, I bequeathe my head,  
 To him that a fair soul doth wed,  
 Who hath before her maiden-head lost :  
 I would not have the proverb crost,  
 Which I have heard ’mongst many quiblets :  
*Set the Hare’s-head ’gainst the Goose-giblets.*

72

“ *Item*, I do give and bequeathe  
 To men in debt (after my death)  
 My subtle scent, that so they may,  
 Be ware of such as would betray  
 Them to a miserable fate,  
 By blood-hounds from the *Compter-gate*.

“ *Item*, I to a *Turn-coat* give  
 (That he may more obscurely live)  
 My swift and sudden doublings, which  
 Will make him politick and rich ;  
 Though at the last, with many wounds,  
 I wish him kill’d by his own hounds.

“ *Item*, I give into their hands  
 That purchase Dean and Chapter’s lands,  
 My wretched jealousies and fears,  
 Mixt with salt of Orphans’ tears.  
 That long vexations may perséver,  
 To plague them and their heirs for ever.

[*N.B.*

90

“ Before I dye (for breath is scant)  
 I would supply men’s proper want,  
 And therefore I bequeathe unto  
 The Scrivener (give the Devil his due)  
 That forgeth, swears, and then forswears,  
 (To save his credit) both my ears.

“ I give, to some Sequestred man,  
 My skin to make a jacket on ;  
 And I bequeathe my feet to they,  
 That shortly mean to run away ;  
 When Truth is Speaker, Falsehood's dumb :  
 Foxes must flye when Lyons come.

“ To Fidlers (for all trades must live),  
 To serve for strings, my guts I give :  
 For Gamesters that do play at rut,  
 And love the sport, I give my skut :  
 But (last of all in this sad dump)  
 To *Tower-hill* I bequeathe my rump.” [May, 1660.] 108

## [THE HUNTSMAN.]

“ Were ever Hounds so basely crost ?  
 Our Masters call us off so fast,  
 That we the scent have almost lost,  
 And they themselves must rule the rost,  
 Therefore, kind Hare, wee'l pardon you !”  
 “ Thanks, gentle Hounds, and so adue !” [HARE.]

“ And since your Master hath pardon'd me,  
 I'll lead you all to *Banbury*,  
 Whereas *John Turner* hath a room, [a.l. constant Robin.  
 To entertain all guests that come,  
 To laugh and quaff in wine and beer  
 A full carouse to your Career.” 120

Finis. [Perhaps by John Turner.]

London, Printed for *Francis Grove*, on *Snow-hill*.

[In Black-letter. Date, 1660, with the *original* cut of Prince Rupert and his dog 'Boy,' not the debased copy as on our p. 11. Alongside is a valuable fragment, in larger Black-letter, of an earlier edition, five stanzas, complete. Variations noted, from *Merry Drollery*, ii. 111, 1661. Roxb. Coll., III. 610, has a Hare-Hunt, *John White's* White-letter reprint, *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*.]

“ Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,  
 Nor swifter grey-hound follow,  
 Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,  
 Nor ear heard Huntsman's hollow ;

“ Old *Tiney*, surliest of his kind,  
 Who, nursed with tender care,  
 And to domestic bounds confined,  
 Was still a wild Jack Hare.

“ Though duly from my hand he took  
 His pittance every night,  
 He did it with a jealous look,  
 And, when he could, would bite.”

—Cowper's *Epitaph on a Hare*, 1783.



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 600; Douce Coll., III. 75 verso.]

### Princely Diversion; or, The Sobial Hunting Match.

[*Note*.—This is a Derbyshire Ditty, known as “The *Trusley* Hunting-Song,” and accredited to Tom Handford, the poet-blacksmith of Trusley, seven miles from Derby, an occasional whipper-in to Squire Coke (here called *Cooke*), who died in 1716, the last William Coke of Trusley. He had Tom’s portrait painted, and hung up in the Servants’ Hall at Trusley, with this inscription, “This is *Tom Handford*,—Don’t you know it? He was both Blacksmith and Poet.”]

O Ne *Valentine’s* Day in the Morning, bright *Phœbus* began to appear,  
Sir *Wm. Cook* winding his Horn, and was going a hunting the Hare;  
Says “*Handford*, uncouple our *Beagles*, and let them go questing along!  
For loose her, or win her, we must go to *dinner*, or else they will think me long.”

Says *Handford*, “I pray now forbare, Sir, and talk not of *Dinner* so soon;  
For I’ve not been a hunting this year, and how can you give over by noon?  
Black *Sloven* shall warm your bay *Robin*, and make him go smoacking along;  
Bonny *Dick* shall not gallop so quick, if we light of a Hare that is strong.” 16

“Well, *Handford*,” said the good Esquire, “I mean [for] to show you a trick;  
I value not hedges nor ditches, but I’ll let you know Bonny *Dick*.  
Then hie for the *Closom-Bow-Field*; we shall get her, Ten thousand to one!  
There’s *Wonder* lays hard upon *Thunder*, away, o’er away, she is gone!”

The morning was pleasant all o’er, so bright and so clear was the sky,  
We made all the woods for to roar, with the noise of our sweet Harmony.  
It was for the space of three hours, we held all our horses to speed,  
Black *Sloven* held hard to bay *Robin*, but yet could not do the deed. 32

It was about nine in the morning, we sounded our first Passing-bell,  
“Sir *William*, pray, put up your horn, for another fresh Hare will do well.”  
“Well *Handford*,” said the good Esquire, “What think you of my bonny *Dick*?  
Doe’s think thou can make him to tire, or not for to gallop so quick?”

“Faith, Master, I needs must confess, that I fear I was boasting too soon;  
But hie for another fresh Hare, and your *Dick* should have dined by noon.”  
“Well *Handford*, have at your Black *Sloven*, I’ll make him in purple to ride;  
And if he does offer to tire, I’ll certainly liquor your hide.” 48

“You serve him right well,” says *Jack Wilson*, “for he has [been] taunting at me;  
I never was beat in the field, so for a fresh Hare let us see.  
For here is some *Closes* of Corn, see well at your place, ev’ry one,  
Then Master, pray pull out your Horn, for away, o’er away, she is gone!”

“Young *Bluebell*,” he cry’d, “is before, and she cry’d it all over the lane;  
And after her twelve couple more:” thus they rattled it over the plain.  
Bonny *Dick* play’d with his bridle, and went at a desperate rate.  
“Come *Handford*, Pox take you! you’re idle; must I open [for] you the Gate?”

“O, your humble servant, good Master, but I will not die in your debt;  
You shall find Black *Sloven* go faster, for now he begins for to sweat.”  
There’s *Wonder* and *Thunder* and *Dido*, and *Merry-Lass* sweetly runs on,  
There’s *Younger*, Old *Ranter*, *Tantivee*, but *Beauty* she leads the van.

She headed them, stoutly and bravely, she up into *Sutton’s* close field;  
Black *Sloven* began to grow heavy, and made a fair offer to yield.  
*Jack Wilson* came swinging before, so well did Bay *Robin* maintain,  
And after him Bonny *Dick* scour’d: Black *Sloven* was spur’d in vain,— 80

But had the luck and good chance, for to go now and then by the string;  
She led us a delicate dance, but as we came by the last ring,  
A fresh Hare, *Deuce take her!* was started, we ne’er was so vexed before:  
And e’er we could make ’em forsake her, we run her two miles or more.

And then we left *Sir William Cooke*, for to ponder upon the old Hare,  
 Who presently leapt o'er a brook, and a desperate leap I declare:  
 He had not got past a mile, [but] the cunning old Gipsy he spy'd,  
 Was making back to her old s[o]jile, then "Away, o'er away!" he cry'd. 96

"Away! o'er away, my brave boys!" and merrily winded his horn;  
 Our beagles all toss'd up their heads, and they soon made a speedy return;  
 And drawing just up to the point, where this cunning young Gipsy had run,  
 You never saw better Dogs hunt, for life, underneath the sun.

Now there was *Tantivee* and *Ranter*, they sounded their last Passing-bell,  
 And *Wilson* made moan unto *Handford*, "A cup of Old-Hock will do well."  
 And *Handford* cry'd, "Master, ride faster, for now I begin to grow cool.  
 With sweat all my cloaths are as wet as if I had been in some Pool." 112

Were not those two dainty fine Pusses, they held us from Seven to One!  
 We scour'd thro' hedges and bushes, so merrily we run on.  
 And as for the praise of these Hounds, and Horses too, that gallop so free,  
 My Pen would not bring it to sound, if 'Time would allow it to be. [a.l. Bounds.

Now Gallants, I bid you farewell, for I fear your patience I've try'd;  
 And hie for a Glass of good Ale, that Poetry may be admir'd.  
 And here's a good Health to the Sportsman, that hunts with the horn and the hound!  
 I hope you'll all pledge for the future, and so let this health go round. 128

[Said to be by **Tom Handford**.]

London, Printed by *L. How*, in *Petticoat-Lane*, near *White-Chappel-Bars*.

[White-letter, one cut. Date of *W. Onley's* issue, 1702 at latest.]



*Special Notes on Tunes* (pp. 84, 93, and 95).

\*\* The tune named on p. 84, *A New Game of Cards*, belongs to "Win at First, Lose at Last," beginning, "Ye merry hearts that love to play at cards," etc., given in a later "Group of Historical Events and Occurrences," dedicated to our trusty friend *Joseph Grego*, who has best illustrated the "Humourists in Art."

*Tune of Ballinamona Ora* (p. 93).

\*\* Burden and tune of *Ballinamona Ora*, etc., belong to, 1st. — *Phelim O'Blunder's* song, by *Moses Mendez* in "The Double Disappointment," 1747:

"Wherever I'm going, and all the day long,  
 At home and abroad, or alone in a throng,  
 I find that my passion's so lively and strong,  
 That your name, when I'm silent, still runs in my song.

*Sing Ballinamona oro, Ballinamona oro. A kiss of your sweet lips for me,"*

2nd.—(*John O'Keefe's* "Poor Soldier," 1782), *Father Luke's* "Priest's Advice,"

"You know I'm your priest, and your conscience is mine,  
 But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good sign;  
 So leave off your raking, and marry a wife,  
 And then, my dear *Darby*, you're settled for life.

*Sing a Ballinamona oro, Ballinamona oro,  
 A good merry wedding for me!"* (Music set by *Wm. Shield*.)

Also, *Armiger's* later songs, "Descend, ye Chaste Nine! strike the Chord;" "Don't you know I from *Hawkesbury* came;" "I sing the famed Hunt;" and the *Quorenden Hounds*, "This morning at work, sowing out of my hopper."

*Tune of, A Hunting we will go* (p. 95).

\*\* See *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 651. It bore various names from the burden, *A beggins we will go, A Hunting we will go*, etc. *Henry Fielding*, in 1734, for his *Don Quixote in England*, wrote "The dusky night rides down the sky."

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 387. No other copy known.]

## A New Hunting Song,

### Made on a Fox Chase.

[TO THE TUNE OF, *Ballinamona Oro*. See *Note* at end, and p. 92.]

COME all you Foxhunters, where ever you be,  
Repair to the *Leven* if Sportsmen you'd see,  
Such hounds and such horses of mettle and game  
As are worthy to be recorded in fame.

*Sing Ballinamona oro, Ballinamona oro,  
Ballinamona oro, the Lads of old Cleveland for me.*

*Dexter* and *Delver* and *Dido* for speed,  
All sprung from the race of *Charles Turner's* fam'd breed,  
A sportsman so rare, and the first in renown,  
As witness the match over *Feldom* he won. 12

*Rover* and *Rally* and *Minor* likewise,  
Old *Spanker*, so fierce, the thick *Cover* he tries;  
*Matcham* and *Merryllass*, *Reynard's* sworn foe:  
He must be unkennel'd, hark! I hear *Tally O*.

Now my Lads, spur your Horses, and smoke 'em away,  
*Jolly Bacchus* and *Sampson* will shew you some play,  
*Squire Hall*, on his *Wakefield*, that pampered Nag,  
Comes neck over heels, and yet of him will brag. 24

*Burdon*, so proud of his high mettled steeds,  
And the annals of fame record their great deeds,  
Yet in hunting he's bet sore against his desire,  
He sticks in the dirt, and he's pass'd by the Squire. [Hall.]

*George Baker*, on *Blacklegs*, how determined his looks,  
He defies the whole field over hedge, ditch and brooks;  
He keeps him quite tight, and he only desires  
A three hours chase, I'll be damn'd if he tires. 36

See thumping along goes jolly old *Walker*,  
Whilst close at his heels lay the *Gisborough Prior*,  
With powder and sweat, Lord! how awfull h[is] look, [the looks.]  
"Damn you, *Matt*! did you mind how I leap'd yonder brook?"

*Watson*, so fierce, how he rides, and so keen,  
He thinks he's well mounted, and sure to be in;  
But if he keep running at this gallant pace,  
'Tis twenty to one he's thrown out in the Chase. 48

The first in the burst was *Seroop* on old *Match'em*,  
 Straining hard to get in, *Tom* swore he would catch 'em,  
 Whilst screwing along, see *Smith*, only mind him,  
 He's top'd the barr'd gate, leaving numbers behind him.

Yonder goes *Stockdale* so tight and so trim, [Note, below.]  
 How he strokes down his mare which he fancies so slim.  
 He nicks in and out 'till he's starv'd with the cold,  
 Go bid him but thirty and then he'll ride bold. 60

*Preston*, so brave, with his heart full of glee,  
 On his *Gaylass* well mounted as he'd wish to be,  
 He swears that he'll ride 'till he dies in the field,  
 As a true honest Sportsman he never will yield.

*Coates*, on his *Tyrant*, he creeps like a snail,  
 He puffs and he blows, and how he rolls his tail ;  
 Yet a Sportsman so bold he attempts at a flyer,  
 Old *Tyrant* leaps short, and he's down in the mire. 72

The *Baronet* cautious is pass'd by his Brother,  
 As like, you would swear, as one egg's like another,  
 When fully intending to lead the whole field,  
 A damn'd *Stell* held 'em both 'till the Fox he was kill'd.

The *Doctor*, you scarcely know where you have him,  
 For sometimes he's dodging and sometimes he's dashing,  
 But yet to the Chase will he eagerly rush,  
 And lose a good Patient for bold *Reynard's* brush. 84

*Rowntree*, a noted old sportsman as good, [Note, below.]  
 Who brags of his *Greytail*, that choice bit of Blood,  
 How at *Stockesly* so clever she won ev'ry Race, [St. on Leven.]  
 And now that she's equally fam'd for the Chace.

*Flounders*, the younger, with Eyelids of Glass,  
 So prim on his stallion and fond of his slash,  
 One single good run finish'd off the gay *Quaker*,  
 And now he's gone dumb with intent to turn Speaker. 96

Now our sport being over, let's home without fail,  
 And drown those misfortunes in Punch and good Ale ;  
 And if we're thrown out we'll draw close to the fire,  
 And drink a good health to the *Baronet* and *Squire*.

### Finis.

[White-letter, woodcut of a fox running. N.p.n. Date, circa 1783.]

\* Note.—Thomas Cole, Huntsman ; Rev. George Davison ; Christopher Rowntree, jun. ; William Stockdale. (These are alluded to, in line 97, on p. 95.)

Both this ballad and next are on Cleveland Worthies, of nearly the same date. From *Craythorne* and *Worsal* (near *Yarm*), by *Nunthorpe*, *Roseberry*, and *Kildale* to *Hinderwell* sea-cliff was a terrific run. Noble fox !

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 757.]

## A New Fox-Hunting Song.

Composed by *W. S. Kenrick*, and *J. Burtell*.

The Chase run by the *Cleveland Fox Hounds*, on Saturday the  
29th Day of *January*, 1785.

[TO THE TUNE OF, *A Hunting we will go.*]

YE hardy sons of Chase, give ear, all listen to my Song ;  
'Tis of a Hunt perform'd this year, that will be talk'd of long :  
*When a hunting we do go, oho oho oho, and a hunting we will go, oho, oho, oho,*  
*And a hunting we will go, oho, oho, oho, with the Huntsman, Tally ho.*

On *Weary Bank*, ye know the same, unkenell'd was the Fox ;  
Who led us, and our Hounds of Fame, o'er Mountains, Moors and Rocks. 16  
*When a Hunting we do go, etc.*

'Twas *Craythorn* first swift *Reynard* made, to *Limton* then did fly ;  
Full speed pursu'd each hearty blade, and join'd in jovial cry, *With the Hunts. etc.*

To *Worsal* next he took his flight, escape us he would fain ;  
To *Picton* next with all his might, to *Craythorn* back again, *With the, etc.* 32

To *Weary Bank* then takes his course, this *Fanny Bell's gill* flies ;  
In *Seymour Car* strains all his force, his utmost vigour tries, *With the, etc.*

To *Tanton, Nunthorp*, next he flies, o'er *Langbrough Rig* goes he ;  
He scours like light'ning o'er the meads, more swift Fox could not be,  
*Nor with a Huntsman better match'd, [when a hunting,] etc.* 48

To *Newton*, then to *Roseberry*, to *Hutton Lockerass gill* ;  
To *Lownsdale*, o'er *Court Moor* go we, from thence to *Kildale Mill, With the, etc.*

By this our zeal was not subdu'd, all crosses were in vain ;  
To *Kildale, Reynard* we pursu'd, to *Lownsdale* back again, *With the Hunts. etc.* 64

By *Percy Cross* and *Steddale* too, and *Pilly Rig* full fast,  
As Fox could run, to *Skylderskew*, and *Lockwood Beck* he past, *With the, etc.*

By *Freebrough Hill* he takes his way, by *Danby Lodge* also ;  
With ardour we pursue our prey, as swift as Hounds could go, *With the, etc.* 80

By *Coal Pits* and o'er *Stonegate Moor*, to *Scayling, Reynard* ran ;  
Was such a Fox e'er seen before ? His equal shew who can ! *When a Hunting, etc.*

To *Barnby* now by *Uythorp Mill*, and *Mickleby* likewise ;  
To *Ellerby*, to *Hinderwell*, still stubborn *Reynard* flies, *With the, etc.* 96

The Huntsman now with other three,\* and *Reynard* you'll suppose ; [*vide*, p. 92.  
Ten couple of Hounds of high degree, one field now did inclose, *With the, etc.*

But now our Chase draws near an end, no longer we'll intrude ;  
For on the Cliff, rejoice my Friend, swift *Reynard* there we view'd,  
*With the Huntsman Tally ho, etc.* 112

Sure such a Chase must wonder raise, and had I time to sing,  
The Huntsman's deeds, who merits praise, would make the Vallies ring,  
*When a Hunting we did go, etc.*

Come Sportsmen all your Glasses fill, and let the toast go round ;  
May each Foxhunter flourish still, in Health and Strength abound,  
*When a Hunting we did go, etc.* 128

Finis.

[White-letter. Woodcut of horseman. Date, 1785. See *Notes* on pp. 92, 94.]

Here Ends the Group of Trades and Sports.

## ENTR' ACTE.

## Ending the 'Group of Trades and Sports.'

(To the same Joseph Knight, Esq., Acrosticized on p. 3.)



OUR 'Trades and Sports' have reached their end  
 (A first-act curtain drops betimes);  
 Once more we greet our Knightly friend,  
 And yield this earliest 'Group' of rhymes.

He leans back in his easy chair,  
 With mild approval of the play;  
 Little to dazzle, rich and rare,  
 Homely our actors, quaint or gay.

Yet men who turn a backward gaze  
 On Stuart times, in scorn or love,  
 Find few such records of past days  
 As these, whereof our west is wove.

Historians mark the State intrigues,  
 The ruling spirits' faults and crimes,  
 The plots, the schemes, the foreign leagues,  
 The falls of many an Ape who climbs:

Something perchance of passionate hate,  
 Still more of sordid greed for gold,  
 The hireling Placeman's rapid prate,  
 The liberties for bribery sold.

Yet underneath the scurf and slime,  
 The surface of Success or Loss,  
 We trace the antics of each mime,  
 And give true Text, with scanty gloss:

The plebs, the vulgus, yea, the mob,  
 The 'common people,' coarse and rude;  
 Seldom averse to cheat or rob,  
 Swaggering beneath their servitude:

Frankly they show their stains and flaws,  
 To us, who come two centuries late;  
 Spawn were they of Nol's 'Good Old Cause'  
 That over-turn'd both Church and State.

Nought the unquiet nation gain'd  
 From Anarchy and Rebel-rule,  
 Save baneful schism or faith profaned;  
 Turvey-topped rise of knave and fool.

Time was, we fought amid the throng,  
 Or found amusement in sheer fun;  
 Now, we content us with a Song,  
 Play our own part, and envy none.

## Group of Cupid Ballads.

### Cupid's Delight, and Wanton Wiles.

(*Unique Ballads of Price.*)

“CUPID, thou art a sluggish boy, and dost neglect thy calling;  
Thy bow and arrows are a toy; thy monarchy is falling.  
Unless thou dost recall thy self, and take thy tools about thee,  
Thou wilt be scorn'd by every elf, and all the world will flout thee.

“Rouse up thy spirit like a God, and play the archer finely;  
Let none escape thy shaft or rod, 'against thee have spoke unkindly:  
So may'st thou chance to plague that heart  
That cruelly hath made me smart.”

—(1658.) A. H. Bullen's *Speculum Amantis*, p. 42.



UPID has had little to do with the preceding “Group of Trades and Sports,” but shows less connection with the “Matrimonial and Anti-Matrimonial Ballads” to which we are drawing near: Hymen being seldom on friendly terms with Eros, although originally under some obligation to him. Amends are due to the lad, who is allowed to claim his innings, in a few pages between the sheets G and K. (He was heard to chuckle, and to insinuate that he has been accustomed to disport himself when “between the sheets”; but since nobody under the rank of an Archdeacon or a Little Moore can understand what this implies, such remarks of the Hon. Member were inaudible in the Gallery.)

Laurence Price has been often mentioned in previous volumes of the series (see two lists of his ballads, one in *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 263-266, and additions to it, in *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. vi. p. 64; several of his ballads are in the same volume on pp. 67, 73, 105, 429, 567, and p. 786). He gives three, if not four, of the five unique Cupid ditties, viz. “Cupid's Wanton Wiles;” “The Dainty Damsel's Dream;” and “The Maid's Revenge upon Cupid.”

To the first of these is assigned as tune, *She cannot keep her legs together* (compare *Roxb. Bds.* i. 295, “The Discontented Married Man,” beginning, “A young man lately married was;” printed for Richard Harper in Smithfield, 1635-42, with the woodcut given on our p. 49).

Laurence Price's second ballad, “The Dainty Damsel's Dream,” seems to have had its own tune, or one resembling it by name from first line. “The Maid's Revenge against Cupid and Venus,” p. 104, was sung to the tune of *Love's Tide*. The ballad so named was mentioned in vol. vi. pp. 567, 570, and the original song was given there on p. 774; entitled “Love in a Calme,” beginning “How cool and temperate am I grown!” Tunes assigned to it are, *Wert thou much fairer than thou art*, or *Lusty Bacchus*. For *Flora's Farewell*, see vol. vi. p. 105.

[Roxburge Collection, IV. 9. Probably unique.]

## Cupid's Delight ;

### Or, The Two Young Lovers brogl'd in Love.

*This Young-man met his Lover on a Day,  
And desired her a while with him to stay ;  
The Maid was civil and did not deny  
That she might hear the Young-man's kind reply.  
The Young-man desir'd her for to be so kind,  
That he might understand part of her mind ;  
The Maid with honesty, upon my life,  
Did yield to be his lawful Married Wife.*

THE TUNE IS, *If the Door is lock'd where I have knocked ; Or, The Valiant Trooper.* [Vide p. 99.]

There was two Lovers that met together, all at a place where there was a Well ;  
And there the Young-man to his Lover, spoke to the Maiden to try his skill ;  
" Sweet-heart, if you will be pleas'd to go to drink a Pint of Wine, if I may be  
so bold,

*I'll not change my old love for a new, for a Girl that wears a Gown of Gold.*

" O little *Cupid*, be thou but friendly, to help me forward with this my suit ;  
That my Love to me she may speak kindly, now we're met together, and I am put to't :  
For pretty *Peggy*, my love is to thee, if I may speak and be so bold ;  
*I'll not change [my old love for a new], etc.* 16

" Thou art so neat in every part, and so beautiful unto my eye,  
My pretty *Peg*, thou hast stol'n my heart, I can keep no other company :  
Thou art so fair without compare, thou art not too young, nor yet too old,  
*I'll not change [my old love for a new], etc.*

" If e'er a Phenix that there be, my pretty *Peggy* she is one ; [Cf. p. 42.  
If thou and I can but agree, I'll be to thee a loving Man ;  
Thou shalt not want for any thing that can be got, or for Money sold ;  
*I'll not change my old love for a new, for a Girl that wears a Gown of Gold.* 32

" She is of such a civil Carriage, there is but few with her may compare,  
I long that we were joynd in Marriage, my little *Peggy* thou art my dear ;  
Thou shalt wear silks, my pritty Girl, or anything that's for money sold,  
*I'll not change [my old love for a new], etc.*

" O pritty *Peggy*, before we part, resolve me quickly then off or on,  
I am so Love-sick at my heart, and none can cure me but thee alone :  
Thou art the Maid that must save my life, or I shall dye before I'm old,  
*I'll not change [my old love for a new], etc.* 48

### The Maiden's Reply.

" Indeed, sweet Sir, I was much to blame, if I should wrong my Love, I say,  
I never more should own my name, for my love to cast a man away :  
I will not tarry, but with you I'll Marry, cheer up, my dear love, with courage bold,  
*I'll be your true Love, look for no new Love, what care we for a Gown of Gold ?*

" True love is better than Gold or Treasure, if you to me will but say and hold,  
A good husband is a Woman's pleasure, there is no comfort like that I'm told,  
I will love thee till the day of death, and make much of you when you are old,  
*I'll be your true love, look for no new love, what care we for a Gown of Gold ?* 56



Then the young-man was very pleasant, when he heard the Maiden's kind Reply,  
 True love is never out of season, with them that useth constaucy :  
 Then he kist her sweetly, and compleatly, and made up the bargain, I was told,  
*He chang'd not his true love, for a new love, for a Girl that wears a Crown of Gold.*

Now to conclude, and make an end, so lovingly they did agree,  
 He made her his Wife and his bosom friend, and a gallant couple they were to see :  
 She did not deny him, but for to try him, it's a custom that all Maids do hold,  
*He had his old love, he needs no new love, God send her not to prove a Scold.* 64

**Finis.** [Perhaps by Laurence Price, see p. 105.]

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the sign of the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-Street* without  
*Newgate.*

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts : 1st, an early 'salutation of the B.V. Mary by Elizabeth,' reserved for 'Religious Group;' 2nd, the Cavalier of p. 140; 3rd, the Lady with pinnars, as on p. 162; 4th, the circular *Robin Hood* cut of vi. 229. Date, *circa* 1683. In original, line 57 reads, "he was very."]

\* \* \* *Tunes assigned to Cupid's Delight.*

To our regret, the ballad that had originated by first line or burden the tune-name of *If the Door is lock'd where I have knock'd* has not yet been found. Therefore it is doubtful whether it be a different tune from *The Valiant Trooper*, or merely another name for it. A unique exemplar of the ballad entitled "The Valiant Trooper and Pretty Peggy," signed by T.R. (whom we guess to be Thomas Robins, remodeller of various other ballads, nearly every one thus signed being of doubtful authorship), is in Pepys Collection, IV. 40, and begins, "Heard you not of a valiant Trooper?" Printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood, it has assigned to it the tune of *Though I live not where I love*, which indicates the burden of Laurence Price's ballad of "The Constant Lover," reprinted in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. i. p. 213, and marked to the tune of, *Shall the absence of my Mistress* : properly, *Must the absence of my Mistress*, already mentioned as a tune of "The Ragman," on p. 77. An earlier "Peerless Peggy; or, The Fortunate Young Man," was entered to Francis Grove in Registers of the Stationers' Company, 5th April, 1633. T.R.'s version begins thus :—

Heard you not of a valiant Trooper that had his pockets well lin'd with gold ?  
 He was in love with a gallant Lady, as I to you shall here unfold.  
 With a kind salute and fierce dispute, he thought to make her his only one ;  
*But Unconstant Woman, true to no man, is gone and left her bird alone.*

In *Popular Music*, p. 453, is a Somersetshire version of the tune, differing from one in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, v. 80, "The Unconstant Woman," a ditty which is evidently a nautical version of "The Valiant Trooper," and beginning,  
 "Did you not hear of a gallant Sailor, whose pockets they were lin'd with gold ?  
 He fell in love with a pretty creature, as I to you the Truth unfold :  
 With a kind Salute, and without dispute, he thought to gain her for his own :  
*Unconstant Woman proves true to no man ; She has gone and left me all alone.*"

It will be noticed that "Cupid's Delight" also is a "Pretty Peggy."

Tunes are shy game, and lead us many a long run like the fox of the Cleveland Hunt, recorded on our p. 95. But we generally manage to be in at the death, as the hounds were (suggestively named) at *Hinderwell*. Thus on p. 32 it was supposed that *My Child must have a Father* remained without identification. But the tune agrees with that of *The Mother bequiled the Daughter*, and draws its later name from a line in final stanza of a ballad, given on p. 161, "The Kind-hearted Creature," beginning, "All you that are disposed now." It was written by Richard Crimsall, and registered, to *Francis Coules* and partners, 24 June, 1630.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 172. Probably Unique.]

## Cupid's Wanton Wiles ;

Or,

The Young Man's friendly Advice, beware lest *Cupid* you entice :  
Although God *Cupid* he be blind, yet he doth oft o'recome the mind.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Shee cannot keepe her*, etc. [See p. 97.]



**B**lind-fold *Cupid* with his Dart, did a long time strive to hit me,  
Yet he shall not pierce my heart, I know better how to fit me ;  
His decree shall not be any way to my disparriage :  
I will strive how to thrive, and to keepe my selfe from marriage.

*Cupid's* slights and cunning trickes never in relaps shall bring me,  
To be drowned in Love's pits, no aspiring boy shall fling me.  
Hee's a foole in Love's Schoole, and meere simple in his carriage,  
That will dally, and say, Shall I now incline to wanton marriage ?

*Cupid* is a subtile wile, and hath many projects used, 17  
The ripest wits for to beguile, many are by him abused :  
Let no man trust him then, lest he doe their states disparriage,  
I advise you to be wise, and keepe your selves from wanton marriage.

To speake of *Cupid* to the matter, as I intend, if time gives leasure :  
He will cog, deceiue and flatter, if you in his wayes take pleasure ;  
He will make you to take such strange courses in your carriage :  
Which will be your misery, if you incline to wanton marriage. 32

*Cupid* is become a Gallant, and will tempt a brave young Shaver,  
On fond love to spend his talent, and besides, a false deceiver  
He is [then] when foolish men doth intend to change their carriage,  
For we see often he *crosses young men in their marriage*.

The stoutest Champion *Cupid* danteth, & doth bring the boldest under:  
The meanest man he then advanceth, and, to fill us more with wonder,  
He can move Maids to love, though nere so modest in their carriage,  
And will vex [the] Female sexe *to bestow themselves in marriage*.

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

Noble Lords, Kings and Princes, *Cupid* bound in his subjection;  
Beauteous Ladies he convinces, they must yeeld to his direction;  
He will still use his skill, though it breeds a great dispartidge,  
Therefore I, till I dye, *meane to keepe my selfe from marriage*.

*Guy of Warwicke*, brave and bold, travel'd far to gain his *Philice* :  
*Cupid* kept his heart in hold; *Hector*, though he met *Achilles*,  
*Cupid* prest, with the rest, this stout Captaine in his carrydge;  
Thus he can force each man *to bestow him selfe in marriage*. 64

Some *Cupid* takes at unawares, in the bed where they lye sleeping;  
Some he catcheth in his snares, as they on downes their floock are  
[keep]ing : [text, 'feeding.']

Every sort, Clowne and Court, stoops to *Cupid* in his carryage,  
No delay can him stay, *if he appoint the time of marriage*.

High & low, poore & rich men, strong, the weake, the simple creature :  
If *Cupid's* Arrowes doe but twitch them, & they bridle not his nature,  
It will grow great in show, therefore I wish men in carrydge,  
To prevent this torment, *and looke before they leape to marriage*. 80

If thou art old, be more wiser, let no blind God so deceive thee :  
Learne this embleme of a Siser, lest *Cupid* doe of joyes bereave thee :  
If thou beest young, doe not wrong thine own state in such a carrydge:  
Have a care, and beware, *lest thou repent thy hasty marriage*.

Now to finish and conclude, I exhort all that are single,  
In your chusing be not rude, when you doe with *Hymen* mingle.  
Liberty, as we see, is a life of lovely carrydge,  
Therefore I, till I die, *will absent my selfe from marriage*. 96

Finis. L[ Laurence ] P[ rice ].

Printed at London for John Wright the Younger, dwelling in the  
*Old-Bayley*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts. 1st, man, i. 466; 2nd, woman, i. 590; 3rd, on p. 172; another is added on p. 100, for p. 105. Date, *circa* 1641-1655.]

To the same tune of, *Shee cannot keepe*, etc., was sung "The Contented Cuckold; or, Patience upon Force," etc., by T.R. [Thomas Robins?], in the Huth Coll., I. 35, Jersey, II. 296, beginning, "You young men all to you I call."

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 226. Probably unique.]

## The dainty Damsel's Dream,

Or,

### Cupid's Visions.

The Maid saw such strange Visions in her sleep,  
When she awak'd it forc'd her for to weep;  
She dreaming lay, and thought her Love lay by,  
But he, alas! was not at that time nigh.  
Then list and you shall heare the Damsel's Dream,  
And afterwards what followed the same.

To THE TUNE OF, *As she lay sleeping in her bed.* [See p. 103.]

AS I lay on my lovely bed, I fell into a dream, [sic. q. = lonely ?]  
God *Cupid* he attended me, and straight upon the same,  
The Chamber where I lodged in, me-thought, was all on fire,  
Then *Mars* and *Jupiter* came in, with wrath and furious ire.

After came *Venus* with her train of Nymphs most fair and bright,  
And prickt my heart in every vein, much like to kill me quite;  
I knew no reason why their rage and anger should be so,  
"Why then," quoth *Venus*, "to thy selfe, thou art a mortall foe.

"There is a young man loves thee dear, and now is like to dye,  
Because for him thou dost not care; that is the reason why,  
That thou art punished so sore, here in thy naked bed,  
And if thou wilt not yeeld to love, we mean to kill thee dead." 24

"Fair Queen," quoth I, "grant me this boon I may so happy be,  
For to present him to my view that I the man may see:  
And if that I can fancy him, there is no more to do,  
But I will yeeld to be his love, and kisse and hug him too."

With that the flames all quenched was, and all the coasts was cleare,  
And then a proper hansom youth did in my sight appeare;  
Like young *Adonis* in his prime this gallant seem'd to be,  
Of courage bold, and valour brave, and fortitude, was he. 40

### The Second Part, To THE SAME TUNE.

HIS face like to an Angel's was, his eyes like starrs did shine,  
In every part from top to toe, he seemed a Saint divine,  
His sweet perfumed honied breath did bear so rare a smell,  
The richest odors in the world for s[c]ent it did excell.

With courtely words and compliments he did mee kindly greet,  
Crossing my lips ten thousand times with kisses soft and sweet;  
In his right hand a purse of gold he had, and did me give,  
And told me I should never want such Coyne whilst I did live.

It ravished my senses all, and set my heart on fire,  
 His countenance for to behold it made me to admire! [= wonder.  
 So that I much desired then to have his company,  
 His comely person to imbrace as I in bed did lie. 64

His hose and doublet he stript off, and came into my bed,  
 Saying that he must master be, and have my maiden-head;  
 Good lack! how willing then was I his love to entertain:  
 The thought of action moved me in every limb and vein.

When all my vitals thus were rais'd, and ready for the sport,  
*Cupid* and *Venus* stole away and so broke up the [Court]. ['sport.'  
 Even so departed all the Nymphs, and straight upon the same  
 I wak'd and wept, because I saw all things was but a dream. 80

Fie upon dreams, and fond delights, which thus disturbs the mind!  
 'Tis better for to bee awak'd, and exercise by kind.

When as I dream'd, I had a love, and gold, and pleasure store;  
 But when I wak'd, I saw none such, which makes me grieve the more.

Finis. L[ Laurence ] P[ rice ].

London, Printed for *John Andrews*, at the *White-Lyon*, in *Pye-corner*.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts. 1st, the unmutilated oval portrait of John, Lord Finch, with wings, from 'Time Alteration,' 8 Janu., 164<sup>o</sup><sub>1</sub>, pamphlet, in allusion to his flight, after Sec. Windebank's, Dec., 1640. 2nd, the woman with fan, as in vi. 685, left. 3rd, a new cut of a damsel sleeping on her bed, while Cupid shows a vision of an armed warrior. Date of first issue, probably circa 1654.]

\*\* The tune-name appears to be merely a variation of the first line: we know none resembling it: except the *Drollery*, "She lay all naked in her bed."

Seeing that Laurence Price wrote this "Maiden's Dream," and sympathized with her in the disappointment (as Madame Aphra Behn, and also John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, still later expatiated on the same theme, with more warmth than delicacy), it is not improbable that he had designed as a sort of sequel, although to a different tune, "The Maid's Revenge against Cupid and Venus." Little change of mood was necessary, before the girl who believed that Venus had punished her for resisting Love, could arm her tongue to proclaim revenge against the Goddess who had cheated her, and taken this "unreal mockery hence!"



[This woodcut belongs to pp. 81 and 191.]

[Roxburge Collection, III. 222. Probably Unique.]

## The Maid's Revenge upon Cupid and Venus.

Shewing how *Cupid* with his dart  
Did wound and almost kill her heart ;  
But she, recovering of her pain,  
Revenge'd her self on him again :  
And how *Vulcan* the Black-Smith he did prove  
False to the Lass that did him love ;  
And many other matters rare  
Within this ditty spoken of are.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Love's Tyde*, OR, *Flora Farewel*. [See p. 97.]

YOU Maids & Widows all a row, my mind I'de have you for to know,  
How *Cupid* he hath conquered me, and crost me in my jolity ;  
I was a Damsel fair and bright, that was beloved of many a wight,  
*But afterwards it made me rue, to see that men prove so untrue.*

When I was fifteen years of age, came *Cupid* in a fiery rage,  
And with his poisoned wounding dart, shot through my skin, and  
pieret my heart,  
And having toucht me to the quick, I thereupon fell dangerous sick,  
*And ever since that time I rue to see that young men proves untrue.*

Then Su[<sup>i</sup>]ters every day I had, to comfort me, and make me glad,  
I entertain'd them willingly, in hope to have a remedy ;  
First came a *Taylor* fine and brave, who proved at last a cunning knave,  
*He for to win my love did sue, whose flattering tongue did make me rue.*

He clipt, he kist, he courted me, and said he would my husband be,  
He gave to me a gay gold ring in hope to have a better thing ;  
He would have had my Maiden-head, before that I to him was wed :  
*And had not I been very wise, the knave had plaid his Master prize.*

A bonny *Weaver* he came next, to ease my mind that was perplext ;  
With complements he did me greet, and honey sugered kisses sweet,  
Perfumed gloves, and ribbons brave, as tokens of his love he gave :  
*And for to speak of him the truth, he was a very comely youth.*

He wooed me, and I gave consent, to be his wife was my intent,  
But cruel death did end his life, before that I was made his wife.  
O had he lived, I had been blest, but being dead I am distrest.  
*I must go seek a lover new, which was the thing that made me rue.*

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

A *Glover* he came next of all, a proper man both streight and tall,  
And said that I should be his bride, what fortune ever did betide ;  
But like a false dissembler he forswore himself, and forsook me :  
*Which made my heart to melt and rue to see false men prove so untrue.*

*Vulcan*, the *Black-Smith*, that boon blade, counted the best of all his trade ;

He told me many a fluant tale, and feasted me with Cakes and Ale ;  
Tokens of love he did me give, and I did verily beleeve  
*That he had been a lover true ; but like a knave he made me rue.*

When first he came into the place, he in his arms did me imbrace ;  
With solemn oaths he did protest that of all Girls he loved me best :  
But he, vilde wretch ! did me forsake, another Sweet-heart for to take,  
*Which makes me sigh, lament, and weep, because some Black-smiths no  
faith can keep.*

And since that he from me was gone, sweet-hearts I have had many  
a one ;

But I will no more deceived be, by any such like knaves as he.  
When young men's tongues do run most nimble, their hearts do most  
of all dissemble :

*And like the Proverb used of old, ' The hottest love is soonest cold.'*

Therefore I'll set my heart at rest, a single life becomes me best,  
No false dissembling cogging man shall do me wrong, do what he can.  
I'll break all *Cupid's* darts in twain, & loose my self from *Venus* chain.  
*I'll make great Jupiter to thunder, and tear the Cyclops quite asunder.*

Great *Neptune* shall forsake the Seas, and *C[h]aron* in his boat be  
drown'd,

Before that I, at any time, will to a flattering knave be bound.  
Shall I be bound, that may be free? Shall reason rule my raging mind?  
*Shall I love him that loves not me? No, though I wink, I am not blind.*

Yet let no one my words mistake, though I against false love do speak ;  
I do not say but some men are of qualities both rich and rare :  
Some men are honest, sure, and just, faithful to all that doth them trust,  
*Constant in actions, and in love, as true as is the turtle-dove.*

When such a man I chance to see, to him I fain would married be,  
And to him prove a loving wife, so long as heaven affords me life.  
But to conclude, and end my song, in which I mean no creature wrong,  
*Young men and maids, I speak to you, change not an old love for a new.*

ffinis. L[ Laurence ] P[ rice ].

London, Printed for *Fra[n]cis* Grove. And entered according to Order.

[In Black-letter. With four woodcuts. 1st, the Gallant with cane, vi. 33 ;  
2nd, the stout woman with fan, vi. 16, right ; 3rd, the Cupid with glass-house  
and many figures behind him, as on p. 100 ; 4th, the woman of *Amanda Group*,  
p. 480\*, but without the publisher *Ri. Jones's* initials *R.I.* Date, *circa* 1655.]

\*\* Note the coincidence of the last line here with the burden of "*Cupid's  
Delight.*" Although unsigned, "*Cupid's Delight*" also may have been written  
by the prolific Laurence Price, who echoes in *Shall I love him that loves not me?*  
(*Cf.* p. 110,) the burden of *C. H.'s* "*Fairing,*" *For I cannot love if not loved again.*

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 239; Douce, I. 108; Huth, I. 146.]

## The Kind Mistress.

Who being jealous that the Man she lov'd  
Constant unto another Woman prov'd,  
She could not brook another should possess  
Him whom she lov'd more then she could express:  
She bids him give her Wealth and Honour, all;  
But his own self, him she her own must call.

To a pleasant new Tune, call'd, *The German Princess's Farewell*, etc.  
[See *Note* below, and p. 64.]

**L**ong days of absence, Dear, I could endure,  
If thy divided heart were mine secure;  
But each minute I find myself without thee,  
Methinks I [feel] my Rival's arms about thee. ['find.']

But she perhaps her interest can improve,  
By all the studied arts of wealth and love;  
Whilst I, alas! poor kind and harmless Creature,  
Plung'd in true patience, trust me it shews good nature. 8

In her fair hand lay silver and rich gold,  
But what I must not name let my hand hold;  
Give her rich robes, and jewels without measure,  
Do but allow me every night the pleasure.

I dye to think that hapless I should lose  
Those sweet imbraces no one can refuse;  
Yet dare I not for shame my flames discover,  
I dread the name of 'Poor Forsaken Lover.' 16

If she have wit and beauty, charms of love,  
Some think I have the same, and those will move;  
If she can smile, and kiss, and cling about you,  
All these I'll do before I'll go without you.

O let not all my Rivals laugh and say,  
I am become a silly Cast-away;  
Though all are bound to pay you wealth and honour,  
It all comes short of what you lay upon her. 24

I'll force my soul, and summon all my charms,  
E'er any She shall lye within your arms;  
Except I found decay's in every feature,  
Or that old age had spoil'd the works of Nature.

---

"The Kind Mistress" deserves immediate attention, since the tune is *The German Princess's Farewell* (cf. p. 64). Another "Kind Mistress," printed for C. Barnet, begins, "As I was walking along the street" (Pepys Coll., V. 212).



Oh! oh! my Dear, where art, where art thou now?  
 Hear my sweet call, and hearken to my vow!  
 What tho' you love her, yet you ought to leave her,  
 I vow my heart shall be thine own for ever. 32

I'll act such things, I'll laugh, and dance, and sing,  
 I'll hug and kiss, and love like any thing;  
 Then change me not, till I can do no longer,  
 I'll use a means to make my spirits stronger.

But if she must have interest in your heart,  
 Dear Love, let it be but the weaker part;  
 Or if she once enjoys a greater blessing,  
 You know my thoughts without the words expressing. 40

Should I be left by you, and quite forlorn,  
 All other objects my proud heart would scorn;  
 But if you still persist and will not mind me,  
 I'll mourn to death and leave her here behind me.

When Death hath done its worst, and I am cold,  
 'Twill force a sigh when you such clay behold;  
 Alas! too late you'll with your Friends lament me,  
 But when I was alive you'd not content me. 48

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

[Colophon cut off by binder. Douce and Huth's printed at *London* for *C. Brown* and *T. Norris*. Black-letter, with two woodcuts as on p. 42. Date, 1673.]

\*.\* The 'Answer' to this is not in the Roxburghe Collection, but is given here.

[Wood's Coll., E. 25, fol. 80; Douce, II. 162 *verso*; C. 22. c. 2, fol. 156.]

## The Noble Gallant;

Or, An Answer to Long Days of Absent.

He all those jealous Doubts of hers removes,  
 And now unto this fair one constant proves.  
 He tells her he is hers, none shall possess  
 Him, but her self, such love he doth express;  
 He gives her all content that can be spoken,  
 And cheers her heart, which once was almost broken;  
 What e're she asks she has, BEAUTY rules all,  
 It can a Lover's heart make rise or fall.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, CALLED, *The German Princess's Farewell* [p. 64].

THink not, my Dear, thou shalt be absent long,  
 My heart to thine is ty'd most firm and strong.  
 None of thy Rivals ever shall out-do thee,  
 They are not fit to be compar'd unto thee.

What need I care for wealth, it is but dross?  
 Want of a Beauty is a greater loss;  
 Though constancy with men is out of fashion,  
 A Woman ought in love to show true passion.

Perhaps with others I may sport and play,  
But what thou long'st for I'll not give away ;  
Thou shalt have all the pleasure I can give thee,  
Then fear me not, for I will never leave thee.

Thou shalt not lose one smile ; what I can grant,  
My pretty wanton, thou shalt never want ;  
Thy flames I own, and dying will embrace thee,  
The Willow Garland never shall disgrace thee.

16

If all the World should dare to laugh, and say  
My mind on beauty often goes astray ;  
Yet she that willingly affords me pleasure,  
Shall have at her command a Mint of treasure.

I know for wit and beauty ne'r a Lass  
In all the world my dearest can surpass ;  
One kiss, one smile, one hug, I then am dying,  
Ask what thou wilt, there can be no denying.

24

Thou need'st not force thy soul, for thou hast charms  
Are able to resist cold death's alarms :  
There can be no decay in thee, I am sure,  
Nature's rare works for ages must endure.

Thy vows I hear, thou art my heart's delight,  
I find no joy but when I am in thy sight ;  
And this thou shalt assure thy self, I love thee,  
No woman in my heart shall rule above thee.

32

I know that thou art brisk, merry and young,  
Thou can'st strike dead with thy all-charming tongue ;  
If that to dance or sing thou dost desire,  
All flesh is dumb, and silently admire.

I'll rest content with thee, and never more  
Strange faces, nor proud looks, will I adore ;  
Be true to me, and all things I'll do for thee,  
But if unkind and false, then I'll abhor thee.

40

When I behold those pretty wanton eyes,  
The thoughts of any other I despise :  
Then be not jealous, for I'll always mind thee,  
I'll catch thee in my arms where e're I find thee.

Talk not of Death, thou art not born to dye,  
He'll court thee when he doth that face espy :  
Come kiss me now, my dear, and don't repent thee,  
For [married] every night I will content thee.

48

[Print]ed for *J.H.* and sold by *F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, and J. Clarke.*

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts. 1st, the lunette of Prince Henry in armour, with staff, as in vi. 66 ; 2nd, an equally early portrait of a Princess, *temp. Jac. I.*, in a high ruff, probably meant for James I.'s daughter, the Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia ; 3rd, Queen Elizabeth as in vol. i. p. 466 ; 4th, the youth, vi. 50. *Text* reads 'naked.' Date, as shown by *Tune*, after 1672, before 1682.]

\*\*\* Later we give the *original three stanzas* of next ballad (to which Charles Taylor composed the music), beginning, "You I love, by all that's true" (see p. 110) ; printed for Playford, in *Playford's Choice Ayres*, iv. 53, 1683 ; in *180 Loyal Songs*, p. 321, 1685, and *Pills*, v. 336.

[Roxb. Coll., II. 288; Pepys, III. 334; Euing, 168; Douce, I. 117; Jersey, I. 77.]

## The London Lad's Lamentation to Cupid; or, When shall I my True-Love have?

All young-men must to *Cupid's* power submit,  
 Courage and Wisdom, Vertue too, and Wit:  
 None can his mighty power and charms withstand,  
 He, like young Beauty, always will command:  
 And here young maidens easily may find  
 How apt young men are to be true and kind.  
 Such constancy in them could scarce be found,  
 Should men go search the Universe all round.

To an Excellent New Tune, sung at the COURT. [See *Note*, p. 108.]

This may be Printed, R[ichard] P[ocock].

*Cloe's* Face is Heav'n to me, like the morning-light we see;  
 And the beauty of her eye, bright and lovely, like the sky:  
 CLOE, since my Heav'n thou art, ease and cure my wounded heart.

Will young Love a Tyrant be? make me doat on Cruelty:  
 Why doth sullen Fate confine me to one that is not mine?  
 CLOE, since my Heav'n thou art, ease and cure my wounded heart. 12

Had I lov'd as others do, onely for an hour or two,  
 Then there had a reason bin I should suffer for my sin:  
 CLOE, since my Heav'n thou art, ease and cure my wounded heart.

Love (thou know'st) with what a flame, I adore young *Cloe's* name:  
 Let me then thy pittty find, shoot a Dart and change her mind:  
 CLOE, since my Heav'n thou art, ease and cure my wounded heart. 24

All her beauties do entice, though the nymph be cold as ice,  
 Rosie-lips and lilly-skin, all we gaze on, charm and win:  
 CLOE, since my Heav'n thou art, ease and cure my wounded heart.

On her gentle downy breast let a sighing lover rest,  
 Twin'd within those tender arms, fetter'd by those pleasing charms:  
 CLOE, since my Heav'n thou art, ease and cure my wounded heart. 36

Let my love with joys be crown'd; you that with a glance can wound,  
 With a melting kiss restore, your young Love that sigh'd before:  
 CLOE, since my Heav'n thou art, ease and cure my wounded heart.

Thus you'll show your power and skill, able both to save and kill,  
 But to kill has always bin held a most notorious sin:  
 CLOE, since my Heav'n thou art, ease and cure my wounded heart. 48

In sweet groves we'll always dwell, with more joys than tongue can tell,  
 There the wanton then we'll play, steal each other's heart away:  
 CLOE, since my Heav'n thou art, ease and cure my wounded heart.

You I love (by *Jove*) I do, more then all things here below, <sup>[Original begins here</sup>  
 With a passion full as great, as e're Creature fancied yet :  
 CLOE, *since my Heav'n thou art, ease and cure my wounded heart.* 60

Bid the miser leave his ore, bid the wretched sigh no more :  
 Bid the old be young again, bid young maids ne'r think of men :  
 CLOE, *since my Heav'n thou art, ease and cure my wounded heart.*

Love's not a thing of chance, but Fate, that makes me love, that  
 makes you hate, [*Al. lect.*, 'choice.'

Then if you be false or true, love I must, and none but you :  
 CLOE, *since my Heav'n thou art, ease and cure my wounded heart.* 72

Printed for *I. Back*, at the *Black Boy*, on *London Bridge*.

[In Black-letter. Four oval woodcuts, all in vol. vi., 1st and 4th on p. 286 ; 2nd, Cupid, p. 50, left ; 3rd, man, p. 124, left. Date, 1685. Cf. *Loyal Songs*, 321.]

\* \* \* Except in name, there is little of companionship in "The London Lasse's Lamentation," beginning, "Alas! I am in a rage," and sung to the tune of [*Aye*], '*I marry and thank you too.*' See p. 112. It follows on p. 116.

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## A Fairing for Young Men and Maids.

*Princess.*—"Sweet-hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,  
 If *Fairings* come thus plentifully in."—*Love's Lab. L.*, v. 2.

**F**EW rural delights have suffered decay, or obliteration, almost total, as have the Country Fairs, whither a brisk young wooer could escort his Lass, giving her the round of seeing all the shows, and purchase for her sundry trinkets, ribbons, ballads and picture-books as a "Fayring," to yield pleasure along with remembrance of the humble banqueting. If her presence were forbidden by the cautious parents, he could nevertheless buy, and send for her some "Fairing" to win kind thoughts for the giver. Such was our present ballad, one of Thomas Bowne's (on whom see *Note*, p. 112).

\* \* \* "A Fairing for Maids," ballad, was entered in the Stationers' Registers, D. 454, to Richard Harper, on 23 September, 1639 (= *Transcript*, iv. 480). This may possibly be the unique broadside of the same name, beginning, "All you brave Damsels come lend your attention;" by J. P., appointed to the tune of *He that has the most money [he is the best man]*. Its burden is, '*For when you are bound, you needs must obey.*' We doubt whether this exemplar was issued so early, by fifteen years. A companion-ballad, entitled "A Fairing for Young Men; or, The Careless Lover," was written by C.H. (compare vol. vi. p. 309), to the same tune, and with a burden of '*For I cannot love, if not loved again.*' It begins, "List, you brave Youngsters, that live in the City" Both of date *circa* 1656, and printed for *Francis Grove*, on *Snow-hill*. To him had been previously entered (12 Nov., 1608), "A Fayring for Women old and young."

There are other ballads of A Fairing (not to mention "'Twas on the morn of new May-day . . . with Jockey to the Fair," before 1775). Among them were "The Maiden's Fairing," and "The Batchelor's Answer to the Maiden's Fairing." There were also political examples, such as "A Bartholomew Fairing," 1649.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 162; Pepys, III. 131; Jersey, I. 45; Huth, I. 98]

A

## Fairing for young Men and Maids.

If you'll take my advice, this I would have you do,  
Then every Young-man take his Lass, and drink one Pot or two.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Winchester Wedding*. [See p. 112.]

This may be Printed, R[ichard] P[acock].

By Tobias Bowne.

A *S. Thomas* and *Mary* did meet, it was on a Summer's day,  
With words they began to greet each other upon the way :  
" Pray, what, are you bound for the Fair ? " this young man unto  
her did say,  
" And if that you be going there, I'll be glad of your company."  
He said that he did love her, as a young man a maid should do,  
And every stile they went over, he gave her a kiss or two.

But when they came to the Fair, they merrily spent the day ;  
But meeting with *William* and *Betty*, thus *Thomas* to them did say,  
" We'll drink before we part ; come, give us a bottle of wine,  
Since thou art with thy sweet heart, and I am come here with mine."  
The Maids were not unwilling, as far as I understand ;  
But *Will* was for kissing and feeling a Maid upon every hand.

And when they were full of Canary, their stomachs began for to rise,  
Then *Thomas* began to court *Mary*, with hand upon one of her thighs ;  
Said he, " Art thou willing to wed ? for I have some goods beforehand,  
Besides, when my Father is dead, he promis'd me all his land ;  
And this is a good beginning, besides I have more at home,  
You may get a little by spinning, and I can both weave and comb."

[*Mary* answers him :

" My Mother will give me a little, if I get an honest young man,  
She saith I shall have the kettle, and likewise the warming-pan :  
My Granum will give me a cradle, which is both firm and strong,  
Sister *Margery* will give me a ladle, these goods comes in ding dong :  
And this is a good beginning, besides I have more at home,  
I may get a little by spinning, and you can both Weave and Comb."

Then *William* struck up to *Betty*, and thus unto her did say,  
" Since thou art a girl that's pritty, I'll give thee a Fairing this day.  
Why sit you so melancholly, my pretty sweet *Betty*, my dove ?  
Though *Thomas* be all for *Molly*, it's thou art the Maid that I love.  
And this unto thee I will promise, then 'hang sorrow, cast away care !'  
We'll be as far forth as *Thomas*, before we get out of the Fair.

"If that you will change your condition, and that you do fancy a man, I pray, *Betty*, have no suspicion, that you I do seek to trappan. My tongue and my heart is united, I scorn for to tell thee a lye; Sure I have no cause to be slighted, then prethee, love, do not deny. Though we have a small beginning, as little as nothing, I know, You may get a little by spinning, and I can both Reap and Mow.

"And thus we may live in content, as they that had a great deal more!" Then out of the door they went, and walked the Fair all o're, To buy each other a Fairing, as young men and maids should do; And when they were home repairing, they walked away two and two. It was *Thomas* and *Mary* together, with *William* and *Betty* so rare, Pray what man can say any other, but that they had made a good Fair? What Maid can there be so hard-hearted an honest Young man to deny? That is the cause many are parted, without any reason why. I would have you strive to prevent it, or else it may be to your loss, I know that you are not contented, when you one the other do cross. And now my new Song it is over, for I have no more to say, But wish every Maid a true lover, that I have seen here to-day.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye-Corner*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts, respectively in vol. vi. pp. 163, left; 151; our present vol. p. 175, left; and woman, vi. 685, left. Date, 1685-88.]

\* \* The tune named, *The Winchester Wedding*, is in *Popular Music*, p. 496; see D'Urfe's song, p. 207, in this volume. Of Tobias Bowne's other ballads (see *List* in vol. iv. pp. 342, 343) some have been printed in vols. iv. 344 (also 347, 376, both unsigned and doubtful), and vi. 157, 158; three others follow on our pp. 151-156; and "The Young Man's Unfortunate Destiny," besides "The Hasty Wedding" (p. 202) are given later. In fifth stanza, "Hang Sorrow, cast away care!" is a quotation from the ditty thus beginning (*Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 509), Richard Crimsall's "Joy and Sorrow mixt together," an amplification of a Catch printed in *J. Hilton's Catch that Catch Can*, p. 39, 1652; in the *New Academy of Compliments*, p. 117, 1671; in *Windsor Drollery*, p. 140, 1672; *Oxford Drollery*, iii. 136, 1671; and *Musical Companion*, 9, 1673.

We have earlier noticed (vi. 156) the fondness and frequency of Tobias Bowne's employment of the name "Betty." Although nearly all of his ballads are about country lovers and their wooing, ardent swains and coy maids, he preserves a chaste propriety and shows much practical sense and homely philosophy. Without any high reach of poetry, he gives us as true insight into the love adventures in humble life as the half-century later Harry Carey, to whom we owe gratitude for "Sally in our Alley," with her 'prentice lad who no doubt rose to be an honoured citizen of our own dear little Village-on-Thames; and, possibly, its Lord Mayor. Sally then became "My Lady Mayoress!"

*Note.*—*Aye, marry, and thank you too* (the tune named on p. 110) had belonged to "The Lass of Lynn," reprinted in our *Bagford Ballads*, with its two antecedents, pp. 462 to 468. The music is in *Youth's Delight on the Flageolet*, 1697, and *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 585. The original ballad (we fully believe) was entered to John Wright, junior, in the Stationers' Registers, 3 April, 1640, as "Yes, forsooth, and thank you too." Our three, reprinted, begin respectively, 1st.—"On *Brandon-Heath*, in sight of *Methwold Steeple*;" (this is certainly not the original, being in a different rhythm from) 2nd.—"I am the Young Lass of *Lynn*, who often said *Thank you too*;" 3rd.—(*Bagford Coll.*, II. 141; *Pepys Coll.*, III. 300) "Come listen, and hear me tell."

## Two Valentines and their Lovers.

“ [Poor Robin said, in a bygone year,] *Valentine's Day* is drawing near,  
And both the men and maids incline to chuse them each a *Valentine* ;  
And if a man gets one he loves, he gives her first a pair of gloves :  
And, by the way, remember this, to seal the favour with a kiss.”

—*Poor Robin's Almanack.*

A SONG on ‘The Drawing of Valentines’ to the tune of *Madam's Jig*, in the first part of *Westminster Drollery*, p. 35, 1671, was reprinted by the present Editor in 1875. Five stanzas, this is first :

“ There was, and there was, and I [= ay,] marry was there,  
A Crew on S. *Valentine's Eve* did meet together,  
And every Lad had his particular Lass there,  
And drawing of *Valentines* caused their coming thither.  
Then Mr. *John* drew Mrs. *Jone* first, Sir ;  
And Mrs. *Jone* would fain 'a drawn *John* had she durst, Sir.  
So Mr. *William* drew Mrs. *Gillian* the next, Sir ;  
And Mrs. *Gillian* not drawing of *William*, was vext, Sir.” Etc.

In fact, they were all at cross-purposes. Although one of each couple drew by lot correctly, their complete union was not achieved, through the girl failing to draw her lover's name, after he had drawn her's. “They then did jumble all in the hat together, and each did promise them to draw 'em fair, Sir ;” which is much more than we believe they either intended or performed, without cheating, seeing that every Lad ultimately got his own chosen Lass, and every Lass her Laddie. But life is short, and pride is sinful, so that a few peccadilloes sweeten the disposition, begetting humility. Good-tempered sinners are pleasanter company than the self-righteous. “Then every one i' th' Tavern cry'd amain, Sir ; and staid till *drawing* there had fill'd their brain, Sir.” The end crowns the work.

There was also, instead of the risky Lottery-drawing of Valentines, the more legitimate custom of craving acceptance for the year's service by being first at the sweetheart's window. Ophelia sings one song, telling how a maid adventures thus to her lover's casement, and the consequences: “To-morrow it is St. *Valentine's Day*, all in the morning betime, and I a Maid at your window, to be your *Valentine*,” etc. Another charming lyric in *Westminster-Drollery*, Part 2nd, p. 41, 1672, is entitled “The *Valentine*,” and begins, “As youthful day put on his best attire to usher morne.” Better than any other ditty, its seven stanzas tell of the rites and customs, gifts and privileges, wishes, promises, and interchange of confidence between two loving Valentines.

In *Clio and Euterpe*, printed in 1755 (but collected in 1762), i. p. 196, is the song of St. “*Valentine's Day*,” set to music by Dr. T. A. Arne, beginning, “When blushes dy'd the cheek of Morn,” telling how “*Philander* from his downy bed to fair *Listetta's* chamber sped, Crying, ‘Awake, sweet love of mine, I'm come to be thy *Valentine*.’” Francis Douce has shown in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, ii. p. 252, 1807, how in Rome during great part of February at the Lupercalia (feasts in honour of Pan and Juno), “the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian Church . . . substituted the names of particular saints, instead of the women's,” etc., but it soon fell out that the old system of choosing mates reasserted itself, and was kept up on S. *Valentine's Day*.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 191 ; Rawlinson, 566. 123.]

## A Pleasant New Song of Two Valentines and their Lovers.

THE TUNE IS, *Did you see Nan to-day ?* [Same as *Virginia* : see p. 115.]

Good morrow, *Valentine* ! God blesse you ever !  
 Kind in your promises, faithfull was ever.  
 Be thou still true to me, the kindest heart I'le be,  
 That ever you did see. *Kisse, and Good morrow !*

I like my choyse so well, Love doth compell me,  
 And force my tongue to tell, the truth is I love thee :  
 Kindly I do request that in your heart and brest  
 My love may ever rest. *Kisse, [and Good morrow !]* 8

There was never kind Sweet-heart, that lusted for pleasure,  
 Could find such a *Valentine*, passing all treasure.  
 I have obtain'd the thing, which to my heart doth bring  
 Great joy, which makes me sing. *Kisse, [and Good morrow !]*

When others sleep in bed, I lye still musing,  
 To think on my good hap, I had in chusing ;  
 To find such a *Valentine*, bearing a faithfull mind,  
 Courteous [in] love, and kind, *Kisse, [and Good morrow !]* 16

There is an old proverb, that '*Birds of a feather  
 Upon St. Valentine's Day will meet all together :*'  
 So, when true Lovers meet, with many a kisse full sweet,  
 That day, each other greet, with *Kisse, and Good morrow !*

All you that have *Valentines*, if they be faithful,  
 You have a great blessing, therefore be [gr]ateful, ['thankful.'  
 And kind to them again, for else—I tell you plain,  
 Much love is spent in vain. *Kisse, and Good morrow !* 24

If my *Valentine* for [me] would be a Neat-heard, ['my sake.'  
 Well could I find in heart to be a Shepheard,  
 To keep sheep on a hill, so I might have my will,  
 To talk with her my fill, *while my flock scatters.*

Shall I live to deny my *Valentine* for ever ?  
 Refrain her company ? that will I never !  
 For if I her refrain, I must not come again :  
 Nor for all worldly gain : *for Love lasts ever.* 32

Adieu to my True-Love, whom I loved ever ;  
 When I am out of sight, let not your mind waver.  
 Though *Valentine's Day* be gone, and we act both as one,  
 My love to thee alone *shall be for ever.*



Good night to my Valentine ! Now I have ended.  
 To stay any longer, I cannot intend it.  
 I wish all young-men kind, that bear a faithful mind,  
 To give their Valentine *A Kisse, and Good morrow !* 40

[London:] Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.*

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, both on p. 140. Date, circa 1673.]

\*\* For the words *Did you see Nan to-day?* we turn to Thomas Deloney's unique volume, *The Garland of Delight*, thirtieth edition, 1681. The ballad is entitled "The Lover's Lamentation to his love *Nanny*." A broadside version begins, "When I call to mind." One sequel (Flattering Lover's Farewell) begins, "Of late it was my chance;" another (The Comfortable Answer of *Nanny*) is "I am thy Lover nameless." Tune marked '*Virginia*.'

In 1875 we reprinted (in an *Appendix* to the *Westminster Drollery*, p. xx) William Cartwright's poem, from the posthumous edition, *Works*, 1651, p. 242 :

### No Drawing of Valentines.

"CAST not in *Chloe's* name among the common undistinguish'd throng,  
 I'll neither so advance the foolish reign of *Chance*,  
 Nor so depress the throne whereon *Love* sits alone :  
 If I must serve my passions, I'll not owe  
 Them to my fortune : ere I love, I'll know.

"Tell me what God lurks in the Lap, to make that council we call *Hap* ?  
 What power conveys the name ? Who to it adds the flame ?  
 Can he raise mutuall fires, and answering desires ?  
 None can assure me that I shall approve  
 Her whom I draw, or draw her whom I love.

"No longer then this Feast abuse ; you choose and like, I like and choose ;  
 My flame is try'd and just, your's taken up on trust.  
 Hail thus, blest *Valentine* ! and may my *Chloe* shine  
 To me and none but me ; as I beleeve,  
 We ought to make the whole year but thy Eve."

—(By Willm. Cartwright.)

Cartwright died young, circa 1633, and although rare Ben Jonson paid the loving tribute to him, "My son Cartwright writes all like a man," he has failed to win his due meed of attention and praise from our modern race of fastidious and dissatisfied Critics, to whom Poetry appeals in vain unless bedecked and bedizened. The glowing warmth of Cartwright's "Song of Dalliance" (as it is called in *Sportive Wit*, 1656, but it is entitled "Love's Courtship" in *Parnassus Biceps*, of the same date), beginning, "Hark, my *Flora* ! Love doth call us to that strife that must befall us," has been hailed with praise by Arthur H. Bullen, and reprinted in his charming volume *Speculum Amantis*, p. 10, 1889 ; an Editor whose taste and insight, like W. J. Liuton's, put the cold dreariness of sapient 'professors' to the blush. In Herrick's *Hesperides*, 1640, is A Valentine,

### To his Mistress.

"CHOOSE ME your Valentine ! next, let us marry !  
 Love to the death will pine if we long tarry.  
 " Promise and keep your vows, or vow ye never !  
 Love's doctrine disallows Troth-breakers ever.  
 " You have broke promise twice, Deare, to undoe me ;  
 If you prove faithlesse thrice, none then will woove ye."

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 290 ; Pepys, III. 239 ; Jersey, II. 73.]

## The London Lasse's Lamentation ;

Or,

Her fear she should never be Married.

TO THE TUNE OF, *I, marry, and thank ye too.* [See pp. 110, 112.]

Licensed according to Order.

**A** Las! I am in a Rage, and bitterly weep and cry,  
 Because I'm nineteen years of age, *yet cannot be married, not I.*  
 No Gallant regards my moan, for Love I am like to dye,  
 It grieves my heart to lye alone, *yet cannot be married, not I!*  
 Mine eyes do's like Fountains flow, as I on my pillow lye,  
 There's none knows what I undergo, *yet cannot be married, not I.*  
 There's *Margery, Sue, and Kate,* has Husbards with them to lye,  
 Yet none regards my wretched state, *yet cannot be married, not I.* 16  
 Young men, I must tell ye true, I scorn to report a Lye,  
 I am both young and handsome too, *yet cannot be married, not I.*  
 My Father is gray and old, and surely ere long will dye,  
 And though he'll leave me all his Gold, *I cannot be married, not I.*  
 Oh! this is my Grief and Care, the which I cannot pass by,  
 To think I am my Father's Heir, *yet cannot be married, not I.*  
 I am in Distraction hurl'd, and do for a Husband cry,  
 It's more to me than all the world, *yet cannot [be married, not I].* 32  
 I am a poor Love-sick Girl, and ready with grief to dye,  
 I proffer'd Jewels, Gold and Pearl, *[yet cannot be married, not I].*  
 [In] silks I am well array'd, and e'ery new Fashion buy,  
 Because I am loath to dye a Maid, *yet cannot [be married, not I].*  
 As fine as the Queen of *May,* I flourish with gallantry,  
 I wear my Top-knot e'ery day, *yet cannot [be married, not I].*  
 I paint and I powder still, to tempt all that I come nigh,  
 But let me do what I will, *yet cannot [be married, not I].* 48  
 There's never a Lass in Town for Beauty can me come nigh,  
 But Fortune she has sent a frown, *I cannot be married, not I.*  
 The Gold which I have in store I value no more than Clay ;  
 I'd give all, had I ten times more, *so I might be married to-day!*

[In Black-letter. Colophon cut off ; but the Pepys exemplar was "Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.*" Four woodcuts : 1st and 2nd are on p. 118 ; 3rd is the Lady, half-length, of vol. iii. p. 357 left ; and the 4th is the small lady figure on p. 29. Date, *circa* 1687.]

\*.\* *Note.*—The only links connecting this ballad with "The London Lad's Lamentation to Cupid," on our p. 109, are the resemblance in title, and the fact that John Back issued both ballads. Their tunes and rhythm are totally different. Much more affinity exists with "The Young Women and Maidens' Lamentation," which we bring into closer proximity ; both were sung to the self-same tune, and issued by the same publishers collectively, but probably at a slightly later date.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 566 ; Pepys, III. 81 ; Jersey, I. 330.]

## The Young Women and Maidens' Lamentation ;

Or,

Their bitter sighs and sorrow to hear the Old Women are prest to go with the Army, while they themselves are slighted and dejected, which are able to perform far better Service.

TUNE OF, *I, marry, and thank ye too.* [See pp. 110, 112, 116.]

Licensed according to Order.

WE Lasses of London-Town in sorrowfull sort appear,  
Because the Fates on us do's frown ; *old Women are Prest we hear ;*

To wait on the warlike Train, and march in the Van and Rear ;  
But Maids they will not entertain, *old Women are Prest we hear.*

We would with our Maiden skill like *Amazon Dames* appear ;  
But we are unregarded still, *old Women are Prest we hear.*

'Tis Reason they should allow, young Lasses to have a share,  
But Kissing goes by Favour now, *old Women are Prest we hear.* 16

We, like the sweet tender Dove, could every Souldier chear ;  
Yet still they slight a Maiden's Love, *old Women are Prest we hear.*

With Age they do grunt and groan, nay, tremble and quake for fear ;  
Yet tell them this, it is all one, *old Women are Prest we hear.*

I am sure a young Lass can Nurse a Souldier, they need not fear ;  
But see the Case is alter'd thus, *old Women are Prest we hear.*

We'd cuddle them in our Arms, and this will their Spirits chear ;  
Yet notwithstanding all our Charms, *old Women are Prest we hear.* 32

Our Sweethearts are march'd away, the which we adore so dear,  
And we behind are forc'd to stay, *old Women are Prest we hear.*

We'd Kiss and embrace them too, and Love should like Fountains flow,  
But old Wives they can nothing do, *then why should not Virgins go ?*

Our Glory and Fame shall ring, and baffle the proudest Foe,  
In getting Souldiers for the King, *then why should not Damsels go ?*

Young Heroes that will adorn the Army in time we know,  
As being Souldiers bred and born, *and why should not Damsels go ?* 48

To venture who wou'd refuse ? there's Glory and Fame you know,  
And Teeming-time we are loath to lose, *and why should not Damsels go ?*

The Captains, for Females good, may pity and kindness show ;  
Alas ! we are all Flesh and Bloud, *and have a great mind to go.*

For why shou'd we stay behind, in sorrowful grief and woe ?  
I hope at length they'll be so kind *to suffer young Maids to go.* 60

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Baek.*

[In Black-letter. With four woodcuts. 1st and 4th (reverse of p. 78), are on p. 120 ; 2nd, the Prince Rupert figure of our p. 11, mutilated, without the dog ; 3rd, a cut that had not hitherto appeared, of a girl listening to the larks singing, given later on p. 196. Date, probably, circa 1690 : *William's wars.*]

## Love's Overthrow.

“*Cupid*, thou art a wanton Boy,  
 And heretofore mad'st Love a Toy,  
 But in thy raigne a Tyrant art,  
 To wound a Shepherdesse's heart ;  
 To make her sigh, swoone, weepe, and pale,  
 Thus sick, yet modest will not vaile ;  
 But cryes out ‘*Hymen*, 'tis your cure,  
 For the blind Boy I'le ne're endure.’”

[Cf. p. 97.]

—Dr. John Wilson's *Chearful Ayres*, 1659.

**A**LTHOUGH lost for a hundred years from the Roxburghe Collection, we restore “Love's Overthrow” (formerly Roxb. Coll., II. 576) to its due place among *Roxburghe Ballads*, on our p. 119.

\* \* Note.—Roxb. Coll., II. p. 567, is a duplicate of Roxb. Coll., II. 556, viz. “Young Jemmy” (reprinted in *Roxb. Bds.*, iv. 503); and p. 568 is a blank. There need be no doubt that here ended the Pearson Collection, shown by the *Printed Index of First Lines* attached to Vol. II., as one had been similarly to the first volume (entirely reprinted in *Roxb. Bds.*, vols. i., ii. and first half of vol. iii.); thereafter follows a *Manuscript Index* of additional [*Roxburghe*] Ballads. Near the close of the printed list, eleven (Pearson) ballads were mentioned, which are now missing, but all of these we have traced in duplicate elsewhere, except one beginning “Now mortals all prepare to hear,” and the remaining five are to be given in this volume. They are “The Plowman's Reply;” “A True Touch of the Times;” “The Manner of the King's Trial;” “The King's Last Speech;” “A Douzen of Points;” and “The Angel Gabriel.” Other four of the lost are already reprinted: viz. “Hubert's Ghost,” in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 160; “A Warning Piece to England. being the Fall of Queen Eleanor” (*Roxburghe Ballads*, ii. 69); “The Wandering Jew” (*Ibid.*, vi. 693); and “Love's Overthrow,” now given.



[These cuts belong to “*The London Lasse's Lamentation*,” p. 116.]

[Lost from Roxb. Coll., II. 576 ; C. 22, e. 2, 60 ; Huth, II. 3 ; Jersey, II. 61.]

## Love's Overtrow ;

OR,

A full and true account of a Young Maid that lived in *Exeter-Exchange-Court*, in the *Strand*, [she] being deeply in love with a young Serving-man, whose care was so great that he would not marry till he was in a good Condition to maintain a Wife ; which resolution of his bred jealousy in her ; whereupon in reality of his Love, he presented her with a Ring, but she afterwards despairing of his Constancy, disdainfully returned him the Ring again, and within a short time after poisoned her self ; And now she lies buried near the *May-pole* in the *Strand*, with a Stake drove through her body, being there Buried the Thirteenth day of *May* last.

To THE TUNE OF, *Bateman*. [See vol. iii. p. 194 ; and vi. 650.]



All you that know what 'tis to love, come mourn a while with me,  
For unto you I will declare a mournful Tragedy :  
A fair and comely Damsel did live lately in the *Strand*,  
Whose fancy taught her to obey Love's power and strict command.

So that she deeply fell in love with a young Serving-man,  
Who loyal unto her did prove, yet here her woe began :  
Each other's love they did embrace, and joyntly did agree,  
That in a very little space they both should Marry'd be.

8

The Young man he was full of care, and fearful to ingage  
Himself in Wedlock, which did put this Maid into a rage :  
She loved him exceeding well, and so he loved too,  
But 'cause he made a small demur, she knew not what to do.

He did intend all should do well, ere he would Marry'd be,  
 And never take a Wife to bring her into misery :  
 So for this cause he did delay, and Marriage did prolong,  
 Till she from reason went astray, now mind my mournful Song. 16

She did mistake his good intent, poor silly harmless Maid,  
 And cry'd, she knew not what he meant, of him she was afraid :  
 Quoth she, " If he should prove unkind, what would become of me ?  
 He fickle is, I now do find, and deals deceitfully.

" If Fortune will not be my friend, and teach him to be kind,  
 My life will quickly have an end, my death draws near I find."  
 Thus discontented did she live, and could not quiet be,  
 For nothing could her pains remove, hatch'd up by Jealousie. 24

Her fears did every day increase, least he should faithless be,  
 Her panting heart could find no ease, a mournful Soul was she ;  
 At last she fell into despair, and Satan prompt' her on,  
 To draw her Soul into a snare, and thus her woe begun.

In hourly Torments still was she, and could not be content,  
 But for to set her troubles free, this way to work she went :  
 To *Holbourne* she one day did go, and passion was her guide ;  
 Which did procure her overthrow, and made her go aside. 32

Then with a Cup of Poyson strong she ends her mournful Life,  
 'Cause she before her time did long to be a married Wife :  
 After this Poyson she had took, a week she lay in pain,  
 Thinking her Love had her forsook, which made her to complain.

And now she Buried is likewise, near the *May-pole* in the *Strand*,  
 A stake is through her body drove, as we do understand :  
 Then Maidens all be sure take heed, in Love you n'er despair,  
 Since Jealousie caus'd this cruel deed, true Lovers all beware ! 40

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball*, in *West-Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts. 1st, the pious widow of vol. vi. p. 192 ; 2nd, the young man, iii. 359 ; 3rd, the striding man, vi. 163 left ; 4th, the Bride's Burial, on p. 119. Date, *circá* 1673. Compare "The Lamented Lovers." These two cuts belong to "*The Young Women and Maiden's Lamentation*," p. 117.]



## The Slighted Maid.

“Where *Charles's* ladies once would fit.”—*Andrew Lang (MS.)*.

OUR “Cupid Group” ends with a “Slighted Maid” (mentioned in vol. vi. p. 276), who cannot find the union she longs for.

The present broadside-ballad was evidently founded on Sir William Davenant's song, which re-appears in our second stanza, “My lodging is on the cold ground,” sung by Mistress Mary Davis as Celania, *circa* 1667, in his tragi-comedy of “The Rivals,” act v. (an adaptation of “The Two Noble Kinsmen,” attributed to Shakespeare and Fletcher). The song became instantaneously popular, sometimes called “Phillis, her Lamentation” (*Merry Drollery, Complete*, 1670); and in modern times, “The Fair Bedlamite” (*Hive*, i. 88, 1724), and “The Mad Shepherdess” (Evans's *Old Ballads*, iv. 195). Downes mentions “Moll Davis.” “She performed that [*i.e.* *Celania's* part] so charmingly that not long after [early in January, 166 $\frac{2}{3}$ , says Pepys], it raised her from her bed on the cold ground to a Bed Royal” (*Roseius Anglicanus*, p. 32, edition 1781). The music and words are given in *Popular Music*, pp. 527, 528; the words alone in *Merry Drollery*, part 2nd, p. 290; *Academy of Compliments*, p. 187, 1670; *New Acad. of Comp.*, 159, 1671; *Windsor Drollery*, 69, 1672. Of pretty fair-haired Mary Davis, whom Charles took off the stage to be his Mistress (we need not recall Nell Gwynne's trick, played on her rival at the time), a portrait is given, after Sir Peter Lely, in Fitzgerald Molloy's amusing *Royalty Restored*, vol. ii. 1885. Her dancing had been as good as her singing (see *Flechnoe's Epigrams*, 1669), and surpassed that of Nelly, though as an actress she had less vivacity, and seems afterwards to have given way to melancholy. Pepys mentions her so early as March 7, 166 $\frac{2}{3}$ , thus:—“To the Duke's playhouse [in Dorset-Gardens] . . . little Miss *Davis* did dance a jig after the end of the play, and there telling [what was to be] the next's day's play; so that it came in by force only to please the company to see her dance in boy's clothes; and the truth is, there is no comparison between *Nell's* dancing the other day at the King's house in boy's clothes [as *Florimel* in ‘The Maiden Queen,’ by Dryden, afterwards called ‘The Secret Love’], and this; this is infinitely beyond the other.”—*Diary*, iv. 263, Mynors Bright's edition, 1877. Mary Davis visited the theatre, 21st December, 1668, in a box opposite to the king and Lady Castlemaine, exchanging glances with him, “but when she saw *Moll Davis*, she blushed like fire, which troubled me.”—*Ibid.*, v. 426. Nearly a year earlier he had recorded, on January 11th, 166 $\frac{2}{3}$ , that Mistress Knipp “came and sat by us, and her talk pleased me a little, she telling me how Miss *Davis* is for certain going away from the Duke's House, the king being in love with her; and a house is taken for her, and furnishing, and she hath a ring given her already worth 600*l.*”—*Ibid.*, v. 155. Three days later a Mrs. Pierce told him that “Miss *Davis* is the most impertinent slut in the world, and the more now the king do show her countenance, and is reckoned his Mistress, even to the scorn of the whole world.”—*Ibid.*, v. 158. (We remember how disdainfully an ill-dressed prude surveys the unblushing Lightskirts, in our woodcut on p. 128.) Mary, after having “quite gone from the Duke of *York's* house,” tried to brazen it out, coming to Court shortly before May 31, 1668, “to dance her jig; but the Queen would not stay to see it, which people do think was out of displeasure at her being the King's mistress, that she could not bear it. My Lady *Castlemaine* is, it seems, now mightily out of request, the king coming little to see her, and thus she mighty melancholy and discontented.”—*Ibid.*, v. 295. So, as Owen Meredith sang, in ‘The Portrait,’ “One nail drives out another at least,” and the succession of les Maitresses du Roi was rapid. Not that Charles was ungrateful, since he never turned any favourite adrift, merely claiming “power to add to the number.”

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 423 ; Euing, 335, 336 ; Rawlinson, 136 ; Jersey, II. 214.]

## The Slighted Maid ;

### Or, The Pining Lover.

With sighs and moans she doth intreat her Dear,  
Whilst he seems to be deaf and will not hear :  
At length his frozen Heart begins to melt,  
Being moved with the passion she had felt.

TO THE TUNE OF, *I prithee Love turn [to] me*, etc. [See p. 121.]

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.



“ **W**As ever Maiden so scorned, by one that she loved so dear ;  
Long time have I sighed and mourned, and still my love will  
not hear :

*O turn to me, my own dear Heart, and I prithee, Love, turn to me :  
For thou art the Lad I long for, and, alas ! what remedy ?* [Note, p. 124.]

“ My lodging is on the cold ground, and very hard is my fare,  
But that which troubles me most, is, the unkindness of my dear :  
*O turn to me, my own dear Heart, and I prithee, Love, turn to me ;  
For thou art the Lad I long for, and, alas ! what remedy ?*

“ O stop not thy ear to the wailings of me a poor harmless Maid ;  
You know we are subject to failings, blind *Cupid* hath me betrayd :  
And now, I must cry, *O turn, Love, and I prithee, Love, turn to me,  
For thou art the Man that alone art the cause of my misery.*



"How can'st thou be so hard hearted, and cruel to me alone ?  
If ever we should be parted, then all my delight is gone ;  
But ever I cry, *O turn, Love, and I prethee, Love, turn to me,*  
*For thou art the Man that alone art the cause of my misery.*

"I'll make thee pritty sweet posies, and constant I ever will prove,  
I'll strow thy chamber with roses, and all to delight my Love :  
*Then turn to me, my own dear Heart, and I prethee, Love, turn to me,*  
*For thou art the Man that alone can procure my liberty.*

"I'll do my endeavour to please thee, by making the bed full soft,  
Of all thy sorrows I'll ease thee, by kissing thy lips full oft :  
*Then turn to me, my own dear Heart, and I prethee, Love, turn to me,*  
*For thou art the Man that alone can procure my liberty.*

"But thou wilt harden thy heart still, and be deaf to my pittiful moan,  
So I must endure the smart still, and tumble in straw all alone :  
Whilst still I cry, *O turn, Love, and I prethee, Love, turn to me,*  
*For thou art the Man that alone art the cause of my misery.*

"If that thou still do disdain me, I never will love thee more,  
Thy cruelty shall never pain me, for I'll have another in store :  
But still I cry, *O turn, Love, and I prethee, Love, turn to me,*  
*For thou art the Man that alone art the cause of my misery."*

By hearing her pittiful clamour, the passion of love he felt ;  
He could no longer disdain her, his frozen heart it did melt :  
For ever she cryed, "*O turn Love, and I prethee, Love, turn to me,*  
*For thou art the Man that alone can procure my liberty."*

He said, "*My Love, I will please thee, thy heaviness grieves me sore ;*  
*But let not sorrow once seize thee, I never will grieve thee more :*  
*I'll turn to thee, my own kind Heart, dear Love, I'll turn to thee ;*  
*For I am the Man that now am come to procure thy liberty.*

"I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then, and marry thee with  
a rush-ring, [See Note, p. 209.]

My frozen heart it will thaw then, and merrily we will sing."  
But ever she cry'd, "*O turn, Love, and I prethee, Love, turn to me,*  
*For thou art the Man that alone can release me from misery."*

Most lovingly he embrac'd her, and call'd her his Heart's Delight ;  
And close by his side he plac'd her, all sorrow was vanquisht quite :  
And now she for joy cry'd, "*Turn Love, & I prethee, Love, turn to me,*  
*For thou art the Man that alone hast releast me of misery."*

[Original by Sir **William Davenant**, stanzas 2, 11, 7, only.]

London, Printed by and for *W. O[nley]*, for *A[lex.] M[ilbourne]*  
and sold by *C. Bates*, at the *Sun and Bible* in *Pye-corner*.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts, on p. 122. Date of issue, *circa* 1667. Rawlinson's exemplar was printed for *F. Coles*, etc., and earlier than ours.]

Note to p. 122.—The phrase "Alas! what remedy?" was almost proverbial. Cf. the *refrain*, on p. 70, and the pathetic ballad attributed to Anne Boleyn and to her hapless brother George Viscount Rochford, "Death rocke mee to sleepe."

On p. 89 of *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. v., the original and the lengthened versions of "My lodging is on the cold ground" were mentioned, and a promise registered to give the parody, from the Honble. James Howard's 'All Mistaken, or The Mad Couple' (circa 1671). Nell Gwynne as Mirida sang to her "fat love," Pinguister:

**M**Y lodging upon the cold floor is, and wonderful hard is my fare,  
But that which troubles me more is, the fatness of my dear.  
Yet still I do cry, 'O melt, Love, and I prythee now melt apace!  
*For thou art the man I should long for—if 'twere not for thy grease.*

To which Pinguister sang, responsively:—

Then prithee don't burden thy heart still, and be deaf to my pitiful moan;  
Since I do endure the smart still, and for my fat do groan.  
Then prythee now turn, my dear Love, and I prythee now turn to me;  
For alas! I am too fat [I fear, Love], to roll so far to thee.

There is another parody on Davenant's song, called "The Woman's Delight." Also, similarly, Nelly sang a parody on 'Balow, my babe':

"Lie still, my babe, lie still and sleep, [Cf. vol. vi. p. 576.]  
It grieves me sore to see thee weep:  
Were't thou but leaner, I were glad,  
Thy fatness makes thy dear love sad.  
What a lump of love have I in my arms."—Act v. sc. 1.



Once more we have had occasion to mention several of the Royal Mistresses (of whom the late Mrs. Anna Jameson wrote her pleasant popular account, *The Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second*, a welcome supplement to *Les Mémoires de Gramont*, by Comte Antoine Hamilton), we take the opportunity of inscribing this present portion of our work to a still later writer, our esteemed personal friend, one whose own privately-printed *Mémoires* of the Beauties are the choicest and most accurate record, delightful as trustworthy:

TO

GEORGE STEINMAN-STEINMAN, F.S.A.,

OF SUNDRIDGE, KENT,

**This Group of Cupid Ballads,**

IN TOKEN OF SINCERE FRIENDSHIP,

IS, BY THE EDITOR,

DEDICATED.

DÉDICACE.

A MONS. ALEXANDRE BELJAME,

*Docteur es Lettres, Professeur au Lycée Louis-le-Grand;  
Et à L'École Libre des Sciences Politiques,*

THE DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR OF

**Le Public et les Hommes de Lettres en Angleterre  
au Dix-Huitième Siècle ;**

AN ACCOMPLISHED STUDENT OF OUR NATIVE LITERATURE,  
WHOM ENGLISHMEN ARE PROUD TO COUNT AS THEIR FRIEND ;  
ESTEEMED FOR BRILLIANCY IN SCHOLARSHIP AND IN SOCIAL INTERCOURSE ;  
A WELCOME REPRESENTATIVE OF 'LA BELLE FRANCE,'  
(OUR BEST ALLY, OF MODERN TIMES ; OF OLD, OUR NOBLEST ANTAGONIST,)  
A WARM-HEARTED AND LOYAL GENTLEMAN :

This ensuing

**Group of Matrimonial Ballads,**

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF FORMER MEETINGS, AND  
WITH HOPE OF FUTURE RE-UNIONS, IS HERE

DEDICATED.



# Andromeda Rediviva,

With a Rock ahead.

(Après la façon du Siècle Vingtième.)

Fable dédiée à Mons. Alex. Beljame.

*Argumentum ad Fœminam.*—*ANDROMEDA*, having been earlier ensnared by the 'evil-entreated and innocent' Kraken or Sea-Dragon, bewaileth him lugubriously to slow music, *affetudso*. She apostrophiseth the 'naughty naughty naughty *Perseus*, who went and poked a hole in the hide of the dear delightful creature' aforesaid.



*HE* waves had been playing their usual game,  
 Having wreck'd a few barques without mercy or shame,  
 Then slid themselves circlingly over the beach,  
 With a soothing grace, far as eye could reach ;

And the rugged cliff, in the westering sun,  
 Seem'd to quite forget all the mischief done,  
 It smiled at the mariner sailing away,  
 Tempting him shoreward for holiday.  
 The tiny bright cloudlets floated above,  
 More gaily-tinted than Venus's dove,  
 Having little to do save to shimmer, and fleck  
 The tranquil Sea that knew nothing of wreck.  
 At such a time, when the world lay at rest,  
 One troublesome mortal felt sorely oppress'd.

What passion disturb'd that Damsel fair,  
 Who clung to a rock, with her golden hair  
 Enhancing the charm of her dazzling neck,  
 While tears fell and sighs rose without a check ?  
 Did she mourn a lost lover, whom leagues divide  
 From the fond embrace of his promised Bride ?—  
 Could she possibly long for some *Argosie*,  
 To bring pearls or ducats across the sea ;  
 Or silks and brocades to enwrap her limbs,  
 When tired of her bath where she splashes and swims ?

My Friend, if so silly we were, and blind,  
 As to wish to pierce what a girl calls 'her mind,'  
 We should have a tough lesson before us set,  
 Ere the final solution we chanced to get.  
 I am not quite so young as I once loved to be,  
 But I know that fair *Siren* who haunts the sea.

ANDROMEDA *first was her name, renown'd*  
*Far away from yon rock where so many lie drown'd.*  
*I myself can remember the time when she too*  
*Was in danger and fear, while the harsh wind blew,*  
*And the billows to overwhelm her strain'd,*  
*Where she stood in her anguish, shackled and chain'd,*  
*Till, amid the turmoil and mad uproar,*  
*Nature exhausted could bear no more.*

*Well, perhaps, had no Perseus foreseeing arrived,*  
*She might not in safety that storm have survived,*  
*Since the ravening teeth and the venomous tail*  
*Of the fierce Sea-Monster drew nigh to assail.*  
*Yet I heard her lament (this is Woman's way,)*  
*For the dear darling Libertine, prone to slay,*  
*Who had held such delightful charm in his breath,*  
*That she did not care much if it poison'd to death ;*  
 "And Oh! what a naughty sad tiresome man  
 Was that *Perseus*, who loved me!" *her descant ran :*  
 "For he might, had he pleased, have left me to moan,  
 Ever chain'd, as I chose, to this Precious Stone.

One would surely sooner be crunch'd and dead,  
 Than be freed by a man—with *Medusa's head!*"

\* \* \*

\* \* THE MORAL (*impressive, for those who wish*):  
*Mermaidens are hybrids, half-women, half-fish,*  
*Though some dainty people may choose the upper,*  
*Others relish the Salmon-end—soused, for supper :*  
*Our experience rebukes that of many a Lover,*  
*Who declareth he 'found the Sex fishy all over!'*

\* \* \*

☞ THE *Im-MORAL* runs, "Leave them severely alone,  
*If they fix their hearts' love on Stock-fish or Load-stone!"*  
*Is all Chivalry dead? since the Moderns say,*  
 "Let them go to the Bow-wows, each in her own way!"  
*Nay, not so! for our part, without favour or warrant,*  
*Our devoir shall be done, as a true Knight-Errant.*

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

*The Four Conditions of Woman full-grown,  
Maid, Wife, or Widow (Another's well known),  
In this ancient woodcut are plainly shown:  
Let the 'Shrieking Sisterhood' claim their own.*



**Madame, et ces Demoiselles.**

*WHO says My Lady is too proud?*

*She walks apart to shun the crowd,  
Serene in dignity and grace,  
With healthful beauty in her face:  
So self-assured in heart and mind,  
What leisure has she to be kind?*

*Kate flings abroad her wanton lure,  
Where Hymen never proffers cure;  
With jewels dazzling on her breast,  
Trick'd out for show, a Jade confest:  
She sells her smile to all the Town,  
Though Prue the gaunt precisian frown.*

*Meanwhile, a Country Wife doth sit,  
Envy'ing Kate her saucy wit,  
Her paint and patches, rings and muff:  
Then sighs, "Sure Virtue's not enough!  
For I am chaste, and meek, well prov'd:  
But neither dainty-deck'd nor lov'd."*

*If I could win My Lady's ear,  
To grace my prayer, she need not fear;  
Never might she of slights complain,  
Or heed when jarroning Satyr's feign:  
A Husband true and faithful Wife  
Grow dearer through their blended life.—J. W. F.*

## Group of Ballads

# Matrimonial & Anti-Matrimonial.

- “ *JENNY* is poor, and I am poor,  
 Yet we will wed, so say no more;  
 And should the Bairns you mention come,  
 (It's few that marry but what have some,)  
 No doubt but Heav'n will stand our friend,  
 And bread, as well as children, send.
- “ So fares the Hen in farmer's yard,  
 To live alone she finds it hard;  
 I've known her weary every claw  
 In search of corn among the straw;  
 But when in quest of nicer food  
 She clucks amongst her chirping brood,  
 With joy I've seen that self-same hen,  
 That scratch'd for one, could scratch for ten.
- “ These are the thoughts that make me willing  
 To take my Girl without a shilling;  
 And for the self-same cause, d'ye see,  
*Jenny's* resolv'd to marry me.”—*Vocal Library*, p. 447.



UR FRIEND DERVAUX ought to publish that book of his, a life-long labour, if labour it can be called, which has been simply a sportive task: a sort of ‘Pilgrim’s Scrip,’ of the George Meredith sort. We have seen it, repeatedly. It is in manuscript, entitled, ‘THE SEX: BY ONE WHO KNOWS THEM.’ It is anonymous, or pseudonymous, of course; since tarring-and-feathering might otherwise ensue. Nothing except Cremation, and that prematurely accelerated, could protect his remains (bodily, not literary) from the vengeance of the Redundant Sex, were they to detect him. They have never quite forgiven the very-much-married King Solomon, for having described the typical ‘Strange Woman’ with her enticements, whose “good man is not at home; he is gone a long journey.” (Similarly objectionable is the “odious woman when she is married:” this expression being Agur’s, not Solomon’s own.) True, he admits that “whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord.” But when were a man’s best deeds or his words of praise accounted as either atonement or equivalent for having uttered hard sayings? Sad might it be for Dervaux, were his *magnum opus* to appear: he would encounter more than a bad quarter of an hour. It is dreadful in its revelations, harrowing in its details; especially the chapter devoted to *belles-mères*, our awful Mothers-in-Law. Nevertheless we found him a most devoted admirer of “the English Mees.”

Happy was he, when philandering by the side of some sweet virgin, who judiciously made the most of her fresh untainted girlhood, with her light ringing laugh, her point-blank questions, and her saucy replies, while she flitted among the orchids at Chelsea, or Highbury, Birmingham's paradise; or watched the over-grown boys cricketing at Lord's ground, or the competing crews of Oxford and Cambridge on the river, where she wore a ribbon-rosette of the favourite Light-Blue displayed on her bosom (and *the other colour*, hidden at first, but ready to be unveiled by a slight adjustment of drapery, in case Fortune the fickle should transfer her favour to the antagonistic Dark-Blue of Isis). Dervaux is well instructed in all the pretty nothings, which a man ought to speak or to hear; yet never he rude enough to hint that he possesses earnestness of purpose, noble ambition, or scorn of duplicity and petty gossip: although loathing the scandalous insinuations, which pass muster in society as being knowledge of the world. He has travelled, studied, jested, and flirted to some purpose. He is as thoroughly at home in the Royal Academy on a 'Private View,' or a *Matinée* at the Opéra Comique, as he is when lounging in the smoking-room of the *Incrayables*; or deeply immersed in Black-letter rarities and Sanskrit manuscripts, within a quiet alcove at the Bodleian. Children he loves, and knows how to amuse them, sharing their romps, telling them fairy-tales, fabricating toys and riddles. To grey-bearded comrades he may sometimes utter the cynical remark, "What a pity it is that these little darling boys must become conceited prigs of professors, or noisy radicals, and enter parliament to prate and do mischief! Sad, that these lovely girls should ever grow up to be worldly-minded wives, and still later degenerate into frowsy matrons!" Nobody hears it, shuddering at its truthful prophecy, except the present Editor; and the Lodge is closely tyled.

Dervaux has many engagements, yet wears such a mask of being disengaged, that one might wonder how he finds time for those patient studies which he best loves, and without which his society could never have been prized by Huxley, Tyndall, and Frederick Harrison, no less than it was by Sir Noël Paton and Sir Crichton Browne. His counsel is sought as an unselfish 'guide, philosopher and friend,' alike by old and young; as of one who has been everywhere, has done everything, seen all that was worth seeing, and known whomsoever he wished, without effort or after-regret. He has lived at every pore, so to speak; and while laughing tolerantly at other men's follies and hobbies, he seldom allows himself to be injuriously carried away by his own. Simply to have lived and prospered, in his own way, yet to have remained helpful and hopeful for the unsuccessful; to have loved, and felt the anguish of bereavement, or to have enjoyed his *bonnes fortunes* without either boasting or cynicism, is worth something for us, and also for himself.



He is no slanderer of reputations, but a valiant defender of all merit that is assailed; a champion of the oppressed, yet withal frank and generous in fight, so that even foes are vanquished better by his good temper than by arguments or reproaches. Women never quite understand him, as we men can do, but he knows every secret fibre of them, and is ready at all times to yield them affectionate devotion and unfailing courtesy. In short, he *does everything except trust them.*

It would have been well if we could have prevailed on him to take charge of this "*Group of Matrimonial and Anti-Matrimonial Ballads,*" and reveal the secrets of the prison-house for the warning of Bachelors. They give up their many advantages of liberty for the sake of gaining possession of the solitary one article whom they foolishly consider to be indispensable; one who, in nine cases out of ten, is not worth the sacrifice. At least, if she seem to be so at first, she is not likely to remain uncontaminated by the inane worldliness and unbridled selfishness of her neighbours, hostesses, or their guests, with whom she will be compelled to associate, in such married life as our century has descended to. If Dervaux would be so kind as to offer his comment, even these *Roxburghe Ballads* (like the *Bagford Ballad* devoted to a 'Philosophical Wife' reprinted in 1873) would be enriched with treasures of wisdom. He is the last man to be ill-natured or unjust. He is well aware that of women's faults many are due to bad instruction, and to their having been linked with unsuitable or degrading partners. He admits that "Marriage brings out all the latent evil that had been unsuspected in girlhood." "Look at the records of the Divorce Courts," says he, "then reconcile, if you can, the ignoble career of the flaunting and detected wanton, with the possibilities of the gentle girl who a short time before had stood blushing fair at the altar, crowned with her maiden wreath, and surrounded by a troop of loving bridesmaids, each wishing hopefully her future happiness. If so many light barques are wrecked on the sea of matrimony, is it not chiefly the fault of him who ought to have been the steersman, or the captain, responsible for keeping others to their sailing-orders, and able to claim unhesitating obedience, so long as his own love continued pure and firm?"

Well, perhaps Dervaux is right. Some folks say that he is always right, and has been. He thinks our age has fallen into evil ways; that in the relations of the sexes towards one another we have gone more utterly wrong than they ever did, beyond a few exceptional cases, while Charles the Second was King. The 'Merry Monarch' himself never claimed to be an immaculate example of purity; and there were ladies at Court unworthy of being considered ornaments of their sex, beyond the physical charms of beauty and elegance. But any platform chatterer can now make capital of their faults.

None but an unblushingly bold theorizer would dare to assert that the general tone of morals, and the national recognition of the sanctity and continuity of the marriage-tie, were not infinitely higher during the reign of the last Stuarts than they have been since, during the early Hanoverian reigns; or, at the very lowest, than they are at present.

Therefore, Dervaux declares, we may learn much by noticing that all these Anti-Matrimonial Ballads of old-time belong to the lower ranks of middle-class life. As might be expected of penny broadsides, intended solely for the populace, they are not records of the gentry, and still less of the nobility, in the Stuart times. The sentimental love-ditties were frequently celebrative of titled damsels, of knights, barons, substantial 'squires and wealthy merchantmen, if not of princes and kings. But the matrimonial ditties belong to tradesmen, tapsters, husbandmen, or common sailors. As for any method of escape, from irksome bondage when evils had grown burdensome, it was scarcely ever seen to be possible. A wife might be shrewish, harsh, and incessant in complaint; but the husband had to remain patient under her scolding. Sometimes she broke her wedded vows, and degraded herself in unseemly fashion, turning her dishonoured spouse to ridicule, since no pity was shown to him by friends in his scorned estate. 'The Cuckold's Complaint' found no favour, and deserved none. Our moderns boast their superiority, but at once seek a *solatium* in publicity, and heavy damages from the co-respondent; then pocket their wrongs with additional profit (despite collusion and connivance); and end with prevailing on sordid mothers to sell their own daughters into the ignominious slavery of marriage with a divorced man, who thus becomes an adulterer. Women shuffle themselves free from irksome bonds, and assume fresh ties with a change of partner; again to break them, so often as the humour varies, or the depraved appetite. Such disgraceful doings, increasingly common under our relaxed laws and corrupted morals, were almost unknown in Charles the Second's day, among the higher middle-class citizens. If a bad bargain had been made, there was no shirking any of the responsibility. If the ale had turned sour for either partner, the last cup of it must be drank, for such liquor was not legally intended to be wasted.

It is an excellent rule, when a bad wife turns up in the post-Stuartian Law-reports (and there are few daily records without a choice assortment of them), to make enquiry: '*Was not half the Woman's fault owing to her having had a bad Husband?*' Yes: and when we hear of 'another good man gone wrong,' it has none the less been caused by some heartless jilt, or termagant scold, who drove him into debt and despair. *Cherchez la femme!* She is certain to be in it.

We have (p. 185) a specimen of the unreasonable *Grumbletonian*, who drives a “ *Woman to the Plough,* ” and himself takes her duties at the Hen-roost, but fails. There are not so many ‘ *Scolding Wives* ’ or *Shrews* in our collection that the theme becomes wearisome by iteration. In the “ *New Way of Marriage* ” (on our p. 158) we see the insidious teaching of such unhallowed and temporary irregular-connections as point their own moral, sadly enough, although the loose ballad directs itself to those who were incapable of valuing the true delights of lawful wedlock: the perfect union of congenial albeit dissimilar minds: the mutual dependence, the undeviating faith of a virtuous and loving woman in her husband, while he delights to labour for her, and to protect her from disquietude.

“ Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;  
 The man be more of woman, she of man ;  
 He gain in sweetness and in moral height,  
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;  
 She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,  
 Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind ;  
 Till at the last she set herself to man,  
 Like perfect music unto perfect words : . . . .  
 Self-reverent each and reverencing each,  
 Distinct in individualities,  
 But like each other ev’n as those who love.  
 Then comes the statelier Eden back to men :  
 Then reign the world’s great bridals, chaste and calm :  
 Then springs the crowning race of human-kind.”

—(Tennyson’s *Princess.*)



[These cuts belong to p. 23, and ‘ *A Week’s Loving,* ’ etc., see p. 137.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 385 ; Pepys, IV. 21 ; Jersey, I. 2.]

## The Oxfordshire Damosel ; Or, The London Merchant's Choice.

Her Beauty Bright was his Delight,  
But yet she said him nay,  
She would not yield to him the Field,  
Till Marriage made the way.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Jobb for a Journey-man-Shoomaker.*

HERE was as Fine a *London* Blade as ever trod on Leather,  
Most sumptuously he was array'd, his Wigg, his Hat, and Feather:  
His Rapier hanging by his side, well mounted on a Gelding,  
To *Oxford City* he would Ride, to view the antient Building.

But he was no sooner come there, in all his Pomp and Glory,  
When meeting with a Damsel fair, a sweet and pleasant Story  
To her he freely did unfold, her Love to gain the sooner,  
He shew'd her handfuls of his Gold, to bring her into humour. 16

He then began to Complement, and sweetly to embrace her,  
The Damsel would not give consent, that he should e're disgrace her ;  
Her modest mind was not inclin'd, nor in the least was leaning  
Unto his will, but answer'd still, she did not know his meaning.

"My Love," said he, "let me enjoy with thee a moment's pleasure ;  
My sweetest creature, be not coy, thou shalt not want for treasure :  
All night within my folded arms, my love shall lye and slumber,  
With many sweet delightful charms, and kisses out of number." 32

Said she, "Your proffer I disdain, good Sir, I pray be civil,  
Indeed you now are much to blame, to tempt a maid to evil,  
Forbear to talk at such a rate. Discretion has endu'd me ;  
It is not your enchanted bait, that ever shall delude me.

"Kind Sir, I pray now let me go, I strange[ly] do admire,  
That you should seek my overthrow, to please your fond desire ;  
If there in me be any truth, I am resolv'd to tarry,  
I'll never pleasure any youth, but those with whom I marry." 48

The Damsel thus declar'd her mind, then without molestation,  
His heart was more and more inclin'd, he stood in Admiration ;  
The lustre of her Beauty fair his heart had so inflamed,  
That he was caught in *Cupid's* snare, before her love he gained.

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*Note.*—"The Oxfordshire Damosel" was mentioned in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 449, before we had tracked the *Job for a Journeyman Shoemaker*, on which see p. 135.

“ My dearest Love, I thee adore, if thou can'st freely love me,  
I set by thee such mighty store, I fancy none above thee:  
With thee I mean to live and dye, thou sweet and lovely creature,  
Thou art a jewel in mine eye, no Lady more Compleater.” 64

She could no longer say him No, and now to end the quarrel,  
In Love they both together go, to buy her Rich Apparel:  
She looked like a sumptuous Dame, in all her rich attire,  
Her beauty flew on wings of Fame, his Friends did all admire.

She was indeed an honest Girl, and of a modest carriage,  
He priz'd her more than Gold or Pearl, and joynd with her in  
Marriage:

Now may she lead as sweet a life, as she is fair and Pritty,  
For now she is a *Merchant's* Wife, Of *London's* Famous City. 80

Finis.

This may be Printed. R[oger] L[e] S[trange].

Printed for J. Deacon, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-Street* without  
*Newgate*.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts. 1st and 2nd on p. 42; 3rd, a Lady, on p. 143;  
4th, two figures, on iii. 419, Right. Date, 1683-5.]

\*\* The Tune-name has been already mentioned in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 449 (a correct guess, as to the Pepys Collection, IV. 180, and 181), in connection with the “The Praise of Lancashire Men,” beginning, “You Muses all assist my pen,” p. 450. Again in *Bagford Appendix*, p. 976, is an account of several “Jobs”; but the original ballad, first Part, bears the name, “A Jobb for a Journeyman Shoemaker, with a kind-hearted Seaman's Wife.” Printed for J. Deacon, beginning, “A Seaman's Wife, a buxom Dame” (Pepys Coll., IV. 180). To the Tune of *Tom the Taylor, near the Strand* (see p. 189). The Sequel, sung to the same tune, is entitled, “The Seaman's Safe Return; or, An Answer to the Jobb for a Journeyman Shoemaker.” It begins, “At length the Seaman he came home” (*Ibid.*, IV. 181).

A further Sequel is preserved in the Douce Coll., II. 170, viz. “The Old Maid Mad for a Husband; or, The Journeyman Shoemaker's Favours turned to Misfortune.” Tune, *Touch of the Times*. Licensed by Richard Pocock, 1685-88. Printed for J. Blare on London Bridge, and beginning, “All you that are willing right merry to be, I pray you come hither and listen to me.” The burdens are *A Husband is better than Money to me*; and, *Because like a Rascal he did kiss and tell*.

To this tune of *A Job for a Journeyman Shoe-maker* was sung the ballad of “The Victorious Wife,” beginning, “Good people stay, and hark awhile” (Pepys, IV. 134). It was often cited as an alternative with *Billy and Molly* (see p. 137, next ballad), as in “*Roger the Miller's present*,” etc., beginning, “A Damsel came to London town,” (one of *Tom the Taylor* series), and “The Last Lamentation of the Languishing Squire” (*Roxb. Ballads*, vi. 228), beginning, “As I went forth to view the Spring.” It was the same tune as *The Mother beguiled the Daughter, My Child must have a Father* (see pp. 32, 99, 161); also, probably, it corresponded with *The Touch of the Times*, and *The Country Farmer*.

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[Roxburghe Collection, II. 512; Pepys, III. 39; Euing, 382; Douce, II. 246  
verso; Jersey, I. 336.]

## A Week's Loving, Wooing and Wedding : or, Happy is that Wooing that is not long a Dooming.

Here was a nimble Bridegroom, and a Bride,  
In Eight short days the long-fast knot was ty'd.

TO THE TUNE OF *Billy and Molly*. [See p. 137, and vol. vi. p. 218.]  
Licensed according to Order.



ON Sunday Johnny went to Church, so spruce, and neat, and finey;  
Cupid lay for John at Church, and shew'd him pretty Jinny;  
Johnny was shot to the heart, and prov'd a zealous Lover:  
That Jenny she might cure his smart, he was resolv'd to move her.

Johnny was a stitching Blade, and he could not work a Monday;  
Jinny lov'd the stitching Trade, but minded John a Sunday:  
He to her did make address, but she receiv'd it shyly;  
The loving truth he did confess, but Jinny she was wily. 16

Tuesday came, and Johnny then, profest to her profoundly,  
He lov'd her more than any man, and spoke his Passion roundly;  
Jinny she did love to spin, as pretty maids do often,  
She fancy'd John could put it in, and that did Jinny soften.

On Wednesday then the Lovers met, and Johnny prest her home to't;  
He said his love was on her set, but she said nought but mum to't:  
Jinny was a coming Lass, her silence was consenting,  
When John had brought it to that pass, he then fell to presenting.

On *Thursday* then he brought her store, (what Maid could have  
forsook 'em?)

Of ribbons, gloves, with sundry more, and she said 'No,' and took 'em!  
*Johnny* was a Lover free, tho' bound in *Jinny's* Fetters,  
*Jinny* lov'd as well as he, tho' she might 'a had his Betters.

On *Friday* *Johnny* ask'd her what she had to say against it;  
She said there was two words to that, for fear she shou'd repent it;  
But *John* he did her so perswade, that she gave no denial,  
But said he should be her own Blade, and put it to the Trial. 48

On *Saturday* there ne'er was seen such Billing, and such Cooing,  
*Jinny* and her *John* between; such Kissing and such Wooing.  
Thus both agreed in Love to speed, concluded on the morrow,  
That they would Wed, and so to bed, and sport away all sorrow.

On *Sunday* they to Church did goe, where Love first had beginning,  
The Parson he made one of two, so the Business had an ending;  
*John* and *Jinny* marry'd were, O! merry night of *Sunday*!  
Pretty Maids do not Despair, 'twill be your own case one day. 64

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye-corner*, *J.*  
*Deacon* at the *Angel* in *Gilt-spur-street*, *J. Blare* at the *Looking*  
*Glass* on *London-bridge* near the Church, *J. Back* at the *Black*  
*Boy* on *London-bridge* near the Draw-Bridge.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts, 1st and 2nd, are on p. 133, as for 'The  
Country Weaver' of p. 22; the 3rd is on p. 136. Date, circa 1684-94.]

\*\* To the same tune of *Billy and Molly* (= *Willey and Molly*, beginning,  
"Says Billy to Molly," Pepys Coll., III. 34) went four other ballads: 1st.—  
'John and Betty' (concerning the virtue of Cherry-Stones) = "Now the weather  
grows warm;" 2nd.—'The Distressed Virgin,' beginning "Was ever poor  
Maid in such distress?" (Pepys Coll., III. 52, and IV. 58); 3rd.—'The Happy  
Young Man' = "By a brook beneath a shade;" 4th.—'The Witty Chamber-  
maid' = "There was a Lass in London Town." (*Ibid.*, III. 78, and IV. 143.)

Our own week's work, of loving, wooing and wedding, recalls a Nursery rhyme.

I Married my Wife on a Sunday; She call'd me a fool on Monday;  
I bought a stick on Tuesday, to beat my Wife on Wednesday;  
My Wife fell sick on Thursday; my Wife she died on Friday;  
Glad was I, on Saturday night, to bury my Wife on Sunday!

Whether *this* satisfactory "week's work" was in strict sequence to "A Week's  
Loving," etc., is a question which we unfortunately neglected to ask of the  
oldest inhabitant, from whose traditional report we accurately transcribe this  
Golden Legend. There being no mention of any 'Crownier's Quest,' following  
hard on a post-mortem, Dr. Dryasdust opines that the event must be dated  
before the epoch of Martin Lessamour and Pedlar's Acre at Lambeth; not to  
say also antecedent to the reproduction of *Hamlet* in 1602. We fear that  
A.D. 925 (when Coroners were mentioned) may appear too early a date for the  
artless lay, with a stick; or even 1275, when, according to Stow, those officers  
were by Statute of Westminster appointed for every County, 3 Edward I. In all  
such municipal details we may safely swear 'by *Gomme*!'

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 4. Apparently unique.]

## A Hatch at a Venture ;

Or, Time and Opportunity won the day.

Being, a Discourse of Wooing between Two Lovers.

The Young-man Courted her with Compliments most rare,  
 And all his mind to her he boldly did declare ;  
 She still held off, and was so stiff inclin'd,  
 And would not quickly let him know her mind :  
 Until that *Cupid* with his Golden Dart  
 Had made a wound, and pierc'd her tender heart :  
 And then she yielded his True Love to be,  
 They now are Married, and live most gallantly.

[*Cf.* iii. 532.]

TUNE OF, *Jenny, come tye my bonny Cravat.* [See Note, p. 140.]



AS I in the fields was walking along,  
 I heard a young couple was talking anon,  
 "I do love thee most dearly, fair Maiden," said he,  
 "And thou shalt be my true love until I do dye ;  
 For *Cupid* has wounded my poor love-sick heart,  
 I must break my mind now before we depart.



“ I will buy thee Scarfs, and I will buy thee Gloves,  
That is fitting for suitors to give to their loves,  
And jewels and bracelets that shall be most rare,  
If thou wilt but be my true love and my dear ;  
I am thy true lover, thou’l be my own dear,  
I’le ne’r be false to thee, thou needest not fear.” 12

MAID.

“ Kind young-man, I thank you for your good will,  
Yet poor silly Maidens had need try their skill ;  
You promise more in an hour then you do in seven year,  
It’s hard for to trust any Man I do swear ;  
They be so false-hearted, and given to lye,  
They’ve caused many a Maiden to weep and to cry.  
“ It’s not your cunning baits, nor your nimble tongue,  
Such words as those has done many Maids wrong ;  
Therefore, honest young-man, you are not for me,  
A good Service is better than a Wife for to be :  
I take great delight for to live a Maid’s life,  
There’s far greater trouble belongs to a Wife.” 24

YOUNG-MAN.

“ Sweet-heart, now thou mak’st me to smile in conceit,  
Now hear me a word more, I do thee intreat ;  
If thou wilt but love me as I do love thee,  
And joy’n now in wedlock my wife for to be :  
There’s never a woman in *England*, I swear,  
Shall ha’ more content then thou shalt have, my dear.  
“ Tho’ some be false-hearted, and often do swear,  
O do not blame all men for one, my own dear :  
He is worse than a Jew, that has a good wife,  
And loves her not as dear as he loves his own life :  
And let her want nothing that she doth require,  
But be loving and faithful unto her desire.” 36

MAID.

“ Indeed, honest Man, I tell you now true,  
There’s many men more, I say, besides you,  
That has said and sworn as much as you say,  
And have proved knaves to their wives the first day :  
That never takes care for one thing or other,  
Their wife and their children may starve altogether.  
“ It behoves all Maidens that live single lives,  
How they marry with men for to be their wives ;  
Some will misuse them both sober and drunk,  
And use them no better than the whore their Punk.  
We see enough every day of those which are wed,  
How barely they go, and how hardly they’r fed.” 48

MAN.

“Indeed, pretty Maiden, thy words are most true,  
 But do not believe it shall be so with you :  
 My state and my purse shall be at thy command,  
 Say what shall be done, and thy word it shall stand :  
 And grant but thy favour my wife for to be,  
 Nothing shall be wanting that can pleasure thee.”

MAID.

“Why then, honest young-Man, you shall be my dear,  
 I’le venture in marriage without any fear ;  
 You shall be my Husband, I will be your wife,  
 And live loving together all days of our life.”

The Young-man rejoiced the same for to hear,  
 When she had yielded to be both his Miss and his dear.

Now in the conclusion, they appointed a day,  
 And next to the Church, and were marry’d strait way,  
 With consent of their friends ; and to end my ditty,  
 They live loving together in *London’s* fair City ;

And loving and gallantly they do agree,  
 And a pattern to other true lovers may be.

66

Finis.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Rain-bow* in *Holborn*, near *St. Andrew’s* Church.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts : 1st and 2nd are on p. 138 ; 3rd and 4th are below, and they belong also to pp. 114, 187. Date, *circa* 1680.]

\*\* The tune cited on p. 138 belongs to a Pepysian ballad (the burden is, ‘*Jenny come tye my bonny Cravat*’), beginning, ‘‘ As *Johnny* met *Jenny* a going to play ;’’ with its *Roxburghe* sequel, ‘‘ As *Jenny* sate under a *Sycamore* tree.’’ Neither of them yet reprinted.



[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 62. Apparently unique.]

## The more haste, the worse Speed;

Or,

The Unfortunate Maid's Complaint, in private as she did sit,  
Being Fifteen Years of age, and never a Suitor yet.

TO THE TUNE OF, *O no, no, no, not yet*; or, *What shall I do, shall I dye for love?* [See Note on p. 142, and ballad in vol. vi. p. 246.]

WAs ever Country Maid perplext, having both wealth and feature,  
Or anything Nature directs, to make a prudent Creature,  
As I, even I, which makes me oft so solitary sit;  
*For Fifteen years of age I am, and never a Suitor yet.*

The Fifty Pounds to portion I, upon my Marriage day,  
Full truly paid, I tell no lye, then mark what I shall say;  
My Mother she oft hath told she would a Husband get;  
*For Fifteen years [of age I am, and never a Suitor yet.]* 16

There was a Maiden in our town was Married at Fourteen;  
Then would not that make me to mean that am not all so green:  
Besides my comely person, I am of a pregnant wit;  
*For Fifteen years [of age I am, and never a Suitor yet].*

Besides the thoughts of waxing old, should stir Young-men to Wed;  
Besides, less fear of taking cold when two are in a bed;  
With many other things wherewith I could a Husband fit;  
*For Fifteen [years of age am I, and never a Suitor yet].* 32

To brew and bake it's usually perform'd by Country Maids,  
And therefore them I will pass by, to speak of other trades,  
Who through imployment may have need more of a Woman's wit:  
*For Fifteen [years of age am I, and never a Suitor yet].*

If I should be a Vintner's wife, I should become the Bar,  
As well as doth a drum or fife, within a field of war:  
To cry, 'Boy, shew these gentlemen, a room where they may sit;'  
*Yet Fifteen years of age am I, and never a Suitor yet.* 48

And if a Cook should marry me, I well can raise his paste,  
Of any fashion that may be upon a Table plac'd:  
Or any other Dish, I can both garnish and make fit;  
*Yet Fifteen years of age am I, and never a Suitor yet.*

NAY, if a Shoemaker me wed, his Shop-Thread I can spin;  
Although it by myself is said, there's few our Town within,  
For all the points of Huswifry, that can each Trade so fit,  
*And Fifteen years of age am I, and never a Suitor yet.* 64

The Taylor's Needle I can thred, if haste should so require,  
Of several colours, green or red, pleasing to his desire :  
Make answer to a man, while he doth at the Ale-house sit ;  
*Yet Fifteen [years of age am I, and never a Suitor yet].*

If that a Glover marrys me, part of his Trade I know,  
Whether it plain or prick-seam be, that makes the braver show ;  
And truly for to work the same, I know [what] Leather's fit ;  
*Yet Fifteen [years of age am I, and never a Suitor yet].* 80

And if I should a Weaver have, either of silk or linnen,  
This can I do and money save, which is a good beginning ;  
Either wind silk, or fill his quills, 'tis either I can fit ;  
*Yet Fifteen [years of age am I, and never a Suitor yet].*

If I should be a Saylor's wife, I can with plummet sound,  
To know how many fathom length the Ship bears from the ground :  
[Thus] I do know his Compass well, with many things so fit ;  
*Yet Fifteen [years of age am I, and never a Suitor yet].* 96

But yet for all my forward care, great grief it is to tell,  
Not any man falls to my share, that far or near doth dwell :  
There's not a Maid my Mother keeps but straight a Husband gets ;  
*Yet Fifteen [years of age am I, and never a Suitor yet].*

I am perswaded now that I shall hardly live this year,  
But even a silly Maiden dye, which causeth many a tear  
To gush forth of these chrystal eyes, and much disturb my wit ;  
*That Fifteen [years of age am I, and never a Suitor yet].* 112

I hope there's none will take distaste, because I speak my mind,  
For all that in the same is plac'd, whoever try's shall find  
Both Portion and these properties, of which I here have writ :  
*Yet Fifteen [years of age am I, and never a Suitor yet].*

If any Tradesman I have nam'd within himself can find,  
By that description I have fram'd, that I can please his mind :  
Go marry all about my years, so may ye on me hit ;  
*For Fifteen years of age am I, and never a Suitor yet.* 128

Finis.

Printed by *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-ball*, near the *Hospital-gate*,  
in *West-Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts. 1st, the oval draped portrait of Maria of Modena, vol. vi. 155, left ; 2nd, the James II., vi. 153, right ; 3rd, and 4th, are on p. 143. Date of *Brooksby's* present issue 1672-1694. The original was entered to *Thomas Lambert*, in the Stationers' Registers, 12 March, 163 $\frac{1}{2}$ .]

\* \* Of the two tunes named, one, *O no, no, no, not yet*, was mentioned in vol. vi. pp. 557 and 583. It agrees with the tune of *I'll never love thee more*, given in the late William Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 380. Printed in vol. vi. p. 246, is "Virginity grown troublesome," which gave second name to the tune, from its burden of "*What shall I do, shall I dye for love, and never have my will?*"

## The Virtuous Maid's Resolution.

BEFORE reaching "The Wonderful Praise of a Good Husband," we listen to the praise of a still greater rarity, *A Good Wife*. It is a memorable ballad, with an often-mentioned burden: *In my freedom is all my joy!* Tune of, *I am a poor and harmless Maid*.

\*\*\* The tune-name (altering the tense) might possibly have been suggested from the first line of a unique ballad (Rawlinson Collection, 566, fol. 104), entitled, "The Young Ladie's Complaint against her deceitful Gallant; Being a Caution for all Females to have a care how they are deluded by great Pretences.

This song in plain terms now does make appear  
That Ladies in their loves deceived are:  
Then let all other maidens have a care  
How they be caught in a false tempting snare.

To a New Tune, called, *I was a harmless Maid*." This is the first line of the ballad itself, written by L[au]. W[hite]; Licensed by Roger L'Estrange, before August 1685; and printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger, all of whom earlier held our ballad as their property. But we doubt this "Complaint" having been the line cited. 'Was' might easily be changed to 'am' in the loose way habitual at the time; but to interpolate an additional adjective 'poor and,' without authority and thus alter the rhythm, doubles the improbability of identity. There is a ballad beginning "I am a poor distressed Maid," one entitled "The Mournful Maiden's Complaint for the Loss of her Maidenhead; or, A Caution to other Maidens to take warning by." The tune of it is, *Old Ale has undone me*. (This is the burden of John Wade's *Bagford Ballad*, see *Koxb. Bds.*, vol. vi. p. 273, 274; the same tune as his *The Maid's the best that lies alone*.) With allowance. Printed for J. Hose, over against Staples-Inn, in Houlbourn, near Gray's Inn Lane. This might be the true "*I am a poor and harmless Maid*."

Whatever original name the present tune may have had, this ballad conferred one, references becoming frequent afterwards to *In my freedom is my joy*, which is the chief burden. Its own third stanza, beginning, "I am a young and harmless Maid," appears to be the most probable fountain-head of the tune-name attached to it, *I am a poor and harmless Maid*.



[These two cuts, *without the flower*, belong to p. 142; the Lady also to p. 135.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 552 ; Pepys, III. 37 and 54 ; Rawlinson, 25.]

## The Vertuous Maid's Resolution ;

Or,

### The Two Honest Lovers.

Showing what Unconstant Men there be, that use Deceit and Flattery ;  
They'll cog, dissemble, swear and lye, a Harmless MAIDEN's Life to try ;  
To all such Lovers she'll be coy, and says, '*My Freedom's all my Joy.*'

TO THE TUNE OF, *I am a poor and harmless Maid*, etc. [See p. 143.]

IN a melancholly passion I was walking by a river [w]ide,  
A gallant Damsel I did spy ; a lute she had lay by her side,  
Which up she took, and did sing and play,  
*That in her freedom was all her joy, " O in my freedom's all my joy ! "*

I stept aside, because I'd hear the full conclusion of her song,  
Her musick ravish'd so mine ear, as on the ground I lay along.  
Then did she sweetly play, "*O in my freedom's all my joy !*" 12

" I am a young and harmless Maid, and some are pleas'd to stile me fair,  
There's no man yet hath ambush laid, to catch me but I break the snare :  
*What though they count me nice and coy, yet in my freedom's all my joy.*

" Most young Men have alluring words, poor silly Maidens to betray,  
Such complements they can afford, that we can hardly say them nay :  
*But let them term me nice, and coy, O in my freedom's all my joy !*

" With oaths and protestations great, sometimes they seek to try their  
skill,

When all the while they mean deceit, for to obtain their wanton will :  
And seek their utmost to destroy *our utmost and our chiefest joy.* 30

" With amorous words and speeches fair, they'll promise that they  
ne'r will do,

But of such youngsters I'd beware, for fear I afterwards should rue :  
What though they count me nice and coy, yet in my freedom's all my joy.

*Yet in my freedom's all my joy.*

" Alluring baits also they have, as silver bodkins, gloves, and rings,  
With girdles, scarves, and jewels brave, and many other costly things ;  
But those silver hooks shall ne'r destroy, *for in my freedom's all my joy.*

" Whatsoever they give, talk, or say, I'll ne'r believe them e'er the more,  
Their smoothing words shall not me betray, I'll stand to what I said  
before,

Although they count me nice and coy, [*yet in my freedom's, etc.*]

" Yet I could quickly be in love, if I an honest man could find,  
That would once true and constant prove, and not be wavering like  
the wind ; *A little time I will be coy [yet in my freedom's], etc.*"

## [The Second Part.]

Here in this *Second Part* you'll find a Husband pleasing to her mind;  
This vertuous Maid hath one obtain'd, though long, at last her  
love was gain'd,

She saith her Husband she'll obey, *And in his love shall be her joy.*

And thus she did conclude her song, which having done, I up did rise,  
My heart was struck with love so strong, her beauty dazled both  
mine eyes;

My freedom then she did destroy, *for in her love was all my joy.*

When she espy'd me where I was, she rose and would no longer stay,

I stept unto [her] then, because my heart she bore with her away :  
"Fair Maid," said I, "do not destroy *my freedom, and my chiefest joy.*"

She blushing then, to me did say, "I do desire no company."

"Fair Maid," said I, "O say not nay to him that means no flattery :  
You have my heart, O be not coy, *in you is all my earthly joy.*

"Sweet-heart," said I, "few words I use, but what I speak is from  
my heart,

I scorn your vertue to abuse, then grant me love e'er I depart :

Your freedom I will not destroy, *for in your love is all my joy.*"

With that she took me by the hand, and led me up by the river side,

"If that you true and constant prove," quoth she, "perhaps I'll be  
your Bride."

Then on her lute did sing and play, *Be constant, and I'll be thy joy.*

I then made bold to crave a kiss, which modestly she to me gave,

I took it for a heavenly bliss, her comely gesture was so brave :

I thought it long to see the day *wherein I might my Love enjoy.*

But to conclude, we married were, I have obtain'd a vertuous Wife;

And at the last I brought to pass what she to others had deny'd :

Although at first she seemed coy, *she calls me now her only joy.*

Young Men and Maids where e're you be, that hear this song, I'd  
wish you learn

A pattern by our civility, then Lovers true you may discern,

For them that seek for to destroy *your freedom [will be all your joy].*

Vertue beyond all beauty goes, but he that gains them both is rare,

Only for wealth let no man choose, for constant love is void of care;

*A vertuous Wife will ne'r destroy your freedom, but will be your joy.*

London : Printed by and for W[illiam] O[nley], for A. M[ilbourne],  
and are sold by J. Deacon.

[In Black-letter. Rawlinson's printed for R. Burton, and sold by F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke. Two woodcuts, the lady, of p. 78, and the man, of p. 206. Date of the ballad's earlier issue, circa 1674.]

## Wonderful Praise of a Good Husband.

Mrs. Page.—“Your Husband’s here at hand.”—*Merry Wives*, iii. 3.

TO this *Roxburghe Ballad* there is extant an authorized Sequel (Pepys Coll., IV. 89). It is entitled “An Answer to the Praise of a Good Husband; or, The Dutiful Daughter’s Fortunate Marriage.” It was issued by the same publisher, sung to the same tune, *My life and my death*, etc., and was similarly licensed by Richard Pocock: “This may be printed, R.P.” It begins with a line that had been the burden of the anteceded ballad: “*Good Husbands are Jewels far better than Gold!*” Then follows the verse Argument:—

Her tender mother she obey’d, who did good Counsel give,  
And was resolv’d to live a Maid, while she might happy live  
In love free from all care and strife: in this she’s not to blame,  
For now she is a Merchant’s Wife, and lives in worthy fame.

This shows a similar disposition for celibacy in the dutiful daughter to that displayed by our ‘Oxfordshire Damosel’ (pp. 134, 135), and a similar ending; for we learn that she accepted a good offer:

“Now may she lead as sweet a life as she is fair and pretty,  
For now she is a Merchant’s Wife, of *London’s* famous city.”

There are also two companion ballads, balancing the respective admonitions to the two sexes, as in our Church Matrimonial Service (which admittedly with suggestive force begins “Dearly Beloved,” and ends with “Amazement,” even as wedlock itself so often does). One is entitled ‘The Married Man’s best Portion; or, A new Song plainly setting forth the Excellency and incomparable Worth of a good Wife, also how much Happiness doth continually attend upon that man that enjoys her.’ To the tune of *Fancie’s Phoenix* [p. 42]. It begins, “Amongst those worldly joyes,” etc. Burden, *There is no Comfort in this life, Like to a constant loving Wife*. London, printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passinger, and W. Westwood. The other is ‘The Batchelor’s Guide, and the Married Man’s Comfort.’ It begins, “All Batchelors now come hearken to me,” 1685-88. Burden, *A Wife that is loving . . . she deserves a good man*.

\* \* Here are two alternative and distinct tunes named for our present ballad. 1st. *My Life and my Death are both in your power*. The story of this has been fully told on pp. 47, 48, *ante*. 2nd, alternative tune, is *The Poor Man’s Counsellor* [or, *The Marry’d Man’s Guide*], a ballad reprinted on a later page. It is Roxb. Coll., II. 266, and III. 396; begins, “Come, friend, if thy leisure permit thee to stay,” and is appointed to be sung to the tune of ‘*The Poor Man’s Comfort*,’ a Pepysian and Rawlinson ballad, beginning, “My heart is oppressed with sorrow, sweet Wife.” ‘Counsellor’ and ‘Comfort’ were printed for F. Coles, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger. ‘Comfort’ marked to the tune of *Fair Angel of England* (see *Roxb. Ballads*, i. 181), agreeing in music with *Bonny sweet Robin [is all my joy]*, of lost words except the line quoted by Ophelia in *Hamlet*, act iv., and “My Robin is to the greenwood gone.” (See *Popular Music*, p. 234.)



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 532 ; Pepys, IV. 88 ; Jersey, II. 233.]

## The Wonderful Praise of a Good Husband; or, The kind and careful Mother's Counsel to her Daughter.

Bad Husbands they oft run astray, as being most unkind ;  
But Good we see, will always be of a far better mind.

TUNE OF, *My Life and my Death ; or, The Poor Man's Counsellor.*

**D**EAR Daughter, I'de have thee to take special care  
With whom thou dost marry, for why? I declare,  
Bad Husbands occasion much sorrow and grief,  
It seldom or never affords a relief.

*Besides, in their humours they'l ne'r be controul'd,  
Good Husbands are Jewels far better than Gold.*

Some men are so wilful they'l spend all their store,  
And say, when 'tis gone, they can labour for more ;  
This resolute humour will bring them to know,  
In time of affliction, much sorrow and woe.

*For Friendship is scarce, and Charity's cold,  
Good Husbands [are Jewels far better than Gold].*

12

That Maid that shall wed an Extravagant Man,  
Altho' she may labour and do what she can,  
Yet all is in vain, for if he does consume,  
Yet trouble and sorrow must needs be her doom.

*Dear Daughter, I tell you I know this of old,  
Good Husbands [are Jewels far better than Gold].*

Some women, when marry'd, great Portion have brought ;  
Yet riotous husbands their ruine hath wrought :  
For those that will lead an extravagant life  
Regards not the tears of a sorrowful Wife.

*Their houses are mortgag'd, and livings are sold,  
Good Husbands are Jewels far better than Gold.*

24

To gaming, and hawking, and hunting they'l ride,  
With drinking and feasting with harlots beside ;  
Full quickly will squander and waste their Estate,  
And they may be sorry when it is too late.

*Loose living will bring them to want when they're old,  
Good Husbands are Jewels far better than Gold.*

Whenever a Spend-thrift is seen to pass by,  
"There goes a good-fellow!" his cronies will cry ;  
"An honest true heart too," this, this is their tone,  
"Alas! he is no-body's foe but his own."

*But yet wife and children much sorrow behold,  
Good Husbands [are Jewels far better than Gold].*

36

Your Alc-wives they flourish in silks and black baggs,  
 While poor men, their clyents, are cloathed in raggs;  
 They laugh when they see an old Spend-thrift carrouse,  
 Because they do feed on the sweat of his brows.

*But yet they will slight him when e're he grows old,  
 Good Husbonds [are Jewels far better than Gold].*

To speak of their vertues I now may at large,  
 They'l tender their Wives, and provide for their charge;  
 Nothing shall be wanting that they can provide,  
 Both meat, drink, and cloathing, with all things beside.

*Providing in Summer for Winter that's cold,  
 Good Husbonds [are Jewels far better than Gold].*

48

They, like the industrious Bee, will delight  
 To labour, and bring home their profit at night;  
 If such a kind Husband you happen to have,  
 Your duty, dear Daughter, will then be to save;

*And likewise be loving, not given to scold,  
 Good Husbonds [are Jewels far better than Gold].*

When Wives by their Husbonds are dearly ador'd,  
 No greater a Blessing the world can afford;  
 In troubles or crosses, or what may befall,

Good Husbonds will still bear a share in them all;  
*And in their kind arms their sweet Wives will infold,  
 Good Husbonds [are Jewels far better than Gold].*

60

*finis.* This may be Printed, R[ich]. P[ocock].

[In Black-letter. Colophon shorn off by Pearson's sheet-mounter; but the Pepys exemplar says 'Printed for J. Deacon, at the sign of the *Angel* in *Guill-spur*-street.' Four woodcuts: 1st, the lady of p. 45; 2nd, another, wry-mouthed, of vi. 76; 3rd and 4th, men, of vi. 163, left, and 173, right, respectively. Date, Licence, 1685-88. *This woodcut belongs to p. 45 and p. 150.*]



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 88 ; Douce, II. 216 verso.]

A Merr  
Dialogue between Thomas and John.  
In the praise, and dispraise of Women, and Wine.

*Thomas* against the Women doth contend,  
But *John* most stoutly doth their cause defend.  
Young and Old, read these lines that ensue,  
You'll all confess that which I write is true.  
I know no reason, but that, without dispute,  
This may as well be printed, as sung to Lute.

To a gallant delightful new Tune, well known amongst Musitioners,  
and in Play-houses, called, *Women and Wine*. [See p. 153.]

THOMAS.

**S**ome Women are like to the Wine, like the Sea, and like the Rocks;  
But they that proves them soon may find 'em like the Win[d]  
and Weather-Cocks: [text, 'Wine.'

*But if you'll believe me, I'll tell you true*

*What light Women are like unto :*

*Wine, Wine, Women and Wine, thus may you compare them too.*

JOHN.

Women most constant Men do find, not like the Sea, but like the Rocks;  
They are evermore loving and kind, not like the Wine and Weather-  
Cocks. *But if, etc.* 18

THOMAS.

Women have hooks, and women have crooks, so hath the Wine, so  
hath the Wine, [Scilicet, the Wine.]  
Which draws great Lawyers from their books, so will the Wine, so  
will the Wine. *But if, etc.*

JOHN.

Women have beauty and fair looks, so hath the Wine, so hath the Wine;  
Far surpassing the Lawyers' books, more than the Wine, more, etc.

*But if you'll believe me, I'll tell you true*

*What good Women are like unto :*

*Wine, Wine, Women and Wine, thus may you compare them too.*

THOMAS.

**W**omen are witches when they may, so is the Wine, so is the Wine,  
Which causeth men from their wives to stray, so will the  
Wine, so will the Wine.

*But if you'll believe me, I'll tell you true,*

*What light Women are like unto :*

*Wine, Wine, Women and Wine, thus may you compare them too.*

JOHN.

Women are witty when they may, so is not Wine, so is not Wine,  
And causeth Men at home to stay, so doth not Wine, so doth not  
Wine. *But if, etc.* 54

THOMAS.

Women have arms for to imbrace, so hath the Wine, so hath the Wine,  
Which brings brave gallants to disgrace, so doth the Wine, so doth  
the Wine. *But if, etc.*

JOHN.

Women most sweetly do imbrace, more than the Wine, more, etc.,  
And save their Husbands from disgrace, so doth not Wine, so doth  
not Wine. *But if, etc.* 72

THOMAS.

Women's tongues are like sharp swords, so is the Wine, so is the Wine,  
Which urgeth men to swear damn'd [Words], so doth the Wine, so  
doth the Wine. *But if, etc.* [Text has 'Oaths.'

JOHN.

Women's tongues do speak sweet words, so doth not Wine, so, etc.  
They can perswade from damned Oaths, so will not Wine, so will  
not Wine. *But if, etc.* 90

THOMAS.

Women they do use to change, so doth the Wine, so doth the Wine,  
And oftentimes abroad do range, when Sun doth shine, when Sun  
doth shine. *But if, etc.*

JOHN.

Good Women they will never change, so will the Wine, so will, etc.,  
For profit they abroad will range, Hail, Rain, or Shine, Hail, Rain,  
or Shine. *But if, etc.* 108

THOMAS.

Women they will fight and brawl, fill'd with Wine, fill'd with Wine,  
Their Husbands they will Cuckolds call, inflam'd with Wine, inflam'd  
with Wine. *But if, etc.*

JOHN.

Good Women they will comfort all, like the best Wine, like, etc.,  
What ever sorrow doth befall; so will good Wine, so will good Wine.

*But if you'l believe me, I'll tell you true*

*What good Women are like unto:*

*Wine, Wine! Women and Wine, thus you may compare them too.*

Printed for J. Williamson, at the *Sun and Bible*, in Cannon-street,  
neer London-stone.

[Black-letter. Cuts: 1st and 2nd in vol. i. 24; 3rd on p. 148. Date, circled 1665.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 451 ; Pepys, III. 154 ; Jersey, II. 236.]

## Tobias' Advice ;

### Dr, A Remedy for a ranting Young-Man.

While you are single you take but little care,  
Therefore I say, Better you married were ;  
Perhaps there's some at this will make a jest,  
But I say still a married life is best.  
Therefore young men take this Advice of me,  
Better take one than run to two or three.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Daniel Cooper* [vide p. 152]. By **Tobias Bowne**.

**O**N *May* morning, as I walkt forth, I to my self was musing ;  
Thought I what a Fool am I in truth that I so long am chusing ;  
For Maids enough are to be had, I to my self was thinking,  
Sure I will have one, good or bad, to keep me out of drinking.

Yet some there be have said to me, ' A single life is gallant ;'  
But where is he that I can see that lays up any Talant ? [cf. p. 161.  
They'l say, ' We'l live so all our life, for marriage we'l prevent it ;'  
But where is he without a wife that can live well contented ? 16

For marriage is a thing ordain'd, and what man can deny it ?  
If my true-love doth constant prove, I am resolv'd to try it :  
He that doth live a single life I count a simple action,  
But if you get a loving Wife, that will be satisfaction.

I pray observe what I do speak, you'l say these lines are witty ;  
How many hearts you cause to break in country, town and city,  
And then you think to cast it off, and turn it to a laughter ;  
You think that you do well enough, but pray mark what comes after.

When I was young, I did the like ; then I was brisk and bonny ;  
Sometimes [to] walk abroad all night, and so spent all my money ;  
But now I see it's vanity, I'le strive for to prevent it,  
I'le go no more to seek a whore : I'm with my wife contented. 40

All you stand by, I ask you why that marriage should be slighted ?  
Sure you may say, as well as I, ' young men are over-sighted :'  
But here you run, & there you run, and count yourselves brave fellows,  
But if that One you had at home, she'd keep you from the Alehouse.

A young man said that he would wed, but he aim'd at promotion ;  
He fain would have a wife in bed, but not without a portion :  
I call'd him Fool unto his face, I did not like his speeches ;  
Said I, ' Take thou a virtuous lass, she's better far than riches.' 56

If once you get a loving mate, and you abroad are ranting,  
You'l think, Why shall I stay out late, my wife she finds me wanting ;  
I will haste home unto my choice, she shall not for me tarry :'  
And if you will take my advice, I think it good to marry.

And then you may live happily, be but a little thrifty ;  
 Sure if you spend your time away till you do mount to fifty,  
 And then a wife you chance to have, you may become a Father ;  
 You'l say, 'What money might I have sav'd, had I been married rather.'  
 And so I bid you all adieu, I hope you don't deny me,  
 I do not speak to you or you, but all that stand here by me.  
 It's but a penny once [in] your life, the Ballad's ready for ye ;  
 And so I wish you a good wife, when that you chance to marry !

Finis. Printed for P. Brooksby in Py[e]-corner.

[In Black-letter, with four woodcuts. 1st, the two figures in a park, as in p. 136 ; 2nd, a small figure of a man holding a parchment with a seal attached, and a dog beside him ; 3rd and 4th, the woman and man of vol. vi. p. 78. Date, 1672-94. The name of the tune being cited in its earlier use, *Daniel Cooper* (see vol. vi. pp. 6 and 520), and not the later, *Tom the Taylor near the Strand* (cf. p. 188, ballad entered to Jonah Deacon in Stat. Registers, 12 June, 1684), indicates the date of "Tobias' Advice" as 1672-83.]



## Tobie's Advice and Experience. 1

*Froth*.—"I thank your Worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a Tap-house but I am drawn in."—*Measure for Measure*, ii. sc. 1.

CONCERNING TOBIAS BOWNE and his BALLADS, see the lists of them in our vol. iv. pp. 342, 343, and vol. vi. pp. 158, 159.

'Tobie's Experience' of the various tricks and allurements employed by the hostesses, tapsters and bar-maidens of his time, might have entitled it to come into our previous 'Group of Trades,' but the close connection of matrimonial squabbles with the husband's public-house improvidence sufficiently justify the ballad being inserted here ; not to mention the probability of this Tobie being the same as the Tobias Bowne whose "Advice" in favour of marriage forms its befitting prelude. In the posthumous volume of his *Essays and Phantasies*, 1881, the late James Thomson, in a "Word for Xantippe," generously pleaded for mitigation of the penalty universally decreed against the long-suffering spouse of Socrates. So did Amy Levy's 'Xantippe.' Each volume by the author of *The City of Dreadful Night* deserves loving attention. But the banquettings and discussions of philosophy, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, that kept the divine Athenian Silenus so many hours apart from his wife and family, and also from the useful handicraft which should have furnished funds to maintain them in comparative comfort instead of squalor and penury, were not so far removed in kind from the revelry which, to men of lower instincts, the Ale-house afforded "In the merry old times of our ancestors ; In the merry, merry, merry old times !"

"Tobias' Observation" (although not in the Roxburghe Collection), being a sequel to his "Fairing for young Men and Maids," and signed by Tobias Bowne, as was "Tobias' Advice," is added on p. 155.

\* \* In the Pepys Collection this broadside follows two others by Tobias Bowne, his "Doubting Virgin" (vol. iv. 344), and "Tobias' Advice," reprinted on p. 151. The tune of "The Country Farmer, or, The Buxome Virgin," named on p. 155, belongs to a ballad in vol. iii. p. 363 ; with two Sequels, in iii. 366, and iv. 17.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 450. Apparently unique.]

## Tobie's Experience Explain'd.

Good Fellows all, whatever you be,  
I pray take this advice of me:  
Strength will decay, Old Age will come,  
Therefore save something while you're young.

To THE TUNE OF, *That Dill Doul*. [See *Note*, below.]

Good Fellows all I pray draw near,  
To what I here have lately pend.  
You'l say 'tis true I do not fear,  
And take the author for your friend:  
For by experience I have seen  
How Landladys draw good Fellows in,  
*With " Pray come in, will not you stay,  
I have not seen you this many a day."* 8

" Come *Joan*, where is our Maid gone?  
Bring a chair for this honest man.  
Come, pray sit down, you'l stay so long  
To smoak a pipe, e're you are gone."  
Such tricks they have, and ten times worse,  
To draw the coyn out of your purse,  
*With " Pray sir, stay, will you go away?  
I have not seen you this many a day."* 16

And then she'l whisper in your ear,  
" Pray Sir, will you drink ale or beer?  
*Joan*, fill a flaggon of the best,  
This is my friend, and my old guest;  
And something more I will you tell,  
You are a man that I love well,  
*And you shall stay, you shall not goe away,  
I have not seen you this many a day."* 24

And then perhaps a Maid maybe  
Will come and smile up in your face,  
And She'l sit down upon your knee,  
To keep you longer in that place:  
Then you may kiss, and something more,  
So long as you have money in store;  
*These are the ba[i]tes which they do lay,  
Poore honest men for to betray.* 32

\* The tune named *That Dill Doul*, from "The Maid's Complaint" (reprinted in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 552, 1877), was used with *Women and Wine*, p. 149.

Some Landladys have got the gout,  
 They scarce can turn their ar[m]s about,  
 They are so lazy, and so fat,  
 Their money is so easily got :  
 Some do complain of the Excise,  
 But I am sure that poor trades men pays ;  
*Their measure now is made so short,*  
*That we may pay full three pence a quart.* 40

A labouring man must work all day,  
 For meat and one poor sixpence pay,  
 If in an Ale house once he went,  
 How quickly is that sixpence spent ;  
 Therefore go not into their dore,  
 For they are fat enough before.  
*But mind your wife if you have one,*  
*And let these fat-ar[m'd]e dames alone.* 48

Good Fellows all, that stand here by,  
 Will you say this my song's a lye ?  
 I think you may confess it's true,  
 And so I say as well as you.  
 It is so publick to be seen,  
 What tricks they have to draw men in,  
*With " Pray come in, will not you stay ?*  
*Pray call when you do come this way."* 56

How happy might we live, and brave,  
 If we our money did but save,  
 And not maintain those lazy queens  
 That never doth take any pains,  
 Nor toy, nor wag out of their chear,  
 To draw a man a pot of Beer,  
*But call the maid, " Where is she gone ?*  
*Draw some beer for this honest man."* 64

And so I do conclude and end,  
 I pray observe what here is pen'd,  
 B[u]ye one of them, both great and small, [*i.e.* broadsides. *N.B.*]  
 And put them up against your wall :  
 The price a penny, and that's not dear,  
 'Twill save you two pence in a year.  
*And so I hope you'l gain thereby :*  
*I end having no more to say.* 72

ffinis. [Possibly by Tobias Bowne.]

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, in *West Smithfield*.



[Pepys Collection, III. 155; Huth, II. 102; C. 22, e. 2, fol. 217.]

## Tobias' Observation.

A Young-man came unto a Fair, by chance he met his true Love there,  
Said he, "Sweet-heart, thou art welcome here," invited her to drink some Beer,  
But in the end prov'd ne'r the near, as in this Song it will appear.

TUNE OF, *The Country Farmer*. [See p. 152.] By Tobias Bowne.

This may be printed, R. P[ocock].

There was a Young-Man who lately exprest  
His love to a Damsel that lived in the *West*;  
And thus he began his mind to declare,  
Said he "Thou art welcome unto this Fair!  
I have a great mind with thee to talk,  
Come pray let us to the Tavern walk,  
I'll do thee no harm, thou need'st not fear,  
For Fairing I'll give thee one flaggon of Beer.

"Pray how doth your Father and Mother at home?"  
"They were well this morning," then answered *Joan*.  
Said he, "If you please to walk with me,  
We will be as merry as merry may be:  
To tell thee the truth, I do love thee dear,  
Yet I am so doubtful my mind to declare  
For fear what I ask you should me deny,  
And then for your Love I shall surely die.

16

"I hope you will not offend me,  
Though I be so bold to speak unto thee,  
For night nor day I can take no rest,  
For Love that lies harbour'd within my breast.  
And thou art she that can'st ease my pain,  
Then grant me love for love again:  
Give me some kind answer my heart to ease,  
And let me not languish in Love's disease."

### THE MAID'S ANSWER.

"Good Sir, I do fancy you jeer at me,  
Your Riches and mine will never agree,  
For I am a poor Man's daughter, it's known,  
I work for my Living abroad and at home.  
Sometimes I'me at home, to spinning of Yarn,  
And sometimes abroad to reaping of Corn,  
Sometimes in the Field to milk the Cow:  
I get what I have by the sweat of my brow.

[text, 'whom?']

32

"I live as well contented as any Maid can,  
What need I entangle my self with a Man?  
I walk where I please at my own command,  
I need not say 'Shall I, pray shall I, husband?'  
Now I have my self to guide and to rule,  
In marrying some people have played the Fool:  
Methinks it is troublesome to be a Nurse.  
When children are froward and husbands are worse.

"Yet for your Love I have no cause to deny,  
Since you deserve one that is better than I;  
For you have a good estate of your own,  
And I am a poor Man's Daughter it's known.  
Yet I am content with what little I have,  
Perhaps if I marry I may be a Slave;  
Therefore I'll beware how I marry in hast[e],  
For fear I have cause to repent at the last."

48

## THE MAN'S ANSWER.

"O prithee, my dearest, take pitty on me,  
 No one in the World I fancy but thee,  
 And do not abuse me for loving thee dear,  
 I'll willingly tarry for thee one whole year.  
 Nothing shall be wanting thy mind to fulfil,  
 So thou wilt but grant me thy Love and good Will ;  
 But if thou deny me, and love thou hast none,  
 Then surely thy Heart is as hard as a Stone.

" Sweet-heart, prethee tell me, I know you well can,  
 Whether you do fancy another young-man ?  
 Pray pardon my boldness in asking so far,  
 Or to any other engaged you are ?  
 My dearest, resolve me, if you'll be so kind,  
 That will be great ease to my troubled mind,  
 But if from all other Men thou art free,  
 I shall live in hopes that my Bride thou wilt be." 64

## THE MAID'S ANSWER.

" Good Sir, you pretend a great deal of good will,  
 Yet I am not ready your mind to fulfil,  
 For I have no fancy to be made a Wife,  
 Nor ne'r was concern'd with no man in my Life.  
 And for to live single it is my delight,  
 And so, honest young-man, I wish you good-night.  
 Pray, by your leave, let me pass by you, young-man,  
 For now it is high time for me to be gone."

## THE MAN'S ANSWER.

" And must thou begone, and no longer wilt stay ?  
 Then I wish I had not 'a seen thee this day,  
 For now I am troubled with doubt and with fear,  
 Because I am slighted for loving so dear.  
 Young-men I advise you, where ever you be,  
 If *Cupid* do hit you, then think upon me ;  
 Although you love dearly, yet never declare  
 Unto any Damsel the love that you bare." 80

[TOBIAS BOWNE adds his usual commercial *Note*.]

And so, having ended, I wish you all well,  
 Each young man and maid to the place where you dwell ;  
 But yet I would have you one penny bestow,  
 And that is the price of this Ballad you know. [N.B.]  
 You know it is good to learn Children to Read,  
 It's fit for a Young-man to sing to a Maid ;  
 It is good for pastime on each holy-day,  
 And here be the Ballads, come buy them away !

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye-Corner*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts. 1st, the Exuberant Matron receiving the Minikin Swain = *Roxb. Ballads*, iii. 367 ; 2nd, the not-to-be-trifled-with Court Lady, of vi. 61 ; 3rd, the fat flying Cupid, of vi. 50. Date, as registered by the Stationers' Company, 3rd August, 1687 ; but licensed by R. P., 7th June, 1686.]

\* \* \* Possibly by Tobias Bowne is yet another Tobias ballad, viz. "*Toby's Delight*," or, "An Encouragement of poor young Men and Maids," beginning, "Thou art she whom I love dearly" (*Douce Coll.*, II. 215) : given later, before next 'Group.'

## The New Way of Marriage.

"How oft, when press'd to Marriage, have I said,  
 'Curse on all laws but those which Love has made!  
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties  
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.  
 Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,  
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame;  
 Before true passion all those views remove;  
 Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love? . . .  
 Should at my feet the world's great master fall  
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all;  
 Not *Cæsar's* Empress would I deign to prove;  
 No, make me Mistress to the man I love.  
 If there be yet another name more free,  
 More fond than Mistress, make me that to thee!"

—Pope, *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*, 1717.

OUR Group of 'Anti-Matrimonial and Matrimonial Ballads' would have been sorely incomplete had it lacked this outspoken profession of the Free-Love heresy, as here contained in "The New Way of Marriage." Whenever the debate arises as to the balance struck between advantages and disadvantages of celibacy as contrasted with those of wedlock—the single-blessedness which peradventure is merely a pseudonym for single-'cussedness,' stale virginity, or crabbed bachelorhood as the case may be—there are always some impure minds certain to make their vicious inclinations known, in favour of illicit connection, while rebelling against what they deem the 'conventional tyranny' of even the best-adjusted marriages.

Nobody wishes to cramp the Muse from her higher flight, or from her boldest wanderings; nobody, at least, who is Anybody. We tolerate a great deal, we even laughingly admire, quote and echo, many an audacious stanza that embodies, with more or less of music and neat precision, sentiments that might well deserve severe censure if proclaimed in a sober prose treatise, or with the rant and howling of the professional demagogue, or the iconoclastic heterodox preacher. School-girls are permitted to read unchecked Pope's *Eloisa's Epistle to Abelard*, Tennyson's *Vivien*, and Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*. It is scarcely doubtful that had these themes been given in the form of prose novels, they would have been banished as corrupting influences; and certainly it is demonstrable that the banishment would have been a wise precaution. "The New Way of Marriage," passing the Licenser unfettered, met "*with Allowance.*" So well: but grown-up people need neither a grandmotherly Home-Secretary, nor Laputa Clarke, to tabulate a fresh *Index Expurgatorius* suitable to their own narrow opinions of prurient propriety. Such prudes outrun the pseudonymous "Thomas Maitland" himself in scenting impurity. Whatever bane is in this *Roxburghe Ballad*, and p. 181, the antidote is in Tobias Bowne's "Advice" on p. 151.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 381; Douce, II. 165; Jersey, I. 181.]

## The New Way of Marriage;

Or,

### A Pleasant Contract between John and Kate.

Marriage that simple Contract still doth bind,  
 And mitigate the freedom of the mind;  
*Kate* for prevention of that endless strife,  
 Will be a Mistris rather than a Wife.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.

With Allowance.

JOHN.

“Dearest do! You easily may,  
 The place is agreeing to’t;  
 And no one can see us do’t;  
 Then don’t delay:  
 The torment is so great that I endure,  
 That you must immediately kill or cure;  
 For time admits of no demurr  
 In such a case as this:  
 I’d rather dye, than be so nigh,  
 And reap not bliss.”

KATE.

“O kind *John*, why so fast?  
 Yet for all this clatter,  
 I know no such matter;  
 There’s no hast:  
 I’m not at leisure yet to be undone,  
 Though you languish still in pain, and make moan;  
 Let the Parson speak some words,  
 And we shall soon agree;  
 For my mind is *to be kind*,  
 Onely to thee.”

20

JOHN.

“Dearest Love, think what you say,  
 If once the Parson prove it,  
 You never can remove it,  
 Night nor day.  
 Marriage is a tye does fools confine,  
 They no sooner enter in, but repine;  
 Then who would feed in one poor Dish,  
 And that unwholsome’ drest:  
 When he is sure, he can procure  
 A nobler Feast?”

“ Then dear *Kate*, my only joy ;  
I have a way more easie,  
And that I know will please thee,  
Mark what I say :  
We will the modish way of love pursue, *[i.e. à la mode.*  
Love and lye without a tye, yet still be true ;  
Thus in each other’s joys will we  
Receive the rapt’ing bliss,  
And this shall all the contract be,  
Seal’d with a kiss.”

40

KATE.

“ But, dear *John*, it is well known,  
Young-men their love doth last  
No longer than, the pleasure’s past, *[“ then.”*  
And so be gone.  
Therefore if you mean with me to ease your mind,  
To this you must immediately be confin’d,  
That you on none but me do build  
Your faith and love alone ;  
Then I will thus enviting yield :  
Come, dear *John*.”

JOHN.

“ Dearest, since you thus comply,  
I plight my faith in trust,  
And to it will be just,  
Until I dye :  
My fancy shall no more a roving flye,  
But to thee I constantly will tye :  
Till we have acted what we meant,  
And cloy’d each other’s heart,  
Then as we came, with joynt consent,  
We’l kiss and part.”

60

KATE.

“ Well, kind *John*, my love you have won,  
I like this indifferent well,  
When either with enjoyment swell,  
To stay, or be gone.  
Then don’t with Courtship sue, you’ve gain’d the field ;  
But to pleasure pay its due :  
I freely yield.”  
Being thus agreed, they went away,  
All sorrows to remove :  
Within each other to enjoy the sweets of Love. *Finis.*

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 166, 167 ; Pepys, I. 292.]

## The Kind-hearted Creature ;

Or,

The prettiest Jest that er'e you knew,  
 Yet I'll say nothing but what is true ;  
 I once heard of a cunning whore,  
 But ner'e the like of this before.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Mother beguiled the Daughter.* [See p. 161.]

**A**Ll you that are disposed now to heare a merry jest,  
 By me shall be disclosed how a bonny Lasse confest,  
 That she had loved one or two, nay, two or three and twenty,  
 I cannot tell what they did doe, but she had Lovers plenty.

*Sing Boyes, drink Boyes, why should we not be merry?**I'll tell you of a bonny Lasse, and her Love beyond the Ferry.*

This bonny Lass had [been] caught [in trap], it seemes, by some young shaver ;  
 She being match[']d with such mishap, the Ladds began to leave her ;  
 Though she mist of their company, some one made sure his bargain :  
 But she was lov'd of so many, that it is [not] worth regarding.

*Yet she will sing, and always say, " Drink round, and let's be merry ;**I have a love in Lankeshire, and a litle beyond the ferry."* 24

She now being called to account, for to discribe aright  
 What yo[un]g man was the Father on't, and her owne heart's-delight ;  
 But she could not resolve the same, because there was so many,  
 She knew not's Trade, nor yet his name, for she was free for any.

*Sing Boyes ; [drink Boyes ; why should we not be merry], etc.*

Quoth she, "And if it haue a Booke, then 'twas the man i' th' Gowne,  
 Or other wayes, an't haue a hooke, 'twas the Sheephard on the down ;  
 Or if it haue a whip in's hand, then sure it was a Carter ;  
 Or if it cannot goe nor stand, I thinke 'twas drunken Artor.

[Arthur.]

*Sing Boyes, [drink Boyes ! why should we not be merry,] etc.*

"And if it haue a new fashion, 'twas one came out of France ;  
 And if it be a Musician, 'twas one [who] taught me to daunce ;  
 And if in's hand a needle be, then sure it was a Taylor ;  
 Or if it chance to crosse the Sea, I thinke it was a Saylor.

*Sing Boyes, drinke Boyes, why should we not be merry?**I have a love in Lankeshire, and a litle beyond the ferry.* 60

## The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.

**A**ND if it haue a Hammer, then sure a Smith was he ;  
 And if it be full of man[un]er, 'twas one of good degree ;  
 Or if it haue a shuttle, a Weaver sure was he then ;  
 And if that it be wise and su[b]tle, 'twas one of the Bayliffe's yong-men.

*Sing Boyes, [drink Boyes, why should], etc.*

[Cf. p. 11.]

"And if it haue a long locke, a Courtier sure was he ;  
 And if it be a prety-cocke, then that w[ould] William be ; ['was...he.']  
 And if it haue a shooe in 's hand, it was the boone Shoemaker ;  
 Or if it haue a durty hand, 'twas sure a dunghill-raker. *Sing boyes, etc.* 84

*Note.*—This is what came of the Free-love line of business. Young ladies who inadvertently adopted "The New Way of Marriage" (which was a tolerably old way, if we are to trust ancient records, "afore the Fluid"), met a 'mishap' (like Lady Grisel's maid Kirsty Henderson in John Skelton's 'Campaigner at Home'), she "could haue gotten plenty of feythurs!" One suffices, for moderate minds.

And if it haue a kettle, then sure he was a Tinker ;  
 And if he be full of mettle, 'twas sure a good Ale-drinker ;  
 And if that he be gresie, then sure it was a Butcher ;  
 And if that it be lowsie, then sure it was a Botcher. *Sing Boyes, etc.*

And if in's hand a flower be, a Gardner was the man, sure ;  
 And if it loue to take a Fee, I think twas the 'Pariture : [ = Apparitor.  
 And if it be in a gowne of gray, 'twas one that lues i' th' Country ;  
 And if that it be fresh and gay, 'twas one of the common gentry. *Sing Boyes, etc.*

" And if it haue a Pen in's hand, then sure it was a Scriu'ner ;  
 And if i' th' Tauerne he love to stand, then sure it was a Vintuer :  
 And if it haue a drowsie eye, 'twas him that they call ' Sleeper ' ;  
 And if with bromes and hornes he cry, 'twas sure the Chimney-sweeper. *Sing, etc.*

" And if in's hand he haue a Funne, then sure it was a Baker ; [q. Fan.  
 And if he loue to drinke i' th' Tunne, 'twas then the good Ale-maker ;  
 And if he loue to ride a Horse, I think it was an Ostler ;  
 Or else it was the man o' th' Crosse, that was a valiant Wrastler. *Sing Boyes, etc.*

" And if it haue a mealy face, 'twas him that grin[d]es the Corne ;  
 And if a long note be in place, 'tis him that windes the Horne ;  
 And many more I here might name, which lov'd me once most dearely ;  
 But that indeed it is a shame, for enough is shewen hereby. *Sing Boyes, etc.*

" Now all the hope I haue is this, *my barne must haue a Father,* [Note.  
 And I confesse I did amisse, would I had repented rather.

Yet ther's a youngman loves me wel, but I could nere abide him ;  
 I know of me hel'e haue no feare, though many will deride him." [cf. p. 229.

*Sing Boyes, [drinke Boyes! why should we not be merry?  
 I've told you of a bonny Lasse, and her Love beyond the Ferry.]* 156

R[ichard C[rimsall].

London, Printed for F. Coules.

[Black-letter. Five woodcuts : 1st, a hooped Lady with ruff ; 2nd on p. 165, L ;  
 the others are all in vol. i., 3rd, on p. 190, centre ; 4th, on p. 175, left ; 5th,  
 drummer, on p. 475. Date (transfer) in Stationers' Registers, 24 June, 1630.]

\*\* Line 146 might seem to identify our ballad, as the one that gave the new name of *My Child must haue a Father* (cf. p. 32), sung here to the tune known as *The Mother beguiled the Daughter*. There had been two other ballads modelled on the original, but temporarily-lost ballad, "The Mother beguiled the Daughter," viz. "The Father beguiled the Son," regis. 20 June, 1629; and "The Son beguiled the Father," registered 3 July, 1630. The tune itself was used alternatively with several others, probably distinct from it : 1st, *Stingo*, or *Oil of Barley*, known later (p. 233, Charles II.'s favourite song by Tom D'Urfey as *Cold and raw* ; 2nd, *I haue but a mark a year* ; 3rd, *The Country Lass*, the tune now used for 'Sally in our Alley,' instead of Henry Carey's own music. (Cf. pp. 72, 112.)

But we believe that the popularization of the tune-name, as *My Child must haue a Father*, belongs later to a Pepsysian ballad entitled "The London Lasse's Folly ; or, The Maiden beguiled ;" licensed by Roger L'Estrange before August, 1685. and beginning, "Not long ago it chanced so, abroad as I was walking," and sung to the tune of [A Job for] *the Journeyman Shoee-maker*; the burden varying, but generally stating that *My Child shall haue a Father*. (It is reprinted in these *Roxb. Ballads*, iii. 351, and on p. 353 is the Sequel or Answer, entitled, "The New-Found]Father discovered in the Camp" Both printed for C. Dennisson.)

There was evidently a common idea and treatment for these ballads, and Richard Crimsall's is *certainly the earliest of the three*; its tune-name and publisher indicate this, beside internal evidence of crudity, and the Stationers' Company Register. *A Job for the Journeyman Shoee-maker* was sung to the tune of *A Touch of the Times*; same as *My Child must haue a Father*. (Cf. pp. 32, 99.)

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 176; Pepys, I. 404.]

## Rocke the Cradle, John:

Or,

Children after the rate of twenty-foure in a yeere,  
That's two euery moneth as plaine doth appeare,  
Let no man at this strange story wonder,  
It goes to the tune of, *Ouer and vnder*. [See *Note*, p. 164.]



There was a Country Gallant, that wastéd had his talent, [*Note*, below.]  
Not dreading what would fall on't, would needs a wooing ride :  
Vnto a Lasse of the City, that courteous was and pritty,  
This Damsell neat and witty, he would goe make his Bride :  
This Lasse she had of wealth good store, her stocke was three-score pound and more,  
Though some supposed her to be poore, the same hath late beene tride.  
*Rocke the Cradle, rocke the Cradle, rocke the Cradle, John ;*  
*There's many a man rockes the Cradle, when the Child's none of his owne.*

Unto this Lasse incontinent, the Young-man went with good intent,  
His love was fixed and firmly bent, to take her to his wife :  
Quoth he, " My sweet, while life doth last, my heart is in thy bosome plac'd,  
Let not my suit be now disgraced, I love thee as my life."  
Said shee, " Your suit I must deny, for I haue vowed a Maid to dye,  
If I lose my virginity, it sure will breed much strife."  
*Rocke the Cradle, etc.*

32

" I have been wooed by *Harry*, but I indeed will tarry,  
I never mean to marry, while I on earth remaine :  
Sweet *William* and young *Thomas* too, and *Richard* hath made much adoe,  
And *Ned* with teares did oiten woe, but *Humphrey* did complaine :  
All these brave gallants I forsake, I prethee *John* no more words make,  
But to some other course betake, I doe thy suit disdaine.  
*Goe rocke the Cradle,*" etc.

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*Note*.—Wasting one's talent (in remembrance of the Parable, *S. Matt.* xv. 24) was a favourite allusion in ballads. "The Old Miser Slighted" (Roxburghe Collection, II. 387), not yet reprinted, to the tune of, "*I often for my Jenny strow,*" and beginning "My Mother duns me every day," holds the burden of "*A brisk young Gallant has a Talent which is better worth than gold.*" (Compare p. 147 *ante*, the burden of "The Wonderful Praise of a Good Husband.")



The man [was] no whit dismaid, at that which she had said,  
 But with his Sweet-heart stayed, and did request her still :  
 He did intreat her favour, 'twas all that he did crave her,  
 That hee might onely have her, his fancy to fulfill :  
 " My heart doth fry in *Cupid's* fire, thy beauty I doe much admire ;  
 Then yeeld, my love, to my desire, or else a man you kill."

*Rocke the Cradle, etc.*

64

When she her selfe did vnderstand, she had a foole caught by the hand,  
 Her ship she knew was soundly man'd, her belly wondrous roud :  
 Thought she, " This is a friend of mine, it's best make hay while sun doth shine,  
 Yet to some thing I will him joyne, before my fault be found."  
 Said she, " If I be made thy wife, thou must me humour all thy life,  
 And carefull be for feare of strife, like to a 'Prentise bound."

*Rocke the Cradle, [rocke the Cradle, rocke the Cradle, John.]*

**The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.**

" I N the morning, if I desire, thou must rise up and make a fire,  
 And other things I shall require, which thou must undertake ;  
 My breakfast thou must dresse also, that I from bed to it may goe,  
 All these hard taskes and many more thou must not then forsake, [ ' more.'  
 To brush my Gowne and set my band, make clean my shooes at my commaud,  
 Thy businesse thou must vnderstand if I the word but speake.

*Rocke the Cradle, etc.*

96

" And when we chance to have a child, thou must like to a Father mild,  
 Unto the same be reconcil'd, and dance it on thy knee ;  
 Or if the infant cry for pap, thou then must take it on thy lap,  
 And feed it well, what euer hap, if *John* will marry mee ;  
 Thou must take paines as thou art able, to make the bed, and serve at Table,  
 And lay the young one in the Cradle, whilst I sing merrily,

*Rocke the Cradle," etc.*

" Sweet-heart," quoth he, " to please thee, I'le doe all things to ease thee,  
 I will not once disease thee, nor yet my loue offend.  
 My hands vnder your feet I'le lay, the wiud shall not my loue annoy,  
 So thou wilt be mine ownely ioy, I'le loue thee to the end.  
 I'le make the bed, the house I'le sweep, and lull the Baby fast asleepe ;  
 What you command my selfe will keepe, and will my humour bend."

*Rocke the Cradle, etc.*

128

To this they both agreed, and married were with speed,  
 For shee had wondrous need, as you shall heare hereafter ;  
 The same day month that they were wed, the married man was fairely sped,  
 His wife was safely brought to bed, and had both sonne and daughter,  
 Which by the Midwife in was brought, qd. she, " you have a strange thing wrought,  
 Two children in a moneth begot ! " and so tooke up a laughter.

*Rocke the Cradle, etc.*

He kist the Girl and lou'd the Boy, said he, " You are your father's joy,  
 There's many are in great annoy, because they have no child :  
 I knew a Lord and Lady faire, that did desire to haue an heire,  
 Now I myself haue got a paire, and they are both beguil'd.  
 My wife is fruitful, now I see, and will some great increase bring mee ! "  
 " They are your owne assuredly," then said the Midwife mild.

*Rocke the Cradle, etc.*

160

"See here the Boy is like the Dad, which well may make your heart ful glad,  
Cheere up your selfe and be not sad, for that which here is done :  
His ruby lips doe plaine disclose, his cherry cheekes and dad's owne nose."  
"For twenty pound I will not lose," quoth he, "my little sonne."  
So well content this foole was found, he leapt for ioy above the ground.  
"Old sorrow shall," quoth he, "be drown'd, since new are fresh begun :

*Rocke the Cradle, Tog the Cradle, thus Ile have it knowne,  
I loue to rocke the Cradle, the children be mine owne."*

All you which now haue heard this ditty, take heed with wiues how you doe fit ye,  
For if you come to London City, you quickly may be sped ;  
As here you see this Country Lad within a moneth was made a Dad,  
Though he but little share in't had, his wife was brought to bed ;  
And now this simple [fond] woodcocke the Cradle is constrain'd to rocke,  
His neighbours doe deride and mocke, cause he is so bestead.

*They shout and cry and to him say, "Still the children, John !"  
'Tis enough to make the man to thinke they be none of his owne.*

192

L[ Laurence P[rice].

## Finis.

Printed at London for E. B. [Probably Edward Blackmore ; to whom it is entered in Stationers' Registers, 4° Novembris, 1631, D. 229 = *Transcript*, iv. 263.]

[Black-letter. Single woodcut (the *unmutilated* original of one given in *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 376, a Cuckold holding up a Horn-book ; his wife behind him, threatening him with a stick). Woman on p. 162 belongs to p. 99.]

*Note on ballad-burden, and Tune.*

*Over and Under* (a ballad registered on 13 June, 1631) is one of the names of the tune, with variations, known as *The Jovial Tinker*, and *Joan's Ale is New* (see *Popular Music*, pp. 187 to 190). The title came from a Black-letter broadside (Pepys Coll., I. 264), "A new little Northern Song," perhaps by Laurence Price,

"Vnder and ouer, ouer and Vnder,  
Or a pretty new Jeast, and yet no wonder ;  
Or a Mayden mistaken, as many now be:  
View well this glasse, and you may plainly see."

"To a pretty new Northern tune," printed for *Henry Gosson*. It begins—

"As I abroad was walking I heard two Lovers talking,  
One to another speaking, of Lover's constancy.  
As in a meadow turning, upon a summer's morning,  
I heard these Lovers mourning, 'cause of Love's cruelty.

*For under and over, over and under, under and over again ;  
Quoth she, 'Sweet-heart, I love thee, as Maidens should love Men.'*"

We hereafter reprint another ballad to the same tune (Pepys Coll., I. 396), and similarly entitled. "Rocke the babie, *Joane* ; or *John*, his petition to his loving wife *Joane*, 'To Suckle the Babe that was none of her owne.'" To the tune of *Vnder and Over*, beginning "A Young Man in our parish, his Wife was somewhat currish." The date being 2 January, 163½ (Stat. Reg., D. 234), it soon followed our ballad, which it imitated : perhaps both were *Martin Parker's*.

\* \* Except mention of Tottenham, and a pretty Lass, our *Bonny Bryer* ballad has no connection with the *Choyce Drollery* song, p. 45, 1656, "As I went to *Totnam* on a market day" (= *Pills to P. Mel.*, iv. 179, "As I went to *Tottingham*").



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 174 ; Apparently Unique.]

## The Bonny Bryer ;

Or,

A *Lancashire Lasse*, her sore lamentation,  
For the death of her Loue, and her owne reputation.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Bonny Broome*. [See Note, p. 167.]



One morning early, by the breake of day, walking to *Totnam-Court*  
Upon the left hand of the high way, I heard a sad report ;  
I made a stay, and look'd about me then, wondring from whence it was,  
At last I spyed within my ken a blyth and buxome Lasse

*Sing "O the Bryer, the boñy boñy Bryer, the Bryer that is so sweet ;  
Would I had stayd in Lancashire to milke my Mother's Neate."*

I drew more neare and layd me all along upon the grasse so greene,  
Where I might heare her dulcid tongue, yet I was from her unseene ;  
"Woe's me" (quoth shee) "that ever I was borne, to come to *London*  
Citty,

For now, alas ! I am a scorne, and none my woes will pittie.

*But O the Bryer, etc.*

"Mine Game and Aunt have often said at home that *London* is a place  
Where Lasses may to preferment come within a little space.

This I finde true, though they meant otherwise, which makes me  
thus lament, [text, 'Mine game,' for gammer.]

My b[od]y doth to preferment rise, as if some Barne were in 't.  
*With O the Bryer, the boñy boñy Bryer, the Bryer that is so sweet;*  
*Would I had stayd in Lancashire, to milke my Mother's Neate.*

"These words did my desire inflame, at home I could not bide,  
But up to *London* in hast[e] I came; I may bewaile the Tide.  
A[h!] now I wish'd that I at home had stayd, and not preferment  
sought;

I'm neither Widdow, Wife, nor Mayde, then what may I be thought?  
*With O the Bryer, the boñy boñy Bryer, the Bryer that is so sweet;*  
*Would I had stayd in Lancashire, to milke my Mother's Neate.*

"I had in *London* tarryed but a yeare, yet in that tinie while,  
I fell in love with a bonny Bryer, the sweetest in a mile:  
He mickle good-will did beare unto me, I thinke he did not faine,  
For by a crauen lately he was in my quarrell slaine.

*Sing O the Bryer, etc.*

60

"Before that deare and most unhappy day, hee with my free consent  
Had tane, alas! my mayden-head away, and to wed me in hast[e]  
hee meant;

But my great belly seemeth me to twit, with my too wanton carriage,  
To lose that jem, I wanted wit, before my day of marriage.

*But O the Bryer, the boñy boñy Bryer, the Bryer that is so sweet;*  
*Would I had stayd in Lancashire, to milke my Mother's Neate.*

### The Second Part. To THE SAME TUNE.

"**B**UT just foure dayes before the 'pointed time that should have  
made me a wife,  
Sweet *Willy-Bryer* was slaine in his prime, being stab'd to the heart  
with a knife;

But had it beene with Staffe or Sword, all in the open field,  
The Rascall would have eate his word, that thus my deare hath kil'd.

*With O the Bryer, the boñy boñy Bryer, the Bryer that is so sweet;*  
*Would I had stayd in Lancashire, to milke my Mother's Neate.*

"Woe worth the wretch wherever he be fled, would I reveng'd  
could be!

Lost is my Love and my Maiden-head, what shall become of me?  
Might I but see him hanging by the cra[i]g, that causeth all this woe,  
'Twould something mitigate the plague, which I must undergoe.

*But O the Bryer, etc.*

96

"What shall I doe? my shame I cannot hide, my [fo]lly will be knowne,  
And all my friends and kin will me chide for giving away mine owne.  
To *London Citty* will I goe no more, where I have dwelt a yeere,  
Yet if I knew how to salve my sore, I'd goe home to *Lancashire*.

*But O the Bryer, [the bonny bonny Bryer,] etc."*

I, hearing her last speches that she spoke, rose, and to her I stept,  
More pittie did my heart provoke, to see how sore she wept :

"Faire lasse," quoth I, "goe home unto your friends, that is your  
safest way ;

Great misery all such attends, that in your case heere stay.

*With O the Bryer, the boñy boñy Bryer, the Bryer that is so sweet ;  
Goe, get thee home into Lancashire, and milke thy Mother's Neat."*

She blushing said, "Sir, I thanke you heartily, for this your counsell  
kinde,

But in this field I had rather die with cold and hunger pinde,  
Than to my Kin be made a jest for going thus astray."

"Sweet heart," quoth I, "set your heart at rest, and list what I  
shall say. *With O the Bryer, etc.* 132

"Goe home unto your friends, faire Lasse, tell them that your good man  
I' th' *Swedish* warres late killed was, none there disprove you can:  
This is the way which commonly is done, and when that you are layd,  
You'l soone be match'd with a Yeoman's son, and an honest wife be  
made. *With O the Bryer," etc.*

She promised me my counsell to imbrace, and seemed in minde content;  
She wipt the tears quite from her face, and to *Totnam Court* she went.  
On her some Cakes and Ale I did bestow, then she no longer tarried,  
But home to *Lancashire* she did goe, where since I heare she's married.

*With O the Bryer, the boñy boñy Bryer, the Bryer that is so sweet ;  
Now is the Lasse in Lancashire, and milkes her Mother's Neate.*

M[artin] P[arker].

Finis.

Printed at *London* for F[rancis] G[rove] on *Snow-hill*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts : the 1st and 2nd are on p. 165 ; the 3rd is a framed full-length of a Jesuit, his right hand holding a rosary, in his left a four-peaked cap ; 4th, a woman, temp. *Jacobi I.*, on p. 175. Date, circa 1634.]

\* \* The tune named, *The bonny bonny Broome*, has been mentioned (*Roxb. Ballads*, ii. 503), in connection with "Slippery Will ; or, the Old Batchelor's Complaint," with reference to *Popular Music*, pp. 460, 461. Mr. Wm. Chappell had (in *Roxb. Bds.*, i. 587) annotated the English version of *The Broom of Cowden Knowes*, entitled, "The Lovely Northern Lasse" (transferred to J. Wright, etc., 16 July, 1634), sung to the tune of *The bonny Broome*, of date 1621 or earlier, with a burden which Martin Parker plainly imitated in our "Bonny Bryer" :—

Through *Liddersdale*, as lately I went, I musing on did passe,  
I heard a Maid was discontent, she sigh'd and said, "Alas !  
*All Maids that ever deceived was, beare a part of these my woes,  
For once I was a bonny Lasse, when I milkt my Daddy's Ewes.*

*With O ! the broome, the broome of the Cowden Knowes,  
Faine would I be in the North Country, to milk my daddy's Ewes."*

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 367; Euing, 259; Jersey, II. 249.]

# The Northern Lasse's Lamentation ;

Or,

## The Unhappu Maid's Misfortune.

Since she did from her friends depart,  
No earthly thing can cheer her heart ;  
But still she doth her case lament,  
Being always fill'd with discontent.  
Resolving to do nought but mourn,  
Till to the North she doth return.

TO THE TUNE, *I would I were in my own Country.* [See p. 170.] With Allowance.



**A** North-Country Lass up to *London* did pass,  
Although with her nature it did not agree,  
Which made her repent and so often lament,  
Still wishing again in the North for to be.

*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,  
Doth flourish at home in my own Country.*

6

Fain would I be in the North Country,  
Where the ladds and the lasses are making of hay,  
There should I see what is pleasant to me  
A mischief light on them intic'd me away.

*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,  
Doth flourish most bravely in our Country.*

12

- Since that I came forth of the pleasant North,  
 Ther's nothing delightful I see doth abound,  
 They never can be half so merry as we,  
 When we are a dancing of *Sellinger's round*. [Note, p. 170.  
*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,*  
*Doth flourish at home in our own Country.* 18
- I like not the Court, nor the City resort,  
 Since there is no fancy for such maids as me,  
 Their pomp and their pride I can never abide,  
 Because with my humour it doth not agree.  
*O the Oak, the Ash, the bonny Ivy Tree,*  
*Doth flourish at home in my own Country.* 24
- How oft have I been on the *Westmorland* green,  
 Where the young men and maidens resort for to play,  
 Where we with delight from morning till night  
 Could feast it and frolick on each Holliday.  
*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,*  
*They flourish most bravely in our Country.* 30
- A milking to go, all the Maids on a row,  
 It was a fine sight and pleasant to see ;  
 But here in the City they are void of pittty,  
 There is no enjoyment of liberty.  
*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,*  
*They flourish most bravely in our Country.* 36
- When I had the heart from my friends to depart,  
 I thought I should be a Lady at last ;  
 But now I do find that it troubles my mind,  
 Because that my joyes and my pleasure is past.  
*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,*  
*They flourish at home [in my own Country].* 42
- The yows and the lambs, with the kidds and their damms,  
 To see in the Country how finely they play ;  
 The bells they do ring, and the birds they do sing,  
 And the fields and the gardens so pleasant and gay.  
*O the Oak, and the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,*  
*They flourish most bravely in our Country.* 48
- At Wakes and at Fairs, being void of all cares,  
 We there with our Lovers did use for to dance ;  
 Then hard hap had I my ill fortune to try,  
 And so up to *London* my steps to advance.  
*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,*  
*They [flourish at home in my own Country].* 54

Yet still I perceive I a husband might have,  
 If I to the City my mind could but frame;  
 But I'll have a lad that is North-Country bred,  
 Or else I'll not marry in th' mind that I am,  
*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,*  
*They flourish [at home in my own Country].* 60

A maiden I am, and a maid I'll remain,  
 Until my own Countrey again I do see;  
 For here in this place I shall ne'er see the face  
 Of him that's allotted my Love for to be,  
*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,*  
*They flourish [at home in my own Country].* 66

Then farewell my Daddy, and farewell my Mummy,  
 Until I do see you I nothing but mourn,  
 Remembering my brothers, my sisters, and others,  
 In less than a year I hope to return,  
*Then the Oak and the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,*  
*I shall see them at home in my own Country.* 72

[Perhaps originally by **Martin Parker**.

[London: Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, West-Smithfield.]

[In Black-letter. Colophon lost: pencilling on the broadside agrees with Euing's No. 1911X. Two woodcuts, the man of iii. 576, left, and the woman with a tree, of iii. 537. Date of issue, 1672-94; but the original 'Wanton Northern Lasse' was entered to *Richard Haeppe*, 3 Aug., 1640.]

\* \* \* The old tune is in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, under its earlier name of *The Quiddings Delight*. Also in *The Dancing Master*, 1650 to 1701, there entitled "*The Goodwives*," p. 46 of 1695 edition. Our ballad is not improbably the work of Martin Parker, who wrote 'To the tune of *The North-Country Lasse*,' subscribing his initials, and in a copy printed for E. B. (who was probably E. Bredy, widow, 1607-1609), "Newes from *Paper-Hill*; or, A Gentle Warning to *Peg* and *Kate*, to walk no more abroad so late;" beginning, "A pretty jest I'll tell," etc. (see *Popular Music*, p. 457). Sometimes to the same tune was sung "The Dumb Maid" (reprinted in our *Rock Ballads*, vol. iv, p. 357). It was also used as an alternative tune to *Love's Told* (see vol. vi, pp. 570 and 774, "How cool and temperate am I grown!"), for "The Lancashire Lovers," or, "The Merry Wauging of *Thomas* and *Betty*" (see *PREFACE*, p. ix\*), "My *Betty*, thou knowest I have courted thee long," with the same burden of

*The Oak, and the Ash, and the Ivy Tree,*  
*Flourish here, by at home in my own Country.*

In our third stanza is mentioned the tune of *Schlager's Round* (believed to be a corrupted name from *St. Ives's Round*), a favourite early tune: for which see *Pop. Music*, p. 69, 544. It is named again, mockingly, in a ballad on our p. 109. To Martin Parker is also attributed the authorship of "The Wandering Jew's Chronicle" (11 August, 1634), which we reprinted in vi. 695. M.P.'s initials are not on the Roxburgh exemplars, but in Wood's Collection, 401, f. 121.

*Nota Bene.* Of the two woodcuts added on p. 168, the *Widdow's* had been delayed from p. 28, and the *Exchange Silk-mercer* of 1656, with mask and fan, from p. 83. Compare p. 224.



[Roxburgh Collection, II, 368; Bath, II, 36; Jersey, II, 143.]

## The Northern Ladd;

Or,

The Fair Maid's Choice, who refus'd all for a Plow-man, counting  
her-self therein most happy.

A Country Lass who many suitors had,  
Some good, some mean, the worst of them not bad;  
A *Weaver*, *Taylor*, *Shoo-maker*, first came,  
With many more of ample note and fame;  
A *Barber*, *Baker*, *Miller*, and the like,  
Yet unto none of those her smiles sho'd strike;  
But to a Rustick she is only pleas'd,  
A *Plowman* only has her fancy eas'd.

To THE TUNE OF, *There was a Lass in Chamberland*, &c. [See p. 172.]

I Am a Lass o' th' North Country, and I was born and bred a-whome;  
Marry a Lad has courted me, and sworn that they to woo me come,  
*But to bed to me, to bed to me, the Lad that gangs to bed with me,*  
*A jovial Plowman must he be, the Lad that comes to bed to me.*

The first that came with breeches trim, a *Weaver* was, most neatly dyest,  
But I, alas! wou'd none of him, whilst *Weavers* on Blueap heads do feast,  
*But to bed to me, &c.*

For heads and horns are wensh meat, to serve a Lass of my degree;  
Who beef and bacon always eat, therefore he is no meat for me;  
*But to bed to me, &c.*

24

The next a *Taylor* was so fine, with slash, and slits, and cap-a-poo,  
Who scamp'd, and bring'd, and said he's mine, and that he bain would ligg with me;  
*But to bed to me, to bed to me, the Lad that comes to bed to me,*  
*A tusty Plowman may he be, the Lad that bumps the bed with me.*

He whispering told me he would mend a slit I had to my content,  
But saucy *Prick* louse did offend, so to be stitch'd I so not consent;  
*For to bed to me, to bed to me, the Lad that gangs to bed to me,*  
*A lunny Plowman must he be, the lad that shakes the sheets with me.*

A *Shoo-maker* came jumping in, who plainly did his suit declare,  
And did my foot to squeeze begin, and on them press'd of *Bhuan* a pair;  
*But to bed to me, &c.*

48

He tickled me about the knee, and told me it was his request,  
To live, to love, and wo'd with me, and I so sho'd be of wealth possess;  
*But to bed to me, &c.*

But these fine boys did not prevail, tho' spruce and fine with powder'd locks,  
Nay, tho' he two pence spent in Ale, he cou'd ne'er catch me in his stocks;  
*For to bed to me, &c.*

A *Barber-Surgeon* came to me, whom I did take in great disdain,  
He said his art I soon should see, for he would prick my master vein;  
*But to bed to me, &c.*

72

But I repell'd his rude address, and told him 'twas my greatest cares,  
If wa'd a lowsie A-Snip, alas ! when he's incens'd should keep my ears.

*But to bed to me, to bed to me, the man that comes to bed to me,  
An honest Plowman must he be, the Lad that is embrac'd by me.*

A *Baker* next, who called me cozen, did beg for one salute of me,  
Presenting straight *French Roals* a dozen, but's neck was warp'd with pillory :  
*Oh ! to bed to me, etc.*

And then a *Miller*, who for cogging, for thieving and such like with 's bowl,  
Upon his Horse came softly jogging, who lighting straight demanded Tole.

*But to bed to me, etc.*

96

He told me I was his by right, whereat I smil'd disdainfully ;

'Your [mill-]stones,' said I, 'are ruin'd quite, therefore expect no more of me.'

*But to bed to me, etc.*

A *Plowman* is the jovial Lad, who still despises grief and care,  
With him content and pleasure's had, with him a Rustick life I'll share :

*[Oh ! to bed to me, to bed to me,] 'Tis he shall come to bed to me, etc.*

I'll grasp him in my arms all night, and when the shades shall disappear,  
In pleasing Groves we'll take delight, and with sweet Songs each other chear.

*Oh ! to bed to me, etc.*

Come, my dear, when *Nelly* calls, O let us in this shady grove  
Now venture on what e're befalls, and quench the passion of my Love :

*Oh ! to bed to me, to bed to me, when thou art come to bed to me,*

*How happy then will NELLY be, when thou art come to bed to She.   ¶finis.*

[In Black-letter. Colophon lost : Huth's and Jersey's 'Printed for P. Brooksby.' Three woodcuts. 1st, the feminine representative of Winter, p. 239, left; 2nd, man, vi. 205, right; 3rd, man, on p. 31, but reversed. Date, circa 1672. Later we add "There was a Lass in Cumberland" = 'Cumberland Nelly.']



[This cut belongs to "Cupid's Wanton Wiles," on p. 101, ante.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 161 ; Wood's, E. 25, art. 62 ; Jersey, I. 188 ;  
Rawlinson, 93].

## The Fickle Northern Lass ; or, The Wronged Shepherd's Resolution.

He thought himself the jolliest of the crew,  
Whilst that his Love remained firm and true ;  
But she, false Maid, did prove to him disloyal,  
And was not constant to abide the tryal ;  
Which made him to resolve thus in his mind  
Never to trust no more to Women-kind.

TUNE OF [its own], *There was a Lass in the North-Country, etc.*

**T**Here was a Lass in the North Country,  
And she had Lovers two or three ;  
But she unkindly dealt by one,  
Who had to her great favour shown ;  
Which made him thus for to complain,  
“ I never will see my love again :  
*For since that she hath chang'd her mind,  
I'le trust no more to women-kind.*

“ I gave her ribbons for to wear,  
And now and then a pair of gloves ;  
But she unkindly dealt by me,  
And gave them to her other Loves :  
But now in the Country will I hie,  
And for to seek a new victory.  
*For since that she hath chang'd her mind,  
I'le trust no more to women-kind.*

16

“ Sometimes she vow'd she did me love,  
And I was apt for to believe ;  
But all her flattering words did prove,  
No more than baits for to deceive,  
As I do find it to my pain ;  
Therefore I'le never believe again :  
*For since that she hath chang'd her mind,  
I'le trust no more to women-kind.*

“ As she was fair, had she been true,  
I should have had no cause to rue ;  
But she was fickle in her mind,  
Subject to waver with the wind :  
With each new face that she did see,  
She presently in love would be.  
*And since that she hath chang'd her mind,  
I'le trust no more to women-kind.*

32

- “ I must confess that in my eye  
 She was a pearl I valued high ;  
 But what is beauty, without grace,  
 Or one where Vertue hath no place ?  
 Her false alluring smiles no more  
 Shall draw my senses out of door.  
*For since that she hath chang'd her mind,  
 I'll trust no more to women-kind.*
- “ I gave her heart, I gave her hand,  
 And all I had at her command ;  
 She could not ask what she would have,  
 But presently the same I gave :  
 Yet all my favours prov'd in vain,  
 For she would not requite my pain. *Then since, etc.* 48
- “ When I did think her most secure,  
 Another did her mind allure,  
 And by some crafty wiles she went,  
 To undermine my sweet content :  
 So that I now repent the day,  
 That e're I cast my love away. *For since, etc.*
- “ But now my resolution's such,  
 To suffer for my loving much ;  
 All women's company I'll shun,  
 For fear I further be undone :  
 And go where none hath power to know  
 The subject of my grief and woe. *For since, etc.* 64
- “ And in some dark and dismal [grove], [text, 'place.']  
 There will I build myself a Cave,  
 And in some low and barren ground,  
 Where none but Shepherds can be found,  
 I'll find a place for to bewail  
 My sorrows, which doth me assail. *For since, etc.*
- “ Some shady Desart I will chuse,  
 Which other mortals all refuse,  
 And on the trees her name I'll carve,  
 That doth from me so ill deserve ;  
 That future ages all may know  
 What love to her I once did owe. *And since, etc.* 80
- “ The purling streams with me shall mourn,  
 And leaves relenting all shall turn ;  
 The wood-nymphs who my complaints do hear  
 Shall now and then afford a tear :  
 All blaming her for cruelty,  
 That brought me to this misery. *And since, etc.*

“ And when my time is drawing nigh,  
 I will prepare my self to dye ;  
 The Robin Red-Breasts kind will be,  
 Perhaps, with leaves to cover me :  
 Then to the world I’le bid adieu,  
 And unto her that prov’d untrue :  
*For since that she hath chang’d her mind,  
 Young-men beware of Women-kind.”*

96

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

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts. 1st, the couple in a forest, p. 228 ; 2nd, vi. 40, right ; 3rd, iii. 527, right. Date, circa 1672-1681.]

\*\* Our woodcuts, and our *Notes* on tunes and varying tune-names, have sometimes to wander apart from their proper localities, in order to save space. A magnificent prodigality reigned in earlier days, *consule Planco*, throughout the commencing volumes, which allowed the self-same cuts to reappear unchecked in tenfold repetition, with half-pp. blank. “ *C’est magnifique, mais ce n’est pas la guerre !* ” It resembled Sir Philip Sidney’s Arcadian “ Shepherd’s boy piping, as though he should never be old,” but the hard necessities of life awaken us betimes. In vol. i. were only 116 *Roxburghe Ballads*; in vol. ii. 125; 66 more (of the 158 contained in vol. iii.) completed the original first volume of the Roxburghe Collection, which numbered 307 ballads. (The total of complete ballads in these 3 vols., under Mr. Wm. Chappell’s care, amounted to 399; of which 92 belonged to Roxb. Coll., Vol. II.) The present Editor in this final vol. vii. must now include nearly as many ballads as had filled the earliest three.—Q. E. D.



[*He* belongs to pp. 112, 161, ‘ *A Fairing* ;’ *She* to p. 167, ‘ *The Bonny Bryer.*’]

[Roxb. Coll., II. 460 and 467 ; Jersey, III. 79 ; Wood's, E. 25, fol. 42.]

## The True Lovers' Victory ;

Or, The Northern Couple agreed.

With sugred words and smiling looks  
He did [so] charm her senses,  
That she did yield unto his Love  
For all her late pretences !

TO A RARE NORTHERN TUNE, Or, *Jennie's Cog-wheel*. [See p. 177.]



**A** Bonny blith Lad in the North Countrey,  
Whom *Cupid* had wounded most craftily,  
He met with his Love, and he told her his mind,  
And thus he did greet her with words so kind :

“Come sit thee down by me, mine own sweet joy,  
Thou wilt quite kill me if thou prove coy ;  
Should'st thou prove coy, and not love me,  
Where shall I find such a one as thee ?

[*Song begins here.*

16

“I have been at Wakes, and I have been at Fa[i]res,  
Yet ne'r could I meet one that with thee compares ;  
Far have I travel'd, yet never could find  
One I lov'd like thee, if thou prove so kind.

“Thou shalt have a gay gown of the best,  
With gay fine buskins thy feet shall be drest ;  
With c[h]aplets of Roses thy head shall be crowned,  
And thy pink petticoat shall be lac'd round.

32

“When thou art drest in thy robes so gay,  
Thou shalt be seen like the Queen of *May* ;  
The bonny young Lasses that lives by thee  
Shall all take delight in thy company.

“We will go early to the brook side,  
And catch [the] fishes as they do glide :  
Every little fish thy prisoner shall be,  
Thou shalt catch them, and I'll catch thee.

48

"The Birds in the grove shall come at thy beck,  
And from thy lilly-white hands they shall peck ;  
And whilst with their notes about thee they play,  
I will sing [to] thee a Roundelay.

"Now let me kiss thy cherry lips fair,  
And praise all thy features that are so rare ;  
Thy forehead is high and lofty doth rise,  
Thy sweet ruby lips and thy pretty black eyes. 64

"I'll lye b[es]y[de] thee all the cold night,  
Thou 'st want nothing for thy delight ;  
Thou shalt have anything, thou shalt have me ;  
Surely I have something that will please thee."

She hearing her Lover thus kindly complain,  
From making him answer she could not refrain ;  
She gave him her hand, with a low curtesie,  
And thus she replied, "I'll have none but thee ! 80

"Thy bonny fair face, and thy words so sweet,  
Did conquer my heart when we first did meet ;  
Ther's never a Lad in the North Countrey  
Shall ever have my favor but only thee !

"Then let us gang to the Kirk now with speed,  
For why ? I think long till we do the deed :  
Since I may have any thing, I will have thee,  
Because thou hast something that will please me !" 96

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

[In Black-letter, with one woodcut, which is the reverse of ours on p. 176.  
Date, *circa* 1672, or at latest, 1681.]

\* \* This "True Lovers' Victory" appears to be a broadside elongation of "The New Scotch Song" printed in the second part of *Westminster-Drollery*, p. 4, 1672, there beginning with "Sit tha' do'on be me, mine awn sweet joy ; Thouse quite kill me suedst thou prove coy," etc. : compare our second stanza, "Come sit thee down by me, mine own sweet joy," etc. Yet the *Drollery* song is so inferior, with its execrable Anglo-Scotch, its most villainous spelling-deformity to imitate the supposititious pronunciation of Northern speech, that a lingering suspicion of the harmless broadside ballad being the original, spoilt in imitation when cut down to a song, is not wholly untenable. The *Drollery* "Answer to the Scotch Song, and to that tune," beginning "Sibby cries 'To the wood coom follow me !'" has no resemblance to our Scotch maiden's answer. Of the ballad, therefore, stanzas 1, 4, 6, 9, 10, and 11 are unrepresented in the song. Her final line is from a suggestion at end of his address, ninth stanza.

We know not the original *Jenny's Cog-wheel*, which was probably of eccentric movement and involved construction. It is left to the Muck-Dougall, as belonging to his locality. Whosoever was the composer, unknown, the music is in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, i. 76, 1679 (without "Sibby cries," etc.) ; and a broadside version of "Sit tha down be me" is Rawlinson Coll., 566, fol. 110. Words in *Wit and Mirth*, p. 275, 1691 ; p. 215, 1699. Not repeated in *Pills*, edition 1719. Henry Bold's third canton, p. 13, of *Latine Songs*, 1685, is an adaptation, beginning, "Mihî sis Assedo (*melleum Cor*), Si dura fias, Emorior," etc. A fifth stanza (not in *Westm. D.*) is given by Playford :—"What man we do when scrip is fro ? Weez gang to the House at the Hill broo ; And there weez fray and eat the fish ; But 'tis thy Flesh makes the best dish." Cannibalistic Papuans like the diet : around the social fire they sing "Let the toast, let th' Toast be dear Woman ! and three cheers for the Girl that we love" (done brown).

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 455 ; Euing, 349.]

## The Trappan'd Virgin ;

Or, good Advice to Maidens, that they may not be drawn into Preliminaries by [any of] the specious Pretences of their seeming Amourists, who having once obtain'd their Wills, leave and forsake their betray'd Mistresses.

Take my Advice while you are free, and Young-men do not trust ;  
They promise fa[i]re as fa[i]re can be, but mean what is unjust.

TUNE, *When Busie Fame.* [See vol. vi. p. 102.]

Come mourn with me, you Ladies all, whom young men have betrayed ;

I was belov'd of great and small, and thought a virtuous maid :  
At length a Young-man to me came, and he did me much wrong,  
For he betray'd a harmless Maid with his deluding tongue.

Such vows and protestations he did to me often use, [ =made me  
With sighs and sobs that pittied me, so that I could not chuse pitiful.

But condescen'd to his desire, by which I'm ruin'd quite,  
In a hapless hour he crop't the flower wherein I took delight. 16

My Virgin's name I must disown, which grieves me to the heart ;  
And since my maiden-head is flown, I feele such deadly smart,  
That makes me oft desire to dye, to be freed from that shame  
All will bestow on me, I know, who ever hear the same.

But this may somewhat me excuse, which brings me some content,  
Obstinately I did Refuse, and would not give consent,  
Till he did vow and swear to me he would make me his Wife ;  
But now I find he hath chang'd his mind, I am weary of my life. 32

And he from me is fled and gone, a false and perjur'd wretch ;  
Whilst by my self I make my moan, and many a sigh do fetch :  
But 'tis in vain I plainly find, since nothing will availe,  
Why should I sigh away my life, unless I could prevail ?

Take warning by me, Maidens fair, and do not be Trappan'd ;  
To their pretences give no ear, for, if they understand  
You'r of a gentle nature [grown], and begin to them to yield,  
They'l flatter on till you'r undone, and they have won the Field. 48

When they have got what they desire, their passion 's at an end,  
They'l coole that seeming fervent fire, and you shall lose your friend ;  
But keep them at a distance, and you'l find them stoop amain :  
So you may be from dangers free, and need not to complain.

Such good Advice I once did want, which makes me now lament,  
And when too late I think upon 't, it breeds such discontent,  
That I do wish ten thousand times I had his suit deny'd,  
Who now I find doth prove unkind, and me hath terrified ! 64

False-hearted men, where e're you be, think not for to escape ;  
For what you gain by Treachery is next kinn to a rape,  
And will in time requited be with some most just reward :  
Hereafter, then, prove honest men, and faithful to your word.

Printed for *F. Cole[s]*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, *J. Clark*, *W. Thackery*, and  
*T. Passenger.*

[In Black-letter. Woodcut, the reverse of one on p. 176. Date, before 1682.]

*Audi alteram partem !* A vile seducer speaks, self-convicted, on pp. 179-181.



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 548 ; Jersey, I. 282, 344 ; II. 2 ; Pepys, III. 23 ;  
Douce, II. 262 ; C. 22. e. 2, fol. 26.]

## A Young Man put to his Shifts ;

Or,

### The Ranting Young Man's Resolution.

Wherein is showd how young Wenches he doth please,  
And of their heavy burdens he doth them ease ;  
With cunning tricks he their fancies up doth feed,  
And they him relieve when he doth stand in need.

TO THE TUNE [its own] of, *Cupid's Trappan*. [See Note, p. 181.]



[This cut belongs to the 'George Stoolle' ballad on p. 68.]

OF late did I hear a young damsel complain,  
And rail much against a young man,  
His cause and his state, I'll now vindicate,  
*And hold battle with Cupid's trappan, brave boys !*  
*And hold [battle with Cupid's trappan].*

Surely she thinks I am stark mad,  
 To wed every Girl I do see ;  
 No, let her stay a while, for I can make a fool  
*Of twenty far better than she, brave boys ! Of twenty, etc.*  
 For if I court a Maid, she shall get nothing by 't ;  
 For so soon as her money is gone,  
 And I have got her rings, and other fine things,  
*Then the Devil may take her for JOHN, brave boys. Then the, etc.*  
 I can give them fair words, but little good deeds,  
 Any girl of me [this] shall find,  
 And if I see she will do't, then I put her to 't,  
*But strait I can turn with the wind, brave boys. But strait, etc.*  
 He's but a fool that will fawn of a Maid, 21  
 Although she seem never so coy ;  
 Make though you'd be gon[e], she'l bid you come on,  
*If you tell her you'l get her a boy, brave boys. If you, etc.*  
 But if she don't find thou can'st stir up her blood,  
 She will laugh and jear thee to thy face ;  
 But if she perceives thou can'st do her some good,  
*Then thy body she strait will imbrace, brave boys. Then thy, etc.*  
 As for my own part, I value it not a pin,  
 I care not what Girl doth it know,  
 But the coyest lass I can easily win,  
*And bring her unto my own bow, brave boys. And bring, etc.*  
 I drink off the best, and live at heart's ease,  
 For Money I take little care ;  
 I can hum[ou]r young wenches, and have what I please,  
*Be it never so fine and so rare, brave boys. Be it, etc.*  
 I Count him a noddy that can't win a Maid, 41  
 To buckle, to bow, and to bend ;  
 And, if he stands in need, to do a good deed,  
*And to give him some money in hand, brave boys. And to, etc.*  
 Tho' maidens do seem coy on it, they long till they ha't,  
 Either *Mary, Sue, Bridget* or *Nan* :  
 If they were put to [own] their choice, for to lye alone,  
*They had rather to lye with a Man, brave boys ! They had, etc.*  
 For dayly and hourelly full often it is seen  
 What [sort of] Maiden 'tis will lye alone :  
 If she han't a husband when she is fifteen,  
*She thinks she shall never have none, brave boys ! She thinks, etc.*  
 So it doth [soon] appear how hasty they are  
 The fruits of love for to tast[e] :  
 It makes their great belly the truth for to tell ye  
*They've been clipping a man about 'h wast[e], brave boys. They, etc.*

There's choice of young Damsels I have at command, 61  
 That with mon[e]y my pockets both fe[ed].  
 And if I want a bout, they will not stand out,  
*To help a good turn in my need, brave boys! To help, etc.*

If I cheat a young damsel, the fault's none of mine,  
 To her self she better may look;  
 For I'll lay my bait, by day or [by] night,  
*Be sure I take her of my hook, brave boys! Be sure, etc.*

And when I ha' caught her, be sure she's my own,  
 For a little we two do imbrace;  
 But before we go to church, I leave her i' th' lurch,  
*Thus I cheat her unto her own face, brave boys! Thus I, etc.*

I'll never be bound when I may live free,  
 Nor I'll never be tied to a wife,  
 Their's sope, fire and candle, a child for to dandle,  
*Which makes a man weary on's life, brave boys! Which, etc.*

So I get but the child, let who will it keep, 81  
 For my part I do mean to keep none;  
 So I have but the sport, let them provide for 't,  
*For so soon as I've done I am gone, brave boys! For so, etc.*

For if I should keep all the Children I get,  
 I should have a great many lives;  
 I will take a halter and cut my own throat,  
*Before I'll have so many wives, [brave boys!] Before, etc.*

For Gentleman-like I live as I be,  
 And am free from care and sorrow;  
 If never a penny I have over-night,  
*Be sure I have some the next morrow, brave boys. Be sure, etc.*

So young men I'll leave you: make use of your time,  
 For so long as my co[un]s[el] doth hold,  
 I am sure of this, let it hit or miss,  
*I shall want neither Silver nor Gold, brave boys,  
 I shall want neither silver nor gold.* 100

London, Printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts. 1st, the lady, vi. 288, left; 2nd, the amorous gallant, vi. 78, right; 3rd, couple, iv. 15. Date, circa 1670.]

\* \* This young scapegrace befittingly illustrates the evil results of such principles as are announced in "The New Way of Marriage" (p. 158). We have already (in vol. vi. pp. 525 and 531) told the history and sequence of the "Cupid's Trappan" series of ballads. This one was delayed, and the original is given later, "The Willow changed into Carnation," with "The Willow Green" (Roxb. Coll., III. 132). Next ballad has the same tune, *Bonny bonny Bird*. The two burdens, contrasting what 'went well' and 'went ill' (lines 10, 15, 40, 100), coincide with *Westminster-Drollery*, ii. 54, 1672, "I went to the Tavern, and then," etc.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 100. Apparently Unique.]

## The Patient Husband and the Scolding Wife.

Showing how he doth complain of hard fortune, he had to marry such a cross-grain'd Quean as she was, and he wishes all young men to be advis'd to look before they leap.

You Batchellors where ere you be,  
This Counsell here now take of me,  
Chuse not a wife that's too precise,  
For fear she should pluck out your eyes.

TO THE TUNE OF, [Once did I love a] Bonny, bonny bird. [See p. 181.]



[This cut shows the ill-usage of Patient-Husbands by Scolding Wives : see p. 184.]

All you gallants in City or Town,  
Come listen a while to my song,  
To you I'll relate with seeking a mate,  
*How that I my self 'a done wrong, brave boys!*  
*How that I my self 'a done wrong.*

When as I was single as some of you be,  
I was beloved like other young men ;  
I liv'd at my ease, and I did what I please ;  
*And the world it went well with me then, brave boys !*  
*And the world it went well with me then.*

I could kiss a young Maid, and she'd never seem coy,  
And sometimes she would kiss me again ;  
And perhaps at the last I could get her a boy,  
*Oh the world it went well with me then [brave boys], etc.*

- Thus bravely I liv'd without any controul,  
 And had silver good store lying by ;  
 I could sing and be merry, drink white-wine and sherry,  
*Then who but sweet William and I [brave boys], etc.* 20
- Yet I could not be content, but a wooing I'd go,  
 To get me a Wife of my own ;  
 I got one at the last, but she proves a shrew,  
*And set horns where there never was none, brave boys, etc.*
- I married in hast[e], but at leasure repent,  
 I would be so fool'd by a wife ;  
 She'l pout and she'l lower, she'l frown and look sower,  
*Then I dare not stir for my life, brave boys : Then, etc.* 30
- When I went to Church, I was led by two Maids,  
 And the musick did play gallantly ;  
 My Wife she did dance, and her spirits advance,  
*And she skipt up and down like a fly, brave boys. And she, etc.*
- But e're we'd been married one month to an end,  
 To search my Pockets she straitways began,  
 She took me by the ears, and she sent me to fears,  
*Oh, the world it went ill with me then, etc.* [See Note, p. 181.]
- She turn'd me about, and she gave me a rost,  
 Such a one as I ne're had before,  
 Her hands were so quick, my sides she did lick,  
*And did beat me till I did roar, etc.*
- The more I did pray y<sup>t</sup> these storms they might cease,  
 The longer I think they did rise ;  
 The more I did pray that we might live in peace,  
*The more mischief she still devise, etc.* 50
- If that in an Ale-house I chance for to pop,  
 Then presently comes all my fears ;  
 I'm sure to have blows, also bitter Oaths,  
*If I be not wrung by the ears, etc.*
- One day we'd a bout, and I held her too't,  
 Till with the Ladle she broke all my nose ; [See pp. 20, 188.]  
 Nay, worse then all this, my self I be[m]ist,  
*And in truth I befowl'd both my hose, etc.* 60
- Surely ther's no man that liveth on earth  
 That hath such a cross wife as she ;  
 Which makes me to swear : " Young men have a care ! "  
*For the case it is alter'd with me, etc.*
- Thrice happy is he that hath a good wife ;  
 But far better's that young man  
 That settels him self to live a single life,  
*Then would I was unmarried again, etc.* 70

For these ladys are so false a man can't them trust,  
 And so much they are given to lies,  
 If a man he don't please them at every turn,  
*Then they'r ready to pluck out his eyes, etc.*  
 They'l kick, fling, and throw, they'l fret and they'l frown,  
 As if they was going mad you wou'd swear ;  
 And some Girls on their bellies more means will consume  
*In one week then they'l get in a year, etc.* 80

Therefore honest young men had need to beware,  
 (For my part my own ruine I've brought),  
 And of flattering Damsels to have a great care :  
*For 'wit's never good till 'tis bought,' etc.*

For now by experience I plainly do find  
 What troubles some men do uphoor'd :  
 [He] that hath a cross wife, he's ne're sure of his life,  
*To live quiet in bed nor at board, etc.* 90

If she ha'n't her humour in everything,  
 Then his head with the ladle she'l greet ;  
 And at night, I suppose, if he don't jostle close,  
*Then she'l kick him out at the bed's feet, etc.*

So Batchellors all, now my leave I'le take,  
 This counsell is good for all honest young men ;  
 If I was shut of this quean, you know what I mean, [Note.  
*Oh, the world would go well with me then, brave boys,*  
*Oh the world would go well with me then.* 100

Printed for *W. Thackeray*, at the *Golden Sugar-Loaf*, in *Duck-Lane*.

[In Black-letter, with three woodcuts. 1st and 2nd, as in vi. 195 left, and vi. 163 right: the 3rd is below. Date, 1660-80, probably circa 1673.]

'*To be Shut of*' still lingers provincially = *clear* or *free* of a thing. On p. 182 an extra cut is given, the first figure represents a humiliated 'hen-pecked frigate' of a husband riding reverse-way at a *Skimmington* festival, called *Riding the Stang* (for description of which see *Hudibras*, part ii. canto 2, 1663). The gang of women evilly-entreats another Husband, one who has been too liberal with his talent outside his household. (See pp. 194-196 for an account of *Horn-Fair*.)



[Roxb. Collection, II. 534 ; Pepys, IV. 100 ; Euing, 397, 398 ; Jersey, I. 268.]

## The Woman to the Plow,

And the Man to the Hen-Roost ;

Or, a fine way to cure a Cot-Queen. [p. 186.]

THE TUNE IS, *I have for all good wives a Song.* [See p. 187.]

Both Men and Women, listen well,  
 A merry jest I will you tell,  
 Betwixt a Good-man and his Wife,  
 Who fell the other day at strife :  
 He chid her for her Huswivery,  
 And she found fault as well as he  
 With him for's work without the doors,  
 Quoth he, " A pox on all such whores ! [al. lect., 'scores.'  
 Sith you and I cannot agree,  
 Let's change our work ! " " Content ! " quoth she,  
 " My Wheel and Distaffe here take thou,  
 And I will drive the Cart and Plow." 12

This was concluded 'twixt them both,  
 To cart and plow the good-wife goeth.  
 The Goodman he at home doth tarry,  
 To see that nothing doth miscarry ;  
 An apron he before him put,  
 Judge, was not this a handsome slut ?  
 He fleets the milk, he makes the chese, [skims milk.  
 He gropes the hens, the ducks and geese : [gr. for eggs.  
 He brews and bakes as well as he can,  
 But not as it should be done, poor man !  
 As [he] did make his cheese one day,  
 Two pigs their bellies broke with whey. 24

Nothing that he in hand did take  
 Did come to good ; once he did bake,  
 And burnt the bread as black as a stock ;  
 Another time he went to rock  
 The cradle, and threw the child o' th' floor,  
 And broke his nose, and hurt it sore.  
 He went to milk, one evening tide,  
 A skittish Cow on the wrong side ;  
 His pail was full of milk, God wot,  
 She kickt and spilt it every jot ;  
 Besides, she hit him a blost o' th' face  
 Which was scant well in six weeks' space. 36

Thus was he served, and yet to[o] well,  
 And more mischances yet befell;  
 Before his apron he'd leave off,  
 Though all his neighbours did him scoff.  
 Now list and mark one pretty jest,  
 'Twill make you laugh above all the rest,  
 As he to churn his butter went,  
 One morning with a good intent,  
 The Cot-quean fool did surely dream, [Molly-coddle.  
 For he had quite forgot the cream.  
 He churn'd all day, with all his might,  
 And yet he could get no butter at night. 48

Were strange, indeed, for me to utter  
 That without creame he should make butter.  
 Now having shew'd his huswivery,  
 Who did all things thus untowardly,  
 Unto the Good-wife I'll turn my rhyme,  
 And tell you how she spent her time.  
 She us'd to drive the cart and plow,  
 But do't well she knew not how,  
 She made so many banks i' th' ground, [qu. baulks.  
 He [had] been better to have given five pound  
 That she had never ta'ne in hand,  
 So sorely she did spoil the land. 60

As she did go to Sow likewise,  
 She made a feast for crows and pies,  
 She threw away a han'ful at a place,  
 And left all bare another space.  
 At the Harrow she could not rule the Mare,  
 But did one land, and left two bare.  
 And shortly after, one a day, [on a day.  
 As she came home with a load of hay,  
 She overthrew it, nay and worse,  
 She broke the cart and kill'd a horse.  
 The good-man that time had ill luck,  
 He let in the sow and [she] kill'd a duck, 72

And being grieved at his heart,  
 For loss on's duck, his horse and cart,  
 The many hurts on both sides done,  
 His eyes did with salt water run:  
 "Then now," quoth he, "full well I see,  
 The Wheel's for her, the Plow's for me.  
 I thee intreat," quoth he, "good-wife,  
 To take thy Charge, and, all my life,  
 I'll never meddle with huswivery more,  
 Nor find such faults as I did before. 84



Give me the cart-whip and the frail,  
Take thou the churn and milking pail." 96

The Good wife she was well content,  
And about her huswivery she went.  
He to hedging and to ditching,  
Heaping, mowing, lading, pitching,  
He would be twatling still before, [i.e. prating.  
But after that ne'r twattled more.  
I wish all Wives that troubled be,  
With Hose-and-doublet Huswivery,  
To serve them as this woman did.  
Then may they work and ne'r be chid :  
Though she i' th' int'rim had some loss,  
Thereby she was eased of a Cross. 108

Take heed of this, you Husband-men,  
Let Wives alone to grope the hen,  
And meddle you with the horse and ox,  
And keep your lambs safe from the fox.  
So shall you live Contented lives,  
And take sweet pleasure in your Wives.

Finis. [Probably by Martin Parker.

Printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.

[This agrees with the Pepys' exemplar and second Euing; Euing 397 was the original, entered, 22 June, 1629, "printed for F. Grove, dwelling on Snow-hill." In Black-letter, with four cuts. 1st and 2nd on p. 140; 3rd, p. 163, left; 4th, p. 166, right. Printed without division into stanzas. Date, 1629.]

\*.\* The tune, 'I have for all good wives a song,' is so named from the first line of a ballad (transferred, 1st June, 1629), entitled, "A Merry Dialogue betwixt a married man and his wife, concerning the affaires of this life," reprinted in *Roxburghe Ballads*, ii. 159: one probably written by Martin Parker, whose initials of M.P. are attached to another ballad, "Man's Felicity and Misery, which is a Good Wife and a Bad," sung to the self-same tune as this, beginning, "Kind Couzen David, prithee stay!" and reprinted in the same volume, ii. p. 183. Mr. Wm. Chappell thereupon remarked that "Martin Parker would more probably select his own ballads than those of his contemporaries to give names to tunes;" we might also guess, by parity of reasoning, that the present ballad was written by Martin Parker: a theory by no means improbable.

In principle and story it agrees with the early Scottish ballad of 'The Wyfe of Auchtermuchty' in the Bannantyne MS., signed "Mofat" = Sir John Moffatt (reprinted in Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen*, i. 137, 1724, and elsewhere), "In *Auchtermuchty* their dwelt ane man, ane husband, as I hard it tauld," etc., whence Allan Cunningham constructed his modern ditty, popular in the North, "John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon, and the green leaves on the tree; That he could do more work in a day than his wife could do in three." (See A. C.'s *Songs of Scotland*, ii. 123, 1825. He pretended to have taken it, as a Nithsdale song, from the recitation of George Duff, of Dumfries.) In Wright and Halliwell's *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, ii. 196, 1843, is the earliest part or *fytte* of an English "Ballad of a Tyrannical Husband," still more ancient, *temp. Henri. VII.* Compare also the *Silva Sermonum jocundissimorum*, circa 1568.

[Roxb. C., II. 576; Pepys, IV. 143; Rawl., 12; Wood, E. 25, 68; C. 22, 66; Jer.]

## My Wife will be my Master ;

Or, the Married-Man's Complaint against his Unculy Wife, being a warning for all Unmarried persons to have a special care in choosing their Maik, lest they meet with such a Mgre-snype as this poor-man did.

TO THE TUNE OF, *A Taylour is no Man.* [See p. 189.]



AS I was walking forth of late, I heard a man complaining :  
With that I drew me near to him, to know the cause and meaning  
Of this his sorrow, pain and grief, which bred him such disaster ;  
“ Alace ! ” quoth he, “ what shall I do ? *my Wife will be my Master.*

“ If I should give her fourty pound, within her apron folding,  
No longer then she[’s] telling on’t, her tongue leaves never scolding :  
As *Æsop’s* dog barkt at the *Moon*, [a] thing for to distaste her,  
So doth my wife scold without cause, *and strives to be my Master.*

16

“ Were I so strong as *Hercules*, or wiser then *Apollo* ;  
Or had I *Iearus’* wings to flee, my Wife would after follow :  
Should I live as many years as never did King *Nestor*,  
Yet do I greatly stand in fear, *my Wife would be my Master.*

“ I know no cause nor reason why that she with me should jangle,  
I never gave her cause at all to make her with me wrangle :  
I please her still in what I may, and do no jot distaste her,  
Yet she doth strive both night and day *alwayes to be my Master.*

32

- " I every morning make a fire, all which is done to ease her ;  
I get a nutmeg, make a To[a]st, in hope therewith to please her ;  
With a cup of nappy Ale and spice, of which she is first taster,  
And yet this cross-grain'd quean will scold, *and strive to be my Master.*
- " I wash the dishes, sweep the house, I dress the wholesome dyet ;  
I humour her in everything, because I would be quyet :  
Of every several dish of meat, she'll surely be first taster,  
And I am glad to pick the bones, *she is so much my Master.* 48
- " Sometimes she'l sit while day be light, in company with good fellows,  
In taverns and in bowing Tents, or in some pimping Ale-house : [= Keus.  
And when she comes home drunk at night, though I do not distaste her,  
She'l fling, she'l throw, she'l scratch, she'l bite, *and strive to be my Master.*
- " Her bed I made both soft and fine, and put on smock compleatly ;  
Her shoes and stockings I pull off, and lay her down most neatly :  
I cover her and keep her warm, for fear I should [distaste] her, [' offend.'  
I hug her kindly in my arms, *yet still she'l be my Master.* 64
- " And when I am with her in bed, she doth not use me well, Sir ;  
She'l wring my nose, and pull my ears, a pitifull tale to tell, Sir.  
And when I am with her in bed, not meaning to molest her,  
She'l kick me out at her bed's-feet, *and so become my Master.*
- " And thus you hear how cruelly my Wife doth still abuse me,  
At bed, at board, at noon, at night, she alwayes doth misuse me :  
But if I were a lusty man, and able for to baste her,  
Then would I surely use a means, *that she should not be my Master.* 80
- " You Batchelours that sweet-hearts have, when as you are a wooing,  
Be sure you look before you leap, for fear of your undoing.  
The after-wit is not the best, and he that weds in haste, Sir,  
May like to me bewaile his case, *if his Wife do prove his Master.*
- " You Married Men that have good Wives, I pray you make much [by] them,  
For they more precious are than gold, if once you come to try them :  
A good Wife makes a Husband glad, then let him not distaste her ;  
But a Scold will make a man run mad, *if once she prove his Master !*" 96  
[*But if ever I am a Widdowce and another wife do marry,  
I mean to keep her poor and bare and the purse I mean to carry.*]

**Finitis.**

[In uncommonly large Black-letter. Colophon lost. No woodcut : one, described on p. 164, in later copies, see CONTENTS : " Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark* ;" Pepys adds *W. Thackeray* and *T. Passenger* ; also a burden, *which we replace after line 96.* Date circa 1640 ; others 1681.]

\* \* The tune is marked *A Taylor is no Man* [*al. lect., a Man*]. A ballad of 1689 (Douce, II. 215 v.), entitled " The Taylor's Vindication ; or, An Answer to the Warlike Taylor," beginning, " Of late there was a false old Knave," bears the burden of " *A Taylor is a Man.*" (The truth of the assertion had been denied.) The whole series of ballads on " *Tom the Taylor* near the Strand, he met a pretty Creature," testify in his disfavour with ungenerous malignity. (Licensed 12 June, 1684, see Roxb. Coll., II. 263, IV. 27 ; mentioned in *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 603, 606.) One begins, " I am a Taylor now in distress " (Roxb. Coll., II. 452) ; another " Taylor's Lamentation " was quoted in vol. vi. p. 300, " I'll sing a song and a dainty brave song " (different version by J.P. reads, " Come hear a song, and a very fine song " : " The Trapann'd Taylor ; or, A Warning to all Taylors "). " A Taylor in the Strand, *Touch and go !*" is Rawl. Coll., 92.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 535 ; Euing, No. 396 ; Jersey, II. 190.]

## The Woman Outwitted ;

Or,

The Weaver's Wife cunningly catch'd in a Trap, by her Husband,  
who sold her for Ten Pounds, and sent her to *Virginny*.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE [called *Virginny*].

Not far from hence, there dwelt an honest man, a Weaver,  
He had a wife, she was witty and fair, but her wit it did deceive her ;  
She was a grain too light, she calls him Fool and Ninny ;  
Which made the Man then often say, "*I'll go unto Virginny.*"

Altho' he hard did work, he ne'er could live in quiet ;  
She said her cloathing was too base, so was her homely diet ;  
Tho' nothing she did want, as he could buy for money,  
Which made the Man then often say, "*I'll go unto Virginny.*" 16

She lov'd a lusty Lad, and vow'd she'd love him ever,  
At last her Husband found a trick these loving mates to sever :  
"Your notes," quoth he, "I'll quickly change, that now so sweetly sing ye ;"  
Unto a Merchant straight he went *that sailed to Virginny* :

He coming then unto the ship, "Of women you are lacking,  
And I have one that I can spare, and her I will send packing :  
The times are very hard, I'll sell my wife for mon[e]y,  
She is good merchandize, you know, *when you come to Virginny.*" 32

"If she be young, bring her on board, and I will entertain her ;  
But tell to me the lowest price, for I must be some gainer."  
"Ten pound," he answered, "[sure, that's low !] I cannot bait one penny ;  
She is good merchandize, you know, *when you come to Virginny.*"

Then he came home unto his wife, and said that he was packing ;  
This joyful news reviv'd her mind, and set her heart a leaping ;  
And smiling to herself, she said, "Then farewel, Goodman *Ninny*,  
My Love with me shall merry be, *when you are at Virginny.*" 48

"One thing I do desire of thee, to see me, my dear, take shipping."  
"Ay, that I will, my love," said she, and seem'd to fall a weeping ;  
"A bottle of Strong-waters good I will bestow upon thee,  
For fear that you should be sea-sick *a sailing to Virginny.*"

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\* \* One of the blackest of many evil deeds by which the 'Great Rebellion' is characterized, and not denied by its advanced freethought apologists (who invariably claim lineal descent from Ireton, Pym, and Cromwell ; considerably mixed, according to their own account ; little credit to their Puritan women-kind) was the transportation of vanquished Cavaliers and their families to "the Plantations," in Virginia and the West Indies. It might be worth the trouble, surely, to tell the story of this cruel and sordid villany, since it is too much the fashion of late to condone the faults of rebels, of iconoclasts (Savanarola et Cie.) and puritanic zealots, on the plea that they strove for "Liberty of Conscience," forsooth ! They never allowed it to others than themselves. Some lingering remembrance of what had been the practice in his youth seems to possess the mind of the unquiet husband, who desires not merely to get rid of his wife, but to gain an additional bargain by selling her for the Virginia market. Whether, as in the Belphegor legend, the lady might not make her new home too hot to hold her, is an enquiry not needing to be pursued on this side of Styx.

Then [when they] come into the ship, the Captain bid them welcome,  
 He led them into his cabin, whereas such Guests came seldom.  
 He stepped forth unto her Husband, and paid him down the money,  
 Who straight took boat and row'd on shore, and sent her unto Virginy. 64  
 But when she saw that he was gone, and that she there was staid,  
 She bitterly did wail and weep, and said she was betray'd ;  
 " Take me," said she, "[now back] with you, I'll never more offend thee."  
 He cry'd, " Farewel, sweet Wife, adieu, *God send you to Virginy!*"  
 Then presently they hoist up sail, and had good wind and weather ;  
 And seven long weeks they were at sea, before that they came thither ;  
 He for a maiden sold her there, for fifty pounds in money,  
 And she another Husband had, *when she came to Virginy.* 80  
 They being [happily] parted thus, so many leagues asunder,  
 He carries mon[e]y in his purse, there's none to keep him under,  
 But [here he] governs all at home, and with his friends lives merry ;  
 Now many one doth title him, *a Merchant of Virginy.*

London : Printed by and for *W. O.*, and are to be sold by *C. Bates*, in *Pye-Corner*.  
 [Black-letter. Woodcuts, 1st, a ship, vi. 380 ; 2nd, on p. 103. Date, *circa* 1685.]



### The Scolding Wife.

- " **W**Hat hap had I to marry a Shrow !  
 For she hath given me many a blow,  
 And how to please her, alack ! I do not know.  
 " From morn to even her tongue ne'er lies ;  
 Sometimes she brawls, sometimes she cries ;  
 Yet I can scarce keep her talents from mine eyes. [=talons.  
 " If I go abroad, and late come in,  
 ' Sir Knave,' saith she, ' where have you been ?'  
 And do I well or ill, she claps me on the skin."

—*Pammelia*, 1609.

**T**HERE must have been a terrific prevalence of Scolding Wives in the reign of good King Charles II., if we are to judge by the large number of ballads devoted to the subject. Men turned to the taverns in search of consolation, if not of peace and quietness. In nine cases out of ten, says *Dervaux*, " If a husband absent himself from home, and becomes too fond of drinking with his friends, it is because the wife had left him no comfort and peace when he arrived there. It is perfect nonsense to say, ' she scolds him because he drinks !' She scolded first. She drove him to liquor as a refuge from her knagging and incessant bad temper." Why was she so unmannerly and ' curst' (it is a Shakespearian phrase : see '*Taming of a Shrew*'). Surely, because peevish puritanism had soured any milk of human kindness in her. Her innate perversity had been intensified by external formalism ; by theological spitefulness, mis-called religion. Two " Groups of Good-Fellows," tavern roysters and improvident spendthrifts, have been given in vol. vi. Now we come to the other side of the shield, and display the Shrews.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 407; Huth, II. 77; Douce, II. 189; Jersey, I. 109.]

## The Scolding Wife.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.

- T**HERE was [a] young-man for lucre of gain,  
 He lov'd a Widow well;  
 His friends did tell him, often and plain,  
 In scolding she did excel.  
 "Why that is no matter!" quoth he,  
 "So I may have her bags of gold;  
 Let her not spare to brawl and scold,  
 For I'll be as merry as merry may be." 8
- This Woodcock wedded his heart's desire,  
 A Widow with Money enough;  
 They was not so soon out of the Quire  
 E'er she begun to snuff: [=fume.  
 "Methink you be very fine!  
 You can no quicker get you hence,  
 Without such large and great expence,  
 Of sugared Sops and music to dine!" 16
- They was not all at supper set,  
 Or at the board sate down,  
 E'er she began to brawl and scold,  
 And call'd him a peaking Clown:  
*That nothing he could doe,  
 That was pleasing in her sight;  
 But still she scolded day and night,  
 Which made this merry man's heart full of woe.* 24
- If he had provided any good cheer  
 For him and her alone,  
 Then she wou'd 'a said, with [a saucy jeer],  
 "You might 'a done this of your own!"  
 If sparingly he will be,  
 Then she would have said with words more hot,  
 "I will not be pinch'd of what I brought,  
 But of mine own I will be free."  
*That nothing he could doe,  
 That was pleásing in h[er] sight,  
 But still she scolded day and night,  
 Which made this merry man's heart full of woe.* 36
- [She greeted him there with shrewish speech,  
 She wearied him night and day;] [text, defective.  
 "O God!" in his prayer, he did beseech,  
 To take his life away.

A hundred times [t]he [young man] curst  
 The priest, the clerk, the sexton too,  
 And tongue that did the Widow woove,  
 And legs that brought him [to her] first. 44  
 It fell out upon a day  
 That with his friends he did devise  
 To brake her of her scolding guise,  
 And what they did [I] shall bewray :     ['they...weary.']

They got and ty'd her arms,  
 She could not them undoe ;  
 And many other pretty charms  
 They used her unto. 52

Her petticoat was rent and torn,  
 Upon her back they did put [it] on ;  
 They tore her smock-sleeves all along,  
 As if a *Bedlam*' she had been born ;  
 Her hair about her head they shook,  
 All with a bramble bush ;  
 They [w]ring her arms in every crook,  
 Till out the blood did gush. 60

And with an iron chain  
 Fast by the leg he did her tye,  
 There within an old dark house [close] by :  
 So soon he went away again,  
 And with a countenance so sad,  
 He did his neighbours call :  
 Quoth he, " My Wife, [dear Friends,] is mad,  
 She doth so rave and brawl :  
*Help, Neighbours, all therefore,*  
*To see if that you can reclaim*  
*My Wife into her wits again,*  
*For she is troubled wondrous sore."* 72

*Finis.*

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball*, in *Pye-corner*.

[In Black-letter, with four woodcuts. 1st, the long-haired youth, p. 203 right ; 2nd, the girl with peacock, and 4th, lady with fan, p. 120, left ; 3rd, five men around a table whereon swarm toads and snakes. Date 1672-1694.]

\*\* The friends of the young man warned him against the widow. There had been long-earlier caveats : — " It is better to dwell in the wilderness, than with a contentious and an angry woman " (*Proverbs* xxi. 19). " It is better to dwell in the corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman and in a wide house " (*Ibid.* xxv. 24). The broadside printers made havoc of the metre, and broke up the stanzas into disorder, by making them eight-lined, instead of twelve. We risk a few bracketted insertions, but at best the ballad is corrupt and mutilated, lacking a fitting end. The text has ' *words more hot*' (in line 27 : seemingly misread, from line 30) ; and omits the lines rhyming with ' *beseech*' and ' *life away.*' Instead of ' *they shall be weary,*' we read ' *I shall bewray.*'

## The Scolding Wife's Vindication.

“ Under your patience, gentle Emperess,  
 ’Tis thought you have a goodly gift in Horning.  
 Jove shield your Husband from his hounds to-day,  
 ’Tis pity they should take him for a Stag.”

—*Titus Andronicus*, Act ii. 3.

THE TUNE of *The Cuckold's Complaint*, assigned to the following ballad (which is an Answer to it), resembled the tune of [*Aye*] *Marry and thank you too!* (see pp. 116, 118) or was identical with it.

In so many ballads were Cuckolds uttering ‘Complaints’ of feminine tyranny and unfaithfulness, like poor Anthony in the *Westminster Drollery* of 1671, that we fail to indicate with certainty the particular antecedent to the ensuing “Vindication.”

The antecedent was certainly not “The Cuckold's Lamentation of a Bad Wife” (Roxb. Coll., II. 89, reprinted in *Roxb. Ballads*, iii. 635), beginning, “Young Batchelors all, come hear this new song!” for it is in eight-line stanzas, with a burden of, *A man needs no more sorrow to shorten his life, When he has such hard fortune to have a bad wife.* Its tunes were, *The Country Farmer* (see p. 152), and *Why are my eyes still flowing?* (*Bagford Ballads*, p. 89.)

The concluding threat of the Scold against her husband, “He shall dig Gravel next Horn-Fair,” deserves elaborate comment, for such allusions are frequent in old literature, and the woodcut mentioned on our p. 19, and given on p. 196, seems to represent two men going on this particular employment, with pickaxe and pail. A unique exemplar remains of a Kentish ballad, beginning, “At Charlton there was a Fair,” and entitled, “Hey for Horn-Fair; or, Room for Cuckolds, here comes a company.” It was licensed by Roger L'Estrange, before August, 1685, and printed for C. Dennison, at the Stationers' Arms within Aldgate. After four columns of twelve-line stanzas, a letter follows, signed “Thomas Can't-be-Quiet, Beadle.” The jest was continued so late as 1830. In one “New Summons to Horn Fair: to appear at Cuckold's Point on the 18th of October, and from thence to march to the Gravel Pits to dig gravel, to make a path for your wives to walk on to Horn-Fair,” the signature is “John Doo-little, Beadle.” This was printed by H. H[ills], Blackfriars, circa 1720, and contains a song of invitation, beginning, “Ye Cuckolds that dwell in the City, and likewise the suburbs, prepare!” To the tune of *The City Ramble* (see vol. vi. p. 513). “A New Summons to the Hen-peckt Frigat,” printed for Mary Edwards, in Fleet Street, has a song to the same tune, beginning, “You Sots that are joined to a woman.” Another broadside has verses commencing, “Advance, ye loving brethren of the Horned Train!” R. Powell's “General Summons to Horn-Fair,” this



for Men, appears to have been issued in 1720, with a double processional woodcut. A Parson leads the way, a Skimmington couple on horseback follows, the wife in front, the husband behind, back to back, he looking to the horse's tail. (*See woodcut on p. 182.*) A similar sheet was sent out so late as 1830 by T. Batchelor, 115, Long Alley, Moor-fields, London, with verses beginning :

You horned fumbling Cuckolds, in city, court, or town,  
You're summon'd here, and must appear, your fine to render down ;  
With pickaxe, spade and shovel, and basket, you must go,  
To join each horned brother, *Cuckolds all a row*, etc. (12 stanzas.)

There was also, for the women, "A New Summons to the Wag-Tail Jades," with verses, "Come all you merry jades, who love to play the game," and woodcuts in four compartments, one of a banquet, women only, ladle in hand to baste their husbands ; the two lower pictures being a procession. (Compare p. 188.)

Horn-Fair was held at Charlton in Kent (Greenwich, Woolwich, and Blackheath in its neighbourhood furnishing a contingent of roystering matrons and swaggering blades), about eight miles from Town ; and on S. Luke's Day, the 18th October, year by year. St. Luke's festival had been chosen in recognition of his evangelistic sign of the Ox, *with horns*. Citations were circulated previously, after the manner of the "Drucken Summonses for the New Year" that used to be sold in Auld Reekie forty years ago, making night hideous. Geuine names were filled in, by those gifted mortals (a small minority) who had mastered the alphabet and could do pot-hooks and hangers. Then the fun commenced, in good humour and glee. The populace met at Cuckold's Point, otherwise Cuckold's Haven, near Deptford, and went in procession through Greenwich to Charlton (as Grose mentions), "with horns of different kinds upon their heads ; and at the Fair there are sold rams-horns, and every kind of toy made of horn : even the ginger-bread figures have horns !" There was not only a three-fold perambulation around Charlton Church, but a sermon was preached on the occasion. The burlesque procession has been discontinued since 1768 (Lysons, *Environs*, iv. 325). See Douce Collection, broadsides, ii. 41, etc., and John Brand's account of Nuptial Usages, Cuckoldom, the Horn, also the Skimmington (*Pop. Antiq. of Great Britain*, ii. 122-136, 1870).

The enforced humiliation of a cornuted husband, compelled to carry a spade and pail to dig gravel, was probably at the notorious spot below Rotherhithe *alias* Redriff, where a cluster of rams'-horns adorned a wooden post, discernible from the river. Hentzner, in his *Travels in England*, 1598, refers to it, thus :—

"Upon taking the air down the river (from London), on the left hand lies *Ratcliff*, a considerable suburb. On the opposite shore is fixed a long pole with rams-horns upon it, the intention of which was vulgarly said to be a reflection upon wilful and contented cuckolds."

See also F. M. Misson's account of a procession that he had sometimes met in the streets of *London*; a woman carrying a figure of straw, representing a man crowned with very ample horns, preceded by a drum, and followed by a mob," etc. (*Travels over England*, translated by Ozell, p. 258, 1719.) George Hoefnagel's *View of Seville*, 1593, is likewise mentioned by Dr. Zachary Gray in his *Notes to Hudibras*: compare p. 184. The woodcut of a Shrew beating her Cuckold, who holds up a Hornbook (for p. 164), is given in the CONTENTS, p. xiii\*.

Horn-Fair lasted three days. William Hone tells of its celebration in 1825, "though the weather was unfavourable to the customary humours, most of the visitors wore masks; several were disguised in woman's clothes [as had been William Fuller, and had them spoilt by dirty water, so that he had to pay two guineas in atonement to the lender, see the *Life of W. Fuller*, 1703], and some assumed whimsical characters. The spacious and celebrated *Crown and Anchor* booth was the principal scene of their amusements. The fair is now held in a private field; formerly it was on the green opposite the church, and facing the mansion of Sir *Thomas Wilson*. The late Lady Wilson was a great admirer and patroness of the fair; the old lady was accustomed to come down with her attendants every morning during the fair, 'and in long order go,' from the steps of her ancient hall, to without the gates of her court-yard, when the bands of the different shows hailed her appearance, as a signal to strike up their melody of discords. Richardson always pitched his great booth in front of the house. Latterly, however, the fair has diminished; Richardson was not there in 1825, nor were there any shows of consequence. 'Horns! horns!' were the customary and chief cry, and the most conspicuous source of frolic; they were in the hat and bonnet of almost every person in the rout."—*Every-Day Book*, 1825.

Of course, the jests about Horning are multitudinous and indecorous. The protrusion of the fore-finger and little finger ("making horns"), while the fingers betwixt them were crooked-down, was a well-understood sign of calling a person a Cuckold. Sometimes two contiguous fingers, extended like the letter V, was deemed sufficient. Witness the gesture of Hogarth's *Tom Idle*, when sailing past Cuckold's Point on the Thames, and forewarned of the gibbets garnishing the banks, trees that bore mellow fruit of pirates hanging in chains.



"He shall dig Gravel next *Horn-Fair*."—p. 197.

[These men belong to pp. 19, 194; the girl goes with pp. 117, 200, 232.]

[Roxb. Coll., II. 410; Pepys, IV. 137; Douce, I. 321; Euing, 321; Jersey, I. 284.]

## The Scolding Wife's Vindication;

Or,

An Answer to the Cuckold's Complaint. Wherein she shows what just Reasons she had to exercise Severity over her insufficient Husband.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Cuckold's Complaint*. [See p. 194.]

Licensed according to Order.

I Have been abus'd of late, by some of the Poet's Crew,  
Who says, I broke my Husband's pate, *but this I did never do.*

'Tis true I his ears did cuff, and gave him a kick or two;  
For this I had just Cause enough, *because he would nothing do.*

He's lain like a log of wood, in bed, for a year or two,  
And wont afford me any good, *he nothing at all would do.*

I am in my blooming prime, dear Neighbours, I tell you true,  
I am lo[a]jth to lose my Teeming time, *yet nothing at all he'll do.* ['lost.']

He says that I keep a Friend, but what if I did keep two?  
There's no one can me discommend, *for nothing [at all he will do].*

I make it full well appear, to be both just and true,  
I kept my Maiden-head two year, *for nothing at all he'd do.*

Sometimes he'd give me a Kiss, and I wou'd return him two;  
But when he comes to farther bliss, *he nothing at all wou'd do.*

I am a young Buxome Dame, and fain would my joys renew,  
But my poor Cuckold is to blame, *he nothing [at all will do].* 32

He says I have him abus'd, but what if this same be true?  
For this I may be well excus'd, *since nothing [at all he will do].*

Sure never was Wife so fool'd, as I, for a year or two;  
I did for him whate'er I could, *yet nothing [at all he would do].*

I feasted him e'ery day with Lamb-stones, and Cock-broths too,  
Yet all this cost was thrown away, *he nothing [at all wou'd do].*

I feed him with jelly of Chicks, and curious Egg-caudles too,  
I'se good feed him with faggot-sticks, *for nothing [at all he will do].* 48

He lyes like a lump of clay, such Husbands there is but few,  
'Twould make a woman run astray, *when nothing [at all he will do].*

Now, now let him take his ease, and sleep while the skye looks blue, [= until.  
I have a Friend my mind to please, *since nothing [at all he will do].*

Long, long, have I liv'd at strife, I kick'd, and I cuff'd him too,  
He's like to live no better life, *since nothing at all he'll do.*

I solemnly do declare, believe me, this is true!  
He shall dig Gravel next Horn-Fair, *and that he is like to do.* 64

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.*

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, and 2nd, are on p. 204; the 3rd is in vol. iv. p. 372: 4th, the little man, p. 206, *reversed*. Date, *circa* 1689.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 382 ; Jersey, I. 382.]

# The New German Doctor ;

Or,

An Infallible cure for a Scolding Wife : Performed by  
this most Excellent Operator, the like was never  
known in all ages.

To THE TUNE OF, *Here I love, there I love* ; or, *The [Two] English  
Travellers.* [See Note, p. 199 ; Ballad on p. 200.]

Licensed according to Order.

YOU men that are married, I pray now attend,  
Good tydings I bring you this day as a friend ;  
It will be of use to all young Men and old,  
Whoever are troubl'd with Women that scold.

A Doctor of late, from the Emperor's Court,  
A person of dextrous skill by report,  
Hath taken a Chamber in *London* of late,  
And cures scolding Wives at a wonderful rate. 8

This Doctor has travell'd all *Poland* and *Spain*,  
And now to *Great Britain* he crossed the main ;  
To one land and nation he'll not be confin'd,  
But travels the World for the good of mankind.

That Man that is plagu'd with a cross scolding Wife,  
Whose railing doth make him quite weary of life ;  
Pray what would he give for an absolute cure,  
Before such a terrible life he'd endure ? 16

'Tis like ev'ry morning when day-light appears,  
She rings him a thundring Peal in his ears ;  
And makes him be glad to rouze out of the bed,  
And all by the violent noise of her head.

Sometimes a good Husband may meet with a Friend,  
And happen a penny or two pence to spend ;  
Then in comes the Wife, who do's thunder and bawl,  
And with the quart-flaggon his noddle doth maul. 24

Her Tongue is more keen than a two-edged sword,  
Nay louder than thunder she peals will afford ;  
Instead of fond pleasures, kind love and delight,  
She is like a fierce Tygre, both morning and night.

It is an unspeakable torment I know,  
You cannot imagine what they undergo,  
Who with such cross Women their lives now do lead ;  
But bring them away to the Doctor with speed. 32

Nay, let them be never so aged or young,  
 This Doctor he takes out the Sting of the Tongue;  
 Which is the main cause of that violent noise,  
 And likewise all modest behaviour destroys.

A Balsom he has of a moderate price,  
 Which takes off the frowns of the Face in a trice,  
 And makes her as mild as the innocent Dove,  
 And instead of railing, she's all over Love. 40

He hath been above seven weeks in the Town,  
 And yet of young Scolds who was given to frown,  
 He has cur'd above seven hundred indeed;  
 And some full as bad as the *Billingsgate-Breed*.

There's one I will mention, liv'd near *Tower-Hill*,  
 Who would be both fighting and quarelling still;  
 From night to next morning, from morning to noon,  
 Her pipes I must tell you was always in tune. 48

Her Husband he heard of this Doctor of fame,  
 Without longer tarry, faith, thither he came,  
 With she that was call'd *The invincible Shrow*,  
 Fast bound in a basket, for she would not go.

This Doctor he cur'd her in less than a week,  
 And made her as modest, as mild, and as meek,  
 As any sweet Lady this day in the land,  
 And so he do's all, that he e'er takes in hand. 56

We hear of some Quacks are for curing of claps,  
 And some other common diseases, perhaps;  
 But when did you hear on our vast *British* shore  
 Of one that could cure this distemper before?

Whoever is troubl'd this day with a Scold,  
 Altho' she be youthful, or fourscore years old,  
 'Tis all one to him, if the Cure he don't do,  
 He'll not have so much as one penny of you. 64

Now rather than any that pain shall endure,  
 The Poor he for little or nothing will cure;  
 All day at his chamber he is to be found,  
 Next door to the *Eel's-foot* in *Sallenger's-Round*. [See *Note*, p. 170.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts. 1st, the young squire with riding-whip, p. 133; 2nd and 3rd, on p. 206. Date, after the Coronation of James II., April, 1685.]

\* \* \* *Note on Tunes*.—“Unconstant William” (on p. 200) gives name to our first tune from its burden: *For here I love, there I love, thus I love now, For Love has entangled me I know not how!* It begins by declaring, “Constancy I am sure is not my fate.” The second tune-name given is, *The Two English Travellers* (reprinted in vol. v. p. 543), which determines the date of issue.

[Pepys Collection, V. 155; Jersey, I. 29; C. 22. e. 2. fol. 220.]

## Unconstant William;

Or, The Damosel's Resolution to Love Indifferently all Men alike,  
from her Experience of his Disloyalty.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE [*Here I love, there I love*].

(C)onstancy I am sure is not my Fate, for him I lov'd yesterday to-day I hate:  
*For here I love, there I love, thus I love now;  
For love has intangl'd me I know not how.* [sic, passim.]

Of all the Young-men that ever I did see, I lov'd *William* best, till he prov'd  
false to me: *For here I love, there I love, etc.*

I loved him well. but his love it was small, now for the future I vow to love all.  
For now I love *Richard, Charles, Thomas, and John*; I likewise love *Robert* that  
pretty young Man.

Tho' once I was constant, yet now I am free, and I am resolv'd ever so for to be.

Might I have a Miser with thousands, and more, I'd slight him, altho' he my  
charms would adore: *For here I love, etc.*

I never will value the name of a Bride, to one huffing Gallant I'll never be ty'd.

I now can be coach'd to a Ball or a Play, and with a young Spark be conducted  
away.

With twenty or more I will reap my Delight; It is not one *Strephon* shall ruin  
me quite.

My heart now will never be subject to break, like other young Maids whom their  
Gallants forsake.

To Lawyers, nay Schollars, and Merchants also, my equal affection and kindness  
I show.

I'll never be subject to any one's frown, while I am belov'd by the best in the Town.

When leaving the City I rang'd to the Court, and there with young Gallants in  
Pleasure I sport.

I could have been Loyal to one and no more, had I not been slighted by *William*  
before.

I find by Experience, young Men are unjust, therefore I will now be as false as  
the rest.

If Batchelors they, through an evil design, let their Fancy waver, pray why may  
not mine?

*For here I love, there I love, thus I love now,  
For Love has intangl'd me I know not how.*

Finis.

Printed for *C. Bates* at the *White-Hart* in *West-Smithfield*.

[Black-letter. Three cuts. 1st and 2nd, p. 122; 3rd, p. 203 r. Date, *eirca* 1685.]

Constancy was the forte or fate of few, after the Restoration, we may admit.  
"An Answer to Unconstaut William," and to the same tune, begins thus,

I am a brisk Batchelour, airy and young,  
Who courts the young Maids with a flattering tongue;  
I kiss and I squeeze them agen and agen,

And vow I will Marry, but I know not when.

[See p. 231.]

With a woodcut of the girl listening to birds in the air (p. 196). "KIND  
WILLIAM" (p. 201) has the cut on p. 208 and scroll ornament, p. 218. Printed  
at back of it, for *J. Millet*, is 'England's Tribute of Tears on the Death of the Duke  
of GRAFTON, 9th Oct., 1690: '= 'Unwelcome Tydings overspread the land.']

[Pepys Collection, III. 179; Douce, I. 107*vo.*; Huth, I. 91; C. 22. e. 2. 46*v.*]

## KIND WILLIAM, or, CONSTANT BETTY.

Let Maids beware, and shun the snare, I say be rul'd by me;  
Though you[re] embrace[d], be perfect Chaste, from stains of Infamy.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Doubting Virgin*. [See vol. iv. pp. 344, 349.]

Constant *Betty*, that sweet Creature, she was *William's* heart's delight;  
In the shades he chanc'd to meet her, when fair *Phæbus* shined bright:  
In conclusion his delusion was to bring her to his Bow,

"*Let's not dally, 'Shall I, shall I.'*" But she answer'd, "No, no, no!"

Then his *Betty* he embraced, hoping for to win the Field,

She with modesty was graced, and resolved not to yield:

She denyed, he replied, "Do no[t] seek my Overthrow;"

"*Let's not dally, 'Shall I, shall I.'*" But she answer'd, "No, no, no."

"Thou hast set mine heart on fire, sweetest Creature be not coy;

Grant me what I do desire, thou shalt be my only joy."

Thus he woo'd her to delude her, and to bring her to his Bow,

"*Let's not dally, 'Shall I, shall I.'*" But she answer'd, "No, no, no."

"Love thou art my only treasure!" Then he took her by the hand;

"Let me now enjoy the pleasure, I will be at thy command.

Don't abuse me, nor refuse me, lest it prove my overthrow;

"*Let's not dally, 'Shall I, shall I.'*" But she [answer'd, "No, no, no."]

"Now admit me, my sweet *Betty*, to salute and lay thee down,

None alive I think more pritty, I will thee with pleasure Crown:

Don't deny me, do but try me, from those charms such pleasures flow,

"*Let's not dally, 'Shall I, shall I.'*" But she [answer'd, "No, no, no."]

"Thy obliging eye hath won me; dearest, I am not in jest,

Why should'st thou be coy and shun me? I am certainly possess

With thy Beauty, for my duty is to bring thee to my Bow.

"*Let's not dally, 'Shall I, shall I.'*" But she [answer'd, "No, no, no."]

"Dearest *Betty*, sit down by me, let us lovingly agree.

Sweetest Creature, don't deny me, *Cupid's* dart hath wounded me:

Then come near me, Love, and cheer me, for my heart is sinking low,

"*Let's not dally, 'Shall I, shall I.'*" But she [answer'd, "No, no, no."]

### BETTY'S ANSWER TO WILLIAM'S REQUEST.

"*William*, you are much mistaken, you shall never me ensuare,

In your Net I'll not be taken, therefore now your Suit forbear:

I'll deny it, and defie it, for I vow it shan't be so;

"*While I marry, I will tarry, and will answer, 'No, no, no.'*" [while = until.]

"I from Love will be excluded, e'er I'll hear an idle Tale,

I will never be deluded, no, nor shall you e'er prevail

To embrace me, and disgrace me, thus to sink my heart full low:

"*While I marry, I will tarry, and will [answer, 'No, no, no!']*"

### WILLIAM.

"Now my loving constant *Betty*, I will ever thee adore,

For thy Answer has been witty, I will never tempt thee more;

When I try'd thee, thou deny'd me, all thy answer still was 'No,'

"*We'll not tarry, but will Marry: then it must and shall be so.*"

### Finis.

[Probably by Tobias Bowne.]

Printed for J. Deacon, Gill-spur-street. [In Black-letter. See Note, p. 200.]

[Douce Collection, II. 210 *verso*; Jersey, II. 82; C. 22. e. 2. fol. 209.]

## The Wounded Lover's Lamentation to Silvia.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE, SUNG AT COURT. This may be Printed, R.P.

YOU I love (by *Jove*) I do, more than all things here below, [*Compare* p. 110.  
With a passion full as great as e'er Creature fancied yet;

SILVIA, since my Heaven thou art, ease and cure my wounded heart.

Bid the Miser leave his Ore; bid the wretched sigh no more;

Bid the Old be young agen; bid the Maids ne'er think of Men:

SILVIA, this when you can do, bid me then not think of you.

Love's not a thing of Chance, but Fate, that makes me love, that makes you hate.

*Silvia*, then do what you will, ease or cure, torment or kill: [*Here the original  
Be kind or cruel, false or true, Love I must, and none but you. song ends.*

Had I loved as others do, only for an hour or two,

Then there had a Reason bin, I should suffer for my sin:

*But fair SILVIA, let me find my dear Mistress always kind.*

Love, thou know'st with what a flame I adore young *Silvia's* name;

Let me then some pity find, Shoot a Dart and change her mind:

*Change her till she pity me, and thy Votary I'll be.*

On her gentle downy breast let a sighing Lover rest,

Twin'd within those tender Arms, fetter'd by those pleasing Charms;

*Then I will hereafter rest on the pillows of her Breast.*

Thus you'll show your power and skill, able both to save and kill;

But to kill has always bin held a most notorious Sin:

*For young Beauties, which we love, should be tender as the Dove.*

In sweet Groves we'll always dwell, with more Joys than tongue can tell;

There the wanton then we'll play, steal each other's hearts away,

*Thus we will our Joys renew, and be constant and be true.*

Every Maiden which is fair should be gentle as the Air,

When we to the power submit, to their Beauty and their Wit:

*Then their Charms will all men move, and will make them ever Love.*

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts. 1st, the man in Spanish hat, vi. 222; 2nd, a lady walking in sunshine, vi. 224; 3rd, the park-scene, p. 136. Date, 1685.]

This is another adaptation of the original 'You I love' (reproduced in first three stanzas; instead of leaving the song to form a finale, as on p. 110). It is probably the very ballad cited as "The Wounded Lovers" in Wm. Thackeray's *List of 301 Black-Letter Ballads*, kept in stock, April, 1685, of which it is No. 290. The List was fully printed and the ballads nearly all identified, by the present Editor, in *Bagford Ballads*, LXXVI, 1878. Few will remain unprinted.

The other ballad version (p. 110) was printed for Philip Brooksby, only, and to be sung to an excellent new tune. The music of this, as already shown, was composed by Charles Taylor, and is not only in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, Fourth Collection, p. 53, 1683, but also in the 1719 edition of *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, v. 336. Words alone are in the *One Hundred and Eighty Songs*, 1685 and 1694, p. 321: also in the 1716 edition of Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, ii. 189; and *The Hive*, i. 43, 1724. They long remained popular, for a later musician, Tenoe, re-set them in Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, i. 84, 1729; they are in the *Merry Musician*, ii. 85. In *The Vocal Miscellany*, circa 1732, p. 204, the tune named for them is *Gently touch the trembling Lyre*.



[Roxb. Coll., II. 206; IV. 50; Euing, 140; Douce, I. 93 verso; Jersey, II. 47.]

## The Hasty Wedding ;

Or,

William's Patience Rewarded with the consent of Pretty Nancy.

TO THE TUNE OF, [*Would you be*] *the Man of Fashion*; or, *The Doubting Virgin*. [See p. 201.]



Sitting with my dearest dear, by a little purling spring,  
 In the pleasant time o' th' year, when the little Birds do sing,  
 Straight I was resolv'd to move her, for to know how she inclin'd,  
 And to tell her that I lov'd her, and desire to know her mind.

Then quoth I, "My pretty *Nancy*, well thou know'st thou hast my heart,  
 Thou alone art she I fancy, and can only cure my smart :

Tell me then, my pretty fair one, when you mean to change your life,  
 Tell me quickly then, my dear one, when will you be *Willy's* Wife?"

"Truly *William*," then quoth *Nancy*, "men they say are grown so  
 strange,

Every one they'l swear they fancy ; so they may perhaps for change ;  
 You may freely say your pleasure, I can hear without distast[e] :  
 Marriage should be done with leisure, and I'm sure I'm not in haste."

"Will you be a peevish creature, and deny your self a cure ?  
 Who could teach you such ill nature ? not your Mother I am sure :  
 She was scarce arriv'd at fourteen, when she lost a single life,  
 And was pleas'd so well with courting, that she soon became a wife."

"This I know is her confession, but I've heard her oft to pray,  
 That I might have more discretion, and to wait a longer day :  
 Therefore I do tell you fairly, some years more I mean to wast[e],  
 Tho' indeed I love you dearly, yet I am not so much in haste."

“ Well,” quoth he, “ have you consented ; gave me hope, though very cold ?

If you have not again repented, I shall have you when you’r old : I have patience, and you know it, still to wait on you whilst life, And will never think much to do it, if that you will be my wife.”

“ Now,” quoth she, “ I’m sure you love me, since you are content to stay,

And your patience does so move me, I will marry you this day : Now I see you love me dearly, we no longer time will wast[e], And I do declare it clearly, that I am as much in hast[e].”

Hand in hand these lovers walked, many a kiss she did exchange, Many a vow pass as they talked, that their hearts should never range. To the Church he did conduct her, where the Priest did end the strife, And so well he did instruct her, she that day was *William’s Wife*.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, in *Pye-corner*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts, one alone common to both the Roxburghe exemplars, viz. the young man, of p. 203, right : we follow R. C. IV. 50, with the grim lady, p. 203 left ; Roxb. Coll., II. 206, has the couple in forest dell, p. 228. Date, 1672-82.]

\* \* We hope the ‘ Hasty Wedding ’ proved happy. In ballad literature is shown the connection of cunckoldry and shrewishness. Women who indulged in the latter seldom left the former in abeyance. To be false to her husband, and otherwise to make his life a burden to him by her tongue, was to use a doubled-edged weapon of offensive warfare. “ How the Devil was gull’d by a Scold ” (June, 1630) is in vol. ii. 366. Of better promise was “ *The Wiltshire Wedding*. ” (For tune, see *Popular Music*, p. 146.)



[These two cuts belong to p. 197.]

[Roxb. Coll., III. 286; Pepys, IV. 107; Jersey, II. 79; Douce, II. 256 verso.]

## The Wiltshire Wedding,

Between Daniel Do-well and Doll the Dairy-Maid. With the consent of her old Father *Leather-Coat*, and her dear and tender Mother *Plodwell*.

To an excellent [*North-Country*] Tune. [This may be printed, R.P.]

ALL in a misty morning, so cloudy was the weather,  
I meeting with an old man, who was cloathed all in leather,  
With ne'er a Shirt unto his back, but woollen to his skin.

*With how do you do, and how do you do, and how do you do, again?*

The rustick was a Thresher, and on the way he hy'd,  
And with a leather bottle fast buckled by his side;  
And with a cap of woollen, that cover'd cheek and chin :

*With how do you do [and how d'you do], etc.* 16

I went a little farther, and there I met a Maid,  
Who was going then a milking, "A-Milking, Sir," she said.  
Then I began to compliment, and she began to sing :

*With how do you do [and how d'ye do], etc.*

This Maiden's name was *Dolly*, cloathed in a gown of grey ;  
I being somewhat jolly, persuaded her to stay ;  
Then strait I fell to Courting her, in hopes her Love to win :

*With how do you do, and how do you do, and how do you do, again?*

Then having time and leisure, I spent a vacant hour,  
Telling of my treasure, whilst sitting in the bower ;  
With many kind embraces, I stroak'd her double chin,

*With how do you do [and how d'ye do], etc.* 40

I told her I would marry, and she should be my Bride,  
And long we should not tarry, with twenty things beside :  
"I'll plow and sow, and reap and mow, whilst thou shalt sit and spin ;

*With how do you do [and how d'ye do], etc.*

"Did you not meet my Father?" the Damsel then reply'd ;

"His jerkin was of leather, a bottle by his side."

"Yes, I did meet him trudging, as fast as he could win : *With,*" etc.

"Kind Sir, I have a Mother, besides a Father still ;  
Those friends, above all others, you must ask their Good-will :

For if I be undutiful to them, it is a sin : *With,*" etc. 64

Now there we left the milk-pail, and to her Mother went,  
And when we were come thither, I asked her consent,  
And doft my hat, and made a leg, for why she was within. *With,* etc.

“ My Husband is a-threshing, who is her father dear,  
 He'll give her, with his Blessing ; kind Sir, you need not fear.  
 He is of such good-nature, that he could never lin. *With.* *(sant.*

“ For by your courteous carriage, you seem an honest man ;  
 You may have her in Marriage ; my Husband he anon  
 Will bid you very welcome, though he be poor and thin. *With,*” etc.

Her Dad came home full weary, Alas ! he could not chuse.  
 Her mother being merry, she told him all the news.  
 Then being mighty jolly too, his Song did soon begin : *With,* etc.

Her Parents being willing, all parties were agreed ;  
 Her portion thirty shillings, they married were with speed ;  
 Then *Will* the piper he did play, while they did dance and sing.

In pleasant Recreation they pass'd away the night ; 106  
 And also by relation, with her he takes delight,  
 To walk abroad on Holidays, to visit kith and kin. *With,* etc.

Then lusty *Ralph* and *Robin*, with many damsels gay,  
 Did ride on *Roun* and *Dobbin*, to celebrate the day ;  
 When being met together, their Caps they off did fling :  
*With how do you do, and how do you do, and how do you do, again ?*

Printed and sold in *Bow-Church-Yard, London.*

[Black-letter broadsides (before 1681 and those licensed by Richard Paocek), were printed for *Francis Colen, T. Vere, J. Wright, and John Clarke.* Ours is a White-letter reprint: with three modern cuts. A shepherd youth; an old man, half-length; and a market-woman in a high-peaked hat with a basket.]



[These belong to 'The New German Doctor,' p. 199.]

## The Winchester Wedding.

“Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss!”—*Troilus and Cressida*, v. 10.

HONEST TOM D'URFEY had some special cause to like Winchester, as everybody has who once had visited or dwelt there. Some remembrance of the hallowed quietude of its Cathedral close, alternated with a sense of enjoyment that the boys of Winchester School possess, apart from the noise and racket of Harrow or the priggish gentility of more aristocratic Eton, keep many from forgetting the pleasant old city. Proverbially we are told that the good American [who in proof of goodness subscribes to the *Ballad Society*], whenever he dies [Alas! that any subscriber should die, and his money lapse], straightway goes to Paris! Quite right of him to do so; and we may be glad to find ourselves in no worse place, alongside of Tom D'Urfev, Edward Fitzgerald, and “bright broken Maginn.” Next best to Paris, or London, we should prefer Winchester. When Charles II. visited that city in 1682, it is probable that Tom D'Urfev composed and sang this song for him. We know that Tom was in request to discourse sweet music at Winchester, and elsewhere (compare vol. v. p. 280) to the Merry Monarch. R.I.P.

In *Popular Music*, p. 496, Mr. William Chappell gave the notes of *The King's Jigg*, along with the opening stanza of D'Urfev's “Winchester Wedding” (which title popularly displaced that of *The King's Jigg*), but mentioned the song as being “scarcely reprintable now.” This work being meant for the general public, that nothing might horrify “the young person” or such a terrible guardian of propriety as ‘The British Matron,’ Calico Hoarsely. Weddings of old were not always personally conducted with puritanic precision, as shown in a certain ballad which records the psalm-singing. If likely to be offended, “*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*”

Some sympathy existed with the overlooked lover Willy, who (as in the case of Lady Heron's song of the ‘Bridal of Netherby’) found the bride-maidens whisper, “twere better by far, to have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.” “But Willy was melancholy, for he had a mind to the Bride.” We identify him and her in the woodcut on p. 203. But Robin is mindful of his friend, when the “poor silly Bridegroom” forgets alike sobriety and manners, and the parted lovers are left undisturbed to bid Adieu or *An horior*.

“The Winchester Wedding” was on p. 136 of 120 *Loyal Songs*, 1684, and p. 131 of the 180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685. Compare ‘The West-Country Christening’ (D'Urfev's own supposed Sequel, but to a different tune), on p. 210, wherein *Ralph* is called *Rogier*, and *Black Bisse* appears as *Jugg*, or *Judith*. The wife is named *Kate*, in another ‘*Cold and Raw*’ ballad, ‘*Rogier's Renown*’ (see p. 236). Whether *Bisse*, *Judith* and *Kate* were three distinct ladies, or a single bride diversely named (triple-headed, as Cerberus), is an open question for the curious.

[Roxburghe Coll., III. 314; Bagford, II. 80; Pepys, IV. 106; Ouvry, I. 6;  
Douce, II. 252vo., III. 106.]

## The Winchester Wedding;

Or,

*Ralph of Reading*, and *Black Bess of the Green*,  
Did together resort, and caused such sport, as before scarce ever was seen.

To a new Country Dance; or, *The King's Jigg*.



**A**T *Winchester* [there] was a Wedding, the like was never seen,  
'Twixt lusty *Ralph of Reading* and bonny black *Bess of the Green*.  
The Fiddlers were crowding before, each Lass was as fine as a Queen, [p. 18.  
There was an hundred, and more, for all the Country came in.

Brisk *Robin* led *Rosy* so fair, she look'd like a Lilly o' th' Vale;  
And ruddy-faced *Harry* led *Mary*, and *Roger* led bouncing *Nell*. 12

With *Tommy* came smiling *Katy*, he help'd her over the Stile,  
And swore there was none so pretty, in forty and forty long mile;  
*Kit* gave a green gown to *Betty*, and lent her a hand to rise; [Cf. p. 67.  
But *Jenny* was jeer'd by *Watty*, for looking blew under the eyes:

Thus merrily chatting all day, they pass'd to the Bride-house along,  
With *Johnny* and pretty-faced *Nanny*, the fairest of all the Throng. 24

The Bridegroom came out to meet 'em, afraid the dinner was spoil'd,  
And usher'd 'em in, to treat 'em, with baked, and roast, and boil'd.  
The Lads were rollick and jolly, for each had a Lass by his side;  
But *Willy* was melancholly, for he had a mind to the Bride:

Then *Philip* began her Health, and turn'd a beer-glass on his thumb;  
But *Jenkin* was reckon'd for drinking, the best in Christendom. 36

And now they had dined, advancing into the midst of the Hall,  
The Fiddlers struck up for dancing, and *Jeremy* led up the *Brawl*;  
But *Margery* kept a quarter, a Lass that was proud of her pelf, [=brabble.  
'Cause *Arthur* had stolen her garter, and swore he would tye it himself.

She struggled, she blushed, and frown'd, and was ready with anger to cry,  
'Cause *Arthur* with tying her garter, had slipp'd his hands too high. 48

And now for throwing the Stocking, the Bride away was led,  
The Bride-groom got drunk, and was knocking for candles to light him to bed :  
But *Robin*, that had found him silly, most kindly took him aside,  
While that his wife with *Willy* was playing at *Whooper's-Hide*. [= *Blindman's*  
And now the warm Game begins, the critical minute was come, *Buff*.  
And chatting, and billing, and kissing, went merrily round the room. 60

Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*, as blith as a birde in the Spring,  
And *Tommy* was so to *Katy*, and wedded her with a *Rush-ring* ; [Note, below.  
*Sukey*, that danced with the *Cushion*, an hour from the room had been gone ;  
And *Barnaby* knew, by her blushing, that some other Dance had been done.  
And thus of Fifty fair Maids, that came to the Wedding with Men,  
Scarce Five of the Fifty were left ye, that so did return again. 72

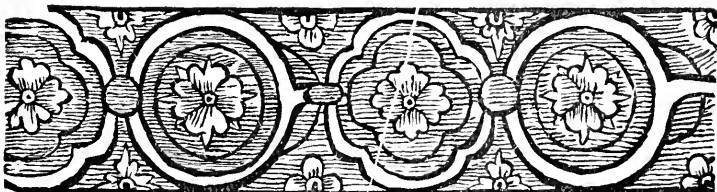
Brisk *Dolly* and pretty-fac'd *Kate* this merriment they did adore ;  
Each Lass had been pleas'd with her Mate, as they never had been before ;  
Nay, *Susan* was pleas'd at heart, she said it, and said it again,  
" The young Men have play'd their part, and no one had cause to complain."  
The day was in merriment spent, the Pipes and the Fiddlers they play,  
Before all the Throng as they went ; thus they made an end of the day. 84

[*So was not this a fine Wedding, where all was pleas'd to the life ?  
And they say, he makes a kind Husband, and she a very good Wife.*]

[Written by Tom D'Urfey.]

[Bagford copy, chief woodcut is on p. 208. Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street*, without *Newgate* ; Pepysian for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Go'den-Ball* in *Pye-Corner* ; 1st Dounce, by *T. Norris* : Roxb., n.p.n. Date, before 1684. when it was printed in *Several New Songs by Thomas D'Urfey, Esq.*, and in *One Hundred and Twenty Loyal Songs*, p. 136, also in *One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs*, with music, 1685, and 1694, p. 131, alongside of the skilful political parody, " In Praise of the Loyal Company of Stationers," who, after the general forfeit, for their singular Loyalty, obtained the first Charter of London, 1684. It begins, " In London was such a Quarter, the like was never known, about the forfeited Charter, betwixt the Court and the Town." Bagford's exemplar has two other cuts, the single head (from John Taylor's Kings of England) helmed, given in vol. vi. p. 184, with the vase and flowers, *ante*, p. 184. The *Italicized Finale* is in broadside only.]

Line 64.—*Marrying with a Rush-Ring*, i.e. a Ring made of twisted sedge, had been already mentioned on p. 123. It was esteemed among loose-life people as a kind of betrothal, called *Holdfasting*, but was more a substitute for wedlock than an equivalent, consequently a preparatory to the seduction of maids. (See *Brand, sub voce*.) The only Shakespearean allusion to the custom, is perhaps this in *All's Well that Ends Well*, ii. 2—It is " as *Tib's* Rush for *Tom's* forefinger."



[This woodcut belongs to p 211.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 855 ; Pepys, IV. 290 ; C. 22. c. 2, fol. 73.]

## Roger's Delight ;

Or, the West-Country Christ'ning and Gossiping.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE, OR *Cold and Raw*. Licensed according to Order.



When *Sol* had loosed his weary Teams, and turn'd his Steeds a Grazing,  
 Ten fathom deep in *Neptune's* streams, he his *Thetis* lay embracing ;  
 The Stars tript in the Firmament, like school-boys on a Play-day ;  
 The Country Lasses a Mumming went, like Milk-maids on a *May-day*. 8

Then a-pace grew on the grey-ey'd Morn, when the Herdsman's Flocks were lowing ;  
 And amongst the Poultry in the barn, the Plow-man's Cocks were crowing ;  
 Whilst *Roger* he dreamt of Golden Joys, was wak'd by a Revel-rout, Sir,  
 Bnt *Cicely* she tells him he needs must rise, for his *Juggy* was crying out, Sir.

*Note.*—“ *Cold and raw* the North did blow,” begins “ The Northern Ditty ; or, The Scotsman outwitted by a Country Damsel ” (Roxb. Coll., II. 374), another ballad written by Tom D'Urfey before 1688. With the additional second, third, and fourth parts, it follows on pp. 233 to 237. For notes of the tune, *Stingo* or *Oil of Barley*, see *Popular Music*, pp. 309, 313. The true tune was *The Hempdresser*. (Burns wrote to it “ *The Deil came fiddling through the town*.”) “ The West-Country Christening ” is D'Urfey's own possible SEQUEL to the *Winechester Wedding*, showing the silly benuddled bridegroom, *Ralph*, alias *Roger*, a year later, be-muzzed and stupefied, surrounded with gossips at the birth and private-baptism of his little daughter (in Kent the ceremony is mis-called ‘ half-naming ’). He counts the weakling as his own, and if he is contented, nay, proud of it, nobody need grumble : not even *Willy*, who knows more than we choose to guess.



Not half so merry the Cup went round, at the Tapping of good Ale-Firkin,  
Then *Roger* his hose and shoes had found, and button'd his leathern-Jerkin;  
Grey Mare was saddl'd with wondrous speed, with Pillion and buttock aright, Sir,  
And for an old Midwife away he rode, to bring the poor Kid to light, Sir. 24

"Oh! good Mother, I pray get up, for the fruits of my labour it's now come,  
And there it lyes struggling in *Juggy's* womb, but it cannot get out till *you* come."  
"I'll help her (quoth the old Hag), ne'er doubt, thy *Juggy* shall be well again, Boy,  
And I'se warrant that I'se get the Kid out, as well as thou gottest it in, Boy."

Grey Mare they mount, and away they ride, no whip nor spur was wanting;  
As soon as the old Hag enter'd the room, then '[w]hoop!' cry'd out the Bantling;  
A Female Chit, so small it was born, you might put it into a Flaggon,  
And it must be Christen'd that very morn, for fear it should die a Pagan. 40

Then *Robin* and *Doll*, with constant *Kate*, were Gossips for this great Christ'ning,  
And the good Wives did merrily prate, whilst *Juggy* in bed lay list'ning;  
They talk'd of this, and they talk'd of that, of Chatt'ing they were not sparing,  
Some said it was so small a Brat, that 'twas hardly worth the rearing. 48

Then *Roger* he strutted about the Hall, as great as the Prince of *Conde*;  
"What if her parts they are but small, they will be bigger one day.  
What if her legs and thighs lie close, as little as any Spider,  
You need not fear, e'er seventeen years, she'll lig them a little wider. 56

"For then she'll be a Woman grown, I'll lay Five Pounds in money;  
And have a little one of her own, as well as *Jug* my Honey:  
These will be joyful days to see, I'll study for to advance her,  
That *Juggy* may a Granny be, then I shall be a Grandsire." 64

Then Nappy Ale went fairly round, as brown as any berry,  
With which the good Wives being crown'd, they all were brisk and merry;  
Whilst *Roger* he turn'd Cups over his thumb, to every honest Neighbour,  
Saying, "A Twelve-month hence pray come, once more to my *Juggy's* Labour.

[Written by Tom D'Urfey.]

Northampton: Printed by *R. Raikes* and *W. Dieey*; and sold by *Matthias Daquel* in *Aylesbury* and *Leighton*, *Stephen Daquel* in *Chesham*, *William Ratten* in *Coventry*, *Thomas Williams* in *Tring*, Booksellers; *Nathan Ward* in *Sun-Lane* in *Reading*; *William Royce* in *St. Clements, Oxford*; *Paul Stephens* in *Bister*; *Anthony Thorpe* at the *White Swan* in *St. Albans*; *Mr. Franks* in *Woburne*; *William Peachy* near *St. Benet's Church* in *Cambridge*; and by *Chururd Brady* in *St. Ives*; at all which places are sold all sorts of Ballads, Broad-sheets, and Histories, with finer cuts, better print, and as cheap as at any place in *England*.

[White-letter (with one woodcut = *Old Ballads*, ii. 182, 1725); a reprint, 1720. Pepys copy, and C. 22, fol. 73 (corrective), are in Black-letter, printed for *Philip Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Pye-corner*. Date, 1687-88. With three cuts. 1st, the man, on our p. 31 L.; 2nd, a young woman on horse-back (without the *cornuto* symbol of horns, or the man behind, of p. 210); 3rd, the carved-wood ornamental frieze, as on p. 209.]

On the *verso* of the Roxburghe exemplar is a large woodcut, entitled "The Bubbles Bubbled; or the Devil take the Hindmost." Dated 1720.

'*Roger's Renown*,' a different ballad on a rustic christening or *Gossips' Feast*, at the house of a ploughman similarly named *Roger* (but father of three boys at one birth), is added for contrast, on p. 236, it being the Fourth Part of Tom D'Urfey's *Cold and Raw (the same tune)*. '*Roger's Delight*' connects better with it than with '*The Winchester Wedding*,' whereof the tune is different.

## The Wanton Wife of Bath.

“ Saint Pierre perdit l'autre jour  
 Les clefs du céleste séjour.  
 (*L'histoire est vraiment singulière !*)  
 C'est Margot qui, passant par là,  
 Dans son gousset les lui vola.  
 ‘ Je vais, Margot, passer pour un nigaud :  
 Rendez-moi mes clefs ! ’ disait Saint Pierre.”—*Béranger.*

SINCE the Miracle Plays, the Christmas Mummings, and Easter Mysteries of old time, when the ‘ Vice ’ with his dagger of lath, or the Lord-of-Misrule and Abbot of Unreason indulged in bold antics that were not removed from profanity, yet which were encouraged by devout Christian preachers and teachers, no less than by the clamorous populace, there have been few ‘ risky subjects ’ better welcomed in modern years, by high and low, than the broadside ballad of “ The Wanton Wife of Bath,” an appropriate finish to our ‘ Matrimonial Group.’ Dr. Thomas Percy included it in vol. iii. of his famous *Reliques*, in 1765 (Book ii No. 12), and 1767 (vol. iii. p. 145): pre-episcopal earth-quakings ejected it from his third edition, 1775; and Lawn scruples from his fourth, in 1794.

It is boldly plain-spoken, admittedly, but the ballad-writer neither seeks profanity nor seriously offends. The character of Chaucer’s Polyandrous “ Wife of Bath ” is well marked throughout. Her anger blazes instantaneously, without any smouldering resentment. She fights for her own hand, like Hal o’ th’ Wynd; surpassing Mause Headrigg at Scriptural quotation, since she can boast to have “ diseomfitted an host of men, and by the help of the Lord I hae loupén ower a dyke.” It is the invincibility of a soul, sorely bestead, but vanquishing a multitude. Perhaps she deserved to have been sent to *her own place*, for shameless insolence.

The courtly Addison disdained not to praise our broadside ditty, and quote it as an authority, saying, “ That excellent old ballad of *The Wanton Wife of Bath* hath the following remarkable lines, ‘ I think, quoth Thomas, Women’s tongues of aspen leaves are made,’ etc.” (*The Spectator*. No. 247, December 13, 1711.) Moreover, “ having occasion to give us some lines of *Ovid* [*Metam.* l. 6. v. 556] upon the same subject, he first quoted our Song-writer and then the Roman.” (The paper, not signed, C. L. I. or O., may be by Steele, instead of Addison.)

Among the *Fableaux* collected by Barbazan in 1756, and re-edited by his successor Méon, 1808, and 1823. iv. 44, enlarged collection, is the story which may have suggested the much-later ballad of “ The Wife of Bath.” It is *Le Vilain qui conquist Paradis par Plaist*, and similarly mingles irreverence with genuine piety. “ A Villein comes to heaven’s gate, is refused admission, and successively silences St. Peter, St. Thomas, and St. Paul, by very pointed references to their earthly weaknesses.” A later time (1822) welcomed Byron’s ‘ *Liberal* ’ parody of Southey’s *Vision of Judgment*, telling of a stranger altercation in the same regions, when “ St. Peter sate at the Celestial Gate, his keys were rusty and the lock was dull, So little trouble had been given of late : not that the place by any means was full.”

[Roxb. Coll., II. 487 v., III. 506, 889; Bagford, I. 31, II. 13; Pepys, II. 39; Wood, E. 25, f. 93; Douce, II. 241, III. 107 v., IV. 29, 30; Euing, 374.]

## The Wanton Wife of Bath.

[THE] TUNE IS, [*When*] *Flying Fame*, etc. [See *Note* below.]

IN *Bath* a wanton Wife did dwell, as *Chaucer* he doth write,  
 Who did in pleasure spend her dayes, and many a fond delight.  
 Upon a time sore-sicke she was, and at the length did dye;  
 Her Soul came to *Elizium's Gate*, and knock'd most mightily.\*  
 [First] *Adam* came unto the gate, "Who knocketh there?" quoth he.  
 "I am the Wife of *Bath*," she said, "and faine would come to thee."  
 "Thou art a Sinner," *Adam* said, "and here no place shall have."  
 "Alas, for you! good Sir," she said, "now gip, you doating knave!  
 "I will come in, in spight," she said, "of all such churls as thee;  
 Thou art the Causer of our woe, our pain and misery.  
 "Thou first broke God's commandment, to pleasure thine own wife."  
 When *Adam* heard her tell this Tale, he ran away for life.  
 Then down came *Jacob* to the gate, and bids her paek to Hell;  
 "Thou false Deceiver, why?" quoth she, "thou should'st be there  
 as well; [Vide pp. 215, 216, for variations.  
 "For thou deceiv'dst thy Father dear, and thy own Brother too!"  
 Away [slunk] *Jacob* presently, and made no more ado.  
 She knocks again, with might and main, and *Lot* he chides her straight.  
 "Why then," quoth she, "thou drunken Ass, who bids thee here  
 to wait?  
 "With thy two daughters thou did'st lye, on them two bastards got!"  
 And thus most tauntingly she chaff against poor silly *Lot*.

*Note*.—The tune properly called *When Flying Fame* (words lost), still earlier *In Peascod time*, later as *Chevy Chace* (see vol. vi., and its *Tune-Index*, p. 85, for many references), was widely known. It is given in *Popular Music*, p. 199. To this tune, cited as *Chevy Chace*, was written by Thomas Weaver, 27 July, 1647, the political ballad entitled "Strange and True Newes of an Ocean of Flies dropping out of a Cloud, upon the towne of *BODNAM* in *Cornwall*." Unlucky *Bodnam*! already mentioned, *alias* *Bodmin*, on our pp. 39 to 41. Whether flies or Puritanism and later-methodism were the worse infliction, we leave caustics to settle. The ballad was intended to show how it happens that "When kings have lost their reignes and power, Then clouds upon us judgements showre." *An undeniable proposition*. It begins thus (*Percy Society*, 1841, i. 38):—

"Some talke of Battailes in the aire, and Comets in the skies,  
 But now we'll tell a tale more rare of great and monstrous Flies.  
 In *Cornwall* this strange sight was seen, at *Bodnam* Towne by name,  
 Which will be justified still by a Lawyer of great fame," etc.

"Printed in the Year of Miracles, 1647." Our 'Clerk of *Bodnam*' remembered it.

“Who knocketh there?” quoth *Judith* then, “with such shrill sounding Notes?”

“This fine minks surely cannot hear,” quoth she, “for cutting throats.” [*vide al. lect.*, p. 215.

Good Lord! how *Judith* blush’d for shame, when she heard her say so. King *David* hearing [of the same], he to the gate did go.

Quoth he, “Who does knock there so loud, & maketh all this strife?” “You were more kind, good Sir,” she said, “unto *Uriah’s* wife.

“And when thy servant thou did’st cause in battle to be slain, Thou causedst them more strife than I, who would come in so fain.”

“The woman’s mad!” said *Solomon*, “that thus doth taunt a king.”

“Not half so mad as you,” she said, “I trow, in many a thing.

“Thou had’st seven hundred wives at once, for whom thou didst provide;

[Yet] for all this, three hundred whores thou did[’st] maintain beside.

“And those made thee forget thy God, and worship Stocks and Stones, Besides the charge they put thee to [in] breeding [of] young bones.

“Had’st thou not been out of thy wits, thou would’st not [thus] have ventur’d;

And therefore I do marvel much how you this Place have enter’d.”

“I never heard,” quoth *Jonas* then, “so vile a Scold as this.”

“Thou art not without faults,” quoth she, “thou’st likewise done amiss.”

“I think,” quoth *Thomas*, “women’s tongues of aspen leaves are made.”

“Thou unbelieving Saint!” quoth she, “all is not true that’s said.”

When *Mary Magdalen* heard [her] then, she came unto the gate; Quoth she, “Good Woman, you must think upon your former state.

“No sinner enters in this place,” quoth *Mary Magdalen* then.

“’Twere ill for you, fair Mistress mild!” she answered her agen.

“You for your Honesty,” quoth she, “should once have been stou’d to death,

Had not our Saviour Christ come by, and writ it on the earth.

“It was [not by] your occupation you are become divine!

I hope my Soul [by] Christ’s Passion, shall be as safe as thine.”

Then rose up the good Apostle *Paul*, unto this wife he [cry’d],

“Except thou shake thy sins away, thou here shalt be deny’d!”

“Remember, *Paul*, what thou hast done, all through a wild Desire, How thou did’st persecute the Church, with wrath as hot as fire.”

Then up rose *Peter*, at the last, and to the gate he hies;

“Sinuer,” quoth he, “knock not so fast, thou weariest us with eries.”

“Peter,” said she, “content thyself, for Mercy may be won;  
I never did deny the Faith, as thou thyself hast done.”

When as our Saviour heard this [told], with heavenly Angels bright,  
He comes unto this sinful soul, who trembled at his sight.

Of Him for mercy she did cry. Quoth he, “Thou hast refused  
My proffer’d grace, and mercy both, and much my Name abused.”

“Sore have I sinned, O Lord!” said she, “& spent my time in vain;  
But bring me, like a wander’d sheep, unto thy [fold] again!”

“O Lord my God, I will forsake my former wicked vice;  
The thief, when he had said these words, pass’d into Paradise.”

“My Laws and my Commandments,” saith Christ, “were known  
to thee;

But [thou] of the same no notice took, as I did plainly see.”

“Do thou forgive me now,” quoth she, “most lewdly I did live;  
But yet the loving Father did his [Prodigal] Son forgive.”

“I will forgive thy soul,” said he, “for thy repenting cry,  
So come [now] enter into my Rest, for I’ll not thee deny.”

[Colophon lost from first Roxburghe, modern issue, in white-letter. But second Roxb., Bagford’s copies, the Pepysian, Wood’s, Euing and Huth, are in Black-letter, respectively bearing these imprints: (Bagford’s 1st) for *W. O[nley]* and *A. M[ilbourne]*; (2nd) for *W. Thackeray*, at the *Angel in Duck-Lane*; (Pepysian) *J. O[larke]*, *W. T[hackeray]* and *T. P[assenger]*; (Wood’s and Euing’s) *Francis Coles*; (Douce, IV. 29; Onvry, I. 54; II. 73; modern reprints) *Pitts Press, Seven Dials*. Original date, probably *circa* 1613; doubtful.

*Note.*—The various readings are numerous, no two copies exactly coinciding, and no authoritative early exemplar surviving. We need not record every difference, only the chief in importance, early of date, and by *numbered half-lines*; here printed run-on into whole-lines, to save space. Line 7 reads, elsewhere, *And then her Soul at Heaven’s gate did knock most mightily. Then, etc.*

Line 16.—*Gip*, a term of contempt, may be either a brief contraction of *Giptian*, a well-known substitute for *Ægyptian alius Gipsy*, or (as is probable in this place) a saucy insinuation of his having been gelt like a *Gib-coat*. The meaning need not be strained. But as *gip* is Yorkshire dialect = to retch or vomit, the term may be equivalent to “you turn me sick!” Across the Atlantic, folk would say, with Bret Harte, *‘git!’*

Line 39.—*Nota Bene*, our modern slang of “chaff,” bantered; here = *chafed*.

Line 43.—“*Alas! fine Minx we come not here* (quoth she), for cutting throats.” *Good lack!* etc. (This is the inferior Roxburghe version.)

Line 53.—Text mis-reads, awkwardly, “And when thou canst thy servants,” etc. *Al. lect.*, “come in.”

Line 60.—Text weakly modernizes “I *trow!*” into “I *know!*”

Line 65-68.—Text reads inaccurately, “For all this three hundred,” etc.... “of breeding young Bones.”

Line 69.—*Al. lect.*, *beside thy wits...not thus have...*

Line 75 of the Roxb. broadside is a very mild Bowdlerism of the older and better text, which runs, with more characteristic insolence, “*Thou whoreson Runaway,*” quoth she, “thou diddest more amiss!” But we leave the text standing, for the sake of weak-kneed ecclesiastics who wheeze over improprieties.

A ballad 'Historie of the Prophet *Jonas*,' tune of *Paggington's Pound*, begins, "Vnto the Prophet *Jonas*, I read;" printed by Edw. Alde, *circa* 1602. Cf. our motto on title-page, from Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, Act iii. 3.

Line 79.—"Unbelieving *wretch!*" is the old reading, correct no doubt. In her anger she would not be quick to remember the Apostolic saintliness of this noblest representative of modern pessimism, of undeviating loyalty that shrank from the noisy declamation and socialism, but was most ready for self-sacrifice. "Doubting *Thomas*," indeed! Why those gregarious rebukers, who use the term, are incapable of understanding his native grandeur and sincerity.

Line 87.—Roxburghe text reads, weakly, "'Tis well for you then, fair Mistress," she, etc.

Line 98.—Roxb. text reads 'he said.'

Line 107.—Roxb. text reads 'Sinner,' where others have '*Fond fool!*'

Lines 89-92.—What wilful 'confusion of persons' is here, the mixing together Mary of Magdala "out of whom He had cast seven devils" with the 'woman taken in adultery' of *S. Luke* viii. Even thus, ignorantly and destructively, the nameless "woman who had been a sinner" and who brought the pot of ointment to our Lord in the house of Simon the Pharisee (*S. Luke*, vii.) was by Lady Eastl . . . e commingled with the meek Mary of Bethany, who brought later "against his burial" her pot of spikenard to the house of Simon, the leper.

Line 111.—*Al. lect.*, 'deny my Christ.'

Line 125.—*Al. lect.*, 'will amend for one poor silly word.'

Lines 131, 132, other reading, 'But of the same *in enquiry not one word did ye.*'

Line 136.—Roxb. text weakly reads '*wicked Son.*'

\* \* Here befittingly ensues a change of scene, an interval, for refreshment. No one need regret that the 'Wife of Bath' found peace at last, howsoever wanton she may have been aforesaid, and in the abeyance of the wholesome practice of *Suttlee* ("until the said discipline may be restored again, which is much to be wished," says one Edward White). We somewhat trembled for her; but at the proper moment she laid aside her evil habit of answering railing with railing, and felt piously abashed. So far well. Scolding wives usually reached lower regions when their career ended, according to ecclesiastical records at Lambeth. One Scotch termagant was exhorted to be kind to her husband when he provoked her: "*Be kind to him, my good woman, and sae heap coals o' fire on his head!*" She is credibly reported to have accepted this advice from her responsible Minister. "O ay! I'll just try it. Atweel, I'm thinking it wunna do muckle guid. I flang a kettle o' boiling water ower him, twice or mair, an' he swore awfu. But *I'll try the het burnin' coals.*" She did so, and rested on them or on her laurels.

### Here Ends the Group of Matrimonial and Anti-Matrimonial Ballads.



[This cut belongs to p. 159.]

## Cock-Lorrel's Strange Banquet.

*Patrico.*—"Cock-lorrel he hight, on a time did invite  
The Devil to a feast; the tail of the jeast,  
Though, since it be long, lives yet in a song:  
Which, if you would hear,  
Shall plainly appear, like a chime in your ear.  
I'll call in my Clerk shall sing 't like a Lark."

*Cock-lorrel.*—"Oh, ay! the song, the song in any case; if you want music,  
we'll lend him our music."

—*Masque of 'The Gipsies Metamorphosed.'*

HAVING been so recently admitted along with the 'Wanton Wife of Bath' into a better place, and among better company than she always kept in view (even when she travelled by the 'Pilgrims'-Road' through Molash towards Canterbury and Thomas à Becket's Shrine), any ballad-lover who desires a change of diet or scene may find both awaiting, inside the Devil's Peak cavern, at Derbyshire. There a banquet was long ago prepared for general or particular delectation by Cock-Lorrel, according to the lyric account rendered by no less a person than "rare Ben Jonson," in August, 1621, to amuse the Scottish Solomon, King Jamie, the first of that name in England; in compliment to whom were added the three stanzas here given, from the 12mo. 1640, and the folio edition, 1641: but they were not found in Jonson's autograph MS., formerly belonging to Richard Heber, one followed by that excellent and lamented scholar the late Lieut.-Col. Francis Cunningham in his *Mermaid Edition of Jonson*, iii. 156 (undated, but issued in 1871):

"And there he made such a breach with the wind,  
The hole too standing open the while, [ 'hole yett,' *P. Fol.*  
That the scent of the vapour before and behind  
Hath foully perfumed most part of the Isle. [ 'hath since infected.'

"And this was *Tobacco*, the learned suppose,  
Which since in Country, Court, and Town,  
In the Devil's glister-pipe smokes at the nose,  
Of polecat and Madam, of Gallant and clown. [Of *Punke, Ibid.*

"From which wicked weed, with swine's flesh and ling,  
Or anything else that's feast for the Fiend;  
Our Captain and we cry 'God save the King,'  
And send him good meat and mirth without end!"

[We note in margin variations from *Perey's Fol. MS.*, the end reads:

"From which wicked perfume, swine's flesh, & linge, [*ling* = dried cod.  
Or any thing else he doth not loue,  
*Preserue* & send our gracious King  
Such meate as he loues, I beseeche god above! *Finis.*"]

The final stanzas were by Jonson, although himself a smoker: variations were introduced during three successive performances of the *Masque*, to please King James (whose aversion from 'swine's flesh,' ling, and tobacco was proverbial, and who had published *A Counter-blast to Tobacco*, imprinted at London by R. B., 1604).

The tune is known as *An old Man is a bed [=bag] full of bones*, and is found in many editions of the *Dancing Master*, 1650 (1695, p. 41), etc., in the *Coll. of One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs*, p. 103, 1685; *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, iv. 101, 1719 edition; *Antidote against Melancholy*, 1749; and Mr. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 161. On our p. 13 the tune was mentioned, as used for a lively ditty concerning Whetstone Park; to the same tune was sung before Charles II. at Winchester Tom D'Urfe's Loyal Song, beginning, "A Tory came late through Westminster-Hall," satirizing Lord Grey of Wark, Will. Williams, Maynard, Patience Ward, Lady Clayton, Sir Thomas Player, and others, after the execution of Stephen College, 31st August, 1681 (given complete in our vol. v. p. 335). To the same tune went another Loyal Song, "The Whigs' Disappointment upon their intended Feast," prohibited, 21st April, 1682, beginning, "Have you not heard of a Festival conven't of late?" (given in vol. v. p. 146). Earlier names of the tune were *The Rambling Clerk*, and, after 1632, *Michaelmas-Terne* (see p. 221).

In '*Martin Markall, Beadle of Bridewell, his defence and Answer to the Belman of London*.' Discovering the long concealed Original and Regiment of Rogues,' by S[amuel] R[owlands]. Black-letter, 1610, Cock-Lorrel stands second in the list: "One *Cock Lorrell*, the most notorious knave that ever lived . . . By trade he was a Tinker, often carrying a pan and hammer for shew; but when he came to a good booty, he would cast his profession into a ditch, and play the Padder." Again, Cock-Lorrell when he "past through the town would cry, '*Ha' ye any worke for a Tinker?*' This was he that reduced in[to] forme the Catalogue of Vagabonds or Quartern of Knaves, called the five and twenty Orders of Knaves." On this theme we avoid entering, as to originator: let it suffice to refer to *The Fraternity of Vagabondes . . . Wherunto also is adjoined the twenty-five Orders of Knaves . . . confirmed for ever by Cocke Lovell, 1575*: a work of inestimable interest, duly celebrated, one that was, along with *A Caueat or Warening for Common Cvrsetors vulgarly called Vagabones*, set forth by Thomas Harman, Esq., 1567, reprinted in 1869 by the Early English Text Society, in their admirable Extra Series, No. ix. (*Cf. Bagford Ballads*, pp. 190, 943-947, wherein we enjoyed a liberal use of their woodcut illustrations.) The name of *Cocke Lorrell* (like *Eclipse*, of our p. 83) may have been borrowed, since Wynkyn de Worde, so early as 1510, had printed *Cocke Lorrell's Bote*, a satire in verse, reprinted for the Roxburghe Club in 1817; in 1841; and for the Percy Society, vol. vi. in 1843 (*Early English Poetry*, ed. E. F. Rimbault): and, since then, by J. P. Edmond, 1884.

This is not the place or time to speak our admiration for Ben Jonson, in whose rugged virility we delight, but whose plays we read without their exciting the personal love that is awakened by the charm of his poems, his '*Underwoods*' and lyrics. Except the tombstone of Charles Dickens and the monument of 'Dan Chaucer, the first warbler,' there is no tomb dearer to us in Westminster Abbey, not even "Glorious John's," or Cowley's, than the slab which bears Davenant's affectionate tribute of "**O rare Ben Jonson!**"



[This woodcut belongs to p. 200.]



[Roxburghe Coll., II. 445; Pepys, IV. 284; Euing, 343; Rawlinson, 207;  
Poetical Broad-sides, C. 20, f. 292; Jersey, II. 197; Ellis.]

## A Strange Banquet ;

Or,

### The Devil's Entertainment by Cook Laurel at the Peak in Derby-shire; with an Account of the several Dishes served to Table.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Cook Laurel*, etc.

*Cook Laurel* would have the Devil his guest, [a.l. *Cock Lorrell*.  
And bid him home to the *Peak* to dinner,  
Where [the] Fiend had never such a feast,  
Prepared at the charge of a Sinner ;  
*With a hey down, down, a down, down.*

His stomack was quesiè, he came thither coach'd,  
The joggings had caused his cruetts to rise ; [a.l. *crudities*.  
To help which, he call'd for a Puritan poach'd,  
That used to turn up the eggs of his eyes ; [a.l. *the white*.  
*With a hey [down, down, a down, down].* 10

And so he recovered unto his wish ;  
He sat him down, and began to eat :  
A Promoter in plumb-broth was the first dish,  
His own privy-kitchin had no such meat ; *With a hey*, etc.

Yet though with this he much was taken,  
Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher,  
As soon as he spied the Bawd-and-bacon ;  
(By which you may know the Devil's a Wencher). 20

Six pickled Taylors sliced and cut,  
With Sem[p]sters and Tire-women, fit for his pallet,  
With Feathermen and Perfumers, put  
Some twelve in a charger, to make a grand-sallet ; *With*, etc.

A rich fat Usurer stew'd in his marrow,  
With him a Lawyer's head and green sawee,  
All which his belly took in like a barr[ow], [text, 'barrel.'  
As though till then he had never seen sowee. [=sowse.

Then, carbonado'd and cook'd with pains, [==bread stuffs.  
Was brought up a Serjeant's cloven face ;  
The sawee was made of a Yeoman's brains,  
That had been beaten out with his Mace. *With*, etc. 35

Two roasted Sheriffs came whole to the board,  
The feast had nothing been without them ;  
Both living and dead [they] were foxed and fur'd,  
And their chains like sassage hung about them. *With*, etc.

The next dish was the Mayor of the Town,

With a pudding of maintenance\* put in his belly ; [*Note.* p. 221.  
Like a Goose in her feathers [was he] in his gown,

With a couple of Hinch-boys boyl'd to a jelly. [=henchman.

Next came the over-worn Justice-of-Peace ;

With Clerks like gizzards stuck under each arm,

And warrants like Sippets, lay in his own grease,

Set over a chaffing-dish to be kept warm. *With*, etc. 50

A London Cuckold came hot from the spit,

And when the Carver had broken him open,

The Devil chopt his head off at a bit,

But the Horns had almost like to [ha'] choak'd him.

A fair large Pasty of a Midwife hot ; [=a large fat P.

And for [the] cold bak'd meat in this story,

A reverend painted Lady was brought,

Long coffin'd in crust till now she's grown hoary. 60

The loins of a Letcher then was roasted,

[*a.l.* Chine.

With a plump Harlot's h[aunch] and garlick,

[ 'head.'

With a Pander's petitoes that had boasted

Himself for a Captain, that never was war[like].

Then, b[r]oiled and stuck upon a prick,

[=skewer.

The Gizzard was brought of a holy Sister ;

That bit made the Devil almost so sick,

That the Doctor did think he had need of a glister.

The Jowl of a Time-server served for a fish,

[*a.l.* 'Jaylor.'

A Constable sowced, [stal]ed vinegar by ;

Two Aldermen-lobsters laid [a-sleep] in a dish,

[*sic*, MS.

A Deputy-tart, and a Church-warden-pye.

[*Notes*, p. 221.

All which [he] devoured ; then, for a close,

He did for a draught of *Derby* [Ale] call ;

He heaved the vessel up to his nose,

And never [it] left till he had drank up all.

Then from the table he gave a start,

Where banquet and wine was not to seek,

[*a.l.* were nothing  
scarce.

All which he blew away with a f[art],

From whence it's call'd, The Devil's A . . e Peak.

*With a hey down, down, adown, down.*

[*Cf.* p. 217.

[By Ben Jonson.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

London : Printed by and for *W. O[nley]*, for *A[lexander] M[ilbourne]*,  
to be sold by *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur[-street]*.

[In Black-letter. One woodcut, of a Royal Banquet. Date of original, 1621 ;  
but as broadside-ballad entered to *Francis Grove*, October, 1637.]

Rawlinson's exemplar was printed for *F. Coles, Vine-street, Hatton-Garden*. Poetical Broad-sides' was printed for *W. Gilbertson*, with two additional cuts, one, an Apparitor, in i. 119, the other a Devil. This text we follow.

\* *Note.*—'Pudding of Maintenance' may refer as probably to the legal squabbles about wealthy men backing-up an impecunious plaintiff by *maintenance*, as it does to the Cap of Maintenance which was carried before the Mayors in procession.

\*\* In the Percy Folio MS., p. 182 (=print, 1868, iv. 43), after the 'Holy Sister' of our stanza fourteenth, follow a variation of the next stanza with a Jaylor in place of the Time-server, and an allusion to some obnoxious 'Dean of *Dunstable*, who had got into trouble and is not past identification: "two aldermen lobsters a-sleepe in a dish, with a dryed Deputye & a sowcet Constable;" also these three worse than *doubtful* additional stanzas, preceding our sixteenth:—

These gott him soe feirce a stomacke againe,  
t[hat] now he wants meate whereon to feeda ;  
He called for the victuals were drest for his traine,  
and they brought him vp an alepotroda. [*Olla-podrida*, hotch-potch.

Wherein were mingled courtier, clowne,  
Tradesmen, merchants, banquerouts store ;

[ = Bankrupts.

Churchmen, Lawyers of either gowne—  
Of ciuill [and] common [Law],—player and whore.

Countess, servant, Ladye's woman, [Surely *not* Jonson's.

Mistress, chambermaid, coachman, knight,

Lord and vs her, groome and yeoman :

Where first the Feend with his forke did light.

All which devowred, he now for to close, etc. [as on p. 220, *ante*.]

As "a Song on the Devil's A . . . e of the Peak : by Ben Jonson," it is not given by Dryden in his *Miscellaneous Poems*, 8vo., but was added in 1716, to vol. ii. p. 142 of the small six vol. edition, 19 stanzas. It had also been in the 1671 *New Academy of Complements*, p. 269 ; and *Wit and Mirth*, p. 54, 1684. The ordinal succession of stanzas varies in the versions.

The clever satire of 'Michaelmas Term,' probably by Martin Parker (reprinted in *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 401-406, 970, 971), was sung to the tune of *The Rambling Clerk*, which was the same as this one called *Cooke Laurell*. 'Michaelmas Term' was entered as a ballad to *John Wright*, etc., in the Stationers' Registers, iv. 273, July, 1632-1633. Another by Martin Parker, viz. "A Bill of Fare" (entered to *Francis Grove*, Oct., 1637 ; reprinted in *Roxb. Ballads*, i. 70), to the same tune.



[Roxb. Coll., II. 172, III. 346; Bagford, II. 129; Pepys, III. 145; Rawl., 63, 168; Huth, I. 117; Wood, E. 25, fol. 86; Douce, I. 85; Jersey, I. 294.]

## The Fryer well Fitted ;

Or,

A pretty Jest that once befell,  
How a Maid put a Fryer to cool in the Well.

TO A MERRY TUNE. [See Note on p. 224.]



AS I lay musing all alone, *fa, la, la, la, la,*  
A pritty jest I thought upon, *fa, la, la, la, la ;*  
Then listen a while, and I will you tell  
Of a Fryer that lov'd a bonny Lass well :  
*fa, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, lang-tre-down-a-dilly.* [passim.]

He came to the Maid when she went to bed, *fa la, etc.*  
Desiring to have her maiden-head, *fa la, etc. ;*  
But she denyed [him] his desire,  
And told him that she fear'd Hell Fire, *fu la, etc.*

"Tush!" (quoth the Fryer) "thou need'st not doubt [etc.],  
If thou wert in Hell I could sing thee out : "

"Then" (quoth the Maid) "thou shalt have thy request."  
The Fryer was glad, as a fox in his nest : *fa la, etc.* 15

"But one thing" (quoth she) "I do desire, *fa la*, etc.,  
 Before you have what you require, *fa la*, etc. ;  
 Before that you shall do the thing,  
 An Angel of money thou shalt me bring," *fa la*, etc.  
 "Tush!" (quoth the Fryer) "we shall agree, *fa la*, etc.,  
 No money shall part my Love and me, *fa la*, etc. ;  
 Before that I will see thee lack,  
 I'll pawn my grey Gown from my back," *fa la*, etc.  
 The Maid bethought her of a wile,  
 How she the Fryer might beguile, *fa la*, etc. ;  
 While he was gone, the truth to tell,  
 She hung a cloth before the well ;  
*fa, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, lang-tree-down-dilly.* 30  
 The Fryer came, as his covenant was, *fa la*, etc.  
 With money to his bonny Lass, *fa la*, etc. ;  
 "Good-morrow, fair Maid!" "Good-morrow!" (quoth she).  
 "Here is the money I promised thee," *fa la*, etc.  
 She thankt the man, and she took his mon<sup>[e]</sup>v,  
 "Now let us go too't!" (quoth he) "sweet Honey."  
 "Oh stay" (quoth she) "some Respite make,  
 My Father comes, [and] he will me take," *fa la*, etc.  
 "Alas!" (quoth the Fryer) "where shall I run,  
 To hide me till that he be gone?"  
 "Behind the cloth, run thou!" (quoth she),  
 "And there my Father cannot thee see, *fa la*, etc." 45  
 Behind the cloth the Fryer crept,  
 And into the well on a sudden he leapt.  
 "Alas!" (quoth he) "I am in the Well."  
 "No matter" (quoth she) "if thou wert in Hell, *fa la*, etc.  
 "Thou say'st thou could'st sing me out of Hell,  
 Now prithee sing thy self out of the Well."  
 The Fryer sung on, with a pittiful sound,  
 "Oh! help me out, or I shall be drown'd," *fa la*, etc.  
 "I trow" (quoth she) "your courage is cool'd."  
 (Quoth the Fryer) "I never was so fool'd ;"  
 "I never was served so before!"  
 "Then take heed" (quoth she) "thou com'st there no more."  
 (Quoth he) "For sweet Saint *Francis*' sake,  
 On his Disciple some pittty take!"  
 (Quoth she) "Saint *Francis* never taught  
 His scholars to tempt young Maids to naught." 65  
 The Fryer did intreat her still,  
 That she would help him out of the well ;  
 She heard him make such pitcous moan,  
 She help'd him out, and bid him be gone, *fa la*, etc.

(Quoth he) "Shall I have my money again,  
Which from me thou hast before-hand ta'ne?"  
"Good sir" (said she) "there's no such matter;  
I'll make you pay for fouling my water," *fa la*, etc.

The Fryer went all along the street,  
Dropping wet, like a new-wash'd sheep, *fa la*, etc.  
Both Old and Young commended the Maid,  
That such a witty prank had plaid;  
*fa, la, la, la, la, fa, la, lang-tre-down-dilly.*

80

Finis.

Printed for *W. Thackeray* and *T. Passinger*.

[Black-letter. Four cuts, the two on p. 222; ladies, iii. 418, left, and iii. 646, right. Second Roxburghe, "Printed and sold in *Aldermary Church-yard, London*." We suppose the date of the original ballad to have been earlier than the 1st of June, 1629, at which time (in the Stationers' Registers, D. fol. 179 = *Transcript*, iv. 213), among other 'ballades' was entered to John Wright, John Grismond, Cuthbert Wright, Edward Wright, Henry Gosson, and Francis Coules, partners, "*As I lay musing*," the property of the Widow Trundle. Hence it was of still earlier date: unless the entry refers to the 'Life of Man,' (2), and not to this 'Fryer in the Well;' for the same first line belongs to several other ballads, *viz.* 1.—The Shepherd's Lamentation for his *Phyllis*;" 2.—Richard Crimsall's "Life of Man" (*Roxb. Bds.*, i. 142); 3.—"The Poor Man pays for All" (*Ibid.*, ii. 334); 4.—"Even in the Twinkling of an Eye" (to be reprinted in *Religious Group*). A modern Scotch imitation, beginning, "O listen, and I will you tell, *wi' a falaldirry, falaldirry*, How a friar in love wi' a lassie fell," etc., is in R. Kinlock's *Ballad Book*, 1827. Compare Skelton's '*Colyn Cloute*,' v. 879. Both of the cuts on p. 222 were mutilated. (As to original of the Friar, see a later complete picture, and vi. 597.) The girl with feather-fan had belonged, like the Haberdasher holding a mask on p. 168, to a civil-war pamphlet of October, 1656, entitled '*Here's Jack in the Box!*' wherein her right foot is propt on a barrel. Cf. vi. 329. Bagford's exemplar, printed for *W. Onley*, sold by *J. Walter*, has two cuts: 1st, the man of ii. 348; 2nd, the lady of our p. 122.]

\* \* That this 'Pretty Jest' appeared in its early version previous to 1597 is shown by a quotation given by Mr. William Chappell (*Popular Music*, pp. 273, 274, where the music will be found), from Anthony Munday's "Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntington," of that date. In answer to Little John's complaints of "no jests of *Robin Hood*, no merry morrices of *Friar Tuck*," being introduced, he is answered that these have been shown before, such as

"How the Friar fell into the Well,  
For love of *Jenny*, that fair bonny belle."

Since the tune is named in *The Dancing Master*, from 1650 to 1686, '*The Maid peept out of the Window, or the Friar in the Well*, we are entitled to believe that the former may have been the opening line of an earlier version.

The wiser among us have learnt to distrust many such lampoons on the Friars and Monks of old, yet the Friars with their wanderings to collect alms and *provant* were the likelier men to get into irregularities or immoralities than resident monks. The more the truth is revealed concerning the early visitation of the Monasteries, as in the publications of our Camden Society, the better we can estimate the baselessness of the wholesale charges of corruption, or the scandalous exaggerations, of the political wire-pullers who were greedy for plunder of the fore-doomed Monasteries, under the bloodthirsty tyrant and voluptuary ('*which nobody can deny*'—except Froude) Henry the Eighth.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 554 ; Pepys, III. 269 ; Jersey, III. 76.]

The  
Unconscionable Batchelors of Darby.

Or,

The Young Lassess Pawn'd by their Sweet-hearts, for a large  
Beckning, at *Nottingham* Goose-fair; where poor *Susan* was  
forced to pay the Shot.

TO THE TUNE OF, *To thee, to thee*, etc. [See *Notes*, pp. 227, 239.]

YOU lovers of mirth, attend a while,  
A merry new Ditty here I write ;  
I know it will make you laugh and smile,  
For every line affords delight :  
The Lassess of *Darby*, with young men, [*men of Nottingham!*]  
They went to Goose-fair for recreation,  
But how these Sparks did serve them then,  
Is truly worth your observation,  
Truly, truly, worth your observation.  
Therefore I pray observe this Ditty ;  
The Maids did complain they came there in vain,  
*And was not, was not that a pity?* 12

So soon as they came into the Fair,  
The Batchelors made them conjues low, [=congées.  
And bid them a thousand welcomes there ;  
This done, to a tippling-school they go :  
How pleasant was honest *Kate* and *Sue* ?  
Believing they should be richly treated ;  
But, Neighbours and Friends, as I am true,  
No Lassess euer was so cheated,  
Cheated, cheated, very fa[i]rely cheated,  
As you may note by this new Ditty ;  
They were left alone to make their moan,  
*And was not, was not that a pity?* 24

The innocent Lassess, fair and gay,  
Concluded the Men was kind and free,  
Because they pass'd the time away,  
A plenty of cakes and ale they see ;  
For [Cy]der and bread they then did call, [*text, 'sider.'*  
And whatever else the House afforded ;  
But *Susan* was forc'd to pay for all,  
Out of the mon[e]y she had hoarded,

Hoarded, hoarded, mon[c]y she had hoarded ;  
 It made her sing a doleful Ditty,  
 And so did the rest, with grief opprest,  
*And was not, was not that a pity ?* 36

Young *Katy* she seemed something coy,  
 Because she would make them eager grow,  
 As knowing thereby she might enjoy  
 What beautiful Damsels long to know :  
 On complements they did not stand,  
 Nor did they admire their charming features,  
 For they had another game in hand,  
 Which was to pawn those pretty Creatures ;  
     Creatures, creatures, loving, loving creatures,  
     Which was so charming, fair, and pretty ;  
     The Men sneak'd away, and nothing did pay,  
*And was not, was not that a pity ?* 48

Though out of the door they [departe]d first,  
 And left them tippling there behind ;      [text, 'enter'd.'  
 Those innocent Maids did not mistrust  
 That Batchelors could be so unkind.  
 Quoth *Susan*, " I know they're gone to buy  
 The fairings which we did so require ;      [cf. p. 110.  
 And they will return I know, for why,  
 They do our youthful charms admire ;  
     Therefore, therefore, stay a little longer,  
     And I will sing a pleasant Ditty ;"  
 But when they found they were catch'd in the pound,  
*They sigh'd and weep'd, the more's the pity.* 60

Now finding the Men return'd no more,  
 And that the good [Inn-]people would not trust,  
 They presently call'd to know the score,  
 It chanc'd to be fifteen shilling just :  
 Poor *Kate* had but five pence in her purse,  
 But *Sue* had a crown, besides a guinney ;  
 And since the case had happen'd thus,  
 Poor Soul, she paid it e'ry penny ;  
     Penny, penny, e'ry, e'ry penny,  
     Tho' with a sad and doleful ditty ;  
     Said she, " For this I had not a kiss,  
*And was not, was not that a pity ?*" 72

Printed for *J. Bissel*, in *West-Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts. 1st, new, a woman and man walking, like reverse of p. 231 ; 2nd, lady, of iii. 377 ; 3rd, is on p. 103. Date, 1685-95.]



\* \* We identify the tune named, *To thee, to thee!* from the burden of a ballad, 'The Merry Bagpipes,' "A Shepherd sat him under a Thorn" (see p. 239).

It was shabby of the "Nottingham lambs" to serve *Katy* and *Susan* thus, not only to disappoint but to bilk them, leaving them to pay the reckoning. What they were, when they by their rioting frightened to death Byron's Mary Chaworth (= Mrs. Musters), by attacking Colwick Hall in February, 1832, such had they been of old: incapable of improvement. A bad lot, egg and bird.

It may be pleaded that the culprits in the ballad are styled "Batchelors of *Derby*," and that they only *went to Nottingham*, thirteen miles distant, along with their beguiled sweethearts. Stuff and nonsense! The men's baptismal-registers would prove that they had originally belonged to Nottingham; but, while at home there, having misbehaved too badly even for the code of 'geese' and 'lambs,' they had been forced to emigrate into honest Derbyshire, and tried to pass themselves off as natives. Their tricks betray their birth-place. We leave the *Onus probandi* with gainsayers to bring forth a Derbyshire register in attestation. (The fact is they were only "half-named" and half-saved, but never christened anywhere.) One of them was hanged at Nottingham, luckily, and that ought to strengthen the evidence and absolve Derbyshire. It sustains the burden of the Peak, with its Devil (p. 219), counter-balanced by Peveril and the heroic Charlotte de Tremouille. "Bachelors of Derby," indeed!

From Nottingham Goose-Fair (held on first Thursday in October, and two days after) we come in the next ballad to Smithfield's Bartholomew Fair (held early in September, generally on the 5th). In *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 492, was reprinted "My Masters and Friends and good people draw near!" being Ben Jonson's 'Song of the Cut-purse,' who exercised his vocation at Bartholomew Fair, and the whole of the racy comedy bearing that title gives a lively panorama of the scene as it was beheld in 1614. To Francis Grove, on 21st August, 1638, was entered in Stat. Registers a ballad on "Bartholomew Fair," and on 23rd September, 1639, to Richard Harper "A Bartholomew Fairing." "The *Dagonizing of Bartholomew Fayre*, caused by the Lord Maior's command," *circa* 1656, begins, "On *August's* foure and twentieth Eve." One Zomersetshire yokel came, in 1655, to see the sight, before Sir John Dethic 'reformed' it.

[*Wit and Mirth*, p. 171, 1700 edition; with music, *Pills*, iv. p. 169.]

### An Ancient Song of Bartholomew Fair.

IN 'Fifty-five, may I never thrive, if I tell you any more than is true,

To *London* che came, hearing of the fame of a Fair they call *Bartholomew*.

In Houses of Boards, men walk upon cords, as easy as Squirrels crack filberds;  
But the Cut-purses they do bite and run away, but those I suppose are Ill-Birds.

For a Penny you may zee a fine Puppet-play, and for two-pence a rare work of Art;  
And a penny a cann; I dare swear, a man may put zix of 'em into a Quart.

Their zights are so rich, is able to bewitch the heart of a very fine man-a;  
Here's *Patient Grisel* here, and *Fair Rosamond* there, and the History of *Susanna*.

At *Pye-corner* end, mark well my good Friend, 'tis a very fine dirty place,  
Where there's more Arrows and Bows, the Lord above knows, than was handled  
at *Chevy-Chase*.

At every door [waits] a Hag or [a sc]jore, and in *Hosier-lane*, if I a'nt mistaken,  
Zuch plenty there are, of w—es, you'll have a pair, to a single Gammon of Bacon.

Then at *Smithfield-Bars*, 'twixt the ground and the stars, there's a place they  
call *Shoe-makers'-Row*,

Where you may buy Shoes every day, or go bare-foot all the year I trow.

Finis.

## The Unfortunate Lover.

“My Love sleeps on another man’s pillow.”—*The Willow Green ballad.*



[This woodcut belongs to pp. 175, 204, 229, etc.]

THE Merry-Andrew of this ballad would find Joan return to him—possibly. But how if she were the ‘very identical Joan’ of our p. 162, who told a John to “Rock the Cradle”? Did she (finding that a *faux pas* on her part had not spoil Merry-Andrew’s confidence in her affection and trustworthiness) throw away such a devoted and easy lover, and go off to find another in the aforesaid John? Were there actually two such easy men in the nation simultaneously? It is a queer world, and anything is credible. But supposing that John had been generally known as Merry-Andrew, are we re-uniting the scattered links of the chain? Dates are against the supposition, 1636 and 1670-76: forty years!

\* \* We have no wish to press hard judicially on any *Joan* of the lot. In such cases of doubtful parentage there are always “Two Knaves and a Fool.” [By the way: a certain admirer of Jean Middlemass’s novel, thus named, ought not to have asked for it so bluntly across the counter of the three excellent librarians whom we know in London, “Have you *Two Knaves and a Fool* here?” It sounded badly. He might well add, as he did, “I ought to get ‘*Five Years Penal Servitude*,’ I have tried for it so long.” Another person, a lady, complained to them: “You promised me ‘*Two Kisses*,’ yet I have never had them!” But she only meant Hawley Smart’s book.] We feel so kindly towards Mary Moders, *alias* Mary Carleton, *alias* ‘The German Princess,’ that we opportunely add, on p. 230, her “Westminster-Wedding Epithalamium” (already promised on p. 63). Whatever may have been Mary’s faults, or Joan’s, the prevalence of such loose fish as “Unconstant William,” who avowed his “Resolution to pay the young Lasses in their own Coin” (see p. 231), yields some justification. Mary’s husband, John Carleton, was no whit better than this roving libertine.

[Roxb. Coll., II. 555 ; Pepys, III. 96 ; Douce, II. 235 *verso* ; Jersey, I. 118.]

## The Unfortunate Lover ;

Or,

Merry Andrew's sad and wofull Lamentation for the  
Loss of his Sweetheart JOAN.

TO THE TUNE OF, *I [Ay] marry, and thank ye too.* [See p. 112.]  
Licensed according to Order.

**A** Las ! I am come to Town, and here make pitifull moan,  
For having rambled up and down, *can't find out my true Love* JOAN.  
I came to *Bartholomew* Fair, and search'd that place alone,  
Expecting to have found her there, *my delicate Sweetheart* JOAN.  
I am in a pitifull case, and shall be overthrown,  
I have made many a sowre face, *for want of my true Love* JOAN.  
In bed I can take no rest, but tumble and toss alone,  
A thousand torments in my breast *for want of my Sweetheart* JOAN.  
To love I am so enclin'd, and daily do make sad moan,  
And quite distracted in my mind, *for want of my true Love* JOAN.  
She's as sweet as a sucking-pig, for her I do make my moan ;  
I long to dance the Wedding-Jig *along with my Sweetheart* JOAN.  
I wander the silent Grove, and make most piteous moan,  
I am over head and ears in love, *and all for my Sweetheart* JOAN.  
For she was as sweet a bit as ever by me was known,  
Her precious smiles I can't forget, *oh, where is my Sweetheart* JOAN ?  
Her lips they were cherry-red, she had but one fault alone,  
A little child e'er she was wed, *my delicate Sweetheart* JOAN.  
I like her never the worse, the child's a Champion grown,  
By being well brought up at Nurse, *but where is my Sweetheart* JOAN ?  
To speak of her Beauty bright, there hardly is such a one.  
Her pleasant charms do's dim my sight, *my delicate Sweetheart* JOAN.  
At once she looks *North* and *South*, her Beauty I needs must own,  
She has a pretty sparrow's Mouth, *my delicate Sweetheart* JOAN.  
Her pretty sweet Beetle-brow, but teeth she has not one ;  
She is as slender as a cow, *my delicate Sweetheart* JOAN.  
Her hair's as black as a cole, for her I do make sad moan,  
I fear some Lord or Earl has stole *my delicate Sweetheart* JOAN.

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.*

[Black-letter. Cuts : 1st, lady, p. 203 ; 2nd, man, p. 31 ; 3rd, p. 228. Date,  
*circa* 1685.]

[Douce Collection, II. 253 verso. Apparently unique.]

## The Westminster Wedding ;

Dr. Carl[er]ton's Epithalamium.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Spanish Lady*. [See vol. vi. p. 655.]

**W**ILL you hear a *German Princesse*, how she chous'd an *English Lord*,

Whose fair Language still convinces all who dare believe her word,  
*That she was no Fidler's Childe, or base-born brat,*  
*But by birth and parentage the Lord knows what!*

Deckt she was with many a Jewell, that was currant in the Dark ;  
 Nay, her very looks were fuell to enflame a Puny-Clark.

*Besides she had a vast estate beyond the Seas,*  
*Which his young Lordship may find out e'ne where he please.*

He could strut like *Crow in Gutter*, or like *Ape in Pantaloon*,  
 And had wit enough to stutter Complements beyond the Moon ;

*He was Lord, and she was Princesse, for a space,*  
*But he had quickly lost his Honour, shee her Grace.*

Ne're was such a sa'l *Indenture* by unhappy *Scribe* ingrost,  
 Who to *Colen* sent Adventure, but we hear the Ship is lost ;

*For at Church light Bartlemew he play'd the Cokes,*  
*Married, went to bed, and did like other folkes.*

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

Both grew big with Expectation, his rich hopes did spread their sale ;  
 Till he heard a sad relation, a strange *Canterbury Tale*,

*That he had espous'd a Cheat, a mere Trapan,*  
*Which made the Bridegroom sigh and stink, like Alderman.*

Then (through Father *Carleton's* fury) shee to *Newgate* was preferr'd,  
 Where by honour'd Court & Iury both her Charge & Crime was heard,

*But she, by her ingenious Plea, scap'd Hang-man's hands,*  
*Being Mistrresse of more languages than she was of Lands.*

Think ye, Sirs, was't not a bold one, of a *Canterbury Lasse*,  
 Thus to over-reach the *old one*, and to prove the *Derill an Asse* ?—

*But (mean while) how did the poor Scrivener play the Beast,*  
*Who was but lately in conceit a Duke at least ?*

Farewell, Princesse, Lord and Foot-boys ; farewell Coach and  
*Flanders Horse* ;

*Jack and Gill* must now go to 't, boys, either work, or else doe worse ;  
 And with their *Scribling trade* begin the *World agen* :

*For she has got nought but an Inkhorn, he a Pen.*

**Finis.** London, Printed for S.B. 1663.

[White-letter. No woodcut. Date, as above, 1663. Compare pp. 63, 228.]

[Pepys Collection, V. 156 ; Jersey, I. 31 ; C. 22. e. 2, fol. 31.]

## An Answer to Unconstant William.

Or, The Young-man's Resolution to pay the Young Lasses in their own Coin. [See pp. 200, 228.]

TUNE IS, *Here I love, there I love.* Licensed according to Order.



I Am a brisk Batchelor, airy and young,  
Who courts the young Maids with a flatt'ring tongue ;  
I kiss and I squeeze them agen and agen,  
*And vow I will Marry, but I know not when.*

There's *Bridget* and *Susan*, young *Nancy* and *Nell*,  
To each of these Lasses fine stories I tell ;  
Soft kisses I give them, a hundred and ten,  
*And vow I will Marry, but I know not when.*

8

Sometimes to the Tavern with *Betty* I go,  
And like a true Lover much kindness I show ;  
I kiss, nay I hugg, and I cuddle her then,  
*And vow I will Marry, but I know not when.*

Sometimes a young Widow I happen to meet,  
I tell her with smiles that her joys I'll compleat,  
If she has much Treasure, I'll to woo now and then ; [*scarcely legible.*]  
*And vow I will Marry, but I know not when.*

16

So long as she lin[k]s me with Silver and Gold,  
A thousand sweet Charms in her eyes I behold ;  
I kiss and I hugg, and make much of her then,  
*And vow I will Marry, but I know not when.*

So soon as her Treasure begins to decay,  
I think it high time to be packing away,  
Now if she calls after me, I answer then,  
*That we will be Marry'd, but I know not when.*

24

Last week I did walk to the *Royal Exchange*,  
And there amongst Ladies my fancy did range,  
I singled out one, and I promis'd her then,  
*That she would be Marry'd, but I know not when.*

Lac'd Cravats and Ruffles as presents she gave,  
 To deck her young Lover both gallant and brave;  
 With large protestations I promis'd her then,  
*That we would be Marry'd, but I know not when.* 32

She came to my Chamber one night and no more,  
 I taught her a Dance which she ne'r knew before;  
 Now this being ended, I promis'd her then,  
*That we would be Marry'd, but I know not when.*

I scorn the lewd Harlots that trade up and down,  
 To pick up a Living all over the Town;  
 I have pretty Lasses full threescore and ten,  
*To whom I row'd Marriage, but I know not when.* 40

To sixteen young Chamber-maids love I express,  
 Who goes in their Towers, that delicate dress;  
 Love-Letters and Sonnets to them I do pen,  
*And swear I will Marry, but I know not when.*

There's twenty young Nursery-maids in the *Strand*,  
 Who every minute are at my command;  
 But here I live merrily, telling 'em then,  
*That I will be Marry'd, but I know not when.* 48

Each pritty fac'd Creature, it's very well known,  
 Will think her self blest to have [m]e of her own, [text 'one.']  
 At which, in saluting, I answer'd 'em then,  
*That we will be Marry'd, but I know not when.*

Sometimes from the City of *London* I ride,  
 Through many fair Counties to seek me a Bride;  
 The Country pritty Girls I cuddle then,  
*And swear I will Marry, but I know not when.* 56

If any one has a desire to know  
 What may be the reason I baffle them so,  
 Young Women are seven times falser than Men;  
*Therefore I will Marry, but I know not when.*

I once lov'd a Damsel as dear as my life,  
 I woo'd her, and thought to have made her my Wife;  
 But she prov'd a Wanton to all sorts of Men,  
*Therefore I will Marry, but I know not when.* 64

Printed for *C. Bates*, next door to the *Crown Tavern* in *West-Smithfield*.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, on p. 231; 2nd, girl, p. 196 r. Date, *c.* 1685.]

### The Northern Ditty of Cold and Raw.

WE give not only Tom D'Urfey's original *Cold and Raw* (see pp. 210, 211), but also the *Second*, *Third*, and *Fourth Parts*, now first re-collected.

To the same tune named *Cold and Raw* was sung a libellous ballad (Roxb. Coll., II. 282, unprinted), "The Lusty Fryer of *Flanders*, how in a Nunnery at the City of *Gaunt* [Ghent], this Fryer got thirty nuns with child in three weeks time, and afterwards made his escape." It was printed for *J. Blave*, dated 1688 [1688<sup>s</sup>], nine stanzas, an anti-Romanist calumny, issued by Revolutionists:

"Not long ago from hence I went to travel into *Flanders*,  
 To learn the art of war, was sent under those great Commanders;  
 At *Gaunt* I saw a pleasant fun, as you shall hear hereafter,  
 Betwixt a Fryer and a Nun, may well deserve your laughter."

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 374; Euing, 258; Douce, II. 168, III. 70.]

## The Northern Ditty ;

Or,

### The Scotch-man Out-witted by the Country Damsel.

To an excellent New Scotch Tune, of *Cold and Raw the North did blow*, etc. A Song much in Request at Court. [See p. 232.]

This may be Printed. R[ich]. P[ocock].

**C**old and Raw the *North* did blow, bleak in the morning early ;  
All the trees were hid with snow, cover'd with winter fearly :  
As I came riding o'er the slough, I met with a Farmer's Daughter ;  
Rosie cheeks, and bonny brow, geud faith, made my mouth to water.

Down I vail'd my bonnet low, meaning to show my breeding,  
She return'd a graceful bow, her visage far exceeding :  
I ask'd her where she went so soon, and long'd to begin a parley ;  
She told me to the next market-town, a purpose to sell her Barley.

“ In this purse, sweet soul ! ” said I, “ twenty pound lies fairly,  
Seek no farther one to buy, for I'se take all thy Barley :  
Twenty more shall purchase delight, thy person I love so dearly,  
If thou wilt lig by me all night, and gang home in the morning early.”

“ If forty pound would buy the Globe, this thing I'de not do, Sir ;  
Or were my friends as poor as *Job*, I'd never raise 'em so, Sir :  
Forshou'd you prove to-night my friend, we'se get a young kid together,  
And you'd be gone e'r nine months end, & where shall I find the Father ?

“ Pray what would my parents say, if I should be so silly,  
To give my Maidenhead away, and lose my true love *Billy* ?  
Oh this would bring me to disgrace, and therefore I say you nay, Sir ;  
And if that you would me embrace, first marry, & then you may, Sir ! ”

I told her I had wedded been, fourteen years and longer,  
Else I'd chuse her for my Queen, and tye the knot yet stronger.  
She bid me then no farther roame, but manage my wedlock fairly,  
And keep my purse for poor Spouse at home, for some other should  
have her Barley.

Then as swift as any roe, she rode away and left me ;  
After her I could not go, of joy she quite bereft me :  
Thus I my self did disappoint, for she did leave me fairly,  
My words knock'd all things out of joint, I lost both the maid & barley.

[By Tom D'Urfey.

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.*

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts. 1st and 2nd are on p. 133 ; 3rd on p. 206 ;  
4th, on p. 203. Date, 1685-87. Euing's and Roxb., same Printers ; Douce, II.  
168, has *London*, p. by *T. Norris* ; III. 70, is a *Newcastle-upon-Tyne* reprint.]

# An Answer to Cold and Raw ;

Or,

The Scotch Gallant never better fitted than he was at a  
Second Meeting with the Farmer's Daughter.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Cold and Raw*, etc. This may be Printed, R.P.

Riding down a narrow Lane, two or three hours after,  
It was my chance to meet again this bonny Farmer's Daughter ;  
Although it was both Raw and Cold, I stayed to hold a parley,  
And show'd once more my Purse of Gold, when as she had sold her  
Barley.

"Love," said I, "pray do not frown, but let us change embraces,  
I'll buy thee a new Silken Gown, with ribbons, gloves, and laces :  
A ring and bodkin, muff and fan, no Lady shall have neater,  
For as I am an honest man, I ne'er see a sweeter Creature."

Then I took her by the hand, and said, "My dearest Jewel,  
Why should'st thou thus disputing stand ? I prithee be not cruel."  
She found my mind was fully bent, to pleasure my fond desire,  
Therefore she seem'd to consent, but I wish I had ne'er come nigh her.

"Sir," said she, "What shall I do, if I commit this Evil,  
And yield myself in love to you, I hope you will prove civil :  
You talkt of ribbons, gloves and rings, and likewise gold and treasure,  
O let me first enjoy those things, & then you shall use your pleasure."

"Sure thy will shall be obey'd," said I, "my own dear honey."  
Then into her lap I laid full forty pound in money :

"We'll to the Market-Town this day, & straightways end the quarrel,  
And deck thee like a Lady gay, in flourishing rich Apparel."

All my gold and silver there to her I did deliver,  
On our road we did repair, but coming near a river,  
Whose waters was both deep and wide, such rivers I ne'er see many,  
She leapt her mare to the other side, and left me not one poor penny.

Then my heart was sunk full low, with grief and care surrounded,  
After her I could not go, for fear of being Drowned :

She turn'd about, and said, "Behold, I am not for your devotion :  
But Sir, I thank ye for my Gold, 'twill serve to enlarge my portion."

I began to stamp and stare, to see what she had acted,  
With my hands I tore my hair, like one that was distracted :  
"Give me my money !" then I cry'd, "geud faith, I did but lend it."  
But she full fast away did ride, and vow'd she did not intend it.

Finis.

Printed for *J. Deacon* in *Guilt-spur-street*, *J. Blare* on *London-Bridge*.

[In Black-letter. C. 22, e. 2, 30. Three woodcuts : 1st, on p. 210 ; 2nd in vol. iv. p. 344 ; 3rd, the same as already mentioned on p. 85. Date, *circa* 1686.]  
*Note of woodcuts to next ballad* (Jersey, I. 263 ; C. 22, e. 2, 19) is on p. 237.



## Third merry Ditty of Cold & Raw ; Being the fierce Encounter between Roger the Plow-man and the bonny Scot, who met with him when he was at a Fair with the Farmer's Daughter.

TO THE SAME TUNE [of *Cold and Raw*]. This may be Printed, R.P.

Cold and Raw you can't forget, the Maid that sold the Barley,  
Who the *Scotch*-man did out-wit, one Winter's morning early :  
Then listen now and I'll unfold a third and pleasant story,  
How he beset her for his Gold, but it prov'd young *Roger's* glory.  
He was riding to a Fair, with *Kate* his Master's Daughter,  
When the *Scot* did meet them there, but mark what follow'd after :  
When as the *Scot* the Lass espy'd, he rav'd at her out of measure,  
"Give me my purse and gold !" he cry'd, "you rob'd me of all my  
Treasure."

Envy was in *Jockey's* face, but yet that no way daunts her,  
*Kate* with a most noble grace returns him straight this answer :  
"I never stole no purse from you ; could I be so much your Master ?  
Be gone, and make no more ado, or else I will lay you faster."

Now to *Roger* she made known how often the [*Scot*] did wooe her,  
When he met her all alone, in order to undo her : [my honey ?  
"Uds-zooks !" quoth *Roger*, "did he so, and would he have wrong'd  
Then by my faith, before I go, this Cudgel shall pay thy Money."

*Jockey* he had by his side a true and trusty Rapier,  
Therefore with his haughty pride at *Roger* he did vapour :  
Which did his spirits so provoke, that anger and blows encreases,  
His Rapier with a bang he broke, that shiver'd in twenty pieces.

Yet stout *Roger* did not mean of life once to deprive him,  
But about the Fair and Green he like a Stag did drive him :  
At length he beg'd his pardon there of *Katy* the Farmer's Daughter,  
It was the Sport of all the Fair, there never was greater laughter.

By all men, and women too, stout *Roger* was commended,  
Further still their love to show, the Quarrel being ended,  
A Rule was made through all the town, for *Roger's* sake to be merry,  
And drank his health in Liquor brown, nay, likewise in rich Canary.  
Then near night they home would ride, and *Roan* was straight made  
Horse and man on e'ry side, as if a Lord and Lady : [ready,  
When coming to her Father dear, said they, "he deserves to have her,"  
Now ever since that time, we hear, stout *Roger* is much in favour,  
And belov'd at such a rate, by Father, Friends and Mother,  
That they vow'd he should have *Kate*, uds-zooks ! above all other ;  
Because he kept her safe from harm, & fear'd neither wind nor weather,  
And now they keep a worthy Farm, where they lovingly live together.

Printed for *J[onah] Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street*.

[Douce Collection, II. 187. Apparently Unique.]

## Roger's Renown ;

Or,

### The Fourth and Last Merry Ditty of Cold and Raw.

*Shewing How his vertuous Wife, the Farmer's Daughter, was by him made the Mother of Three Boys at a Birth. With an account of the Christening and Jovial Gossiping, which was much to the credit of Roger.*

TO THE TUNE OF, *Cold and Raw*. This may be Printed, R.P.

*R*oger did a letter send of late to *London City*,  
In which these merry lines he pen'd, it is a pleasant Ditty,  
Concerning *Kate*, whom he did wed, how since they have been together,  
With three brave Boys she was brought to Bed, and made him a  
happy Father.

*Roger* would salute his Spouse, then viewing one and t'other,  
*Rosie Cheeks* and bonny brows, they all were like their Mother :  
Likewise her pritty sloe-black eyes, and pretty charming features,  
But like their Dad between the thighs, most pleasant and smiling  
creatures.

Gossips then he did provide, of young men half a dozen,  
Jumping *Joan* and *Doll*, beside, *Susan*, stout *Roger's* Cousin,  
This being done, they all did say, both *Dolly*, *Sue* and *Sarah*,  
" We will appoint another day, wherein we will all be merry."

Then upon a merry pin, about some three weeks after,  
They came all to a Gossiping to *Kate* the Farmer's Daughter.  
When *Roger* he was in his mirth, the Women sweet smiles did send him,  
To think of three Boys at a Birth, they cou'd not chuse but commend him.

At this gallant Gossips' Feast, if I am not mistaken,  
Forty wives there was at least, who fed on Cock and Bacon,  
The Nappy Ale still kept its rounds, and some cou'd tip up a Pottle,  
At last the Liquor got into their Crowns, & then they began to Twattle.

*Roger's* health they straight began, quoth *Joan*, " Here's to thee,  
Neighbour !

Is he not a Lusty Man, and fit for Women's labour ? "

" Yes, by my troth ! " another cry'd, " consider the gifts he gave her,  
There is but few such men beside, he's worthy of Women's favour."

*Bridget* then did break her mind, to those all round the Table,

" My Old Man is most unkind, he won't do what he's able.

He's good for nought, but sleep and feed, a sorrowful gray old Badger ;  
Ah ! happy should I be indeed, if he was but as brisk as *Roger*.

They another health begin, for they were not for going,  
 Nappy Ale came freely in, and Glasses they were flowing;  
 For Roger's Wife & Children three the second good Health now passes,  
 A good Turn never may have she, that strives to baulk her Glasses.  
 When the Gloomy Night drew near, these wives of charming beauty  
 To their Husbands home did steer, to let them know their duty;  
 Save one, who said she was afraid, and therefore would have *Kate*  
 Lodge her,  
 At this full twenty would have stay'd, and all for the sake of *Roger*.

Finis.

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

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, the couple on p. 103; 2nd, a double cut, showing the Feast; with musicians in a gallery aloft, and the christening in church. 3rd, the little man, p. 206. Date, 1685-88.]

Of the previous *Third Part*, p. 235, first woodcut is a woman in vol. vi. p. 666; third, a man, in vi. 173; fourth, two figures in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 174.

Compare the other christening, '*Roger's Delight*,' to the same tune, on p. 210. But our present Roger is the better man of the two.

\* \* This is the triumph of "*Roger the Plough-man*." We give, on p. 238, "*The Plowman's Reply to the Merry Milkmaid's Delight*" (promised on p. 26; its chief woodcut, a maypole, was given on p. 79); after it follows, on sheet sign. R, other good Plow-man ditties, viz., '*The Merry Plow-man and Loving Milkmaid*;' '*The Sorrowful Citizen and Courageous Plow-man*,' also '*The Citizen's Vindication against the Downright Countryman*,' which is a sequel of '*The Great Boobee*.' Moreover, we have found the long-sought '*Plow-man's Honour made known*,' which is '*The Country Maid's Delight*.'

*Nota Bene*.—In vol. vi. pp. 343-5, when reprinting Thomas Lanfiere's ballad of "*The Good-Fellow's Resolution*," we needed to identify the tune assigned to it, named as "*The Plowman's Honour made known*," which for awhile eluded our search. We believe that we have now tracked it home, and that it is identical with "*The Country-Maid's Delight*; or, *The Husband-man's Honour made known*," an apparently unique ballad, to be afterwards given complete, beginning

YOu young Men and Maids that in country doth dwell,  
 Lend attention, if time spare you can,  
 I'll sing you a song that will please full well,  
 In praise of the honest Plow-man.  
*Then hey for the Plow-man, that's valiant and stout,*  
*I love him as dear as my life;*  
*For if e'er I be wed, or lose my maidenhead,*  
*I will be a Husband-man's Wife.* (13 other stanzas.)

To the tune of *The Souldier's Delight*, or *The Seaman's Adieu to his Dear*. *London*, printed for *F. Coles*, etc. The rhythm does not exactly coincide with our requisition, but is tolerably near it; as closely as ballad-writers needed of old. In the second NAVAL GROUP OF BALLADS we shall meet '*The Seaman's Adieu to his Dear*' (Roxb. Coll., III. 106, beginning, "Come all loyal Lovers that's faithful and true"), whereof the tune named is "*I will go to Sir Richard*": possibly the burden of the missing ballad called '*The Soldier's Delight*.'

[Lost from Roxburghe Coll., II. 579; Douce, II. 177 *vo.* Apparently unique.]

## The Plow-Man's Reply to the Merry Milk-Maid's Delight.

The Milk-Maid's Honour he doth well approve,  
And for her kind expressions doth her love;  
Maintaining still a Country Life to be  
The true enjoyment of sweet Liberty:  
And how for pleasure, and for profit, they  
Do till the ground, and reap the Corn and Hay.

TUNE OF, *I am a Weaver by my Trade*, etc. [See p. 26.]

- I Am a Plow-man brisk and young, and well I like the Milk-Maid's song;  
And since our Humours so well agree, I'll answer her thus lovingly.
- A Country Life for to commend, it is the thing that I intend;  
And how we young men pass the time, I put it into harmless Rhime: 8  
Each morning we do early rise before bright *Sol* doth gild the skyes;  
And to our work our selves betake, before that Sluggards are awake.
- We busie and employ our wits, according as the season fits:  
Then chearfully about we trudge, and at our Labor never grudge. 16  
Some to the Corne, some to the Hay, or to the Plow we take our way:  
And there we do our selves employ, in hopes the profit to enjoy.
- To tend the Cattel in the fields, and see the pleasure *Flora* yields,  
The Ewes and Lambs do us delight, to bring them to the folds at Night. ['Yews.']
- We count our Labor is no pain, each morning we are fresh again,  
And in the brisk and open air we to our stations do repair.
- When Night doth bring us home to rest, we feed on that which is the best;  
With wholesome food we satisfie our appetites abundantly. 32  
Good flesh and fish we never want, and for all fruits we have no scant,  
What land or water doth afford we ready have upon the board.
- Our healthful Bodies we preserve, and for our own Physicians serve;  
Good Kitchen-Physick is the best, to bring us unto quiet Rest. 40  
We are not like your puny Cits, who make too bold with dainty bits;  
Until Diseases them inflame, and then they do repent with shame.
- When leisure time we have to spare, for Recreation we prepare,  
For fishing or for fowling we, can take our time and liberty. 48  
Then to the boozing Ken we hie, our Fowl to roast, and Fish to fry, [*Cf.* p. 189  
Which in good Ale we make to swim, with Cups fill'd up unto the brim.
- Our Hostess, and her Daughter *Nan*, doth bid us welcome now and than,  
And what we ask will not deny, because they know a reason why. 56  
Upon each Holy-day we meet with *Doll* and *Kate*, who kiss most sweet;  
And all the Girles so frank and free, and there we frolick merrily.
- Then for the Piper we do call, and bid him play us, *Up-Tails all*:  
Then *Hey go mad*, we dance about, and there we keep a revel Ront. 64

For *Ben* he takes out bouncing *Bess*, and *Peter* he can do no less  
But have a frisk with flouting *Moll*; whilst *Daniel* he doth dance with *Doll*.

When we are in our best array, and walk the fields so fresh and gay :  
With hand in hand, most lovingly, it is a pleasant sight to see. 72

The City and the gaudy Court may envy this our harmless Sport :  
Which is so innocent and rare they never can with us compare.

Therefore I'm of the Milk-maid's mind, and for her Love, I will be kind ;  
Since we as one do both agree to cry, 'A Country Life for me!' 80

*London*, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts : one mentioned on p. 66 ; other given on p. 79, for 'May-Day Country Mirth,' copied from this broadside. Date, *circa* 1670-77.]

\* \* Note on the tune, *To thee, to thee*, mentioned on pp. 225, 227.

An earlier name for it was *March, Boys!* it became better known as *The Merry Bagpipes*, from the ballad so entitled, 'The Merry Bagpipes' (Roxburgho Collection, H. 363, *words and music in Pills to purge Melancholy*, iv. 136, 1719 edition). To show how the tune-name came to be quoted, from the burden, the first stanza is here given :—

"A Shepherd sat him under a Thorn,  
He pull'd out his pipe and began for to play,  
It was on a *Midsummer's-day* in the morn,  
For honour of that Holy-day,  
A ditty he did chant along, goes to the tune of *Cater Border*, [qu. *Barce?*  
And this is the burden of his song, 'If thou wilt pipe, Lad, I'll dance to thee,  
*To thee, to thee, derry derry, to thee, etc.*'"

Six more stanzas. *Popular Music*, p. 525, gives the tune. The woodcut in the broadside, representing a Country Revel is of special merit, to be copied soon.



[This cut of Winter belongs to p. 172; this of Spring to 'Cumberland Ladyty.']

## Ballade de Notre Temps.

'A Cavalier's Lyric' for WILLIAM ROBERT WILSON, Esq., of the British Museum Library.

(To whom the following Group is DEDICATED.)

SING us no more of your doleful Ditties,  
*Sour, lackadaisical, moping Lays !*  
 Give us a lilting Carol where wit is,  
*One that may cheer us in darken'd days.*  
*Call yourselves Poets, claimants of bays !—*  
*Evermore droning a dismal tune,*  
*Such as all courage and mirth outweighs :*  
 Give us a Lyric of Roses and June !

*Sing, if you please, of Italian cities,*  
*Where we of old used to linger and gaze,*  
*Floating in gondola nightly, as fit is,*  
*While Bella-Donna from balcony plays ;*  
*Bold were the hand that dared to raise*  
*Veil meant to shelter her cheek from the moon :*  
*Surely a smile for one moment strays ?*  
 Give us a Lyric of Roses and June !

*Sing not of London, where Catchpole or writ is,*  
*Usurers' cobweb each May-fly betrays ;*  
*Fortune is fickle, since nobody pities*  
*Thirsty poor souls, or their reckoning pays.*  
*Hold we the clue to Life's tangled maze ?*  
*None save the Minstrel can guide men soon*  
*To a Bower of Bliss amid houris or fays :*  
 Give us a Lyric of Roses and June.

### L'Envoi.

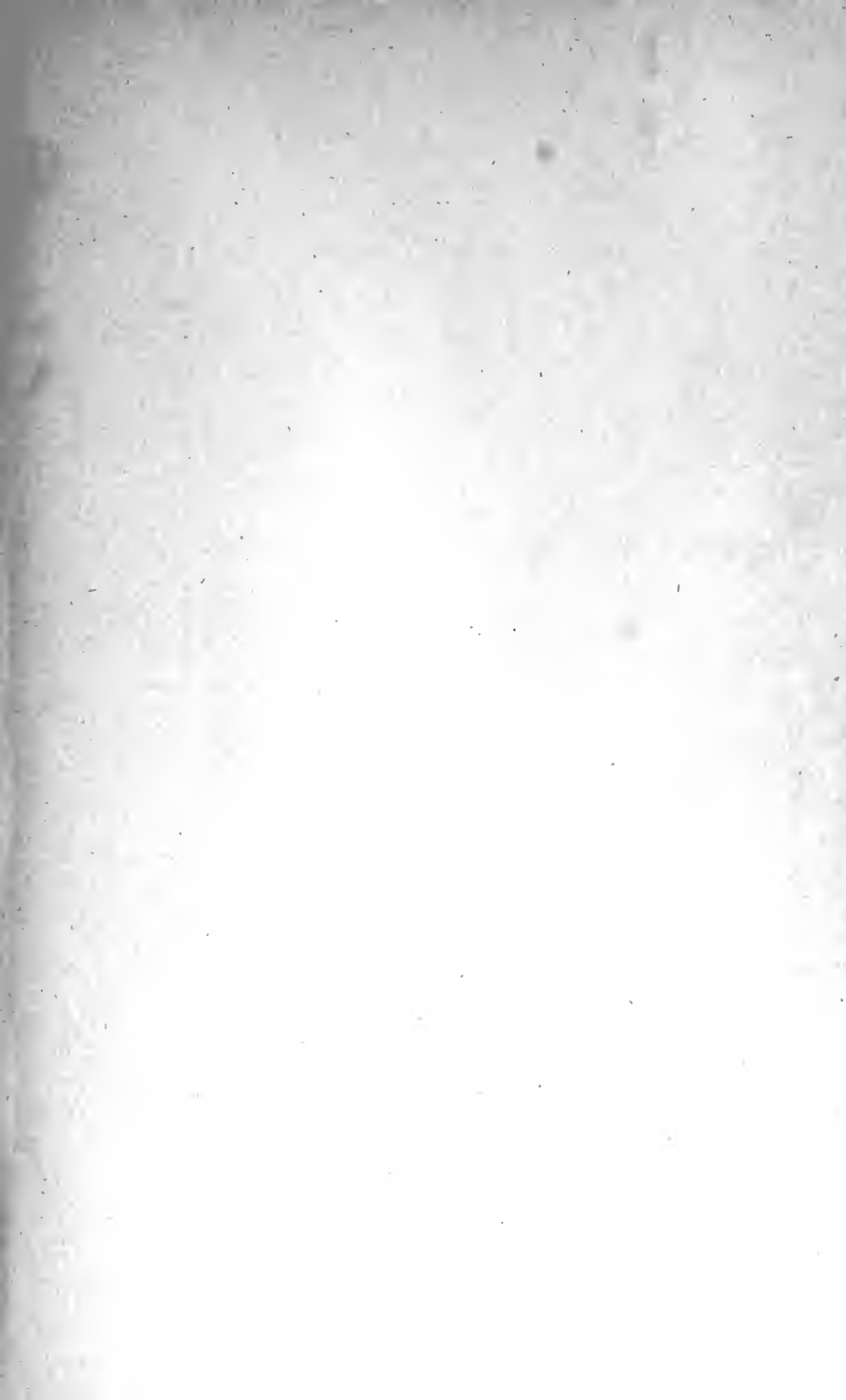
*Live your true life in the Midsummer rays,*  
*Prize Love the best, in your manhood's noon ;*  
*He is a fool who sings not or says,*  
 "Give us a Lyric of Roses and June !"

YE EDITOR.

**Roxburghe Ballads.**







FRONTISPIECE TO PART XXI.



[(See pp. 325, 429, 452.)]

“ IN Summer time, when flowers do spring,  
 And birds sit on each tree,  
 Let Lords and Knights say what they will,  
 There's none so merry as we.  
 There's *Will* and *Moll*, with *Harry* and *Doll*,  
 And *Tom* and bonny *Bettie* :  
*Oh ! how they do jerk it, caper and firik it,*  
*Under the Greenwood-tree !*

“ Our Musick is a little Pipe,  
 That can so sweetly play,  
 We hire Old *Hal* from *Whitsuntide*  
 Till latter *Lammis-Day*.  
 On Sabbath days and Holy-days.  
 After Ev'ning-prayer comes he ;  
*And then do we skip it, caper and trip it,*  
*Under the Greenwood-tree ! ”*  
 — *The West Country Delight.*

The  
**Roxburghe Ballads.**

Illustrating the last Years of the Stuarts.

EDITED,

WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., CANTAB., F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF 'KARL'S LEGACY,' 1868, AND 'CAVALIER LYRICS,' 1888;  
EDITOR OF FOUR REPRINTED 'DROLLERIES' OF THE RESTORATION;  
OF 'THE BAGFORD BALLADS' AND 'AMANDA GROUP OF  
BAGFORD POEMS'; 'THE TWO EARLIEST QUARTOS  
OF A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, 1600:'  
ETC.

WITH HIS COPIES OF ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

**Vol. VII. Part II.**

Groups of Merry Adventures, Willow-Green Ballads, Lobe's  
Miscellaneous, Aggravated Complaints, and Tom the Taylor.

CHANSONNETTE.

*WHEN Love was all we cared to know,  
Little we reck'd of wind or weather,  
Hand in hand we roved together  
Wherever we heard the voices call;  
Fortune the fickle might prove our foe,  
Clouding the sky, or blighting the flowers,  
Changing gay bowers to famine-towers;  
Yet Love was all—  
And Love was ours.*

*When Love, estranged, no more we know,  
Folly it were for us to linger;  
Welcome the sign from Death's forefinger  
Pointing the way where icicles fall,  
Mutely guiding, and bidding us go,  
Since Fortune lours, and sweetness sours,  
No Spring-time showers revive dead flowers:  
Still we recall—  
'Love once was ours!'*

J.W.E.

HERTFORD:

Printed for the Ballad Society,  
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

1891.



HERTFORD:  
PRINTED BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

**No. 32.**

## Editorial Preface to Part XXX.

(*Richmond*).—" Fellows in Arms, and my most loving Friends,  
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,  
Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we marched on without impediment ;  
And here receive [y]e from our [Molash Priory]  
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement."

—*Richard III.* Act v. sc. 2.



ENow offer to the small circle of subscribing and *paying* Members of the Ballad Society (whose ranks are thinned down by the remorseless years, and never replenished: *Hinc ille lachrymæ!*) the second instalment of the Final Volume, which is the Seventh. Thus far! There is need of courage and perseverance, with our diminished forces and funds, to attain the promised end.

This second portion, of fully two hundred and fifty-six pages, contains a hundred fresh ballads, many of them from unique originals, all of rarity; very few of the best were ever reprinted before. We may assuredly boast that they, with their inter-relation and resemblances, their antecedents or sequels, deserve the attention which we claim for them. Sometimes, indeed, the portions had been dissevered, unavoidably dispersed throughout this and preceding volumes; as were the ballads themselves, scattered in various private or public 'Collections,' and never hitherto re-conjoined. It was thus with the many parts of '*Cupid's Trappan*.' But even with so free-handed a series as those devoted to "*Tom the Taylor near the Strand*" and his fraternity, also his foes masculine or feminine, bipedal or sesquipedalian (on pp. 464 *et seq.*), the gathering into one focus these now-convergent rays of light ought to yield pleasure: unless the reader be, Malvolio-wise, "sick of self-love, and taste with a distempered appetite." We claim not for all such ballads that "our Bear dances to none but the very genteelest of tunes: '*Water parted*' or the '*Minuet in Ariadne*.'"

The country life, of English peasantry, ploughmen, ditchers, farmers, millers, and milkmaids, is truthfully displayed here. We soon dismiss as fantastical the conventional theatre-songs of sundry impossible Strephons and Chloes, or Chlorises and

Phillises, who like the Dresden-china shepherdesses are wooed by Dresden-china shepherds, with their courtly compliments and a be-ribboned crook in the lot. We come to many a genuine revelation of rustic labour in these pages. Their monotonous toils and hardships are neither disguised nor painfully demonstrated. Poverty and subservience to their employers are accepted without grudging. When we hear of a 'Nobleman's generous kindness' (p. 329), it holds no harsher comment than the final line, "But such Noblemen there are but few to be found." In 'The Ploughman's Praise,' and 'The Merry Ploughman and Loving Milkmaid,' the realities of happiness are plainly described, in language that is unforced and pleasing. But the rogueries of millers, and the rapidity with which country wenches learn the tricks of the town-rakes, whereby they can either defend or avenge themselves, are not forgotten. Ballad-writers delighted to contrast the healthy frankness of village maidens with the flaunting extravagance of vicious London 'Misses.' But all was not gold that glisters in either quarter, even among the Nannies and Cumberland Nellies, when once sly Cupid had worked his mischief in their hearts. We who learnt the truth, in modern days, by statistics and by seeing Scotch and English immorality, in squalid and neglected localities, during the so-called "agricultural depression," and perhaps worse during previous years of unforeseeing prosperity (when complaints were as frequent), need not wonder at any indication of vicious misconduct sullyng the records of the peasantry in Stuart times.

We continue to accumulate these rare and trustworthy ballads, which form collectively a better library of reference on the varied life of the lower and the middle classes than can be found elsewhere. We despise any malignant misconstruction, which would assign to impure and improper motives the willingness to study (so far as is possible and convenient) the unmutilated and adulterated ballads of old time. Where temporarily some slight modification, or the filling up of blanks in defective copies, may be necessary (Roxburghe exemplars having suffered rough usage at the hands of previous possessors, and bad 'mounting' by ignorant bookbinders), an invariable sign or token of such Editorial revision, *viz.* the use of square brackets, restricted to this service, should disarm criticism. That there had been coarseness in public taste during the seventeenth century may be admitted. But it is too often forgotten by Critics that, in the eighteenth century, this taste became still more gross. Despite the mask of sanctimonious morality, Society is now perhaps worse than ever. Here is a lyric on country life, written 254 years ago, wholly devoid of taint. It is by Thomas Heywood, in his *Pelope and Alope*, 1637.

"It dallies with the innocence of Love, like the old age." ix\*\*

### [A Song of Country Life.]

"WE that have knowne no greater state than this we live in, praise our fate :  
For Courtly Silkes in cares are spent, when Countrie's russet breeds content.

The power of Scepters we admire, but Sheep-hookes for our use desire.  
Simple and low is our condition, for here with us is no ambition.

We with the Sunne our flockes unfold, whose rising makes their fleeces gold.

Our musick from the birds we borrow ; they bidding us, we them, good-morrow.

"Our habits are but coarse and plaine, yet they defend from wind and raine,  
As warme too, in an equal eye, as those be, stain'd in Scarlet dye.

Those that have plenty, weare (we see) but one at once ; and so doe we.

The Shepheard with his home-spun Lasse as many merry houres doth passe

As Courtiers with their costly Girles, though richly deckt in gold and pearles ;

And though but plaine, to purpose woo, nay, oft-times with lesse danger too."

Where are the banquetting guests, our Subscribers ? For them is the new feast spread, and it is by no means a cold Collation.

The chief joint is a 'GROUP OF MERRY ADVENTURES,' which even the irrepressible and ubiquitous 'Young person' might peruse without being injured ; although we protest against all literature being regulated by Vigilance Committees ; all songs by Paul Pry London County Councillors ; and all draped or undraped life-studies, Rabelaisian or Calderonic, doomed to destruction by prurient prudery and a 'British Matron.'

Our stores of merriment were not exhausted, but a fresh course demanded a change of plates from the chief waiter ; who proffered some bitter herbs and 'BALLADS OF LOVE'S MISCHANCES.' After all these, we met a 'Baffled Knight' and listened to 'Cumberland Nelly' or the 'Witty Maid of the West.' 'Tom the Taylor,' being indiscreet, met his punishment ingloriously. But frequency of allusion to this tune and subject forbade his rejection.

The ground being cleared for more important subjects, we hope to persuade our worthy Oriental Printers, THE MESSRS. STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS, of Hertford, to resume work without delay, and enable us to pilot the vessel into its due harbour. We have more than a hundred ballads still to reprint, but they are already annotated, and the drawings are prepared.

We shall recommence with two GROUPS of *Historical Ballads*, one set being *Before the Revolution* ; the other of *William and Mary*, chiefly Military. We show their Accession and Coronation, the war in *Flanders*, the battles at sea, 1692, the hired adulation of 'Orange Moll' and laudation of her 'Charity' (stolen, as we prove, from an earlier ballad, celebrating good Queen Maria Beatrix, *certainly printed before 1688*) ; also some of the courtly mourning for her death, with attempts to demonstrate the jocund urbanity of Saturnine 'Dutch William,' in 'Royal Recreation,'

or 'The King and the Forester.' Of the military ditties, four do justice to the pugnacity and valour of the (not always) 'Gentler' half of creation: The Maiden Warrior, the Woman Warrior, the Famous Woman Drummer, and the She-Volunteer. If women are unsexed, it speaks ill for the men's courage.

More varied is the rich 'Group of HISTORICAL PERSONS AND EVENTS,' including 'The Lady Arabella' with other hapless Stuarts; Thomas Stukely, two ballads on Richard Whittington, Marshal Turenne, the Duke of Berwick, and sundry combatants in the Duello: *viz.* Sir John Armstrong and Sir Michael Musgrave; Sir James Stewart and Sir George Wharton; Lord Mohun and Duke Hamilton; Sir Robert Berwick and Laird Graham. Of Events, we have Plagues, floods, with a pretty garland of hanging-verses, devoted to Mrs. Arden of Faversham, George Barnwell, George Saunders, Luke Hutton, William Grismond, John Musgrave of Kendal, and even poor ill-used scapegoat Captain Johnson, who 'assisted' at a friend's wedding, in 1690. Curious are the side-lights thrown on Scottish men's prejudices, their dislike of 'stage-plays,' and jealousy against infringement of their so-called Caledonian 'Rights.'

We come next to a valuable RELIGIOUS GROUP. A few of these are on the Life and Miracles of our Lord, seven Christmas Carols, and a sufficiency of Godly Guides, Lessons, Letters, and Looking-glasses for any number of Christian Families. There are sorrowful mothers and pious daughters, young men's repentance and old men's complaints or exhortations; wonderful prophecies, dreams, Warning-pieces to Lewd Livers out of order; Alarums to drowsy sinners in distress, Godly maids of Leicester, and Kentish Miracles or Wonders, shown to pious widows. These have the Puritanic bias in theology of the seventeenth-century populace.

We escape again to sea, in a 'SECOND' and 'THIRD GROUP OF NAVAL BALLADS.' Here are choice rations and grog galore. Blue Peter flies aloft, but no other blue ribbon is in demand. Seamen's Renown, Folly, Delight, Constancy, Love and Loyalty, Departure, and Return to their loving Landladies, unhappy voyages, shipwrecks, pirates and privateers, not forgetting gallant sea-fights at Carthage, 1741, and elsewhere; these are all in the forthcoming Peep-Show, awaiting the pulling of the string, on the pouring in of the guineas. *Be in time!*

Of the few remaining 'POLITICAL DITTIES' we need give no preliminary list. Some are of 1651, 1658, and of 1660; others of 1711, and some so late as the Stuart Rising of 1745.

ROMANTIC TALES and Love-entanglements are not quite exhausted; but the stock runs low. Nine ROBIN HOOD BALLADS are once more grouped together. Some 'Female Ramblers' are gathered into a '*Gaol-Delivery*' by themselves, to be treated as the Court in its mercy may think fit, with or without "knocking."



(See the account by Tom Brown in our *Amanda Group*, already printed.) The remainder, exclusive of the nine 'SEMPILL BALLADS,' temp. 1565-1570, are miscellaneous.

Such is the varied programme of our coming entertainment. When his work is completed—if haply the Editor survive to see it through its GENERAL INDEX and the COMBINATION BALLAD-INDEX of the whole seven volumes, doubling its usefulness—many opulent persons and committee-men, who gave no helping-hand, will be ready enough to purchase the finished achievement, an unrivalled collection. It will 'go up in the market,' and be sought for as a standard book. To their scandal, English civic librarians, boards of management, have never done anything to secure it from being frustrated and abortive. Much they cared! In our noble enemy France (for enemy she has become), such a work as ours, which illustrates fully the past history of the people, would have gained a governmental subsidy. But this reward never greets the studious labourer in England, denied a generous 'endowment of research,' all being subordinated to party-strife and party-greed. So be it. Single-handedly we have done nearly all the labour for many years, unhired and unrewarded. Better for us to know that it shall continue to go on thus to the end; if only that end be the success we desired to make it. To the few surviving members of the original 'Ballad Society,' who have been faithful helpers and sustainers of the *cost of printing* by their subscriptions (all they are asked to do), we offer thanks before the vessel enters into Port and we are no longer needed at the Helm.

*WHEN the time comes we must go!  
Who would care to sit the fire out?  
Here's a health to friends we know,  
And here's a frown to sneaking foe;  
Let whatever winds may blow,  
Speed we hence to join the Higher Rout.  
  
Somewhere, doubtless, must await  
Fit companions, loved and trusty,  
Who have braved the storms of Fate,  
Scorning to despond or prate:  
There foregather we, soon or late,  
Ere our lives on Earth grow rusty.*

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

MOLASH PRIORY, ASHFORD, KENT.  
2ND September, 1891.

## Addenda for Part Twenty-One.

FOR p. 296, the cut of a *Ropemaker* is given opposite, on *Contents*, p. xiii\*\*. Belongs to L. White's 'Bad Husband's Experience' = 'All you that are counted good fellows to be.' Tune, *Many Pounds and Crowns I have spent*. Cf. vi. 343. For p. 344, the *Circlet of Dancers* forms the present *Frontispiece*, p. iv\*\*. P. 393, line 12, read "*haunts thee*," not *them*.

On pp. 466, 481, was mentioned the tune of, *I love you more and more each day*. This is the first line of a ballad, printed with three staves of music for C. Bates, next the *Crown Tavern*, in *West Smithfield*, circa 1690. Title is, 'The Constant Lover's Lamentation; or, Faithful *Hephestion's* Love to False *Rosilia*. Being a New Song much in request at Court. To a new Tune.' (Pepys Coll., V. 299, unique). This 'New Song' furnished the *motiv* :—

### The Passionate Lover.

I Love thee more and more each day, fairest of earthly creatures,  
In Temples I forget to pray, by gazing on thy features.  
Thy face does my Free-will controul; in thee I've Preservation,  
Take pity, then, and save thy Dear, *have pity then*,  
*And save her from vexation.*

Heav'n gave to Man in Paradise blessings that were uncommon;  
But all were Trifles to the Bliss of soul-delighting Woman.  
Love me! what'er may be my Doom, 'tis thee I am pursuing;  
Love me! or else I am undone, *I am undone*,  
*Oh love! or else I'm ruin'd.*

On the same p. 481 is mentioned another tune, *The Guinea wins her*. It belonged to a broadside ballad, in white-letter, circa 1694, five stanzas, 'An excellent New Song, called The Intreagues of Love; or, One Worth a Thousand. To a pleasant new Tune.' One edition (Pepys Coll., V. 215) was printed for J. Science in the *Great Old Bailey*, who published 'The London Libertine,' to the same tune; another edition (Jersey, III. 58) was printed for *Charles Barnet*.

### The Guinea Wins Her.

How happy are we, when we meet with a Beauty,  
That is charming and free, and knows more than her Duty;  
Women they were made for men [to tame], the Gods above allow the same,  
But this cunning Creature will not yield to Nature,  
Nor will let you [win suit], unless you court her to 't,  
And give her gold to boot;

But you — you must ever swear for to be true.

But when *the Guinea wins her*, she's at your Devotion,  
She'll freely let you [s]in, Sir, and meet you in the motion;  
'Tis then, if you behold her eyes, how they roll when at the sport she [tr]ies,  
First she turns the white, and then she shuts them quite,  
And then with all her might she seems her lips to bite,  
And swears you're her delight:

Such joys, sure, she never felt the like before . . .

But where's the Charming Beauty, that constant is, and loyal,  
That loves and will be true 't ye, when put to the tryal?  
Although you'd Guineas give her down, yet she no ways can be like the Towu.  
For she'll be just and true, and [ov]e with none but you;  
While the jilting [Lass next door] lets you and thousands more  
To [buy] her o'er and o'er,

And swears each man she does adore.

Finis.



[This Rope-Maker belongs to p. 296.]

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\* \* \* For Announcement of Contents of next Part see Preface.



# A Group of Merry Adventures.

DEDICATED TO  
 WILLIAM ROBERT WILSON, ESQ.,  
 OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY.  
 A TRUE FRIEND, OF LONG STANDING; LIKE ALL THAT IS  
 GOOD, THE DEARER, WHILE TIME ROLLS ON, AND  
 LIFE GROWS LONELIER.

“ Give me music, give me rapture,  
 Youth that’s fled can none recapture;  
 Not with thought is wisdom bought.  
 Out on pride and scorn and sadness!  
 Give me laughter, give me gladness. . . .

“ While sweet fancies meet me singing,  
 While the April blood is springing  
 In my breast, while a jest  
 And my youth thou yet must leave me,  
 Fortune, ’tis not thou can’st grieve me.”

—Margaret L. Woods: *Gaudeamus*.



GROUP OF BALLADS ON MERRY ADVENTURES may fitly lead off the dance in this second-third of our *Final Roxburghe Volume*. Rough practical jokes are unpleasant manifestations of English humour, especially when they chance to be directed against ourselves. We are told on the highest authority that “a jest’s prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it” (*Love’s Labour’s Lost*, v. 2). Walter Shandy, father of the renowned

Tristram, declared that “Everything in this world is big with jest, and has wit in it, and instruction too—if we can but find it out.” (*T.S.*, tom. v. cap. xxxii.) Corporal Trim acknowledged the difficulty about jokes to be the knowing how best they may be cut. Some people would amputate them altogether, in a ‘thorough Reformation’; but such irreconcilable Puritans must be debarred the Court, and forbidden to enter the hallowed precincts of Ballad-Land. It is a goodly territory, as our editorial map will show, and we are still content to dwell therein with a jovial company. It has kept life from becoming wearisome, which is more than can be said in favour of many articles that are highly priced in the market. “And your experience makes you sad? I had rather have a” [song] “to make me merry, than experience to make me sad: and to travel for it too!”

In *le meilleur des mondes possibles* the riches, public honours and adulation of time-servers are equitably withheld from falling to the lot of ‘Good Fellows,’ whose contented disposition suffices to make them happy, without need of such extraneous gewgaws. It would disturb the balance if the so-called prizes of success were to fall to their share. Providence knows its own business, better than the Archbishops and Lord Chancellors, creatures of an hour. So the fat things of the earth, the wine on the lees, are apportioned generously to the ill-conditioned grumbling hirelings, who could not do without them; while the happier fellows, independent of present praise or pudding, may possess their souls in peace, and have the raciest enjoyment of a joke or a ballad as compensation for lucre relinquished. This is a fairer ‘Partition of the Earth’ than Schiller described for us in his poem.

A sense of humour has been rightly claimed as the inalienable possession of the highest intelligence; and although a very few of our true poets, Schiller himself, Dante, Milton, Shelley, and, we fear it must be added, Tennyson, have so little developed in their works this subtle element of mirthful enjoyment, even they have left some fragmentary tokens in evidence that they did not utterly fail to see the ridiculous aspect of certain events or characters. A happier blend of the humourist might have made their own lives brighter, by saving them from exaggeration of sentiment or ferocity of earnestness. But few reformers or regenerators possess any balance of judgement. They stare themselves blind at some theoretical ideal, and cannot tolerate the unavoidable imperfections of a world that holds admixture of discordant elements. One turns in gratitude to the most complete and largely-loving dramatist and poet ever seen: OUR SHAKESPEARE. He alone holds the sceptre of universal empire. No mere jester, no sentimentalist preacher and moralist, no wearisome analyst, murdering to dissect and destroying the machine to investigate its mechanism; no giddy romancer and weaver of complex entanglements; he paints his landscape simply because it is a necessary background; he suffuses it with sunshine, or with moonbeams and starlight, at his own sweet will; and lets the air be flooded with melody and the scent of flowers that he loves: but it is human interest, in the inexhaustible profusion of his creative genius, that he leads us to behold and understand. Every variety of high or low, the coarsest clown or rustic, the most refined and pure enthusiast, finds in him alike a sympathiser and delineator, supreme and unrivalled.

We pity those literary Eunuchs who cannot enjoy the vast resources of the comic writers. Fastidious cavillers, for whom Rabelais is too obscene, and Butler too polemical: they fasten eagerly on every fault or flaw. Ingoldsby is too uproarious, and Hood too punningly persistent, Byron too versatile, and Burns too



provincial, to win their suffrages. They have enough knowledge to make themselves disagreeable, by enabling them to disparage what they are incapable of enjoying. Such people are requested to avoid these *Roxburghe Ballads*. We leave outside, upon the door-mat, unmitigated offences that cannot be deodorized or cleansed, devoid alike of mirthfulness and of decency; but we disclaim the being prudish or Puritanical. We find room for one outspoken lassie, '*Cumberland Nelly*,' also '*The Londoner's Answer to Downright Dick of the West*': as substitutes for the excluded irredeemables. The old strife between Town and Country finds fresh expression in several of these merry encounters, when a 'Great Boobee' from some rural quagmire comes to meet misadventures in our 'little Village-on-Thames,' an epitome of the civilized world, with its vices and its virtues; while a 'Couragious Citizen' shows us the other side of the shield, and speaks manfully in its defence.

Of course there are dialogues between lovers, more or less at cross-purposes, maidens coy and deceptive, pretending to be unwilling to yield; yet certain to resent being taken too quickly at their word. On the whole, their stories end happily, as all true love ought to do. Since accidents happen in the best regulated families, shepherds '*Tom and Will*' are both jilted by their fickle fair Pastora; in which tale we discern allusions to some Court intrigue not wholly undecipherable. Sylvan haunts are deserted by the nymph for the glitter of Whitehall; but what came of her ultimately is not revealed, unless it be similar to the Comte de Gramont's later tale of Miss Warmestre. If we tire of Town-ladies, we can return to loving Milkmaids, who were always dear to the ballad-writer. The interchange of saucy remonstrances and rebukes between Bachelors and Maidens are here at last developed in full, the companion ditties being brought together after having been dissevered for more than two centuries. We thus gradually tell the whole complicated story of '*Cupid's Trappan*,' and show the varying colours of the '*willow green*,' sometimes '*turned into white*' and sometimes '*turned into carnation*.'

If we choose to wander into the risky drolleries of the '*Baffled Knight*,' seeing whether a maid knows how to save herself from an awkward misadventure, putting her persecutor to open shame, we may remember the series of D'Urfey's '*Cold and Raw*' ballads (see pp. 233-237), not improbably written as a reminiscence of the early and widely-spread legend. Here is also the ditty of the Beggar-wench, who punishes a luckless libertine, by leaving him to go home on foot, when his horse has escaped him, encumbered with her bag of broken-victuals. He meets the ridicule of his friends and the curtain-lectures of his spouse. "There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, but an infinite loss!"

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 560 ; Rawlinson, 197 ; Huth, I. 79.]

## [A way to Woo a Witty Wench ;]

Or,

A Dialogue between two Lovers, who meeting one day,  
The Young-man desired the Maiden to stay ;  
The Maid [sh]e was witty her self to defend,  
And so they concluded the match in the end.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, [*Come, Sweet-heart, and embrace thine own,*] OR,  
*Musgrove's March.* [See Note, p. 246.]

MAN.

O My dearest, do not grieve, for I will prove ever kind ;  
Say no more ! thou mayst believe, nothing but death shall  
change my mind :  
O then let nothing grieve thee, for I vow thou may'st believe me ;  
*That I do love thee ; that I do love thee,*  
*Come, Sweetheart, and embrace thine own.*

MAID.

O sweet Sir, I cannot stay, my mistress sent me out in haste,  
I pray you chuse some other place, for so much time I dare not waste,  
Lest that my Mistress chide ; then, Sir, what will me betide ?  
*I dare not tarry, lest I miscarry,*  
*Farewell, I must be gone.* 10

MAN.

Turn not thy fair eyes away, neither leave me here in scorn,  
To torment me every day, and to leave me quite forlorn ;  
For it is a terrible pain, to love and not be lov'd again.  
*Then take some pitty, then take some pitty,*  
*Sweetheart, for I am thine own.*

MAID.

O good Sir, what think you of this, all that glitters is not gold ?  
You may believe that true it is, that maidens must not be so bold.  
Young-men having had their pleasure, leave them to repent at leisure :  
*Therefore forbear me, Come not near me ;*  
*Hands off, for I must be gone.* 20

MAN.

Thy favour is more sweet to me, far more precious than is gold,  
When shall I thy husband be ? prethee, Sweetheart, say and hold :  
O that it were to-morrow, that it might release my sorrow.  
*Do not disdain me, do not disdain me,*  
*Come kiss, and embrace thine own.*

MAID.

If that be all you have to say, I mean to lead a single life,  
*Rome was not builded in a day, nor I so soon am made a Wife.*  
 First I mean to try your breeding, ere I yield to your proceeding :  
*O now forbear me, Do not come near me !*  
*Hands off, for I must be gone.* 30

## The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

MAN.

Sweet, think upon the former vow, which I to thee did make,  
 I have kept it until now, and will ever for thy sake :  
 Then let not thy unkindness dim thine eyes with too much blindness :  
*For I do love thee, for I do love thee,*  
*Come, Sweetheart, and embrace thine own.*

MAID.

O good Sir, there's none so blind, as those that may, yet will not see ;  
 I know which way you are inclin'd, indeed you are too quick for me.  
 Hot love is quickly cooled, therefore I will not be fooled.  
*O fie, forbear me, Do not come near me !*  
*Hands off, for I must be gone.* 40

MAN.

I prethee give me leave to touch or to kiss thy milk-white hand,  
 Wer't thy lips thou need'st not grutch, for I am at thy command :  
 O do thou not disdain me, for thy frowns hath almost slain me ;  
*So dear I love thee, so dear I love thee,*  
*Come, kiss, and embrace thine own.*

MAID.

It is not for a kiss or two which so much I do stand upon,  
 If that be all you mean to do, take it quickly and be gone ;  
 For a kiss is but a trifle, yet be sure and do not rifle ;  
*Lest you undo me, lest you undo me ;*  
*Hands off, for I must be gone.* 50

MAN.

O but give me leave to twine both mine arms about thy waste :  
 And let the[se] pale lips of mine [be] betwixt thy rubies plac't :  
 Come, Sweetheart, and let's be doing, fie upon this tedious wooing ;  
*For I do love thee, for I do love thee,*  
*Come, kiss, and embrace thine own.*

MAID.

O good Sir, your snapping short is that which makes you look so lean ;  
As for your kiss I thank you for't, but now I know not what you mean :  
To tear my cloaths in sunder, what's your intention I wonder.

*O fie, forbear me ; do not so fear me !* [ ' fear ' = frighten.  
*Hands off, for I must be gone.* 60

MAN.

O Sweetheart, be thou content, for I mean no harm at all,  
Thou shalt not need for to repent, for whatsoever shall befall :  
Neither thought I to abuse thee, onely kiss and kindly use thee.

*What I did by thee, was but to try thee :  
Come, Sweetheart, and embrace thine own.*

MAID.

Then, sweet Sir, if this be true, which you unto me do say,  
I'll be constant unto you ; O that I durst but longer stay !  
Come, kiss once again, and spare not, Though my Mistress see, I  
care not ;

*For I do love thee, no man above thee,  
Come, Sweetheart, and embrace thine own.* 70

Finis.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark.*

[In Black-letter. Woodcut, a debased copy of one on p. 148 ; *cf.* vol. iii. p. 431.  
Date, before 1681. We recover the top-line of the title from Rawlinson's.]

\* *A Note on the Tunes.*

The 'pleasant new tune' may have been an original, one that afterwards bore the name of *Come, Sweetheart, and embrace thine own*. As *Musgrove's March* it is not yet identified, unless it be the same (not improbably) as *Down Plumpton Park* ; so named from the burden of a ballad called 'The Lamentation of JOHN MUSGROVE, who was executed at *Kendal* for robbing the King's Receiver.' Begins, "To lodge it was my chance of late, at *Kendal* in the 'Sizés week ;" and this was sung to the tune of *Wharton* ; meaning the duel between Stewart and Wharton. Both ballads will be re-printed in this volume.

Of the several tunes belonging to the following ballads, "a pleasant new Tune" may be taken literally as one composed expressly for the ballad, but in general this was only where an original song '*with a playhouse Tune*' had been the foundation of the broadside extended-version. We shall gladly track home and identify the tune named *New Exeter* for the 'West-Country Jigg ; or, Love in due season.' There is another 'West-Country Jigg ; or, A Trenchmore Galliard' (Roxb. Coll., II. 502 ; Euing, 385), beginning "Jack's, a naughty boy, for calling his mother . . . ore," and with a burden of *Then up with Aley, Aley, up with Frank so free, In came wanton Willy, and snuggled them handsomely ;* —to a merry Scotch tune, or *Up with Aley* : which is of value as identifying the scrap of song in the revival of Sir John Vanbrugh's comedy of "The Provoked Wife," act iv. scene 2, 1725 (*London Stage* edition, vol. iii. No. 95).

[Roxb. Coll., II. 336 ; Pepys, I. 298 ; Jersey, I. 248 ; Rawlinson, 165 *vo.*]

## The Maiden's May ; Or, I Love not you.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE [its own].

I Spied a Nymph trip over the plain,  
I lur'd to her, she turned again,  
I woo'd her as a young man should do ;  
But her answer was, "*Sir, I love not you.*"

I thought she seemed in every part  
So lovely fram'd by Nature's Art,  
Her beauty soon allured me to woove ;  
But her answer was, "*Sir, I love not you.*" 8

I told her all the sweet of love,  
And whatsoever her mind might move,  
To entertain a Lover true ;  
But her answer was, "*Sir, I love not you.*"

I told her how I would her deck,  
Her head with gold, with pearls her neck ;  
She gave a frown, and away she flew,  
But her answer was, "*Sir, I love not you.*" 16

"Not me ! (sweet-heart) O tell me why,  
Thou should'st my proffered love deny ?  
To whom my heart I have vowed so true ;"  
But her answer was, "*Sir, I love not you.*"

"My sweet and dearest love," quoth I,  
"Art thou resolv'd a Maid to die ?  
Of such a mind I know but few ;"  
But her answer was, "*Sir, I love not you.*" 24

"This is the pleasant Maying-time,  
This is the pleasant golden prime,  
But age will come, and make you to rue  
That e're you said, '*Sir, I love not you.*'"

"O do not thou my suit disdain,  
Nor make me spend my time in vain,  
But kindly grant a Lover's due :"  
Yet still she said, "*Sir, I love not you.*" 32

"Fair Nymph," quoth I, "but grant me this,  
To enrich my lips with one poor kiss."  
"I grant you that which I grant but few :"  
Yet still she said, "*Sir, I love not you.*"

The young man proffering then to depart  
 It griev'd this Maiden then to the heart :  
 For having kist, O then did she rue,  
 That e're she said, "*Sir, I love not you.*" 40

Wherefore with speed she thought it best  
 To stay him by her kind request :  
 Whose coyeness thus hath caus'd her to rue  
 That e're she said, "*Sir, I love not you.*"

But now at last she did begin  
 With gentle words to lure him in :  
 The second part shall plainly shew,  
 She chang'd her note of "*I love not you.*" 48

**The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.**

"Kind sir," quoth she, "what needs this hast[*e*]?"  
 With that a smile on him she cast ;  
 Shame curb'd her long, but affection drew  
 These words, "*I love no man but you.*"

"I feel the force of *Cupid's* dart  
 So deep hath pierc'd my tender heart :  
 Believe me then, for my words are true,  
 You will I love, *Sir, and none but you.*" 56

"Do not deny my proffered love,  
 Nor think that I the wanton prove :  
 Though women seldom use to wooe,  
 Yet I will love, *Sir, and none but you.*"

"When women love, they will it hide,  
 Until their Lover they have try'd :  
 Though I say nay, as maidens do,  
 You will I love, *Sir, and none but you.*" 64

"Here is," quoth she, "my heart and hand,  
 My constant love thou shalt command ;  
 And I do vow to be ever true,  
 You will I love, *Sir, and none but you.*"

"Whilst golden *Titan* doth display  
 His beams unto the chearful day,  
 Whilst Spring the Winter doth ensue,  
 You will I love, *Sir, and none but you.*" 72

"On thee my love is fixed fast,  
 On thee my love is firmly plac'd,  
 For thee I'll bid the world adieu,  
 You will I love, *Sir, and none but you.*"

“ If *Hero* should *Leander* leave,  
Fair *Lucrece Collatine* deceive,  
Or *Syrinx* prove to *Pan* untrue,  
Yet I'll love you, *Sir, and none but you.* 80

“ Object no former coy reply,  
Suspect no future constancy :  
Accept my love as a tribute due  
Onely to you, *Sir, and to none but you.*”

The young man noting well her words,  
This courteous answer then affords :  
“ Give me thy hand, take mine in lieu :  
*My love I grant here, and so do you.* 88

“ To Church with speed then let us hie,  
In marriage bands our selves to tye :  
Where, interchanging hands and hearts,  
*I'le love thee deerly till death us parts.*”

Mark well my Song, you Maidens coy,  
That count true love a foolish toy :  
Do not disdain when young men wooe,  
*But love them freely as they love you.* 96

Finis.

[By] R.H.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.* [Pepys, *John Wright.*]

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts. 1st and 2nd, singly, as on p. 140; 3rd, original of the same two figures, on one block. Date, *circa* 1680.]

\* \* \* The author of this ballad is not yet identified by his initials: probably he was *Robert Hayhurst.* We find *R.H.*'s signature to a Welsh translation of *E.D.*'s “*When Philomel*” (see vol. i. p. 57), and to the “*Now Robin Hood*” ballad (see vol. ii. p. 432).



J. W. E.

[The man belongs to ‘*Tom and Will,*’ p. 258; the woman to p. 251.]

[Roxb. Coll., II. 506; Douce, II. 245; Huth, II. 143; Jersey, II. 59.]

## The West-Country Jigg ;

### Or, Love in due Season.

A longing Maid which had a mind to marry,  
Complaining was that she so long should tarry ;  
At length a brisk young Lad did chance to spy her,  
And liking of her well, resolv'd to try her ;  
And courting her, and vowing to be constant,  
They there clapt up a bargain in an instant.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, CALLED, *New Exeter*. With Allowance.

WHEN *Sol* with his beams, had gilded the streams,  
And nymphs, and young shepherds awakt from their  
I heard a sad moan, [dreams ;  
In a neighbouring grove, from a voice all alone.

A Languishing Maid, by *Cupid* betray'd ;  
Was sighing, and sobbing, and often she said :

“Love! cruel to me ;

When shall I be eas'd of my misery ?

8

“’Tis known I am Fair, and brisk as the air ;  
Not one in a thousand with me can compare ;

Yet ne’r a young-man

Will ease me of sadness, to help me ! that can.

“My time I do spend, yet want I a friend  
To rally, and dally, and please me to th’ end :

Which makes me to say,

O *Cupid* ! great *Cupid* ! I love no delay.

16

“All night in my bed, with cares in my head,  
And weeping, and wailing, I wish I were wedd :

And yet no relief

I find in the morning, for all my sad grief.

“How happy’s the birds which mate in the woods ?  
Enjoying most freely, their Love without words ;

Whilst I do complain,

Of Young-men’s unkindness and cruel disdain.”

24

A Young-man hard by, this Maid did espy ;  
Admiring her beauty, he to her did hye :

Quoth he, “ Pretty Saint,

It grieves my heart [sore] for to hear your complaint.

---

*Notc.*—The tune of *New Exeter*, which has a true lilt, is not yet identified. *The New Bath* is in Playford’s *Dancing Master* of 1695, p. 120, and in earlier editions ; but not *New Exeter*, unless under a different name. Was it a *Hymn-tune* ?



“ What think you of me ? I’m active and free ;  
And willing to serve you in every degree :  
    And by this sweet Kiss,  
To proffer my service : it is not amiss.” 32

The bonny young Maid was nothing afraid ;  
But modestly blushing, unto him she said :  
    “ Since you are so free,  
If you will be constant, we two may agree.”

Quoth he, “ Thou shalt find me loyal, and kind,  
And ready, and willing, to pleasure thy mind :  
    Then do you not fear,  
But I will be constant, my joy and my dear.” 40

This made her rejoice, and with cheerful voice,  
Quoth she, “ Mine own Dearest, thou shalt be my Choice :  
    Take heart and take hand,  
I always will be at thy will and command.”

Then did they retire, with longing desire ;  
Expecting, and waiting for quenching love’s fire :  
    And now lives most free,  
Although a Quick Bargain was made, as you see. 48

[London : Printed for *Philip Brooksby*.]

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, the Prince Henry, of vi. 66, left; 2nd, the bathing nymph of p. 249; 3rd and 4th, the man and woman standing on tessellated pavement, under arches, vi. 76. Colophon lost, but supplied from Huth’s, II. 143, of *Brooksby*’s publishing. Date, probably, soon after 1672.]



[These cuts belong to pp. 152, 181, 253, and 264.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 498; Euing, 387 and 388; Jersey, I. 312, II. 20.]

## The West-Country Wooing ;

Or,

### The Merry-conceited Couple.

In pleasant terms he lets her know his mind,  
And fairly woos her, for to make her kind :  
At first she seemed coy to his persuasion,  
And put him off, with many a sly evasion :  
But finding at the last his love was constant,  
Her heart she did resign from that same instant.

TUNE OF, *When Sol will cast no light* ; Or, *My pritty little Rogue*. [See p. 253.]

[The woodcuts are on p. 251.]

“ **M**Y Joy and only Dear, come sit down by me ;  
For thou shalt plainly hear, I mean to try thee ;  
If thou canst love a Lad, brisk, young and lively,  
I’le make thy heart full glad, thou shalt live finely.

“ Thy pritty rowling eye, and wa[i]ste so slender,  
Thy forehead smooth and high, thy lips so tender,  
Hath so ensnar’d my heart, that I must love thee :  
Therefore I’le not depart, till pitty move thee.” 8

“ Alas ! kind Sir,” she said, “ what hath possesst ye,  
For to delude a Maid ? be not so hasty !  
Your flattering words that past can no ways move me ;  
For to repent at last, or yield to love ye.

“ We know that young-men can cog, lye, and flatter,  
And make vows, now and then, to mend the matter ;  
With such slights cunningly they do deceive us,  
Bring us to beggary, and then they leave us.” 16

### The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

“ Fear not, my Dear,” (quoth he) “ that I dissemble,  
Or that such false young men I do resemble :  
I have both house and land, good gold and riches,  
And all at thy command : pray mark my speches !”

“ Your house and land, perhaps, you think may move me ;  
But I fear after-claps, if I should love ye :  
Therefore, my Maiden-head, I will make much on’t,  
For ne’re a false young-man shall have a touch on’t.” 24

- “ O stay, my Love ! ” he said, “ make further tryal,  
 Be not so resolute in your denial ;  
 Fear not, but you shall find, I will content thee,  
 And bravely please thy mind, none shall prevent me.”
- “ What pleasure can a Maid find in your dealing,  
 When you her kindness think not worth concealing ?  
 Young-men are apt to blab what’s done in private ;  
 And well I understand what ’tis you drive at.” 32
- “ My pretty Rogue,” he said, “ do not misdoubt me ;  
 Why should you live a maid, and think I flout ye ?  
 In my Love, I promise [this], for to persever, [See Note.  
 And seal it with a kiss, to last for ever.”
- “ If that you love as much as you profess it ;  
 And that your truth is such as you express it ; ”  
 (Quoth she) “ take hand and heart, and use your pleasure,  
 For I will never part from such a treasure.” 40
- “ O how it joyes my mind ” (quoth he), “ my Jewel,  
 That thou wilt now be kind, and no more cruel :  
*Venus*, that Goddess, she will smile to know it,  
 How we in love agree, when we shall shew it.”
- So, from that happy hour, they were united,  
 And to a pleasant Bower he her invited,  
 Where they, with sport and play, kindly imbracing,  
 There past the time away, Lovers’ Joyes tracing. 48

[Probably by John Wade.]

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.*

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, given on p. 251. Date, circa 1679-82.]

\*\* The often-mentioned ballad beginning “ *When Sol will cast no light.* ” which gives name to the tune, and is itself entitled ‘ The Pensive Maid ; or, The Virgin’s Lamentation for the Loss of her Lover,’ will follow in the *Second Group of Naval Ballads*. The original has already been reprinted (*Roxb. Ballads*, iii. 127), ‘ A Pleasant new Song between a Seaman and his Love,’ by Cuthbert Bircket. A different version begins “ *When Sol did cast no light* ” (Wood, E. 25, fol. 153 ; Douce, II. 136, 137) : entitled, ‘ The valiant Seaman’s happy Return to his Love after a long seven years’ absence.’ The alternative tune-name for our ‘ West-Country Wooing ’ is ‘ *My pretty little Rogue.* ’ This marks the first line of a ballad by John Wade, and it is here added on p. 254. Its own alternative tune-name is *I am so deep in love* (the same tune as *Cupid’s Courtesy*, of 1655, i.e. “ Thro’ the cool shady woods ”) : for which see the previous vol. vi. pp. 252 to 254. Quite distinct, in tune and words, is “ *I am so sick of Love :* ” we give it, for comparison, on p. 300.

In line 35 the stress or emphasis may have been laid on the second syllable of *promise* ; as also in *persever* : therefore without need of interpolating [*this*].

[Wood's Coll., E. 25, ff. 2, 46; Pepys, III. 98; Huth, II. 85: C. 22. e. 2, 146.]

## A Serious Discourse between two Lovers.

This Song will teach young Men to woove,  
And shew young Maidens what to do;  
Nay, it will learn them to be cunning too.

TO THE TUNE OF, *When Sol will cast no light*; or, *Deep in Love*. [See p. 253.]

[Written] By J[ohn] Wade.

“MY pretty little Rogue, do but come hither!  
With thee I’le not collogue, if thou’lt consider  
The pains for thee I’ve took, *Cupid* so wounds me,  
But now I’m in the Brook, if thou dost not love me. [=modern slang,  
‘In a hole.’]

“I will forsake all my kin, my father and mother  
I value not a pin, or any other;  
’Tis only thy sweet face the which doth move me,  
And I think thou hast some grace, and thou [wi]lt love me. 8

“Riches I’le promise none, nor no great treasure,  
Because I’le do no wrong to thee, my pleasure;  
But all that I e’re have, thou shalt command it,  
And I’le maintain thee brave, [if] thou’st understand it.”

“My word, nor yet my Oath, shall not be broken;  
Then take this sugered Kiss, in sign of Love’s token:  
My heart is firm and true, then let pitty move thee;  
I’le not seek for a new, if thou’lt but love me. 16

### The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

#### THE MAID.

“Good Sir, I thank you fine, for what is spoken,  
But all’s not gold that shines, and as for your token, [Cf. p. 244.]  
I shall not it receive though you do prove me,  
My joy thou’lt n’er bereave, for I cannot love thee.

“Young men can swear and lie, but who will believe them?  
All goodness they defie, and it n’er grieves them,  
Only to tempt a Maid by their delusion,  
Therefore I am afraid ’twill breed confusion. 24

“A Maid had need beware that doth mean honest,  
Lest she falls in a snare when they do promise:  
For they will vow and swear they’l never leave you,  
But when they know your mind, then they’l deceive you.

“Therefore I will be wise, lest I be taken  
In a Fool’s Paradise, and then be forsaken.  
I’le put no trust in man, to one or other,  
Let them do what they can if ’t were my brother.” 32

THE MAN.

" My dear, you do but jest, I may boldly speak it,  
Of all I love thee best, prithee so take it.  
There is no flesh alive ever shall move me ;  
If thou wilt be my Wife, I'le dearly love thee.

" Servants on thee shall tend, and come at thy pleasure,  
For I will be thy friend, to bring thee treasure.  
What can'st thou wish for more ? then do but prove me,  
And thou shalt plainly find how dear I love thee. 40

" For means thou shalt not want, if I do gain thee,  
I have good house and land, for to maintain thee.  
I have good Sheep i' th' field, and Beasts that's proving,  
All is at thy command, if thou'lt be loving.

" I'le give thee gold, my dear, I'le give thee money,  
Then thou need'st not to fear, I'le be thy honey :  
No Lady in the Land ever shall move me,  
Thou'st have my heart and hand, if thou'lt but love me." 48

THE MAID.

" Your words are very fair, I much commend you.  
Seeing you are so [rare], thus I'le befriend you : [text, ' fair,']  
Though at first I was coy, 'twas but to prove thee ;  
Yet now I'le be thy joy, and dearly love thee."

The Young Man hearing this, by the hand took her,  
The bargain seal'd with a kiss, he ne'r forsook her :  
But strait to Church they went, things were so carried,  
He gave his Love content, when they were Married. 56

Thus all young Maids may find young men are honest,  
If they bear the like mind, true to their promise :  
But if they falsifie, who can believe them ?  
And when they h[av]e lost their loves, then it doth [griev]e them.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the *Golden Ball*, in [*West Smithfield*].

[Pepys' exemplar printed for *W. Thackeray*, *Thomas Passinger* and *Wm. Whit-wood*; another, in Case 22, e. 2, 146, was printed for *Thomas Hardy*, at the *Horse-shoe*, *West Smithfield*. In Black-letter. One woodcut, as on p. 228, and a head-border. Date, *circa* 1681.]

This ' *Serious Discourse between two Lovers* ' and other valuable innovations must be held to more than compensate for the delay of such ballads as ' *The Gelding of the Devil* ' = " A pretty Jest I will you tell " (already reprinted in *Merry Drollery Compleat*, p. 200) ; ' *Have at a Venture* ' = " A Country Lad and Bonny Lass " (tune of *Hey boys up go we*) ; ' *The High-priced Pin-Box* ' = " I have a gallant Pin-Box ; " ' *The Huntsman's Delight* ' = " Come all you young Maidens ; " ' *The Ingenious Braggadocia* ' = " I have a Mare, her colour is white ; " and ' *Kentish Dick* ; or, *The lusty Coachman of Westminster* ' = " In *Westminster Town* you there may discover." These are fit for the Muck-Dougall.



## Tom and Will were Shepherd Swains.

“*Pastora's* beauties when unblown, ere yet the tender bud did cleave,  
To my more early love were known : their fatal power I did perceive.  
How often in the dead of night, when all the world lay hush'd in sleep,  
Have I thought this my chief delight, to sigh for you, for you to weep.

“ Upon my heart, whose leaves of white no letter yet did ever stain,  
Fate (whom none can controul) did write ‘The fair *Pastora* here must reign !’  
Her eyes, those darling Suns, shall prove thy Love to be of noblest race ;  
Which took its flight so far above all humane things, on her to gaze.

“ How can you then a Love despise ? a Love that was infus'd by you ;  
You gave breath to its infant sighs, and all its griefs that did ensue.  
The pow'r you have to wound, I feel : how long shall I of that complain ?  
Now shew the pow'r you have to heal, and take away the torturing pain.”

—Purford's *Choyce Ayres*, Book iii. 1683.

WHOSOEVER may have been the original of the Lady here disguised as a Shepherdess *Pastora*, carried away from her rustic admirers Tom and Will, to adorn the Court of Charles I. before it sank from its stately dignity under the pestilential breath of Civil-War, we may feel certain that there had been some foundation for gossip, intelligible at the time to those who moved in the backstairs region among the Dames of Honour. There is a reference to the Queen, Henrietta Maria. We conjecture the date was 1642, at latest. It was printed during the interregnum, in 1656, in *Sportive Wit*, p. 112, a book assigned to Milton's nephew, John Phillips: it brought him into trouble with the Council (some parts being what are termed ‘curious,’ or free), like his own *Satyr upon Hypocrites*.

The song continued popular among our Cavaliers, for it is reprinted in *Merry Drollery Compleat*, ii. 149, 1670; *Academy of Complements*, p. 180, 1670; *Windsor Drollery*, p. 61, 1672; *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, p. 130, 1699, 1714; iii. 112, 1719; and Roberts's *Old Ballads*, ii. 179, 1725. The tune used for it (*Musiek's Handmaid*, part ii. 1689), composed by Henry Purcell, was known after the sham Popish-Plot as *The De'il assist the plotting Whigs* (from the Loyal Song thus beginning, and of date 1684: p. 210 in the *Collection of 180 Loyal Songs*, 1685, 1694). In *Merry Drollery* the title is ‘Of two Amorous Swains.’ Lines 17–20, 29–32, and 49–52, of the broadsides, are not in the *Drolleries*, that is, the half-stanzas beginning respectively “The scorching flames”;—“Thus did she handle *Tom* and *Will*”; and “She dealt her favour equally”: but these are not necessarily interpolations or unauthorised, even if deficient from the privately-circulated manuscripts. The broadside reads lamely “Yet she was so fair a she, and of so fair behaviour” (instead of which we adopt the *Pills* version, “So cunning and so fair was she”); misprints ‘*graw'd*’ for ‘*grae'd*’ in opening stanza; ‘*less*’ for ‘*loose*’ in half-line 43; makes nonsense of half-line 18, by misreading ‘*then they could not longer smother*’ (in the doubtful stanza), and substitutes weakly ‘*Tom* was handsome’ for the earlier suggestive contrast to *Will's* sadness, “*Tom* was toy-some,” meaning gamesome.

What a charming Pastoral it is! with Courtly wit and social satire. Not the same *Pastora*, but a namesake, inspired Henry Purcell to celebrate her in ‘Predestined Love:’ our motto.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 104; Pepys, III. 321; Douce, II. 216.]

## Tom and Will ;

### Or, The Shepherds' Sheep-fold.

Both doated on a beautiful Lass ; both were alike respected ;  
Both thought themselves i' th' better case ; both were at last neglected.

To a pleasant new Country Tune. [See *Note*, p 258.]



*Tom* and *Will* were Shepherd-Swains, who lov'd & liv'd together ;  
When fair *Pastora* grac'd the Plains, alack ! why come she thither ?  
For though they fed two several flocks, they had but one desire :  
*Pastora's* eyes and amber locks set both their hearts on fire.

*Tom* came of honest gentle race, by Father and by Mother,  
*Will* was noble, but, alas ! he was a younger Brother.  
*Tom* was to[y]some ; *Will* was sad, no Hunts-man, nor no Fowler ;  
*Tom* was held the proper Lad, but *Will* the better Bowler.

The scorching flames their hearts did bear, than they could longer smother ;  
Although they knew they Rivals were, they still lov'd one another.  
*Tom* would drink her health, and swear, "This Nation will not want her !"

*Will* could take her by the ear, and with his voice inchant her.

*Tom* keeps always in her sight, and ne'r forgets his duty ;  
*Will* was witty, and could write s[mooth] Sonnets on her Beauty.

## The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

Thus did she handle *Tom* and *Will*, who both did dote upon her ;  
For graciously she us'd them still, and still preserv'd her honour.  
[So cunning and so fair was] she, and of so sweet behaviour,  
That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he, was chiefly in her favour.

*Pastora* was a loving Lass, and of a comely feature ;  
Divinely good and fair she was, and kind to every creature.  
Of favour she was provident, and yet not over-sparing ;  
She gave no l[oose] encouragement, yet kept them from despairing.

Which of these two she loved best, or whether she lov'd either ?—  
'Tis thought they'l find it to their cost that she indeed lov'd neither.  
She dealt her favour equally, they both were well contented ;  
She kept them both from jealousy, not easily prevented.

Tale-telling Fame hath made report, of fair *Pastora's* beauty ;  
*Pastora's* sent for to the Court, there to perform her duty.  
Unto the Court *Pastora's* gone, it had been no Court without her,  
Our Queen 'mongst all her train had none [was] half so fair about her.

*Tom* hung his dog, and threw away his sheep-crook and his wallet ;  
*Will* burst his Pipes, and curst the day that e're he made a [ballet].  
Their nine-pins and their bowls they break, their joys are turn'd to  
fears ;

'Tis time for me an end to make : let them go shake their ears !

Finis.

Printed for *F. Coles*, in *Wine-street, Saffron-hill, near Hatton-Garden.*

[In Black-letter, with four cuts : 1st, the '*Judgment of Paris*,' vi. 98, left ; 2nd, the man of our p. 249, left ; 3rd, the lady, p. 45, left ; 4th, the youth, p. 203. Date, *circa* 1642 : earliest dated, 1655. Woodcuts on pp. 257, 307, extra.]

\* \* \* As to the '*pleasant new Country Tune*' of this ballad, the later music was by Henry Purcell. A Sequel to "*Tom and Will*" has been already reprinted in our work (vol. iv. *viz.* a '*farther Narrative of the Popish Plot*:' purchased by Nat. Luttrell, dated March 11, 16<sup>57</sup>/<sub>80</sub>), beginning, "Hark thee, *Will*, I'll tell thee some news." Title is "*Tom and Will* ; or, News from the Country," etc.

## The West-Country Dialogue.

"And thereof came it that the man was mad :  
The venom clamours of a jealous woman  
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth."

—*The Comedy of Errors*, Act v. sc. 1.

THE true country life of England in the years preceding the boasted Revolution reveals itself in the ballads of the West-country, gathered in this volume. Generally these have a hearty honest vigour and contentedness ; some occasional coarseness and broad humour notwithstanding. The maidens are coy at first, but they



know how to baffle a seducer and put him to shame. Sometimes they have a favoured lover of their own, to whom they appeal for protection, and his stout cudgel is not seldom the medicine which subdues the evil-doer's vagrant fancies. At other times the maiden's own virtues prevail so far as to win a victory for her, single-handedly; at last (like Richardson's 'Pamela' of later date, but unlike 'Clarissa Harlowe,') she accepts without demur the proffer of marriage from the very man who had striven basely to degrade her by his passion. There are sufficient signs of cunning, if not also of wantonness, among the less worthy lasses and lads, to suit our modern realistic novelists, and to banish false glamour, befitting any Utopian world. Not here, or at any rate not often, do we meet impossible Shepherdesses or Arcadian swains, as in the earlier lays of the first Charles's, or as long afterwards in Boucher's adornments of the alcoves wherein the doomed French *noblesse* of the *ancien régime* trifled amorously. These are no longer the masquerade rustics of our p. 257, the 'Tom and Will' who loved *Pastora*; the *Cuddie* and *Thenot* of Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579. No lingering echoes come to us from Theocritus or Virgil, and it would be '*folly desperate folly*,' were we to lament their absence. Our present group of ballads bears to these poetic ideals the same relationship that George Morland's pictures bore to Lancret's and Watteau's. We see the genuine labourers, the ploughmen, millers and shepherds, with their faults and their amusements; their saucy milkmaids and their skittish farmers' daughters: at any holiday-time ready for a fairing, but on work-a-days they keep debating the *pro* and *con* of matrimony so long as it suits their purpose. It is no new thing to hear folks declare that of necessity marriage is a failure. It happened to be so, now and then, even in the days of the Merry Monarch; but not often: for a good wife could always win back an erring husband, or keep him from straying, if she had both wit and willingness to make the effort.

We fear the wedded life of *Aniseed Robin* proved to be troubled. The petulance and violence of his *Joany* were of evil omen. *Jack*, when consulted, knew himself safe from responsibility, and surely if the marriage came off at all, there were heavy odds against their winning the fitch of bacon at Dunmow.

\* \* \* As to the tune and burden named, *O folly, desperate folly*, we have a small library of early ballads connected therewith. It was early known as *Bragandary down*, *Southampton*, and *The Beating of the Drum*. Two versions of 'Will. Bagnall's Ballad' (properly Bagwell) are preserved by Dr. James Smith and Sir John Mennis or Menzies in *The Muses' Recreation*, and *Wit Restored* of 1656 and 1658 respectively, beginning, "A ballet, a ballet, let every poet," with burden, *O women, monstrous women, what do you meane to doe?* See our *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 429, 430, 434, 523, 923, and *Roxb. Bds.*, v. 252, for mention of several ballads (one reprinted in *Roxb. Bds.*, iii. 588, "It is reported in the East"), to the tune of *O folly, desperate folly!*

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 500, 514; Jersey, I. 211; Huth, II. 140.]

## The West-Country Dialogue :

Or,

A Pleasant Ditty between Anniseed-Robin the Miller,  
and his Brother Jack the Plough-man, concerning  
Joan, poor Robin's unkind Lober.

TO THE TUNE OF, *O folly, desperate Folly*, etc. Licensed according to Order.

ROBIN.

WELL met, my loving Brother *Jack*,

Mind what I shall say to thee;

My Mother tells me that I lack

A woman to wait on me :

She tells me I'm big enough now for a Wife,

And therefore must alter my Batchelor's life ;

But I am afraid of care, trouble, and strife :

*O Charges, Family charges, makes me afraid to wed !*

8

JACK.

'Tis like you are loath to take a Bride,

Because that the times are hard ;

Pray cast such careful thoughts aside,

And never such things regard :

For if you can live now when ev'ry thing's dear,

Why then, Brother *Robin*, I'll make it appear,

In times of full plenty much moneys you'll clear :

*O marry, prithee now marry, Joan is a pritty Girl.*

16

ROBIN.

I am not sure that honest *Joan*

Will marry with me, I swear ;

For she to such a height is grown,

That if I by chance come there,

And proffer to kiss her, she'll turn her about,

And then with her fists she'll batter my snout,

Till blood from the same came trickling out :

*O marry, if I should marry, how will she serve me then ?*

JACK.

'Tis like you did not compliment,

And give her a kind Embrace ;

But like some clownish Booby went,

With hat hanging o'er your face ;

And it may be, your shoes and your stockings unty'd,

You look'd like a Lover that wanted a Bride ;

For some such like reason she liquor'd your hide,

*O Robin, Anniseed Robin, is it the truth or no ?*

32

ROBIN.

Believe me as I am a man,  
 True Breeding I there exprest ;  
 And, as you know full well I can,  
 I went in apparel drest.  
 My Grandfather's hat, and my calves'-leather-cloaths,  
 Then into her presence I merrily goes,  
 And made her a Congee right down to my toes ;  
*Yet Joaney, angry Joaney, kickt me about the room !* 40

JACK.

You shou'd have told her what you had,  
 To bring a young Woman to ;  
 This would have made her heart full glad,  
 Without any more ado.  
 With kisses thou should'st have said, " If thou'lt be mine,  
 Why then all my capons, my turkies, and swine,  
 And every thing else that I have, should be thine : "  
*Then Robin, Anniseed-Robin, you would have gain'd her love.*

ROBIN.

I was not wanting to declare,  
 My Riches to her at large,  
 And how I was my Father's Heir ;  
 Sure I could maintain a charge !  
 And told her, that I had a cow, and a calf,  
 And something likewise that would make her to laugh,  
 As large, and as long as a Constable's staff :  
*Yet Joaney, passionate Joaney, kickt me about the floor !* 56

JACK.

Go, try your Fortune once again,  
 And never be daunted so ;  
 Her love you may at length obtain,  
 For Lasses are coy, you know :  
 But after a while they surrender and yield,  
 For Love is a thing cannot be conceal'd,  
 And you may be lord of the conquering field.  
*Then Robin, tickle her Robin, she will at last be thine !* 64

ROBIN.

To take your Council I'll not fail,  
 But to her I'll go once more ;  
 I'll give her custards, cakes and ale,  
 Which I did not do before ;  
 I'll spend a whole Shilling, and when it is done,  
 If she will not love me, as sure as a gun,  
 I'll call her young whore, and away I will run :  
*So leave her, utterly leave her, never come there again !* 72

Printed by P. Brooksby, in *Pye-corner*.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 136. Apparently Unique.]

## The Down-Right Wooing Of Country William and his pretty Peggy.

*William* woos *Peggy*, but *Peggy's* a girl  
That will not be wooed by Knight or by Earl.  
But *William* he tells her what means he [may] have,  
And that will maintain her both gallant and brave ;  
At last she consents for to be his own,  
And that to all lovers the same shall be known.

THE TUNE IS, *A Fig for France* [and *Holland too*. See pp. 251, 264.]

“ Come, prethy *Peggy*, let's imbrace !  
Thou art a lusty bouncing Lass,  
Thou art thy Mother's onely joy,  
And I'me my Father's prittyest Boy.  
Let's make a match together, I trow,  
Since one another we do know ;  
My Father 'l give me a Portion round,  
I'me sure 'twill be worth ten good pound. 8

“ Sweet *Peg*, thou'st hear what means I have,  
And more to it I mean to save ;  
I have ten Sheep, also their lambs,  
The which are sucking of their dams :  
I've a good bed to laye 's both in,  
And a wheel, my dear, for thee to spin :  
I've brought old *Struck*, my mother's Cow, [Note, p. 264.  
For to milk her thou dost know how. 16

“ One thing, my *Peggy*, I have forgot,  
I have indeed a good porridge pot,  
Dishes I have some two or three,  
And spoons will serve both thee and me :  
What I want else I will provide,  
So thou'lt consent to be my Bride.  
I ne're can sleep, not half the night,  
To think of *Peggy*, my heart's delight.” 24

PEGGY.

“ In faith, *Willy*, thou dost not jest,  
For Lovers I know can take no rest ;  
But, *William*, I fear thou'lt prove a Sot,  
The worser then sure will be my lot.  
Thou hast such whimsies in thy pate :  
I know sometimes you do wooe *Kate* :  
Then you leave her and come to me,  
Fye, *Will* ! such doings should not be. 32

“ Besides your means and your attire  
Deserves a wife a great deal higher ;  
You’l hit me o’ th’ teeth when ’tis done,  
That you brought all and I brought none.  
Therefore I think that it is best,  
To leave your suit and let it rest ;  
For in faith I cannot fancy thee,  
What ever doth become of me !”

40

WILLIAM.

“ Oh, *Peggy*, why dost thou say so ?  
Thou’lt surely make thy friend thy foe,  
Your mocks and jeers I can’t abide,  
I am plain-dealing, time and tide.  
Besides, you do tell me of *Kate*,  
I’de rather thou would break my pate ;  
For this same thing I do protest,  
Thou art the Girl that I love best.

48

“ Therefore, sweet *Peggy*, be content,  
Thou’st have no cause for to repent ;  
I’le do what’s fitting to be done,  
I’le prove to thee a loving Man :  
No beauty shall my heart insnare  
From her whom I do love so dear,  
All this, sweet *Peggy*, thou’st find true,  
‘ *Change not thy old love for a new !*”

[cf. p. 98.] 56

PEGGY.

“ But one thing, *Will*, I have to say,  
And that tell me without delay :  
Since you’re disposed to be wed,  
I doubt i’ th’ night you’l foul your bed ;  
Such a thing I much do fear,  
For I a hint of it did hear ;  
Therefore, *Will*, come tell me true,  
Or I shall bid you straight adieu.”

64

WILLIAM.

“ Surely, *Peggy*, thou’rt in thy fits,  
Or else thou art beside thy wits ;  
Dost think I am a man or beast,  
That can’t lye cleanly in my neast ?  
What fool has tickled thee in thy ear ?  
The same I pray thee let me hear ;  
No, *Peg*, that thing shall never be,  
For I can lye as clean as thee.”

72

PEGGY.

“ *Will*, why are you in such a freat,  
 Or to be a passion great ?  
 I dream’d the same, I tell to you ;  
 Sometimes I find that dreams are true.  
 Then blame me not for saying so,  
 Tho’ love will creep where it cannot go :  
 Be sure I’le look before I leap,  
 Least sorrows on me they should heap.” 80

WILLIAM.

“ Sorrow, I hope, will not come near  
 My Love, my joy, my Duck, my Dear :  
 I’le swear thou art my heart’s delight,  
 I fancy thee both day and night ;  
 Father and mother ne’re shall move  
 My heart from *Peggy*, whom I love.  
 Therefore, sweet *Peggy*, make no delay,  
 But let’s appoint our wedding day.” 88

PEGGY.

“ Now, *Will*, thou puts me to a stand,  
 Yet take my heart, also my hand ;  
 And for to shun all further strife,  
 I’le be thy true and loving wife.”

WILLIAM.

“ Now, *Peg*, thou’st pleased me so well,  
 That to thy comfort I will tell,  
 All things fitting we will provide :  
 Next *Thursday* thou shalt be my Bride.” 96

Finis. With Allowance.

Printed for *W. Thackeray*, living near the *Crown-Tavern* in *Duck-Lane*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st and 2nd are on p. 251; 3rd is in vol. iii., on p. 613, a man; 4th, the woman on p. 296 right. Date, *circa* 1665.]

Note to line 15. ‘*Struch*’ = *Struck*, = Sullen, or, ‘Stricken in years.’ A Cow is said to be *Strok* when her udder is quite emptied of milk.

\* \* The original ballad which gave name, probably by its burden, to the tune so often cited after 1665 and 1673, ‘*A Fig for France and Holland too*,’ is not recovered. See vol. iv. pp. 95, 228 and 229. It belonged to the Dutch War.

Another ‘Down-right Wooing,’ this time of *Honest John* and *Betty*, beginning, “Well met, my pritty, *Betty*,” is extant (*Douce Coll.*, I. 63; *Huth*, I. 81; C. 22. e. 2, fol. 113), sung to the tune of *Cold and Raw* (see p. 233). Several other ‘Wooings’ have been reprinted here, one in vol. iii. p. 408; another in vi. 250; two in present vol., p. ix\* of *Preface* and a ‘West-Country’ on p. 252. Others follow, on pp. 306, 308, respectively, viz. ‘A Scotch Wooing,’ beginning, “Dear *Jockey*’s gone to the wood;” and ‘The Merry Wooing of *Robin* and *Joan*,’ which commences, “O Mother! Ch’ ave been a Batchelor.”

## The New Courtier.

BY what accident the writer of the *Drollery* song entitled 'The New Courtier' made choice of Henry Lawes' tune, 'Cloris, since thou art fled away,' is undiscovered. Here is the original song:—

### A Shepherd fallen in Love. A Pastoral.

(Before 1656. Music composed by Henry Lawes.)

CLORIS, now thou art fled away, *Amintas'* sheep are gone astray,  
And all the joyes he took to see, his Lambkins follow after thee.  
*They're gone, they're gone, and he away sings nothing now but 'Welladay!'*

His Oaten Pipe, that in thy praise was wont to play such roundelays,  
Is thrown away, and not a Swaine dares pipe or sing within this Plaine.  
*'Tis death for any now to say one word to him but 'Welladay!'*

The May-pole, where thy little feet so roundly did in measure meet,  
Is broken down, and no content came near *Amintas* since you went.  
*All that e'er I heard him say, was, "Cloris, Cloris, Welladay!"*

Upon those banks you us'd to tread, he ever since hath laid his head,  
And whisper'd there such pining woe that not one blade of grasse will grow.  
*Oh Cloris, Cloris, come away, and hear Amintas' Welladay."*

The embroyder'd scrip he us'd to weare, neglected hangs, so does his haire.  
His Crook is broke, Dog howling lyes, while he laments with woful cryes :  
*" Oh Cloris, Cloris, I decay, and forced to cry Welladay!"*

His gray coat and his slops of green, when worn by him, were comely seen ;  
His tar-box [now] is thrown away, there's no delight near him must stay,  
*But cries, " Oh, Cloris, come away!" Amintas' dying Welladay.*

The authorship of this song has been attributed without proof to Sir Robert Aytoun; but is given to Dr. Henry Hughes, in connection with the music by Henry Lawes, in *Lawes' Ayres*, Book iii. p. 10, 1669. We use the earlier version of 1656, from John Phillips's *Sportive Wit; or, The Muses' Merriment*, p. 15 (wherefrom the sixth stanza is omitted); on the following p. 16 is *The Answer*, beginning "Cloris, since thou art gone astray, *Amyntas* shepherd's fled away." Five stanzas, reprinted by the present Editor, 1876, in his *Appendix to Choice Drollery* of 1656, p. 293. Original 'Cloris and *Amyntas*' is also in *The Loyal Garland*.

'The New Courtier' was evidently written in the Restoration days, when a throng of time-servers pretended to be Cavaliers and Loyalists, after having been long in alliance with the sectaries, sharing profits with them by despoiling estates during the usurpation. 'The Utopian Court' was a cant name for Whitehall.

[Three woodcuts: 1st, the man of p. 285; 2nd, a small figure of a man holding a bag of money; 3rd, the couple (p. 316) from iii. 419 right. The ballad is given in the 1682 edition of *Wit and Drollery*, p. 174, printed for *Obadiah Blagrove*, at the Bear, in *St. Paul's-Churchyard*. See picture of *Cloris*, p. 307. The tune took the name of *Have at all*: see vol. iv. 118, 120.]

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 378; Pepys, II. 212, 222; Euing, 246; Douce, II. 162; Huth, II. 37; Jersey, I. 295; Rawlinson, 206; Wood, E. 25, fol. 89.]

## The New Courtier.

THE TUNE IS, *Cloris, since thou art fled away*, etc. [See p. 265.]

Upon the Change where Merchants meet,  
 'Twixt *Cornhill* and *Thredneedle-street*;  
 Where wits of every size are hurl'd,  
 To treat of all things in the world :  
 I saw a folded Paper fall,  
 And upon it, these words were writ, ' *Have at all.*'

Thought I, if ' *Have at All*' it be,  
 For aught I know, 'tis *have at Me* !  
 And (if the consequence be true)  
 It may as well be ' *Have at You* !'  
 Then listen pray to what I shall  
 In brief declare, what's written there : *Have at all.*

### SONG.

I Am a Courtier, who in sport  
 Do come from the *Utopian Court*, [See p. 265.  
 To whisper softly in your ear  
 How high we are, and what we were :  
 To tell you all would be too much,  
 But here and there a little touch ;  
*Have at all !* 7

I was, not many years agoe,  
 In tater'd trim from top to toe :  
 But now my ruin'd Robes are burn'd,  
 My rags are all to Ribbons turn'd :  
 My patches into pieces fall,  
 I cogg a dye, swagger and lye,  
*Have at all.* 14

Upon my Pantelonian pate [Pantaloen=old Zany.  
 I wear a Milliner's estate :  
 But when he duns me at the Court,  
 I shew him a Protection for 't :  
 Whilst he doth to protesting fall,  
 And then I cry, ' Dam me, Sir, you lye,  
*Have at all.*' 21

Since *Venus* shaved off my hair,  
 A powdred Perewig I wear,  
 Which brings me in the Golden Girls,  
 Game-royal for Dukes, Lords and Earls ;  
 When love doth for a cooler call,  
 My fancy drives, at maids and wives,  
*Have at all.* 28



The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

My lodgings never are at quiet,  
Another duns me, for my Diet,  
I had of him in 'Fifty-three,  
Which I forgot; so did not he :  
I call him 'saucy fellow, sirrah !'  
And draw my sword to run him thorough :

*Have at all !* 35

Yet once a friend that sav'd my life,  
Who had a witty wanton Wife,  
I did (in courtesie) requite ;  
Made him a Cuckold, and a Knight,  
Which makes him mount like Tennis-ball,  
Whilst she and I, together cry :

'*Have at all !*' 42

But yet these Citts are subtile Slaves,  
Most of them Wits, and knowing Knaves ;  
We get their children, and they do  
From us get Lands, and Lordships too ;  
And 'tis most fit in those affairs  
The Lands should go to the right Heirs.

*Have at all.* 49

A Souldier I directly hate ;  
A Cavalier once broke my pate,  
With Cane in hand he overcome me,  
And took away my Mistress from me :  
For I confess I love a Wench,  
Be she *English, Irish, Dutch, or French.*

*Have at all !* 56

A Souldier's life is not like mine,  
I will be plump when he shall pine !  
My Projects carry stronger force  
Than all his armed Foot and Horse :  
What though his Mortar-peeces roar,  
My Chimney-peeces shall do more,

*Have at all !* 63

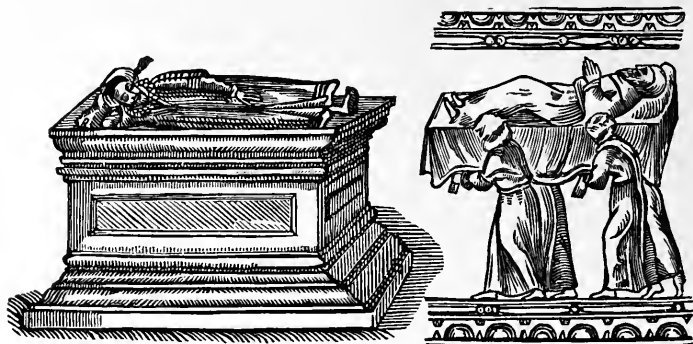
Thus I have given you, in short,  
A courtier of *Utopian Court.*  
I write not of Religion,  
For (to tell truly) we have none.  
If any me to question call,  
With pen or sword, '*Hab Nab's* the word,

*Have at all !* 70

[Roxburge Collection, III. 476. See *Notes*, p. 269, and end.]

## The Tombs in Westminster Abbey. As sung by Brother Poppetwell in the manner of Chanting in a Cathedral.

TUNE, IN IMITATION OF THE *Old Soldiers*. [See p. 272.]



[*You must suppose it to be Easter Holy-Days: At what time Sisly and Doll, Kate and Peggy, Moll and Nan, are marching to Westminster, with a Leash of 'Prentices before 'em; who go rowing them-selves along with their right arms to make more haste, and now and then with a greasie Muckender wipe away the dripping that bastes their foreheads. At the door they meet a crowd of Wapping Seamen, Southwark Broom-men, the Inhabitants of the Bank-side, with a Butcher or two prick'd in among them. There awhile they stand gaping for the Master of the Show, staring upon the suburbs of their dearest delight, just as they stand gaping upon the painted Cloath before they go into the Poppet-play. By and by they hear the Bunch of Keys, which rejoices their hearts like the sound of the Pancake-bell. For now the Man of Comfort peeps over the Spikes, and beholding such a learned auditory, opens the Gates of Paradise, and by that time they are half got into the first Chappel (for time is very pretious), he lifts up his Voice among the Tombs, and begins his lurrey in manner and form following:—*]

HERE lies *William of Valence*, a right good Earl of *Pembroke*, [ob. 1296. And this is his monument which you see, I'll swear upon a Book: He was High Marshall of *England*, when *Henry* the Third did reign; About five hundred years a-go, but never will be so again.<sup>1</sup> Here the Lord [*Edward*] *Talbot* lies, the Town of *Shrewsbury's* Earl; Together with his Countess fair (*that was a most delicate girl*). The next to him there lieth one, *Sir Richard Peckshall* hight, Of whom we [always first] do say he was a *Hampshire Knight*. [But now to tell ye more of him, there lies under this stone, His two Wives, and his Daughters four; of whom I knew not one.]

<sup>1</sup> *Original text*, "But this you may take upon my word, that he'l nere do so again." *Nota Bene*.—Square-bracketted words or couplets mark restorations of early text.

Sir *Bernard Brockhurst* there doth lie, Lord-Chamberlain to Queen *Ann*,  
 Queen *Ann* was *Richard* the Second's Queen, and he was king of *England*.  
 Sir *Francis Hollis*, the Lady *Frances*, the same was *Staffolk's* Dutchess;  
 Two children of *Edward* the Third, lie here in *Death's cold chutches*.  
 [This is King *Edward* the Third's] brother, of whom our records tell  
 Nothing of note, nor say they whether he be in Heaven or Hell;  
 This same was *John* of *Eldestone*, he was no costermonger, [= *Eltham*.  
 But *Cornwall's* Earl; and here's one died because she could live no longer :  
 [The Lady *Mohun*, Dutchess of *York*, and Duke of *York's* wife also,  
 But *Death* resolving to cuckold the Duke, made her lie with him here below.  
 The Lady *Ross* ! but wot ye well that she in childbed dy'd ; [*Elis.*, 1591.  
 The Lady Marquess of *Winchester* lies buried by her side.]  
 Now think your Penny well spent, good folks, and that you're not beguil'd,  
 Within this Cup doth lie the Heart of a *French Ambassador's* Child ;  
 But how the Devil it came to pass,<sup>2</sup> on purpose or by chance,  
 The bowels they lie underneath, but the body is in *France*.

[*Dol.*—" *I warrant ye the Pharisees carried it away.*" ]

Here's *Oxford* Countess, and there also the Lady *Burleigh* her mother,  
 And there her daughter, a Countess too, lie close by one another :  
 These ouce were bonny Dames, and though there were no Coaches then,  
 Yet cou'd they jog their tails themselves, or had them jogged by the men.

[*Dick.*—" *Ho, ho, ho ! I warrant ye,*  
*They did as other Women did, hey, Ralph ?*"  
*Ralph.*—" *Oy, Oy !*" ]

But woe is me ! those high-born sinners, that strutted once so stoutly,<sup>3</sup>  
 Tho' living they never pray'd at all, yet their statues pray devoutly.  
 [This is the Dutchess of *Somerset*, by name the Lady *Ann*,  
 Her Lord was *Edward* the Sixth's Protector, he carried himself like a man !]

*Tom.*—" *I have heard a Ballad of him sung at Ratclif Cross.*"

*Mol.*—" *I believe we have it at home over our Kitchin Mantle-Tree.*"

This fair Monument which you see, I'd have you to understand,  
 It is of a virtuous lady fair who died of a prick in her hand.<sup>4</sup>

\* \* The broadside copy is poor and defective of "The Tombs in Westminster Abbey:" the original is attributed to John Phillips, brother of Edward Phillips (author of '*The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence*,' and other books), nephews of Milton. It is shorn of all the prose introduction and interlocutory interruptions made by the sight-seers, in the manner of Ben Jonson's '*Bartholomew-Fair*' citizens, and those who witness '*The Knight of the Burning-Pestle*' of Beaumont and Fletcher. Also, half of its text is omitted. But we here give it in full, and wish the appointed vergers at the present day were superior to the showman of the Tombs in 1656. We have heard much worse at Canterbury Cathedral within the past twenty years. The manner in which these church-show-jobberies are misconducted and turned to money-getting has long been scandalous. Deans of Westminster and elsewhere should have amended them. Much they cared !

<sup>2</sup> Note.—Original text is, "Nor can I tell how it came to pass."

<sup>3</sup> Note.—The early reading is, "But woe is me ! these high-born sinners that wont to pray so stoutly. Are now laid low, and cause they can't, their Statutes (*sic*) pray devoutly." This was bad enough, but the sentiment was too charitable for a later generation, so the text was altered.

<sup>4</sup> Note.—Probably one of Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour, the lady whom Mrs. Jarley's waxwork made known : she used a needle wrongfully on a Sunday.

In this fair monument which you see, adorned with so many pillars,  
 Doth lie the Countess of *Buckingham*, and her husband, Sir *George Villiers* ;  
 This old Sir *George* was Grandfather, and the Countess she was Granny,  
 To the great Duke of *Buckingham*, who led by the nose King *Jamy*.<sup>5</sup>  
 Sir *Robert Eatam*, a *Scottish Knight*, this man was Secretary,  
 And scribbled compliments for two Queens, Queen *Ann* and eke Queen *Mary* ;  
 [This was the Countess of *Lenox*, 'yclept the Lady *Marget*,  
 King *James's* grandmother, and yet, 'gainst Death she had no Target.]  
 This was Queen *Mary*, Queen of *Scots*, whom *Buchanan* doth so bespatter,  
 She lost her head at *Fotheringham*, whatever was the matter. [*Fotheringay*.]

[Dol.—“ *How came she here then ?* ”

Will.—“ *Why, ye silly Oose, could not she be brought here after she was dead ?* ”]

[The Mother of our seventh *Henry*, this is he that lyeth hard by,  
 She was the Countess, wot ye well, of *Richmond* and of *Derby*.]  
*Henry* the Seventh himself lies here, with his fair Queen beside him,  
 He was the Founder of this Chapel, Oh ! may no ill betide him :  
 [Therefore his Monument's in Brass, you'l say that very much is ;  
 The Duke of *Richmond* and *Lenox*, there lieth with his Dutchess.]

[Roger.—“ *I warrant ye, these were no small Fools in those days !* ”]

And here they stand upright in a Press, with their bodies made of Wax ;  
 A Globe and a Wand in either hand, and their Robes upon their backs.  
 [Here lies the Duke of *Buckingham*, and the Dutchess his Wife ;  
 Him *Felton* stabb'd at *Portsmouth Town*, and so he lost his life.  
 [Two children of King *James* there are, whom Death keeps very chary,  
*Sophia* in the cradle lies, and this is the Lady *Mary*.]

[Bess.—“ *Good Woman, pray still your child ! it keeps such a bawling, we can't hear what the man says.* ”

[And this is Queen *Elizabeth* ! How the *Spaniards* did infest her :  
 Here she lies Buried, with Queen *Mary*, and now she agrees with her Sister.]

To another Chapel now come we (the people follow and chat) :  
 This is the Lady *Cottington* (the people cry, ‘ *Who's that ?* ’ )  
 [This is the Lady *Frances Sidney*, the Countess of *Suffolk* was she ;  
 And this the Lord *Dudley Carleton* is : (and then they look up and see.)]  
 Sir *Thomas Bromley* lieth here ; Death wou'd not him reprieve ; [1587.  
 With his four sons and daughters four, that once were all alive.  
 The next is Sir *James Fullerton*, and that is his Lady, I trow,  
 And that is Sir *John Pickering*, whom none of you did know.<sup>6</sup>  
 That's th' Earl of *Bridgewater* in the middle, the world ne'r saw a madder,  
 His Countess fair she lies beside him. And now you go up a ladder.  
 [King *Edward* the first, that gallant Blade, lies underneath this stone,  
 And this is the Chair which he did bring a good while ago from *Seone*.

[Kate.—“ *He took more pains than I would ha' done for a hundred such.* ”

Rafe.—“ *Gad, I warrant there has been many a Mayden h'ad got i' that chair !* ”

Tom.—“ *Gad, and I'le come hether, and try one of these days, an't be but to get a Prince.* ”

[In this same Chair till now of late our Kings and Queens were Crown'd ;  
 Under this Chair another Stone doth lie upon the ground.]

<sup>5</sup> Note.—Original text, “ Often fox'd King *Jammy* : ” foxed is, made drunk.

<sup>6</sup> Note.—*Al. lect.*, “ *Buekering, with his fine Bedfellow.* ” He died in 1596.

[On that same Stone did *Jacob* sleep, instead of a down pillow,  
And after that, 'twas hither brought by some good honest Fellow.]

[Dol.—“*A Papish, I warrant him.*”]

*Richard* the second lies here entomb'd, with his [first] Queen, Queen *Ann*.  
*Edward* the third lies here hard by; [Ah! there] was a gallant man!  
This was [his two-handed Sword,] a blade both true and trusty;<sup>7</sup>  
The *Frenchmen's* blood was ne'er wiped off, which makes it look so rusty.  
[He lies here again, with his Queen *Phil-p*, a *Dutch* Woman by record,  
But that's all one, for now, alas! his blade's not so long as his Sword.  
[King *Edward* the Confessor lies within this Monument fine.

“*I'me sure,*” quoth one, “*a worse Tomb must serve both me and mine.*”]

*Harry* the fifth lies here entomb'd with his fair Queen, Queen *Elenore*,  
To our first *Edward* she was wife, *which is more than you knew before*;  
[*Henry* the Third lies there entomb'd, he was *Herb-John* in *Pottage*;  
Little he did, but still rain'd on, although his Sons were at age.  
[Fifty-six years he reigned King, ere he the Crown would lay by,  
Only we praise him because he was *Last Builder of this Abbey*.  
[Here *Thomas Cecil* lies. *Who's that?* Why 'tis the Earl of *Exeter*.  
And this his Countess is; to die, how sorely it perplexed her.

[Dol.—“*Ay, ay, I warrant her, Rich folks are as unwilling to die as poor folks.*”]

[Here *Henry Cary* Lord *Hunsdon* rests.

“*What a noise he makes with his name.*”]

Lord Chamberlain was he unto Queen *Elizabeth* of great fame.

[*Sisly*.—“*That's she for whom our Bells ring so often, is it not, Mary?*”]

*Mol*.—“*Ay, ay, the very same.*”]

[And here one *William Colchester* lies of a certainty,  
An Abbot was he of *Westminster*, and he that saith *No doth lie*.  
[This is the Bishop of *Durham*, by Death here layd in fetters;  
*Henry* the Seventh loved him well, and made him write his Letters.  
[*Sir Thomas Ruthat*, what of him? Poor Gentleman, not a word.  
Only they buried him here; but now behold that man with a Sword,  
[*Humphrey de Bohun*, who though he were not born with me i' the same Town,  
Yet I can tell he was Earl of *Essex*, of *Hertford*, and *Northampton*.  
[He was High Constable of *England*, as History well expresses;  
But now, pretty Maids, be of good chear, we're going up to the Presses.  
[*And now the Presses open stand, and ye see them all arow*;  
*But never no more is said of these than what is writ below.*]  
[*Henry* the Seventh and his fair Queen, *Edward* the first and his Queen.<sup>8</sup>  
*Henry* the fifth here stands upright, and his fair Queen was *this* Queen.  
[The noble Prince, Prince *Henry*, King *James's* eldest son,  
King *James*, Queen *Ann*, Queen *Elizabeth*: and so the chapel's done.]  
*Now down the ladder come we again, the man goes first with a Staff,*  
*Perchance one tumbles down two steps, and then the people laugh.*  
[This is the great *Sir Francis Vere*, that] the *Spaniard's* hide so carried,  
Four colonels brave support his Tomb, and here his body's buried.  
That statue against the wall with one eye, is Major-General *Norris*,  
He bang'd the [*Spaniards*] cruelly, as is affirm'd in stories.

[*Dick*.—*I warrant ye he had two, if he could have but kept 'em.*”]

<sup>7</sup> Note.—The broadside reads, for the populace, “This is the sword of *John of Gaunt*,” and omits the next two couplets; but the sword is accredited to *Edward III.* in all the early readings, even so late as *The Convivial Songster* of February, 1782, and the mention of *Edward III.'s* Queen *Philippa* proves that no change of person was intended.

<sup>8</sup> Note.—These four lines, nearly repetitive, but allude to the wax-work effigies.

[His six Sons there hard by him stand, each one was a Commander,  
To show he could his Lady serve as well as the *Hollander*.  
[And there doth Sir *John Hollis* rest,] who was a Major-General  
To Sir *John Norris*, that brave blade, and now you may [go to Dinner] all.  
*For now the Show is at an end, all things are done and said.*  
*The Citizens pay for their Wives, and the 'Prentices kiss the Maid.*

[Written, says Winstanley, by **Edward Phillips**, or  
by **John Phillips**, nephews of Milton.]

[No Colophon. In White-letter, with one little woodcut at top, of a tunic-coated man, a street ballad-singer. Date of early issue was in or before 1656, at which time it was printed in John Phillips's *Sportive Wit*; or, *Lusty Drollery*, p. 90. It reappeared frequently in books, but we know of no other broadside version than the slovenly white-letter reprint in the Roxburghe Collection, which omits fifty-seven lines, (here enclosed within our square-brackets), and gives only sixty of the one hundred and seventeen. It is in the 1682 edition of *Wit and Drollery*, p. 45, but not in those of 1656 or 1661; we find it virtually unchanged in the *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, v. 220, with the prose *Induction* and the side notes and tune-name, which we transfer to our pages: these being deficient from the Roxburghe exemplar, a Bow Church-yard catchpeuny, for the use of ballad-singers who pretended to be free-masons. The tune named *Old Souldiers* belongs to a spirited early ballad which the present Editor reprinted in an Appendix to the *Westminster Drolleries*, ii. 24; it is also in *Wit and Drollery*, 1682, p. 165; with music, in *Pills*, v. 217; and Roberts's *Old Ballads*, iii. 193, 1725. It tells of Drake, Cavendish, Raleigh, of Norrises and Wenmans, thus:—

Of old Souldiers the song you would hear,  
And we old Fidlers have forgot who they were;  
But all we remember shall come to your ear,  
*That we are old Souldiers of the Queen's,*  
*And the Queen's old Souldiers.*

[18 stanzas.

The tune is the same as that of *The old Courtier of the Queen, and the King's New Courtier* (a Roxburghe ballad printed in our vol. vi. pp. 756 to 759). It is probable that Edward Phillips or his brother John wrote *The Old Souldiers* also: Milton's austerity caused his nephews to become Royalists and concoctors of Drolleries. This is the one solitary good of Puritanical excess: it brings a reaction.

## The Great Boobee.

GREAT was the popularity of this ballad. Many editions of it were issued, the earliest before the Civil-Wars began. But of the *Sequel*, 'The Citizen's Vindication,' one exemplar alone remains known, and we reprint it on p. 275.

The cut on p. 273 (2nd in Roxb. Coll., II. 228) was earlier used in 'A New Dialogue between *Dick of Kent* and *Wat the Welshman*.' By Laurence Price. Printed for *John Andrews* at the *White Lyon* in the *Old Baily*; July 2, 1654. Used again for "Now would I give my life to see," *Monk*, (March 28,) 1660.

At the end of second stanza is an allusion to the old style of *Horn-Book* (of which a full representation is given as frontispiece to *J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps's Fugitive Tracts and Chap-Books*, Percy Society, 1849. It was printed about 1570, and, beginning with a *Cross* and the *Alphabet*, includes the baptismal formula and the Lord's Prayer. Such a *Horn-book* is suggestively held aloft by the *Cornuto* Cuckold in the woodcut on p. 275.

[Roxb. Coll., III. 74, 228; Pepys, IV. 232; Euing, 124; Douce, I. 92; III. 35.]

## The Great Boobee.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE; OR, *Sallenger's Round*. [Pp. 170, 307.]



**M**Y friend, if you will understand my fortunes what they are,  
I once had Cattel, House, and Land, but now I am never the near;  
My Father left a good estate, as I may tell to thee,  
I couz'ned was of all I had, *like a great Boobee*.

I went to School with a good intent, and for to learn my book,  
And all the day I went to play, in it I never did look;  
Full seven years, or very nigh, as I may tell to thee,  
I could hardly say my '*Christ-Cross-Row*,' *like a great Boobee*. 8

My father then in all the haste, did set me to the Plow,  
And for to lash the horse about, indeed, I knew not how;  
My father took his Whip in his hand, and soundly lashed me,  
He call'd me *Fool* and *Country Clown*, and *great Boobee*.

But I did from my Vather run, for I will plow no more,  
Because he had so slashed me, and made my sides so sore;  
But I will go to *London* town, zome Vashions for to see;  
When I came there, they call'd me *Clown*, and *great Boobee*. 16

But as I went along the street, I carried my Hat in my hand,  
And to every one that I did meet, I bravely bus't my hand; <sup>[Kist</sup>  
Some did laugh, and some did scoff, and some did mock at me,  
And some did say I was a *Woodcock*, and a *great Boobee*.

Then did I walk in hast[e] to *Paul's*, the Steeple for to view,  
 Because I heard some people say, it should be builded new ; [p. 277.  
 Then I got up unto the top, the City for to see :  
 It was so high it made me cry, *like a great Boobee.* 24

The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.

From thence I went to *Westminster*, and for to see the Tombs,  
 "Oh," said I, "what a house is here, with an infinite sight of rooms !  
 Sweetly the Abbey-Bells did ring, it was a fine sight to see,  
 Methought I was going to Heaven in a string,<sup>1</sup> *like a great Boobee.*

But as I went along the street, the most part of the day,  
 Many Gallants did I meet, methought they were very gay ;  
 I blew my nose, and [befoul'd] my hose, some people did me see,  
 They said I was 'a Beastly Fool, *and a great Boobee.*' 32

Next day I through *Pye-corner* past, the roast-meat on the stall  
 Invited me to take a taste, my money was but small :  
 The meat I pickt, the Cook me kickt, as I may tell to thee,  
 He beat me zore, and made me rore, *like a great Boobee.*

As I through *Smithfield* lately walkt, a gallant Lass I met,  
 Familiarly with me she talkt, which I cannot forget ;  
 She proffered me a pint of Wine, methought she was wondrous free,  
 To the Tavern then I went with her, *like a great Boobee.* 40

She told me we were near of kin, and call'd for Wine good store,  
 Before the reckoning was brought in, my Cousin prov'd a Whore :  
 My purse she pickt, and went away, my Cousin cozened me,  
 The Vintner kickt me out of door, *like a great Boobee.*

At the *Exchange*, when I came there, I saw most gallant things,  
 I thought the pictures living were of all our *English Kings* ;  
 I doft my Hat, and made a leg, and kneeled on my knee,  
 The people laught, and call'd me Fool, *and great Boobee.* 48

To *Paris-Garden* then I went, where there is great resort, [p. 275.  
 My pleasure was my punishment, I did not like the sport :  
 The Garden Bull, with his stout horns, on high then tossed me ;  
 I did bewray my self with fear, *like a great Boobee.*

The Bear-heard went to save me then, the people flockt about,  
 I told [all] the Bear-garden-men my guts were almost out ;  
 They said I stunk most grievously, no man would pitty me,  
 They call'd me witless Fool and Ass, *and great Boobee.* 56

<sup>1</sup> *Going to Heaven in a string* was a proverbial expression, meaning, originally, *in a crowd*, a concourse of ascending spirits ; but it became early converted into a jocular term for those criminals who departed this life literally *in a string*, or halter, Jaek Ketch helping at the ascent and the populace enjoying it. *Up a long ladder, and down a wee tow !* For *Westminster Abbey Tombs*, see p. 268.



Then o're the Water did I pass, as you shall understand,  
I dropt into the *Thames*, alas! before I came to land :  
The Water-man did help me out, and thus did say to me,  
" 'Tis not thy fortune to be drown'd, thou *great Boobee!*"

But I have learned so much wit, shall shorten all my cares,  
If I can but a Licence get, to play before the Bears ;  
'Twill be a gallant place indeed, as I may tell to thee,  
Then who dares call me Fool or Ass, or *great Boobee?*

64

Printed for *F. Coles*, in *Wine-street*, on *Saffron-hill*, *Hatton-Garden*.

[In Black-letter. One woodcut, given on p. 7. Original date, before 1641 : since in the Great Rebellion the Long-Parliament Puritans suppressed *Paris-Garden Bear-baiting*, and theatres, by ordinances, 1641-1647.]

Another edition of "The Great Boobee" is in Euing Coll., 124, and Roxb. Coll., III. 228, with two woodcuts : 1st, the one given in vol. vi. p. 523 ; the 2nd is here on p. 273. *London, Printed for R.I.* (Probably *Richard Janeway*, as it is too late for *Richard Jones*, who stopped at 1611.)

\* \* We add, on p. 278, an important sequel, entitled "The Citizen's Vindication," although it is not found in the Roxburghe Collection. But as, by the tune of *Hey, Boys, up go we*, it appears to belong better to 'The Downright Country-man' than to the '*Great Boobee*' (which it mentions in title), we add that ballad also on p. 276. The 'Citizen's Vindication' has five cuts : 1st, the single-figure man, iv. 35 ; 2nd, lady, p. 70 ; 3rd, milkmaid, p. 168 ; 4th, man with burden, vi. 352 ; 5th, couple holding a ring, p. 125. Date, *circa* 1672-94.]

[This woodcut, mentioned on p. 272, belongs to pp. 164 and 196. The original was already old when it was used on 20 August, 1642, as frontispiece of '*The Resolution of the Women of London to the Parliament, wherein they declare their hot zeale in sending their husbands to the warres.*' A label crosses the stick, "Go to the Wars."]



[Douce Coll., I. 85 verso; Huth, I. 80; Jersey, I. 158; C. 22. e. 2. fol. 112.]

## The Downright Country-Man ; Or, the Faithful Dairy Maid.

[B]ut mind how Country Lads do boast, whilst *Londoners* are blam'd,  
And Country Lasses praised most, while ours are Wags proclaim'd.

THE TUNE IS, *Hey, Boys, up go we*; Or, *Busie Fame*. [Cf. pp. 278, 178.]

I Am a downright Country-man, both faithful [aye] and true,  
Ple live and dye so if I can, this I declare to you : [text, '1'  
I study as I am at Plow, so shun all false deceit,  
And you may plain discover now, *I am no London Cheat*.

Your *London Cheats* do go most fine, like Lords in their attire,  
To swill their guts with *Spanish Wine*, it is their hearts' desire :  
But it is very common, they do with the Vintners meet,  
They'l get o' th' score, then run away, *just like a London Cheat*.

They oft pretend to be in Love, and ready for to dye,  
Yea, vow to be just like the Dove, but know no Constancy ;  
Like Villains they the way do play, with every Lass they meet ;  
They plump them up, then run away, *this is a London Cheat*. 12

There is not one in Twenty but he wears his Sword by his side,  
And walks with many an empty Gut, and ne'r will leave his Pride :  
But when his brain is full of Wine, he'l stagger in the street,  
And then picks up a Concubine, to [f]ox the *London Cheat*.

Then he for half a Crown will have, that which may make him rue,  
A painted [slave] both fine and brave, perhaps the *French-man* too ;  
Thus he with his unwholsome flesh will be most brisk and sweet,  
But see him once out of his dress, *he's like a London Cheat*.

But *London City* oft affords Females as bad as Men,  
Who though they Hector with their swords, there is not one in ten  
But has some pretty little Miss, to serve him at his need,  
And every minute lends a Kiss, *this is a [quean] indeed*. 24

They'l vow for ever to be true, to them they do affect,  
When Honesty is bid adieu what can you then expect ?  
No faith or troth is minded, when fools take so little heed,  
For who so often cla[s]p their Men, *O these are whores indeed*.

Let honest men take so much care, that do inhabit *London*,  
Of such false Girls to have a care, for fear they may be undone :  
How many hundreds may be spoyl'd, if they do not take heed ;  
They who are so by Girls beguil'd, *do meet with [Jades] indeed*.

Why then give me the Country Lass, who honest is and true,  
And yet may kiss upon the Grass, but nothing farther do :  
She scorneth that her [aimless] deed should any mischief breed,  
She takes delight in what is right, *and honest is indeed*. 36

See by the colours of their cheeks, they well and wholesome are ;  
While *London* Girls look green as Leeks, the *Country* Girls look fair ;  
Then old and young, I pray be ware, in Marrying take good heed,  
Least you be brought into a snare *by cursed Jades indeed.*

See how the Rose and Lilly fair upon their cheeks do grow,  
Mind how their breath perfumes the ayr, wherever they do go ;  
And what they touch in[m]ediately fresh odours on them breed :  
They patterns are of constancy, *rare Country Girls indeed.*

Mind but the Girl that milks the Cow, how sweetly she doth sing,  
She never knits an angry brow, but welcomes in the Spring,  
And then, among the Butter flowers, she trips along the mead,  
To pass away the tedious hours, *she's fair and Chaste indeed.* 48

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, near the *Hospital-Gate*,  
in *West-Smithfield.*

[In Black-letter. Five woodcuts : 1st and 2nd are in vol. vi. p. 22 ; 3rd and 4th, in iii. 460 ; 5th, is a lady with fan, on our p. 285. Date, *circa* 1672-1680. *Same tune and publisher as next ballad.*]

*Paul's Steeple* has been mentioned on p. 274 (line 21 of ' *The Great Boobee* ' ) : it had remained in its dwarfed condition until the Great Fire of 1666, having been struck by lightning in 1561, and the woodwork consumed down to the square stone tower. Motley quotes the following :—" Old Saint Paul's was not a very magnificent edifice, but it was an extremely large one, for it was 720 feet long, 130 broad, and had a massive quadrangular tower 260 feet high. Upon this tower had stood a timber steeple, rising to a height of 534 feet *from the ground*, but it had been struck by lightning in the year 1561, and consumed to the stonework." (Quoted from Emanuel van Meteren's *Nederlandsche Historien*, xiii. 243, in Motley's *United Netherlands*, vol. i. p. 311.) See also Camden Soc., xxvi.

\* \* Another spirited defence of country life, of rustic lads and lasses, is added (extra) on p. 284, ' *The Merry Plow-man and Loving Milkmaid.* ' But the *Town-wits* at the same date, *circa* 1683, sang to a different tune, as in ' *The Londoner's Answer to Downright Dick of the West* ' (pp. 278, 282), and thus :—

" **A** Dieu to the Curse of a Country Life !  
Too long I have prov'd it, and found it a thief :  
To a soul that would be unconfin'd, brisk and free,  
'Tis a cruel and insupportable grief.

" Let Country Sots boast of their empty delights,  
The City and Court yet my Fancy invites :  
And more pleasure yields than the naked fields,  
Which with nothing but threats the genius affrights.

" Then give me the pleasure, Omnipotent Fate,  
That now I enjoy, though at ne'er such a rate :  
For the dull Country Life, suiting only a Wife,  
I much more than old Age and Impotence hate."

—*Choyce Ayres*, iii. 10, 1681. Music by *James Hart.*

[Douce Collection, I. 45 verso. Apparently Unique.]

## The Citizen's Vindication, Against the Downright Countryman (*alias Boobee*).

*Let Rusticks spit their venom still against the Dames of London,  
At last they by their folly will for want of wit be undone.*

[TO THE] TUNE OF *Hey, boys, up go we*. [See Note, p. 285.]

What silly senseless Country Clown has put this wit in print?  
To abuse the Dames of *London Town*, though there is nothing in 't:  
Only to show his apishness, and prove himself an Ass,  
For all men know where e're they go *there's none like a London Lass*. 4

Yet every Plow-boy now-a-days most sawcily will prate,  
And set forth *Doll's* and *Molly's* praise, hatcht in his noddle pate:  
Through *England, Scotland, France, and Spain*, or wheresoe'er you pass,  
You'l find all Noddys that disdain *the gentile London Lass*. [sic. 8

See how their Cloathes do fit in print, and mind *Joan's* draggle-tayle,  
See how she like a Puss doth squint, crown'd with her Milking-paile: [p. 168.  
Or, if you mind how she doth splay as she goes through the Grass,  
You then without all doubt will say, *give me the London Lass!* 12

If you but walk to the Exchange, there you may Creatures see,  
That to the Bumkins may seem strange, they'r Nature's rarity.  
Such in the countries there are none, then blame that simple Ass,  
Whose folly needs he must make known, *to blame the London Lass*. 16

A Citizen an Angel seems that in the Country goes,  
All men their Company esteems that any breeding knows:  
While *Tom* and *Robin* stands and stares to see them as they pass;  
For in this Land there's none compares *with a brisk London Lass*. 20

Besides, the bonny City Lads like Gentlemen do go,  
While country Bumkins ride on Pads, say nothing but gee ho!  
Instead of Leather-bottles, they to th' Tavern post with speed, [Cf. vi. 470.  
And merrily pass the time away: *these are brave boys indeed!* 24

While Citizens in Coaches ride, the Bumkin rides in 's Cart,  
And there he sits puffed up with Pride, though he's not worth a f . . .,  
And if he to a pudding gets, he Farmer-like doth feed,  
While *London Lads* live by their wits, *like Gentlemen indeed*. 28

A Whip must serve a Country Clown, instead of Belt and Sword,  
He whistling passes through the Town, and thinks himself a Lord.  
Whilst *London boys*, when they do meet, full quickly are agreed  
To drink a Glass of Wine that's neat: *these are brave boys indeed!* 32

Tis true, we have some *Cracks* i' th' Town, perhaps have had a Bearn, [p. 285.  
By some lascivious Country clown [who] no danger could discern;  
And then they up to *London* come, more bastards for to breed,  
Perhaps they have deluded some, *the worst of men indeed*. 36

Match but a Bum[p]kin to a man, or *Juggs* to *London Lasses*;  
And then distinguish, if you can, how *Londoners* surpasses:  
The Rustick bore that knows not how for to repeat his Creed,  
Knows nothing more than drive the Plow, a *gentile Curr indeed!* 40

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, in *West Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Five woodcuts: See Note, p. 275. Date, circa 1672-80.]

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 430; Pepys, III. 254; Huth, II. 90; Jersey, I. 68.]

## The Sorrowful Citizen ;

Or,

The Courageous Plow-man.

With the Witty Answer of a Country Damosel.

You Citizens I pray beware, that does this story hear :  
Dote not too much on Beauty fair, lest this may prove your snare.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Country Farmer*. [See note, p. 152.]

This may be Printed, R[ichard] P[ocock].



J. W. E.

A Londoner into the Country went,  
To visit his tennants, and gather in rent ;  
He on a brave gelding did gallantly ride,  
With boots and with spurs, and a sword by his side.  
Because that the Inn-keepers they will not score,  
He lined his pockets with silver good store :  
And he wore a Wigg cost three guinies and more,  
His hat was cockt up, Sir, behind and before.

8

Thus like a great Gallant that was *A-la-mode*,  
Upon his stout gelding he gallopt the road ;  
He came to an Inn, Sir, where he did alight,  
Resolving to rest there, and tarry all night :

There was a fair Damosel, her name it was *Priss*; [Priscilla.  
 The *Londoner* proffer'd to give her a kiss,  
 And would fain have been doing the thing you may guess,  
 But she scornfully said she was "no *London Miss*." 16

With eloquent speeches this Gallant did woo,  
 And proffer'd her guinnies, but this would not do ;  
 " I pray you be civil, good Sir ! " she reply'd,  
 " And tempt me no more, for you must be deny'd :  
 My credit, I tell you, I never will stain,  
 And therefore, good Sir, I would have you refrain  
 To proffer your guinnies, for all is in vain,  
 I slight them and you, Sir, with scorn and disdain. 24

" Good Sir, what a rout and a racket you make ;  
 Would *Robin* the Plow-man was here for your sake !  
 He will quickly make you to alter your note,  
 I would not be one that should be in your coat ;  
 For all your *brave alls*, you are something too bold, [cf. p. 266  
 My Chastity is not to be bought nor sold ;  
 I care not a fig for your silver and gold,  
 I pray you be civil, and let go your hold." 32

" Why, do you imagine I will be afraid  
 Of such a coarse coxcomby Country Blade ?  
 For should he come in, and give me a cross word,  
 I'll make him to taste of a piece of my sword :  
 For I am a person of noble degree,  
 Then prithee, sweet Damsel, be ruled by me ;  
 He dare not come in, if he chance but to see  
 That I am a kissing and courting of thee." 40

" Cot-zo ! " quoth the maiden, " pray who have we here ?  
 Or what is the cause that he should stand in fear ? "  
 Before that the Maiden could say any more,  
 Stout *Robin* himself he came in at the door ;  
 To him the whole story she did declare,  
 The *Londoner* being amazed, did stare ;  
 He would have been hid, but he could not tell where,  
 For he was catcht napping as *Moss* catcht his mare.\* [See p. 281.

" The point of your sword, Sir, you said I should taste ;  
 But first, let me tell you, your shoulders I'll baste."  
 With that, he lent him a sturdy stout stroke,  
 His sword and his noddle together he broke.  
 " Tho' I go in leather, and you wear fine close, [=cloathes  
 I will have my True-love in spite of your nose."  
 And then he laid on, and redoubled his blows ;  
 Ten guinnies to *Robin* the Plow-man he throws. 56

“ Forbear, honest Plow-man, for I do protest,  
 What ever I said then, it was but in jest;  
 Then prithee, Good-fellow, let's finish this strife,  
 And take up those guinnies, and pardon my life:  
 The weight of your blows I do heartily rue;  
 Then prithee, sweet Maiden, see what you can do.  
 Perswade him, and here is five guinnies for you,  
 To buy you a gown and a petticoat too.”

64

She took up the gold, and put it in her purse,  
 And running to *Robin*, said she, “ It is thus,  
 He crying for pittie, now lay no more on,  
 But let it appear you're a merciful man.”  
 Said *Robin*, “ Begone then, and come no more here ! ”  
 Away he packt off, thus the coast he did clear;  
 [*Robin*] sent him away with a flea in his ear—  
 This Plow-man he lives but in *Sommerset-shire*.

72

## Finis.

[Black-letter: two woodcuts: 1st, the man, on p. 279, Left (lady belongs to p. 184); 2nd, the couple on p. 329. Licensed by Richard Pocock. Colophon cut off. Pepsian, printed for *J. Blare* at the *Looking-Glass*, on *London-Bridge*. Date, 1685-1688.]

\* A favourite old proverb was, “ *to be caught napping as Morse caught his Mare*,” and we believe it is what *Robin-Goodfellow Puck* implies when he sings, “ The man shall have his *Mare* again, and all shall be well ! ”—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v. We find the proverb quoted in ‘ The old Ballet of *Shepherd Tom* ’ (so entitled, being already *old*, in *Wit Restored*, p. 169, 1658), beginning “ As I late wandered over a *Plaine* : ” when threatening to hang himself, he says :

“ Goe to my *Phillis*, goe ! tell her this tale of woe ;  
 Tell her where she may finde me tottering in the winde :  
 Say, on a tree she may see her *Tom* rid from all care :  
 Where she may take him napping, as *Mosse* took his *Mare* ! ”

\*\* Compare with the foregoing ditty one already reprinted by us (*Roxburghe Ballads*, iv. 385), ‘ Downright *Dick* of the West ’ = “ I pray now attend, and give ear to the jest ; ” which relates a similar contest, the Ploughman being triumphant ; but therein *Dick* visits London, while here it is the London citizen who comes into the country to meet disaster and defeat from *Robin*. There is a sequel to ‘ Downright *Dick* ’ (resembling the ‘ Citizen's Vindication ’ to the Great Boobee Countryman, p. 278), which, long promised, is now given on p. 282, ‘ The *Londoner's* Answer to Downright *Dick*, ’ beginning, “ If you to my words now well attend.” There may have been an intentional connection by the name “ The Downright Countryman.”

There is yet another ballad on the same subject as our ‘ Sorrowful Citizen, or, The Courageous Ploughman, ’ in an already-reprinted ‘ Courageous Plowman ; or, The Citizen's Misfortune, ’ beginning, “ There was a brave Citizen walkt forth of late ” (*Roxburghe Ballads*, iii. 613), thus localized to Nottingham, sung to the tune of *Dick and Nan* [perhaps our ‘ *Did you see Nan to-day ?* ’], or, [*Tho*] the Tyrant has stolen my dearest away (for which ballad see our previous vol. vi. p. 69). It is inferior to the present version, and ends with “ *Whoop, Cockney, where's your twenty pound ?* ” Printed for *Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke*; therefore apparently the earlier version. We identified the author, as *Thomas Jones*, the Oxford ballad-singer, in our own *Notes* (vol. iii. p. 684).

[Pepysian Collection, IV. 274. Probably Unique.]

The Londoner's Answer to  
**Downright Dick of the West ;**  
 Shewing, that they [Country-men] cannot live without  
*London*, being the place where they sell and receive  
 money for their Goods.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Country Farmer*. [See Notes, pp. 152, 278, and iii. p. 363.]



[This woodcut belongs to p. 261, and to p. 329. See Note, p. 285.]

IF you to my words now will attend,  
 This little dispute we will quickly end,  
 We'll give what is due to *London-Town*,  
 And you shall be sure for to have your own.  
 The City has many brave things from you,  
 'Tis own'd always, for 'tis most true :  
 But while you do onely your riches pursue,  
 The City is little oblieg'd to you.

8

Why sits the old Shepherd upon the plain,  
 Regardless all day of the storms and rain ?  
 And why does the Plowman mind his plough ?  
 And why does the Milk-maid milke her Cow ?  
 The reason is plain, as I said before,  
 'Tis all for to increase their store,  
 That they may grow wealthy and never be poor,  
 And keep the lean Woolfe from off their door.

16



You bring us to Town your Curds and Cream,  
But Money maintains the Farmer's Team ;  
You mind not the Winter nor the cold,  
But fix all your mind upon *London* gold :  
'Tis that does raise your hopes up higher,  
And adds [fresh] fewel unto your fire,  
'Tis that which, indeed, we do all admire,  
For 'tis merry Wealth that we all desire. 24

Then *London* is not oblig'd to you  
While only you do your wealth pursue ;  
'Tis this merry Town that does make you rich,  
Or else you might all go scratch your breech ;  
To *London* you must all your Treasure bring,  
Whose fame [a]round the Orb does ring,  
Each county and shire were a wretched thing,  
If 'twere not for *London*, whose praise we sing. 32

We into the Country [go] for our health,  
But come up to *London* for to get wealth ;  
To reach this rich place all mankind strive,  
For *London* is always the great BEE-HIVE :  
Here's *Wax* and rich *Honey*, and all things rare,  
And none can with this place compare ;  
Such plenty abounds that we all things can spare,  
Then where dwell such Beauties, so bright and fair ? 40

We teach you fine fashions, and fine things,  
Without us you can't buy your Wedding-ring[s] ;  
Sweet *Dickee* must foot it to this place,  
If he will buy *Dolly* a fine Bone-lace ;  
Without us you can't have a drop of oyl,  
And [haply] if Beef in the Pot does boyl,  
You must then go ramble o're many a stile,  
For mustard, sometimes you must go five mile. 48

But we without wheat can never live,  
And for it our money we freely give ;  
You therefore should ever fair *London* prize,  
And we too should never the Swain despise.  
Though we have a Thousand things more than you,  
If we give to each one his [rightful] due,  
You must have of us, and we must have of you,  
And every one knows well that this is true. 56

This may be printed, R[ich]. P[ocock].

Printed for *J. Black*, at the *Black Boy* on *London-Bridge*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts. Date, 1685-1688.]

[Pepys Collection, III. 171; Jersey, I. 157; Case 22. e. 2. fol. 152.]

## The Merry Plow-Man, and Loving Milk-Maid.

See how the loving Country-Men and Maidens do agree,  
While they express their happiness, and both contented be.

TO THE TUNE OF, [*Ah!*] *Jenny Gin; Hey, Boys, up go we; The Fair One let me in.* [See *Note on Tunes*, p. 285.]

WE that do lead a Country Life in pleasures do abound,  
We still live free from care and strife, and are encompass'd round  
With such content, that Mortal Men no happier can be;  
And *London* Gallants, tell me then, who lives so well as we?

We have the pleasant Fields and Groves, wherein we take delight,  
And there we walk with our true Loves when *Luna* shines most bright;  
And those that have great store of wealth no happier can they be,  
We work full hard, and have our health, and who so merry as we? 8

The murmuring Rivers by us glide, where tipling Fishes play,  
While our true Loves walk by our side, to pass the time away;  
Such sweets and comforts we possess, with true felicity,  
That none enjoys more happiness, nor more content, than we.

Our true Loves with their Milking-pa[i]les go merrily along,  
And foot it o're the Hills and Dales, singing a merry song:  
And nothing doth our Loves molest, but cheerful still we be,  
And think our selves of all most blest, such happy Men are we. 16

We use no flattering Complements, our Sweet-hearts to betray,  
But plainly tell them our intents, and mean what we do say;  
While *London* Citizens pretend such store of constancy,  
Our Loves do last to our lives' end, and none more true than we.

No jealous thoughts possess our breast, but we contented are,  
Both night and day we are at rest, and Strangers are to care:  
From doubts, from discontents, and fears, no Mortals live more free,  
And thus, most plainly it appears, none happier are than we. 24

But mind how each tite Country-Lass doth trip it o're the Plain, [= tight.  
As they the silent Meadows pass, their amorous Notes they strain;  
And when we hear their lovely Charms, so sweet they seem to be,  
We often wish them in our arms, such loving souls are we.

And when we to the Fold do go, to over-see our Flocks,  
Who sometimes wander to and fro, and graze amongst the Rocks;  
To think upon our heart's delights, so pleasant seems to be,  
That Gentlemen, and worthy Knights, know no such joys as we. 32

Thus we that often drive the Plow have share of Earthly Bliss,  
And from the Maids that milk the Cow we oft steal many a Kiss;  
To Feasts and Fairs we often go, where divers sports we see,  
And when bright *Phæbus* groweth low, then home again walk we.

And thus the lusty Country-Lad doth spend his vacant hours,  
With her who makes his heart s[o glad.] amongst the shady bowers,  
And often tumbles his true Love, beneath the Myrtle Tree:  
Since nothing can our joys remove, what Men so blest as we! 40

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-Spur-Street* without *Newgate*.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, the milkmaid on p. 168; 2nd, man with staff, p. 31; 3rd, lady of iii. 418, left; 4th, man, p. 203. Date, 1683-95.]

Note on Tunes.—For *Ah, Jenny! gin your eyne do kill*, see vol. vi. p. 176; for *The Fair One let me in*, vol. vi. p. 195, etc. The tune of *Hey, boys, up go we* (see *Indices* to vols. iv., v., and vi.), is given in *Popular Music*, p. 428.

Other Plowman ballads may be mentioned, 1st, 'The Witty Plow-man,' beginning, "Young John, the brisk Plow-man, a wooing would ride." Next, 'The Discontented Plow-man,' tune of *True Love Rewarded*, or *Flora Farewell*. Begins,

"My dearest Love, why art thou so unkind?  
As to forsake me now, and leave me [here] behind,  
That am tormented in my mind,  
Because my Love doth prove to me unkind."

Twenty-four stanzas in all, including 'The Young-man's Praise of his Love;' 'The Maid's kind Reply to the Young-man;' and 'The Young-man's Conclusion.' Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*, 1674, or soon after.

'The Plowman's Praise; or, A new Song in Answer to the Bonny Milkmaid, with a brief Account of Rural Pleasures,' etc. Tune of, *The Bonny Milkmaid*. Begins, "A Country Life is sweet." We give it on p. 288.

We have seen, on pp. 278, 282, that the Londoners gave a ready Answer to any assumption that superior virtue was a monopoly of Country Lasses. Temptation to vice lurked behind the hedgerows and in Nightingale groves, no less than in town alleys or Whitehall corridors. Many a town rake was blamed for the hidden rogeries of Hodge and Hobbinol. Cumberland Nelly or Naughty Nan could not afford to toss their heads vaingloriously, if all were known, or sniff disdainfully at the 'Town Cracks' (mentioned on p. 278).

'Cracks' = Light of Love lasses, has been annotated in vols. v. 32, 295; vi. 133. Probably the *loose* meaning is implied when a name is given in a Roxb. Coll. (III. 116) ballad, "As *Jenny Crack* and I together ligg'd in bed." It is entitled 'The New-married Scotch Couple; or, the Second Part of the Scotch Wedding,' a sequel to "In January last," by D'Urfey, given on p. 331. How one 'Country Maid's Policy' palmed her child on the citizens is shown in the next ballad, beginning, "All you that are to mirth inclined."

The woodcut given on p. 282 probably represents a Courtier, *temp.* Charles I. offering a Ring and title-deeds to a Thresher, who has his 'Leather-Bottel' (see vi. 470), or his sheep-marking ruddle or 'Tar-box' slung round him. It belongs to 'The West-Country Dialogue,' on pp. 260, 261; and originally to 'The Nobleman's Generous Kindness,' on p. 329, *post*. Of the two woodcuts below, the man belongs to 'The New Courtier' on p. 265; and the woman to 'The Downright Country-man,' p. 276.]



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 300, and III. 302; Douce, III. 17 verso.]

## The Country Girl's Policy;

Or, the Cockney Outwitted.

[TO A NEW TUNE.]



[This woodcut belongs also to "Toby's Delight," p. xi\* of Preface.]

All you that are to mirth inclin'd, come tarry here a little while:  
Pray read it once, and I do not fear, but soon it will make you to smile.  
The *Londoners* call us 'Country Fools,' and laugh at us every day;  
But I'll let them see, before I have done, we know as good things as they.

A jolly young girl in *Hertfordshire*, who lately had learn'd to dance; [*Heref.*  
In less than the space of one whole year she light of a Child by chance. [*alt.*  
Being very poor this cunning whore, upon a certain day,  
Resolved was she the City to see, so to *London* she took her way. 8

With an old straw hat, and her tail pinn'd up, and with Dirt instead of fringe,  
Not long ago this cunning slut did come to the *Royal Exchange*;  
With the Child in a basket under her arm, close covered, as it is said,  
With a clean white cloth, and at each end hung out a Goose's head.

She saw two Stock-jobbers standing by, she then unto one did say,  
"Gaffer, what stately Church is this? come tell me now I pray!"  
The other [one] to her smiling said, "How like a fool you talk!  
This is no church, it is the 'Change, where all the Merchants walk." 16

“ Is this the *'Change*, good Sir ? ” she said, “ a glorious place it be ;  
A finer place, in all my life, I never before did see :  
I'll warrant you there's fine chambers in 't, as you and I do live !  
Now if you'll let me go and see, a penny to you I will give.”

The one said, “ Your basket I will hold, and tarry here below,  
Whilst my Consort goes up with you, the chambers for to shew.”  
She answered, “ I am afraid, that when I do come down,  
You will be gone, and I would not lose my basket for a crown.” 24

“ I am not such a man,” the [Stock-Jobber] cry'd, “ and that I'd have you know ; ”  
She gave it [to] him, and with her guide she up the stairs did go ;  
She view'd the pictures very fine, and did them much admire ;  
He soon dropp'd her, she down stairs run, and after him did enquire.

She straight runs up to a Merchant, “ Good honest man,” said she,

“ Did not you see a thick tall man that had two Geese of me ? ”

“ Alas ! ” said he, “ poor country girl, our Cocknies are too quick ;  
Go home and tell your Country Girls of this fine *London* trick.” 32

She stamp'd and cry'd, “ Thus to be bit, would make a body swear.  
I'll never come to the *Royal Exchange* any more to sell my ware ;  
For by a couple of cheating knaves, alas ! I am undone.”  
She gave a stamp, and laugh'd aloud, and then away she run.

But now we will to the Jobbers turn, who thought they had got a Prize ;

They stept into an Ale-house, and sent for both their wives.

They told [to] them the story, with hearts both merry and light,  
Said they, “ We'll have a Frolick on 't, and roast them both at night.” 40

The women cry'd, “ No, one at a time, the further they will go ;

The other we'll have at another house, and order the matter so.”

Thus they began to jangle, and got on either Side ;

But all the while this Basket stood, without ever a knot unty'd.

Then opening of the basket, as I the truth unfold,

There did they find a curious Boy, just about five weeks old.

The women flew into a damnable rage ; O how they did scold and curse !

“ Instead of a Cook, ye rogues,” said they, “ you must run and call a Nurse.” 48

The one said, “ This is your bastard, sirrah, you have had by some common whore.

If these be your Geese, ye Rogues ! ” she said, “ I never shall love Geese more.”

The one she kick'd the drink all down, the other whipp'd up the glass,

And after she had drunk the Beer, she threw it and cut his face.

There was helter-skelter, the Devil to pay, oh how the pots did fly !

Just as they were in the midst of the fray, the child began to cry :

There were clouts and blankets all bes[poil]t, such sights are seldom seen ;

I hope it will learn them both more wit, how they meddle with Geese again.

They put it out for three shillings a week, which is eighteen-pence a picee,

Which they pay every Saturday night, in remembrance of the Geese.

Come, here's a health to the Country Lass, I think she was not to blame ;

If she has but wit to take care of her [self], she may pass for a Maid again.

[White-letter. One cut, clumsy, a man and lady holding one another's hand in a park. No tune specified. No printer's name ou III. 300. But Roxb. Coll. III. 302 is of “ *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*. Printed and sold by *John White* ; ” its woodcut is our couple of p. 286 ; belonging also to “ *The Easter Wedding*.” Douce's is a *London* copy, *circa* 1765.]

For “ All you that are to mirth inclin'd, consider well and bear in mind,” see vol. ii. p. 486, ‘ The Sinner's Redemption,’ tune of *The bleeding heart*.

[Trowbesh Collection, I. 10; Pepys, V. 264.]

**The Plow-man's Praise;**

Or,

**A New Song in Answer to the Bonny Milkmaid: with a brief Account of Rural Pleasures exceeding Courtly Wanton Pastimes.**Tune of *The Bonny Milkmaid*, etc. [See pp. 25, 285, and *Note* below.]

**A** Country life is sweet, in moderate cold and heat,  
 To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair!  
 In every field of wheat,  
 The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,  
 And every meadow now.  
 So that I say, no Courtier may  
 Compare with they who clothe in grey,  
*And follow the Useful Plow.* 13

They rise with the morning Lark, and labour till almost dark;  
 Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep;  
 While every pleasant Park [While = Until.  
 Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing,  
 On each green tender bough:  
 With what content, and merriment,  
 Their days are spent, whose minds are bent  
*To follow the Useful Plough.* 26

The Gallant that dresses fine, and drinks his bottles of Wine,  
 Were he to be tried, his feathers of Pride,  
 Which deck and adorn his [spine], [text, 'back.'  
 Are Taylors' and Mercers', and other men-dressers',  
 For which they Dun him now.  
 But *Ralph* and *Will* no compters fill  
 For Taylors' bill, or garments still:  
*But follow the Useful Plow.* 39

Their hundreds, without remorse, some spend to keep Dogs and Horse,  
 Who never would give, as long as they live,  
 Not two-pence to help the Poor.  
 Their wives are neglected, and harlots respected;  
 This grieves the Nation now:  
 But 'tis not so with us that go,  
 Where pleasures flow, to reap and mow,  
*And follow the Useful Plow.* 52

London: Printed for J[onah] Deacon, at the *Angel* in *Gilt-spur Street*.

[In White-letter. No woodcut. Date, circa 1695.]

\*\* The music was composed by J. Eccles for D'Urfey's antecedent song of '*The Bonny Milkmaid*,' beginning "Ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods:" sung in his *Comical History of Don Quixote*, 2nd Part Act ii. sc. 2, 1694. George Farquhar makes his '*Reeruiting Officer*' (Act iii. sc. 1) Captain Plume, quote five lines of it (1707), "*But it is not so, with those that go, through frost and snow: most apropos, my maid with the Milking-pail.*"

On pp. 25 to 28 were given D'Urfey's '*Bonny Milkmaid*' of 1694, and the original '*Innocent Country Maid's Delight*' = "Some Lasses are nice and strange;" also the '*Plowman's Reply*' to it, on p. 238. J. Deacon's '*The Plow-man's Delight*' begins, "I am a brisk Blade:" tune of *Shrewsbury for me*. Burden is, *Then of all sorts of Girls a Milk-maid for me!*

[Roxb. C., II. 310 ; Jersey, I. 368 ; Pepys, III. 141 ; Huth, II. 7 ; Rawl., 44.]

## The Loving Lad and the Coy Lass.

Being a pleasant and witty Discourse between a young Man and a Maid [Will and Jane].

[The Youth did love the Girle entirely well,  
But she (because her beauty did excell.)  
Seem'd nice and coy, as Virgins use to bee,  
And yet at last they both did well agree :  
The match was finisht, but on such condition  
That she might fully know his disposition ;  
Therefore she did enjoyn him not to marry,  
But, for her sake, full seven years' space to tarry :  
And then she is resolv'd (to end all strife)  
She'l be his faithful, constant, loving Wife.]

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE [of *My Father gave me House and Land*, Or, *The Young Man's joy and the Maiden's happinesse*].



MAN.

All haile, thou bright and bonny Lass! my joy and onely sweeting ;  
Good fortune now hath brought to passe that we should have  
a meeting,  
That so I might behold thy face, and speak my mind unto thee ;  
And since here is a fitting place, I do intend to wooc thee. 8

For I long time have lov'd thee well, but yet I ne're did show it,  
 Because indeed, the truth to tell, I durst not let thee know it;  
 For fear thou shouldst my love disdain, and so in coyness shun me,  
 And not my person entertain, which would have quite undone me.  
 But now I have more courage gain'd, and am resolv'd to try thee,  
 For my affection is unfeign'd; how canst thou, then, deny me?

MAID.

I prethee, *Will*, be soft and sweet, methinks you are too hasty:  
 O talk no more of wooing yet, for fear your Master baste ye. 24  
 You are as yet a 'Prentice, *Will*; then leave such fond adventures,  
 And think not of a wife, untill y' 'ave serv'd out your indentures.  
 For why? I think there's no time lost, but you may longer tarry;  
 Your age is twenty years at most—a little too young to marry. 32  
 Then take my counsel, if you please, and rest a while contented;  
 Forbear such rash attempts as these, which oft-times are repented.

MAN.

Indeed, I wish I able were to follow your direction;  
 But little dost thou know, my dear, the [strength of my affection].  
 For where true love the heart doth sway in any Loyal Lover,  
 He cannot brook one week's delay, but must his mind discover.  
 Love burns so hot within my breast, that if I should conceal it,  
 Be sure 't would never let me rest, untill I did reveal it. 48

*The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.*

Therefore, sweet loving Mistressse *Jane*, consider my condition;  
 My heart with love is almost slain, O! prove a kind Physician.

MAID.

Fye! fye! thou art a flattering youth, I do not like thy carriage;  
 Leave off such toys, for in good truth they will thee quite disparage.  
 Think it not strange that I am coy, or that I have deny'd thee:  
 I never will affect a Boy, whatever doth betide me.  
 Herein I do thee not disgrace, but speak as doth behove me;  
 For thou never had'st a Manlike face, therefore I cannot love thee. 64

MAN.

Oh, my Dear! that's a killing word; I prethee henceforth forbear it,  
 And let thy sweet lips some comfort afford—speak kindly, that I  
 may hear it.  
 I prize thee more than gold or pearl, thou art my onely Jewel;  
 Then prethee do not frown, my Girle, why shouldst thou be so cruel?  
 If thou continnest to deny, and thus in scorn to slight me,  
 Then surely I for love must dye, Oh! do not so requite me.  
 But if thou't grant me love at last, and yield thy self unto me,  
 My grief and sorrows which are past no harme at all can do me. 80



For in thy love I shall rejoyce even as it will behove me ;  
And thou shalt find, my onely choice, how dearly I do love thee.

MAID.

If that, indeed, your words be true, and you do so affect me,  
Grant this request, and that will show how much you do respect me.  
Live for my sake a single life untill seven years be ended ;  
And then for to become your wife I fully am intended.  
But if the same you do refuse, great cause I have to suspect you ;  
Another mate you may go chuse, for I will never affect you. 96

MAN.

My Dear, that is a difficult task, and yet, I tell thee truly,  
Since thou art pleas'd the same to ask, I will perform it duly.  
Full seven years' space, for thy sweet sake, a Batchelor I'le tarry ;  
And eke all other Maids forsake, with my True-love to marry. 104  
Now give me leave to kisse thy hand.

MAID.

My leave is quickly gained.

MAN.

The sweetest Damosel in the land at last I have obtained !

[Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.*]

[In Black-letter, with one woodcut, on p. 289. Colophon, lost from Roxburghe exemplar, is supplied from Pepys. Rawlinson's has *London*: Printed by *E. C.* for *F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright*: whence we gain in and bracket a list of tunes, the argument-verse, and recover lost half-line (40th). Before 1681.]

As to the Master 'basting' his 'prentice for presuming to think of matrimony, compare Harry Carey's 'Sally in our Alley,' (before 1713):—

“ When she is by, I leave my work, I love her so sincerely ;  
My Master comes, like any Turk, and *bangs me most severely* :  
But let him bang his belly full, I'll bear it all for *Sally* ;  
*She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.*”

\* \* \* Alongside of the Rawlinson exemplar of this ballad, and preceding it as 4to. Rawl., 566, 43, is the slightly-earlier ballad of 'The Young-Man's Joy, and the Maid's Happiness; Or, A Pretty Dialogue between two Amorous Lovers.' To the Tune of, *My Father gave me House and Land*. *London*, Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright*: beginning, “As lately I to take the fresh air.” Thirty-three four-lined stanzas, with an argument-motto,

The Young-man woo'd the Damosel fair, and soon obtain'd her favour,  
So they became a loving pair, 'twas fit that he should have her.  
For now they sweetly do agree, their minds in nothing vary,  
But *Thomas* vows hee'l constant bee unto his pretty *Mary*.

(Other copies are Pepys, III. 225; and Douce, II. 270.) But this does not include the declaration '*My Father gave me House and Land*.' It is still to seek: we know it not as a first-line. It is the same tune as *The Blind cats many a Flye* (April 12, 1627). '*Once I lov'd a Lass with a rolling eye*,' in different metre, has a fourth stanza beginning, “I have House and Land” (*Vide* pp. 339, 341).

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 536; Jersey, I. 182; Douce, II. 255 verso.]

# The Women's Just Complaint;

Or,

## Man's Deceitfulness in Love.

### Being a most pleasant New Play-house Song.

Long time deceiv'd with feigned Vows, at last  
The females find their coyness holds not fast;  
For Man, that noble creature, cannot love,  
Nor fix his soul on aught but what's above.  
'Tis Everlasting Joy he centers on,  
And leaves soft fools, Women to doat upon;  
Which once they finding, seem to loose their care  
Of hopes they had, and fall to flat despair.

TO A PLEASANT NEW PLAY-HOUSE TUNE, much in request [*Poor Women*].

- O** Love, thou art a Treasure; could Constancy remain;  
But for an hour of pleasure we feel an age of pain:  
How eager is the Lover? but when his joys are over,  
*Poor Women do discover the vows of Men are vain:*  
*Poor Women [do discover the vows of Men are vain].* 9
- In vain are all their swearings, 'tis but your love to gain;  
In vain their promis'd Fairings, their lusts for to obtain:  
Their cringing & their bowing is worse than Thee & Thouing,\*  
*Poor Women find the vowing of Men is all but vain: etc.* 18
- In vain their mein and carriage, their promis'd love they feign;  
In vain they promise marriage, maids' honours for to stain:  
In vain their songs and dances, plays, masquerades, romances,  
*Poor Women find the fancies and vows of Men are vain: etc.* 27
- All Wedlock-tyes defieing, when once their Wills they gain,  
Scoffing at, or denying, what once did cause their pain:  
When with a thousand kisses, and with as many wishes,  
*Poor Women they with blisses, deceiv'd, which vows are vain:*  
*Poor Women, etc.* 36
- And whosoe're believes them, they snare them, 'tis most plain;  
And when they'r took, deceive them, and leave them to complain:  
Whilst we poor Fools sit mourning, they our griefs are scorning,  
*Poor Women then take warning, for Men are false and vain:*  
*Poor Women, etc.* 45
- They breath[e] false sighs to win us, and counterfeit Love's pain,  
And into bonds they bring us, with flatteries so vain:  
By praising of our beauties, and swearing 'tis their duties,  
*Poor Woman, while she mute is, but finds at last all vain:*  
*Poor Woman, [while she mute is, but finds at last all vain].* 54

Much like to airy vapours are all the Vows they feign,  
 Or like expiring vapours, that ne'r will burn again :  
 But leave us in deep sorrow, for joys we did but borrow,  
*Poor Women bid Good-morrow, and leave us to complain : etc.*

'Tis sure the God of Lovers made not his laws in vain ;  
 He better joys discovers, and makes his precepts plain :  
 Why then should man delude us, when he has so [play'd the] Judas.  
*Poor Women why be screw'd thus, on things we can't obtain :*  
*Poor Women, [to discover the vows of Men are vain].* 72

Let us then be contented, let Lordly still remain,  
 For him he was invented, let us not wish in vain :  
 For what though we endeavour, yet can deserve him never,  
*Poor Women wishing ever, yet all our wishes vain : etc.* 81

Let us then be contented, and strive no more with pain,  
 Least we at last repent it, and past all hopes, complain :  
 When there is no relieving, but still we must be grieving :  
*Poor Women by deceiving, Men shew their vows are vain :*  
*Poor Women, [do discover the vows of Men are vain].* 90

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Hospital Gate, in West-Smithfield.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, the couple on p. 289 ; 2nd and 3rd, man and woman of p. 132. Date, circa 1673.]

\* Notes.—Line 15, 'Thee and Thowing,' girds at George Fox and the Quakers : see also on pp. 296, 297. Text, line 69, misreads, "When he has so Judas'd us."



[Woodcut of 'Tobie's Experience,' p. 154, and of 'Mystery Discovered,' p. 323.]

“O then my Love and I will marry!”

“A Woman’s Rule shou’d be in such a fashion  
 Only to guide her household, and her passion,  
 And her obedience never out of season,  
 So long as either Husband lasts or Reason.  
 Ill fares the hapless family that shows  
 A Cock that’s silent, and a Hen that crows.  
 I know not which live more unnatural lives,  
 Obedient Husbands, or commanding Wives.”

—*A Catch, 1671, set by John Hilton.*

TO find a practicable pathway through the maze of Replies and Answers connected with *I’ll tell you when I will be married*, could be little beyond idle guesswork or happy intuition, until the whole of the discovered materials for judgement had been gathered from various Collections. So long ago as 1877 we reprinted what might have been erroneously regarded as the fountain-head ditty, calling itself ‘The Maiden’s Answer to the Young Man’s Request’ (who “ask’d her why so long she tarried”), in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 535, and to its own tune *Then my Love and I will marry*, which agrees with the Robin Hood tune, *In summer time when leaves grow green*. (Music in *Pills*, v. 37.) The first stanza alone need be repeated here:

A Damsel fair, compleat and fine, in a silent Grove stood musing,  
 She seem’d to Marriage to incline, and yet she often was refusing;  
 A young man then by chance came by, and ask’d her why so long she tarried?  
 To whom she straightway did reply, ‘*I’ll tell you when I will be married.*’

She then enumerates the unlikely contingencies, a fulfilment of which must come before she thinks it safe to enter on matrimony,

“When young men be no more deceitful, being put unto the tryal,  
 Who do use to prove ungrateful, and to loving Maids disloyal.”

The exact wording of the tune-name so clearly indicates the Roxburghe ballad on our p. 297, of which the burden is precisely in agreement, *O then my Love and I will marry*, that we are entitled to believe the Bagford ballad must have been posterior in date to it; and evidently the Roxburghe Collection “Young Man’s Resolution,” on p. 295, which also contains the burden, though varied occasionally, must have been antecedent to both; as “Come prethee young man” is avowedly ‘The Maiden’s Reply to the Young Man’s Resolution.’ As to the words (in title, p. 295) ‘to the Maiden’s Request,’ we consider they simply refer to the incidental question in the opening stanza: thus in the Bagford ‘to the Young Man’s Request.’ The *J.S.* of p. 296 cannot be *James Shirley*. *Bibl. Lind.*, 114, has ‘*S.P.*’

Similarly conceived is a ‘Lover’s Prophesie’ (p. 299, to the tune of Tobias Bowne’s *Doubting Virgin*), with a burden of *Then my Love and Ple unite*. For the other tune-name, concerning *Titus Oates*, see p. 306, and the *Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs*, p. 367, 1685: ‘The King’s-Bench Salutation; or, *Jack Ketch* and *Titus Oates.*’ Our pp. 231, 341, hold other samples of ‘contingent-matrimony.’

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 356 ; Pepys, III. 212 ; Euing, 405 ; Rawlinson, 20 ; Jersey, I. 262 ; C. 22. e. 2, fol. 214.]

## The Young Man's Resolution to the Maiden's Request.

Being a witty Dialogue betwixt a Young Man and a Maid.

Wherein she asks him when he intends to Marry,  
And he resolves her how long he will tarry.

TO THE TUNE OF, *In Summer time.* [See vol. vi. pp. 274, 790.]

AS I was walking under a Grove, within my self as I supposed,  
My mind did often times remove, and by no means could be disclosed :  
At length by chance a friend I met, which caused me long time to tarry,  
And then of me she did intreat, *to tell her when I meant to marry.*

“ Sweetheart,” quoth I, “ if you would know, then mark these words, and I’ll  
reveal it ;

Since in your mind you bear it so, and in your heart you do conceal it.”  
She promis’d me to make no words, but of such things she would be wary ;  
And thus in brief I did begin, *to tell her when I meant to marry.*

“ When *Shrove-tide* falls in *Easter* week, and *Christmas* in the midst of *July* ;  
[When] Lawyers for no Fees will plead, and Taylors they deal just and truly ;  
When all Deceits are quite put down, and Truth by all men is preferred,  
And *Indigo* dyes Red and Brown, *O then my Love and I’ll be married.*

“ When Saffron grows on every Tree, and every stream flows Milk and Honey ;  
And Sugar grows in Carret-fields, and Usurers refuse good money :  
When Countrymen for judges sit, and Lambmass falls in *February*,  
And Millers they their Toll forget, *O then my Love and I will marry.* 16

### The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

“ When men and beasts i’ the Ocean flow, and Fishes in green fields are feeding ;  
When Muscle-shells i’ th’ streets do grow, and Swans upon dry rocks are breeding ;  
When Cockle-shells are Diamond-Rings, and Glass to Pearl may be compared ;  
And Gold is made of the Gray-goose wings, *O then my Love and I’ll be married.*

“ When Summer doth not dry up mire, and men on earth do leave to flatter,  
When Bakers they do use no fire, and Brewers they do use no water ;  
When mountains are by men remov’d, and *England* into *France* is carried,  
And all Maids prove true to their Loves, *O then my Love and I’ll be married.*

“ When Hostesses do reckon true, and *Dutch-men* leave off drinking Brandy ;  
When Cats do bark, and Dogs do mew, and Brimstone ’s took for Sugar-candy ;  
Or when that *Whitsuntide* doth fall within the month of *January*,  
And Coblers work without an Awl, *O then my Love and I will marry.* 28

“ When Women know not how to Scold, & Maids of Sweethearts ne’r are thinking ;  
When Men i’ th’ fire complain of Cold, and Ships on *Salisbury-Plain* fear sinking :  
Or when Horse-Courers turn honest men, and *London* unto *York* is carried,  
Or when you out of One can take Ten, *O then my Love and I’ll be married.*

“ When Candle-sticks do serve for Bells, and frying-pans they use for laddes ;  
Or when in the Sea they dig for Wells, and porridge-pots they make for Cradles ;  
When Maids forget to go a *Maying*, and a Man on his back an Ox can carry :  
Or when the Mice with the Cat be playing, *’tis then my Love and I will marry !*”

[THE MAIDEN REPLIES THUS:]

“ Good Sir, since you have told me when you are resolved for to marry,  
I wish with all my heart, till then, that for a Wife you still may tarry.  
For if all young Men were of your mind, and Maids no better were preferred,  
I think it would be when the Devil is blind, *that we and our Lovers should be  
married.*”

Finis. [By] J.S. [*al. lect., S.P., cf. p. 294.*]

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

[In Black-letter. No woodcut or printer's name in Roxburghe. Four woodcuts in Pepys exemplar; three cuts in Euing's, which was printed for *Eliz. Andrews*, in *Little St. Bartholomew's Court* in *West-Smithfield*. Both have the signature J.S., which is absent from Roxb. copy, but not from the exemplar printed for *C. Passinger* at the *Seven Stars* on *London-Bridge* (C. 22. e. 2. fol. 214); with three cuts, 1st, the *Aye, marry, and thank you too* couple of *Bagford Ballads*, p. 466; 2nd, the striding man of vol. vi. 163; 3rd, the lady of p. 279. Rawlinson's copy, mutilated, was printed for *C. Demisson*. Among them are varying readings.]

As to J.S., the writer, there are other *Roxb. Ballads* thus signed (*viz.* ii. 182, and v. 380). We know no *S.P.* (as on the copy printed for *Coles, Vere, W., Th., and Pass.*); but suspect the initials form another disguise for J[ohn] P[hillips], S[atyrist of Hypocrites]. He in 1679 wrote “How now, *Jockey*, what agen?” (*Ibid.*, iv. 541.)

Notes to ballad on p. 297: ‘*The Maiden's Reply to the Young Man's Resolution.*’

Line 20.—The allusions to *Oliver Cromwell* are palpable: “When Brewers are Protectors made” being an understood reference to his father's business in Huntingdon as a maltster; while the great storm of wind on Sept. 3rd, 1658, wherein Oliver ‘went home,’ characteristically, escorted by the ‘Prince of the powers of the air,’ helps to fix the ballad as slightly posterior in date.

Line 34.—The bitterness of Cromwellian Independents against the Quakers, shown unmercifully in New England, has been noted in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 727. Another allusion to George Fox's followers, the ‘Friends,’ is on p. 297, line 34.

The four woodcuts to it, mentioned on p. 298, are, 1st, the man on p. 276; 2nd, the lady of p. 138; 3rd, this man, below; 4th, Rope-maker at work, given later. *This woman belongs to p. 264.*



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 330 ; Jersey, II. 293 ; Huth, II. 17.]

## The Maiden's Reply to the Young Man's Resolution.

Wherein she fits him in his kind,  
And lets him know her settled mind ;  
She can as well live single, and not marry,  
As well as he without a wife can tarry.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Young Man's Resolution*. [= *In Summer time*. See p. 294.]

- COME, prethee, young man, do not flout,  
Nor think that I do wait your leisure ;  
When for a husband I look out,  
I can have sweet-hearts at my pleasure :  
But for to fit you in your kind,  
And let you know that I can tarry,  
I'll tell you plain what you shall find,  
*And when I mean with you to marry.* 8
- When young men do true-hearted prove,  
And leave off their dissimulation ;  
When mountains in the waters move,  
And peace shall be in every Nation :  
When Whales in little dishes swim,  
And castles on their backs can carry,  
And slovens they go neat and trim,  
*O then my Love and I will marry.* 16
- When women go upon their heads,  
And butchers lose the sense of feeling ;  
When Papists throw away their beads,  
And drunkards they do leave off reeling :  
When Brewers are Protectors made,  
And in great winds away are hurried, [Cf. *Note*, p. 296.  
And painted whores leave off their trade,  
*O then my Love and I'll be married.* 24
- When Cherries grow on thistle tops,  
And Roses are on nettles budding ;  
When women hate good sugar-sops  
And hungry dogs will eat no pudding :  
When Gold is strown about the streets,  
And lies from *June* till *January*,  
And every Coward kills all he meets,  
*O then my Love and I will marry.* 32
- When Ladies cease to long for fruit,  
And Cavaleers do all turn Quakers ; [Cf. pp. 293, 296.  
When fools do learned men confute,  
And Cobblers they turn Comfit-makers :

- When Art and Ignorance agree,  
 And live together, and not vary,  
 And Peasecoods grow on every tree,  
*O then my Love and I will marry.* 40
- When timerous Harts the hounds pursue,  
 And partridges kill Hawks by th' dozen;  
 When *Newgate* thieves do all prove true,  
 And quite forsake to cheat and cozen:  
 When Landlords do refuse their rent,  
 And for the same they needs will tarry;  
 And when no Fish is eat in Lent,  
*O then my Love and I will marry.* 48
- When Christmas-pics are out of date,  
 And good roast beef is out of season;  
 When children do Plumb-pottage hate,  
 And traytors they do love no treason:  
 When Usurers give away their gold,  
 And unthrifts they grow wise and wary:  
 And the[y] are young that once were old,  
*O then my Love and I will marry.* 56
- When pretty maids for sweet-hearts mourn,  
 And women goes to men a wooing;  
 When Ice doth in the Water burn,  
 Then there is like to be wise doing:  
 When it rains daggers double-hatcht,  
 And hay is made in *February*;  
 Or when the old one she is catcht,  
*O then my Love and I will marry.* 64
- When Madam leaves to paint her face,  
 And Vizard masks are out of fashion;  
 When Courtiers they will wear no lace,  
 And froward folks are not in passion;  
 When we the *French* new fashions teach,  
 And send them over *Charon's* Ferry:  
 And Ranters leave in tubs to preach,  
*O then my Love and I will marry.* 72
- When Wild-geese fly into Cooks' shops,  
 And sayes unto the cooks, "Come take me!"  
 And Larks do fall as thick as hops  
 Into the pies, and sayes, "Come bake me!"  
 When Beggars all turn Gentlemen,  
 And baggs of gold about them carry;  
 Just at that time, and not till then,  
*I mean with thee my Love to marry.* 80

Printed for *J. Williamson* at the *Bible* upon *London Bridge*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: see *Note*, p. 296. Date, circa 1659-1660.]



[Trowbesh Collection, MSS. ; Jersey, II. 231.]

## The Lover's Prophecie.

*When all these things shall come to pass, you in this Paper read,  
If I can find a pretty Lass, I'le marry'd be indeed.*

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Doubling Virgin* [see p. 201]; or, *B[lust]ering Oats,  
prepare thy neck.* [See pp. 294, 306.]

Would you know when I will marry, to a pretty comely Lass?

I no longer mean to tarry, than till these things come to pass:

When *Phæbus* doth dry up the Ocean, and give o're his gliitt'ring Light;

When Rich men they shall scorn a Portion, *Then my Love and I'le unite.*

When Lead shall turned be to Silver, and be dearer far than Gold,

When a nut-shell shall be worth a G[u]ilder, 'twill be wonderous to behold;

When Cobblers they the land shall sway, and *Luna* shall no more shine bright,

When Pudding-pyes drop from the skyes, *then my Love [and I'le unite].* 8

When Millers shall no more be thievish, and no longer look for tole;

When Sick People are not peevish, and a mountain's less than a mole;

When Soldiers they refuse their pay, and a Pygmy with a Gyant fight:

When Dumb men speak Hebrew and Greck, *then my Love [and I'le unite].*

When Deaf men shall hear the Thunder, and Blind men the Lightning see,

When w[anton]s at themselves shall wonder, and admire their Chastity;

When wicked Cheats n'er walk the streets, nor in their Rogueries delight;

When raging Storms shall do no harms, *then my Love [and I'le unite].* 16

When Taylors shall no more be Cheaters, but in all things justly do;

When armless men shall be Drum-beaters, it will be strange to all men's view:

When Men half starv'd no food regard, but shall in fasting take delight:

When Rich men they throw Gold away, *then my Love [and I'le unite].*

When Barbers trim without their Razors, and men and women naked go;

When Glass no more is us'd by Glasiers, and when the wind no more shall blow;

When Warriors shall desire to fall by those against whom they do fight,

And quarrels shall be ended all, *then my Love [and I'le unite].* 24

When Women's Tongues shall all be silent (as that, I fear shall never be),

And when they speak shall pause a while on't, and they no more shall angry be;

When Cuckolds all together muster ('twill surely be a pleasant sight!),

And all the whores stand in a cluster—*then my Love [and I'le unite].*

When Thieves no more shall fear a Prison, nor Bakers fear the Pillory;

When Changelings they speak sense and reason, and common Strumpets honest be;

When people wish, they, like a Fish, may live in water day and night;

And drunken Sots forswear their Pots, *then my Love [and I'le unite].* 32

When you for thanks can have good Liquor, and Sack sold for a penny a quart;

To make your Brains more riper and quicker, I think you will be joyful for't:

When Young-men choose for to abuse the Maids in whom they take delight,

When Maidens they say always Nay—*then my Love and I'le unite.*

Now I here have told you plainly when I marry'd mean to be;

My time, I hope, is not spent vainly, therefore pray now pardon me.

For I protest, I do not jest: when all these things do come to light,

I will not stay nor make delay, *For then my Love and I'le unite.* 40

[Possibly by Tobias Bowne.]

[Pepys Collection, V. 334. Apparently Unique.]

## The Young Man's Lamentation ; Or, Love and Loyalty Rewarded with Cruelty.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW PLAYHOUSE TUNE. Licensed according to Order.

I Am so sick of Love, I can neither stand nor go,  
But like a drunken reeling man I waver to and fro.

My heart is as heavy as Lead, and as cold as the Marble stone,  
And now my True-Love is from me fled, and where shall I make my moan ?

For Love is a little Dwarf, [yet] Love is a Gyant tall ; [text, 'and']  
And Love is King in every thing : Love conquers one and all.

The Champion in the Field may stand by force of Arms,  
But yet he must submit and yield to Love's alluring charms.

I fancy'd a Lass of late, and priz'd her more dear than Gold,  
But now she has chosen another Mate, and left me in *Cupid's* fold. 10

Her frowns I did dayly bear, and ne'r could a Smile obtain ;  
My innocent heart is kill'd with care, while she did Tyrant reign.

My Person she did abuse, revil'd me many a time ;  
Yet I my dearest cou'd excuse, and pardon her greatest Crime.

For Love it will spy no fault, nor Love it will see no sin ;  
But every corner of my heart Love gently creepeth in.

O gentle God of Love, come ease me of my smart,  
And heal this killing wound you gave, that bleeds within my heart.

My passion I cannot bear, my blessings are turn'd to grief ;  
O do not suffer me to despair, but yield me some relief. 20

Sweet *Cupid*, now be so kind, to send Arrows from thy Bow,  
But make her now to Love be inclin'd, whether she will or no.

Which will my blessings increase, and I with Comfort be crown'd,  
And you a Captive will release, who in [thy] Fetters lies bound. [t. 'his']

But if that you can't confine my dearest to love again,  
Shoot home into this heart of mine : for why shou'd I live in pain ?

I willingly would repair unto the *Eliziums* sweet,  
Among the wronged Lovers there, my injuries to repeat.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street*.

[White-letter. Two lines of music. No woodcuts. Date, 1684-1690.]

\* \* \* The tune of this '*I am so sick of Love*' was evidently not the same as the *Cupid's Courtesy* tune of 1655, '*I am so deep in love*' (vol. vi. p. 253); but quite distinct. (We had long desired to settle this point, and fully intended to adduce the requisite evidence in the new edition of *Popular Music*, entrusted to our care, before his life ended to our sad loss, by the late William Chappell.) We give the '*Answer*' on next page. Both ballads are from unique exemplars.

[Pepys Collection, V. 334. Apparently Unique.]

**The Maid's kind Answer to the Young Man's  
Lamentation; or, The most coy Frowns turned to the most  
pleasing Smiles.**

· TO THE SAME TUNE [*I am so sick of Love*]. Licens'd according to Order.

**A**S he was ready to faint, and bid all the World adieu,  
The Damsel, hearing his complaint, his blessings she did renew.

“ In sorrow do not lament,” these words she often said,  
“ My heart does still relent, to hear the moan you made.

“ What tho' like the Marble-stone, thy heart was heavy and cold,  
Thou never shalt be overthrown; I'll love thee more dear than Gold.

“ I'll be at my Shepherd's call, and study to honour thee;  
If Love has power to conquer all, why may it not conquer me? 8

“ No longer can I conceal true Love from my Loyal Swain;  
For why? the powerfull charms I feel, now flowing through every vein.

“ When as I wou'd not comply, to thee whom I did adore,  
'Twas but to try thy Constancy: I'll never forsake thee more.

“ Thy true Love and Loyalty the *Gordian* Knot has ty'd:  
Now through the world I'll go with thee, whatever shall betide.

“ I'll bend now to *Cupid's* Bow, and cast all my frowns away;  
For Love commands me to do so, and therefore I will obey. 16

“ With Blessings thou shalt be crown'd, and all my favours regain;  
Likewise I'll heal the bleeding wound, of which thou didst once complain.

“ I'll honour my dearest Love, and never will thee offend,  
And here within this shady grove in pleasure our days we'll spend.

“ And while our Lambs does feed, here by the delightfull Spring,  
Together we'll in Love proceed, while Birds sweet Anthems sing.

“ I will curl thy silken Locks, which are so soft and fair;  
And while we tend our harmless flocks, we will live void of care. 24

“ Unto the *Elizium* Shade my dearest shall never go,  
For true Love does my heart invade, *it must and shall be so.*” [Cf. vi. p. 151.]

This did his Joys restore, his griefs were gone and past;  
They vowed ne'er to sever more, so long as life should last.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Pye-corner*; *J. Deacon*, at the  
*Angel*, in *Gilt-spur-street*; *J. Blare*, at the *Looking-Glass* on *London-Bridge*;  
*J. Back*, at the *Black Boy* on *London-Bridge*, near the *Draw-Bridge*.

[In White-letter. With two lines of music. No woodcut. Date, circa 1684-90.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 668; Pepys, V. 400; Trowbesh, III. 61.]

**An excellent new Play-house Song,  
call'd The bonny Grey-Ey'd Morn; Or, Jockey  
Rous'd with Love.**

[To a Pleasant New Scotch Tune.<sup>1</sup> Licensed according to Order.]

**T**He bonny grey-ey'd Morn began to peep,  
When *Jockey* rous'd with Love came blithly on;  
And I, who wishing lay, depriv'd of sleep,  
Abhor'd the lazy hours that slow did run.  
But muckle were my joys when in my view,  
I from the window spy'd my only dear;  
I took the wings of Love, and to him flew,  
For I had fancy'd all my Heav'n was there. 8

Upon my bosom *Jocky* laid his head,  
And, sighing, told me pretty tales of Love;  
My yielding Heart, at every word he said,  
Did flutter up and down and strangely move:  
He, sighing, kiss'd my hand, [he] vow'd and swore  
That I had o're his Heart a conquest gain'd;  
Then, blushing, beg'd that I would grant him more:  
Which he, alas! too soon, too soon obtain'd! 16

[Thus far D'Urley's song unchanged.]

Not that I do repent I did comply,  
But this I needs must own, my yielding Heart  
Was quickly overcome by *Jocky's* eye,  
Which gave a deeper wound than *Cupid's* dart:  
His cheeks were cherry-red, his lips the same,  
His tongue so many charms could still express,  
That e'ry word he said did raise new flame,  
And kindled, kindled fire in my breast.

My *Jocky* does a thousand ways beside  
Express himself in tender love to me,  
With arms about my waist he sighing cry'd,  
"Oh give me thy consent or I'se mun dee."  
Then, with a gentle kiss, does beg again  
That his poor wounded Heart I would but cure,  
Not thinking that I felt his love-sick pain,  
For I, alas! was his, was his before.

---

*Note.*—Sung in Tom D'Urley's "Fond Husband; or, The Plotting Sisters," 1676. The music was composed to it by Dr. Jeremiah Clarke. The Pepysian title is 'An excellent New Scotch Song,' not a 'Play-house Song,' as the later-issued Roxburghe is named. (Allan Ramsay imitated it in his '*Gentle Shepherd*,' Act v, 1725, "The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep.") The music is in *Pills*, iii. p. 233; and in the Pepysian broadside, dated 1697.

And now I could no longer hide my pain,  
 But let my deareſt *Jocky* know my Heart;  
 Oh how he hug'd me in his arms again,  
 And every kiſſ he gave did eaſe my ſmart;  
 Then vowing o're and o're, betwixt each kiſſ,  
 He conſtant would remain while life did laſt:  
 Now tell me, Lovers, where's the hurt of this,  
 For to enjoy, when that the knot's ty'd faſt? Finis.

[1ſt and 2nd ſtanzas only by Tom D'Urfeſy.]

[White-letter. No cut. Pepſy's exemplar is printed with five lines of muſic, by and for A[lex.] M[iſbourne], London, 1697. Original date of the ſong, 1676.]

### Pretty Kate of Edinborough.

D'URFEY'S '*Kate of Edinburgh*' was popular, and, like '*The bonny grey-eyed Morn*,' with other ſongs written by him, found welcome as warm in Scotland as in London.

Amuſing would it be to trace the direct intercourse which had probably exiſted in his cloſing years between D'Urfeſy and Allan Ramſay. Letters croſſed betwixt them, after they had met perſonally. But capricious Chronos, while preſerving no end of antiquarian lumber, cancels the Diaries and the Letters that we moſt covet. How Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis groaned in ſpirit under the infliction of a dull book, 'and then proceeded to his revenge,' Robert Browning told us in his beſt days, 1844, before maundering reſulted from popularity. And 'Orwell' in December, 1860, gave us a not diſſimilar verdict againſt a tome of "One of the Fathers," whom he was not Blunt enough to reverence:—

"Then, brooding grim, I wonder'd—'How far down, among the diſtant ages,  
 Hath this Fool's babble floated now with the high wiſdom of the Sages?  
 He ſat, indeed, at early morn, beſide the fountains of the Light,  
 But, blanker than a babe new-born, he look'd on day, and made it night.

"There's *Sappho*, little but a name, and *Pindar*, but a fragment hoary;  
 And *Phidias* fills a niche in fame with formleſs ſhadow of his glory:  
 Yet this big dullard, leaden-eyed, hath paper, type, and gilding got;  
 And drops, the mud-barge! down the tide, where the immortal galleys float.

"Strange doom! high wiſdom wreck'd and loſt, or juſt a ſplinter drifts aſhore,  
 Through dark and ſtormy ages toſſ'd, to make us grieve there is no more.  
 And ſuch as this great fellow, he, gets handed down ſafe to this day,  
 The heir-loom of ſtupidity! to make us grieve another way."

Mark the irony of deſtiny; one quarter of a century later the ſelf-ſame publiſher iſſued two huge tomes of intolerable verboſity and dullneſs, claiming to be the 'Life' of a poet! One of our beſt poets, moreover, who died young, whoſe poems we love. Matthew Arnold ſtigmatized the Iriſh profeſſorial Biographer, "In one reſpect he reſembles Providence: his ways are inſcrutable."

D'Urfeſy's ſong is doubled in length for the broadſide verſion, which (as alſo *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719 ed., vol. ii. p. 31,) gives the muſic. We believe the true date to have been 1683. A ſuggeſtion from this ſong ſeems to have been borrowed a century later for a Vauxhall ſong, entitled '*The Banks of Tweed*,' beginning "Juſt when the blooming fragrant Spring," with a burden of *Upon the verdant banks of Tweed*. It was ſung by Miſs Leary in 1793, and printed in *The Apollo* (Bath, 1794), p. 161; alſo in *Vauxhall Songs*, p. 21.

[Roxb. Coll., II. 253 ; Pepys, IV. 35 ; Jersey, II. 11.]

## Pretty Kate of Edenborough ;

Being a new Scotch Song, sung to the King at Windsor.

**J**UST when the young and blooming Spring  
 Had melted down the winter snow,  
 And in the grove the birds did sing  
 Their charming notes on every bough :  
 Poor *Willy* sate, bemoaning his fate, and woful state,  
 For loving, loving, and despairing too ;  
 " Alas ! " he'd cry, " that I must dye,

*For pretty KATE of EDENBROUGH.*"

8

*Willy* was late at a Wedding-house,  
 Where Lords and Ladies danc'd all a-row ;  
 But *Willy* [saw] none so pretty a Lass,  
 As bonny *Kate* of *Edenborough* ;  
 Her bright eyes, with smiling joys, did so surprise,  
 And something, something else that shot him through :  
 Thus *Willy* lies, entranc'd in joys

*With pretty Kate of Edenborough.*

16

The God of Love was *Willy's* friend,  
 And cast an eye of pity down,  
 And streight a fatal dart did send  
 The cruel Virgin's heart to wound :  
 Now every Dream is all of him, who still does seem  
 More lovely, lovely, lovely, since the Marriage-Vow :  
 Thus *Willy* lies, entranc'd in joys,

*With pretty Kate of Edenbrough.*

24

[*Here ends the Original Song.* Written by **Tom D'Urfey.**]

Now *Willy* thinks his happiness, all other creatures do exceed,  
 His tongue cannot his joys express, since *Kate* and he are well agreed :  
 Both day and night her beauty bright, is his delight,  
 And nothing, nothing, nothing, else can *Willy* do,  
 But sound her fame, and praise the name of *pretty Kate of Edenbrough.*

*Cupid* with his love doth bless, granting him his heart's desire ;  
 He doth continually express, how that his heart is all on fire :  
 He feels no pains, amidst his chains, but still remains  
 A wounded, wounded, wounded lover, firm and true.  
 And all his prate is now of late, of *pretty Kate of Edenbrough.*

He swears her eyes are full of charms, enough to conquer all the World,  
 Her smiles secure him from all harms, her locks they are so neatly curl'd ;  
 That in his mind he ne'er shall find, since she proves kind,  
 A Lover, Lover, Lover, like his *Katy* true :

And doth express his happiness in *pretty Kate of Edenbrough.*

Finis.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the *Golden Ball* in *Pyc-corner.*

[In Black-letter. With Music. Four woodcuts: 1st, garlanded lady, p. 26 ;  
 2nd, man, p. 203 ; 3rd, figs., p. 308 ; 4th, Cupid, vi. 50. Date, 1672-83.]

[R. Coll., II. 419 ; IV. 74 ; Huth, II. 84 ; Jersey, I. 49 ; Douce, II. 195, 208.]

## The Scotch Wooing ; or, Jockey of the Lough, and Jenny of the Lee.

*Jockey* woos *Jenny*, for to be his dear,  
But *Jenny* long time is in mickle fear ;  
Least *Jockey* should be false or prove unkind,  
But *Jockey* put that quite out of her mind ;  
So that at length they fairly did agree,  
To strike a bargain up, as you shall see.

TO THE TUNE OF, [*Dear*] *Jockey's gone to the Wood.*

**D**ear *Jockey's* gone to the wood, and Dame *Jenny's* gone twa,  
Dear *Jockey* would Court a good, but Dame *Jenny* says "Nay!"  
"Come, *Jenny*, my dearest love, prithee *Jenny*, fancy me :  
Thou art the blithest bonniest girl, and the featest lass,  
That e're *Jockey's* ey'n see."

When *Jockey* had woo'd her thus, she said, "Prithee forbear !  
Thou *Jockey* art false I fear, and would *Jenny* insnare."  
"Dear *Jenny*, believe it not, that thy *Jockey* is untrue ;  
For I do swear by all that's good, in this pleasant wood,  
And by Bonnet that's blew." 14

"O *Jockey*, shame faw thy luggs, for telling sike a tale ;  
It is not aw thy honey words are like for to prevail !"  
For *Jenny* is a harmless lass, fearing to be trappan'd,  
Although that *Jockey* is a lad but few like are to be had  
In all fair *Scotland*.

"My *Jenny*, ne'r make a din, but let us gang [to] play,  
Since that thou art so neat and trim, upon this holliday :  
I'le give thee ale and spiced cakes, I [=Aye], and love thee tenderly,  
There we'l have a merry bout, and keep a Revel Rout,  
Under the Greenwood Tree." 28

"Dear *Jockey*, I like it weel, a little sport to make ;  
Yet do I fear that, after all, poor *Jenny's* heart s'ud ake :  
I wad not for a score of pounds I should come unto disgrace,  
Then, prithee *Jockey*, get thee gone, and leave thy *Jenny* all alone  
In this uncouth place."

"O *Jenny*, ne'r tell me that thy *Jockey's* sike a loon ;  
Thou need'st not for to be afraid by *Jockey* to lig down :  
For as I am a lively lad, meaning to the[e] honestly,  
I'le give thee nothing that is bad, but the best that can be had,  
As *Jenny* shall see." 42

“ O *Jockey*, s’ud I believe, ’tis sure what you [do] say,  
 And that you s’ud your *Jenny* leave, and basely gang away! ” —  
 “ My *Jenny*, I’le plight my troth, ever to thee to be true ;  
 Then believe me what I say, for I scorn to gang away,  
 To make my *Jenny* rue.”

“ Why s’ud I not now believe, when dear *Jockey* does swear,  
 By *Bonnet* and aw that’s good, that e’re *Jockey* shall wear ?  
 Then let us gang heam, my dear, and be merry there a while,  
 I love the[e] heartily, my joy, thou art the onely boy  
 On whom *Jenny* shall smile.”

56

“ My *Jenny*, thou chear’st my heart, to give [me] thy consent,  
 Thy *Jockey* will never start, but give *Jenny* content :  
 A *Trenchmore Galliard* we will have, all for joy, this very night,\*  
 And i’ th’ morn we’l gang to th’ Kirk, where I’le see my *Jenny* smirk,  
 As soon as day light.”

Thus *Jockey* and *Jenny* beath agreed for to be wed ;  
 For *Jockey* he thought it long to have *Jenny* in bed :  
 Next morning to the Kirk they went, finely wedded for to be,  
 And at this time are man and wife, living free and void of strife,  
 In their own Country.

70

### Finis.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-ball*, in *West-Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Woodcut of the blue-bonneted Scots *Jockey* holding hand of a muckle Lass, as in ‘*The Chamberlain’s Tragedy*,’ *Bagford Ballads*, p. 174 ; also the floral-ornament of our p. 218. Date of original, circa 1679.]

\* For *Trenchmore Galliard*, vide post, p. 343, and p. 246, ante.

\*\* This *Wooing* is an extended version of a three-stanza Playhouse song, for which the music was composed by William Gregorie, and printed in Playford’s *Choice Ayres*, Book 2nd, p. 12, 1679. The three stanzas, slightly varied in a few words, correspond with our *Roxburghe Ballads* first, second, and eighth. The words are also in *Wit and Drollery*, 1682 edition, p. 114, there entitled “*Jockey and Jenny*.” A Sequel begins, “Now, *Jockey*, thou art the lad.” To the Tune of, *Would Jenny were here again*. Printed for *Richard Burton*, at the *Horse-shooe* in *West-Smithfield*. In Two Parts. Twelve stanzas of nine lines each, with two woodcuts. The title is, ‘A Maidenhead Ill Bestowed ; Or, A New Dialogue betwixt kind *Jenny* of the Lough, and unkind *Jockey* of the Lee.’ We give it on p. 346. The story is told in a verse-argument thus :—

*Jenny* to *Jockey* had been kind, but *Jockey* wavers like the wind ;  
*Jenny* her shame would gladly hide, and fain would be *Jockey’s* Bride,  
 But *Jockey* he, in great disdain,  
 Slights her, which makes her thus complain. (Rawlinson Coll., 215.)

Note on *The Lover’s Prophesie*, p. 299. Date shown by second tune-name, the degradation of Titus Oates, after James II. came to the throne, April, 1685. The allusion in second stanza was a standing joke, in ridicule of Colonel John Hewson the Cromwellian *cobler*, who died at Amsterdam, 1662, without suspence on the Three-legged Mare ; he having fled to Holland at the Restoration.



## The Merry Wooing of Robin and Joan.

WE here record another Wooing, but it is in Zommerset-dialect, being a West-Country ditty. Rough and ready it is, certainly without refinement or courtly grace: the unidealized presentment of Two Country Lovers, and the future mother-in-law of the bride.

As to the three tune-names of one single tune: 1st, *The Beginning of the World* (of which the original words, before the *Lingua* of 1607, are lost), and 2nd, *Sellenger's Round*, alias Sallenger's or St. Leger's Round, see *Popular Music*, p. 69, 1855; 3rd, *The Great Boobee*, ballad here reprinted on p. 273.

In a MS. (Brit. Mus. Reg. 12. B. 1) in the handwriting of Ben Jonson, circa 1610, is a song thus headed, '*Mirth. Tune of Salings. Ro.*'—beginning,

“There was a mad lad had an acre of ground,  
And hee sold it for fine pound,  
He went to the Taverne and drank it out,  
Unless it were one Half Crowne.  
And as he went thence, he met with a Wench,  
And askt her if shee were willing  
To go to the Tavern, and spend eighteen pence,  
And [kiss] for th' other odd shilling.”

*Sellenger's Round* is mentioned in John Gee's *Foot out of the Snare*, 1624; and in the *Third Satire against the Jesuits*, 1679, by John Oldham (*Works*, p. 51, edit. 1703, quoted in Crotch's *Lectures*):—

“'Twas found a good and gainful art of old  
(And much it did our Church's pow'r uphold)  
To feign Hobgoblins, Elves, or walking Sprites,  
And Fairies, dancing *Sallenger* o' nights.”



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 343 ; Pepysian, IV. 15.]

The  
**Gerry Wooing of Robin and Joan,**  
 The West-Country Lovers.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Beginning of the World*, or, *Sellinger's Round*, or,  
*Great Boobe* [sic. see p. 307].



[This also belongs to 'The Willow Green turn'd into White,' and to pp. 177, 178.]

“ O Mother! ’have been a Batchellor, [‘Chave’=I have  
 This twelve and twenty yeare,  
 And I’ze have often been a wooing:  
 And yet ch’am never the near:  
*Joan Gromball* chee’l ha’ none of me,  
 I’ze look so like a Lowt:  
 But I ’vaith, ’cham as proper a man as she;  
 Zhee needs not be zo stout. 8

“ She zaics, if I’ze cou’d daunce and sing,  
 As *Thomas Miller* can,  
 Or cut a Cauper, as little *Jack Taylor*,  
 O how chee’d love me then;  
 But zoft and fair, ch’il none of that,  
 I ’vaith, ’cham not zo nimble,  
 The Taylor ha’ nought to trouble his thought,  
 But his needle and his thimble.” 16

[ROBIN'S MOTHER.]—"O Zon, th' art of a lawful age,  
And a jolly tide[y] Boy,  
I'de have thee try her once again,  
She can but say [thee] nay."

[ROBIN.]—"Then, O grammarcy, Mother!  
Ch'ill zet a good vace of the matter;  
Ch'ill dress up my zelf as fine as a dog,  
And ch'ill have a fresh bout at her.

21

"And first ch'ill put on my Zunday 'parrel,  
That's lac'd about the Quarters;  
With a pair of Buckram Slops,  
And a Vanting pair of Garters;  
With my Sword ti'de vast to my zide,  
And my Grandfather's du[d]gen Dagger,  
And a Peacock's-Veather in my capp,  
Then, ah! how I'ze shall swagger!"

32

[MOTHER.]—"Nay, take the Lockrum Napkin, Son,<sup>1</sup> [Linen.  
To wipe thy znotty Nose."

"'Tis no matter vor that, ch'ille znort is out,  
And ulurt it athwart my Cloath[e]s."

"Od's bodkins, nay, fie away!

I prethee, Son, do not so;

Be mannerly, Son, till thou can'st tell

[*ad interim.*

Whether shee'l ha' thee, or no."

40

[ROBIN.]—"But, Zirrah Mother, hark awhile!  
Who's that that comes so near?"

"'Tis *Joan Gromball*, hold thy peace,  
For fear that she do hear."

"Nay, an't be she, ch'ille dress my words,

In zuch a Schollard's grace;

But virst of all, shall [sh]ake my hands

[*text 'take.'*

And lay them athwart her vace.

48

"Good-morrow, my Honey, my Sugar-Candy,  
My little pretty Mouse!

Cha hopes thy Vather and Mother be well,  
At home, at thine own House.

Ich am zhame-vac't to show my mind,

Ch'am zure, thou knowest my Arrant:

Zum say, *Jug*, that I mun ha' thee."

"O no, good Sir, I warrant.

[*a.l.* 'At leisure, Sir.'

<sup>1</sup> "His Ruffe was of fine *Lockeram*, stitched very faire with Coventry blue."  
—*Nares, sub voce*, from Greene's *Vision*. Comp. our p. 318, l. 54, *Kester's Ruff*.

- [JOAN.]—" 'You must' (Sir Clown) is for the king;  
And not for such a mome;  
You might have said 'by your leave, fair Maid!'  
And leave your 'Must' alone."
- [ROBIN.]—" Ieh am no more a Clown, that's vlat;  
Ch'am in my Zunday Apparel.  
Ieh came vor Love, and I pray so tak't;  
Che hopes che will not quarrell." 64
- JOAN.—" [O,] *Robin*, dost thou love me so well?"  
ROBIN.—" I 'vaith, abomination!"
- " Why then you should have fram'd your words  
Into a finer fashion."
- [ROBIN.]—" *Vine Vashions* and *Vine Speeches* too,  
As Schollards Volks can utter!—  
Ch'ad rather speak but two words plain,  
Than half a score and stutter." 72
- " Ch'ave Land, ch'ave House, Ch'ave twa vat Beasts;  
That's better than fine speeches."
- JOAN.—" 'Tis a sign that Fortune favours Fools;  
She lets them have such Riches!"
- ROBIN.—" Hark how she comes upon me now!  
I do wish it be a good zine."
- JOAN.—" He that will steal any wit from thee,  
Had need to rise betime." 80
- [*Drollery versions end here.*]
- [ROBIN.]—" I'se Vaith, I'se am no vool I'se zay;  
I'se think you zud know better:  
Dost thou think I'se not know I pray,  
Good speech and manners [fi]tter?" [text 'better.']
- JOAN.—" 'Tis sure you know not, if you did  
You'd ne'er have been a Lover."
- ROBIN.—" Nay, nay, my Dear, nay, nay, udzlid,  
Why mun not I discover— 88
- " What long in secret I'se ha' kept,  
And wou'd ha' longer done it,  
Had not my passion been zo heap'd,  
I'se had no more room for it."
- JOAN.—" And are you in Love [*Robin*] as you say?"
- ROBIN.—" Yes, Vaith and Troth, I'se zware it!"
- JOAN.—" Then prithee, *Robin*, set the day,  
And wee's ee'n both be married." 96

[*Finis.*]

[In Black-letter. Colophon cut off, Pepys duplicate has 'Printed for *J. Conyers*, at the *Raven* in *Duck-Lane.*' Four woodcuts: see p. 311. Date, before 1658.]

Four woodcuts to 'The Merry Wooing of Robin and Joan.'—One is on p. 308; 2nd, the bowing man, reverse of p. 175; 3rd, woman, p. 29; 4th, man, p. 296.

\* \* See p. 307 for Note on the Tunes. The mention of 'Great Boobee' as an alternative tune-name to this 'Merry Wooing' ballad helps to fix the early date of 'The Great Boobee'; as shown by reference to Paul's Steeple (pp. 274, 277).

Although not more than two broadside copies of this ballad are known to be extant, with prolongation of two extra stanzas, to finish it happily, it was in book-form printed in *Wit Restored*, 1658, p. 168 (reprint, 1873, p. 290); in *Wit and Drollery*, the 1682 edition, p. 90, where it is entitled 'The West-Country Batchelor's Complaint,' as it is also in vol. iii. p. 318 of Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, 1716 edition. Robert Jamieson repeated it among his *Scottish Popular Ballads and Songs*, 1806, vol. i. p. 330. He copied it from *Wit Restored*, where no title is given to it (after indication 'To the tune of the Beginning of the World'), unless a title be intended in the line beneath, viz. "R.P. *Delight*." This we interpret to mean '*Robin Plowman's Delight*.'

We find a *Scotified* version of our Somersetshire ballad given as '*Robin's Courtship*' in Herd and Mason's *Scotch Songs*, 1776, ii. 218, beginning "How lang have I a Batchelor been!" but it is of no authority whatever, simply an example of theft and conveyancing. Nay, more, it is a fresh instance of the truth that plagiarists are duces, and know not how fitly to use stolen property. Such needs higher wit than they possess. David Herd and George Paton of Edinburgh maltreated the original '*Merry Wooing of West-Country Lovers*' (to quote Sheridan,) "as gipsies treat stolen children: disfigured them to make them pass for their own." They added superfluous ribaldry (*ex. gratia*):—

"His mither came out, and wi' the dish clout,  
She daddit about his mow;  
'The deil's i' the chield! I think he's gane daft;  
Get up, ye blubbering Sow!"

Surely "Caledonia stern and wild" did not show herself to be "fit Nurse for a poetic child" of the Somersetshire order, Robin or Joan. They add other six incongruous stanzas, from a distinct ballad, and Robin says, in Anglo-Scots,

"O see but how she mocks me now: she scoffs me, and does scorn;  
*The man that marries you, fair Maid, maun rise right i' the morn*"!!!



J. W. E.



[The man belongs to p. 184; the woman to pp. 103, 105, 112, 187, etc.]

## Arthur o' Bradley's Wedding.

*Idlenis.*—"This is a world, to see how Fortune changeth!  
 This shalbe his luck which like me rangeth and raingeth;  
*For the honour of Artrebradle,*  
*This age wold make me swere madly!*  
 Giue me one peny or a halfpenny, Sir!"

—Contract of a *Marriage between Wit and Wisdom.*<sup>1</sup>

POPULARITY clung for three centuries to the swaggering royster, *Arthur o' Bradley*, and the successive songs in his honour. Considerable variations exist among all the known versions. *For the honour of Arthur o' Bradley* is the chief line of the burden in both the additional and earlier ballads we now give, for comparison, with the later corrupt and imperfect Roxburghe exemplar: 1st.—that of 1656 (but almost certainly of an antecedent date), in *Wit's Merriment or Lusty Drollery*, pp. 81 to 87; and 2nd.—The fifth song of *An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded with Jovial Songs, and merry Catches*. Printed at London and Westminster, 1661. A different version, beginning, "Come neighbours and listen awhile, if ever you wished for to smile," etc. (Douce Coll., IV. 18, 19), used to ring in our ears during early boyhood, which is considerably more than three years ago, your Worships! Before our time, between 1816 and 1822 it was sung by one Taylor, a comic actor in London, and it was published with music said to be "arranged by S. Hale, at Walker's." This version is virtually identical with the one reprinted by the Percy Society, in their *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, 1846, J. H. Dixon editor: the foundation volume of Robert Bell's, in his *Annotated British Poets*, where it reappears on p. 139.

Joseph Ritson had mentioned our garbled Roxburghe broadside in his *Robin Hood*, vol. ii. p. 211, 1797. To this J. H. Dixon refers, on p. 160, saying, "Ritson quotes another and apparently much more modern song [than our version of *Merry Drollery* and *Antidote*, 1661], on the same subject and to the same tune, beginning—

'All in the merry month of May.'

It is a miserable composition, as may be seen by referring to a copy preserved in the third volume of the Roxburghe [Collection of broadside] Ballads." Dixon knew very little about ballad-lore, and was quite ignorant of the fact that "All in the merry month of May" was merely a corrupt and imperfect survival from the 1656 *Drollery* version. Poor though it be, it is too important a link in the chain to be thrown aside as lumber, utterly despised. So we reprint it here, on p. 320; since it claims the right to be enrolled as a *Roxburghe Ballad*.

<sup>1</sup> The lines quoted above, as motto, occur in scena 6 of an *Interlude* in the Morality Play of '*Sir Thomas More*,' in MS. dated 1579: but an allusion to "the Kingis most Royal Majestie" fixes back the composition to temp. Edw. VI., circa 1552. See J. O. Halliwell's edition, for the *Shakespeare Society* in 1846.

Moreover, in our private collection we have a better printed contemporary copy, assuming to be Scotch (!!!) because printed at Edinburgh in 1778: It corrects and supplements the Roxburge broadside.

A still more degraded and utterly senseless version is given in the *Universal Songster*, vol. i. p. 368, 1826, beginning,

“ ’Twas in the sweet month of *May*, I walk'd out to take the air,  
My Father he died one day, and he left me his heir.”

At sundry times and in sundry volumes we have gathered and displayed the history of this long-descended song. That it went to the tune of *Sir Roger de Coverley* in modern days is certain, and one stanza is so printed in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 540. Befittingly we here insert the lively earlier versions.

In Thomas Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1604, Part 1st, Act v. sc. 2, Bellafront, simulating madness, alludes to the ballad (given on our p. 222) ‘The Friar in the Well’ when she asks, “Am not I a good girl, for *finding the Friar in the Well?*” and, on learning that Mattheo must make her amends by marriage, she exclaims, “Shall he? *O brave Arthur of Bradley then!*”

In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, Act ii. sc. 1, Ursula asks, “What new roarer is this?” (when she is marvelling at the obtrusive entrance of the Sectary, Adam Overdo): Mooncalf answers her, “O Lord! do you not know him, Mistress? *'tis mad Arthur of Bradley, that makes the orations.*—Brave Master, old *Arthur of Bradley*, how do you? welcome to the Fair! when shall we hear you again, to handle your matters, *with your back against a booth, ha?* I have been one of your little disciples, in my days.”

In ‘A new Ballad of Robin Hood, his Birth, Breeding,’ etc., beginning, “Kind Gentlemen, will you be patient awhile,” *circa* 1650-80, the 46th stanza runs:—

“ Before we came to it [*i.e.* to *Titbury*], we heard a great shouting,  
And all that were in it look'd madly;  
For some were a-Bull-back, some dancing a Morris, [Cf. p. 317, line 9.  
And some singing *Arthur a Bradley.*”

In Richard Brathwaite's *A Strappado for the Diuell*, 1615, p. 225 (reprinted by Robert Roberts of Boston, Linc., in 1878, with an *Introduction* by the present Editor), is a poem addressed to “the Cottonneers of Wakefield, Bradford, and Kendall,” containing a reference to the ballad in question, thus:—

“ The fourth is chanting of his Notes so gladly,  
Keeping the tune for the honour of ARTHURA BRADLEY.” (p. 209 *Rep.*)

Again, in Edward Gayton's *Festivous Notes to Don Quixote* (4to., 1654, p. 141, one of the most delightful books of discursive drollery ever written), we read, “’Tis not alwaies sure that *'tis merry in [the] Hall when beards wag all*, for these men's beards wagg'd as fast as they could tug 'em, but mov'd no mirth at all: They were verifying that song of—

‘ *Heigh, brave Arthur o' Bradley,*  
A beard without haire looks madly.’”

The final line is either Gayton's own, or else it belongs to a lost version. In William Wycherley's *Gentleman Dancing Master*, 1673, Act i. sc. 2, Gerard says, “Sing him *'Arthur of Bradley,*’ or *'I am the Duke of Norfolk.*”

We give on p. 314, the earliest-extant printed version, one not improbably written by John Phillips, nephew of Milton, and reputed collector of the volume of *Jovial Poems*, in which it appeared in 1656. The volume itself has never been reprinted, but was already mentioned on our p. 272, when we annotated ‘The Tombs at Westminster’ attributed to the same writer, or to his own brother Ed. Phillips. Both versions, 1656 and 1661, deserve preservation for comparison.

*N.B.*—Of many Bradleys, Arthur's was probably *Great Bradley*, near Newmarket, Suffolk; his bride Winifred being of *Madingley*, beside Cambridge.

[The Wedding of Arthur o' Bradley.]  
A Song.

[The version of 1656 : written earlier.]



All you that desire to merry be, come listen unto me,  
And a story I shall tell, which of a Wedding befell,  
Between *Arthur of Bradley* and *Winifred of Madly*. [= *Madingley, Camb.*  
As *Arthur* upon a day met *Winifred* on the way,  
He took her by the hand, desiring her to stand,  
Saying, "I must to thee recite a matter of [great] weight;  
Of Love that conquers Kings, in grieved hearts so rings:  
And if thou dost love thy Mother, love him that can love no other,  
*Which is oh! brave Arthur [o' Bradley! O, rare Arthur o' Bradley,*  
*Arthur o' Bradley, oh!*]" 10

"For in the month of *May*, Maidens they will say,  
'A *May-pole* we must have, your helping hand we crave.'" [= *May-pole*, before 1642.  
And when it is set in the earth, the maids bring *Sullybubs* forth, [= *Syllabubs*.  
Not one will touch a sup till I begin a cup.  
For I am the end of all, of them, both great and small.  
Then tell me yea or nav, for I can no longer stay."'  
*With oh! brave Arthur [o' Bradley! oh, rare Arthur o' Bradley]*, etc. 20

"Why truly, *Arthur*," quoth she, "If you so minded be,  
My good will I grant to you, or anything I can do.  
One thing I will compell, [t]o ask my mother's good will;  
Then from thee I never will flye, unto the day I do dye.'" [text 'so.'  
Then homeward they went with speed, where the Mother they met indeed.



“ Well met, fair Dame ! ” quoth *Arthur*, “ To move you I am come hither,  
For I am come to crave your daughter for to have,  
For I mean to make her my wife, and to live with her all my life.”  
*With oh ! brave Arthur [o' Bradley ! oh, rare Arthur o' Bradley], etc.* 30

The old Woman shreek'd and cry'd, and took her daughter aside,  
“ How now, daughter,” quoth she, “ Are you so forward indeed,  
As for to marry he, without consent of me ?  
Thou never saw'st thirteen year, Nor art not able, I fear,  
To take any over-sight, to rule any man's house aright.”  
“ Why truly, mother,” quoth she, “ You are mistaken in me :  
If time do not decrease, I am fifteen yeares at least.”  
*With oh ! brave [Arthur o' Bradley ! oh, rare Arthur o'], etc.* 40

Then *Arthur* to them did walk, and broke them of their talk :  
“ I tell you, Dame,” quoth he, “ I can have as good as thee :  
For when Death my Father did call, he then did leave me all  
His barrels and his brooms, and a dozen of wooden-spoons,  
Dishes six or seven, besides an old spade, even  
A brasse pot and whimble, a pack-needle and thimble,  
A pudding prick and reele, and my Mother's own sitting-wheeel ;  
And also there fell to my lot, a goodly mustard-pot.  
*With oh ! brave Arthur,” etc.* 50

The old Woman made a reply, with courteous modesty,  
“ If needs it must so be, to the match I will agree.  
For [when] Death doth me call, I then will leave her all :  
For I have an earthen flaggon, besides a three quart noggin,  
With spickets and fossets five, besides an old bee-hive ;  
A wooden ladle and maile, and a goodly old clouting paille ;  
Of a chaff bed I am well sped, and there the Bride shall be wed,  
And every night shall wear a bolster stufft with haire,  
A blanket for the Bride, and a winding sheet beside,  
And hemp, if he will it break, new curtaines for to make ;  
To make all [well] too, I have Stories gay and brave [*i.e.* pictures.  
Of all the world so fine, with oh ! brave eyes of mine ;  
*With oh ! brave Arthur [o' Bradley ! oh, rare Arthur o' Bradley],” etc.* 64

When *Arthur* his wench obtained, and all his suits had gained,  
A joyfull man was he, as any that you could see ;  
Then homeward he went with speed, till he met with her indeed.  
Two neighbours then did take to bid guests for his sake :  
“ For dishes and all such ware, you need not take any care.”  
*With oh ! brave Arthur [o' Bradley], etc.* 71

To the Church they went apace, and wisht they might have grace,  
After the Parson to say, and not stumble by the way ;  
For that was all their doubt, that either of them should be out ;  
And when that they were wed, and each of them well sped,  
The Bridegroom home he ran, and after him his man,  
And after [t]hem the Bride, full joyful at the tyde,  
As she was plac'd betwixt two Yeomen of the guests,  
And he was neat and fiue, for he thought him at that time  
Sufficient in every thing, to wait upon a King :  
But at the door did not miss to give her a smacking kiss. [*text*, ‘ he did’  
*With oh ! brave [Arthur o' Bradley ! oh, rare Arthur], etc.* 83

To dinner they quickly gat, and the Bride betwixt them sat,  
 The Cook to the Dresser did call, the young men then ran all,  
 And thought great dignity to carry up Furmety.  
 Then came leaping *Lewis*, and he called hard for Brewis;  
 "Stay!" quoth *Davy Rudding*, "Thou go'st too fast with th' pudding."  
 Then came *Sampson Seal*, and he carry'd Mutton and Veal;  
 The old woman scolds so fast, to the Cook she makes great hast[e],  
 And him she did controul, and swore that the Porridge was cold.  
*With oh! brave [Arthur o' Bradley! oh, rare Arthur o' Bradley], etc.* 93

"My Masters, a while be brief! Who taketh up the Beef?"  
 Then came *William Dickens*, and carries the Snipes and Chickens.  
*Bartholomew* brought up the Mustard, *Caster* he carry'd the Custard.  
 In comes *Roger Bore*, he carry'd up Rabbets before:  
 Quoth *Roger*, "I'll give thee a cake, if thou wilt carry the Drake."  
 I speak not more nor less, no[w] of the greatest mess,  
 Nor how the Bride did carve, nor how the Groom did serve,  
*With oh! brave [Arthur o' Bradley! oh, rare Arthur], etc.* 102

But when that they had din'd, then every man had wine;  
 The maids they stood aloof, while the young men made a proof  
 Who had the nimblest heele, or who could dance so well,  
 Till *Hob* of the Hill fell o'er, and over him three or four.  
 Up he got at last, and forward about he past;  
 At *Rowland* he kick'd and grins, and h[it] *William* o're the shins;  
 He takes not any offence, but fleeres upon his wench.  
 The Piper he play'd [a] *Fadding*, and they ran all a gadding.  
*With oh! brave Arthur [o' Bradley! oh, rare Arthur o' Bradley! 112*  
*Oh, rare Arthur o' Bradley, Arthur o' Bradley, Oh.]*

[This earliest-known version was not mentioned by John Payne Collier, who, c. 1865-68, reprinted *An Antidote against Melancholy* in his 'Blue Series.' Neither he nor William Chappell knew of any versions earlier than the 1661, of "Saw ye not Pierce the Piper?" We add it here from the *Antidote*, instead of from *Merry Drollery* of the same date. It tells nothing of the Courtship, and is quite distinct from our p. 314 text.

We believe the 'N.D.,' who collected the *Antidote* Songs, was no other than [He]N[ry Playfor]D, dwelling near the Temple Church, son of John Playford, music publisher, and elder brother of another John Playford.

[This quaint cut belongs to many ballads, pp. 135, 265, 329, etc.]



# The Ballad of Arthur of Bradley.

(The Antidote against Melancholy version, 1661.)



SEE you not *Peirce* the Piper, his cheeks as big as a Myter,  
 N Piping among the Swains, that danc't on yonder plains,  
 Where *Tib* and *Tom* do tread it, and youths their Horn-pipes lead it;  
 With every man his carriage, to go to yonder marriage?  
 Not one would stay behind, but goe with *Arthur a Bradley*.  
*Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley! Oh fine Arthur of Bradley!*  
*Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley! Oh, &c.*

*Arthur* had got him a Lass, a bonnier never was,  
 The chief Youths of the parish came dancing of the Morris,  
 With Country Lasses trouncing, and lusty Lads bousing;  
 Dancing with musick pride, and every one's wench by his side:  
 They all were fine and gay, for the honour of *Arthur of Bradley*.  
*Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley! Oh, etc.*

14

But when that *Arthur* was married, and his Bride home had carried,  
 The Youngsters they did wait, to help to carry up meat:  
*Francis* carried the furmety, *Mi[chael]* carryed the mince-pye,  
*Bartholomew* the beife and the mustard, and *Christopher* carry'd the  
 custard. [text, 'Mighill.')  
 Thus every one went in this 'ray, for the honour of *Arthur of Bradley*,  
*Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley! Oh, [rare Arthur of Bradley], etc.*

But when that Dinner was ended, the Maydens were befriended ;  
 For out stept *Dick* the Draper, and he bid "Pipe up, scraper !  
 Better be dancing a little, than into the town to tipple."  
 He bid him play a Horn-pipe, that goes fine of the Bagpipe :  
 "Then forward, Piper, and play, *for the honour of Arthur of Bradley* :  
*Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley ! Oh, [rare Arthur of Bradley],*" etc.

Then *Richard* he did lead it, and *Margery* she did tread it,  
*Francis* followed then, and after courteous *Jane*.  
 Thus every one after another, as if they had been sister and brother,  
 That 'twas a great joy to see, how well they did agree ;  
 And then they all did say, "*Hay for Arthur of Bradley !*  
*Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley ! Oh,*" etc.

When all the Swaines did see this mirth and merry glee,  
 There was never a man did flinch, but every man kist his wench ;  
 But *Giles* was greedy of gain, and he would needs kiss twain :  
 Her Lover, seeing that, did rap him on the pate,  
 That he had not one word to say *for the honour of Arthur of Bradley*.  
*Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley ! Oh, [rare Arthur,]* etc. 42

The Piper look't aside, and there he spide the Bride ;  
 He thought it was a hard chance that none would lead her a dance ;  
 For never a man durst touch her, but onely *Will* the Butcher ;  
 He took her by the hand, and danc't whil'st he could stand ;  
 The Bride was so fine and gay, *for the honour of Arthur of Bradley*.  
*Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley ! Oh,* etc.

Then out stept *Will* the Weaver, and he swore he'd not leave her :  
 He hop't it all of a leg, for the honour of his *Peg* ;  
 But *Kester* in *Cambrick* Ruffe, he took that in snuffe, [i.e. scorn.  
 For he against that day had made himself fine and gay :  
 His ruffe was whipt over with blew ; he cried, "A new Dance ! a new !  
 Then forward, Piper, and play, *for the honour of Arthur of Bradley !*"  
*Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley ! Oh,* etc. 56

Then 'gan the Sun decline, and every one thought it time  
 To go unto his home, and leave the Bridegroom alone.  
 "To 't, to 't," quoth lusty *Ned*, "Wee'l see them both in bed ;  
 For I will jeopard a joynt but I will get his codpiece-point :  
 Then strike up, Piper, and play, *for the honour of Arthur of Bradley !*"  
*Oh ! fine Arthur of Bradley ! Oh,* etc.

And thus the day was spent, and no man homeward went ;  
 There was such crowding and thrusting, that some were in danger  
 of bursting,  
 To see them goe to bed : [yet] for all the skill they had,  
 [*Arthur*] was gott to his Bride, and laid him close by her side. [t. 'He.]

They got his points and garters, and cut them in pieces like quarters,  
And then they bid the Piper play, *for the honour of Arthur of Bradley.*

*Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley! Oh, etc.* 70

Then *Will* and his Sweet-heart did call for *Loth to depart*; [*Note.\**]  
And then they did foot it and toss it, till the Cook had brought up  
the Posset;

The Bride-pye was brought forth, a thing of mickle worth;  
And so all at the bed-side took leave of *Arthur* and his Bride;  
And so they went away, from the Wedding of *Arthur of Bradley.*

*Oh, fine Arthur [of Bradley! Oh rare Arthur of Bradley!*

*Oh, brave Arthur of Bradley, Arthur of Bradley, Oh!]*

### Finis.

\* *Note on 'Loath to depart.'* (See *Popular Music*, pp. 173, 708, 772, for tunes, played on taking leave of companions.) In *Deuteronomia*, 1609, is a Round,

Sing with thy mouth, sing with thy heart,  
Like faithful friends, sing *Loath to depart*.  
Though friends together may not always remain,  
Yet *Loath to depart* sing once again.

Probably the finest known is Dr. John Donne's 'Break of Day,' to which Orlando Gibbons set the music (changing it to "Ah, dear heart, why do you rise?"):

Stay, O Sweet, and do not rise, [*al. lect.*, 'Lie near.'  
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;  
The day breaks not, it is my heart,  
Because that you and I must part.  
Stay, or else my joys will die,  
And perish in their infancy. (Three stanzas follow.)

—*Donne's Poems*, in Dr. Grosart's *Fuller Worthies Lib.*, i. 179, 1873.

But the most popular *Loath to depart*, played when a regiment is quitting the barrack-town or going on ship-board, is 'The Girl I left behind me.' Of this the words are variously given, "I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill;" ('Brighton Camp: or, the Girl I left behind me,' of date *circa* 1758, to an old West of England tune). The Scottish favourite is "Good night, and joy be wi' you all."

Perhaps the earliest *Loath to depart* words we possess to the tune is the ballad entitled 'Rowland's Godsonne' (16th century MS., Rawl. Poet., 185, Bodl.),

*Besse.*—"Tell me, *Ihon*, why art thou so sad?  
Tell me, *Ihon*, tell me, *Ihon*, what is'te will make thee glad?  
Thou knowest thy misteries [*Mistress*] loues thee well,  
Soe dearly as I care to tell.  
Tell me, I pray thee,  
Let nothing dismay thee,  
But let me enjoy thy loue, thy loue."

*Ihon.*—"O *Mistress* mine, I can not be merry," etc.

This gives us the rhythm, if not the words also, of the *Loath to depart* songs, mentioned as being sung in Beaumont & Fletcher's *Wit at Several Weapons*, ii. 2; Thomas Middleton's *Old Law*, iv. 1, etc.

Next follows the Roxburghe Coll. *Lincolnshire* version of *Arthur o' Bradley*. Local allusions indicate that county and neighbourhood. (*Comp. Note*, on p. 313.)

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 283. See Note at end, on p. 321.]

## Arthur o' Bradley.



All in the merry month of *May*, the Maid[ens they did say  
That] a *May*-pole they will have, your helping hand I do crave ;  
For there's never a man shall sup, till I have drunk my cup,  
For I am belov'd by all, the great and the small.  
For my name it is *Arthur o' Bradley, O*,  
*O rare Arthur o' Bradley, O fine Arthur o' Bradley O.*

And as I went forth one day, I met a maid by the way ;  
I took her by the hand, desiring her to stand ;  
For 'tis Love conquers kings, and a sorrowful heart brings,  
For if you lov'd your mother, love me and no other.  
*For my name [it is Arthur o' Bradley], etc.*

20

Then *Arthur* a wooing went, to gain her friends' consent,  
And Beauty he must have, because he is rich and brave,  
His sweetheart had but one eye, her nose stood all awry,  
Her mouth from ear to ear, her teeth as rotten as a pear,  
With a hump upon her back, for a erump she did not lack,  
With bandy legs also, a wheelbarrow may go through.  
And her name it was *Draggletail Dorothy*.\*

29

[Note.—\* Here comes in the stanza supplied by Trowbesh print of 1778 :—

Young *Arthur* went out one day, met *Dorothy* by the way,  
And took her by the hand, desiring her for to stand ;  
“ If you love your Mother, love me ! and love no other but me ;  
*For my name it is Arthur o' Bradley, O rare,*” etc.]

“ I'll ask thy mother's leave !” So then they went with speed.  
“ Good-morrow, mother !” said he. “ You're welcome, son,” said she.  
“ One question of you I do crave, your daughter for to have,  
For I love her as my life, and will make her my wife,  
*For my name [it is Arthur o' Bradley, O rare,*” etc.

49

The old woman [screech'd and] cry'd, and call'd her daughter aside,  
 " O daughter sweet ! " cries she, \* " what makes you so eager be [v. infra.  
 To be a bumkin's Bride, when better will lie by your side ? "  
 " You lie, you old whore," cries he, " I can have as good as she,  
 For my name [it is Arthur o' Bradley]," etc. 59

[\* Here are the variorum lines from our book-version, 1778 :—

" What a foolish young girl are ye ! How can you so frolicksome be ?  
 Scarce fifteen years of age, to rule a man's house, and engage ;  
 Besides you are not fit, to keep an old man in his wit." ]

Then Arthur about her did walk, to interrupt her talk, [Here transp.  
 " Adzooks, mother ! " said he, " I can have as good as she.  
 My father in his will left me all, when Death does him call :  
 Some good old looms, with a dozen of wooden spoons,  
 And a dozen of buttons hanging upon a string,  
 One left-hand mitten, and an old curtain ring ;  
 Spiggots and fansits five, besides an old bee-hive,  
 With a chamber pot as good, as ever was made of wood.  
 For my name [it is Arthur o' Bradley]," etc. 77

" When Death shall my Father call, he vows to leave me all :  
 A wooden wedge and maul, and a jolly clout withal ;  
 With barrels, bukets, looms, and a dozen of wooden spoons,  
 A cheese-fat and [a] ladder, with two churns laid together.  
 A basket and a wimble, a pack-needle and thimble.  
 Nine barn rakes and [a] frail, besides an old cart-nail ;  
 And at last falls to my lot, a sweet old mustard-pot,  
 For my name [it is Arthur o' Bradley]," etc. 93

" And a wedding we will have, so jolly, fine and brave,  
 I'll bid my neighbours round, one out of every town,  
 Old mother Hobbs of Spalding, Moll Becks of Walding, [Sp., Lin., Walden, Es.  
 John Sty of Eversham, old Grace of Evengham ;  
 Barbling Grey of Sutton, Ralph Swill of Duiton. [Sut., Linc., Ditton, Cam.  
 For my name [it is Arthur o' Bradley]," etc. 99  
 [Cætera desunt.]

[Printed in one long slip, White-letter, without woodcut, or colophon ; but we add a woodcut on p. 320. We here restore an additional stanza from a printed copy in our own Trowbesh Collection, 'Edinburgh, printed by and for James Murray, Parliament Square, 1778,' beginning "'Twas in the month of May."

[Then Goody took Arthur aside, gave Dorothy for his Bride ;  
 Their eldest Son to be heir, they both did vow and declare.  
 The Bride and Bridegroom skipt, to bed in haste they tript.  
 The caudle and posset did go, the maidens the Stocking did throw.  
 While Dorothy soon cry'd O ! . . . O rare Arthur o' Bradley !  
 O rare Arthur o' Bradley, O ! Good ale is belov'd by all.

Now Arthur has gotten a wife, the like was ne'er seen in life ;  
 She's a mouth from ear to ear, etc. [continues, as our second stanza.]

\* \* One must not be misled by first lines. There are three ballads beginning with " All in the merry month of May," beside the Roxburghe slip-song of Arthur o' Bradley. One is a 1798 version of 'Crnel Barbara Allan' (it properly begins " In Carlisle town," or " In Scarlet town, where I was bound ;" reprinted in vol. iii. p. 434) ; in the Melodist, the British Songster, and Ipswich Apollo : " All in the merry month of May, when green buds they are swelling."

Second, a broadside ballad to the tune of *Lady, lie near me*, or, *The Green Garter*. It was written by R.G., *i.e.* by Robert Guy, and is entitled 'The Longing Shepherdess; or, Lady [=Laddy] lie near me.' Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright, before 1681. Here is the first stanza of Guy's ditty:—

“ All in the moneth of *May*, when all things blossom,  
As in my bed I lay, sleep it grew loathsome,  
Up I rose, and did walk, over you mountains.  
Through meadows and through dales, over rocks and fountains.  
I heard a voice to sing, ‘*Sweet-heart, come chear me!*  
*Thou hast been long away: Lad[d]y, lie near me!*”

Third, in Roxburghe Collection, III. 254, apparently unique, not reprinted,

**Love's Mystery; Or, A Parcel of Clouded Waggerly.**

To *Drollery* tune of p. 103, *She lay all naked in her bed*. With motto:—

'Tis all men's fancy to commend that which is smooth and witty;  
More pleasant lines were never penn'd, they are so wondrous pretty.

**A**ll in the merry month of *May*, the prime time of the year,  
A young man walk'd upon a day, with one he lov'd most dear;  
And as these Lovers secretly within the woods did walk,  
Where Bears and Lyons lurking lye, and Sprights do nightly walk:

This young man's will was, by his skill to find her pulse to beat,  
That he in love his art might prove, to quench a furious heat,  
Which she felt glowing in her veins, most ready to surprize;  
Which caus'd him for to spare no pains, but freely to advise

8

This Damsel gay a while to stay, under that pleasant shade;  
'Twas so obscene, they might be sure, they could not be betrayed;  
Nor did they fear what prying ear might listeu with pretence:  
Since what they spoke might still be took into a double sense.

Her pretty tempting foot and legg his senses so did charm.  
He said, “My Dear, if I draw near, thou needest fear no harm.”  
She bid him freely use his mind, so that he would not flatter;  
He joy'd to see she was so kind, and long'd for to be at her.

16

He courteously took up his mate, that [tree shade] underneath,  
And lovingly this Couple sate, for to recover breath;  
And sure they might, without offence, exchange some harmless Kisses,  
Hee's not alive, that will not strive for to enjoy such blisses. . . .

Let none these modest lines mistake, nor put themselves to trouble;  
By false construction for to make this pleasant sense seem double:  
If any evil here lye hid, 'tis but imagination;  
For what this Couple said or did was for their recreation.

24

*London*: Printed for *William Kenrick*, at the *Blaek Spread Eagle* in the *Old Bailey*. [After 1661.] A much better 'Mystery,' though scarcely entitled to be called 'A Morality,' is the Roxburghe rarity of *Caper and Firk it*, on p. 323.

The tune *Caper and Firk it* agrees with *Under the Greenwood Tree* (see *Frontispiece*, and *Popular Music*, p. 542). To same tune, alternate with *Sellenger's Round*, was appointed to be sung 'The Fair Maid of Islington; or, the London Vintner over-reached,' beginning, "There was a Fair Maid of Islington, as I heard many tell," (reprinted in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 410). Also one of the Christmas Carols, dated 1688, in Wood's Collection. It is used in many ballad-operas, *Jovial Crew*, *Devil to Pay*, etc. *Firk* = *Frisk*.



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 352; Jersey, I. 228 = Lindes., 253.]

## The Mistry Discovered ;

Or,

### Frollick upon Frollick.

A PLEASANT NEW PLAY SONG, GREATLY IN REQUEST.

Snow melts not sooner when the Sun regains  
His long lost heat, and beats upon the plains,  
With scorching raies, then Female hearts do yield  
If men be bold and brave in *Venus' Field* :  
Shame on the softer sex impression makes,  
But though they wish, yet words their tongues forsakes ;  
But put them too't, and then (though faintly) they  
Do strugle long, they'l gladly lose the day.

TO THE PLEASANT NEW TUNE OF *Come let us be Frollick, etc.* [*Caper and Firk it.*]



[*The man belongs to p 56, and the woman to pp. 224, etc.*]

Come, let us be Frollick and Gay,  
'Tis now merry days, let us quaff it,  
And kiss each brisk Lass in our way,  
There's not one in ten but would have it.  
*Oh fain they would Firk it, Caper and Jerk it,*  
*Though they'r asham'd for to crave it.*

There's *Jenny*, with ro[w]ling black eyes,  
 With silence does court you to doe it,  
 Your kindness she scorns to despise,  
 If once that you dare put her to it;  
*Oh fain she would Firk it [Caper and Jerk it,*  
*Tho' she be ashamed to show it.]* 14

There's *Margery* minces along,  
 The pride of the bonny brisk Lasses,  
 A Buckle she has for your Thong,\*  
 Whenever you dare to meet faces:  
*Oh fain she would Firk it, Caper and Jerk it,*  
*Though she seems cold in carresses.* [\*See Note.

Brisk *Betty's* both witty and fair,  
 Her locks they are curled most neatly,  
 Her amorous looks do declare,  
 That she does desire it greatly;  
*Oh fain she would Firk it [Caper and Jerk it,*  
*And surely she'll doe it featly.]* 28

Simpering *Molly* comes next to hand,  
 Her smiles do foretell she'd be doing  
 Constable-like she'd make you stand,  
 And take an account where you're going;  
*Oh fain she would Firk it, Caper and Jerk it,*  
*Though she's ashamed to be Wooeing.*

*Dorothy* next with Rosie cheeks,  
 Where *Lillies* for Conquest are striving,  
 To win your Liking plays mad freaks,  
 And a bargain would fain be driving;  
*Oh fain she would Firk it, Caper and Jerk it,*  
*Although she's asham'd to crave Swiveing.* 42

Fair *Susan* so courteous and toward,  
 Wou'd never the less be a gaining,  
 At 'put *Inn* and *Inn*' or '*All-Fours*;  
 She'l play for what bett you'd be naming.  
*Oh fain she would Firk it, Caper and Jerk it,*  
*Although she's asham'd of defaming.*

\* *Buckle and Thong* is known as the name of a tune (agreeing with *She cannot keep her lips together*; *q. vide* in index). The name given is among the ballads mentioned in Thackeray's Stock List of 1685, No. 207, but it is now so rare that only one exemplar of it remains (Pepys Coll., IV. 99), beginning "A young man and a pretty maid." To this tune of *Hold Buckle and Thong together* were sung, 1st, 'The Merry Maid of *Shorditch*' = "You young maids all where e'er you be;" 2nd, 'The Poor Folks Complaint' = "For rich men that do live;" 3rd, 'All things are dear but poor men's labour' = "Kind country-men, listen I pray;" 4th, 'Household Talk' = "Neighbour *Roger*, woe is me" (*Rep.*, iii. 441).

Kind *Nancy* with panting white breasts,  
 So pleasant, delightful and loving,  
 Would afford you those delicate rests,  
 Whilst her [friends in dance] nimbly were moving.  
*Oh fain she would Firk it, Caper and Jerk it,*  
*Though she's asham'd to be proveing.* 56

Brisk *Joan* she will never stick out,  
 But with plain broad signs she'l dare you,  
 For to give her a breathing bout,  
 During which she will never spare you.  
*Oh fain she would Firk it, Caper and Jerk it,*  
*Although she'l not ask for to bear you.*

Bliith bonny *Frances* comes the next,  
 To lye alone, alas ! she's grieved,  
 She'd have you comment on the text,  
 That's written in her book two-leav'd.  
*Oh fain she would Firk it, Caper and Jerk it,*  
*But alas she fears she's deceived.* 70

Grave *Rachel* does fall in the rear,  
 Whose sighs do betray her deep passion,  
 She moves to delight with much fear,  
 Yet denys not the Recreation ;  
*Oh fain she would Firk it, Caper and Jerk it,*  
*Though she's asham'd to petition.*

Thus boldness in love it does all,  
 Whilst he is despis'd that wants courage ;  
 Push hard and the Lasses will fall,  
 When you in each field may find forrage.  
*For fain would they Firk it, Caper and Jerk it,*  
*With, Ay, or without [the thing Marriage].* 84

[Colophon and several lines, or parts of lines, shorn off by Major Pearson's clumsy bookbinder : whom Cerberus holds in durance therefore, let us hope. Jersey Coll., 1. 228, has the names : *Wright, Clarke, Thackeray, and Passenger*. Three woodcuts : 1st, a circle of Dancers, (for which see *Frontispiece to Part XXI.*); 2nd, man, p. 31 ; 3rd, the Hostess, p. 293. Date, c. 1670-83.]

## The Merry Bagpipes.

THIS ballad, known better as '*The Northumberland Bagpipes,*' was mentioned on pp. 227, 239 (as contributing by its burden the tune-name of *To thee, to thee*, to p. 225). The chief woodcut, here reproduced on p. 326, is extremely rare, and shows the lively humour of Jan Steen or Adrian van Ostade. It was home-bred, from the same designer as our p. 208. Merry England of Olden Time yielded as lively native junkettings at country revels as the Dutch.

[Rox. C., II. 363; Bag., II. 159; Pepys, V. 158; Huth, II. 24; Jer. I. 89; L = 1050.]

## The Merry Bag-Pipes ;

The Pleasant Pastime betwixt a Jolly Shepherd and a  
Country Damsel, on a Mid-Summer's-Day in the Morning.

TO THE TUNE OF, *March Boys, etc.* [See p. 239.] Licensed according to Order.



A Shepherd sat him under a thorn,  
He pull'd out his pipe and began for to play,  
It was on a *Mid-summer's-day* in the morn.  
For honour of that Holy-day,  
A ditty he did chant along,  
Goes to the tune of *Cater-Bordee*, [*qq.* = *Boree* ?  
And this was the burthen of his song :  
*If thou wilt pipe, Lad, I'll dance to thee,*  
*To thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee, etc.*

And whilst this harmony he did make,  
A Country Damsel from the Town,  
A basket on her arm she [did take], [*t.* 'had.'  
A gathering Rushes on the Down :  
Her Bon-grace was of wended straw, [*Cf.* 'Scotch Wedding.  
From the sun's hot beams her face is free ;  
And thus she began, when she him saw,  
" *If thou wilt pipe, Lad, I'll dance to thee,*" etc. 18

Then he pull'd out his pipe, and began to sound,  
 Whilst tempting her back [from her homeward w]ay ;  
 But when his quivering note she found,  
 How sweetly th[ought] this Lass [he] could play :  
 She stop'd all jumps and [praise] she reveal'd,  
 She kept all time with [his] harmony,  
 And looking on him, [she] sighing said,  
 " *If thou wilt pipe, Lad, I'll dance to thee,  
 To thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee, etc.* " [See Note.\*

She never so much as blusht at all,  
 The musick was so charming sweet,  
 But e'er and anon to him she'd call,  
 And bid him " be active, turn and meet :  
 As thou art a bonny Shepherd's swain,  
 I am a Lass am come to wooe thee :  
 So play me another double strain,  
*And doubt not but I will dance to thee,  
 To thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee, etc.* " 36

" Altho' I am but a silly Maid,  
 Who ne'r was brought up at Dancing-School,  
 But yet to the Jig that thou hast plaid,  
 You find that I can keep time and rule :  
 Now see that you keep your stops aright,  
 For, Shepherd, I am resolv'd to view thee,  
 And play me ' the Damsel's chief Delight,'  
*Then never doubt but I'll dance to thee,  
 To thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee," etc.*

The Shepherd again did tune his pipe,  
 And plaid her a lesson loud and shrill ;  
 The Damsel his face did often wipe,  
 With many a thank for his good will :  
 And said, " I was ne'r so pleas'd before,  
 And this is the first time that I knew thee ;  
 Come, play me this very Jigg once more,  
*And never doubt but I'll dance to thee,  
 To thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee," etc.* " 54

The Shepherd he said, " As I am a man,  
 I have kept playing from morning till noon ;  
 Thou know'st I can do no more than I can,  
 My pipe is clearly out of tune."

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\* A similar incident is in *Old Ballads*, 1725, 'Farmer's Daughter of Wakefield—

" Down in the North-Country, as ancient reports do tell,  
 There lies a famous country town, some call it *Merry Wakefield* ;  
 And in this country town, a Farmer there did dwell,  
 Whose daughter would to market go, her treasure for to sell." Etc.

“To ruine a Shepherd I’ll not seek,”  
 Said she, “for why should I undo thee ?  
 I can come again to the Down next week,  
*And thou shalt pipe, and I’ll dance to thee,  
 To thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee.*” Finis.

Printed for *C. Bates*, next door to *Crown Tavern* in *West-Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, 1st, a Country Revel, p. 326 (*cf. Note*, p. 325) ;  
 2nd, a lady, vol. iii. 585 r. Date, before 1690.]

e 4 9

### The Noble-Man’s Generous Kindness.

ALTHOUGH formerly enjoying great popularity, as shown by the seven exemplars scattered through Collections, no exact reprint in modern times followed the Roxb. issued at Newcastle, unless we count a white-letter slip-song entitled, ‘*My good old Lord Falconbridge’s generous gift*’ (Bibliotheca Lindesiana, No. 875), and the variant called *The Poor Thresher*, in *The Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 372 (vol. iv. p. 384) ; although the ballad has no more claim to be called Scotch than had the ‘*Jolly good ale and old*’ of John Still, *Episcopus*. But that objection counts in the balance ‘just naething ava, ye ken !’

The notorious William Stenhouse, in his wholly untrustworthy *Illustrations* (p. 344, 1853 edition), hesitates not to say that “This ballad [of ‘The Poor Thresher’] was transmitted by Burns, in his own handwriting, to Johnson. In a note accompanying it, the bard says, ‘*It is rather too long, but it is very pretty, and never, that I know of, was printed before.*’” *Credat Judæus Apella*.

The variations in the *Scots Musical Museum* version, a century later than our version, are unimportant ; it wholly omits our fourteenth stanza, “But when they came there,” etc. ; and transposes our sixth to become its own eighth ; reading differently, as below. We also show the diverse rendering of the third stanza, which runs thus in the 1792 print (altered by Robert Burns) :—

“In Summer he toil’d through the faint sultry heat ;  
 Alike in the Winter the cold and the wet ;  
 So blythe and so merry, he’d whistle and sing,  
 As canty as ever a bird in the Spring.” . . . .

“‘I moil and I toil, and I labour all day,  
 At night I do bring my full wages away ;  
 What tho’ it be possible we do live poor,  
 We still keep the ravening wolf from the door.’” [32 : *cf.* our 24.

Of ‘The Nobleman’s Generous Kindness’ we follow the earlier exemplar, C. 22. fol. 157, which is in Black-letter : with three woodcuts : 1st, the man of vol. vi. 76 ; 2nd, ditto, vi. 59 ; 3rd, the two figures copied here on p. 282, probably designed for this very ballad, *temp.* Charles I., as the costume of the Nobleman proves ; he offers to the Thresher both the *ring* and the *title-deeds* of the farm, mentioned in lines 44 and 60. Date of *Brooksby’s* London print, 1685-88.

Contrasted with this tale, intentionally, since published (Pepys Coll., II. 57) by the same Philip Brooksby (later, in partnership with J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back), was ‘The Bountiful Knight of *Sommersetshire*, who dayly relieved the Poor in those parts, and, after his death, willed his Son to do the like, and tho’ he solemnly protested to his Father on his Death-bed that he would, which he neglect-d the same, bringing himself to a miserable end.’ It begins, “There was an old Knight liv’d in *Sommersetshire*.” Tune is, *Packington’s Pound*.

[Roxburgh Collection, III. 308 ; Pepys, II. 56 ; C. 22, fol. 157 ; Euing, 159 ;  
Douce, II. 272 ; Jersey, II. 168 = Linds., 374.]

The  
**Noble-Man's Generous Kindness ;**  
Or,

**The Country Man's Unexpected Happiness.**

Giving a true Account of a Nobleman, who taking notice of the Poor Man's industrious care and pains for the maintaining of his Charge, which was seven small children, meeting him upon a day, Discours'd with him, and invit[ed] him and his Wife with his Children home to his House, and accordingly bestow'd upon him a Farm of Thirty Acres of Land, to be continued to him and his Heirs for ever.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Two English Travellers* [see p. 199, *Note*].  
This may be Printed, R.P.

A Noble Man liv'd near a Village of late,  
Hard by a poor Thresher whose charge it was great,  
He had seven children, and most of them small,  
And none but his Labour to keep them withal.

He never was given to Idle and lurk ;  
This Noble-Man seeing [him] go daily to work  
His flail with his bag, and his bottle of Beer, [*i.e.* Leather Bottel.  
As cheerful as those that had hundreds a year. 8

Thus careful and constant each morning he went  
To his dayly Labour, with joy and content ;  
So jocund and jolly, both whistle and sing,  
As blith and as brisk as a Bird in the Spring.

One morning this Noble-man, taking his walk,  
He met with this Poor Man, and freely did talk ;  
He asked him many a question at large,  
Familiarly talking concerning his Charge. 16

“ Thou hast many children I very well know,  
Thy Labour is hard, and thy wages is low,  
And yet thou art chearful : I pray tell me true,  
How you do maintain them so well as you do ? ”

“ I carefully carry home all that I earn,  
Now daily experience by this I do learn ;  
That though it is possible we may live poor,  
We still keep a ravenous Woolf from the door. 24

“ I reap and I mow, and I harrow and sow,  
Sometimes I to hedging and ditching do go ;  
No work comes amiss, for I thresh and I plow ;  
Thus I eat my Bread by the sweat of my brow.

“ My wife she is willing to pull in the yoke,  
 We live like two Lambs and we never provoke  
 Each other, but like to the labouring ant  
 We do our endeavour to keep us from want. 32

“ And when I come home from my labour at night  
 To my wife and [my] children, in whom I delight,  
 To hear them come round me with tattling noise, [*a.l.* ‘prattling.’  
 Now these are the Riches that Poor Men enjoys.

“ Tho’ I am as weary as weary may be,  
 The youngest I commonly dance on my knee ;  
 I find that Content is an absolute feast,  
 I never repin’d at my Charge in the least.” 40

The Noble-man hearing him what he did say,  
 Was pleas’d and invited him home the next day,  
 His Wife and his Children he charg’d him to bring ;  
 In token of favour he gave him a Ring. [See picture, p. 282.]

Then thanking his Lordship, & taking his leave, [a. Honour,  
 He went to his Wife, who would hardly believe  
 But that this strange Story himself he might raise,  
 But seeing the Ring, she was then in a maze. 48

Betimes in the morning the Good-wife arose,  
 And made them all fine with the best of their cloathes ;  
 The good Man and his Wife, with his children small,  
 They then went to Dine at the Noble-man’s Hall.

But when they came there, as the truth doth report,  
 All things was prepar’d in a plentiful sort ;  
 And they at the Noble-man’s table did dine,  
 With all sorts of Dainties, with plenty of Wine. 56

All this being over, he soon let them know  
 What he then intended on him to bestow ;  
 A Farm with full thirty good acres of land :  
 He gave him the writings then with his own hand.

“ Because thou wast careful, and good to thy wife,  
 I’le make thy days happy the rest of thy life ;  
 It shall be for ever, to thee and thy Heir :  
 For why ? I beheld thy industrious care.” 64

No tongue then was able in full to express  
 The depth of their joy and their true thankfulness ;  
 With many a courtesie and bow to the ground :  
 —*But such Noble-men there is but few to be found.* Finis.

Printed for *P. Brooksbey*, at Sign of the *Golden-Ball*, in *Pye-corner*.

[Black-letter. But Roxb. Coll., III. 308, a white-letter reprint, “*Newcastle* :  
 Printed and sold by *Robert Marchbank*,” four cuts. See *Note* on p. 328.]



[Roxb. C., II. 244 ; Ellis, I. ; Douce, I. 108 *vo.* ; Jersey, I. 171 = Lind., 1362.]

## The Knitter's Jobb ;

Dr, the earnest Suitor of Walton Town to a fair Maid,  
with her modest Answers and Conclusion of their  
Intent's.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Shackley hey.* [See Note, below.]



J. W. E.

W<sup>I</sup>thin the town of *Walton* fair a lovely Lass did dwell,  
Both carding, spinning, knitting yarn, she could do all full well,  
This maid she many suitors had, some were good, and some were bad.  
*Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.*

Above the rest, one there hard by did bear her such good will,  
That when he feard to be deny'd, himself they thought he'd kill :  
She took no notice of his grief, he dayly went without relief.  
*Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.*

8

\* *Shackley Hay*, the tune-name, leads us direct to 'A most excellent Song of the Love of Young *Palmus* and Faire *Sheldra*,' beginning,

"Young *Palmus* was a Ferry-man, whom *Sheldra* faire did love,  
At *Shackley*, where her sheep did graze, she there his thoughts did prove ;  
But he unkindly stole away, and left his love at *Shackley-hay*,  
So loud at *Shackley* did she cry, the words resound at *Shackley Hay*."

The ballad (Roxb. Coll., I. 436, 472) is reprinted in W. Chappell's *Roxb. Bds.*, iii. 6 ; also, nine stanzas with music, in his *Popular Music*, p. 368. It was entered to Widow White, in Stat. Comp. Registers, 16 March, 161½. *Shackley* may be *Shanklin*, Isle of Wight ; and our *Walton* = Walton-on-Thames, Surrey.

She alwaies shun'd his company, and from him turn'd away,  
 This young man knew not what to do, nor what to her to say :  
 His heart it was full sore opprest, that night nor day he could take rest.  
*Fa, la, la, la, la.*

At length an opportunity was offered unto him,  
 To break his mind unto his Love, he made bold to begin ;  
 God *Cupid's* aid he then required, all things might be as he desired.  
*Fa, la, la, &c.* 16

Quoth he, " My dear and only joy, I must impart my mind,  
 Thou art the treasure of my heart, to me be not unkind :  
 If thou wilt yield to me thy love, I ever constant still will prove.  
*Fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

" Thou art so rarely qualifi'd, so lovely too withal,  
 That till I have thy love obtain'd my life to me is thral :  
 My sweet saint, grant now my request, of all thy sex I love thee best.  
*Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.* 24

" Do not deny me, my dear Love, my Duck, my Swan, my Dear ;  
 If thou'lt love me as I love thee, what sorrow need'st thou fear ?  
 No longer cruel be to me, I will thy faithful lover be. *Fa, la, la, &c.*

" When that thou dost a Spinning sit, thy servant I will be,  
 To bring thy cards and wool to thee, and a kiss shall be my fee :  
 My *Nanny* I thee needs must have, I'll be no longer *Cupid's* slave."  
*Fa, la, la, &c.* 32

Whilst he did speak, a blushing smile appeared in her face,  
 And to be short, she did begin to yield without disgrace :  
 " What do you mean, kind *John*," said she, " fondly to set your  
 love on me ? *Fa, la, la, la, &c.*

" Young men are false, Maids must be wise, no life like their's is free,  
 If you should an ill Husband prove, ther's none would pittie me :  
 I love to live a Virgin life, I care not for to be a wife.  
*Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.* 40

" If I should yield my love to you, my sorrows would begin ;  
 And now the only care I take<sup>[s]</sup> to card, to knit, and spin :  
 I thus do spend my time each day, whilst marri'd folk sing *wel-a-way!*  
*Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.*

" A married life is full of strife, I have no mind thereto ;  
 Therefore, good *John*, I pray forbear, far better may you do :  
 You better had to keep your breath : I will a Virgin be till death."  
*Fa, la, la, la, &c.* 48

" My *Nan*," said he, " my dear, my sweet, my love, my joy, my life ;  
 Before I go thou shalt here swear thou wilt be made my wife."  
 " Oh *John*," quoth she, " I dare to say, you will repent another day,  
*Fa, la, fa [la, la, la, la].*

“ Well *John*,” said she, “ I will not swear, yet yield to you my love ;  
Let it suffice, I do promise to be your Turtle-dove : [cf. p. 253.  
Since that I cannot quiet live, to you my hand and heart I give.

*Fa, la, fa [la, la, la, la].* 56

Quoth he, “ Kind heart, thou hast me joyd, thou’rt welcome unto me ;  
If till to-morrow we do live, we married then will be :

We’l cast away all fear and care, to kiss my Love I will not spare.

*Fa, la, fa, la, &c.*

Like two kind Turtles we will be, which live and love together ;  
Upon the pleasant Downs and plains we’l alwaies keep together.

And when that we come home at night to please thee still I will delight.

*Fa, la, fa, la, fa, la, la.* [Finis.] 64

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, both on p. 331 : Colophon lost, but the other exemplars have ‘ Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *West Smith-field*, near the *Hospital-Gate*.’ Probable date, 1672–80.]

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## The Bachelor's Ballad, and Maid's Answer.

THAT others than ‘fools rush in where angels fear to tread’ is advantageous, in the case of endangered ditties, since many a parody, or ‘Mock-Song’ as it used to be called in Restoration-days, has secured preservation of the burlesqued original. Thus C. S. Calverley’s *Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*, perpetuates from 1872 William Morris’s antecedent, *Two red roses across the Moon* ; as does the keeper’s poaching tale, by Andrew Lang, 1886, in ‘respectful perversion,’ Wm. Morris’s ‘Shameful Death’ : also H. D. Traill’s sublime re-casting of D. G. Rossetti’s ‘Sister Helen.’ The hack ballad-mongers of early days kept from drifting into the waters of oblivion many otherwise perishable playhouse-songs ; some dainty, some piquant in their sauciness ; relics from unprinted comedies of the Merry Monarch’s reign. Samuel Pepys helped to secure their immortality, setting some of the verses to music (such as Davenant’s “Beauty, retire, thou dost my pity move,” 1656, the score is shown in his portrait) ; also by gathering the broadside-ballads, penny-priced elongations for popular use from lyrics that had been addressed to the Court Beauties by amorous swains. ‘The Bachelor’s Ballad,’ of 1676, is from the treasure-store of the worthy Jacobite, Dr. Rawlinson.



[Rawlinson Collection, 566, fol. 17; Douce, I. 13, and I. 20 verso.]

## The Batchelor's Ballad ;

### Or, A Remedy against Love.

Thou little peevish God! whom heretofore  
 The blinder World so highly did adore,  
 For whom the loving Fools a Quiver found,  
 Bows, Arrows, wings; nay more, power to wound;  
 Know, I defie thee, Boy: not all thy art  
 Can reach my eye, much less enslave my heart.  
 If thou hast any, come and shew thy skill,  
 Fain would I love one hour against my will;  
 Alas, poor God! men will no longer now  
 To thee, thy mother, or thy Minions bow;  
 [Thy] power and fame, which has so long bin great,  
 Upon Examination proves a Cheat.

With Allowance. By **Ro. L'Estrange**.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE; Or, *The Duke of Monmouth's Jig* [Note, p. 335].

**N**O more, silly *Cupid!* will I pine and complain.  
 What slave is so stupid, to suffer the plague  
 Of an amorous League, to be laugh'd at in vain?  
 No more, silly *Cupid*; I'll court a coy Mistriss no more,  
 He's a Sot and more blind, who to one is confin'd,  
 When there's hope of a score.

When I meet with a Beauty, that's loving and kind,  
 I'll pay her my duty; and when I've enjoy'd her,  
 O! then I'll recruit me, with love and brisk wine.  
 No more I'll adore her, when once I have got my desire;  
 She then may refuse me, but cannot abuse me,  
 For then I defie her.

12

The amorous Cully, whom Love has undone,  
 Protesteth as fully to e'ry complaint,  
 That he makes to his Saint, as a mortifi'd Nun.  
 Alas, for the Cully! how poor the reward of his Love is!  
 Then let him deceive her, and manfully leave her,  
 Or else he's a novice.

For why should a Bubble, whom passion ensnares  
 Be put to the trouble, in spite of his senses,  
 And other defences, to marry his cares.  
 Yet who's such a Bubble, if honey and sweetness you bring,  
 But his reason and conscience will tell him 'tis nonsense  
 To play with the sting.

24

They say when a Negre wou'd Elephants win,  
 To make 'em more eager, the female entices  
 With lustful devices, and wheadles 'em in.

[=Negro.]

A Woman's a Negre, and works by the arts I have told ye :  
But were we advised, they'd all be despised,  
And quickly grow mouldy.

For tho' they are wary, and stoutly defend,  
They love not to tarry; but 'cause 'tis the fashion,  
They'l stifle their passion, and yeild in the end.  
For tho' they are wary, yet try 'em a Se'n-night or more,—  
If still they deny, and refuse to comply,  
I'me the son of a wh . . e. 36

Perswade the young Ninny, that boils in his blood,  
To part with a guinny, his amorous rage  
He may quickly assuage, and 'twill do him much good ;  
For ask the young Ninny—the heat of whose passion is over—  
If he tells you his mind, I'le be hang'd if you find  
Him so zealous a Lover.

Unhappy the wretch is, that's yoked to a mate ;  
His conscience he stretches, to tell you more Lies  
Than old *Argus* had eyes, of his blessed estate.  
Unhappy the wretch is, be warn'd by another man's harm,  
For the boys in the river, that chatter and shiver,  
Will tell you 'tis warm. 48

A curse on those Noddies! dull-rhiming complaints,  
Who cringing their bodies, in all their caresses,  
And tedious addresses, turn Women to Saints.  
A curse on such Noddies! by whom we in general suffer ;  
But before I'le be rul'd, any longer, or fool'd  
By a woman, I'le huff her.

Then, Females, adieu t'ye! your reign's at an end ;  
A fig for your beauty! your painting and patches,  
In hopes of good matches, in vain you may spend :  
Adieu, silly Females, go find out new arts to delude !  
But if you expose 'em, I' faith I'le disclose 'em,  
And so I conclude. 60

Printed for *Philip Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *West-smith's-field*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st a circular picture of *Cupid* flying above the fields, with his bow bent and arrow pointed; 2nd, the woman and man of p. 316. The Douce exemplar has, instead of second cut, two others, both oval: Prince Rupert, p. 452: and a Lady, p. 378. Date, 1677.]

\*\*\* This 'Bachelor's Ballad' was originally a playhouse-song, printed on sheet sign. D 4 of a volume of *New Songs*, 1677 (Wood's Collection, 326), under the title of "Ungrateful after Enjoyment." The ballad has a sequel in Roxb. Coll. (p. 336), "Who's here so ingenious, mis-spending his time?" *For the tune see* vol. vi. p. 57: there appointed for "Love and Honesty," dated Feb., 1677.

[Roxburghe Collection II. 334; Huth, II. 16; Douce, II. 147; Jersey, II. 57,  
=Lindesiana, 1340; Rawlinson, 16.]

The  
**Gaid's Answer to the Batchelor's**  
**Ballad; Or, Love without Remedy.**

Thou Scriber! unto whom the vulgar crew  
 Gives small applause, yet more than is thy due;  
 Whose brazen brow, a wither'd wreath adorns,  
 Which better wou'd become a pair of Horns:  
 Know we contemn thee: thy malicious pen  
 Can have no influence on the minds of men:  
 In our dispraise, in vain thou seek'st to write,  
 True, thou mayst shew thy teeth, but can'st not bite.  
 Alas! rude Boy; Love is a generous pain,  
 Which minds ignoble cannot entertain:  
 Therefore thy accusations are unjust,  
 In giving Love the character of Lust.

With Allowance. By **Ro. L'Estrange**.

TO THE TUNE OF, *No more, silly Cupid*; or, *The Duke of Monmouth's Jig*.  
 [See pp. 334, 335.]

**W**Ho's here so ingenious, mis-spending his time,  
 In railing at *Venus*, in hopes to disparage  
 Love, women, and marriage, by pittiful rhime?  
 He thinks he's ingenious, and slyly the youngster intices;  
 But we easily find how the youth is inclin'd,  
 By his tricks and devices.

He plainly discovers his amorous arts,  
 And calls 'em blind lovers, who after enjoyment  
 Can find new employment, to fetter their hearts:  
 He plainly discovers a nature so rude and ingrateful,  
 That, after Compliance, he bids us defiance,  
 And says we grow hateful. 12

Then who but an harlot would yield to the will  
 Of ev'ry such varlet, that loves at his leisure,  
 And onely takes pleasure in shewing his skill?  
 Sure none but an harlot would yield to the lustful persuasion,  
 Of fellows in Shammy, who only cry Dam-me, [qu. Chamois leather?]  
 To serve their occasions.

The gawdy young Sinner, whose blood is a fire,  
 May fool a beginner and treat her with coaches,  
 To mighty debauches, and gain his desire;  
 Alas! for the Sinner, that covets such sweetness as this is!  
 He seldom does fail of a sting in the tail,  
 With his wenches and Misses. 24

This makes him look meager, a wantoning Elf,  
 His mind is so eager to humour his senses,  
 That, by his expenses, he ruins himself ;  
 This makes him so meager, he's nothing but pox and diseases,  
 So after enjoying, the pleasure is cloying,  
 And quickly displeases.

Then shew me the woman, in City or Town,  
 Tho' never so common, with such a lewd fellow,  
 So tawny and yellow, will laugh and lye down !  
 For sure she's no woman that trades for a son with a [sc]ore ;  
 Who having enjoy'd her, will straitway avoid her,  
 And see her no more. 36

The passionate Lover, that's caught in his youth,  
 May plainly discover that all his persuasions  
 Are subtle evasions, and far from the truth ;  
 For he that's a Lover, and courteth sincerely and truly,  
 May keep his affection in civil subjection  
 From being unruly.

But let the fond Bully his fancy employ,  
 He never can sully, or bring in suspection,  
 The sweets of fruition true Lovers enjoy :  
 In spite of the Bully, the pleasure of Conjugal kisses  
 Is always delightful, and far the more rightful,  
 Of temporal blisses. [text, 'the more frightful'] 48

And yet for the Gallant, we must not deny,  
 But that he's so valiant, as stoutly to threaten  
 The girl shall be beaten, that will not comply :  
 Beware of the Gallant ! I vow he's a desperate creature,  
 If any abuse him, or dare to refuse him,  
 He swears he will beat her.

Sir *Fopling*, your Servant ! the man's in a pett :  
 What makes you so fervent ? You burn in displeasure,  
 Pray cool at your leisure : that's all you will get :  
 Your servant, Sir *Fopling*, say all, and do more than you can, Sir,  
 'Tis still my opinion, we shall have dominion :  
 Take that for an answer. 60

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-ball*, near the *Hospital-gate*,  
 in *West-smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, as on p. 333; 2nd and 3rd, a woman and a man, each in a big black hat, p. 363. Date, *circa* 1677-78.]

\* \* The text of this *Answer* is corrupt, in at least two places: *viz.* in line 34, where by transposition it *mis*-reads "trades with a son for a wh.," etc.; and, in line 47, it makes nonsense, by misprinting thus: "and far *the more* frightful of temporal blisses." We take the liberty of correcting such errors, Editorially, although sparingly; but furnish a record of original text in *Appendix*.

[Euing Collection, formerly J. O. Halliwell's, No. 50. Apparently Unique.]  
**The Country Lover's Conquest in  
 winning a Coy Lass.**

In Country terms he useth homely greeting,  
 And sayes by all means she must be his Sweeting ;  
 He lets her know that he hath riches store,  
 And wonders that she can desire more :  
 At length she did incline, as he doth tell,  
 And lik'd his loving motion wondrous well.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, VERY MUCH IN USE.



J.W.E

**O** Nee I lov'd a Lass with a rowling eye,  
 She was fond and fickle, so was never I.  
 If you will believe me, she was wondrous fair ;  
 And it much did grieve me to loose market ware.  
 I began to woo her, like a man indeed,  
 Soon as I came to her, thus I did proceed.

[=lose.

“ Dearest, be not coy, but in love agree,  
 I'm my Mother's joy, she loves none but me.  
 All her care is for me, how to get a wife,  
 And thou know'st I love thee, as I do my life.

[*Cf.* p. 262.

Prethy be not cruel, but be kind and free,  
 Thou shalt be my jewel, I'le love none but thee.



"What care I for coyn, since I have a stock?  
If thou wilt be mine, I'll take thee in thy smock:  
Come, let's make a bargain, whilst I'm in the mind,  
And I will be constant, thou shalt ever find.

I am young and lusty, and a proper lad;  
Come, and let me kiss thee, for to make me glad.

"I have House and Land, and something else beside; [Cf. p. 291.  
All at thy command, if thou wilt be my Bride;  
Sheep and Cows and Pullen, and such riches store,  
Therefore be not sullen: can'st thou wish for more?

I have six good Oxen drawing in a plow:  
If thou can'st not love, prethy let me know.

48

"I have dane'd with Sarah, and with little Nan;  
Betty she told Grace, I was a handsom man:  
Doll and Sue and Prudence would not me deny,  
Frank did smile upon me, as she passed by.

[=Frances.

[=Toots.

But it is no matter, I will have my mind,  
For I will not flatter if thou wilt be kind."

Long did I thus wooe, still she did deny:  
What I then should do, or whether live or die,  
I could not imagine, for I scarce could speak,  
Then I thought for certain that my heart would break:

Till my Mother told me, without all dispute,  
I must not be daunted, but renew my suit.

['sute.'

To her then I hasted, with a good intent  
To take no denial I was truly bent:  
Though she call'd me 'Bumkin,' I was ne're the worse, [Cf. p. 278.  
Knowing among Lovers these are words of course.

I was so resolved for to win the field,  
That I would not leave her, till I made her yield.

Then I leapt for joy, as I well might do;  
She that was so coy, and so hard to wooe,  
Willing was to love me, and to be my Bride,  
Having now forsaken all the world beside:

Thus I made a conquest of a Maiden fair,  
That with any Girl i' th' Country may compare.

96

Printed for R. Burton, at the Horse-shoe in West-Smithfield.

[In Black-letter, with two woodcuts, the first representing Cupid standing on a globe. On p. 338 we substitute one from the *Amanda Group*. Date, 1641-1674, probably 1642.]

\* \* The 'Answer' to this unique ballad is given on p. 340, it having been preserved in Pepys' and Wood's Collections of broadsides, it continues the story from the girl's stand-point. "Oh, it's of no consequence, thank ye" (*D. & Son*).

[Pepys Collection, III. 174; Wood's, E. 25, fol. 124.]

## The Merry Country Maid's Answer to the Country Lover's Conquest.

Exactly a description she doth make,  
And gets it printed for her Sweet-heart's sake,  
Of all his Courting complements and lyes  
His proper person, and his qualities;  
The match is half made up, you'll say, good Sirs,  
For she has his good will, he wanteth hers.

THE TUNE IS, *Once I lov'd a Lass with a Rowling Eye.* [See p. 338.]



Once I knew a Lad with a brazen face,  
His carriage was so bad, when he did me embrace,  
That I could not love him, had he bags of Gold,  
Money shall not tempt me, I will not be fool'd.

I could not endure him, truth I do not mock,  
'Cause that in his Cradle he receiv'd a knock.

[i.e. 'Crack'd,'  
cf. l. 48.]

You heard how this Clown began to Complement,  
Though Maids did on him frown, he gave himself content.  
He was mighty gallant, being cloath'd in gray,  
He thought no Girle in the Nation e're would say him nay.

But this is my humour, since that maids may choose,  
I scorn such silly fellows e're should wipe my shoes. 24

This same simple fellow, void of wit or grace,  
Made a bold attempt, and stair'd me in the face.  
He made no other question, but I were his own,  
As by these following verses to you shall be shown:  
To this height and bigness he could crack and lie,  
Yet our folkes can witness he were scarce Hog-high.

Of his House and Land he would brag & boast, [cf. pp. 291, 339.  
If 't was worth twenty pound, I'me sure that was the most.

Likewise of his Cattle he did often prate,  
His tongue went prittle prattle, to [try] get him a mate :

His case I never pity'd, 'cause his means was small ;  
Besides, he was half-witted, w[h]ich was worst of all. 48

*Sarah* said he danc'd, just like to a Clown ;

*Nan* did vow and swear, the boys would put him down ;

*Doll* and *Sue* and *Prudence* could not him abide,

Though *Frank* smil'd upon him, she did him deride. [=Frances.

He was such a fellow, when he danc'd a Jig,

He kist like *Punchanello*, or a sucking Pig. [N.B.

The space of half an hour this Lobcock he did prate,

I had no other power but lay him o're the pate.

When he understood I could not him abide,

He in a sullen mood then sate him [down] and cri'd :

Quoth his foolish Mother, ' Why art thou so slack,

Once again go try her ? ' clapping him o' th' back. 72

Then undauntedly, without wit or fear,

He to my face did say, that I must be his dear. [cf. p. 310.

Although I did [be]slave him, he was impudent,

In truth I would not have him, if he owned rent.

Thus he was deceived, as you plainly see,

'Cause our Resolutions could not well agree. [cf. p. 295.

He need not leap for joy, of anything he gain'd,

Nor made the world to know a Wife he had obtain'd.

For rather than I'll marry such a Clownish Jack

I'll buy a witty fellow cloath[e]s to put on 's back.

Though some fools ha[ve] Fortune, (this we daily see),

And doth conquer many, None shall conquer me. 96

### Finis.

London, printed for R[ich]. Burton, at the Horshoo in West-Smithfield.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts. Lady goes to p. 398. Date, 1641-1674.]

\* \* Another unique ballad, on postponed nuptials (cf. pp. 294 to 299), begins,

" ( ) Nce did I kiss a fair Lady, and gave her a thing to boot ;

I promis'd to get her a baby, but yet I ne're will do't ;

Now she to question me doth call, and cla[i]mes promise of me :

And I must declare before you all *when she my Bride must be.*

" I straight-way made her this reply, 'cause she was so eager to know,

' When Birds have no wings to fly, or sugar on trees do grow ;

Or when the salt Sea I can wade, and not a fish to see :

Or when two men the *Trent* can lade, *Then Betty my Bride shall be.* "

[Title, 'The Crafty Young-Man.' Ten more stanzas. 'Tune of *Turn, Love,*  
etc., for which see p. 122 ; but cf. vi. 276. Printed for J. Clarke.]

## A Trenchmore Galliard.

“ All the windows i’ the town dance a new *Trenchmore*.”

—Beaumont & Fletcher’s *Island Princess*, v. 3.

THEY danced the *Hey, Shackley Hey*, or a *Galliard* to the tune of *Trenchmore*, near the end of a dancing-party, in and after the days of Henry VIII., among whose ‘Freemen’s Songs’ or *King Henrie’s Mirth*, is one in *Deuteromelia*, 1609, No. 21, to this tune,

To-morrow the Fox will come to town, *keep, keep, keep, keep!*  
 To-morrow the Fox will come to town, *O keep you all well there.*  
 I must desire you, neighbours all, to hallo the fox out of the hall;  
 And cry as loud as you can call, *whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop!*  
 And cry as loud as you can call, *O keep you all well there!*

Many are the references to this boisterous country dance, an uproarious diversion when the drink was in and formal courtesies were forgotten, after the stately solemn measure, the *Pavan*, resembling the strut of a peacock: then “*Corantoes* and accelerated Galliards, and this kept up with ceremony,” says John Selden in his *Table-Talk*, 1689, “and at length to *Trenchmore* and the *Cushion Dance*;” sad degeneracy from the gravity of Elizabethan days, seeing how “in King Charles [II.]’s time, there has been nothing but *Trenchmore* and the *Cushion Dance*, omnium gatherum, tolly polly, hoite come toite.” It was mentioned by Wm. Bulleyn, in a *Dialogue*, 1564; by Gosson, *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579; in Kempe, *Nine Daies Wonder*, 1600; in Weelkes, *Ayres or Phantastick Sprites*, 1608,

“ Fill the pipe once more: My braines daunce *Trenchmore*.  
 It is leddy, I am geeddy,” etc.

In *A Navy of Land Ships*, 1627, there is reference to “nimble-heel’d . . . dancers, capering a Morisco, or Castanet, or *Trenchmore* of forty miles long, to the tune of *Dusty my deare, Dirty, come thou to me* [a quibble on *Dainty, come thou*, etc.]; *Dun out of the mire*, or *I wail in woe and plunge in pain* [*i.e.* Manningham’s death-song, 1576, *Rits. Anc. Sgs.* p.150]: all these dances have no other musicke.” Deloney described it in the *Gentle Craft*, before 1598, “like one dancing the *Trenchmore*, he stamp’d up and down the yard, holding his hips in his hands;” and Burton in 1621, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, says, “There is no remedy: we must dance *Trenchmore* over tables, chairs, and stools.” There was not a pin to choose, in dancing the *Hay*, between the interminable ‘*Arthur o’ Bradley*,’ and *Trenchmore*. It is given in Playford’s *Dancing Master*, 1652, and *Popular Music*, p. 83. To a version of *Trenchmore* was sung,

*Willy*, prithee go to bed, for thou wilt have a drowsy head;  
 To-morrow we must a hunting, and betimes be stirring,  
 With a hey trolly lolly lo . . . *Hey trolly lolly hey trolly lo.*

A ‘*Trenchmore Galliard*’ was synonymous for a tumultuous revel. For the tune of *Shaking of the Sheets* (p. 344), see *Pop. Music*, p. 85.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 502 ; Jersey, II. 35 = Lind., 722 ; Euing, No. 385.]

## The West-Country Jigg ; Or, a Trenchmore Galliard.

See how the Lads and Lasses flock together,  
A merry makeing, like Birds of a Feather ;  
Here's *Sam* and *Sawny*, gentle *James* and *Jonny*,  
With *Moll* and *Moggy*, and those Girls so bonny :  
Where they had store of mirth, and mickle laughter ;  
Therefore observe it, for the best comes after.

TO A MERRY SCOTCH TUNE ; Or, *Up with Aley, Aley, &c.* [See p. 246.]



**J**ack's a naughty Boy, for calling his mother wh . . . ; <sup>[sic.]</sup>  
I'll tell you the reason why, because she was one before :  
*Then up with Aley, Aley, up with Frank so free ;*  
*In came wanton Willy, and smuggl'd them hansomely.*

Four-and-twenty lasses went over *Trenchmore Lee*,  
And all of them were m[erry], unless it were two or three,  
*Then up with Aley, Aley, up with jumping Joan,*  
*In came wanton Willy, and then the game went on.*

*Jonny* he plaid with *Jenny*, and *Jenny* she plaid with *Jock* ;  
And he pull'd out a *Guinney*, to buy her a *Holland smock* :  
*Then up with Aley, Aley, up with Sue and Siss,*  
*And in came wanton Willy, and then they mump and kiss.*

Willy he teuk up *Moggy*, and askt if she would dance,  
 But oh! how she did simper, with many a wink, and glance :  
*Then up with Aley, Aley, up with Bess so brown ;*  
*In came wanton Willy, and tumbld them upside down.*

The piper he struck up, and merrily he did play,  
*The shakeing of the sheets, and eke the Irish hay ;* [Note, p. 342.  
*Then up with Aley, Aley, up with Priss and Prue ;*  
*In came wanton Willy, amongst the Jovial crew.*

The aw'd wife she came up, and she began to mutter,  
 " I think you'r all grown [drunk,] you make so great a clutter : "  
*Then up with Aley, Aley, up with Doll and Jane,*  
*In came wanton Willy, and kist them over again.*

The Coague of Ale went round, and each one drank a health ;  
 Their sorrows for to [ve] drown'd, they took no care for wealth :  
*Then up with Aley, Aley, up with mincing Nan :*  
*In came wanton Willy, and prov'd himself a man.* 32

The Parson of the parish, he left the Kirk in haste,  
 For at this merry meeting, he would not be the last :  
*Then up with Aley, Aley, up with Kate and Ioyce ;*  
*In came wanton Willy, and there he took his choice.*

And thus with nappy Liquor their senses they did warm,  
 It made their wits the quicker, they thought not any harm ;  
*Then up with Aley, Aley, with boozy Bridget too ;*  
*In came wanton Willy, and he began to woove.*

" Deale faw my lugs," quo' *Jammy*, " My friends, I pray now hark !  
 Let us conclude a Wedding, to make the Parson wark : "  
*Then up with Aley, Aley, up with Sarah and Pegg :*  
*In came wanton Willy, and there he danc't a Jigg.*

The bargain was agreed, that *Billy* he should have *Bess*,  
 And so they sent out *Harry*, for to invite the Gues[t]s.  
*Then up with Aley, Aley, up with Gillian fair :*  
*In came wanton Willy, and them twa made a pair.* 48

Now with this jovial Wedding, I do conclude my Song,  
 And wish that *Trenchmore* Lasses they may live merry and long :  
*Then up with Aley, Aley, up with all the train :*  
*We will all be merry, if e're we meet again.*

With Allowance.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball, West Smithfield.*

[In Black-letter. With three woodcuts : 1st, the two Girls in bed, p. 365, left ;  
 2nd, the English Bagpiper, of our p. 317 ; 3rd, the circle of Dancers, on  
 p. 343. Date, circa 1672. Publisher's name, shorn from Roxb., is pencilled.]

## Joan's Sorrowful Lamentation.

“ The old coach-road thro' a common of furze,  
With knolls of pines, ran white :

Berries of autumn, with thistles, and burrs,  
And spider-threads, droop'd in the light.

“ The light in a thin blue veil peer'd sick ;  
The sheep grazed close and still ;  
The smoke of a farm by a yellow rick  
Curl'd lazily under a hill.

“ No fly shook the round of the silver net ;  
No insect the swift bird chased ;  
Only Two Travellers moved and met  
Across that hazy waste.

“ One was a Girl, with a babe that throve,  
Her ruin and her bliss ;  
One was a Youth with a lawless love,  
Who claspt it the more for this.

“ The Girl for her babe made prayerful speech ;  
The Youth for his love did pray ;  
Each cast a wistful look on each,  
And either went their way.”

—George Meredith, Sept. 1860, ‘*A Meeting.*’

WITH the directness of force and pathos which he holds at command, the author of ‘*Modern Love, and Poems of the English Roadside,*’ condensed into one poem, ‘*A Meeting,*’ the tragedy that is ever and anon enacted in our country lanes: the tragedy told in so many of our old English ballads, and songs of the Scottish Borders. It meets us prospectively in ‘*Joan's Sorrowful Lamentation,*’ although ‘*False-hearted John*’ makes light of it, and turns her pleading demand for timely reparation into a brutal “*fool-born jest.*” That we dare to include these ballads in our ‘*Group of Merry Adventures*’ is justified by one consideration: that the world is heedlessly blind to the sin of him who boasts of his *bonnes fortunes*. *Joan's Lamentation* and *Jenny's* point the same moral.

It is noteworthy how often these ‘*mishaps*’ are assigned to Scotch lasses in the playhouse songs and broadside ballads of the time, a large number whereof were originally written by Tom D'Urfey, and at once extended in circulation by the hack ballad-mongers. Far from resenting this as a national insult to the North Country of the Scottish Lion and the Thistle, (‘*Nemo me impune lacessit!*’) welcome was given, and instead of reading the Alien Act against them (because it was not yet promulgated until a century later, January, 1793), they were at once adopted, as though native, autochthonous, born in the purple heather; and to this day are wrangled for and claimed without blushing. Yet were they Anglo-Scotch, littered in Grub-street, Drury Lane, or West-Smithfield, before Seven Dials established rivalry and supremacy. *Ex. g. p. 350.*

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 234 ; Pepys, III. 91 ; Jersey, I. 217 = Bib. Lind., 249.]

**Joan's Sorrowful Lamentation ;**  
Or,  
**False-hearted John's Unkindness to her, at her time of**  
**Distress.**

TO THE TUNE OF, *Let Mary live long.* [See Note, p. 347.]

Licensed according to Order.

“ Come hither, sweet *John*,  
And let me discover the smiles of a Lover,  
A right honest man  
I hope you will prove :  
For I love thee as life, and wou'd fain be thy Wife.  
Remember thy vow ;  
Behold my condition, behold my condition,  
*Love, marry me now !*”

Then *John* he reply'd,  
“ Sweet *Joan*, you must tarry, I mean not to marry,  
Why should I be ty'd  
To sorrow and noise ?  
I can live at my ease, and walk where I please,  
Where pleasures do flow ;  
But if I was married, but if I was married,  
I must not do so.”

16

“ I never will scold,  
My dearest, believe me ; ah ! why shou'd thou grieve me,  
Here's silver and gold,  
And pleasure, my dear ;  
If to Love thou'lt incline, thou shalt have what is mine,  
Remember thy vow,  
You see my condition, you see my condition,  
*Love, marry me now !*”

*John* merrily smil'd,  
With this pleasant greeting, said he, “ My dear Sweeting,  
Why, art thou with child ?”  
“ Yes *Johnny*,” she cry'd,  
“ You remember the day, we together did play ;  
Remember your vow,  
You see my condition, you see my condition,  
*Love, marry me now !*”

32



“ I tell you, sweet *Joan*,  
Thou hast no great reason, to sigh at this season,  
Or make this sad moan,  
For such a small Crime :  
'Tis in vain to be sad, rejoice and be glad,  
Let thanks be exprest,  
You'll now be a Mother, you'll now be a Mother,  
As well as the best.”

“ You laugh me to scorn,  
The which makes my trouble full seven times double ;  
My Life is forlorn,  
Ah ! where shall I go ?  
You've forgot what you swore, when you seem'd to adore  
My amorous charms ;  
I wish I had never, I wish I had never  
Been claspt in thy arms.”

48

“ Pray, where's the harm done,  
If you have hereafter, a pretty sweet Daughter,  
Or tattling Son,  
To dandle about ? ”  
“ Yes, dearest,” she cry'd, “ If I might be thy Bride,  
My joys wou'd remain ;  
I shou'd have no reason, I shou'd have no reason,  
Sweet *John*, to complain.

“ Before I wou'd yield,  
What vows did you make me, you'd never forsake me,  
And Love you'd reveal'd.  
Ah ! have you forgot,  
How you swore by your Life I should soon be your Wife ;  
Come think on this, *John*,  
And now let me find you, and now let me find you,  
*A right honest Man.*”

64

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, in *Pye-Corner*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts : 1st, the buxom woman, p. 206 ; 2nd, the youth, p. 133 ; 3rd, the quaint zig-zag ornamental frieze, with *Tears*, or *Tadpoles*, whichever we please, given below. Date, 1692, when “ *Let Mary live long !* ” was written by Mrs. Anne Morecott. Music in *Pills*, vi. 84.]



[This belongs to ‘*Joan's Sorrowful Lamentation.*’]

[Rawlinson Collection, 4to. 566, fol. 215. Apparently Unique.]

## A Maidenhead Ill-bestowed ;

Or,

### A New Dialogue betwixt kind Jenny of the Lough and unkind Jockey of the Lee. [See pp. 305, 306, *ante.*]

*Jenny* to *Jockey* had been kind, but *Jockey* wavers like the wind :  
*Jenny* her shame would gladly hide, and fain would be *Jockey's* Bride :  
But *Jockey* he, in great disdain,  
Slights her, which makes her thus complain.

TUNE OF, *Would Jenny were here again.*

JENNY.

“ O *Jockey*, thou art the Lad, that I have leukt for lang,  
Which makes my heart full sad, and down my head I hang ;  
O whither shall *Jenny* gang, if *Jockey* prove false to me ?  
There's ne're a way left but eane, *that is to ligg down and dee,*  
*That is to ligg down and dee.*”

JOCKEY.—“ O *Jenny*, what ails thee now, to mack this doleful din ?  
I never did make a vow ; I valluc thee not a pin !  
But whether I loose or win, then prethee do not complain,  
To tattle do not begin, *but gitt thee geane heame again : but,*” etc.

JENNY.—“ Sure, *Jockey*, thou art not wild, to ask me what I aile ;  
Thou kenns thou me beguil'd, amidst the Garth of kale. [*Garth* = croft.  
Besides in the mossy Dale, and many a corner by :  
Then marry me, without fail, or JENNY for grief will dye,” etc.

JOCKEY.—“ Shame [f]aw the tale thou tells ! what tho' in the Garth we plaid,  
Must e'ery young Lad that mells, the talk of the town be made ?  
I think thou was largely paid, for ganging along with me ;  
Then leave off thy dealing Trade, or *prithee ligg downe and dee,*” etc. 20

### The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

JENNY.—“ False loone ! thou kenns right weele, to thee I have been kind,  
And ever as true as steel ; how darest thou change thy mind ?  
Thy craftiness now I find, because that my Geand is small,  
If my kirtle with gold were lin'd, *then thou would'st ha' me and all.* [*Repeat.*

JOCKEY.—“ 'Tis not for thy Garth I gang, O *Jenny*, I'm not sike [a] Slave ;  
As I'm a true Gentleman, the Lass that I love I'll have :  
And she shall go wondrous brave, as any Lass on the *Lee* ;  
Then do not thou bawle and rave, for JENNY I'll none of thee.” [*Repeat.*

JENNY.—“ Thou kenns that I have a Reeel, a Spindle, I [= ay] and a Rock ;  
I, and a new dainty wheele, to spin me a Hempen smock ;  
With some [siller laid up in st]ock, which many a time thou did'st find :  
Then prithee do not me mock, *but JOCKEY to me prove kind.*

O JOCKEY, to [*me prove kind !*”]

JOCKEY.—“ To tell me of all thy pelfe, O *Jenny*, thou dost amisse.  
I cannot imbrace thy selfe ; I must have a Lasse to kisse.  
Or *Moggy*, or *Sue*, or *Siss*, so that she be kind and free,  
Then tell me no more of this, for JENNY I'll none of thee ; O JENNY,” etc.

JENNY.—“ O Jockey, if e're thou came, or sprang, from Woman's race,  
Leake now on my rising [sh]ame, and do not thy self disgrace.  
But pittie my woeful case, for Love take pittie on me,  
All Maidens will call thee base, *if I do ligg downe and dee: O if I do,*” etc.

JOCKEY.—“ O tell me not of thy [sh]ame, but busk it bonnily downe,  
It was for the nones thou came, and iollow'd me from the Towne:  
Sure I was not sike a Clowne, to let thee gang heame so free:  
Then pritheee leave off [f] to frowne, *for JENNY I'le none of thee,*  
*O JENNY, I'le none of thee!*”

JENNY.—“ O false deceitful wretch! and is thy heart so base,  
To leave me in the lurch, and in this woeful case?  
Would I had ne're seen thy face, that tempted me o're the Lee,  
But now it's for want of grace, *that I must ligg downe and dee,*  
*O that I must [ligg downe and dee].*”

CONCLUSION.

Then Maidens all beware, how young-men you do trust,  
And have a special care, of yielding to their Lust.  
For honour laid in the dust cannot be recall'd, you see;  
But then at the last you must *with JENNY ligg downe and dee;*  
*O, with JENNY ligg downe and dee.*

60

Finis.

Printed for R. Burton, at the Horse-shoee, in West-Smithfield.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, Lady, iii. 240; 2nd, top-half of Scot, i. 116.  
Date, probably, 1679.]

\*\* It was an evil conclusion to a ‘Merry Adventure.’ This unique broad-side Sequel does not belong to our Roxburghe Collection: but our work would have been incomplete without it, seeing that the antecedent ballad was given on p. 305. Let it be remembered, to the honour of the ballad-writing fraternity, when Charles II. was king, that they dared boldly to expose the baseness and calamity of such seductions; that they made no disguise of the meanness, no palliation of the sinful ingratitude and breach of trust in the scoundrels who figure so often as betrayers of virgins. Nor did they omit to show the culpable weakness and half-consent of the girls themselves.

Note.—We do not imagine the *John* of the foregoing ballad, p. 346, ‘*Joan's Sorrowful Lamentation,*’ to have been intended for the same *John* (who was bidden to ‘*Rock the Cradle!*’) in our earlier ditty of pp. 162-164, by Laurence Price; nor is our new *Joan* identical with Martin Parker's heroine of ‘*Rocke the Babie, Joan,*’ a unique ballad, dated 2nd January, 163½: the opening stanza is,

A Young man in our Parish, his wife was somewhat currish,  
For she refus'd to nourish a child which he brought home;  
He got it on another, and death had ta'ne the mother,  
The truth he could not smother, all out at last did come.

“*Suckle the Baby, huggle the Baby, Rocke the Baby, Joan!*”  
“*I scorne to suckle the Baby, unless it were mine owne.*”

Nevertheless the Martin Parker couple agree at last, the ballad ending thus:—

“*Wee'le suckle the Baby, and huggle the Baby, Gramerey honest Joan!*”  
“*O, John, I'le rocke thy Baby, as well as 'twere mine owne.*”

It is not necessary to reprint the entire ballad, since it belongs to a different Collection (Pepys, I. 396), and our present vol. vii. is already densely crowded. Other ‘*John and Joan*’ ballads are in vol. iii. pp. 590 to 596.

[Roxb. Coll., II. 221; Jersey, I. 360; I. 366 = Lind., 1133; Douce, I. 101.]

## Jenny, Jenny ;

Or,

### The False-hearted Knight and Kind-hearted Lass.

He wooed fair *Jenny*, but he would not wed,  
 He only sued to get her Maiden-head,  
 Which having got, he did poor *Jenny* slight,  
 And left her like a false disloyal Knight.  
 Now she that was in hopes to be a Lady,  
 Hath time enough to sing '*Ba low my Baby!*' [Cf. vi. 576.]

TO A NEW SCOTCH TUNE; Or, *Jenny, Jenny*, etc.

Here was a Lass in our Town, and she was wondrous fair,  
 There was a Knight of high renown, and he was wondrous rare;  
 "'Tis for the love of thee I dye, Jenny, Jenny,  
 'Tis for the love of thee I dye, Jenny, Jenny."

"'Tis pity that a Knight so gay should dy[e] for the love of me;  
 I had rather lose my life to-day, than such a thing should be."  
 "Then gang along with me," quoth he, "Jenny, Jenny!  
 Then gang along with me, Jenny, Jenny."

"What would my daddy and mammy say, if I with thee should ben,  
 That sure[ly] I was run away, with whom I did not ken."  
 "Pish! lay all the blame on my back, Jenny, Jenny!  
 Lig all the blame upon my back, Jenny, Jenny!"

"But what if I should prove with child, as it perhaps may be,  
 Then you must provide a Nursing bower for your young Son & me."  
 "Then down to yonder Green-wood go, Jenny," quoth he;  
 "Then down to yonder Green-wood go, Jenny, Jenny!" 16

"And down in yonder Greenwood, I ken it well of old,  
 Where I shall sustain enough of both hunger and of cold."  
 "Then lig the Trees upon the fire, Jenny," quoth he;  
 "Then lig the Trees upon the fire, Jenny, Jenny!"

"Now you have had your will of me, and brought me unto shame,  
 If I do beg some boons of ye, say not I am to blame."  
 "Well fare thy bonny brow," quoth he, "Jenny, Jenny!  
 Now tell me what thou would'st have of me, Jenny, Jenny."

"May't please your kind courtesie, to gang under yonders town,  
 May't please your kind courtesie to buy me a Silken Gown."  
 "Mend the old one for a new," quoth he, "Jenny, Jenny!"  
 "Mend the old one for a new," quoth he, "Jenny, Jenny."

"May't please you, of kind courtesie to gang into yonder Faire;  
 May't please your kind courtesie to buy me an ambling Mare."  
 "Ride on thy Spinning-wheel," quoth he, "Jenny, Jenny!"  
 "Ride on thy Spinning-wheel," quoth he, "Jenny, Jenny." 32

“ I pray you will not angry be, whilst I beg one small Boon,  
 May't please your kind courtesie to buy me a pair of Shoon.”  
 “ *Let him that rides thee next, shoos thee,*” quoth he “ Jenny, Jenny !  
 For thou shalt ne'r be shod by me, Jenny, Jenny.”

“ Once more I beg your kind courtesie, to gang to yonders Leek,  
 And there do so much for me as buy me a seeing K[EEK].”  
 “ *K[EEK] even in the Well !*” quoth he, “ Jenny, Jenny, [t. 'kit.'  
 For there thy beauty thou may'st see, Jenny, Jenny.”

By this, young Lasses all may learn how they do yield to love,  
 And not to trust deluding men, that will false-hearted prove :  
*Had Jenny kept her Maiden-head, she might 'a liv'd free,*  
*But now I do lament the case of Jenny, Jenny.\**

### Finis.

[In Black-letter. Colophon shorn away, but Bibliotheca Lindesiana, No. 1133, is 'Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.' Douce's printed for J. Clarke only. Four woodcuts : 1st, the striding man, vol. vi. p. 163 L. ; 2nd, the woman, p. 323, R. ; 3rd and 4th, old cavalier and lady. p. 140 ante. Date, circa 1670-80. Keek=look, is misprinted 'Kit,' leek or teek is doubtful.]

\* Dame Quickly had anticipated 'the case of Jenny,' by her comment :—  
 “ Vengeance o' *Jenny's* case ! fie on her, never name her, child, if she be a W.”  
*Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv. 1.

\*\* ‘ Jenny, Jenny ’ is the Anglo-Scotch original of the half-century-later ‘ Scotch Song ’ entitled ‘ My Jo Janet,’ which Allan Ramsay printed in his *Tea-Table-Miscellany*, vol. i. p. 111, first edition, 1724, beginning,

“ Sweet Sir, for your courtesie, when ye come by the Bass then, [Inverury.  
 For the love ye bear to me, buy me a keeking-glass then. [= mirror.

“ *Keek into the draw-well, Janet, Janet ;*  
*And there ye'll see your bonny Sel', my Jo, Janet.*”

“ Good Sir, for your courtesie, coming thro' Aberdeen then,  
 For the love ye bear to me, buy me a pair of shoon then.”

“ *Clout the auld, the new are dear, Janet, Janet ;*  
*Ae pair may gain you half a year, my Jo, Janet.*” etc.

Reprinted, with music, in Willm. Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, ii. 80, 1733 ; in Ritson's *Scotish Songs*, i. 249, 1869 ; and John Muir Wood's *Balmoral Edition of G. F. Graham's Songs of Scotland*, p. 34, 1887 (a version of the Skene MS. tune, *Long er onie Old Man*, in Straloch MS., claiming to be of date 1627). To this air, December, 1793, Robert Burns wrote his ‘ *My Spouse Nancy.*’ (Cf. Robt. Chambers's *Songs of Scotland prior to Burns*, p. 162 ; and Paterson's *Burns*, iii. 169, “ Husband, husband, cease your Strife.”)

Beginning with the same first line as ours, “ There was a Lass in our Town :  
*Stea Willy Ste'nsen,*” a ballad entitled ‘ Opportunity Lost ; or, The Scotch Lover Defeated,’ is extant, threefold, printed for P. Brooksby in *West-Smithfield*. (In Huth Coll., II. 49 ; *Bibliotheca Lindesiana*, No. 1132 ; and C. 22. e. 2, f. 68.) It possesses a burden celebrating the ‘ single-woman ’ ancestress of Wellingtonian Edward White, *Pretty Peggy Benson*. The *Argument* motto-verse runs thus :—

“ Here *Willy* follows *Peggy* still, but ne'er attains to have his will ;  
 His slowness caus'd the hasty Maid to call a Miller to her ayd :  
 Who, nimble than her Lover, seiz'd, and straight her hasty passion eas'd.”



## Some Willow-Green Ballads.

*Desdemona*.—"My mother had a maid call'd *Barbara* :  
 She was in love, and he she loved proved mad  
 And did forsake her : she had a song of ' *Willow* :'  
 An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
 And she died singing it . . . .

(*Singing*) 'The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
*Sing all a green willow* ;  
 Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
*Sing all a green willow !*  
 The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans ;  
*Sing willow, willow, willow* ;  
 Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones :  
*Sing willow, willow, willow.*  
*Sing all a green willow must be my garland.'*"

—*Othello*, Act iv. sc. 3.

"IF a man, or any man, or any other man" (as John Incedon used to say), were to take a mean advantage of every reader, by introducing surreptitiously such lugubrious ditties as 'The Young Man's Unfortunate Destiny,' or 'The Lamented Lovers,' or 'The Woful Complaint of a Forsaken Lover,' on pretence of a moral infusion to rectify the crudities, into this our 'Group of Merry Adventures,' it might be worse than what Starveling and Bully Bottom dreaded, "to bring in—God shield us!—a Lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing." Therefore another Prologue must tell us that these *Willow Garlands* are entwined happily ; "so let no man be afeared." They fulfil the old meaning of a Comedy, and come to an end otherwise than doleful.

Moreover, the Roxburghe 'Willow Green' leads us naturally to its Oxford and Cambridge sequel (here brought into place), *viz.* 'The Willow Green turned White.' This again leads us to 'The Willow turn'd into Carnation,' which is to a different tune, being no other than the much-desired '*Cupid's Trappan*' (mentioned on pp. 181, 182), known also as *Bonny, bonny Bird*, and *Up the Green Forest*, 'a pleasant new tune now all in fashion.' We subjoin a reprint of the first answer to it, 'The Batchelor's Forecast.' This is one of those labyrinths of olden song which had never before yielded a convenient pathway. Until we have all the pieces of the puzzle in hand, such dissected maps are almost unintelligible.

Although it be an extra, and to its own distinct tune, not one of those mentioned, we prefix Laurence Price's ballad, 'Give me the Willow Garland,' as commencement. Two pages for it can well be spared, to enroll it with his other ditties. A friendly rivalry united him with Martin Parker ; they often supplemented one another on the same subject, in playful emulation, and even Richard Crimsall was not often left out in the cold.

[Pepys Coll., III. 94 ; Rawl., 58 ; Huth, I. 119 ; Jersey, I. 308 = Lind., 105 ;  
C. 22. e. 2. fol. 47.]

## Give me the Willow Garland ;

Or, The Maiden's former Fear, and latter Comfort.

*At first she for a Husband made great moan,  
But at the last she found a loving one.*

TO A DAINTY NEW TUNE, CALLED, *Give me the Willow-Garland.*

**A**S I walked forth in the merry month of *June*,  
To hear the Nightingale sing her best tune,  
I spied a young Maid, which sighed and said,  
"My time I have wasted in vain,  
Much love I have spent, which makes me repent,  
On them that holds me in disdain.  
*Take pity," quoth she, "some gentle body,  
Give me the Willow-Garland, for none will have me.*

"I am in my conscience full sixteen years old,  
Yet still go unmarried, which makes my heart cold :  
There's many you see that's younger than me,  
That suckles sweet babes at the bre[ast] ;  
That lives at their ease, and carries the Keys,  
Of many fair Cupboard and Chest.  
*Take pity," [quoth she, "some gentle body,] etc.* 16

"Some men will give handkerchiefs, some will give gloves,  
And some will give Bodkins, to purchase maids' loves :  
But I, like a friend, my money did lend,  
And never did ask it again ;  
And them that received, in whom I believed,  
Have put me to sorrow and pain. *Take pity, etc.*

"When *William* at first came a wooing to me, [text, 'come.'  
Good Lord, then how jocond and frolick was he !  
He clip'd me, he kiss'd me, he hug'd me in his arms,  
He promis'd to make me his wife ;  
But he was mistaken, and I am forsaken,  
Which causes much sorrow and strife.  
*Take pity," quoth she, "some gentle body,  
Give me the Willow-Garland, for none will have me."* 32

[The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.]

"The next that came to me was smirking fine *Thomas*,  
And, like sweet *William*, did make me a promise ;  
But when this young Lad his will of me had,  
He gave me a *Judas*-like kiss, [Cf. p. 359.  
So parted away, the truth 'tis to say,  
I ne'r saw him from that time to this.  
*Take pity," quoth she "some gentle body,  
Give me the Willow-Garland, for none will have me.*

"Then *John*, the brave Gallant, with a sword by his side,  
Came to me and told me he'd make me his bride :  
But in this brave youth I found but small truth,  
Although he did vow and protest  
To me to prove true, yet he bad[e] me adieu,  
And prov'd quite as bad as the rest. *Take pity, etc.* 48

" There was *Richard* and *Robert* came both on one day,  
But they like the others soon vanish'd away :  
And since that time, whilst Spring was in prime,  
I have had of suitors great plenty ;  
I dare to be bold, if they were all told,  
That they were at least three-and-twenty. *Take pity, etc.*

" Now seeing that Fortune hath me so much crost,  
That all my old sweet-hearts are quite gone and lost,  
My self I'll commend to God *Cupid* my friend,  
And to him will heartily pray,  
To send me a love that constant will prove,  
And never to straggle away. *Take pity, etc.*

64

" There's nothing at all that belongs to a man,  
But in a short warning well fit him I can :  
I have silver and gold, which my Father never told,  
I have very good cloath[*e*]s to my back ;  
I have house and land, and good Goods at command,  
'Tis only a husband I lack. *Take pity, etc.*

" You see how my Visage is grown pale and wan,  
You well may perceive 'tis for want of a man :  
My pulses do beat, and my body doth sweat,  
And my senses are all at great strife ;  
My belly doth ache, and my heart-strings will break,  
If I cannot be made a Wife.

*And therefore," quoth she, " some gentle body,  
Make me a Willow-Garland, or else marry me."*

80

At last came a young-man of courage most bold,  
Saying, " Sweet-heart, I care not for Silver nor Gold.  
But if thou wilt prove like the Turtle-Dove,

Right faithful and true to thy friend,  
Then will I be thine, and thou shalt be mine ;  
And I'll love thee unto my life's end."

" *Your Servant," quoth she ; " My True Love," quoth he,  
" Clap hands on the bargain, and so we'll agree."*

And now this young woman is eas'd of her pain,  
For she never after was known to complain :  
He made her his wife, and she lives a brave life,

Attyred in garments most brave ;  
And all things at will, her mind to fulfil,  
At every command she'll now have.

*Her Husband is kind, they are both of a mind,  
According as Nature and Love doth them bind.*

" *Farewell now," quoth she, " to the Green Willow-tree,  
I have got a Husband that well pleaseth me."*

98

¶ Finis.

L[ *Laurence*] P[ *rice*].

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

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st and 2nd, oval, are on p. 378; 3rd is a little couple, woman and man, with a house on hill at back, p. 358; 4th, single figure of a man in a cloak. Original date, probably *circa* 1637. Date of this later re-issue 1674-80. It is No. 196 of *Thackeray's List in Bagford.*]

The next is a genuine *Roxburghe Ballad*, lacking its Sequel except in the Pepsys and Douce Collections; but we here connect the parts again.



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 132 ; Pepys, III. 330 ; Douce, II. 253.]

**The Willow Green ;**  
 Or,  
**The Distressed Lover's Complaint,**  
**Because that his true Love compassion doth want.**

The like to this Ditty was never read, or seen,  
 For he weareth a Garland all of *Willow-Green*.

TO A NEW TUNE, CALLED, *The Willow Green*, Sung by Musicians, and in the Theator.



**Y**oung men and maids that live in love, come listen to this harmless ditty,  
 And let fancy your hearts move, for to take of me some pitty ;  
 For unto you I will declare, the strangest thing that e're was seen,  
 Sad happiness to prove my share, *now to wear the willow green.* 8

I'me almost eighteen years of age, and so deep am [I] fal'n in love ;  
 Nothing can *Cupid's* fire asuage, except my Dear do constant prove :  
 Oft did I make suit unto her, in place where we both have been,  
 With sighs and tears I then did woe her, *though now I wear the willow green.*

Many gifts I did her proffer, if she would grant love to me ;  
 But she refused my kind offer, I could not esteemed be.  
 Behold how my body is wasted, little thought I these days to have seen ;  
 So deep of Love's cup oft [I] have tasted, *and now to wear the willow green !*

Search the stories of old ages, from *Adam* to this present time,  
 That have fill'd volum[e]s and pages, no man's case is like to mine ;  
 For my Love doth prove hard hearted, harder than *Adamant* I ween,  
 And cunningly from me is parted, *which makes me wear the willow green.* 32

## The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

COME all that bears good will unto me, do so much as tell me how,  
 This green garland doth become me, which I am first to wear now ;  
 Because obdurate she doth prove, whose beauty might become a Queen,  
 And most unfaithful is in Love, *which makes me wear the willow green.*

My Love sleeps on another man's pillow ; were it but for an hour or two, (Note.  
 Then I'de leave off this mournful willow ; then Love see what I can do :  
 Was ever man more kind in tryal, to a Lass than I have been,  
 But she to me doth prove disloyal, *and makes me wear the willow green.* 48

Harder hap had never no man from the Creation until now ;  
 To love a cruel unkind woman, which will to me no love allow.  
 Both day and night I am tormented, no rest long time that I have seen :  
 My torture cannot be prevented, *but I must wear the willow green.*

And some friends have lately told me, which my sad fates much deplore,  
 I look like death when they behold me, though I was jovial heretofore ;  
 O that my love-sick suit was granted, by her that I [do] most esteem,  
 I should enjoy what I long wanted, *and leave off this willow green.* 64

My dearest, when I do behold thee, as thou passest along the street,  
 In mine arms I wish to infold thee, with [loving] kisses I would thee greet :  
 Oh that thy heart was not obdurate, but in Church we might be seen,  
 And be wedded by an honest Curate, *then I'de cast off this willow green.*

Thou art a Damosel full of beauty, rare perfections dwells in thee,  
 Cupid reports it is my duty, to wait with patient constancy :  
 Many brave Damsels have I viewed, and Lasses rare where I have been,  
 But for thy love I have greatly rued, *till death I'le wear the willow green.* 80

Fairest of fairest, I thee implore, on thy slave to take some pitty ;  
 Thou art the Goddess that I adore, I pray thee read my mournful ditty :  
 For yet e're many days be spent, with thine own eyes it will be seen,  
 When to the grave thou hast me sent, *I'le dye wearing the willow green.*

I hope an answer to receive, e're it be long assuredly ;  
 All happiness I thee bequeath, and I will love thee till I dye ;  
 Thus I remain the faithfullest lover, that ever to this day was seen,  
 Direct thine, when thou hast read this over, *to him that wears the willow green.*

Printed for J[ohn] Hose, over-against *Stoples-Inn*, in *Holbourn*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts : 1st, given on p. 355 ; 2nd, on p. 425 ; also a Head-piece scroll with Prince of Wales' feathers. Date, *circa* 1675-80.]

\* \* We add the recovered and avowed Sequel, 'The Willow Green turned into White;' being 'The Maid's Answer to our Distressed Lover's Complaint,' it is given here on p. 357. The first tune-name, on next page, *My Love sleeps on another man's pillow*, indicates no lost ballad, but refers to our *Roxburgh* 'Willow Green,' the line beginning sixth stanza, *vide supra*. The disappointed lover is not clear in his language, but his intentions or wishes may be guessed: "then see what I can do," in an hour or two, "and all without hurry!" as the old song has it ('Could a man be secure that his life would endure'). It comes right at last, and there is no other man's Pillow case.

The regulation of the country post must have been excellent in those days, if, without superscription on her letter, except "to him who wears the Willow-Green," her answer by return reached him. George Colman's Landlady of France, 1809, was provident in such cases, "'Adieu, my soul,' says she, 'If you write, pray pay the post! but before we part, let's take a drop of brandy, O!'"

[Pepys Coll., III. 33 ; Rawlinson, 18 ; Douce, II. 254 ; Wood, E. 25, fol. 7.]

## The Willow Green turned into White ;

Or,

### The Young Man's Joy and the Maid's Delight.

*Being the Maid's kind and Loving Answer, to the distressed Lover's Complaint.*

Herein she plainly shows in every part  
How he is the Man that doth enjoy her heart,  
Though first she seem'd disloyal for to prove,  
["T]was only but to try his constant Love :  
But now most lovingly unto him she is seen,  
And she bids him never fear wearing the Willow Green.

TUNE IS, *My Love sleeps on another Man's pillow* ; or, *The Willow Green*, etc.



[These figures, sometimes separated, belong to pp. 81, 304 ; and to vol. iv. p. 23.]

“ **W**Hat ails my Love to be so sad? Why art thou troubled so in mind?  
I am come now to make thee glad, to thee I will prove true and kind ;  
Then cast away all sorrow and care, and be joyful as thou hast been,  
Chear up thy heart, and do not fear, *thou shalt not wear the Willow Green.*

“ I am come to fulfil thy wishes, as thou shalt find immediately,  
Come now and take a hundred kisses, in token of my love to thee.  
Although thy woes at first seemed double, yet let sorrow no more be seen,  
I now will free thee from the trouble, *of wearing [still] the Willow Green.* 16

“ Although long time we have been parted, 'twas but thy constancy to prove,  
Now I'll be Loyal and true-hearted, unto thee my own true Love.  
No man that lives on *English* Ground shall e're my true-Love from thee win,  
If I might gain five hundred pound, *my Love shall not wear the Willow Green.*

“ What though I shew'd my self unconstant, to thee at first, and seemed coy,  
Yet thou shalt find, [now] by this instant, I will be thy only joy :  
Then prethee, dearest Love, content thee, and be not sad as thou hast been,  
For I am resolved to prevent thee *from wearing the Willow Green.* 32

“’Tis thou art him that I love best, above all men that e’re I see,  
I am the Maid I do protest that will prove constant unto thee.  
I love thee dearer than Gold or Pearl, no Riches ever shall me win,  
If I might have a Lord or Earl, *my Love should not wear the Willow Green.*

“ I have been woo’d by many a Gallant, which would have gladly wedded me,  
But I have refus’d both Gold and talent, all for the Love that I bear to thee :  
Many call’d me their joy and hon[s]e, hoping my favour too to win,  
But no Man shall cause me with Money *to make thee wear the Willow Green.*

“ Although thou blamest me to be cruel, and hard-hearted unto thee,  
Yet now I’le be thy only jewel, and love no man but only thee.  
Thy Love-sick Suit is fully granted, faithful ever I’le be seen,  
True Love in me shall ne’re be wanted, *therefore cast off the Willow Green.*

“ Then prethee Love make no delay, let’s not our precious time withstand;  
Come, let us to the Church away, and there be joynd hand in hand.  
We’ll live as loving as any two that ever in the Land was seen,  
Therefore, my dearest, bid adieu *for ever [to] wearing the Willow Green.*”

At this the young man rejoiced greatly, to hear his Sweet-heart’s kind Reply,  
He then embrac’d her most neatly, with kisses then so lovingly :  
They went unto a Priest with speed, in a brave manner as e’re was seen,  
Where, as they Married was indeed, *now he cast off the Willow Green.* 72

So Lovers all I bid adieu, I pray much of my Verses make,  
These Lines I here present to you, wherein you may a pattern take :  
I wish you may continue long in Pleasure, Comfort, and Delight,  
And there’s an end of my new Song, *call’d the Willow Green turn’d into White.*

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

[In Black-letter. With one woodcut, see p. 208. Date, 1674–81.]

\* \* \* These two ballads, ‘The Distressed Lover’s Complaint,’ and ‘The Maid’s Answer,’ are indisputably in sequence, and to the same tune. But another ballad, sub-titled, ‘The Willow Green turned into Carnation,’ although to a totally different tune and rhythm, deserves to be brought in connection with them; more especially because it is the promised Original of ‘*Cupid’s Trappan*,’ known also as *Bonny bonny bird*, and, from second stanza, ‘*Up the Green Forest*.’ To the same popular tune were sung the ballads mentioned on p. 363.



[This couple belongs to pp. 354, 359: the single figure to pp. 204, 445, and vi. 258.]

[Pepys Coll., III. 107; Rawlinson, 111; Euing, 35; Douce, I. 39 *vo.*, I. 50; C. 22. fol. 41; Lindsiana, 974.]

## Cupid's Crappan; or, Up the Green Forest.

Or, the Scorn'd Scorn'd; or Willow turn'd into Carnation.  
Described in the Wanting Resolution of a Forsaken Maid.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, NOW ALL IN FASHION. [See pp. 181, 182.]

O'Nce did I love a bonny bonny Bird, [*al. lect.*, 'and a bonny.'  
Thinking that he had been my own.  
But he lov'd another far better than I,  
And he's taken his flight, and he's flown, *brave Boys*,  
*And he's taken his flight, and is flown.*

Up the green Forrest, and down the green Forrest,  
Like one much distressed in mind;

I [w]hoopt and I [w]hoopt, and I flung up my Hood,  
But my bonny Bird I could not find, *brave Boys*,  
*But my bonny Bird [I could not find].* [Repeat, *passim*.

But she that hath gotten my bonny bonny Bird,  
Would the Devil had had her for me!  
It was not a Crown nor a Noble so round,  
That should have bought my bonny Bird from me, *brave Boys*.

He set me upon his dissembling knee,  
And look'd me all in the face,  
He gave unto me a *Judas-kiss*, [*Cf. p. 353.*  
But his heart was in another place, *brave Boys*. 20

She that hath gotten my bonny bonny Bird,  
Let her make as much of 't as she can;  
For whether I have him, or I have him not,  
I will quaff with him now and then, *brave Boys*.

He told me he lov'd me far better than all  
The richest temptations i' th' World,  
Than treasure or mon[e]y, he call'd me his Honey;  
But now from his heart I am hurl'd, *brave Boys, etc.*

He could not endure to be out of my sight,  
He lov'd me like Silver or Gold;  
His blood was on fire with the flames of desire,  
But I find his hot love was soon cold, *brave Boys, etc.*

His tongue was so tipt with temptations that I  
Could have suffer'd him (without controul)  
To have done what he wou'd, and have humour'd his blood,  
Had the venture been body and soul, *brave Boys*,  
*Had the venture [been body and soul].* 40

And now he requites me with scorn and disdain,  
Some other hath gotten him from me,  
But let her take heed, at last how she speed,  
Least a third do prove better than she, *brave boys, Least a third, etc.*

One Man for one Maid, the Creator hath made,  
He that hath more hath more than his due;  
Sure two is too many, he'l never love any,  
For twenty Maids will be too few, *brave boys, For twenty, etc.*

Those Virgins that take him I think are stark mad,  
 For he that proves false unto one  
 That loved him as life, will be false to his Wife :  
 I have cause to be glad that he's gone, *brave Boys*, etc.

The Witchcraft of Love is enough to undo  
 The hearts of poor credulous Creatures,  
 My Freedom to me is far sweeter than he,  
 For Freedom is softer than Fetters, *brave Boys*. 60

If he had continued he might 'a had all,  
 His Carriage and Wit was so brave !  
 Although he had like to have given me a fall,  
 Yet the jewel of jewels, I have, *brave Boys*.

Which still I will keep from such Gamesters as he,  
 By such I will ne'er be betray'd,  
 My Portion shall be my Virginitie :  
 'Tis Dowry enough for a Maid, *brave Boys*, etc.

I'll swagger and rant, and I'll ne'er think upon 't,  
 But bring Willow Garlands in fashion ;  
 Although for my part, my own merry heart  
 Shall turn Willow into Carnation, *brave Boys*,  
 Shall turn [*Willow into Carnation*].

I vow to be jolly, brisk, free and bonny, [*Trans. to rhyme.*]  
 And march under Chastity's Banners ;  
 I'll sing, and I'll dance, and my spirits advance,  
 In spite of all *Cupid's Trappanners*, *brave Boys*,  
 In spite of all *Cupid's Trappanners*. 80

When he comes disfigur'd and crippled from War,  
 I'll jeer him, and laugh him to scorn ;  
 His Wife too will scoff, when he comes lamely off,  
 And give him a Night-cap of Horn, *brave Boys*.

All you that are Virgins, and live at your wills,  
 Be wise and take warning by me,  
 Ne'er venture your hearts, to a tongue and good parts,  
 If the man have no fidelity, *brave Boys*.

It is better to live in a Virgin's degree,  
 Than marry a false-hearted Mate,  
 Their cunning shall ne'er take me in their snare :  
 The Devil shall catch him for *Kate*, *brave Boys* !  
 The Devil shall catch him for *Kate*. 95

*London*, Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *J. Clark*.

[Black-letter. Lind., and C. 22, printed by *W. Onley* for *A. Milbourne*, and are to be sold by *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel in Guilt-spur-street*, without *Newgate*. Rawlinson's has one woodcut, given already on p. 148 ; but the Douce I. 39 verso, has the couple on p. 358, printed for *W. Onley* ; 2nd Douce, for *F. Coles*, etc., has a debased copy of our cut on p. 148. No *Clark* to Douce's. This ballad is No. 281 of *Thackeray's List*. Original date, circé 1667.]

\*\* *Note on Woodcuts given on p. 362* : The black-hatted woman and man belong to '*The Maid's Answer*,' p. 337 ; the man holding a money-bag, to *The New Courtier*, p. 265 ; and to '*The Lady of Pleasure*,' see p. 469.



[Euing Collection, formerly J. O. Halliwell's, No. XVI. Apparently Unique.]

## The Batchelor's Fore-cast; or, Cupid Unblest.

Being an Answer to Cupid's Trappan, or up the Green Forrest.

Though many Zealots do in Love seem holy,  
Yet he accounts it all to be but folly.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Cupid's Trappan*. [See pp. 181, 182, 358, 359.]

O'Nee did I love, and a very pretty girl,  
Thinking to make her my own;  
Although she did look like the mother of Pearl,  
*Yet now am I fledg'd and flown, brave Boys!*  
*Yet now am I fledg'd and flown.*

I wooed and sued her, yet she did deny,  
She answered she would have none;  
The humor of Love I [could not] defie,  
*But now am I fledg'd and flown, brave Boys,*  
*[But now am I fledg'd and flown].*

[*sic, passim.*]

I try'd my Art to make her to me sure,  
And still I did call her my own;  
At last she'd indure to stoop to the lure,  
*But now I am fledg'd and flown, brave Boys!* etc.

15

Since she doth so scorn me, with Sack I'l[e] adorn me,  
I will be outwitted by none;  
These feminine creatures are absolute cheaters  
*But now am I fledg'd and flown, brave Boys!* etc.

But since I forsook her, what fancy hath took her,  
In the Forrest she seeks for her own;  
She [w]hoops and she howls, like [the] woodcocks or owls,  
*Her bonny Bird's fledg'd and flown, brave Boys!* etc.

My humoursome Love, I could not approve,  
Her humour was single alone;  
Now I have another, that's better than t'other,  
*Her bonny Bird's fledg'd and flown, brave Boys!* etc.

30

And now I do hear she fain would draw near,  
For now she doth call me her own;  
I care not for that, I'l keep out of her trap,  
*Her bonny Bird's fledg'd and flown, brave Boys!*

Why should I be tyed her humour to hide,  
I'l never be linkt to one;  
Count Maidens and Mauthers twenty to ten:  
*Her bonny Bird's fledg'd and flown, brave Boys!*

I allways did wait on my pretty Love *Kate*,  
Intending my Love for to marry;  
But since she's no better, I'm none of her debtor,  
*The Devil shall have her for Harry, brave Boys!*

45

If any one tax me of falshood in Love,  
And say I'le prove true to none,  
I pul'd out my sickle because she was fickle,  
*Her bonny Bird's fledg'd and flown, brave Boys!*

[*This appears to be the true end.*]

If Love hath bewicht her, what is it to me ?  
 I wonder blind *Cupid* would let her ; [let = stay her.  
 Since she is not smutcht, nor her honesty tucht,  
 Why should she betyde in the fetter, *brave Boys !* etc.  
 So long as she is free, she cares not for me,  
 Her Maiden-head is her honor ;  
 If she sing and laugh I'le merrily quaff,  
 And ne're spend an idle thought on her, *brave Boys !* 60  
 If she sing and swagger, I'le drink till I stagger,  
 The humor of Love I defie it ;  
 Turn Willow to Wine therein I will pine :  
 Better live *with* it, than by it, *brave Boys !*  
 I'm come from the Wars without any scars,  
 Although I was most in the action ;  
 My money doth chink, and I must have some drink,  
 And a pox on this foolish Love-faction, [*brave Boys !*] etc.  
 Though I am no cripple, yet well can I tipple,  
 I scorn for to bauk my liquor ;  
 The Ju[i]ce of the Grape tastes better than *Kate*,  
 To the Tavern I am a close sticker. 75  
 But yet I advise, ' let's be merry and wise !'  
 To shun many [a] future disaster ; [Text, 'disasters.'  
 Though young-men may find that Maidens are kind,  
 Yet never let Love be your Master, [*brave Boys !*] etc.  
 If I'd not marcht off, she at me would scoff,  
 I'd rather at Sea for to venture,  
 If I loose Leg or Arm 'tis not so much harm,  
 As steering out Love to the centre, etc.  
 'Tis better for you to live as you be,  
 Than a false-hearted Maid for to marry ;  
 Not all the deceit of *Bess*, *Sue*, and *Kate*,  
 Could ever Trappan honest Harry, [*brave Boys !*] [text, 'never.'  
 Could ever Trappan honest Harry].

Finis.

With Allowance.

Printed by *P. Lilliecrap* for *R[ich.] Burton*, at *Horse-shoe* in *West-Smith-field*.  
 [Black-letter. Three cuts. Date of *P. Lilliecrap*, of *Clerkenwell Close*, circa 1667.]





\* \* So at last the world, that had been hungering and thirsting for the delightful banquet of *Cupid's Trappan*, has the table covered with viands and can satisfy its appetite to the full. It has never been possible until now for this two hundred past years to see the whole spread before us. Nobody cares twa bodles (which is exactly equivalent to ae plack, if we are not out of our fiscal reckoning) about the trouble and difficulty of such ballad-hunts. Sitting lazily at the British Museum, without ever subscribing a guinea for membership, to meet the cost of printing, some languid Reader may yawn over the tale of *Cupid's Trappan*. But enthusiastic members, at Plymouth, Brighton, Leicester, Ramsgate, Glasgow, or across the Atlantic in American Libraries—who have given support to the work for a score of years—may feel glad to see the *disiecta membra* reunited.

Apparently the six ballads come in this order of sequence (1st and 2nd are certainly in closest connection; 3rd and 4th are also a clearly conjoined couple; 5th seems to be a direct Answer to the *Milkmaid*, No. 4, who has Answered No. 3; the 6th is a free and independent ballad, to the same tune, describing the subsequent fate of either one of the 'Ranting Young Men'):

- 1st.—*Cupid's Trappan* (printed, or re-printed for Coles, Vere, Wright and Clark): beginning, "Once did I love and a bonny bonny Bird." (See p. 359.)
- 2nd.—The Bateheior's Forecast, or Cupid Unblest; being an *Answer to Cupid's Trappan* (printed by P. Lillierap for R. Burton), beginning, "Once did I love, and a very pretty Girl." (See p. 361.)
- 3rd.—The Plow-man's Art in Wooing (Brooksby's): beginning, "I am a Young Man that do follow the Plow." (See vol. vi. p. 526.)
- 4th.—The Milkmaid's Resolution (Brooksby's): "Of late I did hear a young man domineer." (See vol. vi. p. 529.)
- 5th.—A Young Man put to his Shifts (Thackeray, Passenger and Whitwood), beginning "Of late did I hear a young damsel complain." Or it may be that this is a rival Answer to Cupid's Trappan, No. 1. (See p. 179 of present volume.)
- 6th.—The Patient Husband and Scolding Wife (W. Thackeray's issue), beginning, "All you Gallants in City or Town." (See p. 182 of present vol.)

For *Note on the Woodcuts* of p. 362, see p. 360.



## The Scotch Lad's Moan.

"Whilst *D'Urfey's* voice his verse does raise,  
When *D'Urfey* sings his tuneful Lays,  
Give *D'Urfey's* Lyrick Muse the Bayes."

—*E. Gouge*, 1719.

WE have here another of the prolific Tom D'Urfey's Anglo-Scottish play-house ditties: his original three stanzas were supplemented by an inferior ballad-monger with four additional stanzas to eke out the pennyworth on a broadside. And a penny two hundred years ago, to the ordinary purchasers of such literary wares, was equal to the expenditure of a groat, if not of a sixpence now-a-days. Licensed by Richard Pocock and printed by Philip Brooksby before the end of 1688. In 1690 the original song reappeared on p. 139 of the *New Poems* by *Thomas D'Urfey*; again, with the music, in *Wit and Mirth*, 1700, p. 166; and also in the 1719 edition of *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. ii. p. 148.

[Roxb. Coll., II. 413; Pepys, III. 360; Jersey, I. 45; Huth, II. 81; Ellis, I.]

## The Scotch Lad's Moan ;

Or,

Pretty Moggie's Unkindness.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW SCOTCH TUNE [= *Moggie's bed so near me.*]

This may be Printed, R.P.



A Lad o' th' Town th[us] made his moan, [Text, 'that.']  
 One Winter's morning early,  
 " Alas! that I must lye alone,  
 And *Moggie's* bed so near me ;  
 All night I turn, and toss, and sigh,  
 And never can I close my eye, [Text, 'eyes.']  
 For thinking that I lig so nigh  
 The lass I love so dearly. 8

" She's all delight from foot to crown,  
 And just sixteen her age is, [orig. song, "eighteen."]  
 And that she still must lye alone,  
 My heart and soul enrag'd is :  
 I'd give the World I might put on  
 Each morn her stockings or her shoon ;  
 If I were but her Serving-Loon,  
 I'd never ask for wages. 16

“ Gin *Moggy* wou'd but be my Bride,  
 I'd take no farther warning,  
 Nor value au' the world beside,  
 Nor other Lasses scorning ;  
 My love is grown up to the height,  
 I prize so much my own delight,  
 I care not, had I her one night,  
 So I was dead i' th' morning.” *Orig.* [“ If I were hang'd.”

[Thus far only, the original song, by Tom D'Urfey.

“ Geud faith, she's sike a pretty Lass, “ Ah, waes me ! *Moggy's* to blame,  
 I never saw a sweeter ; Not to grant my desire ;  
 She all her Sex does far surpass Gin she did first create the flame  
 In Beauty and in feature : Which set my heart on fire.  
 Gin on her face I chanc'd to gaze, Was I a King of great renown,  
 Her pretty looks such charms displays, And had a scepter and a crown,  
 That I must ever speak her praise ; I at her feet wou'd lay them down,  
*Venus* was not compleater. One night for to lig by her.

“ When ever *Mooggy* I espy, “ Gin she so mickle is unkind,  
 I lowly dof my bonnet ; My life is grown uneasie ;  
 And oft in her sweet company No rest nor quiet can I find,  
 I sing a love-sick Sonnet : Nor nothing that can please me.  
 Yet she regardless of my pain, But if she still continues so,  
 Which I strive to express in vain, And no more kindness will bestow,  
 Bids me forbear for to complain, To the *Elizium* shades I go ;  
 And tell her no more on it. Ah ! Death will quickly seize me.”

[In Black-letter, with two lines of music and two woodcuts : 1st, Charles II., with arms a-kimbo, on p. 364 ; 2nd, the lady with growing rose, on p. 279. Colophon lost : Pepys, Huth, and Jersey (=No. 741, Lindesiana), ‘Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball in Py-corner.’ The tune is known, from fourth line, as ‘*Moggie's bed so near me,*’ but in Scotland bears the name of ‘*Johnny's bed so near me.*’ We change the Lass, p. 364. Licensed, 1685-88.]



[These two Girls in bed belong to p. 344 ; the other couple to p. 367.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 342; Pepys, III. 185; Wood's E. 25, fol. 38; Douce, II. 155; Jersey, I. 193 = Lind., 631.]

## The Merry Man's Resolution ; Or, a London Frolick.

He goes a wooing, yet the matter's so,  
He cares not much whether he speeds or no ;  
'Cause City Wives and Wenches are so common,  
He thinks it hard to find an honest woman.  
Be n't angry with this fellow, I protest  
That many a true word hath been spoke in jest.  
By degrees he layes a wager, money's scant,  
Until five shillings out ; then ends his Rant.

THE TUNE [its own] IS MUCH IN REQUEST, *I'le hold thee five shillings.\**

**I**F young Men and Maidens will listen a while  
I'le sing you a Sonnet will make you to smile,  
Then come, my own Dearest, and be not so coy,  
Whatever thou fearest I'le get thee a boy.

*I'le hold thee a sixpence, 'tis silver compleat,  
If thou art but willing, I can do the feat.*

Then be not so scornful, but loving and kind ;  
If thou wilt but kiss me, I'le tell thee my mind :  
For I am a Gallant, that's vers'd in the trade,  
I know what belongs to wife, widdow and maid.

*I'le hold thee a shilling, as round as a ring,  
Those Lasses that kiss well loves the tother thing.*

12

Then, dear, let me feel if thy flesh it be warm,  
For I vow and protest I will do thee no harm ;  
But huddle and cuddle, wee'l toy and wee'll kiss,  
What hurt, honest Neighbours, can come of all this ?

*I'le hold you three sixpences, in ready coyn,  
Most girls when they'r pleased with young men will joyn.*

But when they are sullen, ne're matter 't a pin,  
But rouze 'um and touz 'um, 'twill please 'um again ;  
And when you have done it, this story is true,  
If you do but kiss 'um they'l straight wayes kiss you.

*I'le hold you two shillings, lay with me that can,  
The fairest i' th' Nation will l[ov]e with a man.*

24

\* The tune-name indicates this present ballad, of which the burden shows a gradually accumulated value in the wager or bet, beginning with "*I'le hold thee a Sixpence*," to "*I'le hold thee five shillings* ; *I'le hold thee no more*," etc. This alone gives point to the ditty, and secured customers to the 'Frolic.' Let it be noted that the title of 'Merry Man's Resolution' is shared with another Roxb. ballad, beginning, "Now Farewell to *St. Giles*," by Laurence Price, circa 1655, and reprinted by us in the *Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*, etc., 1880, p. \*485.

Then why should young Females continue so nice,  
 When Ladies of pleasure do count it no vice  
 To be kind to their Neighbours, as well as the rest ?  
 For Kissing and Courting is still in request.

*I'le hold two and sixpence, that's just half-a-crown,  
 Highest Girls in all Europe are easiest blown down.*

To talk of Complexions too tedious it were,  
 Or to know their conditions by th' colour of hair ; [Cf. vi. p. 219.

Yet this I'le assure you, either black, red or brown,  
 When they'r in the humour they'l [haul their flag] down.

*I'le hold you three shillings, who 'gainst me dare lay ?*

*That Women delight much with young men to play.* 36

There's *Mary* and *Betty*, with *Nancy* and *Jone*,  
 They'l [sport] with a tinker, ere they'l l[iv]e alone,  
 There's *Peg*, *Dol*, and *Bridget*, *Rebecca*, and *Kate*,  
 They laugh when they hear on't, but long till they hav' 't.

*I'le hold thee three and sixpence, Maids love Men the best*

*When they come a wooing in earnest, not jest.*

Fine *Susan* and *Sarah*, brave lasses indeed !

Yet they'l [jest] with a Broom-man, if they stand in need ;

Likewise pretty *Parnel*, and simpering *Sisse*, [=Prunella.

When young men embrace them, how kindly they kiss !

*I'le hold you four shillings, the nicest that be*

*At one time or other makes use of a [He].* 48

Then, dear, be contented, for thou shalt have one,  
 And shalt be prevented of lying alone :

For I'm stout and lusty and fit for delight,

I'le hug thee and kiss thee ten times [day or] night.

*I'le hold four and sixpence, I'le hold thee no less,*

*I'le [find thee in Hiding place,] even by guess.*

For I am an Archer, well skil'd in that art ;

Though I shoot at young Damsels, they ne're feel it smart ;

*I'le hold thee five shillings, I'le hold thee no more,*

*I'le bore a hole through thy [heart], ev'n [Cupid] before.*

*This song throughout England on purpose I send,*

*To make young men merry, and there is an end.* 60

¶finis.

By T[homas] J[oy, or Jordan].

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, the woman and man, hand in hand, of p. 365 ; 2nd, the fidler, p. 17. Colophon lost, but Pepysian and Lindsiana, 631, are 'Printed for J. Williamson at the Bible in Canon Street, and on London-Bridge;' date circa 1665. Wood's is probably of 1655, 'Printed for Richard Burton,' and holding the initials of the writer, T.J. He may have been Thomas Joy, or Thomas Jordan, or Thomas Jones. Probably Joy. Jordan became noted for London pageants ; Jones was a ballad-singer of Oxford.]

## The Wanton Wife of Castle-gate;

Or, The Boat-man's Delight.

BY its chief title, also the sixth and eighth stanzas, this ballad appears localized to Pontefract in Yorkshire, '*Pomfret*,' a place earlier associated with the murder and regicide of Richard II.

We are editorially responsible for the alteration of type in our reprint, distinguishing by long-primer type the first twenty-four lines, as being the original song of three stanzas (probably sung at some theatre, in a play not identified, perhaps never printed). The incongruity of the coarser continuation, here reproduced in brier type, shows inferior workmanship and a different author.

We possess virtually two separate ditties, suiting the double title, with a halting moralization following afterwards in a final stanza; yet neither connecting the end with the beginning, nor the beginning with the middle. We leave the solution of the riddle to Œdipus, when he recovers his eyesight. Our own supposition is this, modestly proffered: that the Forsaken Husband, who had formerly loved and trusted his 'Wanton Wife of Castle-gate,' sings the original song (of three stanzas); then the libertine Boatman indulges himself with seven stanzas. Some pious Bellman (or the fictitious *Clerk of Bodmin*, of p. 40, on a holiday) subjoins a final verse, to propitiate his customers when he goes soliciting a Christmas Box. If it be not so, we cry with Grumio, "Tell thou the tale!"

A tune known as *The Boatman*, or *The Bonny Boatman*, claimed as Scotch, is preserved in William Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, at much later date (1725 and 1733, vol. i. p. 14), and in later Edinburgh collections, associated with Allan Ramsay's own words of '*The Bonny Scot*,' beginning "Ye gales that gently wave the sea, and please the canny Boatman" (p. 35 of *Tea-Table Miscellany*, vol. i. 1st edition, 1724; and *Ramsay's Poems*, ii. 15, 1728). But the metre agrees not with our Boatman. Indeed, *The Boatman's Delight* recommencement, with emphasis on "Tinkers they are drunkards," seems to come from a different voice, as two spoke from under Caliban's gaberdine in the island of *The Tempest*.

The 'backward voice,' in the ninth stanza, praising *Mally*, declares,

"Her cheeks are like the Roses, that blossom fresh in June;  
O, she's like some new Instrument that's newly put in tune."

The date of *Milbourn, Onley*, and *T. Thackeray*, who printed it, at the *Angel in Duck-lane*, was probably not later than 1689. Robert Burns coolly appropriated or imitated the verse, in 1793, and appointed it to be sung to the tune of *Wishaw's Favourite* (see *Scots Musical Museum*, vol. v. p. 415):

"My Luve is like the red red Rose, that's newly sprung in June,  
My Luve is like the melodie that's sweetly play'd in tune."

This cannot have been a fortuitous concurrence of ideas. Even Richard Swiveller, with whom it was a favourite (*vide Old Curiosity Shop*, cap. viii.), could not affirm, like Tony Weller, that it was "a very remarkable coincidence." "She's like the red red Rose that's newly sprung in June—there's no denying that—she's also like a melody that's sweetly played in tune." [*Continuation on p. 370.*]

[Roxb. Coll., II. 496 ; Euing, 372 ; Jersey, III. 91 = *Lindes.*, 381.]

## The Wanton Wife of Castle-Gate ;

Or,

### The Boat-man's Delight.

TO ITS OWN PROPER NEW TUNE.

**F**arewel, both Hawk and Hound ! Farewel, both shaft and bow !  
 Farewel, all merry pastimes and pleasures on a row !  
 Farewel, my best Beloved, in whom I put my trust !  
 For it's neither grief nor sorrow shall harbour in my breast.

When I was in my prime, and in my youthful days,  
 Much mirth and merry pastime and pleasure had [1] always.  
 But now my mind is changed, and alter'd very sore,  
 Because my best Beloved will fancy me no more.

I lov'd her, and I prov'd her, And I call'd her my dear ;  
 But, alas ! my [best] Beloved would not let me come near.  
 I often would have kist her, but she always said me Nay.  
 More as ten times have I blest her, since that she went away. 12

### [The Boat-man's Delight.]

[See *Introductory Note*, p. 368.]



**T**inkers they are drunkards, and Masons they are blind,  
 And Boat-men they make Cuckolds because they'r used kind.  
 But if you meet a bonny Lass with [a] black and rowling eye,  
 You must kiss her and embrace her : you may know the reason why.

You must hug her and kiss her, and strive to make her yield ;  
 For a faint-hearted Soldier did never gain the Field.  
 So strive to lay her [Pride] down there, and give the thing you know,  
 And when that she receives it, she'l be loath to let you go.

There lives a Wife in *Castle-Gate*, but I'le not declare her name ;  
 She is both brisk and buxome, and fitted for the game ;  
 She can knip it, she can trip it, as she treads along the Plain ;  
 Till she meet some jolly Boat-man that will turn her back again.

24

Her Husband is a quiet man, and an honest man is he ;  
 And tor to wear the Horns, sir, contented he must be :  
 He may wind them at his leisure, and do the best he can,  
 For his Wife will have her pleasure with a jolly Boat-man.

At *Pomfret* Clock and Tower there's gold and silver store ;  
 I hope therefore to find her, and then, brave boys, we'l rore ;  
 We'l drink Sherry and be merry, we'l have beer and ale good store,  
 Drink 'to my Lass, and thy Lass, and all good Lasses more.' [t. 'And.'

My love she is a fair one, and a bonny one is she ;  
 Most dearly do I love her, her name [it] is *Mally*.  
 Her cheeks are like the Roses, that blossoms fresh in *June* ;  
 O she's like some new-strung instrument that's newly put in tune. 36

O my *Mally*, my honey, O can thou fancy me ?  
 Then let us to bed haste[n], where we will merry be.  
 For good Gold and Silver [sake] for thee I'll take care,  
 And for a large pair of horns for thy Husband to wear.

You young men and Batchelors that hears this pritty Jest,  
 Be not of the opinion this couple did profess ;  
 But be kind to your wives and your sweet-hearts always,  
 And God will protect you by night and by day.

Printed for *Alex. Milbourn, W. Onely, T. Thackeray*, at the *Angel* in *Duck-lane*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, a Bowman with arrows; 2nd, our *German Princess*, p. 64; 3rd, is on p. 369. Date, 1670-89.]

[*Continuation of Note*, from p. 368.

“My love is like the red red *Rose*,” etc.

We are afraid that Scottish Antiquaries of the present race, since the golden time of Sir Walter Scott, Skene of Rubislaw, and Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe (to whom add our early friend, David Laing, of the Signet-Library), have not shown enthusiasm or profound scholarship regarding the priceless treasures of their own ballad literature. They leave it to trade-hacks and fabricators of false intelligence; and all is fish that comes to *their* net. From James Hogg, or the “Drs.” Charles Mackay and C.R., no assertion carries weight without a huge hantle o' saut. The Wardlaw heresies of Robert Chambers are worthy of being pigeon-holed with the sophistication of facts by Stenhouse. Far superior to such men was the late Wm. Scott Douglas, the able editor of W. Paterson's noble *Library Edition of Burns*, completed in 1879. But he was strangely indifferent to the necessity of deeply studying the songs and ballads of the South, in controversial illustration of the claims advanced by the North. He wrote concerning this “little love chant” of the red red rose, that it was “one of those lyrics in imitation of the old minstrels which called forth the commendation of Hazlitt.” Moreover, that “the lines and sentiments are so exceedingly simple that any reader, on seeing them for the first time, naturally imagines that he has seen or heard them before; but no one editor or annotator of Burns has been able to show that they ever were in print before their appearance in the MUSEUM with Burns's name attached.” (*Burns*, iii. 174.)

Well, J. Russell Lowell's Biglow remark accounts for most things (even for the Industrious Flea's Chronicle of the Drama):—

“But John P. Robinson, he  
 Sez, they didn't know everything down in Judee.”]



## Jealous Nanny; or, Willy turn'd True.

“O, *Nancy*, wilt thou go with me, nor sigh to leave the flaunting Town?  
 Can silent glens have charms for thee, the lowly cot and russet gown?  
 No longer drest in silken sheen, no longer deck'd with jewels rare,  
 Say, can'st thou quit each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert Fairest of the Fair?”

—By *Thomas Percy*, before 1783.

THE Tune to which ‘*Jealous Nanny*’ was appointed to be sung, viz. *Moggie’s Jealousy*, had belonged to a ballad so named, already reprinted in vol. vi. p. 171, beginning, “There was an[ce] a bonny young Lad.” This tune had been known earlier as *You London Lads, be merry*, and *Wilt thou be wilful still, my jo?* (The two ballads, commencing thus, respectively, were reprinted in iv. 544, and v. 193.) In our vol. vi. p. 170, including ‘*Moggie’s Jealousy*’ itself, we enumerated *eleven ballads* sung to the tune so named, but wrongly reckoned in, as No. 1, ‘The Last Lamentation of the Languishing Squire’ (vi. 228), beginning, “As I went forth to view the spring, which *Flora* had adorned;” this being sung to the tune of a distinct ballad, not *Moggie’s*, but *Jockey’s Jealousy*, which is “I saw the Lass whom dear I loved:” of dissimilar rhythm (*Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 220). To the *Jockey’s Jealousy* tune belong these three Pepysian ballads:—

The Victorious Wife = “Good people stay, and list awhile.” (Pepys C., IV. 124.)

The Seaman’s Loyal Love = “I am a Damsel which doth part.” (*Ibid.*, IV. 217.)

Poor Anthony = “Was ever man so vext with a Wife.” (*Ibid.*, IV. 121.)

But if we take away one ballad, that was wrongly assigned to *Moggie’s Jealousy* (viz. No. 1), and consider “There was an[ce] a bonny young Lad” to count as the true No. 1, we add four more (not previously counted), viz.

12.—“All you that in mirth do delight” = The West Country Revel. (D. II. 186.)

13.—“At *Deptford* there was such a W.” = The *Deptford* Wedding. (*Ibid.*, I. 54.)

14.—“Come pity a Damsel distressed” = The Forsaken Damsel. (See p. 373.)

15.—“O *Jane*, come and sit thee down by me!” = *John* the Glover and *Jane* his Servant. (Douce, I. 103 *vo.*)

Our previously reckoned (No. 11) ‘Mad Marriage’ = “You Lasses of *London Town*,” appears to be on the same subject as the Douce ballad (No. 13), ‘The *Deptford* Wedding;’ and both have the same tune. Of our List, there are already reprinted, not only the one mistakenly reckoned (as No. 1) and the new true No. 1 (vi. 171, 228) but also No. 7 (Surprized Shepherdess, v. 349); No. 10 (Faithful Shepherd, vi. 174). Also there follow, in this present vol. vii., No. 4 (Jealous Nanny, p. 372); No. 8 (Crafty Miss, *vide post*); No. 9 (Love’s Power, p. 445); and No. 14 (Forlorn Damosel, p. 374). The few others named do not belong to us.

[Roxb. C., II. 220 ; Douce, II. 164 ; Euing, 249 ; Jers. II. 42 ; Huth, II. 38.]

A New  
**Scotch Ballad of Jealous Nanny ;**  
 Or,  
**False-hearted Willy turn'd True.**

TO THE TUNE OF, *Moggie's Jealousie*. (See Note.\*)

“ **M**Y own dear *Nanny*, my fair eyne, [ = fair one.  
 My pritty sweet creature, my Love,  
 Why, what is the matter, my dear eyne,  
 That *Nanny* will from me remove ? ”

“ And *Willy* I'se sure ye do gush it, [i.e. guess it, for all.  
 For awe ye do look sa demure,  
 And tho' ye will never confess it,  
 Yet *Willy's a fause eyne I'se sure.* ”

“ Ah ! *Nanny*,” quo he, “ be not cruel,  
 But banish that Jealousie quite,  
 For *Nanny* was always my jewel,  
 My joy and my anely delight.”

“ Na mere,” quo she, “ prithee dear *Willy*,  
 Your flattery never will cure,  
 Tho' *Nanny* has bin but too silly,  
 Yet now ye're a fause eyne I'se sure. 16

“ So farewel to *Willy* the Ranger,  
 For I'se never trouble ye mere,  
 Gin *Moggie's* unkind you may change her,  
 For every new face is your dear :  
 Ne mere shall your sighing and crying  
 Bring *Nanny* to stoop to your lure,  
 Nor pitty ye, tha' ye're a dying,  
 For *Willy's a fause eyne I'se sure.* ”

“ Ah ! *Nanny*, pray tell the occasion,  
 Why you will your *Willy* desert,  
 And if I can make no evasion,  
 For ever for ever we'se part :

---

\* A companion to “ *Moggie's Jealousie* ” (same tune) : see our vol. vi. p. 171.  
 Cf. “ As I went forth one morning fair.” (*Reprinted*, iii. 408) ; and the  
 Answer to it, “ Art thou so loyal to thy love ? ” (*Reprinted*, iii. 411). “ What's  
 this, my dearest *Nanny* ? ” II. 540, given on a later page, shows to us a different  
 Nanny, and it is to another tune, *the Scotch Haymakers* (Tom D'Urfeys's “ 'Twas  
 within a furlong of Edinborough Town,” see vol. vi. pp. 236, 237).

For *Willy* was never a Ranger,  
 Nor nene can love *Nanny* mere truer,  
 But gin she will part for a Stranger,  
 Then *Nanny's* a fause eyne I'se sure." 32

"Nay, *Willy* may talk for his pleasure,  
 But I'se may believe what I please,  
 For *Moggy* I'se sure is his treasure,  
 And *Nanny* his onely disease:  
 How oft have I heard you to praise her,  
 And say that there none was like to her,  
 And sware he was happy could please her;  
 Nay, *Willy's* a fause eyne I'se sure."

"And have I not heard you with *Sawney*,  
 Discourse, embrace, and to smack,  
 And seen him to thrust in his tawney  
 Rough hand down your lilly-white back:  
 Ye know that I saw this, my dear,  
 Yet I never thought ye untruer:  
 This never occasion'd my fear,  
 For *Nanny* was just, I was sure." 48

"Ah! prithee, dear *Willy*, forgive me,  
 And I'se ne'r be jealous again,  
 'Twas onely my Love, you'l believe me,  
 And I'se had the worst of the pain:  
 And *Willy* shall still be my dearest,  
 With *Willy* I'se always endure,  
 And *Nanny* shall still be his fairest,  
 For *Willy's* nay fause eyne I'se sure."

"But the Parson shall make us amends too,  
 And we'l have a merry long day,  
 With all our relations and friends too,  
 And the Piper all night he shall play:  
 And thou shalt put on thy best Jerkin,  
 And I will put on my best quoife,  
 For my Mother will brew a whole Firkin,  
 Against that thou make me thy Wife." 64

Finis.

[Printed for P. Brooksby in West-Smithfield.]

[In Black-letter. Colophon lost. Two woodcuts: 1st, the Squire with cane, p. 279, left; 2nd, the Lady with black scarf, p. 138 right. Date, soon after June, 1684, when 'Moggie's Jealousy' was registered.]



[Roxb. Coll., II. 157; Euing, 109; Douce, I. 82; Jersey, II. 31=Lind., 273.]

## The Forlorn Damsel.

*Well, since there's neither Old nor Young will pity on me take,  
My passion now doth grow so strong, I fear my heart will break.*

THE TUNE IS, *Moggy's Jealousie*. [See p. 371.]

COME pity a Damsel distressed, all you that have tasted the bliss,  
For while you with favours are blessed, I hardly can meet with a kiss;  
Which makes me resolve in my anguish, in Desarts to take my abode,  
For I now in my sorrows do languish, *my Maiden-h[oo]d is such a load.\**

Oh! why was I born to such fortune, as makes me so sadly repine,  
There is no young-man so importun'e, as to pity these sorrows of mine:  
Now must I be forc'd to complain, to some stranger that travels the road,  
To ease all my sorrow and pain *since my Maiden-hood is such a load.*

By night I with dreams am tormented, supposing I am at the game,  
But waking am so discontented, that I my hard fortune do blame:  
O then I sit sighing and sobbing, and send forth my wishes abroad,  
My heart is e'ne broken with throbbing, *Since, etc.*

All you that are happy by tasting, that which I do so much desire,  
See how I lye panting and wasting, consuming by amorous fire:  
There's none that is moved with pity, while plainly my folly is show'd,  
And I sing this sorrowful ditty, *that my Maiden-hood is a great load.*

This burthen cannot be endured, but under it sadly I groan,  
Yet little hope have to be cured, since I am distressed alone:  
There's many that never saw twenty, that in pleasure live in their abode,  
Who say to me, do not torment me, *though your Maiden-hood be a great load.*

But by them I cannot be ruled, my passion's so violent strong,  
For never was any so fooled that lived a Maiden so long;  
But I must and I will have a man, that with me shall make his abode,  
For let me do all that I can, *still my Maiden-hood, etc.*

How happy are you that are married, and taste of Love's joys when you please,  
With patience too long have I tarry'd, till longing hath bred a disease,  
More loathsome to me than the venom of serpent or poisonous toad:  
The Young-men, the Devil is in 'um, *to let me lye under this load.*

And now to conclude my sad Ditty, some lusty young Lad come away,  
And on a poor Maid take some pity, whose vitals begin to decay:  
For want of those pleasant delights, that to others are commonly show'd,  
*I pine both by days and by nights, since my Maiden-h[oo]d is such a load.*

Finis.

[Perhaps by **John Wade**.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* near the *Hospital-gate*, in *West-Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, the astonished lady of *Tom the Taylor* ballad; 2nd, man, of p. 425; 4th, woman, of vi. p. 666; and 3rd, a scroll ornament with horsemen, Prince of Wales feathers in centre. Date, *circa* 1684. Since, like Jephtha's daughter, the *Forlorn Damosel* bewails her 'single-blessedness,' we read "Maidenhood," *passim*. Text reads *ea*, for *oo*.]

\* This ballad-burden has been already mentioned (in vol. vi. p. 251), and its resemblance to one used by John Wade. It is by no means improbable that he wrote both ballads: it was his habit to *hit twice*. Instances of this are numerous.

## The Knight and the Beggar-Wench.

“ When Beggars do marry, for better, for worse,  
 Tho’ it happens we have not one Souse in our purse,  
 Like true man and wife in wedlock we swing,  
 Tho’ we beg all the day, still at night we can sing,  
*Derry down, down, hey derry down.*”

—Charles Coffey’s *Beggars’ Wedding*, 1729.

WE sincerely pity any poor weaklings who cannot enjoy such a tale of misadventure as this one of the Amatory Knight. The narrative of his ridiculous defeat and exposure had amused honest folks of old, and may have been a left-handed compliment to Virtue: a Morganatic Marriage, before we lived into the reign of Grim Spinsters, called Proprieties, who defile whatever they touch.

We bring hither on p. 376 the woodcut (already mentioned on p. 85, as appearing inappropriately on the original broadside of ‘The Virgin Race in Yorkshire’). It comes better here, than it did with the ‘*Leicestershire Frolic.*’ Nevertheless, the woodcut cannot have been intended for ‘The Knight and the Beggar Wench’; since, in this ballad, the horse gallops off homeward carrying the wallet-full of scraps. The beggar wench is never on horseback, but follows a-foot, lamenting the loss of her *provant*—“There is pig and pudding and pie; we beg for better and worse.” Nor does it suit a different ballad, “The Merchant’s Son and Beggar-Wench of Hull,” of which we know no early black-letter copy. (It follows, on p. 379.)

We remember seeing a ballad to which the woodcut on p. 376 would have been a suitable illustration. It told of a similar infatuation on the part of a Gallant, whom the Beggar-wench eludes, after prevailing on him to *let her strap her bundle on his back* (she saying that it contains her baby); and when he is thus hampered, she laughs at his inability to free himself. She then jumps astride his horse, and gallops off with his saddle-bags. This is, we suspect, the true story of the picture, and there must have been an early black-letter version; of still earlier issue than ‘The Virgin Race of Yorkshire,’ wherein the woodcut reappeared: one, perhaps, locally connected with the other. Does the Johnnian Wrangler know the ballad? he who felt shocked at the mention of ‘*Don Juan,*’ considering himself to be the only Don of importance (although a Newnham girl excelled all the Wranglers in 1890). Mathematical pedants of the third sex imagine evil, pruriently, whenever a Prior comes into residence after a Nunn, freshly illustrating the truth, *Honi Soit qui mal y pense!* Unworthy of being a *Censor Morum*, or Guardian, such a tutor always remains a Ward.

\* \* \* Tune of the ballad named as *The King’s Delight* (see vol. iv. p. 515); another name, *Turn-coat*, meaning *A Turncoat of the Times*, indicates a ballad beginning “As I was walking through *Hyde Park* as I us’d to do.” It was reprinted in vol. iv. p. 517; its alternative tune-name, *True love is a gift for a Queen*, remaining at present without identification.

To the same tune was sung ‘The Forsaken Maid’s Frolic,’ on p. 380.

[Roxb., II. 241; Bag., I. 81; Eu., 155; Pepys, III. 222; Rawl., 61; Lind., 598.]

## The Knight and the Begger-Wench.

Which doth a wanton Prank unfold,  
In as merry a Story as ever was told.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The King's Delight*; or, *Turn-Coat*, &c. [See p. 375.]



I Met with a jovial Beggar, and into the fields I led her,  
And I l[ighted from Horse] on the ground;  
Her face did not invite me, nor her smock did much delight me,  
But I think the young w[ench] was sound.  
With Ladies both fresh and gay I often did sport and play;  
Yet a Beggar I'll take, for varietie's sake:  
She'll please me as well as they. 7

I have a good Wife, as fair as ever drew *English* air,  
Her pleasure is past compare;  
Her cherry lips, cheeks, and eyes, her be[autiful] breast, a [prize]  
Might any but I suffice;  
With her I so often play, and weary my time away,  
That a fouler to me would be fairer than she,  
'Variety wins the day!' 14

This Beggar I should describe, without any hope of bribe,  
Was one of the Maunding tribe; [i.e. *Begging*.]  
She had a fine foot and leg, as nimble as doe or stag;  
And then she began to beg:  
So soon as my horse she sees, she fell down upon her knees,  
The w[ench] had a sack, that hung at her back,  
Well furnish'd with bread and cheese. 21

She struck me into a dump, the Jade was both young and plump,  
With a round and ranting [e]rump ;  
Her feature had so much force, it raised in me remorse,  
And drew me quite off my horse ;  
But when I began to woo, she told me she would not do :  
Quoth I, " Pretty Mort, let me show you some sport ! " [wench.  
She kist me, and answered " No ! " 28

My horse to a twig I ty'd ; the Beggar-wench then reply'd,  
" Good Master, get up and ride. " [cf. p. 381.  
" Yes, so I will straight, " (thought I) : with that I drew something nigh,  
She struggled and cry'd, " Fie, fie,  
I am but a Beggar by breed. " Quoth I, " Let me [take no heed],  
For he that will scorn a Beggar-wench born,  
May want a good turn at need. " 35

Then into her arms I claps. Quoth she, " Now I'm in your traps,  
What shall I do with my scraps ? "  
" Throw them in the bush, " said I. " No, no ! " she did straight reply,  
" There's pig, and pudding, and pie ;  
We beg for better or worse, my blessings I will not curse. "  
" Why then, " quoth I, " Go run presently,  
And throw it 'thwart my horse ! " 42

She then (in a merry vein) did trip to me back again,  
To put me out of my pain.  
She dazelled so my sight, that neither by day or night  
I ever had such delight.  
So close to me now she clings, and flutters abroad her wings ;  
But my bashful jade, asham'd of the trade,  
Brake loose, and away she flings. 49

I rise, and away ran I. The Beggar-wench then did cry,  
" My pig and my pudding-pie ! "  
I ran, and I cursed and swore, until I came to my door,  
But the horse was got home before !  
I had' the Wench stay behind, and told her I would be kind ;  
But when I came home, I look'd like a Mome,  
I wish'd that I had been blind. 56

My Wife, and my neighbours all, did laugh ; ye might hear 'em bawl  
From *Temple-bar* to *White-hall* ;  
My sweet-heart's provant was found, which lay in the wallet bound,  
And [now] scatter'd about the ground ;  
The sight of my Wife did daunt, and make my heart prick and pant,  
" Sir *Thomas*, " quoth she, and spake merrily,  
" Where got you this good provant ? " 63

Thought I, "It is best to bear up, although of this venomous cup  
 I take but a sorrowful sup."  
 In the twinkling of one's eyes, I thought of a thousand lyes,  
 But ne'r a one would suffice.  
 I many things had in doubt, yet could not well bring 'em about,  
 As I went to begin, the Wench came in,  
 And so came the story out. 70

My Lady did laugh out-right, as if she had much delight ;  
 But I found it not so at night.  
 I gave the poor Wench a piece, but wisht she had been in *Greece*,  
 To tell such a tale as this.  
 My Madam doth make it slight, but I have got nothing by't :  
 For when she wants her wish, it is thrown in my dish :  
 I'd better been hang'd out-right. 77

### Finis.

[In Black-letter. Colophon lost ; also a few words ("Variety wins the day !") shoru off, but restored from the Bagford exemplar, which was 'Printed by and for *A. M.* [*Milbourn*], and sold by the Booksellers of *London*.' The Pepysian was printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, Clarke, Thackeray* and *Passenger* ; the Rawlinson earlier for *Coles, Vere, and Wright* alone ; but Euing's 155 adds *W. Gilbertson*. Lind. by *W. O.* for *A. M.*, sold by *C. Bates*. Roxburghe broadside has a single woodcut (differing slightly from Bagford, I. 81), the same that had belonged to the ballad of 'The Crost Couple' (*Roxb. Bds.*, iii. 648), re-engraved but not issued, representing a Cupid standing (the *reverse* of the figure in iii. 577), at the left-hand side, with his bow in hand, watching an amorous pair, a youthful lad and lass ; a castle on a hill is at the right-hand corner. In one variation of this design there is substituted a tree with a boy looking out from among the branches ; in another version a face only is seen between the leaves. First block is at Hertford. Substituted on p. 376 we give a cut (owing from 'The Virgin Race in Yorkshire,' p 85 *ante*), see Introduction, p. 375. *Date, c.* 1660.



J. W. E.

[These cuts belong to 'Give me the Willow-Garland,' p. 351.]



[Roxburge Coll., III. 774; Douce, III. 66 *vo.*; IV. 5; Lind., 1397.]

## The Merchant's Son and the Beggar-Wench of Hull.

(No Tune named, but evidently *The Friar well-fitted*, p. 222.)

YOU Gallants all I pray draw near, and you a pleasant Jest shall hear,  
How a [poor] Beggar-Wench of *Hull* a Merchant's Son of *York* did gull.  
*Fa la*, etc.

One morning, on a certain day, he cloath'd himself in rich array,  
And took with him, as it is told, the summ of Sixty Pounds in Gold. *Fa la*, etc.

So mounting on a prancing steed, he towards *Hull* did ride with speed;  
Where in his way he chanc'd to see a Beggar-Wench of mean degree. [*a.l.* 'based.']

She asked him for some relief, and said, with tears of seeming grief,  
That she had neither house nor home, but for her living was forc'd to roam. 8

He seem'd to lament her case, and said, "Thou hast a pretty face,  
And if thou wilt lodge with me" (he cry'd), "with Gold thou shalt be satisfy'd."

Her silence seem'd to give consent, so to a little House they went;  
The Landlord laugh'd to see him kiss the Beggar-Wench, a ragged Miss.

He needs must have a Dinner drest, and call'd for Liquor of the best;  
And there they tost off Bumpers free, the jovial Beggar-Wench and he.

A Dose she gave him, as 'tis thought, which by the Landlady was bought;  
For all the night he lay in bed, secure as if he had been dead. 16

Then [did] she put on all his cloathes, his coat, his breeches, and his hose,  
His hat, his Perriwig likewise, and seiz'd upon the Golden Prize.

Her greasy petticoat and gown, in which she rambled up and down,  
She left the Merchant's Son in lieu: her Bag of bread and bottle too.

Down-stairs like any Spark she goes, Five Guineas to the Host she throws,  
And smiling then she went away, and ne'er was heard of to this day.

When he had took his long repose, he look'd about and miss'd his cloath[e]s,  
And saw her rags left in the room: how he did storm, nay fret and fume! 24

Yet wanting cloathes and friends in Town, her greasy petticoat and gown  
He did put on, and mounted straight, bemoaning his unhappy fate.

You would have laugh'd to see the dress which he was in, yet ne'er the less,  
He homewards rode, and often swore, he'd never kiss a Beggar more.

Printed and sold in *Aldermay Church-yard, Bow-Lane, London.*

[Two cuts: 1st, Captain Hind; 2nd, Beggar-girl standing at a palace-porch.]

\*.\* This kind of misadventure was a favourite subject, meeting us again in 'Tom the Taylor near the *Strand*,' 'The Taylor's Lamentation,' and 'The Trappan'd Taylor' (mentioned in vi 300): a series of ballads given later, on p. 469, etc. Also in 'The Exciseman Well Fitted.' See *Gaol-Delivery*, post.

[Roxb. Coll., II. 178; Jersey, I. 184=B. Lind., 1394; Ellis, 6.]

## The forsaken Maid's Frolick ; Or, A Farewell to Fond Love.

In which she doth plainly and properly prove,  
That a flattering tongue is the ruine of Love,  
And therefore all you that are well in your wits,  
Beware of Trappans: Maids, look to your Hits.

TUNE, *The Knight and Beggar-Wench.* [See p. 375.]



YOu Females all give ear, to that which I shall declare,  
And listen unto my Song,  
I lov'd a young man as fair, to me he past compare,  
Too much love did me wrong.  
He often did vow and protest, that he would be true to me;  
But now he's forsworn, I scorn for to mourn :  
*Another's as good as he.*

7

The features of his face did yield becoming grace,  
But his tongue and his heart were base.  
When first he began to toy, I seemed a little coy.  
And yet my heart leapt for joy.  
So frolick he was and free, in coaksing and kissing of me,  
That had he [then] but [the] more me put to 't,  
*I had bin as bad as he.*

14

His teeth did appear like pearls, his locks they hung down in curls,  
May fetter a thousand girls;  
His forehead is mounted high and whiter than Ivory,  
'This is a brave man,' thought I.  
His lips had a very good smack, his eyes were both bonny and black,  
Thought I, 'if I wed, for board or bed,  
*Here's one that will hold me tack.'*

21

When he about me clung, you would think that an Angel sung,  
 So musical was his tongue,  
 To make my heart believe, he could both sigh and grieve :  
 The Devil so tempted *Eve*,  
 This flattering fauning Elf, when he had got all my pelf,  
 And squand' red my goods, he left me i' th' sudds,  
*And bid me go hang my self.* 28

[SECOND PART, TO THE SAME TUNE.]

**B**Ut tarry, soft and fair, more men in the world there are,  
 Why should I fall in despair ?  
 Since my first Love is spoyl'd, and I am yet undefil'd,  
 I'le never be more beguil'd.  
 His falshood hath set me free ; and now for another I'le be,  
 ' Harm watch, Harm catch,' he's met with his match,  
*Let him go and be hanged for me !* 35

My spirits I will advance, I'le learn to sing and dance,  
 But love now and then by chance.  
 If any Man me will boord, though he swear by his soul and sword,  
 I'le never believe a word.  
 My reason shall be my guide, my honesty be my pride ;  
 For if we grant them a kiss, men think that it is  
*No more but get up and ride.* [cf. p. 377.] 42

'Tis neither the tongue [n]or pen of any false hearted men  
 Shall flatter my faith agen ;  
 Since my first Love did get my Money by slye deceit,  
 Another shall pay the debt.  
 Whatever he gives I'le take, and merry myself I'le make ;  
 Her mind is amiss, that really is  
*A Lover for Conscience sake.* 49

If a Suitor do turn a Jew, and will not give Love his due,  
 Why should a young Wench be true ?  
 If Wooing be but the way to flatter, and then betray,  
 We'l flatter as well as they.  
 For they that can break a vow, teach women what they shall do :  
 If to play fast and loose be good [sauce] for the Goose,  
*'Tis good for the Gander too.* 56

For if a deceitful man my treasury will Trappan,  
 I'le Coakes him agen if I can ; [= coax.  
 And if there be ne're a hell for Lovers that lies do tell,  
 A Woman may do't as well.  
 If Batchellors prove not true, the Maidens may do so too.  
 'Tis Wit for Wit, and Hit for Hit,  
*And this is but Quid for Quo.* 63

But yet the powers above do nothing so much approve  
 As Loyal and constant Love ;  
 When honest intent invites, and spirit with spirit unites,  
 Those Lovers have true delights :  
 When all the deceitful Elves, that cozen by twenty and twelves,  
 'Tis forty to one, ere the Game be done,  
*They shall be deceiv'd themselves.*

70

Printed for *W. Whitwood* at the *Golden Bell* at *Duck Lane* End.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st and 4th on p. 380: two others similar.  
 Date, *circa* 1668.]

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### The False Knight Outwitted.

**T**RIFLING though this scrap of ballad may appear, it has value, because it is unique, and is also the earliest representative in print of a favourite traditional narrative, which has been preserved among the peasantry of England (see J. H. Dixon's Collection made for the Percy Society, 1846, of *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, "The Outlandish Knight;" it was copied later into the popularised republication, by Robert Bell, similarly named, p. 61), beginning, "An Outlandish Knight came from the North-lands." It had floated also among the peasantry of Scotland, in widely-differing versions, *viz.* 'May Colleen;' 'May Colzean;' or 'May Colvin;' 'False Sir John,' etc., and 'The Water o' Wearie's Well,' or 'Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight.' In different localities were attempted identification of the scene and actors. Stories to the same purport are found in the folk-lore and ballads of all the Northern nations, and are not unknown farther South, in Italy, Spain, and Portugal; with several variations in France, one recorded by that true poet, too early lost to us, by his own hand, Gérard de Nerval, properly Labrunie de Nerval, in his memorable idyllic romance, *Les Filles du Feu* (see our p. 438).

But of all these to trace the inter-connection, coincidences, and resemblances, suits the amateur Folk-lore student, far better than the ballad-historian, who is closely limited by space and purpose. In our present exemplar we find nothing of the supernatural element, mystic or occult. At its most fanciful height it rises not above a talking parrot. Readers may turn to Motherwell's version, to Buchan's (untrusted), to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's, and best to Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, i. 93, 1776 (17 stanzas):—

False Sir *John* a wooing came, to a maid of beauty fair ;  
*May Colleen* was this lady's name, her father's only heir.  
 He woo'd her butt, he woo'd her ben, he woo'd her in the ha',  
 Until he got this lady's consent, to mount and ride awa'.

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe (see vol vi. p. 612) is dear to all of us : he believed that "Collin or Colvin is a corruption of Colvill ; and that Carline Sands means Carlinseugh Sands, on the coast of Forfarshire. Sir John's charm resembles that used by Sir John Colquhoun in the year 1633, and the glamour of Faa the Egyptian," or Gipsy-laddie (*A Ballad Book*, reprinted, edited by the late David Laing, 1880, p. 45). His "much fuller set of one ballad than I ever saw printed" ("from the housekeeper at Methven"), begins thus :—

Oh! heard ye of a bloody Knight, lived in the South country?  
For he had betrayed eight ladies fair, and drowned them in the sea. (30 stanzas.)  
In English versions this '*Outlandish Knight* came from the *North-lands*.'

It is worth mentioning here that the Scotch, who seldom yield us anything, are willing to assign him to the Southron-English. Nobody will accept the Bluebeard girl-slayer as a native, any more than would Whitechapel. We suspect that something of the Vampire superstition may have inspired the mid-European first fancies. Successive murders became intelligible when the blood of each victim helped to renew the hateful existence of the slayer. Otherwise it was mere phrensied diabolical butchery of maiden after maiden : a thirst for blood in any case. Do we feel half the horror at the brutality of the Sultan, in the grand work of the "Thousand Nights and One Night," which we ought to feel? The Maiden Tribute allotted to the Minotaur was a trifle in comparison, though no trifle to the victims.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 449. The only exemplar noted.]

### The False Knight Outwitted. A New Song.

"GO, fetch me some of your Father's gold,  
And some of your Mother's fee;  
And I'll carry you into the North-land,  
And there I'll marry thee." [Nota Bene.

She fetch'd him some of her father's gold,  
And some of her mother's fee;  
She carried him into the stable,  
Where horses stood thirty-and-three. 8

She leap'd on a milk-white steed,  
And he on a dapple-grey;  
They rode till they came to a fair river's side,  
Three hours before it was day.

"O 'light, O 'light! you lady gay,  
O 'light with speed, I say;  
For six Knights' daughters have I drowned here,  
And you the seventh must be." 16

"Go fetch the sickle to crop the nettle  
That grows so near the brim;  
For fear it should tangle my golden locks,  
Or freckle my milk-white skin."

He fetch'd the sickle to crop the nettle,  
 That grew so near the brim ;  
 And with all the strength that pretty *Polly* had  
 She pushed the False Knight in. 24  
 "Swim on, swim on, thou false Knight !  
 And there bewail thy doom ;  
 For I don't think thy cloathing too good  
 To lie in a watery tomb."  
 She leaped on her milk-white steed,  
 She led the dapple grey ;  
 She rid till she came to her father's house,  
 Three hours before it was day. 32  
 "Who knocked so loudly at the ring ?"  
 The Parrot he did say ;  
 "O where have you been, my pretty *Polly*,  
 All this long summer's day ?"  
 "O hold your tongue, [my pretty] Parrot,  
 Tell you no tales of me ;  
 Your cage shall be made of beaten gold,  
 Which is now made of a tree." 40  
 O then bespoke her father dear,  
 As he on his bed did lay ;  
 "O what is the matter [with you,] my parrot,  
 That you speak before it is day ?"  
 "The cat's [been] at my cage, Master,  
 And sorely frighted me,  
 And I call'd down my [Lady,] my *Polly*,  
 To take the cat away." 48

[No colophon. In White-letter. Woodcut, of a horseman. Date *circa* 1765.]

*Note.*—Our '*Merry Bagpipes*' woodcut of p. 326, a Country-revel, also graced a lively ballad of 1685-88, licensed by Richard Pocock, and printed for *J. Blare*, at the *Looking-Glass on London-Bridge* : 'The Wealthy Farmer's Choice ; or, The Beautiful Damosel's Fortunate Marriage.' To the tune of *Cold and Raw* (pp. 210, 233). Here is the Argument (*Jersey Coll.*, III. 65 ; *Douce II.* 239) :

Fair Beauty bright was his delight, he could not wed for Gold ;  
 In his love's face each charming grace his Fancy did behold.

The second of the nine stanzas tells of '*House and Land*' (*cf.* p. 291). Begins,

**N**EAR a pleasant shady Grove, in prime of Summer weather,  
 There a young man and his love was sitting close together ;  
 In sugred words to her he speaks, saying he'd ne'r disgrace her,  
 Then stroaking her fair rosie Cheeks, he lovingly did embrace her.  
 Then he took her by the haud, saying, "I come to wooe thee ;  
*I have Riches, House and Land*, with which I will endow thee :  
 All that's mine thou shalt enjoy, my Love and only Honey,  
 Then let us kiss, and be not coy, thou shalt not want for money."

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 581. See *Note*, and at end.]

## The Disconsolate Nymph.

- “NOW I’ll pull off my green gown of velvet,  
 And will put on my livery blue;  
 Since my false Lover he has forsaken me,  
 Now he has changed me for a new.
- “Don’t you remember the vows that you made me,  
 When in the shades by ourselves all alone?  
 The[re in your arms] you [soon] betray’d me,  
 Now you have left me to make my moan. 8
- “I little thought that you’d have slighted me,  
 When you pretended such love unto me.  
 Tho’ with deceitfulness you have requited me,  
 There is another as good as thee.
- “In the fine groves, and sweet-smelling bowers,  
 With thee I spent many a summer’s day;  
 On the banks of sweet fragrant flowers,  
 Like pretty lambs we did often play. 16
- “Then you betray’d me of my dear virginity,  
 The which has caused my b[od]y to swell;  
 Here in this grove I will range for the sake of thee,  
 False-hearted young-man, adieu, farewell!
- “The time will come when you will be rewarded,  
 For your thus slighting me with disdain.  
 Go, go, you false and purjured young man!  
 Never, never, will I trust man again.” 24

### The [Swain’s] Answer.

- “DRY up your tears, my sweet amorous jewel,\*  
 None in the world I adore but thee;  
 You thought that I was deceitful and cruel,  
 But my dear creature shall happy be.
- “Tho’ pretty *Cupid* shot little darts to thee,  
*Venus*, his mother, [m]y heart did trapan; [text mispr. ‘thy.’  
 Altho’ I stole thy precious virginity,  
 I’ll act the part of an honest man. 32

*Note*.—In *Bagford Ballads*, p. 938, we have a ballad beginning, “Now for the loss of my amorous Jewel:” ‘The Young Man’s Complaint; or, An Answer to the Damosel’s Tragedy.’ It was licensed by Richard Pocock, 1685-88, and sung to the tune of *Charon, make haste, and ferry me over*. To the same tune may have been sung this present ballad. We rectify the corrupted text from a *Garland*. The broadside wrongly anticipates line 17 in line 7, and spoils the rhyme: also by omitting “and waking,” in line 41.

"Jewel, thy amorous charms are inviting,  
 Thou art the girl whom I adore.  
 In none but thee I'll ever delight in,  
 What can my [d]ear[es]t desire more? [a.l. 'heart.']

"Since your love to me is so tender,  
 Mine shall be ever [the same] to thee.  
 All that I have to thee I'll surrender,  
 And you my honour'd Bride shall be. 40

"You are in my thoughts, love, sleeping [or waking],  
 In thy sweet arms I shall happy be;  
 Thy [sad] complaint to me was heart-breaking,  
 Now I am returned to comfort thee.

"We will this day be happily wedded,  
 And my sweet Bride I will [daily] adore;  
 Such sweet enjoyments, when we are bedded,  
 You'll be for taking it more and more." 48

[No colophon. White-letter: woodcut of lady with open bust, p. 452. Date, 1761.]

\* \* \* In 'The Two Noble Kinsmen,' Act iii. sc. 4, the Jailor's mad daughter (an exaggerated copy, if not an intentional burlesque, of Ophelia) sings,

"For I'll cut my green coat a foot above my knee,  
 And I'll clip my yellow locks an inch below mine e'e;  
*Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny!*

"He'll buy me a white Cut, forth for to ride, [i.e. a gelding.]  
 And I'll go seek him through the world that is so wide.  
*Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.*

It echoes the song which suggested one printed in a *Drollery* of 1650, viz. :—

"S Traight my green Gown into Breeches I'll make,  
 My long yellow locks much shorter I'll take,  
*With a hey down, a down, down-a.*

"Then I'll cut me a Switch, and on that ride about,  
 And wander and waunder, till I find him out;  
*With a hey down, down, a down, down-a.*

And when *Philander* shall be dead,  
 I'll bury him, I'll bury him, and I'll bury him in a Primrose-bed;  
 Then I'll sweetly ring his knell, with a pretty Cowslip-bell,  
*Ding-dong-bell, ding-dong-bell."*

Our 'Disconsolate Nymph' may be considered an offspring of these ditties. It was printed at the time of George III.'s Coronation, in *The London Rake's Garland*, 1761 (Brit. Museum press-mark, 11621 c. 7, art. 13, p. 3), with 'The Swain's Answer to the Disconsolate Nymph,' our "Dry up your tears my sweet amorous Jewel!" Comp. also a ditty beginning "None in the world." *Ref. lost.*

Although it might well come in at this place, we delay until p. 439 the ballad of 'The Baffled Knight; or, The Lady's Policy.' It has some connection with 'The Outlandish Knight,' the 'False Knight Outwitted' of our p. 383.



[Roxb. Coll., III. 210 ; Pepys, IV. 118 ; Jersey, II. 210 ; C. 22. e. 2. 43.]

## Dead and Alive.

This Ditty out of *Glocestershire* was sent  
To *London*, for to have it put in print,  
Therefore draw neer and listen unto this,  
It doth concern a man that did amiss,  
And so to shun the anger of his wife  
He thought with poyson for to end his life,  
But in the stead of poyson he drunk Sack,  
For which his wife did soundly pay his back.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Old flesh* [not for my money. See Note, on p. 390.]



There was a shaving royster as I heard many tell,  
In *Michael Dean's* fair Forrest in *Glostershire* did dwell ;  
Some call'd him *William Wiseman*, but in that they were to blame ;  
Some call'd him *Leonard Lack-wit*, but that was not his name :  
His name was *Simple Simon*, as it is well approv'd,  
And amongst his friends and kinsfolks he dearly was below'd.

He capered and vapored, and liv'd a merry life,  
But yet good man, at all times, *he could not Rule his Wife.*

---

*Note.*—Laurence Price was the declared author of this ' Gloucestershire Ditty ' from the Forest of Dean, in the days of the Commonwealth. He gave us many choice ballads that have descended to our time, and are reproduced in the pages of our *Bagford Ballads* and *Roxburghe Ballads*. If we find him somewhat verbose and diffusive in this present account of ' *Simple Simon*, ' who inadvertently poisoned himself by drinking a bottle of sack, and reaped the consequences in a drubbing, we must pardon his forty-parson power of sermonizing for the sake of his livelier ditties. Another ' Gloucestershire Ditty ' is noticed on p. 391.

His wife she was a woman that loved a cup of Sack ;  
 And she would tipple soundly, behind her husband's back ;  
 A bottle she had gotten that would hold two quarts or more,  
 Well fill'd with wine, she hang'd it behind her Chamber-door :  
 And she told unto her husband, that it was payson strong,  
 And bade him not to touch it, for fear of doing wrong :  
 " If thou drink but one drop on't," quoth she, "'twill cost thy life,  
 Therefore, in time take heed, *and be Ruled by thy Wife.*" 16

This *Simon's* wife had plenty of fatling hogs and pigs ;  
 With geese, ducks, hens, and turkies, that laid great store of eggs ;  
 Both Sheep and such like cattel, fine ewes, and pretty lambs,  
 Which up and down the Forrest did feed, and suck their dams.  
 She put trust to her husband, to look unto them all,  
 To keep them safe from danger ; now mark what did befall :  
 He did his best endeavour to shun all kind of strife,  
 And yet, through strange misfortune, *he could not please his Wife.*

One morning she [had] sent him to [th'] field to keep her sheep,  
 And charg'd him to be watchful, and take heed he did not sleep ;  
 A piece of bread and butter she gave him in his hand,  
 Whereby she made him promise to do as she did command.  
 But see what happened to him, when he came to the field,  
 He fell asleep, while Foxes three of his Lambs had kill'd.  
 This bred a great dissension, and raised a world of strife,  
 Till *Simon*, for his fault, *had beg'd pardon of his Wife.* 32

### The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

**A**nother day she sent him her ducks and geese to tend,  
 And charged him, on her blessing, he should no more offend ;  
 Her goslings and her chickens with him she put in trust,  
 Who took a stick and *told* them, so they were twenty just. [=counted].  
 But a woful chance befell to poor *Simon* before night,  
 For seven of his best chickens were took prisoners by the Kite ;  
 This vext him, and it made him half weary of his life,  
 For *he knew not what answer to make unto his Wife.*

Next morning when that *Simon* was sent to milk the cow,  
 Another strange mis-hap there was done him by the Sow ;  
 For whilst that he was driving the little Pigs away,  
 The Sow came into the Dairy-house and swig'd up all the whey.  
 The Cheese out of the cheese-fat, she did both tear and [maule],  
 And so threw down the Cream-pot, and made an end of all ;  
 Whereby she burst her belly, and so she lost her life :  
 Poor *Simon* knew not what answer to make unto his *Wife.* 48

When 's wife came in the Dairy-house, and saw what there was done,  
 A strong and fierce encounter she presently begun ;  
 She pull'd him by the ears, and she wrung him by the nose,  
 And she kickt him on the belly, whilst the tears run down his hose ;  
 And she vowed to be revenged before to-morrow day,  
 For all her brood of Chickens which the Kite had carried away.

Poor *Simon* stood amazed, being weary of his life,  
*For he good man was tired with his unruly Wife.*

For when that he perceived his Wife in such a rage,  
 Not knowing how nor which way her fury to asswage,  
 He cunningly got from her, and to the Chamber went,  
 Thinking himself to poyson, for that was his intent :  
 So coming to the Bottle which I spake of before,  
 (He thought it to be poyson,) which hung behind the door.

He vow'd to drink it all up, and end his wretched life,  
 Rather than live in thraldome, *with such a Cursed Wife.* 64

So opening of a window, which stood towards the South,  
 He took the Bottle of Sack, and set it to his mouth :  
 "Now will I drink this poyson," quoth he, "with all my heart :"  
 So that the first draught he drank on't he swallow'd near a quart.  
 The second time that he set [up] the bottle to his snout,  
 He never left off swigging till he had suckt all out ;

Which done he fel<sup>[1]</sup> down backward, like one bereft of life,  
 Crying out, "I now am poysoned, *by means of my curst Wife.*"

Quoth he, "I feel the poyson now run through every vein,  
 It rumbles in my belly, and it tickles in my brain ;  
 It wambles in my stomach, and it malifies my heart : *[mollifies.*  
 It pierceth through my members, and yet I feel no smart.  
 Would all that have curst wives, would example take hereby,  
 For I die as sweet a death sure, as ever man did dye.

'Tis better with such poyson to end a wretched life,  
*Than to live and be tormented with such a wicked Wife.*" 80

Now see what followed after, his wife by chance did walk,  
 And coming by the window, she heard her *Simon* talk ;  
 And thinking on her bottle, she up the stairs did run,  
 And came into the Chamber to see what he had done ;  
 When as she saw her husband, lying drunk upon his back,  
 And the bottle lying by him, but never a drop of Sack :

"I am poysoned, I am poysoned," quoth he, "long of my wife !  
*I hope I shall be at quiet, now I have lost my life.*"

"Pox take that you are poysoned !" quoth she, "I now will strive  
 And do my best endeavour to make you run alive."  
 With that, a quill of powder she blew up in his nose,  
 Theu like a man turn'd frantick he presently arose ;

So down the stairs he run straight into the open street,  
With [w]hooping and with hallowing to all that he did meet :

And with a loud voice cryed out, "I am raised from death to life :  
*By vertue of a Powder that was given me by my Wife.*" 95

Some folks that did behold him were in a grievous fear,  
For seeing of a Mad-man, they durst not come him near.  
He leaped, and he skipped, thorow fair and thorow foul,  
Whilst the people gaz'd upon him, like Pyes upon an Owl.  
His wife she followed after, thorow thick and thorow thin,  
And with a basting cudgel she soundly badg'd his skin. [= bang'd.]

And thus poor *Simon* cry'd out, "I am rais'd from death to life,  
*By vertue of a Powder that was given me by my Wife.*"

At last a friend of *Simon's*, which was to him some kin,  
By fair and kind perswasions open'd door, and let him in ;  
He sent for *Simon's* wife, and so made them both good friends,  
Who kindly kist each other, and so all discord ends.  
The neighbours all rejoiced to see them thus agreed,  
And like a loving couple to bed they went with speed.

No doubt but *Simple Simon* that night well pleased his Wife,  
*For, ever since that time, he hath lived a quiet life.* 112

Finis. L.P.=[Laurence Price.]

Entered according to Order.

*London*, Printed for *F[rancois] G[rove]* on *Snow-hill*.

[In Black-letter. Five woodcuts: 1st, three men smoking, as in vi. 227; 2nd, right-hand figure of Morris-dancers, the one proffering a cup, on p. 387; 3rd, the lady, p. 341; 4th, man, p. 387; 5th, new cut of Charles I., as Cavalier with sword in hand. Date, *circa* 1654, being *Francois Grove's*, of 1620-1655. Pepys exemplar was later, printed for *J. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passinger*; one still later in Case 22 was printed for *W. Onley* and *A. Milbourne*.]

A *Bow Church-yard* modern version of the story is found in ballad-form (Roxb. Coll., III. 406), sung to the tune of 'The Delights of the Bottle' (for which see our vol. iv. p. 253): it is entitled, 'Simple *Simon's* Misfortunes, and his wife *Margery's* cruelty; who poisoned him with a Bottle of Sack.' It begins "Come listen a while, and here I will relate, a ditty of *Simon's* poor sorrowful fate." Four cuts. It is scarcely worth reprinting here.]

Note on the tune, 'Old flesh.' Rawlinson Coll., fol. 23, is a unique ballad entitled 'Young Flesh is for my Money; or, The Subtile Damosel's Choice,'

Plainly showing to all Maids so free,  
What difference betwixt Old Flesh and Young there be :  
Likewise she wishes and prays for Young Flesh still,  
She'l deal no more with old flesh, if she may have her will.

To a rare new Tune much in Request; or, *Had she not care enough of this Old Man?* [*vide infra*]. It begins, "Young Damosels come hither." Printed for *K[itch]*. *B[urton]*, and sold by *F. Cotes*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*, 1641-80. Eleven stanzas, of which we give the first on our next page:—

“**Y**oung Damosels come hither, and young men consider,  
 Now we are together, mark well my song ;  
 How my friends do crave me, and fain would have me  
 To deal with Old Flesh, and forsake young.  
 But yet their speeches I cannot fancy,  
 Though they'r[e] my Parents, my chusers shan't be :  
 And this I'll assure both *Rachel* and *Nancy*,  
 Young Flesh and Old will never agree.

“Had she not care enough . . . of the Old man ?” was originally a three-voice Catch : on a Widow who married an Old Man. It is in *Merry Drollery*, 1670 edition, p. 211 ; in Playford's Musical Companion (with music by Jeremiah Savile), 1673, p. 57 ; in Walsh's *Catch-Club*, ii. 43 ; and the *Scots Nightingale*, 1777, 342. The Answer begins “Was he not kind enough to his young Bride ?” written by Captain William Hicks, printed in his *Oxford Drollery*, Part I., p. 66, 1671. Here is the original *Catch* :—

**H**ad she not care enough, care enough, care enough,  
 Had she not care enough of the old man ?  
 She wed him, she fed him, and to the bed she led him,  
 For seven long winters she lifted him on :  
*But oh ! how she negl'd him,*  
*Oh, how she negl'd him all the night long !”*

She was one of the genuine pre-cursors of Mrs. Caudle and the Naggletons ; *Philogenes Panedonius* wrote some matrimonial ‘*Boulster Lectures*,’ in 1646.

\* \* ‘Dead and Alive’ was declared to be a “Ditty out of *Gloucestershire* sent.” Another, equally long-winded (nineteen *plus* eleven stanzas, of six lines ; a total of *one hundred and eighty lines*), is entitled, ‘The skilful Doctor of Gloucestershire ; or, A New Way to take Physick.’ Tune, *Bed's-making*.

“A Country Farmer, as 'tis said, that had a pretty handsome Maid,  
 Asked her a question secretly, to which she answer'd ‘By and by’ :  
 And being kindly reconcil'd, the Farmer got his Maid with child.”

Finding himself repulsed by a young man to whom he offers money, if he will marry the girl and save her credit, he next goes to a Doctor who lives three miles distant, and with the same bribe of ten pounds obtains his advice and assistance, whereby the threatened exposure is averted : avowedly,

“To save your maid and you from blame, and your wife shall yield unto the same.”

The farmer has merely to pretend to be ill, in danger of dying from some inward malady, and his wife is soon persuaded to save his life by adopting a child. This she does, imagining that she imposes on her husband's ignorance :—

“And as the Doctor did fore-tell, so every thing in order fell :  
 The Maid in time was brought to bed, the Good-Wife lay down in her stead ;  
 The Man was of his burden eas'd, the Child at nurse, and all were pleas'd.

“You that these Verses hear or read, if of the Doctor you stand in need,  
 Enquire him out, where he doth dwell, and surely he will use you well :  
 He'll give you Physick to your mind, so that your Purses are well lined.”

(Roxb. Coll., III. 206.) Black-letter. Printed for *F. Cotes*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*. Pepys Coll., I. 530, for *J. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passenger*. Douce, II. 199 *verso*.

Here Ends the Group of 'Merry Adventures.'

## Intermezzo: as Finale of Group.

(INSCRIBED TO WILLIAM ROBERT WILSON.)

“PALAVER IS KING!”

*TRUE* Friend, grown weary and sad of late,  
Sick of the brabble in Church and State,  
Where windbags redress not a single wrong,—  
Turn we for solace to ballad and song.

*Dreariest preaching from Pulpit drones,  
Wailing and scolding, with sighs and groans;  
Doubts or denials from weakling or strong;  
O, for one outburst of generous song!*

*Partizan chatter, obstructive and coarse,  
Ravings of Demagogue, shrieking till hoarse;  
Questions, replies, jingle-jangle, ding-dong,  
Bedlamite noise, without music or song:*

*Work out their problem, ‘Red Ruin’ it spells,  
Anarchist Spider in each cobweb dwells;  
Banquets of Lies bring a surfeit ere long:  
Better choice make we with ballad and song.*

*Here, in the calm of a star-lit eve,  
Happy, yet willing to take my leave,  
Thankful when call’d to slip free from the throng,  
We bid Life farewell in a joyous song.*

J. W. EBSWORTH.

## Some Ballads of Love's Mishances.

AD PUELLAM PULCHRAM.

**S**ORROW and Shame had blighted our gay world,  
 Ere Love came hither, helpfully and warm,  
 To temper the harsh wind, to calm the storm,  
 And bring new hope, before his wings were furl'd.

What can we proffer, from our varied store,  
 To win fresh favour?—Shall it be 'Love's Dream'?  
 Though brief may be the joy of sunniest gleam:  
 While we share happiness, need we ask more?

Or shall we echo, in some sadder Tale,  
 The secret fear that haunts them, night and morn?  
 For youth and maiden, all untimely born,  
 Too early dread what makes the sagest quail.

Down the bleak chasm of Ages drifts the moan,  
 Telling of quenchless longing, mutter'd Doom,  
 Foreboding worse disaster than the tomb:  
 With frequent sigh, with heart-pent stifled groan.

How may'st thou bear fresh burden of their woe,  
 The thwarted aims, the miseries of the Past,  
 That still their mocking shadows round us cast,  
 If thine own lamp of Faith and Love burns low?

Surely, because these songs were but half-true,  
 Known as half-false, these fancies fond or sad,  
 They cheer no less than Mirth in motley clad:  
 We yield them now to thee, as Tribute due.

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

## A Group of Ballads on Love's Mishances.

“ Plaisit d’amour ne dure qu’un moment. . .  
Chagrin d’amour dure toute la vie.”

**A**LTHOUGH we still retain a few ‘Merry Adventures,’ including the antecedent ballad to ‘The Scolding Wife’s Vindication,’ (now recovered, *vide* p. 431), our Group of these has been so large that a short interval is required for refreshment, and a few doleful ditties long awaited the opportunity for admission. A mild infusion of bitters may be permissible, so that, like the squeeze of lemon in making punch, or of a pretty girl in a waltz, we take not too much.

We gladly welcome so pathetic a Lament as that (p. 396) now given entitled ‘*Cromlet’s Lilt.*’ The tune is popularly known as *Robin Adair*, from the much later words beginning, “What’s this dull Town to me? *Robin’s* not here.” To it Burns wrote “*Had I a Cave.*” Of our Roxburghe broadside we know no other exemplar. The original six stanzas deserve to be distinguished in superior type; leaving ‘Her Reply’ and ‘Another Reply’ in brevier. Assumed to be of not later date than 1600, our earliest trace of it begins much later, it being printed as ‘old, the author unknown,’ by Allan Ramsay in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, vol. ii. p. 55, 1725 (in the present Editor’s library); and thence transferred to *Orpheus Caledonius*, with the music attached, 1733, vol. ii. p. 1. It reappeared in the *Collection of Diverting Songs*, circa 1738, p. 175, and in Wm. Johnson’s *Scot’s Musical Museum*, ii. 207, art. 199, in 1788. Burns, in his ‘Strictures’ on the Scottish Songs in that work, printed by Cromek in 1810, mentions and gives the “interesting account of this plaintive dirge, communicated to Mr. Riddel by Alexander Frazer Tytler, Esq., of Woodhouselee:” which we now reprint below. There are points of resemblance in this tale to Sir Walter Scott’s noblest romance, ‘The Bride of Lammermoor’ (see *Index* to this volume for references), and to Herman Merivale’s ‘*Racenswood*,’ substituting Hayston of Bucklaw for the lay-brother, and ending less tragically, since the phrensied bride Helen of Ardoch, escaping from pollution, lives to be reunited with her true lover.

“In the latter end of the sixteenth century the *Chisholms* were proprietors of the estate of *Cromlecks* (now possessed by the *Drummonds*). The eldest son of that family was very much attached to a daughter of *Stirling of Ardoch* [in *Perthshire*], commonly known by the name of ‘fair *Helen of Ardoch.*’ At that time the opportunities of meeting between the sexes were more rare, consequently more sought after than now; and the Scottish ladies, far from priding themselves on extensive literature, were thought sufficiently book-learned if they could make out the Scriptures in their mother-tongue. Writing was entirely out of the line of female education.



“At that period the most of our young men of family sought a fortune or found a grave in *France*. *Cromlus* [*sic* = *Cromlet*, or *Cromleek*], when he went abroad to the war, was obliged to leave the management of his correspondence with his mistress to a lay-brother of the monastery of *Dumbtain*, in the immediate neighbourhood of *Cromleek*, and near *Ardoch*. This man, unfortunately, was deeply sensible of *Helen’s* charms. He artfully prepossessed her with stories to the disadvantage of *Cromlus*; and by the misinterpreting or keeping up [= keeping back] the letters and messages entrusted to his care, he entirely irritated both [the lovers]. All connection was broken off betwixt them: *Helen* was inconsolable, and *Cromlus* has left behind him, in the ballad called ‘*Cromlet’s Lilt*,’ a proof of the elegance of his genius, as well as the steadiness of his love.

“When the artful monk [*i.e.* lay-brother] thought time had sufficiently softened *Helen’s* sorrow, he proposed himself as a lover. *Helen* was obdurate; but at last, overcome by the persuasions of her brother, with whom she lived (and who, having a family of thirty-one children [by *Margaret Murray* of *Strewan*], was probably well pleased to get her off his hands), she submitted rather than consented to the ceremony. *But there her compliance ended*; and when forcibly put into bed, she started quite frantic from it, screaming out, that, after three gentle taps on the wainscot, at the bed-head, she heard *Cromlus’s* voice, crying, ‘*Helen, Helen, mind me!*’ [= ‘remember me’]. *Cromlus* soon after coming home, the treachery of the confidant was discovered, her marriage disannulled, and *Helen* became *Lady Cromleeks*.”—R. H. Cromek’s *Reliques of Robert Burns*, 1810, p. 226, 2nd edition, 1813; and *Select Scottish Songs, Ancient and Modern*, p. 79, 1810. Of Scots gentry seeking preferment in France, see examples cited later in John Hill Burton’s *Blackwood Magazine* papers, *The Scot Abroad*.

‘*Her Reply*’ (on p. 396) is a self-evident forgery, and inferior to ‘*Another Reply*.’ Both these gratuitous and unnecessary additions were first reprinted by James Maidment in 1859, “taken from a broadside, probably unique, which was formerly in the Collection of the late Archibald Constable, and was evidently printed about the end of the last or the beginning of the present century. Some of the verses possess very great poetical merit.”—Maidment’s *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, p. 22, 1859. ‘*Cromlet’s Lilt*,’ and ‘*Her Reply*,’ reappeared in Robert Chambers’s *Songs of Scotland Prior to Burns*, pp. 260 to 265, no date; but not ‘*Another Reply*,’ which was deserving of some notice. Robert Chambers could never be depended on, his antiquarianism was merely superficial and ‘shoppy.’ He followed Maidment in reading ‘starch-owl’ for line 91.

\*\* A happy ending was found in ‘*Merry Adventures*.’ We have quite enough of sadness in real life, surely, without needing the morbid indulgence of gloomy fancies, from mere wantonness. That ill-starred man of genius, “bright broken Maginn,” whose rapier-point of wit pricked many a pretentious bladder of the opinionative Shakespearean critics, being himself a genial expositor of character equal to Hazlitt and more delightfully light-hearted, showed well the shallowness of the so-called ‘melancholy’ Jacques, proving it to be affected, unreal, worn as a mask for disguise: in contrast to the deeper sadness that keeps a cold current of under-meaning, always wearied and well-nigh desperate, beneath the glitter of Falstaff’s jocularities. We distrust the over-rated solemnity of the princely merchant of Venice, Antonio. We know the hypocrisy of Angelo. There is deception in their attitudinizing, their sententiousness, their stately boast of being an incarnation of all the virtues. Some satisfaction attends their being cast from such a lofty pedestal. But the resumption of their wealth and influence yields no pleasure to us spectators. We much prefer to accompany the disappointed jesters into their obscurity, and recognize the truth of the chap-fallen skull under the cap and bells. For the outer world, let mirth prevail.

“Motley’s the only wear!”

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 647; other broadside copy noted, on p. 395.]

## Cromlet's Lilt.

TO BE SUNG WITH ITS OWN PROPER TUNE. [See p. 394.]

SInce all thy Vows, false Maid, are blown to air;  
 And my poor heart betray'd to sad despair;  
 Into some Wilderness, my grief I will express,  
 And thy hard-heartedness, O cruel Fate!

Have I not graven our Loves on every tree,  
 In yonder [spreading] Groves, though false thou be? [*R. Text*, 'Warden.'  
 Was not a solemn oath plighted betwixt us both; [*lb.* 'between.'  
 Thou thy Faith, I my Troth, [constant] to be? [*text*, 'real.'

Some gloomy place I'll find, some doleful shade,  
 Where neither sun nor wind e'er entrance had.  
 Into that hollow Cave, [there will I sigh and rave,  
 Because thou do'st behave so faithlessly].\*

24

[\* Roxb. text varies from this. Allan Ramsay reads,  
 "Into that hollow Cave myself I would down heave  
 For that thing I do crave, call'd Constancy."

Wild fruit shall be my meat, I'll drink the spring;  
 Cold earth shall be my seat; for covering, [*R. text* 'The.'  
 I'll have the starry skie, my [head] to canopie, [*text*, 'my corps.'  
 Till my soul from me flie to Heaven's King.\*\*

[\*\* *a.l.* 'Until my soul on hie shall spread its wing.'

I'll have no Funeral-fire, no[r] tears for me,  
 No grave do I desire, no obsequie;  
 The courteous *Red-breast*, he, with leaves will cover me,  
 And sing my Elegie with doleful voice.

And when a Ghost I am, I'll visit thee: [*R. text*, 'I soul-less am.'  
 O thou obdurest Dame, whose eruelty [*al. lect.* 'deceitful.'  
 Hath kill'd the kindest heart, that e'er felt *Cupid's* dart,  
 No grief my Soul shall part from loving thee.

48

[Earlier text reads, 'And never can desert from loving thee.'  
 What follows has no authority.]

## Her Reply.

H E whom I most affect doth me disdain,  
 His causless disrespect makes me complain;  
 Wherefore I'll me address into some Wilderness,  
 Where unheard I'll express my anxious pain.

Did we not both conjure, by *Stygian* Lake,  
 (That sacred oath most pure, the gods did take,  
 That we should both prove true, you to me, I to you?)  
 By that most solemn vow we both did make.

But thou perfidiously did'st violate  
The promise made to me, to my regret.  
For all the great respect, wherewith I thee affect,  
Is paid with such neglect, love's turn'd to hate.

72

What Tyrant e'er could hatch, though inhumane,  
A torturing rack, and match to this my pain?  
A barbarous cruelty, that I, for loving thee,  
Should basely murder'd be by thy Disdain.

I'll go find out a cell, where light ne'er shin'd ;  
There I'll resolve to dwell, and be confin'd,  
Untill it pleaseth thee with Love to pity me,  
Forsake thy cruelty, and prove more kind.

In that dark vault I'll call for bats and owls,  
The Screech-Owl, worst of all prodigious fowls,  
Shall be my Mate by day, by night with her I'll stay,  
In dark and uncouth way, 'mongst wand'ring Souls.

96

And in that strange exile I'll thee arrest,  
Amongst those monsters vile, to be my guest ;  
Untill that thou relent, and thy hard heart repent,  
Freely to give consent to my request.

No clothes shall deck my skin, no raiment soft ;  
But hair-cloth rough and thin, that's comely wrought :  
No bed will I ly on, my pillow shall be stone,  
Each accent prove a groan, repeated oft.

No dainty dish I'll eat, compos'd by art :  
No sauces for my meat, sweet, sour, or tart ;  
My food shall be wild fruits, green herbs, and unboiled roots,  
Such as poor hermits eat in wild Desert.

120

All solace, mirth and game I will despise,  
A doleful mourning then, with wat'ring eyes,  
Shall be my musick sound, till all the hills resound,  
And fill the valleys round with piteous cries.

Yet for all this I'll not abandon thee,  
Nor alter in a jot my first decree ;  
But in despite of Fate, thy grief to aggravate,  
I'll love thee, tho' thou hate, until I die.

### Another Reply.

ALL my desires are past, sadly I groan,  
O ! all my hopes are past, pity my moan ;  
I'll to some quiet Grove, where I shall clearly prove  
That I am wrong'd by Love, O, cruel Fate !

144

Deplorable is my state ; still more and more,  
I'm subject to cruel Fate ; I mourn therefore :  
Yet I'll be constant still, let Fortune frown as it will ;  
Heavens keep him from all Ill, whom I adore.

Grief added unto grief, each day I die ;  
I cau find no relief, where shall I fly ?  
I'll to some desart place, where none shall see my face,  
There I'll bewail my case, until I die.

Silent I'll be a while, hoping the best,  
 Fortune perhaps may smile, and send me rest :  
 I will expect the End, and on my fates attend,  
 The gods some help will send to one distrest.

168

I'll to a Hermitage, for I do see  
 Nought in this present age, but Miserie.  
 There none will me molest, I will not be opprest,  
 But will find quiet rest untill I die.

Vain hopes I bid adieu, for they're not sure :  
 Farewell now, Fortune true, for I'm secure ;  
 Far from the frowns of Fate, and undeserved hate,  
 Far better is my state, than was before.

### Finis.

In White-letter. No colophon or woodcut: date of broadside issues probably before 1750, and certainly after 1725.

\*.\* The mention of 'The Frowns of Fate' in final stanza fitly introduces a ballad so entitled, here given on p. 401, its rare antecedent is on p. 399.

Of the probable author, *Tobias Bowne*, and the tune of his *Doubting Virgin*, to which so many of his ballads were written: see previous vols. (iv. 337, 342 to 344, 347, 349, 352, 356; vol. v. pp. 368, 369; vol. vi. pp. 156, 157; and in the present vol. vii. p. 152 *ante*. This patched Lady belongs to pp. 110, 411. The woodcut on p. 399 originally represented the Flag of Colonel Charles James, the Prince of Wales's Feathers (in *The Politique Post*, January 4, 1653).



[Trowbesh Coll., II. 46; Jersey, II. 166 = Lind., 860; Huth, II. 166; C. 22.]

The  
**Young Man's Unfortunate Destiny.**  
 It being the True Lover's Lamentable Overthrow.

When they devise to Tyrannize, it often proveth true,  
 That in this Snare they do impair both Life and Fortune too.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Doubting Virgin*. [See p. 152, and iv. 344.]



“**N**EAR a pleasant flowing River, there I with my Love did meet,  
 Where I often did endeavour, with kind arguments so sweet,  
 As I tryed, she denied, all that ever I could say,  
 Would not do it, now I rue it, Love will cast my life away.

“I in Love am now abused, and requited with disdain,  
 True and Loyal, yet refused, sure my heart will break with pain:  
 Here in anguish, do I languish, being thus opprest with care,  
 Do not grieve me, Love, relieve me: why should I for thee despair?”

“Well, I am resolv’d to wander, and to finish out my days,  
 Though we parted are asunder, love, I still will speak thy praise;  
 Sure a sweeter fairer creature Nature never yet did frame,  
 Yet my jewel is so cruel, I must now the Land refrain.”

While he thus was discontented, and perplexed in his mind,  
 Many sighs and tears w[ere] vented, seeing she was so unkind,  
 To reject him, disrespect him: now he well did understand,  
 He should never gain her favour, he resolv’d to leave the Land.

“ Love, farewell, I now must leave thee, and will cross the Ocean main,  
Nothing in the world doth grieve me, but the thoughts of thy disdain;  
Now we sever, surely never will I on a Beauty gaze;  
As a Stranger, and a ranger, will I finish out my days.”

Then aboard a Ship he enter'd, bidding now his Love adieu,  
On the Ocean tide he ventur'd, where much dangers did ensue;  
When oppressed, and distressed, on the mighty Ocean Sea,  
He replied, often cryed, “ Now my Love hath ruin'd me!

“ Had I but my dear enjoyed, then were I in happy State,  
Now, alas! I am destroyed, by the cruel hand of Fate;  
I am wounded, and surrounded, with the thoughts of her disdain,  
I desire to expire, rather than to live in pain.”

While he was his thoughts condoling, thinking on his only dear,  
They on mighty Waves was rowling, 'twixt the thoughts of hope  
and fear;

Then his trouble waxed double, by the Rovers of the Sea,  
They betray'd them, and convey'd them, e'ry man to Slavery.

Now his sorrows are increased, none but by the Silent Grave  
Can he hope to be released, but to live and dye a Slave?  
Never ceasing, but increasing, in the anguish of his mind,  
Woful greeting, and repeating, “ I shall never comfort find!”

At the length he was befriended, by the fatal stroak of Death,  
All his grief and sorrow ended, when he did resign his breath;  
When she heard, then she feared, she had wrought his overthrow,  
Then she acted, like distracted, as her *Answer* plain will show. \*

[Possibly by Tobias Bowne.]

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-st.*, without *Newgate*.

[Black-letter. Three cuts: 1st, on p. 103; 2nd, on p. 399; 3rd, on p. 208. Date, *circa* 1680.] The Woodcut of girl stabbing herself belongs to p. 402.

\* The *Answer* promised is in *Roxb. Coll.*, II. 180, “ The Frowns of Fate,” p. 401. beginning, “ When she heard how he died.” We bring both parts together here.



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 180 ; Pepys, III. 355 ; Jersey, II. 37.]

## The Frowns of Fate ;

Or,

### An Answer to the Young-Man's Unfortunate Destiny.

When Maids so Coy will slight their Joy,  
 With scorn, and high disdain,  
 Then Grief and care with sad Despair  
 Will end their Days in pain.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Doubting Virgin*. [See vol. iv. p. 344.]



When she heard how he died, in a sad and woful state,  
 Bitterly aloud she cried, and in sorrow did relate ;  
 “ Was I cruel to my jewel, that in Love did me adore ?  
 Well,” she replied, and replied, “ I shall never see thee more.”

“ O that I had ne’r denied, what he did propose to me,  
 But had willingly complied with his [Civil Courtesie].  
 Love unfeigned, never stained, but as constant as the day,  
 Death possess me, Heavens bless me, I have cast thy life away.

“ He most courteously did woove me, it is I that am to blame,  
 He did proffer to endue me, with a plenty to maintain  
 Me in Splendor, this doth render all my actions now to be,  
 To refuse him, and abuse him [by usurping Tyranny.]

24

- “ Oftentime he hath intreated, that he might salute my hand,  
 Yea, and many times repeated he would be at my command.  
 So entire, his desire was to love without deceit ;  
 When he smiled, I reviled, and did scornfully retreat. 32
- “ Now, too late, I do repent it, I have cast his life away ;  
 Had I but in love consented, he had never seen the day :  
 When we parted, broken-hearted, he with sorrow was oppress,  
 And bewailed, as he sailed, over *Neptune's* curled breast.
- “ I in sorrow am surrounded, that I know not where to go,  
 My poor heart with grief is wounded, I am in a Sea of woe ;  
 No remission, my condition is to languish to my grave,  
 To appease me, Death come seize me ! this is that I fain would have.
- “ *Cupid* now doth over-rule me, with his sharp severity,  
 He doth so chastise and school me, that I wish I [might get free,]  
 From his power ; he'l devour all the comfort of my life,  
 Never ceasing, but increasing : Death must surely end the strife.
- “ Love, the thought of thee is killing, I am haunted now with fears ;  
 Heart and life with grief is filling, and a thousand melting tears  
 Now is flowing, life is going hence, into Eternity.”  
 Then she cried, and replied, “ *Love, I'le dye, and come to thee !* ”

Then her reason quite forsook her, falling into deep despair,  
 In her hand a Knife she took her, which did soon her life impair ;  
 She lay bleeding, so exceeding, bidding now the world adieu ;  
 Death that hour came in power, and in full Commission too. 72

You that hear this mournful Ditty, of true Lovers' tragedy,  
 Let your heart be mov'd to pitty, learn to love with Loyalty ;  
 Then you'l flourish, when you nourish he that doth you highly prize,  
 Ne'r conceal it, but reveal it, [why should Lovers Tyrannize ?]

[Possibly by **Tobias Bowne.**]

[Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel in Guilt-spur-street* without *Newgate*.]

[In Black-letter, *J. Deacon's* Colophon, shorn away by binder ; also, four half-lines, supplied from the Earl of Crawford's exemplar (*Biblio. Lindes.*, 1322). Three woodcuts : 1st, on p. 401 ; 2nd, the girl stabbing herself, p. 400 ; 3rd, a lady, p. 398, right : needed also for p. 110. Date, *circa* 1680.]





[Roxburge Collection, II. 510 ; Douce, II. 240 ; Jersey, I. 10 = Lindes., 370.]

## The Westminster Lovers.

[THOMAS AND ISABELLA.]

Love's passion is so violent, beyond all opposition,  
It makes poor Lovers of[t] lament their sad distress'd condition.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Russel's Farewell.* [See Note, p. 404.]



- “ FAIR *Isabella*, mind me well, for now I do declare,  
That all the world you do excell, methinks you are so fair :  
Then prethee grant to me my suit, in thee I do delight,  
If you deny, without dispute, Death seizes me outright.”
- “ Ah, *Thomas*, these are tricks of youth, that I cannot approve ;  
To tell you now the very truth, I fear you do not love :  
A passion onely you pretend, to rob me of my bliss ;  
If Love no further do extend, oh, what a shame is this ! ” 16
- “ My dearest, do not doubtful be, that I should be unkind ;  
I swear to be most true to thee, and thou shalt surely find  
That if you walk the flowery plain, this long seven years and more,  
You ne’r will find a kinder Swain, your vertues to adore.”
- “ Well, *Thomas*, since you do protest your Love is so intire,  
And that you do not speak in jest, you set my heart on fire :  
Methinks I feel such tickling pain, I never knew before ;  
And if you love me not again, sure I shall dye therefore.” 32
- “ Talk not of death, my [d]earest Love, I love thee as my life ;  
And if thou wilt but constant prove, then thou shalt be my wife :  
Betwixt my arms I’le thee imbrace, and teach thee such a trick,  
Will make thy joys encrease a pace, and blisses tumble thick.”

“ What kind of blisses do you mean ? Methinks my heart doth burn,  
And if you should now change the scene, I should for ever mourn :  
I feel such panting in my breast, ’till now I ne’r did know ;  
With pains of Love I am opprest, sad pains I undergo.” 48

“ Well, *Isabella*, now believe, my love is so entire,  
For me thou shalt no longer grieve, I’le coole thy burning fire :  
Thou shalt be free from care and fear, and like a Princess reign,  
Yea, thou shalt be my only dear, the glory of the plain.”

Her colour then did come and go, her lips look’d wan and pale,  
Love’s passion she did plainly show, which did so much prevail :  
She with an amorous sigh did part, which *Thomas* minded well,

“ O Love,” quoth he, “ this breaks my heart, now love, my love,  
farewell ! ” 64

When *Isabella* saw him faint, down to the ground she fell,  
And thus she made a short complaint, “ Did *Thomas* say farewell ?  
’Tis time for me now to depart, and to *Elizium* flye.”  
Thus *Isabella* broke her heart ; for love did *Thomas* dye.

You lovers all, both great and small, be rul’d by my advice :  
Into such passions do not fall, which proves Fool’s-Paradise ;  
With moderation set your love your lovers to obtain ;  
And if your lovers constant prove, ’twill quit you of all pain. 80

But, cruel Fortune, that will change, did both their lives destroy:  
She smil’d at first, at last grew strange, and did their loves annoy,  
Both in a grave these two were laid, that made the world admire,  
Alive, or dead, the people said, the Shepherd would lye by her.

Their Parents mourned night and day, for their exceeding loss ;  
I wish that other lovers may take warning by the cross :  
And not in seeming rage to go, or from their lovers part,  
This loving Shepherd he did so, which broke his Lover’s heart. 96

[Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Pye-Corner*, 1685.]

[Colophon lost from Roxburghe. In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st and 2nd on p. 403; 3rd, flying Cupid, p. 355. The tune of *Russell’s Farewell* was frequently mentioned, the original ballad having been given in vol. v. p. 326.]

### The Lamented Lovers.

**L**ITTLE need be said about this, except a *Note* on the Tune.

*Note.*—The ballad named, “ The Jealous Lover,” or, “ *The Frantic Lover*,” begins “ Forgive me if your looks I thought.” See vol. vi. pp. 27, 28 ; and *Bagford Ballads*, p. 54, where the original song is given. “ *My Love, I come to thee !* ” is the second burden of the present ballad. Compare p. 402, line 32, of “ The Frowns of Fate,” of which, with its antecedent ‘ Young Man’s Unfortunate Destiny,’ this appears to be a brief re-casting.

[Roxb. C., II. 275; Euing, 190; Pepys, III. 372; Jer., I. 220=Lind., 1390.]

## The Lamented Lovers

Or, the Young Men and Maiden's Grief for the Unhappy  
Tragedy of this Unfortunate Couple.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Frantick Lover*. [See Note p. 404.]

Licensed according to Order.



My Love, I come to thee.

YOU Damsels now of Beauty bright,  
It is to you these lines I write;  
Your cruelty give o'er,  
And do not here like tyrants reign,  
And kill those with your high disdain,  
Which doth your Charms adore. 6

A Young man lately lov'd a Maid,  
To whom he often sighing said,  
"My Dear, some pitty show,  
And yield to me some kind relief,  
Or else my heart will break with grief:  
'Twill prove my overthrow. 12

"Ten thousand thoughts runs in my head,  
When lying on my restless Bed,  
And Tears like fountains flow;  
Oh! let thy Frowns to Blessings turn,  
For if in love I longer burn,  
'Twill prove my overthrow. 18

"Will not my sighs some pitty move?  
Behold the pleasant charms of Love,  
In e'ry vein does flow;  
Some comfort to thy Servant give,  
Without thy Love I cannot live,  
'Twill prove my overthrow." 24

- The scornful Damsel did reply,  
 " Your suit I utterly defie ;  
     Pray from my presence go !  
 'Tis strange that Love should be so hot,  
 Your Life or Death I value not,  
     *Or eke your overthrow.*" 30
- Each word was like a killing Dart,  
 Which pierc'd the young man to the heart,  
     He streight from her did go ;  
 With a most discontented mind,  
 He often sighing said, " I find,  
     *She'll prove my overthrow.*" 36
- His scorching Love straightway did turn  
 Unto a feaver, which did burn,  
     He straight to bed did go,  
 From whence he never did arise,  
 But often said, with Sighs and Cries,  
     *" Love proves my overthrow.*" 42
- " I now shall never see thee more,  
 Whom I so dearly did adore,  
     Since you no kindness show ;  
 I'll dye a martyr for thy sake : "  
 And with these words his heart did break,  
     *" Love proves my overthrow."* 48

THE MAIDEN'S REPLY.

- Now when this Damsel she did hear  
 The death of her beloved dear,  
     She wept most bitterly :  
 [Un]to his Grave with grief she run,  
 And cried out, " What have I done ?  
     *My Frowns have murder'd thee.*" 54
- " With grief and cares I am opprest,  
 That night and day I take no rest ;  
     Thy Ghost methinks I see,  
 That haunts my Person, night and day,  
 My Love, alas ! what shall I say ?  
     *'Twas I that murder'd thee.*" 60
- " Farewell, relations, friends, and all,  
 His bloud doth for just Vengeance call,  
     Kind Death must set me free.  
 In Grave I'll lye down by thy side,  
 I am not fit to live," she cry'd,  
     *" My Frowns ha[ve] murder'd thee."* 66

She to her Bower did return,  
 And never, never ceased to mourn ;  
     In tears to that degree,  
 That Death at length her heart did seize ;  
 Her last and dying words are these,  
     “ *My Love, I come to thee.*”

72

It was her Will, that she might have  
 A lodging in her Lover's Grave,  
     To which all did agree ;  
 Both their Relations thought it fit,  
 And on her coffin it was writ,  
     “ *My Love, I come to thee.*”

78

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.*

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, the *Bride's-Burial* cut, of coffin and pall with “*virgin crants.*” *i.e.* crantz or crown, borne by maidens, as on p. 119 ; and the “*Memento Mori*” of p. 405. Date, *circa* 1684.]



## The Tormented Lovers.

“It has seemed to me lately more possible than I knew, to carry a friendship greatly, on one side, without due correspondence on the other. Why should I cumber myself with regrets that the receiver is not capacious? . . . It is thought a disgrace to love unrequited. But the great will see that true love cannot be unrequited. True love transcends the unworthy object, and dwells and broods on the eternal, and when the poor interposed mask crumbles, it is not sad, but feels rid of so much earth, and feels its independency the surer. [*This is Transcendentalism with a vengeance.*] Yet these things may hardly be said without a sort of treachery to the relation. [*The Court is entirely with you, once more.*] The essence of friendship [as of Love] is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. It treats its object as a god, that it may deify both.”—Emerson's *Essay VI.*

WE must not hastily draw conclusions from these ballads that Lovers were an especially unhappy race of mortals, even in the reign of the ‘Merry Monarch.’ This short ‘Group’ being selected specially to illustrate ‘Love's Mischances,’ they are naturally doleful ditties, dealing among ill-starred swains and luckless damsels, ‘with riddles and affairs of death.’

\* \* \* *Note.*—‘*Cupid's Court of Equity*’ is mentioned on p. 410 in line 66. In these *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 526, is reprinted one broadside bearing that title, beginning, “When first I bid my Love good-morrow.” Mr. Chappell mistakenly thought it to be unique, but it is also *Euing*, 38 ; *Huth*, III. 7 ; *Jersey*, II. 95 = *Liudesiana*, 1296 ; and *Douce*, I. 45. It is distinct in tune, and printed for *P. Brooksby*, with the clumsy woodcut of *Venus* drawn in a Car upon the clouds by doves that resemble swans or geese. Of this quaint picture a copy will be given in our ‘*Romantic Group*,’ along with other woodcuts that are delayed, being crowded out occasionally, to avoid breaking fresh pages.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 448 ; Jersey, I. 375 = Lindes., 918.]

## The Tormented Lovers.

Maidens lament their present state,  
And count they meet with rigid Fate ;  
But e're they will their minds explain,  
They'l dye of their Tormenting Pain.

To a pleasant Play-house Tune [its own], called, *Oh Love ! if e're  
thou't ease a heart.*



“ **O** Love ! if e're thou't ease a heart,  
That owns thy power Divine,  
That bleeds with thy too cruel dart ;  
Yea, burns with never-ceasing smart ;  
Take pitty now on mine :  
Beneath the shades I fainting lye ;  
Ten thousand times I wish to dye ;  
Yet when I find cold Death draw nigh,  
I grieve to lose my pleasing pain,  
And call my Wishes back again.”

10

Thus I sate musing all alone  
In the shady Myrtle Grove.  
As to my self I made a moan,  
And every eccho gave a groan,  
Came by the Man I lov[e].  
Oh ! how I strove my griefs to hide,  
I panted, sighed, and almost dy'd,  
Yet did each tattling eccho chide ;  
For fear some breath of moving air  
Should to his ears my sorrows bear.

[Text, 'lov'd.'

20

And now, you Powers, I dye to gain

But one poor parting kiss ;

Yet will endure this deadly pain,  
E're I'll one wish or thought retain

That Honour thinks amiss.

Thus are poor Maids unkindly us'd,

By Love and Nature both abus'd ;

All kinds of comforts are refus'd :

For when we burn with secret flame,

We hide our griefs, or dye with shame.

30

Such Torments we poor Maids endure ;

The like was never known

In any former age, 'tis sure,

Nor can we hope to find a cure,

Which moves us thus to moan,

In secret places, where we lye,

Each minute ready for to dye ;

And all in vain for help we cry,

For comfortless we still remain,

Tortur'd with grief, and wreckt with pain.

40

**O**ur lives are comfortless to us,

Except we them enjoy,

Who cause us for to languish thus :

Who'd think the want of one poor Buss

Could Maidens thus annoy ?—

That night and day we should lament

And wast[e] away in discontent ?

Our follies still we do repent :

But 'tis in vain, for 'tis too late

For to lament our rigid fate.

50

We must these Torments still endure,

Except Men prove more kind.

Nought else to us can joy procure,

Or bring that bliss that will endure

As comfort to the mind.

Languishing thoughts do us consume,

And in the end will prove our doom ;

Yea, bring each Maiden to her Tomb,

Who can her Love no ways obtain,

But dies, because she loves in vain.

60

What rigid fate is this we meet

Each hour of every day ?

Whilst Men their days are blest and sweet,

In e'ry part our pulses beat,

And we consume away.

Where's *Cupid's* Court of Equity? [See *Note*, p. 407.  
 For poets say, it so should be ;  
 But such a thing I ne'r could see,  
     Which forces me for to complain,  
     Although I find 'tis all in vain. 70

Then let us bid this world farewell,  
 Since we no joys can find.  
*Elizium* will this place excell ;  
 For this to us is present Hell,  
     Tormenting every mind.  
 Who feels the smart of *Cupid's* Bow  
 Is weary of her life, I know,  
 She doth Torments undergo,  
     And therefore will be free to part  
     From this sad world, to ease her heart. 80

Yet those who can their Loves enjoy,  
     Thrice happy sure are they ;  
 Nothing on Earth can them annoy ;  
 What crosses can their bliss destroy,  
     Who surfeit every day?  
 Banquets of Kisses do they tast[e] ;  
 While we for want consume and wast[e].  
 Unto the grave, then, let us hast[e] ;  
     For Death must be our chiefest friend,  
     And put our Sorrows to an end. 90

Tormented heart, then br[e]ake, and dye,  
     Since I'me so slighted here.  
 In flames of fire I scorch and fry,  
 And so shall do perpetually,  
     Till I enjoy my Dear.  
 Which if I never can obtain,  
 To hope to live is all in vain ;  
 For I with Sorrow shall be slain.  
     Yet freely will this wor[l]d depart  
     With a true Lover's Broken-Heart. 100

*London*, Printed for *C. Passenger*, on *London-Bridge*.

[In Black-letter. With three woodcuts: 1st, the lady, alone, of the Group on p. 408; 2nd, the lady in an oval, p. 16; 3rd, a delayed cut, of lady and man standing beside a tree. Date, probably *circa* 1678. Two stanzas may have been the whole of an original song, for which the tune was composed, early sung at some theatre, before it was lengthened into a broadside ballad. That it failed to become popular, we judge by its exceeding rarity. Date, before 1682.]





[Roxb. C., II. 390; Euing, 313, 314; Douce, II. 184, 187.; Jer., I. 303 = *Lind.*, 798.]

## The Ruined Lovers.

Being a rare Narrative of a young Man that dy'd for his Mistress in *June* last, who not long after his Death, upon consideration of his intire affection, and her own Cogness, could not be comforted, but lingered out her days in Melancholly, fell desperate sick, and so dyed.

To the Tune of *Mock-Beggars' Hall stands empty* [vol. vi. p. 762].

*M*Ars shall to *Cupid* now submit, for he hath gain'd the glory.  
 You that in love were never yet, attend unto my story;  
 For it is new, 'tis strange and true, as ever age afforded,  
 A tale more sad you never had in any Books recorded. 8

A Young Man lately lov'd a Maid, more than his life or fortune;  
 And in her ears the same convey'd, for thus he did importune:  
 "Dear, pittie me," the Lover cry'd, "sweet, let thy heart come to me,"  
 And often said unto the Maid, "*Love me, or you'l undo me.*" 16

"I never was engag'd before, I must and will be true to thee;  
 Love never made me cry and roar, until I saw thy Beauty.  
 No creature could, of flesh and blood, bring more delight unto me;  
 Makes me to cry perpetually, *Love me or you'l undo me.*" 24

He made Addresses to the Maid, and proffered to advance her.  
 "I cannot love thee," then she said; "pray take it for an answer."  
 In many ways he sung her praise, "Love shot his arrow through me."  
 "Why did not he do so to me?" "*Love me [or you'l undo me.]*"

She made him such a strange reply, he durst no more come near her.  
 Quoth he, "I will go home and dye, since there is nothing dearer.  
 The joys of all the Christian world," saith he, "are nothing to me;  
 'Tis Death only can set me free, *Love me [or you'l undo me.]*" 40

He took his bed, he rag'd and burn'd, sure this must greatly grieve her,  
 His scorching love was quickly turn'd into a burning Feaver;  
 And then he dy'd, but first he cry'd, "O! will she not come to me?"  
 Then sheds a tear, his last words were, "*Love me, or you'l undo me.*"

**T**He Virgin, when she heard the news, was very greatly troubled;  
 And when the Coffin'd Corps[e] she views, her woes were all  
 redoubled: [run me.  
 "And hast thou dy'd for me?" she cry'd, "thou hast in love out-  
 Too late I may thus sadly say, *Thy Death hath quite undone me.* 56

“Had I a thousand worlds, I would give them all to restore thee,  
For I am guilty of thy blood, how dare I stand before thee?  
I am a Murd’ress, woe is me, let all true lovers shun me,  
And I must cry until I dye, *Thy death* [*hath quite undone me*]. 64

“It is in vain for me to live, thy memory will haunt me;  
I only have a short reprieve, thy sorrows daily daunt me;  
Wherever thy dead Corps do lye, since thou in death hast won me,  
I will be laid, a woful Maid, *Thy death* [*hath quite undone me*].”

With that the tears fell from her eyes, she could no longer spare it,  
For love and death doth tyrannize, she could no longer bear it;  
“Pray have me home to bed,” she cry’d, “my sorrows over-run me,  
I am rewarded for my Pride, *Thy death* [*hath quite undone me*].”

She took her bed, and in her head a thousand frantick Dreams are,  
Sadly she lies, and in her eyes a hundred flowing streams are;  
“What wretched Soul am I?” said she, “O whither am I going?”  
Poor Soul she cry’d, & so she dy’d, ‘*Thy death* [*is my undoing*].’

Let all fair Maids that are in love, by this poor soul take warning,  
Lest that like her, you sadly prove the purchase of her scorning,  
Let all by this mend what’s amiss, before Grief over-run ye;  
Lest you be forc’d to dye and cry, *Thy death hath quite undone me*.

Printed for *W. Thackeray*, at the *Angel* in *Duck Lane*, *J. M*[illett] and *A. M*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, the man, p. 175; 2nd, girl in oval, p. 378; 3rd, *delayed*, a woman in bed dying, with five friends praying. See *Religious Group*. *A. M.* is *A. Milbourn*. Date, *circa* 1685.]



*Note on the Tune of ‘Let the Critics adore’ (p. 413).*

\* \* \* The tune of *Let the Critics adore* [*their old Venus no more*] refers to a ballad entitled ‘*Celia’s Triumph*; or *Venus Dethroned*,’ of which three exemplars are extant and known. The tune is there named *Let the Souldiers rejoice*, and this points to what had been esteemed a Williamite ballad, so beginning, and entitled ‘*Royal Conrage*; or, *King William’s Happy Success in Ireland*. Licensed according to Order. With two lines of music. Printed for *J. Millet*, at the *Angel* in *Little Britain* (Pepys Coll., V. 65). Another and later name to the tune was *Let the Females attend*; from the *Woman Warrior of the Siege of Cork* (*vide post*), 1690. Another ballad, printed and sold by *T. Moore*, dated 1691, to the tune of *Let the Souldiers rejoyce*, begins “Let the Nation be glad!” viz. ‘An excellent New Song, call’d, *General Ginkle’s Conquest*; or, *The Surrender of Limerick*, to the great Joy of all Protestants’ (*Ibid.*, V. 81). Also another beginning “May the Gods of the Sea.” There *must* have been an earlier ballad of ‘*Let the Souldiers rejoice!*’ than the Williamite bluster; inasmuch as ‘*Let the Critics adore*’ was licensed by Roger L’Estrange, May 8, 1678 (C. 22, fol. 35; Lindes., 758). Printed for *P. Brooksby*. The argument-verse runs thus:—

“The Gods forsake their *Venus* quite,  
And make fair *Celia* their delight;  
Who now they have enthron’d above,  
And made her Queen of Us, and Love.”

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 314; Jersey, I. 167 = Lindesiana, 11.]

## Love's Tyranny :

Or, Death more welcome than Disdain. Being the  
Tragedy of Leander for the Love of Roxane.

Lovers beware, for in Love's Smiles the fates  
To ruine two Adventurous Mortals waits ;  
Women, like *Syrens*, first with charms allure,  
Until they wound, then leave us without cure :  
Such fate *Leander* found, and for disdain,  
Took Death's kind portion, which expell'd his pain.

TO THE TUNE OF *Let the Critticks Adore, etc.* [See Note, p. 412.]

“ **A**H! how drowsie's the skies, now black Night does arise  
From the ocean ;  
And all the bright fires seem void of desires,  
And of motion :  
While my flames I do discover, Love charges my breast,  
Oh, the Nymph there does hover, that's my portion of rest ;  
They'r creating a desire, and such hopes of a bliss,  
As my thoughts do inspire, [while in vain I do wish.] [line torn off.

“ She does leave me confin'd, and as swift as the wind,  
She does flie me ;  
Whilst here all alone I do breathe my sad moan,  
She does try me :  
Melted in feavors of passion, like a *Phoenix* I'm fry'd,  
So beyond alteration my fierce torments abide :  
And I straight am made fuel, to the beams of her eyes,  
Till each moment she grows cruel, and my Flame does despise.

### The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

“ **W**Hile the beautious fair does wound with despair,  
I must perish,  
Unless her bright face will yield my Love place,  
For to cherish :  
Oh! her angel-bright beauty does so charm with delight,  
That I think it my duty, through the shaddows of night,  
For to follow her flying, I, and sadly complain, [= Aye.  
And implore her, still sighing, for to ease my great pain.

“ And when purple morning the skies is adorning,  
Each meander  
Of the wide grove I importune for love,  
And do wander :

While as Eccho replies, with a doleful harsh sound,  
Thy *Roxane* she now flies, which like death's shafts wound :  
So that still she's creating a Composer of Fate,  
Which surpasses the relating, the wonder's so great. 56

“ Oh, I fear some one sips, from her fair corral lips,  
The sweet Necture,  
Whilst I sigh here in vain, and to woods do complain,  
I neglect her :  
Once more I'll arise from my mournful cold bed,  
Though with charms that surprize she does strike me for dead :  
I'll press on to those pleasures, though I perish in love,  
Oh! those sacred treasures do so powerful prove. 70

“ I'll no longer despair, thus tormented with care,  
And sad fancies,  
But clasp'd in her arms there I'll perish with charms,  
And with glances :  
Oh, 'tis better to be dying than continually grieve,  
Or at least for to be trying, she perhaps may relieve  
This so woful disaster that Love hath now wrought,  
Or to drive on fate faster, while to moan I am taught. 84

“ Or before 'tis too late, I'll revive my sad state,  
E're I slumber,  
And in Death's cold shade for ages am laid,  
Without number :  
But O what now appears from yon eypress grove ?  
How revived are my fears, 'tis the Queen of my Love :  
Ah! where fleets thou, my joy ? what a vision was this,  
So soon gone, to destroy my short fancy of bliss! 98

“ Oh! make room in the shades, Lovers' Ghosts! for life fades,  
And is flying;  
Oh! I'll not always bear this eternal despair,  
To be dying.”  
Then he drew his keen sword, and cry'd, “ Thus with a wound,  
I'll a cure now afford, that *Apollo* ne'r found : ”  
Oh! then into that breast, which Death could ne'r fright,  
The fatal steel prest, and his soul it took flight.

[Printed for *C. Passinger*, at the *Seven Stars*, New Buildings, London Bridge.]

[Three cuts: 1st, man in Spanish hat, p. 249; 2nd and 3rd, man and woman, vol. vi. p. 76. Colophon, and lost half-line, restored from *Lindes*. Date, c. 1679.]

\*.\* Of the ensuing Ballad '*Love's Torments eased by Death*,' the first three stanzas appeared on pp. 40, 41, of '*A New Collection of Songs and Poems*. By *Thomas D'Urfey*, Gent. Printed for *Joseph Hindmarsh*, at the *Black Bull* in *Cornhill*, 1683.' Title, '*Another Song, written at Epsom, on Beauty*.'

[Roxburghe Col., II. 313; Euing, 172; Jers., I. 156 = *Lind.*, 171; Huth, II. 4.]

## Love's Torments eased by Death:

Or, Lovers delay'd, grow Desperate.

Being a Relation how a young Gallant, thinking he was despised by *Cloris*, poysoned himself, the which the Nymph understanding by a Letter that she found lying by him, ran Distracted, etc.

*Chevus* by Love's fierce shaft tormented lyes,  
 Dispairing of all cure, self-poyson'd dyes:  
 Leaving a letter that contain'd the cause  
 Of his sad fate, which *Cloris* finds, does pause  
 Awhile upon them with the sense of grief,  
 Distracted grows, admitting no relief.

To a pleasant New Court-Tune: or, *Phyllis, thou soul of Love.*

“*BEauty*, thou Throne of Graces,  
 Bright Queen of Charmed faces,  
 Goddess of endless Passion, [*text*, ‘Thou G.’]  
 Thou Tyrant of the Nation;  
 Thou Soul that doth incharm us,  
 Thou Fury sent to harm us,  
 How happy shou'd we be,  
 Proud foe! wer't not for thee? 8

“Numerous shining glories  
 Adorn my Lovely *Cloris*:  
 Her Face as bright as Summer,  
 Her Pride did well become her,  
 Her Praise above was given, [D. ‘voice from *Jove*.’]  
 Each Angel flew from Heaven,  
 And smiling clap'd his Wing,  
 For joy to hear her sing. 16

“My Soul was still admiring,  
 Her falsehood still aspiring:  
 I strongly did besiege her,  
 Yet ne'r durst disobleige her;  
 But she, like frosty weather,  
 Nip'd all my Buds together:  
 [And think]ing me untrue, [*text*, ‘Believing.’]  
 My poor heart did undo. [By **Tom D'Urfey**.  
See p. 114.]

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

“**W**ith cruelty pursuing, until she prov'd my ruine,  
 My youthful joys consuming, and blasted love just blooming:  
 Which must have fatal ending, now Death on me's descending,  
 Devising torments new my poor heart to subdue. 32

"Grief shall no more distress me, nor wounding love oppress me :  
This mortal Poyson tasted, to shades below I'm hasted :  
'Tis done, ye cruel powers, Death now that love devours,  
With his bright shaft strikes through, my heart for ever true.

"Which *Cloris*, Love undoing, has forc'd upon sad ruine ;  
No more the light desiring, but to dark shades retiring,  
Among ghosts to be telling, in my *Elizium* dwelling,  
How thinking me untrue, my poor heart did undoe.

48

"Fair Tyranness, I leave thee, thy charms of Life bereave me ;  
Under this shade where c[r]ying, the first I will be dying.  
Farewel, my hope for ever, my Love and Life together :  
But this the world shall shew, what did my heart undoe."

Which he no sooner saying, but from his bosome drawing,  
He by him lay'd the paper, when with a sigh his tapour  
Of life from earth ascended, and so his torments ended :  
Whom *Cloris* thought untrue, and his heart did undoe.

64

He no sooner dying, but *Cloris* that way prying,  
Beheld her cruel conquest, at which with fear being Non-plust,  
She started ; but desire made her full soon draw nigher :  
Whereby the root she knew, which did his heart undoe.

And that her charming Beauty, to which he long pay'd duty,  
Had been his overthrowing, which she no sooner knowing,  
But sigh'd, "Woe's me !" and crying, "Alas ! while I was trying  
His constaney so true, I did his heart undoe."

80

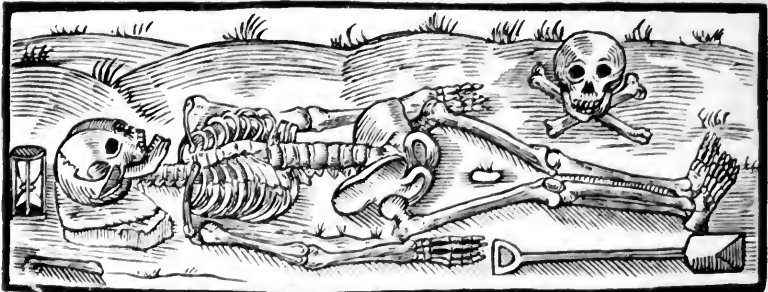
The which no longer bearing, but golden tresses tearing,  
Her ivory breast still smiting, distraction so inciting :  
And frantick loud did clamour, nor could the wood-nymphs tame her,  
But crying, "False untrue, that could'st thy Love undoe !"

She through the groves does wander, tracing each meander,  
Against the Fates exclaiming, and her own hard heart blaming :  
And comfortless deceived, but quite of sense bereaved,  
She cries, "*Ah me ! untrue, that could my love undoe.*"

Finis.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, in *West-smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: the woman and young man, both on p. 441.  
Date, 1683. The skeleton belongs to p. 423.]



## A Mournful Carol : Franklin and Cordelia.

*Hostess.*—"A' made a finer end and went away an it had been a Christom child ; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide : for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way : for his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table o' green frieze. 'How now, Sir John !' quoth I : 'what, man ! be of good cheer.' So a' cried out 'God, God, God !' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God ; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet : I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone : then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone."—*King Henry V.*, Act ii. scene 3.

THE chief woodcut of the 'Mournful Carol,' on our next page, illustrates Dame Quickly's pathetic account of Falstaff's death : "His heart is fractured and corroborate," says Ancient Pistol. Mutilated and worm-holed although it be, drawn from some unknown source perhaps of Chivalric Romance, and of foreign workmanship, contemporary, but not antecedent, none can deny its appropriateness for Falstaff. The woman's hands are *outside* the bed-quilt. The picture seems to hold no close connexion with the *Mournful Carol*.

There must have been an earlier ballad (*almost identical with ours in the first and second stanzas*) on the flight and death of JAMES FRANKLIN, who was executed on 9th December, 1615, for having furnished the poisons to the Earl and Countess of Somerset, whereby Sir Thomas Overbury was 'Murdered by poison in the Tower of London, the 15th day of September, 1613, being in the 32nd year of his age.' This missing ballad probably represented a *Lament of Mrs. Anne Turner*, 1615. It gave name to the tune, *Franklin is fled away!* with its Irish howl of *O hone ! O hone !* (see *Popular Music*, p. 370).

Overbury, the pander, deserved his fate. The similarity of names, *Franklin* (the poisoner) and *Frankin*, *Little Francis*, suggested the use of this particular tune. *Franklin is fled away*, for the 'Mournful Carol.' An evil connection uniting the name of Essex with Franklin's patrons (the Countess *Frances*, divorced wife of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and her fit companion, paramour, and second husband, Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset), may have been the secret cause of selecting '*The Earl of Essex's Last Good Night : O hone, O hone !*' (referring to the execution of the earlier Robert Devereux, Elizabeth's favourite 1609), as the tune for the original but lost Franklin ballad.

\* \* \* Mistress Turner had been a beautiful woman, of loose life, before her condemnation ; of this we have the certificate in *Overbury's Vision*, by R. N[iccols], published in 1616, the year of Somerset's trial. The personal appearance of James Franklin (see woodcut in *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 473) is thus described :—

"A Man he was of stature meanly tall,  
His body's lineaments were shaped, and all  
His limbs compacted well, and strongly knit.  
Nature's kind hand no error made in it.  
His beard was ruddy hue, and from his head  
A wanton lock itself did down dispread  
Upon his back : to which, while he did live,  
Th' ambiguous name of *Elf-lock* he did give."—*The Great Oyer*.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 348; Bagford, II. 69; Pepys, II. 76.]

**A Mournful Carol: or, an Elegy,**  
 Lamenting the Tragical ends of two unfortunate  
 Faithful Lovers, Frankin and Cordelius [Cordelia],  
 he being slain, she slew herself with her Dagger.

TO A NEW TUNE, *Franklin is fled away.* [See Note, and pp. 417, 420.]



“*Frankin*, my loyal friend, *O hone, O hone,*  
 In whom my joy[s] do end, *O hone, O hone,*  
*Frankin*, my heart’s delight,  
 Since last he took his flight,  
 Bids now the world good-night, *O hone, O hone!*”

“*Frankin* is fled and gone, *O hone, O hone,*  
 And left me here alone, *O hone, O hone!*  
*Frankin* is fled away,  
 The glory of the *May*;  
 Who can but mourn and say, *O hone, O hone!*”

10

*Note.*—Tune of *Franklin is fled away, O hone! O hone!* cited for “Farewell, my heart’s delight! Ladies adieu!” (reprinted in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 471).



- “ *Frankin*, belov’d of all, *O hone, O hone,*  
Ladies lament his fall, *O hone, O hone!*  
Come mourn upon his shrine,  
You Lady Muses nine,  
And matrons all divine, *O hone, O hone.*
- “ *Frankin*, with comely grace, *O hone, O hone,*  
Courtèd with kind imbrace, *O hone, O hone,*  
Till *Mars* did bear controule,  
And his affection stole,  
To heaven bequeath’d his soul, *O hone, O hone.* 20
- “ *Frankin* did please the Dames, *O hone, O hone,*  
None could resist his flames, *O hone, O hone,*  
Virgins lament the day,  
That *Frankin* fled away,  
How can we chuse but say, *O hone, O hone.*
- “ *Frankin*, why would’st thou goe, *O hone, O hone,*  
To battle with thy foe? *O hone, O hone!*  
Thy solemn obsequies,  
With watry dropping eyes,  
A mournful sacrifice, *O hone, O hone.* 30
- “ *Frankin*, which grac’d the swains, *O hone, O hone,*  
Sportèd upon the plains, *O hone, O hone,*  
With all the Royal train,  
Faithful he did remain,  
Until my Lord was slain, *O hone, O hone.*
- “ *Frankin*, why would’st thou dye? *O hone, O hone,*  
Regarding not my cry, *O hone, O hone.*  
Love-sick in every vein,  
Opprest with grief and pain:  
And so I shall remain, *O hone, O hone.* 40
- “ *Frankin*, the pride of men, *O hone, O hone,*  
None flourish’d like him then,  
Till Death without remorse  
Took *Frankin* hence by force,  
I must bewail his Course, *O hone, O hone.* [Qu. Course?
- “ In the Elizium fields, *O hone, O hone,*  
Much joy and pleasure yields, *O hone, O hone,*  
There *Frankin* Sainted is,  
Injoying lover’s bliss,  
The earthly mold I’le kiss, *O hone, O hone.* 50

“*Frankin*, under this stone, *O hone, O hone*,  
 His Corps remain alone, *O hone, O hone*.  
 Come drop with me a tear,  
 All you that faithful are,  
 Such zealous thoughts I bear, *O hone, O hone!*”

“*Frankin*, I come to thee, *O hone, O hone*,  
 To end my misery, *O hone, O hone*,  
 The world I plainly find  
 A hell unto my mind,  
 Thou art so true and kind, *O hone, O hone*.”

60

“I count there is no bliss, *O hone, O hone*,  
 But where my true love is, *O hone, O hone*,  
 Go toul my mournfull bell,  
 There’s heaven where *Frank* doth dwell,  
 Now must I bid farewell, *O hone, O hone*.”

“This Dagger in my hand, *O hone, O hone*,  
 My life shall soon command, *O hone, O hone*,  
 And with this fatal Dart  
 I’le stab my Love-sick heart,  
 Ending a Lover’s part, *O hone, O hone*.”

70

Thus did she end her life, *O hone, O hone*,  
 Which should have been his wife, *O hone, O hone!*  
 Young-men and virgins all,  
 Lament these Lovers’ fall,  
 Gracing their Funeral, *O hone, O hone!*

Printed for *M. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,*  
 and *T. Passenger*. [Douce, II. 221, was printed for *W. Gilbertson*.]

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, on p. 418; 2nd and 3rd, a youth and a lady, busts: to be given later, in *Historical Group*. Date, circa 1675-80.]

☞ See *The Kentish Garland*, 1882, by Miss Julia H. L. De Vaynes (author of the valuable historical record, a *Huguenot Garland*, 1890; printed by Messrs. Stephen Austin & Sons, Hertford). In vol. ii. pp. 555-560, of *Kentish G.* are several important particulars concerning James Franklin, and a contemporary Monody, *Franklin’s Farewell to the World*, with his portrait *sus. per col.* It begins, “Farewell, vaine World, whose comforts are all cares.” Five B.L. ballads belong to the Society of Antiquaries, viz.,—1. ‘Sir *Thomas Overbury*, or the Poisoned Knight’s Complaint,’—“Great Powerful God, whom we are bound to love, How graceless bad, doth man thy creature move.”—2. *Mistress Turner’s* ‘Farewell to all Women’ (with her portrait, reproduced in Robert Lemon, F.S.A.’s *Catalogue of Broad-sides*, 1866, p. 45), begins, “Angell, turn’d Divell, Pride, by thee I fell.”—3. ‘*Mistress Turner’s* Repentance,’ “To Stay the venom of Ill-speaking breath.”—4. ‘Sir *Gervis Elvies*,’ “Behold him aright, whose office and estate.”—5. ‘*James Franklin*, a *Kentishman of Maidstone*, his Arraignement,”—“I am arraigned at the black dreadful barre, Where sinnes so red as scarlet, Judges are.” None of these five ballads have been reprinted.

## Complaint and Death of a Forsaken Lover.

*Autolycus, singing.*—"But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?"

The pale moon shines by night:  
And when I wander here and there,  
I then do most go right."—*The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3.

OURS is the cheerful philosophy suited to that "snapper up of unconsidered trifles" who sang so blithely of the Spring-time, "When daffodils begin to peer, *with heigh! the doxy over the dale*; Why then comes in the sweet o' the year: for the red blood reigns in the winter's pale." Those who are puritanically inclined lament, how to Autolycus his own suggestion of daffodils, "that come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty," is thus associated with feminine companionship, lacking the sanction of matrimony beforehand. "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." His known Bohemianism (somewhere near the sea-coast) must excuse such errors. Did he not enjoy summer songs, at haymaking season, without disguise, along with his 'aunts'? What else could be expected from one who confesses that the sight of linen provokingly exposed on the hedge, "*with heigh! the sweet birds, O how they sing!*"—became too irresistible a temptation to him, when money was scant and thievery so easy: also seeing "that a quart of ale is a dish for a King!" There is something that commends Autolycus specially to the collector of Ballads. His are the songs we love to hear, at all times, instead of the lugubrious 'Complaint of a Forsaken Lover' wherewith we close this little 'GROUP OF LOVE'S MISCHANCES.' His was true Cavalier mirthfulness—the saving element of good-tempered recklessness, which the sour-visaged morbid hypocrites could never understand and vainly attempted to repress. In the 'Complaint' such music as sounded, at beginning, dies away into the dreariest of "sighs and groans or melancholy moans" (vi. 297). Our merry tinker was scarcely orthodox in principles ("for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it," says he), but assuredly he had sounder manhood within him than the writer and singer of this 'Woful Complaint.' The innocent cherubs, commonly called 'Printer's Devils,' were attacked with woeful sickness when they set up the type, even their pye and ink went wrong.

We add a livelier 'Finale' on p. 424; and invoke the protection of Autolycus, who was "littered under Mercury," if not also of Apollo and the Muses. "My traffic is in sheets," says he: *So is ours.*

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way, And merrily hent the stile—a;  
A merry heart goes all the day, [to end vol. vii.] Your sad tires in a mile—a."

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Of the tedious 'WOFUL COMPLAINT' three editions are in Euing Collection, one printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*, before 1674. Rawlinson's ditto, plus *Clarke*. Pepys, I. 354, printed early for *H. Gosson*, 1624. Jersey = Lind., 320.

[R. C., II. 524; Pepys, III. 347; Euing, 391-3; Jersey, I. 293; Rawl., 175.]

## The Woful Complaint and Lamentable Death of a Forsaken Lover.

To A PLEASANT NEW TUNE [*Down by a Forest*].

DOWN by a Forrest [where] as I did pass, [Pepys.  
To see abroad what sports there was,  
Walking by a pleasant Spring,  
The birds in sundry notes did sing.

Long time I wandered here and there,  
To see what sports in Forrest were,  
At length I heard one make great moan,  
Saying, "From me all joys are gone." 8

I gave good heed unto the same,  
Musing from whence this Echo came,  
And by no means I could devise  
From whence this sorrowful sound did rise.

But in that place I did remain  
Until I heard it once again;  
Where presently I heard one say,  
"O Death, come take my life away!" 16

I looked down on my right hand,  
A [grove] of [forest] trees did stand, [*Text, 'sort of pleasant.'*  
And under them I did behold,  
A pleasant place, with shadows cold.

A sum[p]tuous Seat was in the same;  
Musing from whence this echo came,  
Then in this place I did perceive  
A Gentleman most fine and brave. 24

And from that place he did come down,  
Casting from him his morning gown,  
[Still] walking up and down that place,  
Methought a proper Man he was.

[*Division of stanzas ends.*

Thus to himself he did lament, wishing to God his days were spent;  
His torments did increase so sore, his heart was able to bear no more.  
I stept into a hollow Tree, because I would his passion see,  
With folded armes, looking to th' skies, the tears, alas! stood in his eyes. 36  
And careless of his life he seem'd, pitty he was no more esteem'd!  
Then down he lay upon the ground, no ease of sorrow could be found.  
Thus he lamented in woful case, "Seven long years, within few days,"  
Saying, "while I live, I must remain, and find no help to ease my pain.  
For she that should my griefs remove, she doth disdain to be my love;  
And hath done so since she did hear that I to her good will did bear.

Ye Gods above, come ease my pain, sith heavy grief doth it constrain ;  
 For while my Corps remains on earth, she'll shew the causes of my death. 52  
 And every tree that here doth stand shall be engraven with my hand,  
 That they long time may witness bear, Love was the cause that I dy'd here.  
 Nature to her did so much right, and in as many vertues dight,  
 Scorning to take the help of art, as ever did embrace a heart.  
 Being so good, so truly try'd, O some for less were Deify'd ;  
 Full of pitty as she may be, and yet perhaps not so to me.

“ When first I saw her pleasant face, methought a pleasant sight it was ;  
 Her beauty took my wits away, I knew not how one word to say. 68  
 A Gentleman took her to Dance, she gallantly her self did prance,  
 And kept her steps all in due time, which made me wish she had been mine.  
 But when I thought she'd been mine own, then was she furthest from me flown ;  
 She gave no ear unto my cry, which makes me here in sorrow dye.

F[or she's then in another mind.] Which to my pain I often find, [*badly inked.*  
 Of all [my] hopes I am beguil'd, which makes me walk the woods so wild.  
 To silent trees I made my moan, the birds and beasts did hear me groan ;  
 Yet she that could my sorrows remove, disloyal wretch to me did prove. 84

My love to her was constaut pure, and to my end shall so endure ;  
 And *Jove* to her I hope will send a grieved mind before her end.  
 I have forsaken friends and kin, my days to end these Woods within,  
 My pleasures past I now forsake, and of the world my leave I take.

Bear witness, Heaven, of my grief, to ease my heart, send some relief ;  
 Fair maids, unto your Loves be true, if the first be good, change not for a new.  
 O young men all, be warn'd by me, gaze not too much on woman's beauty ;  
 Lest that you be so fettered fast, you cannot be releast at last. 100

Some women's wiles are too much known, in love once changing stick to none ;  
 They swear they love you with their heart, when tongue and mind are both apart.  
 My love to her I did reveal, and nothing from her did conceal ;  
 Though at first she seemed coy, she said I was her only joy,  
 And none but I her love should have : what need I any more to crave ?  
 But Haggard like, she me abus'd, another taken, and I refus'd.”

When he'd bewail'd his sorrows long, he took his Lute that by him hung ;  
 And on the same he sweetly play'd, while there upon these words he said : 116  
 “ O Death, when will that hour come, that I have waited for so long ?  
 For while I live, I languish still, finding no help to ease my ill.”

Then quite he flung his Lute away, and took his Sword that by him lay.  
 Says, “ Oft hast thou been thy master's friend, and now thou must his torment end.”  
 He gave true Sentence in that place, to end his life in woeful case ;  
 The hilt he struck into the ground, and gave himself a deadly wound.

Then unto him I ran amain ; but, O, alas ! it was in vain :  
 For long before to him I came, his death he had upon the same. 132  
 I found his Grave was ready made, wherein I thought he should be laid :

And in that place I laid him down, and over spread his morning gown.  
 Over his grave his sword I laid, whereby his death he had receiv'd,  
 Upon his Lute a peal I rung, and by the place his Lute I hung,  
 Then I beheld on every Tree her name that was his only joy :

Which long before his face did stand, because she got the upper hand.  
 This Maiden that did all this wrong to live a maid thought it o're long,  
 But married was to such a one, as dayly made her sigh and groan. 148  
 Her coyness to her former love, disloyal now doth truly prove ;  
 Take heed, fair Maidens, for you see, Wrongs always will revenged be.

Printed for *A. Milbourn, W. Onley, Tho. Thackeray*, at the *Angel*  
 in *Duck Lane*. [See *Note*, p. 421.]

[Black-letter. Two Cuts : a man, p. 249 ; skeleton, p. 416. Date, *before* 1624.]

## A Finale to 'Love's Mishances.'

[The music stopped early in the 'Woeful Complaint of a Forsaken Lover': we need livelier refreshment. Here it is, for audience fit, *Suum Cuique.*]

### THE FLEETING HOUR.

(AD PUELLAM INDIGNABUNDAM.)



*SOME chide men for worshipping Beauty,  
(They are ugly old shrews who do this,)  
They condemn us to dullness and Duty:  
But the world is well lost for one kiss.*

*Do not trust those conventional preachers,  
Their sad doctrines worry and kill:  
Youth and Joy are the far better teachers,  
Dear Girlhood enchanting us still.*

*Cynics wail, 'Beauty fades, Joy brings sorrow,  
Experience chills our warm trust:  
Beware of the darken'd To morrow,  
When goddesses moulder to dust.'*

*Hence, avaunt! with such gloomy prognostics,  
Fools! who stumble at each step you tread.  
Let us now feel Life's glow: soon across Styx  
You may rail—when we too shall be dead.*

*We mourn not, tho' pleasures are fleeting,  
The pageant of bliss soon removed;  
We give Pallida Mors kindly greeting,  
Content, since we love, and were loved.*

J. W. EBSWORTH.

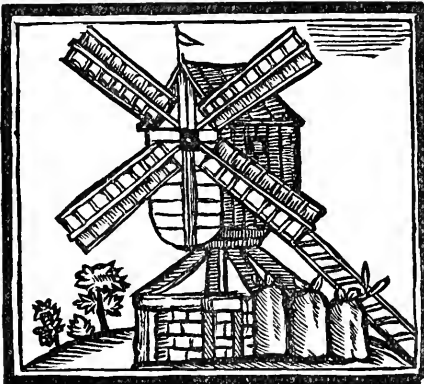
## Some Complaints of Millers.

**A**MONG the numerous 'Complaints' afflicting frail humanity, from 'the good days of old,' those whereunto grinders of corn were specially addicted have been an excessive 'Taking of toll,' and the inability to leave pretty girls unmolested. How it came to pass that farmers chose to send their daughters, instead of their sons, in charge of sacks of corn, to be ground at the mill, is to be explained on no other supposition than one of two: either that they happened to have no son, or else that they distrusted him, lest it should be (as the wife of Tam o'Shanter declared of her goodman),

"at ilka melder, wi' the Miller,  
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller."

Another ballad on the same incident, as the one on p. 426. is entitled 'The Crafty Maid of the West; or, the lusty brave Miller of the Western parts finely trapan'd. A Merry new Song to fit Young-men and Maids.' Tune of *Packington's Pound*. Begins, "You Millers and Taylors and Weavers each one."

\* \* Millers were not always so baffled and punished, but seldom were otherwise than rogues and libertines, if we are to believe popular stories of our own and foreign lands. From Chaucer's matchless 'Miller of Trumpington' in the *Canterbury Tales* (at which some of our modern puritanic hypocrites affect to be shocked, resenting it as an outrage on their fastidious Sanitarianism), down to Tom D'Urfe's ditty sung at the Queen's Theatre in Dorset Gardens by Mrs. Verbrugen as Mary the Buxom, in the Third Part of his *Comical History of Don Quixote*, Act iii. scene 2, 1696, whereat the rabid non-juror Jeremy Collier lanced his thunderbolt brimstone-matches, there was nothing to be said in favour of a Miller's morals. Broad though it be in its humour, perhaps we should say, coarse, the popularity of D'Urfe's song made it welcome to the purchasers of broadside-ballads, re-appearing as 'The Lusty Miller's Recreation; or, The Buxom Females' Chief Delight:' beginning, 'The Good Wife did send to the Miller her Daughter' (Roxb. Coll., II. 329), of which the music, a pleasant new Tune, is given in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. i. p. 186, 1719. We pity the weak-kneed brethren who cannot laugh at the fun without fastening like Muck-Dougall carrion-flies on the immorality. We despise such Marplots.



[This man belongs to p. 374;  
and the mill to p. 427.]

[Roxb. Coll., II. 519; Pepys, IV. 16; Euing, 390; Jersey, I. 290=L., 1359.]

## The Witty Maid of the West ;

Or,

The Miller well thrash'd by *Robin* the Plowman : for  
which Service he received a Sum of Money, which  
bought a Ring and paid for the Marriage betwixt  
him and his beloved *Nancy*.

TUNE OF, *Ladies of London*. [See p. 52, and vol. iii. p. 369.]

This may be Printed: R[ichard] P[ocock.]

*W*illiam the Miller, who liv'd in the West,  
A lusty stout Lad, brisk and ayry;—  
Now if you will but attend to the jest,  
I think it will make you all merry :  
There was a Lass that used his Mill,  
Her name it was pretty-fac'd *Nancy* ;  
He would be kissing and courting her still,  
There's no one but she he could fancy. 8

She was a beautifull Lass, I declare,  
And one that was wonderful witty :  
There is not any with her can compare,  
In Country-Town or in City :  
*Nancy* she did the Miller beguile,  
She knew him a Knave by his learing ;  
Pray now have patience, and listen a while,  
The Story is well worth your hearing. 16

Often he fain would have been at the sport,  
If *Nancy* she would but be willing ;  
And as the Maiden her self did report,  
He gave her full twenty good shilling ;  
She straight did yield, the case it was thus,  
The Lass was resolved to cheat him,  
The twenty shillings she put in her purse,  
And said at the Mill she would meet him. 24

Now for to study some joke she did aim,  
That she in her fancy might glory ;  
Then to her true Love the Plowman she came,  
And told him the sum of the story :  
*Robin* reply'd, " My counsel is this,  
We won't stand discoursing and arguing,  
I in a Sack will be carryed as Grist,  
Because you shall stand to your bargain." 32



Nancy she laught, and was pleas'd at this thing,  
 That she might go there without fear ;  
 Robin to mill in a Sack she did bring,  
 The Miller rejoyc'd to see her ;  
 Then did he take the load off from Roan,  
 For this Maiden's Horse was so named ; [cf. p. 235.  
 And he supposing they then was alone,  
 The Miller in love was inflamed. 40

Straight he invited her into the Mill,  
 For he had a mind to be at her ;  
 Tho' yet she would not submit to his will,  
 But told him it was no such matter :  
 Thus for a while his Patience was try'd,  
 " Be loving," said he, " my sweet honey !  
 Stand to your bargain," he often reply'd,  
 " For you have received my money." 48

When for his pleasures long time he had woo'd,  
 And she would not let him disgrace her,  
 William the Miller began to be rude,  
 And straight he began to embrace her :  
 Nancy cry'd out, " Some help I do lack,  
 My troth to another is plighted !"  
 Robin at this rushed out of the Sack,  
 At which the poor Miller was frighted. 56

For [Robin] in wroth to the Miller did run,  
 Stout bangs with a Cudgel he gave him ;  
 Feeling his blows, he cry'd out " I'm undone !"  
 And Nancy did likewise be-stave him :  
 " Robin," said he, " my shoulders do ake,  
 I pray you no longer abuse me ;  
 Here's twenty shillings to drink for my sake,  
 If you will be pleas'd to excuse me." 64

Taking the money, to Nancy he goes,  
 " Abroad I for labour will send thee ;  
 Thrashing of Millers it is a good trade ;  
 My Dear, for thy wit I commend thee.  
 Since thou hast done so worthy a thing,  
 P'le marry and bring thee to bedding,  
 This twenty shillings will buy thee a ring,  
 The other will pay for our Wedding." Finis. 72

[In Black-letter. Colophon lost ; Pepysian ' Printed for J. Back, at the Black-Boy on London-Bridge, near the Draw-Bridge ;' Euing's, later for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back. Woodcuts of windmills ; one on p. 425, we delay one. Cf. vol. vi. p. 250. Date, 1685-88. Another ' Witty Maid of the West' follows on p. 428 ; and we return to Millers' tricks hereafter.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 578; Jersey, I. 210=Lind., 1466; Huth, II. 146.]

## The West-Country Lawyer;

### Or, The Witty Maid's Good Fortune.

Who wisely maintain'd her Virginity against the Golden Assaults  
of the Lawyer, who at length Married her to her heart's content.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Baffled Knight*. [See pp. 437 to 441.]

A Youthful Lawyer, fine and gay, was riding unto the City,  
Who met a Damsel on the way, right beautiful, fair and witty.  
"Good-morrow," then the Lawyer cry'd, "I prethee, where art thou going?"  
Quoth she, "To yonder meadow's side, my Father is there a-mowing."

Straight from his Horse he did alight, and as he was going to her,  
The Maid immediately took flight, for fear he would undo her;  
But he ruu like a nimble Deer, until he did overtake her;  
And then he'd whisper'd in her ear, a Lady he'd surely make her, 8

If he might but enjoy the bliss, a minuit or two of pleasure,  
"Then as a pledge I'll give thee this, a handful of Golden Treasure."  
Said she, "I value not your Gold, and therefore I pray be civil;  
My Maiden-head shall ne'r be sold, for Money's the root of all evil.

"I'd sooner be a Plough-man's Bride, and sit at my Wheel a-spinning,  
Than be a Lawyer's Jilt," she cry'd, "to live by the Trade of Sinning."  
"Tush!" said the Lawyer, "be not coy, let's fall to our Love's Embraces!  
A silken gown thou shalt enjoy, with bracelets, rings and laces." 16

"Your silken gown I do disdain, although I have mean relation;  
I am resolved to maintain my Innocent Reputation."  
"If thou wilt but to *London* go, I'll honour the[e] like a Lady;"  
But still the damsel answer'd "No, I am happy enough already.  
"You talk of Glory, State and Fame, and how I shall be attended;  
But Sir, I am not for your game, so let the discourse be ended.  
Pray save your breath and money too, I like not your way of Wooing;  
There is too many such as you, that brings the young Maids to ruin. 24

"I'll keep my pure virginity, till Marriage is my pleasure;  
For Sir," said she, "it is more to me, than millions of gold and treasure."  
He found her so discreet and wise, in every ready answer,  
That he her charms did highly prize, and vow'd he would soon advance her.

Unto her Parents he did go, where he did their Love require:  
Then was she cloath'd from top to toe, in costly rich attire. [cf. p. 135.  
Next day the Gordian Knot was ty'd, and many was at the Marriage:  
Then she appear'd an Angel bright, for beauty and comely carriage. 32

You Lasses all, I pray you mind, to whom I have told this story,  
Be careful that you a' not too kind, for fear you should blast your glory.  
Had she been soon to Folly led, and for a small spell consented,  
She might have lost her Maiden-head, and when it was gon[e] Lamented.  
But now she is a Lawyer's Wife, her Husband do's dearly love her,  
So that she leads a happy life; there's few in the town above her. **Finis.**

[Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel*, in *Gilt-spur-street*.]

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, the man of p. 296; 2nd, the girl of p. 31 *ante*. Undivided into stanzas after the second; we run-on half-lines. Colophon lost, supplied from *Liudesiana* 1466, and *Huth's*. Date, before 1693.]

## Several aggravated Complaints.

" I am a poor Married-man truly, and I lead a weary life,  
As I will plainly here declare, by marrying with a wife;  
At bed and board, still word for word, *she'll give me two for one* :  
*You Married-men and Batchelors, come listen to my song.*

" I was a Batchelor void of care, and I had a good estate,  
And I, forsooth ! must presently go seek me out a mate ;  
Which at the last, unto my cost, *I light on such a one,*  
*Search all the Country round about, the like is not agen."*

—*She is Bound, but won't Obey.*

SUCH is the beginning of the broadside-ballad entitled 'She is bound, but won't Obey; or, The Married Man's Complaint; Desiring other young-men to have a care, and to look before they leap,' two copies of which are preserved in the Bodleian Library (Wood, E. 25, fol. 67; Rawlinson, 566, fol. 14). It holds the woodcut of a Shrew threatening her Cornuto husband, "Out, Rogue, spend thy money!" already given on our p. 188. Sung to the Tune of *The West-Country Delight; or, Hey for Zomerset-shire* (= "In Summer time, when flowers do spring": see *Frontispiece*, p. iv\*\*, and pp. 322, 452). It was printed for *Francis Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke*, with Allowance, *circá* 1674. Thirteen stanzas in all. The ballad-title, 'She is Bound, but won't Obey,' had a reference, understood at the time, to the burden of J.P.'s antecedent 'Fairing for Maids' (*cf.* p. 110), *viz.* "for when you are bound, then you needs must obey."

The prevalence and popularity of such matrimonial 'Complaints' two centuries ago spoke ill for matrimonial felicity. Husbands bemoaned their spouses' shrewishness and infidelity, while wives retorted by declaring that the tavern had been frequently a loadstone too attractive and expensive for an honest tradesman. Here we see her attempt to put his pipe out: an expensive article was the pestilent 'Indian weed' while James I. of England reigned, as tobacco was at first valued by its equal weight of gold.

The genuine 'Cuckold's Complaint' required for our p. 194, having now been identified, beginning "I married a wife of late, which sinks my heart full low" (distinct from a ballad beginning "I marry'd a wife of late, the more's my unhappy fate;"; mentioned on our p. 24), and its tune, guessed rightly to be the same as '*I met with a Country Lass*,' better known by its burden, *Ay, marry, and thank you too*, it is here included on p. 431. To the self-same tune was written and sung another ditty, entitled 'The Henpeckt Cuckold's Complaint,' beginning "I marry'd a Scolding Wife." With its Answer, "My Cuckold tells tales of me," it is given. Also, (on p. 435) 'The Young Ladie's Complaint,' mentioned on p. 143; and another 'Dying Lover's Complaint.'

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 268 *vo.*, IV. 45; Jersey, II. 194 = Lind., 565.]

## The Dying Lover's Complaint.

*Daphne* laments 'cause *Strophon* is unkind,  
Wanting his love, no comfort [s]he can find;  
And missing that which she desires to have,  
Poor *Daphne* sighs her selfe into the Grave.

TUNE OF, *Young Phaon*. [See *Note*, below.]

- “ I Am quite undone: my Cruel One has me forsaken quite,  
He is the man in whom I can take pleasure and delight.  
But he's unkind, and now I find my thred is almost spun,  
Here I lament in discontent, alas! I'm quite undone.
- “ Whilst others sleep I mourn & weep, in tears I'm almost drown'd;  
When absent he is gone from me, no comfort can be found.  
In slumbering dreams methinks he seems to be full kind to me;  
But when I wake, this great mistake brings sorrow certainly. 8

### The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.

- “ My Golden hair I rent and tear like one outrageous mad,  
'*Cupid*,' say I, 'I thee defie, thou wicked wanton lad.'  
A minute then scarce past agen e're I do him implore;  
'*Cupid*,' say I, 'thy deity I ever will adore.'
- “ Thus do I pass my dayes, alas! and can no pleasure find;  
I sigh and cry continually, he's cruel and unkind.  
Twice in a breath I wish for death, such torments I endure,  
Except he's kind I ne'r shall find nor hope to get a cure. 16
- “ Then down I lye in hopes to dye, ere him I see again,  
But thoughts of him brings life again, and thus prolongs my pain.  
Both eur'd and kill'd, blood shed and spill'd, all in a moment is,  
From death could he again fetch me, with one poor smile and kiss.
- “ Thus do I turn? I freiz and burn in a most strange condition,  
No Doctor's art can cure my smart except he prove Physitian.  
But hopes of that must be forgot, and I must to the grave.  
Come, welcome death, & stop my breath, that I some rest may have.”

Printed for *F. Cole* [*sic*], *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, *J. Clark*, *W. Thackery*,  
and *T. Passenger*.

[In Black-letter. Roxb. Coll., IV. 45 has the delayed cut of a big-headed Cupid shooting at a woman, with a coffin ready on the ground. (The other Roxburghe exemplar is printed at back of 'Love's Downfall,' = "Draw near, young maidens every one;" for which see our vol. vi. p. 265.) Date, *circa* 1678. Johu Bannister's tune to Charles Daveuaut's song in *Circe*, '*Young Phaon strove the bliss to taste*,' 1677 (vol. vi. p. 100).]

[Pepys Collection, IV. 132. Apparently Unique. Sequel on p. 197.]

## The Cuckold's Complaint;

Or,

### The Turbulent Wife's Severe Cruelty.

TO THE TUNE OF, *I, marry, and thank ye too.* Licensed according to Order.

I Marry'd a Wife of late, which sinks my heart full low,  
 She laid a ladle o'er my pate: *a Curse of a cruel Shrow!*  
 Before I'd been wed a week, her cruelty she did show,  
 And would not suffer me to speak: *a Curse of a cruel Shrow!*  
 I am forced to clean her shooes, before she abroad doth goe;  
 Or else my person she'll abuse, *a Curse of a cruel Shrow!*  
 I am forced to wash her Smock, and the Child's s[odd]en clouts also;  
 Though I sit up till Twelve a clock: *a Curse of a cruel Shrow!* 32  
 Her Gallant comes every day, and they to the Tavern goe,  
 But I, poor heart, must nothing say: *a Curse of a cruel Shrow!*  
 Choice Dainties is all her fare, while I with a hard Crust goe.  
 With this, and ten times more, I bear: *a Curse of a cruel Shrow!*  
 One night, as I went to Bed, I happened to touch her Toe,  
 She with the P[orridge]-pot broke my head: *a Curse of a cruel Shrow!*  
 My money she spends in Pride, while I in Rags do go;  
 She cudgels me if once I chide: *Curse of a cruel Shrow!*  
 Sometimes I would her embrace, then straitway she'll fling and throw,  
 And call me Cuckold to my face: *a Curse [of a cruel Shrow].* 64  
 My Gullet she often tares, and luggs my ears also,  
 And kicks me headlong down the stairs: *a Curse [of a cruel Shrow].*  
 I wish I had ne'r bin wed, such sorrows I undergo;  
 [All] comfort is from me fled: *Curse of a cruel Shrow!*  
 When I led a single life, I revell'd from town to town,  
 But since I am married to this cross wife, *the world is turn'd upside down.*  
 I formerly with a Friend could merrily melt a crown,  
 But now one Groat I dare not spend, *the world [is turn'd upside down].*  
 Rich Robes I us'd to wear, but Fortune hath sent me a frown;  
 My head and heart is fill'd with care, *the world is turn'd upside down.*  
 I formerly lived at ease, and kept both my Hawk and Hound, [Cf. p. 369.  
 But now I've a Wife I cannot ple[ase], *the world [is turn'd upside down].*  
 There's nothing like Liberty: but here I am ty'd and bound,  
 Fast to the sowre Apple-Tree; *the world is turn'd upside down!* 88

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.*

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, on p. 188; 2nd, head of William of Orange; 3rd, man, p. 357; 4th, drinking-booth, p. 432. Date, *circa* 1689-91.]

\* \* Note on Woodcuts for page 432. 1st, the "Out, Rogue!" termagant of our p. 188; 2nd, the astonished man, a single figure of the picture on p. 210; 3rd, the *Cornuto* studying a Hornbook while his wife threatens him with a stick, on p. 275. This cut is *unmutilated* in Pepys Coll., I. 404, "There was a Country Gallant, that wasted had his Talent;" printed for *E.B.*, 1631. *Edw. Blackmore* (Roxb. Coll., III. 176, reprinted on our p. 162). See p. 349 for the other '*Rocke the Baby*,' by Martin Parker, soon after Laurence Price's. On p. 432 *Cupid shooting an arrow* belongs to '*Love's Triumph*,' p. 444.

[Pepys Collection, IV. 129. Apparently Unique.]

## The Henpeckt Cuckold; Or, The Cross-Grained Wife.

TO THE TUNE OF, *I met with a Country Lass*, etc. [See p. 429.]

I Marry'd a Scolding Wife, which causes to me much woe,  
 She leads me such a cross-grain'd life : *It is but a Word and a Blow.*  
 I pleas'd her well at first, she nothing but Smiles did show :  
 But now she's grown so plaguy Curst, *it is but a Word and a Blow.*  
 I labour early and late, and all for to serve my Froe ;  
 But when I've done she breaks my pate : *It is but a Word and a Blow.* [Frau.  
 I study both night and day, to bring her to my Bow ;  
 But all my Care is cast away, *for 'tis but a Word and a Blow.*  
 Sometimes I meet with a Friend, and to the Alehouse we go,  
 But if I chance a groat to spend, *it is but a Word and a Blow.* 16  
 She makes me to sweep the House, and dishes to wash also ;  
 And ev'ry foot gives me a Douse ; *it is but a Word and a Blow.*  
 The Cradle she makes me Rock, while she does a gadding go ;  
 And all my fare's a bit and a knock ; *it is but a Word and a Blow.*  
 She'll 'Cuckold' me to my face, and over me stand and Crow ;  
 If I complain of this Disgrace, *it is but a Word and a Blow.*  
 "My Dearest," said I, one night, "Why do you so cruel grow ?"  
 She straight began to scratch and bite : *It was but a Word and a Blow.*  
 Next day I took heart of Grace, and angry began to grow ;  
 But she gave me a flap o' th' face : *It was but a Word and a Blow.* 32  
 I took up a wooden Can, and [when] thinking at her to throw,  
 She knock'd me down with Frying-pan : *It was but a Word and a Blow.*  
 This makes me weary of Life, I care not wh[i]ther I go, [text, 'whether.'  
 So I can live but [apart] from my Wife, *that makes but a Word and a Blow.*  
 Let him that a Widlow woos, or courts a Maid to his Froe,  
 Take her down in her Wedding-Shoes : *Else 'tis but a Word and Blow.*

Printed and sold by *J. Millet*, next door to the *Flower-de-Luce*, in *Little Britain*.[Black-letter. Threecuts: See *Note*, p. 431.  
Date, circa 1689-91.]

[Pepys Collection, IV. 135. Apparently Unique.]

**The Wife's Answer to the Hen-peckt Cuckold's Complaint. Showing the Reasons she had to Chastize him, and her Resolution to continue her Discipline over him till he mend.**

TO THE TUNE OF, [I], *Marry and thank you too.* Licensed according to Order.

**M**Y Cuckold tells tales of me, a Changeling I think he'll grow.  
But if he won't his Error see, *I'll make him his Duty know.* [misp. show.]

I'll teach him to prate about, and all our Secrets to show,  
Next time I lay my hand o' th' Lout, *I'll make him his Duty know.*

'Tis true, I chastize the Fool, good manners in him to show;  
Yet tho' I often do him school, *he'll never his Duty know.*

I'll make him to worship me, he promis'd it once at Bow;  
If he won't down upon his knee, *I'll make him his Duty know.* 16

I'le him at a distance keep, he shall not familiar grow;  
When I do frown, he'd best to creep, *I'll make him his Duty know.*

A Husband's a Rampant thing, unless you do keep him low;  
He'l like a Mad-Man fret and sting, *and never his Duty know.*

One time a silk Cushion he took, and at me in jest did throw;  
But I could not his kindness brook, *I made him his Duty know.*

“Come Sirrah, you Rogue!” said I, “how durst you serve me so?  
Your Sovereign Lady to defie, *I'll make you your Duty know.*” 32

I up with my valiant Fist, and gave him a thumping blow;  
He look'd as though he were be[m]jst; *I made him his Duty know.*

When Marry'd we were at first, he would neither Bake nor Brew;  
I bid him say so if he durst, *I'll teach him a Lesson new.*

He mutter'd and pouted then, the Widgeon look'd wondrous blew;  
I made him feel my Paws agen, *and taught him a Lesson new.*

Sometimes about House he'd sneak, his peeping I made him rue;  
I was resolv'd this trick to break, *and teach him a Lesson new.* 48

I catch'd him i' th' Dairy one day, and at him I briskly flew;  
I turn'd his Cream to Curds and Whey, *and taught him a Lesson new.*

In short I reform'd my Spark, and him to my Bow I drew;  
For I did Bite as well as Bark, *which taught him a Lesson new.*

I hope no more Tales he'l tell; if he does, I declare for true,  
I'll make him wish himself in Hell, *I'le teach him a Lesson new.*

For I'le get a lusty Rod, my words they shall be but few,  
But I will jerk and firke [t]his Cod, *and make the Rogue's buttocks blew.* 64

Printed for *J. Millet*, next door to the *Flower-de-luce* in *Little-Brittain*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, a variation of the threatening virago of vol. iii. p. 642 (*with a cudgel*); 2nd, *Cornuto* of p. 204; 3rd, half-length of p. 162; 4th, a hooded lady with mask, like girl on p. 31. Date, *circa* 1688.]

On next page may be mentioned another Complaining Cuckold.

We need not scruple to reject an Aldermary Church-yard slip-song (*circa* 1770-80), 'The Merry Cuckold and Kind Wife,' (Roxb. Coll., III. 222; Douce, IV. 11; Madden, II. 546). It is a senseless imitation of the excellent *auld ballant*, "Our Goodman came hame at e'en, and hame cam' he, and then he saw a saddle horse, where nae horse should be" (first printed in Herd's *Scots Songs*, ii. 172, 1776); in *The Scots Musical Museum*, v. 466, 1797. Ours is utterly spoilt, making everything be found in threes: horses, swords, cloaks, pairs of boots, pairs of breeches, hats; and at last 'three men in bed, lie by one, by two, and by three.' It begins,

"O H! I went into the Stable, and there for to see,  
 And there I saw three horses stand, by one, by two, and by three;  
 O I call'd to my loving Wife, and 'Anon, kind Sir!' quoth she:  
 'O what do these three horses here, without the leave of me?'  
 'Why you old Cuckold, blind Cuckold, can't you very well see,  
 These are three milking Cows, my Mother sent to me?'  
 'Heyday! God-zounds! milking Cows with bridles and saddles on!  
 The like was never known.'  
 Old Wicket a Cuckold went out, and a Cuckold he came home," etc.

*Note.*—There is the less need of reprinting the other five stanzas, since Jas. Hy. Dixon had already given the whole of them in his *Percy Society* volume, *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, 1846, p. 212, *viz.* 'Old Wicket and his Wife.' J. H. Dixon is inaccurate in stating that the "Scotch version may be found in *Herd's Collection*, 1769"—which is not true, for it appeared first in the 2nd vol., 1776; and when he adds that the English set is of "unquestionable antiquity," we utterly deny the baseless assumption. *There is no documentary evidence* of "O, I went into the stable" having preceded the 1776 Original of "Our Goodman came hame at e'en."

We have had frequent occasion to expose the Scottish habit of *lifting* our genuine English property in ballads. Caledonia has obtained vengeance, when she sees how *Bow-Lane* ballad-mongers tried to spoil her "Hame came our Gude-man at E'en."

To propitiate the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, we append a better 'Complaint,' one mentioned already on p. 143, and now given on p. 435. We believe it to be unique, and written by Lawrence White, concerning whose ballads see *Note*, p. 436.

White's ballad, 'The Dutchman's Acknowledgment of his Errors; or, A Dutch Ballad translated into English,' was printed for J. Clarke, *circa* 1672: Tune of *Packington's Pound*. It begins,

"What sots and madmen we *Dutchmen* now be,  
 To vapor and domineer thus on the sea!  
 The *English*-born, we have offended so sore,  
 From tricking and beating us will not give o're.  
 We're beat back and side, to assuage our Pride,  
 And nothing will favour us, wind nor yet tide.  
 Then let's hang up the States, our Masters and mates,  
 And make their ambition look thorow Iron grates."





[Rawlinson Collection, 566, fol. 104.]

## The Young Ladie's Complaint

Against her Deceitful Gallant. Being a Caution for  
all young Females to have a care how they are  
Deluded by great Pretences.

TO A NEW TUNE, CALLED, *I was a harmless Maid.* By L. W.

[ Was a harmless Maid, born in the Northern shade,  
Till that the Court betraid my purity.

I was a Virgin free, caught by credulity,

Lost my virginity, Oh, woe is me!

*Break heart and well-a-day! Never none fell away,  
Nor was deceiv'd by no Courtier as I.*

When he did me surprize, first with his serpent's eyes,  
I could no wayes devise, how to escape him;

His hair was gaily curl'd; She that first lost the world,  
And was from *Eden* hurl'd, caught might have been:

Had she but seen the thief, I am persuaded if

*Eve* had been here, she'd been tempted again.

12

He sued with whineing words, such as the Court affords;

But they proved very swords: what shall I do?

With heart full of languishing, caught by his subtilty,

With sighs and tears as free, as mine are now.

I was untainted fruit, Currant complexion, [*sic = current.*]

Till the Knave kist me into putrefaction.

Young Ladies, have a care, of tongues that speak you fair,

For if you ha'n't a [fe]are they'l you undoe: [*text rep. 'care.'*]

With Gifts they will you feast, Jewels shall be the least;

But all is, I protest, to make you rue:

They'l swear and domineer, you are 'his only dear,'

Then leave you full of care: I find it true.

24

He show'd me all the Court, chambers, and beds of sport,—

A mischief take him for't, and all his snares!

He gave me Jewels then—six, seven, eight, nine, and ten,

But got them all agen, and mine he wears—

A Jem worth more [a Jem] than ten thousand score of them;

But now all my Jewels are turn'd into tears.

In such [gl]amour he, had so enchanted me,

That the sweet sal[utings] did boile in my blood; [*text, salvs.'*]

My reason waxed dim, Love fill'd me to the brim,

Till at last I let him—doe what he would:

And so came on my woe, and to be short,

I have gotten my [fo]lly full now of the Court.

36

When first he promist me, I should a Lady be,  
 None was so grave as [he], my gallant, and [why?]  
 When he had gotten [free] what he would have of me,  
 I could no longer be gracious in his eye.

Happy those Ladies be, that never tasted 'sport,'  
 Nor never knew 'Gallantry!' but by report.

Look to it, bonny Blades! you that wrong silly Maids  
 In chambers or grove-shades, prove not untrue!  
 Though ne'er so hard you drive, or ne'er so near you live,  
 I fear you ne'er will give *Cæsar* his due.

*Heavens bless our Royal King, free from disaster!*

*He that's false to his Mistris, will ne'er love his Master.* 41

Licensed by **Roger L'Estrange**.

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

[In Black-letter. One woodcut, the reverse of that on p. 176. Date, 1674-80.]

*Note on the Author, L. White.*—By **L. White**, with his name sometimes fully signed, sometimes his initials *L. W.*, are several extant ballads, three of them given in the present volume, viz. :—

No. 2.—“Come Gallants and listen to me awhile,” (*r. post* = Roxb. Coll., II. 380).

No. 5.—“I was a harmless Maid,” here given (p. 435). Like *John Wade's*.

No. 6.—“O, *England, England*, 'tis high time to repent.” (Roxb. Coll., III. 236).

This, ‘A True Relation of the Great Floods in *England*,’ will appear on a later page. Lawrence White had been addicted to chronicling public calamities, for one of his initialled ballads is entitled ‘True Wonders and Strange News from *Ramsey* in *Hampshire*,’ beginning (No. 4), “Good people all, to me draw near.” Another, ‘A description of this Age,’ begins (No. 7), “O, what a wicked sinful Age is this!” His ‘Merry Pastime of the Spring,’ beginning (No. 1). “All Young Men and Maidens come listen!” shows fancy. His also is that passionate confession of a young Damsel (imitated in a later so-called ‘*Scotch Song*’) who looks towards wedlock impatiently as the *summum bonum* of blisses, ‘The Maiden’s sad Complaint, for want of a Husband,’ beginning (No. 8), “O, when shall I be married? Hough! be married.” His likewise is ‘The Ill-Fortune of a Younger Brother,’ beginning (No. 3), “Down in a Garden green, as I abroad was walking.” See p. 434, for (No. 9) “What sots and madmen we Dutchmen now be.”

Also, signed ‘*Law. White*,’ is extant in prose, ‘The Charitable Farmer of *Somersetshire*; or, God’s Great and Wonderful Work,’ etc. *Circa* 1696 (Brit. Mus. Coll., press-mark, 8276. a. 70).

## The Baffled Knight; or, The Lady's Policy.

RICHARD CLYMSALL'S version of our 'Baffled Knight' was entitled "The Politick Maid; or, A daintie new dittie, both pleasant and witty, wherein you may see the Maid's Polieie." 'Pr. for *Thomas Lambert*, at the signe of the Hors-shoo in Smithfield.' Entered to him in Stationers' Registers, 16 Maij, 1637. Begins,

"There was a Knight was wine-drunke, as he rode on his way,  
And there he spide a bonny Lasse, among the cocks of Hay.  
*Sing loud, whistle in the winde, blow, merry, merry,  
Up and downe in yonder dale, with hey tro, nonney, nonney."*

Thirteen stanzas tell the first adventure (*Roxb. Bds.*, ii. 281). The Pepys Coll. holds three separate white-letter broadsides, each giving a single Part. The first 'An Excellent new Song, call'd the Lady's Policy; or, The Baffled Knight' London, printed and sold by *T. Moore*, 1693. 2nd, 'An Answer to the Baff'd Knight; or, The Beautiful Lady's Second Piece of Policy,' etc. (here given on p. 439). Printed for *C. Bates*, near the *Crown Tavern* in *West Smithfield* (viz. same date). 3rd, 'The Third Part of the Baff'd Knight,' etc. (See p. 440). Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guiltspur Street*, without *Newgate*, 1693-1695. Our Roxburghe broadside gives these adventures and the Fourth.

This earliest-known version is in *Deuteromelia*, 1609:—

### The Courteous Knight.

Yonder comes a courteous Knight, lustely raking ouer the lay, [=lea.  
He was well ware of a bonny Lasse, as she came wand'ring ouer the way.  
Then she sang 'Downe a downe, hey downe derry.' [*Repeat, passim.*

'Ioue you speed, fayre Lady,' he said, 'among the leaues that be so greene;  
If I were a King, and wore a Crowne, full soon, faire Lady, should'st thou be a queen.  
'Also Ioue save you, faire Lady; among the roses that be so red:  
If I haue not my will of you, full soone, faire Lady, shall I be dead.'

Then he lookt East, then hee lookt West; hee lookt North, so did he South;  
He could not find a priuy place, for all lay in the Diuel's mouth. [=wide open.  
'If you will carry me, gentle Sir, a mayde vnto my father's hall:  
Then you shall have your will of me, vnder purple, and vnder paule.'

He set her vp upon a Steed, and him selfe vpon another,  
And all the day he rode her by, as though they had bene sister and brother.  
When she came to her father's hall, it was well walled round about,  
She yode in at the wicket-gate, and shut the longe-ear'd fool without.

'You had me,' quoth she, 'abroad in the field, among the corne, amidst the hay:  
Where you might had your will of mee, for in good faith, Sir, I neuer said nay.  
'Ye had me also amid the field, among the rushes that were so browne,  
Where you might had your will of me, but you had not the face to lay me downe.'

He pulled out his nut-browne sword, and wipt the rust off with his sleene,  
And said, 'Ioue's curse come to his heart, that any woman would beleene!  
"When you have your own true-Ioue a mile or twaine out of the towne,  
Spare not for her gay clothing, but lay her body flat on the ground." Then, etc.

\*\* Here is the *Isle de France* analogue of our 'Baffled Knight,' p. 439:—

**A** Près ma journée faite—Je m'en fus promener ! (*Bis*).

En mon chemin rencontre—Une fille à mon gré.

Je la pris par sa main blanche, Dans les bois je l'ai menée.

Quand elle fut dans les bois—Elle se mit à pleurer.

"Ah ! qu'avez-vous, la belle ?—Qu'avez-vous à pleurer ?"

"Je pleure mon innocence . . . Que vous m'allez ôter !"

"Ne pleurez pas tant, la belle,—Je vous la laisserai.

"Je la pris par sa main blanche,—Dans les champs je l'ai menée.

Quand elle fut dans les champs, Elle se mit à chanter.

"Ah ! qu'avez-vous, la belle ?—Qu'avez-vous à chanter ?"

"*Je chante votre bêtise—De me laisser aller :*

Quand on tenait la poule,—Il fallait la plumer, *Il fallait la plumer.*"

—Gérard de Nerval's *Les Faux Saubniers*.

[This is what comes of being too punctilious. The Scotch version (*Jock Sheep*) shows the girl punished on next occasion for her having taunted him.]

In the *Chansons Normandes du XVI<sup>e</sup> Siècle* the girl pretends to be a leper:—

**E**H ! qui vous passera le boys ? Dicter, ma douce ayme.

Nous le passerons cette foys, sans point de villenye."

Quand elle feust au boys si beau, d'aymer y l'a requise.

"Je suis la fille d'ung *mezeau*, de cela vous advise." [*m. = lépreux, ladre.*]

De Dieu soyt maudit le merdier, qui la fille a nourrye !

Quand il ne la met à mestier, ou qu'il ne la marye,

Ou ne la faict en lieu bouter, que homme n'en ayt envye !

Quand elle feust dehors du boys, et se print à soubzrire.

"Belle, qui menez tel *desgoys*, Dicter-moy, qu'esse à dire ?" [*d = gazouillement.*]

Et respondit à basse voix ; "Je suis la fille d'ung bourgeois.

Le plus grant de la ville. L'on doibt couart mauldire !"

*Faume je ne vroiray d'ung moys, tant soyt belle ou habille.*

(Appendix to the *Vaux-de-Vire* of Oliver Basselin, etc., edit. 1858, p. 225. A modern *Chanson de Normandie*, cited by Champfleury) ends thus—

Quand elle eut passé le Bois, Elle se mit à sourire.

"Belle, qui menez tel émoi, Ah ! qu'avez-vous à rire ?"

—"Je ris de toi, et non de moi, et de la lourderie,

*Qui m'a laissé passer le Bois, sans un mot à me dire.*"

—*Chansons Pop. des Provinces de la France.*

Among the *Chants populaires de la Franche-Comté*, collected by Max Buchon, 1878, one ("Ah ! Ioupe, la, la !") begins "Voilà ma journée faite !" the same story, the girl ends her reproach with "Quand tu tenais la caille au bois, *ah ! ioupa, la, la ! Lidera, de riquette, et joupette, la, la ! . . . Il fallait la plumer.*"

So cries the fair Couturière du Roi: "Dans le château du roi, il y a-t-une Couturière."—"Non pas de la plumer tu l'as laissée envoler."—(Chas. Guillon, *Chanson pop. de l'Ain*, 18 '3.) Cf. *Cent Nouv. Nouvelles*, 24, 'La Botte à Demi.'

Similarly, in an English *Calliope* song (1788), "On a bank of flowers on a summer's day," the shepherd is laughed at for letting the awakened nymph escape from his clutches. But these adventures often ended more tragically: witness this account of the Seigneur de Dammartin, also from Gérard de Nerval:—

"La vertu des filles du peuple attaquée par des Seigneurs félons a fourni encore de nombreux sujets de romances. Il y a, par exemple, la fille d'un pâtissier, que son père envoïe porter des gâteaux chez un galant châtelain [*al. lect.*, chez le Seigneur de *Dammartin*]. Celui-ci la retient jusqu'à la nuit close, et ne veut plus la laisser partir. Pressée de son déshonneur, elle feint de céder, et demande au comte son poignard pour couper une agrate de son corset. Elle se perce le cœur, et les pâtissiers instituent une fête pour cette martyre boutiquière."—*Les Filles du Feu*, par Gérard de Nerval.—*Chansons et Légendes du Valois.*

[Roxb. Coll., III. 674 ; Pepys, V. 169, 170, 171 ; Douce, III. 52 *vo.*]

[An Excellent New Song, called,]

## The Baffled Knight ; or, The Lady's Policy.

[FOR MUSIC OF TUNE, ' *There was a Knight,*' see *Pills*, v. 112.]

**T**HERE was a Knight was drunk with wine, a-riding along the way, Sir,  
And there he met with a Lady fine, and among the cocks of hay, Sir.  
One favour he did crave of her, and ask'd to lay her down, Sir,  
But he had neither cloath nor sheet to keep her from the ground, Sir.

" There is a great dew upon the grass, and if you should lay me down, Sir,  
You would spoil my [gay] cloathing, that has cost me many a pound, Sir."

" I have a cloak of scarlet red, I'll lay it under thee, Love,  
So you will grant me my request, that I shall ask of thee, Love." 8

" [Nay], if you'll go to my father's hall, that is moated all round about, Sir, *And,*  
There you shall have your will of me, within, Sir. and without, Sir.  
Oh ! yonder stands my milk-white steed, and among the cocks of hay, Sir,  
If the king's pinner should chance to come, he'll take my steed away, Sir."

" I have a ring upon my finger, it's made of the finest gold, Love,  
And it shall serve to fetch your steed out of the pinner's fold, Love."

" And if you'll go to my father's house, round which there's many a tree, Sir,  
There you shall have your chamber free, and your chamberlain I will be, Sir."

He sate her on a milk-white steed, himself upon another,  
And then they rid along the way, like sister and like brother.  
But when she came to her father's house, which was moated all round about, Sir,  
She slipt herself within the gate, and lock'd the Knight without, Sir,

" I thank you, kind knight, for seeing me here, & bringing me home a maiden, Sir,  
But you shall have two of my father's men for to set you baek again, Sir."  
He drew his sword out of his scabbard, and whet it upon his sleeve, Sir,  
Saying, " Curses be to every man that will a maid believe, Sir !" 24

She drew her handkerchief out of her pocket, and threw it upon the ground, Sir,  
Saying, " Thrice cursed be every maid, that will believe a man, Sir !  
We have a tree in our garden, and some call it [of Rue] Sir,  
There's crowing cocks in our town, that will make a capon of you, Sir.

" We have a flower in our garden, some calls it Marygold, Sir,  
And he that would not when he might, he shall not when he would, Sir.  
But if you chance to meet a maid, a little below the town, Sir,  
You must not fear her gay cloathing, nor the wrinkling of her gown, Sir. 32

" And if you chance to meet a maid, a little below the hill, Sir,  
You need not fear her shrieking out, for she quickly will lie still, Sir."

The Baffled Knight was by the Lass ingeniously outwitted,  
And since that time it came to pass he was again well fitted.

[The Second Part: being an Answer to the Baffled Knight ; or, the Beautiful Lady's Second Piece of Policy, by which she preserv'd her Virginitie, and left the brisk Knight in pickle.]

**A**S he was riding 'cross a plain in boots, spurs, hat and feather,  
He met that Lady fair again ; they talk'd a while together.  
He said, " Tho' you did serve me so, and cunningly decoy me,  
Yet, now, before you farther go, I must, and will enjoy thee." 40

"Twas near a spacious river's side, where rushes green were growing,  
 And Neptune's silver streams did slide, four fathom waters flowing,  
 The Lady blush'd like scarlet red, and trembled at this stranger,  
 "How shall I guard my maidenhead from this approaching danger?"

With a lamenting sigh, said she, "To die I now am ready;  
 Must this dishonour fall on me? a most unhappy lady!"  
 He from his saddle did alight, in gaudy rich attire,  
 And say'd, "I am a noble knight, who do your charms admire." 48

He took the lady by the hand, who seemingly consented;  
 And would no more discoursing stand, she had a plot invented, [a L. disput.]  
 How she might battle him again, with much delight and pleasure,  
 And eke unspotted still remain, with her pure virgin-treasure.

"Look yonder, good sir knight, I pray, methinks I do discover,  
 Well mounted on a dapple grey, my true entire Lover."  
 The knight was standing on the brink of the deep floating river,  
 Thought she, "Thou now shalt swim or sink, chuse which you fancy rather."

Against his back the lady run, the water strait he sounded;  
 He cry'd out, "Love! what have you done? help, help, or I am drownd."  
 Said she, "Sir Knight, farewell, adieu! you see what comes of fooling,  
 'This is the fittest place for you, whose courage wanted cooling."

"Love, help me out, and I'll forgive this fault which you've committed."  
 "No, no," says she, "as I [do] live, I think you're truly fitted."  
 She ran home to her father's house, for speedy expedition,  
 While the gay knight was soak'd like souce in a sad wet condition. 61

When he came mounted to the plain, he was in rich attire;  
 Yet when he back return'd again, he was all muck and mire,  
 A solemn vow he there did make, just as he came from swimming,  
 He'd love no lady for her sake, nor any other women.

[The Third Part of the Baffled Knight: or, the Witty Lady's new  
 Intrigue, by which she left him fetter'd in his Boots, where he  
 lay all night in her Father's Park, cursing his woful misfortunes.]

**T**he Baffled Knight was fool'd once more, you'll find by this pleasant ditty,  
 For she whose charms he did adore, was wonderful sharp and witty,  
 Returning from her father's park, just close by a summer bower,  
 She chanc'd to meet her angry spark, who gave her a frowning frow. 72

The thoughts of what she twice had done, did cause him to draw his rapier,  
 And at the lady [he] then did run, and thus began to vapour:  
 "You chous'd me at your father's gate, then tumbled me in the river,  
 I seek for satisfaction straight, shall I be a fool for ever?"

He came with resolution bent that evening to enjoy her,  
 And if she did not give consent, that minute he'd destroy her,  
 I pray, Sir Knight, & why so hot against a young foolish woman? [a L. silly.]  
 Such crimes as these might be forgot, for merry intrigues are common. 80

What! do you count it worth," he cry'd, "to tumble me in and leave me?  
 What if I drownded there had dy'd! a dangerous jest believe me,  
 Well, if I pardon you this day, these injuries out of measure,  
 It is because without delay I mean to enjoy the pleasure."

- "Your suit," she said, "is not deny'd, but think of your boots of leather,  
And let me pull them off," she cry'd, "before we lye down together."  
He set him down upon the grass, and violets so sweet and tender;  
Now by this means it came to pass that she did his purpose hinder. 88
- For having pull'd his boots half-way, she cry'd now, "I'm your betters,  
You shall not make of me your prey, sit there like a thief in letters."  
Now finding she had scry'd him so, he rose, and began to grumble;  
Yet he could neither stand nor go, but did like a cripple tumble.
- The boots stuck fast, and would not stir, his folly she soon did mention,  
And laughing, said, "I pray, kind Sir, how like you my new Invention?  
My laughing ill you must excuse, you are but a stungless nettle;  
You'd ne'er have stood for boots nor shoes had you been a man of mettle.
- "Farewel, Sir Knight, 'tis almost ten, I fear neither wind nor weather,  
I'll send my father's serving-men, to help off thy boots of leather."  
She laugh'd out-right, as well she might, with merry conceits of scorn,  
And left him there to stay all night, until the approaching morning.

The Fourth Part of the Baffled Knight:  
The lady hath fairly acted,  
She did his love and kindness slight,  
Which made him almost distracted.

102

- SHE left him in her father's park, where none but deer could hear him,  
While he lay rowling in the dark, there's never a soul come near him,  
Until the morning break of day, and being warm Summer weather,  
A shepherd chanc'd to come that way, who pull'd [up] his boots of leather.
- Then mounting on his milk-white steed, he shaking his ears was ready,  
And whip and spur he rode with speed, to find out this crafty lady.
- "If once this lady I come nigh, she shall be releas'd by no man,  
Why should so brave a Knight as I be fool'd by a silly woman? 110
- "Three times has she affronted me, in crimes which I cannot pardon!  
But if I ar'n't revenged," said he, "let me not be worth a farthing,  
I value not her beauty fair, tho' once I did doat upon her,  
This trusty sword shall now repair my baffled blasted honour."
- Hunt to her father's house he came, which on every side was mounted,  
The fair, sweet, charming, youthful dame, his angry brows she noted,  
Thought she, "I'll have the other bout, and tumble him in the river,  
And let the Devil help him out, or there he shall soak for ever. 113
- "He will not let me live at rest, altho' I have often foild him, [i. e. m.]"  
Therefore once more, I do protest, with flattering I'll beguile him."  
The bridge was drawn, the gates lock'd fast, so that he could no ways enter,  
She smil'd to him, and cry'd at last, "Sir Knight, if you please to venture,
- "A plank lies over the moat hard by, full seventeen feet in measure;  
There's nobody now at home but I, therefore we'll take our pleasure."  
This word she had no sooner spoke, but straight he was tripping over,  
The plank was saw'd, and snapping broke: he prov'd an unhappy lover.

[No colophon. In White-letter, with two valueless modern woodcuts, Roxb. and Douce. The three separate Parts are given, each by a distinct publisher, in the Pepys Collection, V. 169, 170, and 171, as noted in the Introduction, p. 437, all of earlier date than Roxburghe broadside, which belongs to the eighteenth century, while the Pepys 1st Part is dated 1693.]

[Roxb. Coll., II. 312; Jersey, II. 18 = Lindes., 972; Huth, II. 5.]

## Love's Triumph over Bashfulness.

Or, The Pleas of Honour and Chastity over-ruled.

Being a pleasant New Play-Song, by way of Dialogue between  
*Celia* and *Strephon*. [al. lect., *Celion* & *Sylvia*.]

When Love takes up his arms, all force must yield,  
He will be victor, his must be the field:  
Vain is resistance, no force could e're withstand  
The swift-wing'd shafts sent by his nimble hand:  
*Celia* brings Honour, Chastity, and fame,  
Not dreaming but they can resist the same;  
But that they were not proof the Nymph soon found,  
For through them all, Love did her bosome wound.

To a Pleasant new Play-House Tune [its own: See *Note, infra*].

ON the Banks of a River, close under a shade,  
Young *Celia* and *Strephon* one evening were laid;  
The youth pleaded strongly for the fruits of his love,  
But Honour had wou her his flames to reprove:  
She cry'd, "Where's the lustre when clouds shade the Sun?  
Or what is rich Nectar, the taste being gone?  
Amongst flowers on the stalk, sweetest odours do dwell,  
The Rose being gathered, it loseth its smell." 8

STREPHON.

"My dearest of Nymphs," the brisk Shepherd reply'd,  
"If e're thou would'st argue, begin on Love's side:  
In matters of State, let all reason be shown;  
But Love is a power will be rul'd by his own:  
Nor need the coy Lasses be counted so rare,  
For scandal can touch the chaste and the fair: [text, 'can't'  
Most scarce are the joys Love's Alimbeck does fill,  
And Roses are sweetest when brought to the Still." [See *Note*.]

CELIA.

"But alas!" cry'd the Nymph, "when my beauty is gone,  
Love will [surely] take wing, and will leave us to moan;  
But Honour's more lasting where vertue does reign,  
It finds no decay, but for aye will remain,  
And freshly will blossom, although in the grave;  
When Love is forgotten, it trophies will have:  
O think of *Diana*, the Hunter's chast Queen,  
How she for her vertue renowned hath been!" 24

*Note*.—Tom D'Urfey wrote the original lines 1 to 16, in his *New Collection of Songs*, 1683: "At the foot of a willow, close under the shade:" 'Song made to a Tune, by command of a Lady of Quality.' *Choice Ayres*, iv. 17, 1683.



STREPHON.

“No more of these fancies,” then *Strephon* reply'd ;  
 “But let this cool shade your coy blushes now hide :  
 For what were such creatures by Heaven first made,  
 Or why was Love sent this great world to invade,  
 If's power be so weak to fond Vertue to yield,  
 And such a bright beauty could chase him the field ?  
 No more of this coyeness, my *Celia*, no more !  
 Let's riot in pleasures, and never give o're.”

32

CELIA.

The Nymph, with such blushes that ushers the morn,  
 Turn'd from him her face, whilst fair tresses adorn  
 Her ivory-white shoulders, and faintly thus said,  
 “Forbear now to tempt thus a harmless young Maid  
 To such fond enjoyments as vertue will maim :  
 'Tis pleasures more lasting, sweet *Strephon*, I aim ;  
 For lost Virgin-honour there's nought can repair,  
 And she that doth loose it no longer is fair.”

STREPHON.

Yet sighing, the Shepherd his suit did renew,  
 And implor'd that since she her kind heart did subdue,  
 She'd own the poor victim her eyes did obtain,  
 And no longer requite his kind love with disdain :  
 But whilst the young kids and the lambs they did play,  
 And the bleating flocks o'er the plains they did stray,  
 Upon the blew bed of sweets violets that she,  
 Would yield, yield him her, and for ever be free. [*i.e.* = yield him  
 her self.]

CELIA.

“Must I break all my vows ?” the fair Nymph did return,  
 With eyes that like *Phoebus* at noon-day did buru :  
 “Oh ! what will the World of poor *Celia* then say,  
 If she should the laws of Love's Archer obey ?  
 Who his bow and his shafts so oft ha[th] despis'd,  
 And still smil'd at those o're whom Love tyranniz'd ?  
 But why should I name it, I may do so still,”  
 With that a soft sigh her bosome did fill.

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STREPHON.

Which *Strephon* well noting, full soon he espyes  
 A yielding to love in *Celia's* bright eyes ; [*t.* 'brlght C.  
 And though coyly she seemes his suit to gainsay,  
 Yet he found by her glances she soon would obey,  
 When he in his arms the fair Nymph did embrace,  
 And cry'd, “My sweet *Celia*, O turn not thy face :

For the world is benighted, the Sun once away,  
And your eyes turned from me no longer 'tis day." 64

CELIA.) Then sighing and blushing they long time sat mute,  
No longer being able 'gainst love to dispute :  
"O Honour!" she cry'd, "must I bid thee adieu ?  
And what I have heard of Love must I prove true ?  
But alas ! should I yield now, dear *Strephon* ?"—and there,  
Her sighs and her blushes the rest did declare,  
Which the Shepherd to smother embrac'd with a kiss,  
And after some struggling she yielded to bliss.

And under the Shade by a murmuring spring  
Love's sweets they enjoy'd, whilst birds they do sing  
And warble their Ditties, the Lovers to hear,  
Who offer'd to *Venus* without any fear :  
No more she her honour opposes to love,  
But under each Shade does the pleasure approve ;  
Though blushing, seems coy, yet she burns with desire,  
And in her soft breast she does cherish Love's Fire. 80

[Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the sign of the *Golden Ball*, in *Pye-Corner*.]

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts : 1st and 4th, lady and man, p. 143 ; 2nd, Cupid shooting, p. 432 ; 3rd, a lady, standing beside a coffer. Date, 1683.]

[These two *Ebsworthian* woodcuts belong to p. 416.]



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 307. No other copy yet found.]

## Love's Power.

Behold the powerful charms of Love, with captives young and old,  
And nothing can their flames remove that are in *Cupid's* fold,  
Till soft'ning kisses heal the wound caus'd by Love's Fiery Dart :  
Then pleasures flow, and joys abound, and more inflame the heart.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Moggie's Jealousie*. [See p. 370.]

**T**WO Lovers by chance they did meet, possessed with a mutual flame,  
And now you shall hear how they greet, for I will declare the same :  
Quoth he, "Thou hast sparks in thine eyes, that do kindle in me such a fire,  
I comforts shall clearly despise, *if you do not grant me my desire.*"

"O Sir," quoth this pritty young Maid, "Let me know what 'tis you would have ?  
For you need not at all be afraid, I will grant what in reason you crave :  
For I ne'r in my life could deny, what a man did in justice require ;  
But you and I soon shall comply, *and I'll warrant I'll quench thy Love's fire.*"

With that he began to draw nearer, and gave her an amorous kiss ;  
He said, he lov'd dearer and dearer, and longed to tast[e] of the bliss :  
Quoth he, "'Tis the Babes in thine eyes, that set my poor heart all on fire,  
Then do not thy Lover despise, *but grant me my wish and desire.*"

"If thou art so earnest to dally, come make use of time while you may,  
Thy skill I will not undervalue, then prithee, Love, let's to the play ;  
Methinks thou art somewhat too tedious, 'tis time that we should have been nigher,  
To linger it seems to be grievous, *I'll warrant I'll quench thy Love's fire.*"

The Young man supposing her greedy, fell eagerly unto the sport,  
He found she was wanting and needy, and needless it was for to court.  
But as they were hugging together, she cry'd, "O, come nigher and nigher."  
His heart was as light as a Feather, *and he had both his wish and desire.*

The Damsel was mightily pleased, and kist him a thousand times o're.  
Quoth she, "Now my sorrows are eased, but I must have a little touch more ;  
O lye down a while for to rest thee, that I may enjoy my desire,  
I hope that the fates they will bless thee : *I quench, but thou kindest my fire.*"

No longer he stood there delaying, but stoutly he fell to 't agen,  
Where he gave a [smile] at their playing, the damsel returned him ten :  
For she grew more eager and eager, her eyes they did sparkle like fire,  
Quoth he, "I do owne I'm the weaker, *but still I enjoy my desire.*"

Quoth she, "Now how should I be served, if thou should'st ha' got me with child ?  
But 'tis no more than I deserved, for I was a little too wild :  
I thought long till I did begin it, and burnt with a fervent desire ;  
What pleasure I felt in one minute, *adds fuel to amorous fire.*"

The young-man began for to tyre, and his cudgels began to lay down,  
Which made the young Damsel admire, and straight she began for to frown :  
Quoth he, "I have done what is fit, no reason can more require ;"  
But her brows then upon him she knit, *and she still did want her desire.*

Then young men provide and be lusty, again[st] you do come to be try'd ;  
For Maidens look sowre and crusty, when their wants cannot be well supply'd :  
But 'twas an old Proverb I heard, though men burnt with amorous ire,  
That Damsels when once they come near, *could quench their most vigorous fire.*

[Colophon lost ; unique exemplar. Three cuts : 1st, Grim Lady, p. 203 ; 2nd, Youth, on p. 358, r. ; 3rd, a coarse cut : see *Note*, p. 378. Date, *circa* 1685.]

## The Loving Chamber-Maid.

“Her eyes were drawn to a brawl of women and men in the street. ‘Ah! that miserable sight!’ she cried. ‘It is the everlasting nightmare of London.’”  
 “Danvers [Diana’s waiting-maid, accompanying her in a night-coach] humped, femininely injured by the notice taken of it. She wondered her mistress should deign to.”—Geo. Meredith’s *Diana of the Cross-Ways*, c. xxxii.

THUS, like the waiting-maid Danvers, people affect to be shocked at any public recognition of the glaring immorality which welters through our midnight streets, or trickles unregardedly through country village lanes, helping before long to swell the stream of national pollution. Great is the Empire of Cant! Those Vigilants who loudly rail against impurity, and are perpetually scenting-out foul smells and ambiguous innuendos, have generally had early fellowship with the ‘daughters of the game,’ and when no longer rakes and libertines, they set up as moralists and prate of Purity, because they are permitted still to dabble in its opposite.

Before the boasted Revolution, 1688, Vice neither displayed not itself so openly, nor claimed the right to disgrace our thoroughfares, as it does in modern days. But the popular ballads show clearly enough how such evil characters became notorious, having once began their career. There would have been a *suppressio veri*, and consequently a *suggestio falsi*, if we were to banish from view all such displays of individual coarseness as that of the loving Chamber-maid (of p. 447), with her boast that she is “*a maid, aye, a very good maid!*” Had she taken ‘marvellous medicine’ from a ballad-writer who was “Once busy in study, betwixt night and day?” She is unblushing in her confirmed depravity; but “*Cumberland Nelly*” (of p. 463) had been heretofore innocent, until the spoiler came and she yielded.

\* \* \* *Polonius* would have objected against this Loving Chambermaid’s ballad (which has another fault), “*This is too long!*” One tune met us on pp. 98, 99, named *If the door is lock’d where I have knock’d*. Compare with its fulfilment, in *Au Clair de la Lune*, on p. 480, a song, ‘The Yielding Lass,’ of the *Pills*, beginning, “There’s none so pretty, as my sweet *Betty*.”

I took her by th’ hand, she did not withstand,  
 And I gave her a smirking kiss;  
 She gave me another, just like the tother,  
 Quoth I, “What a comfort is this!”  
 This put me in heart to play o’er my part,  
 That I had intended before;  
 She bid me to hold! and not be too bold,  
 Until she had fast’ned the door.  
 She went to the Hatch, to see that the latch  
 And errannies were all cock-sure;  
 And when she had done, she bid me come on,  
 For now we were both secure.

A similar tale was told by Burns in 1796, “Had I the wyte? she bad’ me.” Byron, twitting Campbell’s *Gertrude*, “begs Security will bolt the door.”

[Roxb. Coll., II. 303 ; Euing, 179 ; Douce, I. 122 ; Jersey, III. 83 = L., 1053 ]

## The Loving Chamber-Maid ;

Or, Vindication of a departed Maidenhead.

BEING THE ART TO LYVE WITH A MAN, AND YET BE A VIRGIN.

Maidens—but ah, what is a maid ? I pray ;  
 An infant Female that scarce views the day :  
 For e're the things we Virgins call aspire  
 To 13 years, they feel a strange desire :  
 Longing for what themselves can scarcely tell,  
 Which strange desire oft makes their b[od]ies swell,  
 And then, what 'tis they *know* too fatal well.

TO A NEW TUNE [KNOWN AS, *I am a Maid, and a very good Maid*].



**S**Hut the door after me, pull off the Boule ;  
 I'll blow in the candle the best of you all :  
*And all the world shall ne'er me perswade,  
 But that I'm a Maid, ay, a very good Maid.*

I ne'er lay with any, unless it were one ;  
 And yet I dare venture to look at the Sun :  
*And all the world [shall ne'er me perswade, but that I'm], etc.*

I had but one small one : what am I the worse ?  
 I ne'er gave it suck, but I put it to Nurse,  
*And all the [world shall ne'er me perswade], etc.*

24

Perhaps 'twas my Master, that got it ; what then ?  
 My Mistress ne'er knew on't, nor none of our men ;  
*And all the world shall ne'er me perswade,  
 But that I'm a Maid, aye, a very good Maid.*

For I can pass currant, and sell it again,  
To some Fopp o' th' City, who [e]'er yet was [va]in ;  
*And all the world [shall ne'r me perswade], etc.*

Although my Maid[en] in[nocence] sporting took flight,  
With heavi[e mist]rusting I bid it good night.  
*Yet all the world, etc.* 48

And if I be cla[s]p'd too, then what of all that ?  
Some Country Clown will [deny it, that's flat] :  
*And all the world [shall ne'er me perswade], etc.*

'Tis a known Maxime, from ages long track'd,  
A Chamber-Maid's simple, unless she be crack'd. *Then all, etc.*

For she is not fitting good counsel to keep,  
When *Light-heels* her Mistress with Gallants does [cr]eep.  
*Then all the world [shall ne'r me perswade,] etc.* 72

Tho' I shou'd my Mother's black Legacy pawn,  
To some doating Broker for rigging of Lawn ; *Yet all, etc.*

For tho' the old doatard should flatter awhile,  
He could not the fashion of *Margery* spoyl,  
*Then all the world [shall ne'r me perswade,] etc.*

Nay, tho' I shou'd deal with a blade of the Town,  
A Squire to *Venus* should [not h]umble me down,  
*And tho' he long struggl'd, yet none should perswade*  
*But that I'm [a Maid, ay, a very fine Maid].* 96

For she's a mean [Gamester] that knows not the tricks  
To try[umph] with [smiles, where tears cannot fix] :  
*Then all the world shall ne'r me perswade, But that, etc.*

The famous Matronas of *Whetstone* will tell [Park, cf. p. 13.  
That they can a maidenh[oo]d sixty times sell ; *Then, etc.*

When Cook-maids by 'Prentices oft are beguil'd,  
And pack'd in the country when pr[omis'd] with child,  
*And after deliver[ance], none them perswades*  
*But that they are maidens,—pass currant for maids.* 120

Once having a smatch, to trading they fall,  
Set up with a Maiden-[wile] common to all,  
*And keep open Warehouse ; then none shall perswade, etc.*

Ther's none above fifteen but, if they're put to't,  
Although they deny you, will willingly do't :  
*Therefore no Gallant shall e're me perswade,*  
*But that, as maids go, I'm a very good Maid.* [Finis.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 574; and Madden Collect., Camb. Univ. Lib.]

## Love's Chronicle:

Or,

### The Changing Heart.

*MArgaritta* first possess, if I remember well, my Breast,  
*Margaritta* first of all;  
 But when a while the wanton Maid with my restless heart had plaid,  
*Martha* took the flying Ball.

*Martha* soon did it resign, to the beauteous *Katherine*;  
 Beauteous *Katherine* gave Place  
 (Though loth and angry she to part with the possession of my Heart)  
 To *Elisa's* conquering face. 8

*Elisa*, 'till this Hour, might reign, had she not Evil Counsels ta'en;  
*Fundamental Laws* she broke,  
 And still new Favourites she chose, till up in arms my passions rose,  
 And cast away [her] yoke. [text, 'the.')

*Mary* then, and gentle *Ann*, both to reign at once began;  
 Alternately they sway'd;  
 Sometimes *Mary* was the Fair, sometimes *Ann* the Crown did wear;  
 Sometimes I Both obey'd. 16

Another *Mary* then arose, and did rigorous Laws impose;  
 A mighty Tyrant she!  
 Long, alas! should I have been under that Iron-sceptred Queen,  
 Had not *Rebecca* set me free.

When fair *Rebecca* set me free, 'Twas then a golden Time for me;  
 But soon those pleasures fled;  
 For the gracious Princess dy'd, in her Youth and Beauty's pride;  
 And *Judith* reigned in her stead. 24

One month, 3 days, and half an hour, *Judith* held the Sov'reign power;  
 Wondrous beautiful her Face,  
 But so weak and small her Wit, that she to govern was unfit,  
 And so *Susannah* took her place.

But when *Isabella* came, arm'd with a resistless flame,  
 And th' artillery of her Eye—  
 Whilst she proudly march'd about, greater Conquests to find out,  
 She beat out *Susan*, by the Bye. 32

But in her place I then obey'd Black-ey'd *Bess*, her Vice-Roy Maid ;  
 To whom ensu'd a Vacaney :  
 Thousand worse Passions then possest the *Inter-regnum* of my Breast :  
 Bless me from such an Anarchy !

Gentle *Henrietta* then, and a third *Mary*, next began ;  
 Then *Joan*, and *Jane*, and *Audria* ;  
 And then a pretty *Thomasine*, and then another *Katherine* :  
 And then a long *Et cætera*. 40

But should I now to you relate the strength and riches of their State,  
 The powder, patches, and the pins,  
 The ribbons, jewels, & the rings, the lace, the paint, & warlike things,  
 That make up all their Magazines :—

If I should tell the Politick Arts, to take and keep men's hearts,  
 The Letters, Embassies, and Spies,  
 The frowns, & smiles, & flatteries, the quarrels, fears, & perjuries,  
 Numberless, nameless mysteries!— 48

And all the little *Lime-Twigs* laid by *Machiavill*, the Waiting Maid ;  
 I more voluminous should grow,  
 (Chiefly if I, like them, should tell all change of weather that befell)  
 Than *Holinshead* or *Stow*.

[But I will briefer with them be, since few of them were long with me.  
 An higher and a nobler strain,  
 My present Emperess does claime, *Heleonora*, first o' that name ;  
 Whom God grant long to reign !] 56

[*Original title*, 'The Chronicle : a Ballad.' By **Abraham Cowley**.]

*NORTHAMPTON*, Printed by *William Dicey* ; And sold by *William Peachey* near *St. Bennet's Church* in *Cambridge* ; *Matthias Dagnall*, Bookseller, and at *Mr. Burnham's Snuff-shop*, in *Aylesbury* ; *John Timbs*, and *Henry Potter*, in *Stony Stratford* ; *Paul Stevens* in *Bicester* ; *Thomas Williams* of *Tring* ; *Anthony Thorpe* of *St. Alban's* ; and by *Churrude Brady* in *St. Ives*. At all which places *Chapmen*, *Travellers*, etc. may be supply'd with all sorts of *Old and New Ballads*, *Broadsheets*, *Histories*, etc. [This sheet is marked 'No. 2.']

[In *White-letter*. Woodcut, two ladies with two beaux ; the only broadside copy noted. 'Slips' are in the *Madden Collection* at *Cambridge*. Original date of publication, 1656 ; in which year it appeared among *Cowley's Miscellanies* : not in his *Mistresse*, 1647. *The final stanza was omitted from broadside*.]

\* \* We have this legitimate plea for including the amiable 'melancholy *Cowley*' in our list of distinguished authors who wrote the *Roxburghe Ballads*. For him to have won favour among the populace was exceptional. During the past years we collected successive editions of his works, hoping to reissue them. But it may not be. *Cowley* has been included by *Dr. Grosart* in his valuable library series entitled *Chertsey Worthies*, 1881, most satisfactorily edited.



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 557 ; Euing, 408 ; Jersey, I. 165 = Lind., 274.]

## The Zealous Lover.

He strives for to illustrate her Perfection,  
 Who now hath brought him under Love's Subjection,  
 No task so hard he will [not] undergo,  
 If that she will but Love unto him show.  
 Whatever can be had, shall be her own,  
 If she will yield to fancy him alone.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Underneath the Greenwood Tree, etc.* [p. 452.]

(O)me, prethy, Love, let me prepare my zealous affection to declare,  
 And set forth thy admired parts, which captivates so many hearts.  
 Thou art the Phenix of our days, and shall for beauty bear the praise,  
*Then prethee, fairest, fancy me, and let me not languish in misery.*

Thy pretty rolling sparkling eyes of my poor heart hath made a prize ;  
 Thy cherry cheeks and dimpled chin affection from all hearts do win :  
 Thy hair like Amber doth appear, or threads of gold, which shine so  
 clear, *Then, prethee, dearest, [fancy me, etc. Passim.]* 8

Each smile that doth proceed from thee debars me of my liberty,  
 Since every word that thou can'st say might lead a thousand hearts  
 astray.  
 Thy beauty in each part doth shine, where all the Graces do combine.  
*Then prethee, fairest, etc.*

When first I did thy face admire, my senses all were set on fire :  
 My heart with Love was sore inflam'd, when as I heard thee once  
 but nam'd ;  
 No happiness on Earth could be like to enjoy a kiss from thee.  
*Then prethee, fairest, etc.* 16

I'll Crown thy joyes with heart's content, if thou to love me wilt  
 consent ;  
 And all delights that e'er can be, shall dayly wait and tend on thee.  
 Thou shalt have pleasures at command, & servants ready at thy hand.  
*Then prethee, fairest, etc.*

No Lady that in Court doth dwell in rich attire shall thee excel ;  
 For Silks and Satins fine and brave, and costly jewels thou shalt have ;  
 All sorts of musick thou shalt hear, sweet pleasures' harmony to  
 the ear. *Then prethy, fairest, etc.* 24

All in a pleasant shady Grove, we'll walk to recreate my Love,  
 And sit down by a Chrystal Spring, whilst pretty birds do chirp  
 and sing.  
 With hand in hand we'll passe the time in Summer when flowers are  
 in the prime. *Then prethee, fairest, etc.*

I'll range throughout the world so wide for pearls of price to please  
my Bride,  
And what new fashions may be had I'll bring them home to make  
thee glad :

Thou shalt be like the *Indian Queen*, so rich and costly to be seen.  
*Then prethee, fairest, [fancy me ; let me not languish in misery].* 32

Why should thy Maiden-head do thee wrong by keeping of the same  
too long,

Since that by marriage thou wilt be compleat and live most happily.  
Who dies a maid ('tis spoke right well) must ever expect to lead  
Apes in Hell. *Then prethee, fairest, etc.*

If little *Cupid* bend his Bow, 'twill be in vain to resist, you know :  
The God of Love will angry be, if you despise his Deity :

It were far better for to yield, and sport your time in *Venus* field.

*Then prethee, fairest, etc.*

40

There is no joyes in single life compared to a married wife,  
Where pleasures all compleated are, beyond your expectation far :  
What heart can wish may there be had to make a loving couple glad.

*Then prethee, fairest, etc.*

Therefore, my dear, be not afraid to change the title of a maid,  
But let me hear your answer kind to satisfie your longing mind,  
With open arms I'll thee embrace, when we encounter face to face.

*Then prethee, fairest, fancy me, and let me not languish in misery.*

Printed for *R. H. & J. Williamson*, in *Cannon Street*, and at the  
*Bible on London Bridge.*

[Black-letter. Three cuts : 1st, Prince Rupert, *as here* ; 2nd, Lady, p. 378 ;  
3rd, reverse of p. 148. Date, *circa* 1665. *Girl below goes with* p. 386.]

\* \* To the tune of *The Zealous Lover* (or, *A Fig for France*, see p. 264,) was  
sung 'The Young Lover ; or, A new way of Wooing : ' beginning, "As through  
St. *Albones* I did pass" (Douce Coll., II. 260) ; London, printed for *J. Clarke*.  
The tune is neither *Caper and firke it* (see *Frontispiece*), with burden of *Under the  
Greenwood-Tree* ; nor *Amiens*' 'Under the Greenwood tree : ' *As You Like It*.



## Love in a Bush.

“How can you call me ungrateful, or count me cruel to be?  
 Since I was never unfaithful in anything unto thee.  
 Nor did I ever abuse you, though I did not take your part,  
 If I did scornfully use you, 'twas no more than your desert.” [v. *infra*.]

IT is convenient to remove out of the way, before coming to three important ‘Groups of Historical Ballads,’ the ditty entitled ‘Love in a Bush.’ It is appointed to be sung to the ‘Play-house Tune’ called *Oh, so ungrateful a creature!* Probably the original song, of two stanzas only, had belonged to some drama, yet untraced. James Bissel published not only the ballad which gives name to this tune (and ‘Love in a Bush,’ a sort of Sequel), but also a Reply (*see motto, above*), beginning, “How can you call me ungrateful?” The title is, ‘The Maiden’s Vindication; or an Answer to “O so Ungrateful a Creature!”’ (Pepys Collection, III. 160; Douce Coll., II. 146.) To the same tune. Printed for *James Bissel* at the *Bible and Harp*, in *West-Smithfield*. Eight stanzas, and this Argument:—

Shall I be silent and not write again  
 When he against me doth so much complain?  
 He calls me cruel and ungrateful too,  
 And sends his Lines abroad to publick view.  
 No, I, to clear myself of such a crime,  
 Will answer him (as his was writ) in Rhime.  
 The Young-men when they see’t, “’Tis false!” they’l cry;  
 But if the Maids believe it, what care I?

This *James Bissel* had published the antecedent broadside, “Oh! so ungrateful a creature!” to a *playhouse* tune; *lie. by R. P.*, entitled:—‘A New Song of a Fickle and Unconstant Lover, who gave her Sweet-heart the occasion of writing these following Lines:

Dissembling Lovers ought to be abhor’d,  
 As constant Lovers ought to be ador’d;  
 A faithful Lover I will crown with fame,  
 But faithless Lovers with eternal shame.  
 A Lover like to mine all mortals hate;  
 But the true Lover should not meet ill fate.  
 To her whose love and whose affection’s true,  
 My knees, as at an Altar, still shall bow.’

The ‘play-house song’ origin accounts for the fact of there being two separate versions, *viz.* Bissel’s and Dennisson’s. 1st, *James Bissel*’s issue, to which followed the ‘Vindication,’ also from him; and, 2nd, ‘The Mistaken Lover,’ published by *C. Dennisson*, agreeing with that of *C. Bates*, no less licensed by Richard Pocock, 1685–88, virtually combining the original Complaint and the Lady’s Answer. This version we have given on p. 454; because it may have formed connection with ‘Love in a Bush’ (same publisher); and we add on p. 457 ‘The Easter Wedding,’ to the same tune, as it was probably intended for the climax of the whole. To do this we have had recourse to several distinct collections. That *J. Bissel*’s three ballads were meant to be in sequence is plausible; also that *C. Dennisson*’s ‘Mistaken Lover,’ and ‘Easter Wedding,’ should join them.

[Trowbesh Coll. MSS.; Jersey Coll., II. 56=Lindes., 938; Bradshaw, II. 552.]

## The Mistaken Lover;

Or,

The Supposed Ungrateful Creature appears a Pattern of LOYALTY.

Alas! in vain he did complain, and counted her his Foe,  
Concluding she would cruel be, but it was nothing so.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE, Sung at COURT. This may be Printed, R.P.

- “ OH, so ungrateful a Creature, n’er could I thought you to be!  
First to abuse my good nature, laugh at my simplicity.  
You above all had least reason, first to abuse my poor heart; [*Pepys*, ‘so to’  
But if another had done it, you ought to have taken my part.
- “ Curse of your cunning proceeding, curse of your private Amour,  
While my poor heart lies a-bleeding, may you be double curst o’er.  
Was you but kind, as you’re cruel, then you m[ight] talk of a bliss, [‘may’  
But you preserve me for Fuel, O, what a Tyrant is this! 8
- “ You that my Torment invented, proving the cause of my grief, [*Divergence*  
May you in Dreams be tormented, never obtaining Relief. *begins.*  
Languishing like one forsaken, drowned in sorrowful tears,  
Evermore when you awaken haunted with troops of new fears.
- “ Tho’ in disdain you forsake me, seeing my Joys are increas’d,  
’Tis not your frowns that shall make me ever repine in the least.  
’Tis not a true Lover’s duty such a hard heart to adore,  
I’ll never dote on your Beauty, since there is many in store.” 16
- WHEN he had made this Oration, then the young Damsel drew near,  
Not in a furious Passion, but like a Lover most dear,  
“ Why dost thou count me Disloyal? this makes my very heart ake,  
Might it be [set] to the tryal, Love, I would die for thy sake.
- “ How could you Curse me, that never proved once false to my Love?  
Making my constant endeavour everything to remove  
Which might thy Happiness hinder; this is the trnth of my heart.  
If I have been an Offender, then let me suffer the smart. 24
- “ Love, I cannot be so fickle,” she in soft language replys,  
While many tears they did trickle down from her beautiful eyes.  
“ I that have never offended, you judge me guilty to stand!  
O that my sorrows were ended, by the most fatalest hand!”
- Hearing her sorrowful Ditty, and that her Love it was pure,  
Then he was moved with pity, and could no longer endure.  
Then, in purest affection, sorrows were turned to bliss,  
Sealing her perfect protection, with many a tender sweet kiss. 32

Finis.

Printed for C. Dennisson, at the Stationers’-Arms, within Aldgate.

[In Black-letter, for C. Dennisson, with four cuts: the oval-wreathed Queen *Mary Beatrix* with King *James II.*, on p. 456; and the couple, vi. 59. Madden’s copy is in White-letter: printed for C. Bates, at the *Sun and Bible*, in *Guilt-spur*-street. With four cuts. 1st and 2nd, Cavalier and Lady among Carnations, p. 42; 3rd, big woman with fan, of *Bagford Ballads*, p. 949; 4th, the man and woman together, vol. iii. p. 537. Date, 1685-88.]

[Roxb. Coll., II. 308 ; Jer., I. 148 = Lind. 983 ; Pepys, III. 158 ; Huth, I. 160.]

## Love in a Bush ;

Or,

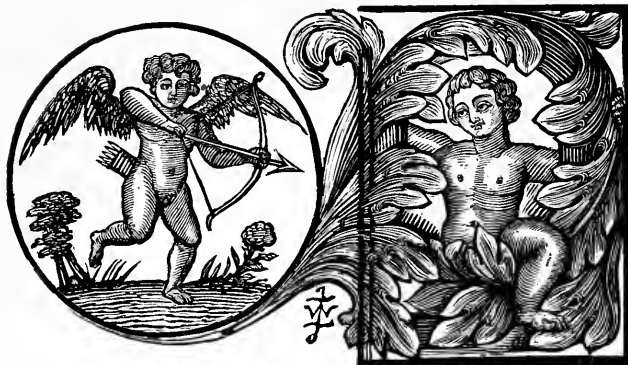
### The two Loyal Lovers' Joy complicated.

She seem'd to slight her Heart's delight,  
Which caus'd him to complain :  
But when she s[aw] his Loyalty,  
She made him glad again.

[text, 'sec.']

TUNE OF, *Oh so ungrateful a Creature* [see p. 453.]

This may be printed. R[ichard] P[acock].



ONE evening in summer season, when each Lad walks with his Lass  
In the cool shades which are pleasing, as by a Grove I did pass,  
My wand'ring fancy contenting, musing myself all alone,  
I heard a young man lamenting, making this sorrowful moan.

“O cruel Maid! thus to slight me, whom you once loved so dear,  
There is nothing can delight me, since my fate is so severe ;  
Just in the height of my Blessing, to turn my pleasure to pain,  
And, when I should be possessing, torture me with her disdain.

“You little birds that flock hither, and in this Grove do abide,  
Witness how oft she vow'd ‘Never nothing our hearts should divide :’  
Yet now her love it is ended, and I the cause cannot tell ;  
If I have ever offended, it was in loving too well. 24

“When I, with sorrow surrounded, move her to pitty my pain,  
The more I sue, I am wounded, with the darts of her disdain.  
If that the love of another makes her deny me relief,  
Yet I for ever will love her, though she's the cause of my grief.

“O ye kind powers! befriend me, and in her breast pitty move,  
That she some comfort may send me, since I so constant do prove:  
Though she give me a denial, thus by her unconstancy,  
Yet I will ever be loyal, and her true Lover will dye.”

When he had ended this Ditty, he was about to depart;  
Then a young Damosel most pretty out of a Bush there did start;  
Who to the young-man then going, “Let not sad Grief thee annoy!”  
Thus she said, while Tears was flowing with the excess of her joy.

“Dearest, since I unperceived heard you your passion express,  
And thereby my doubts relieved, now I the truth will confess:  
To try your Love I deny’d you, which since I find to be true;  
I will love no one beside you, therefore bid Sorrow adieu. 56

“*Though I did seem so ungrateful*, as your true Love to disdain, [*t. do.*]  
Yet in my heart I was faithful, and so I still will remain:  
Happy is she, my dear Jewel, that such a Lover can find;  
Ah! who cou’d ever be cruel to one so constant and kind?

“All the sad grief you indured was for my sake I do know;  
Therefore you may be assured that I my heart will bestow  
On thee without a denial; witness, ye Powers above,  
That I will ever be loyal, and true to thee, my dear Love.”

Thus, with sweet kisses, expressing unto the young man her mind;  
Who, wrapt with joy, such a Blessing so unexpected to find,  
Gave her a thousand sweet kisses; both their joys then was complet.

There is no Maiden but wishes such a true Lover to meet. 80

Finis.

Printed for *James Bissel*, at the *Bible and Harp*, West Smithfield.

[Black-letter. Three cuts: 1st, the leafy half on p. 455; 2nd, a man smiting a tree; 3rd, the couple, p. 136. Date 1685-88.] *These belong to p. 454.*



[Pepys Collection, IV. 111 ; Douce, I. 70 *vo.* ; C. 22. e. 2, 114 ; Lindes., 1012.]

## The Easter Wedding ;

Or,

The Bridegroom's Joy and Happiness Complicated, in his Kind  
and Constant Bride.

Here may we see true Loyalty, the Quintessence of Love ;  
Since he did find his dear so kind, let him most constant prove.

TUNE OF, *O so ungrateful a Creature* [see p. 453]. This may be Printed, **R. P.**

**P**RAY now attend to this Ditty, which I in brief will declare ;  
Not very far from this City, there was a Wedding we hear :  
In mighty triumph attended, sorrow they clearly destroy,  
Therefore let none be offended, tho' I shall speak of their joy.

Fortune, we know, once did lower, on this young Bridegroom we see,  
But now his Joys are in power, since he is happy and free,  
They now no longer wou'd tarry, seeing they happily meet,  
But were resolved to Marry, making their blessings compleat. 8

Now for to speak of the Glory which did in splendour appear,  
I will be brief in the Story, therefore I pray now give ear.  
As they were walking together, both to be joynd in one,  
Thousands and thousands came thither, by which their kindness was shown.

Many young Damsels attir'd all in their Sarsenet white,  
Ev'ry one seeing admir'd, while they [were] beholding the sight,  
In love they held it their duty to be both gallant and gay ;  
Thus they appeared in Beauty, like the fair Flowers in May. 16

Maids they in Night-Trays did flourish, as they attended the Train,  
This loving couple to cherish, home they returned again :  
This was a notable Wedding, where there did plenty abound,  
Many came thither unbidden, from every Village all round.

There was but a few that were able, but did come in for a share ;  
Thus a most plentiful Table did to all persons appear :  
Feasting and filling the Glasses, *Bacchus* did flow like a Spring,  
And the young Lads and the Lasses drank a good deal to the King. 24

Then did the Musick for Dancing play, and went merrily on,  
*Simon* with *Susan* advancing, so did young *Robin* and *Nan* ;  
*Richard* resolved, at leisure, to take a turn with the Bride,  
This was a day of much pleasure, may they have many beside.

When the long day it was ended, she to her Chamber was led,  
By the young Maids that attended, when they beheld them in bed ;  
Then at the length they did leave them, with those kind Wishes at last,  
That Sorrow never may grieve them, now all their Troubles are past. 32

Printed for *C. Demmison*, at the *Stationers'-Arms* within *Aldgate*.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, on p. 286 ; 2nd, a Wedding in Church, Priest uniting the hands of Bride and Bridegroom, raising left hand in the benediction, friends around, no altar ; 3rd, the youth, p. 208. Date, 1685-88.]

To the same tune was sung 'The Covetous Old Mother' (*Roxb. Coll.*, III. 685) : it comes into a later 'Group of Mothers-in-law.'

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 208 ; Pepys, IV. 95 ; Rawlinson, 65 ; Douce, I. 96 v. ; Jersey, II. 222 = Lindes., 242.]

## The Hasty Bridgroom :

Or,

The rarest sport that hath been try'd,  
Between a lusty Bride=groom and his Bride.

To THE TUNE OF *Bass his Carrier* [See p. 460] : or, *Bow Bells*.



Come from the Temple away to the Bed,  
As the merchant transports home his treasure ;  
Be not so coy, Lady, since we are wed,  
'Tis no sin to taste of the pleasure.  
Then come let us be, blithe, merry and free,  
Upon my life all the waiters are gone ! [i.e. Brides-maids.]  
And 'tis so, that they know, where you go : Say not No.  
*For I mean to make bold with my own.* 12

What is it to me, though our hands joynd be,  
If our bodies be still kept asunder ?  
Shall it be said, ' there goes a marry'd Maid ' ?  
Indeed, we will have no such wonder ;  
Therefore let's embrace, there's none sees thy face,  
The Bride-Maids that waited are gone ;  
None can spy, how you lye ; ne'er deny, but say ' Ay ! ' [t. 'I.']  
*For I mean to make bold with my own.* 24



Then come let us kiss, and taste of that bliss,  
 Which brave Lords and Ladies enjoy'd ;  
 If Maidens should be of the humour of thee,  
 Generations would soon be destroy'd.  
 Then where were those joys, the Girls and the Boys ?  
 Would'st live in the World all alone ?

Don't destroy, but enjoy ; seem not coy, for a toy.  
*For indeed I'll make bold with my own.*

36

Sweet Love, do not frown, but put off thy gown,  
 'Tis a garment unfit for the night ;  
 Some say that black hath a relishing smack,  
 I had rather be dealing in white ;  
 Then be not afraid, for you are not betray'd,  
 Since we [two] are together alone,  
 I invite you this night, to do right ; my delight,  
*Is forthwith to make use of my own.*

48

Prithee begin, don't delay, but unpin,  
 For my humour I cannot prevent it ;  
 You are [so] strait-lac'd, and your Gorget's so fast,  
 Undo it, or I straight will rend it ;  
 Or, to end all the strife, I'll cut it with my knife,  
 'Tis too long to stay till 'tis undone ;  
 Let thy wa[i]ste be unlac'd, and in haste be embrac'd,  
*For I do long to make bold with my own.*

60

[Feel with your hand, how you make me to stand  
 even ready to starve in the cold ;  
 Oh why should'st thou be so hard-hearted to me,  
 that loves thee more dear[ly] than gold ?  
 And as thou hast been, like fair *Venus* the Queen,  
 Most pleasant in thy parts every one,  
 Let me find that thy mind is inclin'd to be kind,  
*So that I may make bold with my own.*]

[*Interpolated stanza ?*

72

As thou art fair, and more sweet than the air,  
 That dallies on *July's* brave Roses ;  
 Now let me be to that Garden a key,  
 That the flowers of Virgins incloses ;  
 And I will not be too rough unto thee,  
 For my nature [to mild]ness is prone, [t. unto 'boldness.'  
 Do no less, then undress, and unlace, all a-pace,  
*For this night I'll make use with my own.*

84

[When I have found thee temperate and sound,  
 thy sweet breast I will make for my pillow,  
 'Tis pity that we, which newly Married be,  
 Should be forced to wear the green Willow.]

[*Interpolated stanza ?*

We shall be blest, and live sweetly at rest,  
 Now we are united in one ;  
 With content, and consent, I am bent, my intent  
*Is this Night to make bold with my own.]*

96

## THE LADIE'S LOVING REPLY.

“ **W**elcome, dear love, all the powers above  
 Are well pleased at our happy meeting ;  
 The Heavens have decreed, and the Earth is agreed,  
 That I should embrace my own sweeting.  
 At bed and at board, both in deed and in word,  
 My affection to thee shall be shown :  
 Thou art mine, I am thine ; Let us jōyn, and combine,  
*I'll not bar thee from what is thy own.* 108

“ Our Bride-bed's made, thou shalt be my comrade,  
 For to lodge in my arms all the night,  
 Where thou shalt enjoy, being free from annoy,  
 All the sports wherein Love takes delight.  
 Our Mirth shall be crown'd, and our triumph renown'd,  
 Then, Sweetheart, let thy valour be shown ;  
 Take thy fill, do thy will ; use thy skill, welcome still !  
*Why should'st thou not make bold with thy own ?* 120

The Bridegroom and Bride, with much joy on each side,  
 Then together to bed they did go ;  
 But what they did there, I did neither see nor hear,  
 Nor I do not desire to know.  
 But by *Cupid's* aid, they being well laid,  
 They made sport by themselves all alone ;  
 Being placed and unlac'd, He uncas'd, she embrac'd, [*t. un-*  
*ccas'd.*]  
*Then he stoutly made bold with his own.*

[No Colophon. In Black-letter. Woodcut, on p. 458, a woman and a man sitting on a bed : belonging to *Brooksby, Deacon, Blare, and Back*. Lindes. printed for *A. Milbourne, W. Owenly, and Thackeary (sic) at the Angel, in Duck-lane*. Pepys's was printed for *J. Wright, John Clarke, William Thackeray and Thomas Passinger* (1674-1681) ; Rawlinson's, for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke* (probably the earlier issue). *Without 'the Bride's Answer,'* or the sixth and the eighth stanzas, both of which appear to be interpolated into the broadside version, it is given in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vi. 198, 1720 : but there the third and fourth stanzas are wrongly transposed with each other ; the whole song is entitled 'The Bridal Night,' sung "to the foregoing tune," viz. the music accompanying the words of 'The Hunt,' a song full of double meanings, beginning "Some in the Town go betimes to the Downs, to pursue the fearful Hare." It is the same tune as the one cited for our Ballad version, viz. *Bass his Carrier*, meaning William Basse, his song of 'The Hunter in his Career' ; of date, probably 1628, but the earliest print of the words known to us is of 1656, in *Sportive Wit*, p. 64. Isaak Walton mentions the song in 1653, as already well known : It begins, "Long ere the morn."

"Long ere the morn expects the return of *Apollo* from the Ocean Queen, [*Thetis*. Before the craik of the Crow, and the break of the day in the welkin seen, Mounted he'd Hallo, and cheerfully follow, to the Chace with his bugle clear, Echo doth he make, and the mountains shake, with the thunder of his career."

[Three other stanzas: See, with tune, *Popular Music*, p. 256.]

An unique copy of the broadside containing it is in Pepys Coll., I. 452, entitled 'Maister *Basse* his Careere; or, The new Hunting of the Hare. To a new Court Tune.' First line, "Long ere the Morne expects the returne." Printed at *London* by *E. A.* (that is *Elizabeth Alde*, circa 1628); on the second half is "The Faulconer's Hunting. To the tune of, *Basse his Careere*." Begins, "Early in the morne, when the night's overworne." Compare with our ballad, the 'Bridal Night,' which is another 'Bridal Song' (*Pills*, iii. 296), beginning,

"The Danger is over, the Battle is past,  
The nymph had her fears, but she ventured at last;  
She try'd the encounter, and when this was done,  
She smil'd at her folly, and own'd she had won.  
By her eyes we discover the Bride has been pleased,  
Her blushes become her, her passion is eas'd," &c.

Where so much coarse passion exists, on woman's side or on man's, among lawfully-wedded couples in a 'Hasty Wedding,' there is no great difference in degree, only in the legal sanction, of sensuality; as with '*Cumberland Nelly*.'



## Cumberland Nelly.

"In *Cumberland* there dwells a Maid, her charms are past compare;  
The Gods to show their works have made her virtuous as she's fair."

—*The Cumberland Lass* (in a *Collection of Diverting Songs*, 1737).

ROBERT BURNS'S adaptation of our genuine English ballad, CUMBERLAND NELLIE, under title of 'The bonie Lass made the bed to me,' did not appear in James Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, Edinburgh, until after Burns's death (ob. 21 July, 1796), being No. 448 on p. 460 of vol. v., 1796: fourteen stanzas. Begins,

"When Januar' wind was blowing cauld, as to the North I took my way,  
The mirksome night did me enfauld, I knew not where to lodge till day.  
By my gude luck a Maid I met, just in the middle o' my care;  
And kindly she did me invite to walk into a chamber fair.

"I bow'd fu' low unto this maid, and thank'd her for her courtesie;  
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid, an' bade her make a bed to me;  
She made the bed both large and wide, wi' twa white hands she spread it doun,  
She put the cup to her rosy lips, and drank—'Young man, now sleep ye soun.'

Chorus—*The bonnie Lass made the bed to me, the brow Lass made the bed to me;  
I'll ne'er forget till the day I die, the Lass that made the bed to me.*"

—Five other stanzas (in *Paterson's Burns*, iii. 267, 1877).

Some one palmed on Burns a false statement (noted in his MS. *Strictures on Scottish Songs and Ballads*, in 1793,) to this effect:—

"The Bonie [*sic*] Lass made the Bed to me was composed on an amour of Charles II., when skulking [!] in the North, about *Aberdeen*, in the time of usurpation. He formed *une petite affaire* with a daughter of the House of *Port-lethan* who was the 'lass that made the bed to him':—two verses of it are,

'I kiss'd her lips sae rosy red, while the tear stood blinkin' in her e'e;  
 I said my lassie dinna [greet], for ye ay shall mak the bed to me. [*text*, 'cry.'  
 She took her mither's winding-sheet, and o't she made a sark to me;  
 Blythe and merry may she be, the lass that made the bed to me.'"]

—R. H. Cromek's *Reliques of Robert Burns* (1808; and 1813, p. 256).

This clearly identifies our "*Cumberland Nellie*." But it belongs to the English side of the border; not to Aberdonian or other Scottish regions; indeed, we might quite as well suppose it to foreshadow Nell Gwynne, as to individualize Charles II. Sham antiquarianism has much to blush for, if it can blush at all.

As a Black-letter broadside, we believe the Pepysian exemplar of 'Cumberland Nelly,' printed for J. Conyers, to be unique.

The white-letter copy in Douce Collection, I. 43, is without a Colophon: probably a century-later reprint, made by John White, at Newcastle, about the date of Burns's birth, 1759, when "a few blasts of o' Januar' wind blew hansel in on Robie." See our p. 464, *Note*, suggesting a *playhouse-song* origin.

This original English broadside ballad of 'Cumberland Nelly' is by many degrees too important to be left outside in the cold, simply because it is not of frigid propriety itself. Every true student of Scottish literature, which is rich in songs and ballads of highest excellence, can now for the first time have the opportunity of examining, in these pages, the original printed text of the genuine English ballad: echoes of which, both melody and words, floated across the Solway and the Cheviots, to be heard a century later by the Scottish poet and annexed in the last year of his life. It was engraved on zinc (vol. v. p. 460), some time before death prematurely closed his too brief career; but it was not printed and published until afterwards. If part of that career had been wasted in dissipation, the blame is chiefly attributable to the heartless way in which the self-styled gentry of his native land had neglected and insulted him (to their lasting disgrace), leaving him in mingled despair and indignation to associate with unworthy companions of either sex.

Sir Walter Scott refused to emasculate the text of Dryden, and printed his works in their entirety. But the prurient Puritan of Caledonia, William Stenhouse, held no scruple against mutilating Burns, and fabricated the mawkish imbecility in seven stanzas, beginning "When winter's wind was blowing cauld," which are printed on p. 398 of the untrustworthy *Illustrations of the Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland*, 1853. With unblushing effrontery he pretended that his "following version of the ballad contains the last alterations and corrections of the author" [meaning Robert Burns]. The late William Scott Douglas, who evidently knew nothing of the Pepysian broadside, mentions Stenhouse's "very innocent abridgement of it, as pure as smiling infancy." [!!!]

[Pepys Collection, IV. 25; virtually agreeing with Douce Coll., I. 43.]

## Cumberland Nelly:

Or,

### The North Country Lovers.

A Young-man of a very brisk behaviour  
Most cunningly got into *Nelly's* favour,  
And being he so well did please her mind,  
She was to him in all things wondrous kind ;  
For at the length they made a match in sporting,  
To gang to bed and use no further courting.

TUNE OF, *The Lass that comes to bed with me.* [See p. 172.] **With Allowance.**

**T**HERE was a Lass in *Cumberland*, a bonny Lass of high degree,  
There was a Lass, her name was *Nell*, the blithest Lass that e're you see.  
*Oh ! to bed to me, to bed to me, the Lass that comes to bed to me ;*  
*How blith and bonny may she be, the Lass that comes to bed with me !*

Her Father lov'd her passing well, her brother likewise loved *Nell* :  
But all their loves came short of mine, as far as *Tweed* is from the *Tyne.* [*t. Tyne.*  
*Oh ! to bed to me, to bed to me, the Lass that comes to bed to me.* [*passim.*

She had five Dollars in a chest, and four of them she gave to me,  
She cut her mother's Winding-sheet, and all to make a Sark for me. [*Orig. ends.*  
She pull'd out of her cabinet a gay Gold Ring with Christials three, [*Here the Douce*  
She told me she was in my debt, and gave them kindly unto me. [*versions divide.*

She left her father fast asleep, to come a while and sport with me,  
And many a time a watch would keep, least any one our loves should see.

Oh, how it did delight my soul, to see her trip it o'er the plain,  
My passion was without controul, till she was in my Arms again.

When I embrac'd her in my joy, and said, " My *Nelly*, now be kind !"  
Although she seem'd a little coy, yet for to yeild she was inclin'd.

She had a pretty slender hand, as soft as any Silk could be,  
There's ne're a Lasse in *Cumberland* that is so blith and brisk as She.

Had I the richest *Indian* pearl, that e're came from beyond the Sea,  
I would bestow 't on such a Girl, that is so loving and so free.

At length I thought her mind to prove, least she should take my meaning wrong,  
I said we vext the God of Love, in staying from his rites too long.

Then down upon the Couch we sat, where I upon her Lips did stray,  
At length my passion was so great that from delight I could not stay.

She made the bed both broad and wide, and with her hand she smooth'd it down,  
She kist me thrice, and smiling said, " My Love, I fear thou'lt sleep too soon."

Just then I leapt into my Bed, and she was not long after me,  
I ventur'd for her maidenhead, because she came to bed to me.

The pleasures that we there did prove, you may imagine with the rest,  
But since it was done all in love, wee'll let it past for a true jest.

*Oh ! to bed to me, to bed to me, the Lass that came to bed to me,*  
*Kind and loving sure was she, the Lass that came to bed to me !*

Printed for *J. Conyers*, at the *Black-Raven* in *Duck-Lane*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, a large curious one, showing three beds ;  
2nd, the man on p. 296 ; 3rd, clumsy copy of one on p. 148, like iii. 431 ;  
4th, the same couple, reversed. Date, before 1670.]

\* \* The difference being great between the two versions preserved in the  
Douce Collection, the second is added on p. 464 (resembling text in *Pills to purge*  
*Melancholy*, vol. iv. p. 133, 1719). The coincident opening we mark by *Italic* type.

[Douce Collection, I. 115.]

## [The Lass of] Cumberland; or, Love in Abundance.

This Gallant finding *Nellie* to be kind,  
 With sweet perswasions won her to his mind,  
 What he in love could ask, it granted was,  
 She was so courteous and so kind a Lass:  
 For in conclusion they did both agree,  
 To ligg together, and live merrily.

TO A NEW NORTHERN TUNE, OR, *The Lass that comes to bed to me.*

**T**Here was a Lass in CUMBERLAND, a bonny Lass of high degree,  
 There was a Lass her name was NELL, the blithest Lass that e're you see.  
 Oh to bed to me, to bed to me, the Lass that comes to bed to me, [Passim.  
 How blith and bonny may she be, the Lass that comes to bed to me.

Her Father lov'd her passing well, so did her brother fancy *Nell*; [Ibid, etc.  
 But all their loves came short of mine, as far as Tweed is from the Tine.  
 She had five Dollars in a chest, and four of them she gave to me,  
 She cut her mother's winding sheet, and all to make a Sark for me.

She pluckt a box out of her purse, of four gold rings she gave me three; [Diver-  
 She thought her self no whit the worse: she was so very kind to me. [gence here.  
 If I were Lord of all the Earth to bed and board she should be free,  
 For why, she is the bonniest Lass that is in all her awne country.

Her cherry cheeks and ruby Lips doth with the damask Rose agree  
 With other char[m]s which I will not name, which are so pleasing unto me.  
 Far have I rid both East and West, and been in many a strange country,  
 Yet never met with so kind a Lass, compared with *Cumberland Nelly*.

When I embrace her in my arms, she takes it kind and courteously,  
 And hath such pritty winning charms, the like whercof you n'er did see.  
 There was not a Lass in *Cumberland* to be compar'd with smiling *Nell*,  
 She hath so soft and white a hand, and something more that I will not tell.

Up to my Chamber I her got, there did I treat her courteously,  
 I told her I thought it was her lot to stay all night and lig with me.  
 She, pritty Rogue, could not say Nay, but by consent we did agree  
 That she for a fancy there should stay, and come at night to speak to me.

She made the bed both broad and wide, and with her hand she smooth'd it down,  
 She kist me thrice, and smiling said, "My Love, I fear thou wilt sleep too soone."  
 Into my Bed I hasted straight and presently she followed me,  
 It was but in vain to make her wait, for a Bargain must a Bargain be.  
 Then I embrac'd this lovely Lass, and stroakt her w[ai]st so bonnily,  
 But for the rest, we let it pass, for she afterwards sung Lullaby.

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

[White-letter, reprint from Black-letter, which was of date 1674-1680. Three woodcuts: 1st, girls in bed, p. 365; 2nd, the man, p. 311; 3rd, the lady, of p. 323]

\*\*\* Quite a distinct version is this (Douce Coll., I. 115), although beginning similarly to p. 463. It was probably a second issue; but, having been (like 'The Cumberland Laddy,' a companion ditty) printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke*, certainly was not later than 1681. The coincidence of the opening verses marks the true theory of origin, hitherto unsuspected: viz., that the first few stanzas had been a *Playhouse Song*, and that two different ballad-mongers lengthened it into broadside pennyworths for their respective printers.

[Douce Collection, I. 42 ; I. 43 verso.]

## [The] Cumberland Laddu ;

Or, Willy and Nelly of the North.

Though *Nelly* was so kind as he did find her,  
 Yet *Willy* seems to be [no] jot behind her ; [text, 'one jot.']  
 For he will give both House, and Town, and Castle,  
 So he for pastime may with *Nelly* wrestle ;  
 At last they do conclude and both agree,  
 His turn to come to bed it now must be.

TUNE OF, *The Lass that comes to bed to me* [p. 463].

**T**Here was a Lad in *Cumberland*, and he was born of high degree,  
 There was a lad his name was *Will*, the bravest Lad that e're you see.  
*Oh ! to bed to me, to bed to me, the Lad that comes to bed to me,*  
*Brisk and lively may he be, the Lad that comes to bed to me.*

His Daddy and his Mammy beath, they in their *Willy* took great joy,  
 And any thing the Lad might have, because he was their dainty Boy.  
*Oh ! to bed to me, to bed to me, the Lad that comes, &c.* [Passim.]

Yet if he had a thousand Mark, his nature is so frank and free ;  
 He'd give it all, and sell his Sark, one night to come to bed to me.

For he pull'd forth his Catskin Purse, and gave me Bracelets two or three,  
 He fetcht five Guineys from his purse, and flung it in my Lap to me.

## The Second Part, to the same Tune.

**F**ive of his Father's Yowes he sold, their lambs being following tenderly,  
 With other things he did make bold, fine fa[ri]ngs for to buy for me.

When first to me he told his mind, the tears did in his eyes appear ;  
 I found by that he would be kind, and with my hand I pulled him near.

Then he took heart, and sighing said, " My *Nell*, be kind or else I dye ;  
 For why, thou art the bonniest Maid that ever *Willy's* Eyne did see."

Then on my Lips he seal'd a Kiss, and strokt my face most tenderly ;  
 He wisht he might enjoy the bliss, one Night to come to bed to me.

At first to him I seemed coy, and with a bashful modesty,  
 I with my hand would put him by, least he should be too bold with me.

He was so pleasing in my sight, that I had much adoe to say,  
 " My *Willy*, it is almost Night, 'tis time for thee to gang away."

The crafty Lad, he did perceive how faintly I did him deny ;  
 And had some hopes, I do believe, that I would yield with him to lye.

Into my Parlour then I drew, and said, " My Dear, good night to thee !"  
 But he did eagerly pursue, and by the light he follow'd me. [Note.]

When as he came to my Bed-side, which I had made as soft as Down,  
 He promis'd I should be his Bride, and seal'd it by the light o' th' Moon.

And so for to confess the truth, for all my bashful modesty,  
 He was so brave a spritely youth, he needs would come to bed to me.

*Oh ! to bed to me, to bed to me, the Lad that came to bed to me ;*  
*Brisk and lively too was he, the Lad that came to bed to me.* Finis.

Printed for *F. Cole[s]*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts : Prince Henry holding truncheon, vi. 66 ;  
 2nd, Spring, with vase of flowers, p. 239 ; 3rd, the English bagpiper, p. 317.  
 Date, circa 1674-80. Lines 46, 50, Cf. *Au clair de la Lune*, p. 488.]

## Tom the Taylor Group.

“ And thus the Old Proverb is true, ‘ *Nine Taylors do make one man ;* ’  
 And now it doth plainly appear, let them all do what they can ;  
 For had they been stout-hearted Lads, they need not ‘ a call’d for aid,  
 Nor afraid to tast[e a black] pudding, nor yet been out-brav’d by a Maid,  
*O this was the valiant Cook-maid, without either pistol or gun,  
 But with a Black-pudding did fright five Taylors and put them t’ th’ run.*”  
 — *Leicestershire Frolick ; Valiant Cookmaid.* Cf. p. 486.

IN the Roxburghe Collection are preserved two distinct versions of TOM THE TAYLOR’S misadventure with a pretty ‘ Miss ’ whom he met in the *Strand* (an indigenous product thereof, two hundred and ten years ago, and still found “ All a-blowing, all a-growing ”). If we give one of them, it is but fair to add the other, they having equality of rights and wrongs, although it becomes a twice-told tale, like the ‘ Three Worthy Butchers ’ of our pp. 59 to 63. Nay more, to make the Group complete, we borrow a third and discreeter narrative, beginning, “ A Damsel came to *London Town*,” concerning *Cut-beard Harding*. These Taylor ballads were mentioned on p. 189 ; and in vol. vi. p. 300, stanzas were quoted from ‘ The Lamentation of Seven Journey-men Taylors ’ (for which see p. 487) ; and from ‘ *Oxfordshire Betty* ; containing her Joaking Letter to *Tom* the Taylor near *Tower-street*,’ etc. Now reprinted on p. 481, beginning,

“ POOR *Tom* the Taylor, don’t lament, because I now am married,  
 To you this letter I have sent, and tell you that I tarry’d,” etc.

[In White-Letter, with *Music*. 7 stanzas. *Date*, c. 1692.]

Tune of “ *I love thee more and more each day*, fairest of earthly creatures.” This is ‘ The Constant Lover’s Lamentation : ’ *Hephestion to Rosilia* (Pepys C., V. 299).

\* \* Sometimes, and often, the comic ballad-writer was serious enough amid all his banter. He knew well that when a Lass strays from the pathway of safety to the dangerous wilds of Dalliance the result is—*vestigia nulla retrorsum*. Our early friend William Bell Scott told of “ Mary Anne ” in his *Poems by a Painter*, 1854 (*Rosabel*). Dante Gabriel Rossetti following suit with “ Jenny,” in imitation, laid himself open thereby to the slanderous scurrility of ‘ Thomas Maitland ’ the hypocritical traducer. If we are to have these histories, we are quite willing to acknowledge their value ; also *Cumberland Nellie* (our p. 463) and the glowing song whereby Burns lifted into lyric poetry both the words and sentiments : it is fit that the wholesome though bitter moral should accompany the tale of ‘ lightsome Love.’ Let a Girl guard that which can never be restored. Whimsically but powerfully the warning is given in a rare ballad to come : (three exemplars known,) entitled ‘ A Marvellous Medicine to cure a great pain ; If a maiden-head be lost, to get it again.’ *Date*, circa 1674. Conclusion runs thus :—

“ So these are Our Medicines for maidens each one,  
 Which in their Virginity amisse somewhat fell :  
 Pray if ever you hear them [to] make any moan,  
 And [they] gladly would know the place where I dwell,  
 [Let them seek] at the sign of the *Whip-and-Egg-shell*,  
 Near *Pancake-Alley* on *Salisbury-plain* ;  
*There shall they find remedy, using this well,*  
*Or else ne’er recover their maidenhead again.”* Etc.



[Jersey Coll., II. 204=Lindesiana, 586; Huth, II. 105.]

## The Crappan'd Taylor;

Or, A Warning to all Taylors to beware how they Marry.

Showing how a Beggar-Wench being insinuated into a house of [evil-lodging] was suddenly transformed out of Rags into Silks, flaunting it each day with Gallants (yet passing for a Maid). A Taylor, living hard by, fell deep in love with her person, and afterwards married her, which was no sooner done but the old [Lodging woman] disrob'd her of the rich attire and put on [her] the Rags which she [had] brought with her; to the great discontent of our *Monsieur Starveling*.

TO THE TUNE OF, *How many Crowns and Pounds have I spent.* [Cf. p. 474.]



I'll sing a song, and a dainty brave song, it's neither of Seaman nor Saylor;\*  
But to tell you the truth, it's a bonny brave youth, he's a finikin' vapouring  
Taylor.

*It was in the prime of Cow-cumber time, when Taylors had very much leisure,  
This Gallant so nimble did cast by his Thimble, to sport away time for his pleasure.*

\* This disclaimer of 'Seaman or Sailor' refers to the ballad (on p. 483), 'The Taylor's wanton Wife of Wapping,' wherein a *Sailor* is the paramour. Or it alludes to a different girl (p. 470), "A Damsel came to London town, a daughter to a Saylor," the title of which is 'The London Taylor's Misfortune.'

A Beggar-wench chanced to *London* to come, a Girl that had very good features ;  
With begging about, an old Bawd spy'd her out: for sure there is many such  
creatures. [t. 'willing.')

This cunning old Craft, with subtle intent, did find that the Lass she was winning ;  
She took the wench in, and wash'd her clean, and put on her very good Linnen.  
She pull'd off her raggs, and gave her black baggs, and made her as fine as fine  
may be ;

For she was so smug, she look'd like a Jugg, and she was as brisk as a Lady.  
She gave her an art that she acted her part, as if she had been an old stander ;  
She "liked the Trade far better," she said, "than abroad in the country to wander."  
She taught her the Trade to pass for a Maid, after she had been twenty times used ;  
And silly Fools they are cheated like Gulls, being baffled and basely abused.  
Oft times in the door, like a crafty young whore, she stands for to tempt in her Cullies,  
And when they come in, she'l teach them to sin ; then dearly they pay for their follies.

But while she did frisk, the Taylor so brisk, it was his chance for to spy her :  
She ravish't his heart before she did part, in hopes for to gain his desire.

For verily she pretended to be a Country Gentleman's Daughter ;  
Came up the last Term, new fashions to learn ; but mark how she fit'ed him after.

He told her that he would marry with she, for he was a Man of regarding ;  
He gave her rich gifts, to purchase his drifts ; for he was in hopes of a bargain.  
By little and little she seemed to yield, being mounted thereto by his carriage ;  
Pretending that she will likewise agree to joyn with him in lawful Marriage.

[*Second Part tells how the peacock-plumage was stript from this Jay.*]

But when the Old Bawd found out their design, she swore she "will have  
satisfaction,"

But the Taylor so sad had not enough paid, but she presently enter'd an Action.  
She stripping the Bride, he standing beside, like one that did scorn to disown her ;  
He ceas'd his brags, when he saw his wife's raggs, and wish'd that he had never  
known her,

The raggs the [girl] knew for to be her own, to take them agen she had reason :  
And since she did catch a blade that could patch, he had patching-work for a  
whole season.

And thus she did snap the Taylor in a Trap, to pay for his Wife's apparel,  
That she had h[er] lent ; which made him repent : it was but in vain to quarrel.  
*And thus the poor Taylor was finely trappan'd*, he curs'd, he swore, & he vapour'd,  
That made him to swear, and to pull off his hair, like a Pigg in a halter he caper'd.  
He skipt and he jump't, but sure he was *mumpt*, as well as ever was any ;  
A Beggar-wench Bride, to lye by his side, may please him as well as a Lady.  
And now we will leave him to kiss up his Wife, she has enough to cool his courage ;  
Let Taylors beware, and have a great care, how they join with such beggers in  
marriage.

Unless that my Song it be tedious and long, I'll end it with, *hey down derry !*  
*We put it in rhyme this Coweumber time*, that Taylors may laugh and be merry.

**Finis.**

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

[Black-letter. Woodcut of '*Tom the Taylor and his wife Jone*,' now on p. 467,  
and two small figures : the Falstaff given on p. 473, and an old woman with right  
arm upraised. Date between 1674, when the above-named publishers' partnership  
was registered, and August, 1681, when Thomas Vere, Master, died, and his  
property was assigned to Clarke early in September. *Tune not identified: cf. p. 474.*]

Line 15 is "Oft-times in the door," etc.: *cf. Proverbs, v. 7.*

There is another and contemporaneous version of the ballad, an unique exemplar, signed J. P.; but whether this signifies (as we believe) John Playford, or (*not improbably in this case*, or in several others thus signed, especially "*When first Rebellion push'd at the Crown*"), the recently-mentioned John Phillips, nephew of Milton, is simply conjectural: this other version begins, "Come hear a Song, a very fine Song:" the title is 'The Trappan'd Taylor; or, A pretty Discovery, how a Taylor was cheated and married to a beggar-wench, taking her to be a Country Gentlewoman, she having good apparel, which an old Bawd had lent her, intending to use her as a necessary Instrument to promote her trade. And may serve for a general warning to all the rest of the Fincial Society.' To the tune of, *The Loving Lad and Coy Lass* [a ballad given on our p. 289, "All hail, thou bright and bonny Lass:"—*cf.* previous names of the tune]; or, *Wanton Willy* [probably the same as *Up with Aley, Aley*, on our p. 343]. Printed for *W. Thackeray, T. Passinger, and W. Whitwood.*

The same story as 'Tom the Taylor' is told in 'The *London Taylor's* Misfortune; or, Cut-beard *Harding* chous'd by a Country Lass.'

*Note.*—Its tune-name is *Four-pence half-penny Farthing*: this is connected with a ten-stanza Black-letter ballad, entitled, 'The Lady of Pleasure; or, The *London Miss's* Frolick: whereby she got money by her subtle Devices and Witty Intreagues, as she led in the loose course of her life, which you'l find by the subsequent manner.' To a pleasant new Play-house Tune. This may be printed, R. Le Strange. Printed for *J. Baek*, with the man of our p. 475, the Lady of vi. 178; a little man holding a bag of money (p. 362); and two other cuts, a woman and a man. It begins (like *Pepysian Witty Chambermaid, post*):

"There was a Lass in *London Town*, both beauteous, fair and witty,  
She travel'd *England* up and down, through e'ry *Town* and *City*:  
*She got money by't, she got money by't, she got money by the bargain;*  
*She got money by't, she got money by't: four-pence-half-penny-farthing."*

[To the same tune of, *She got money by it*, run three *Pepysian B.L.* ballads (*Pepys Coll.*, III. 275, 278, 277), beginning respectively, "There was a young man liv'd of late;" its sequel, "I wonder that this world is grown," etc.; with "A New Summons to Green-goose Fair," "Young men and maidens all a-row." All three licensed by R. Pocock.]

But *Martin Parker* had earlier written a ballad entitled, 'Four-pence-halfe-penny Farthing; or, A Woman will have the Oddes.' (*Ibid.*, I. 274.) It was entered in the *Stationers' Registers*, 9th November, 1629, and begins thus:—

"One morning bright (for my delight) into the fields I walked;  
There did I see a Lad, and he, with a fair Maiden talked.  
It seem'd to me they could not agree, about some pretty bargain,  
He offer'd a groat, and still her note was '*Fourpence halfpenny farthing!*'"

Thirteen stanzas follow. To the tune of *Bessy Bell*; or, *A Health to Betty.*' Printed at *London* for *C. W.* To the same tune went the following ballad. *Cutbeard* may be either a nickname or synonymous with *Cuthbert*.

[Douce Collection, I. 127 verso; Jersey, I. 44 = Lindes., 297.]

## The London Taylor's Misfortune;

Or, *Cut-beard* Harding Choused by a Country Lass.

Who[m] he pickt up in the street and invited to the Tavern, where he intended to have left her in Pawn for the Reckoning; but he, being soon drunk, dropt asleep, at which opportunity she marcht off with a new suit of cloathes which he was carrying home to a Gentleman: together with sixpence half-penny-farthing: which it is hoped will be a warning to all Taylors how they meddle with Women as they walk the streets.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Four-pence-half-penny-farthing*. This may be printed, R. P.

A Damsel came to *London Town*,<sup>1</sup> a Daughter to a Saylor, [Note, p. 471. And she was in a Russet Gown, and meeting with a Taylor; This Taylor he was neat and fine, his name was *Cut-beard Harding*, And in his pocket store of coyn, full sixpence half-penny farthing.

Near five a clock at candle light, the Taylor chanced to meet her, He gazing on her beauty bright, resolv'd he was to treat her; But one thing more you may denote, of little *Cut-beard Harding*, Under his arms a Suit and Coat, with sixpence half-penny farthing.

The which he then was carrying home unto a worthy Master, As he along the streets did roam, he met with this disaster; Which now doth make the Taylor rue, and eke repent his bargain, He lost his cloath[e]s and money too, full sixpence half-penny farthing.

Now you that fain would understand what prov'd the Taylor's ruine, It was the meeting with a Lass, as now these Lines are shewing, And perfectly declare to you, that near to *Covent-garden*, He [got] meeting there a Damsel fair, with sixpence half-penny farthing.

At first she seem'd something shie, and would not be Saluted, The Taylor he did still reply, "What need it be disputed? Come, let us drink a glass of wine," quoth little *Cut-beard Harding*; But at the length he did repent, for sixpence half-penny farthing.

The Taylor he did then presume to call for Sack and Sherry, And bid them shew an upper Room, where they at length was merry. (But sorrow soon did overspread the mirth of *Cut-beard Harding*, His Lass with his New Suit was fled, and sixpence half-penny farthing.)

The Taylor he was soon disguiz'd, to Sleep he fell a Snoring, His Lass then presently devis'd to fit him for his whoring: She pick'd his pocket of his Cole [cash], & took the cloaths from *Harding*, And down the stairs away she stole, with sixpence half-penny farthing.

At length the Taylor did awake, and star'd and look'd about him, But how he then his ears did shake,<sup>2</sup> to see her gone without him! [Note. Straight from the Table then arose, poor little *Cut-beard Harding*, And soon he miss'd his suit of Cloath[c]s, and sixpence half-penny farthing.

The Taylor then did stamp and stare, and likewise rage and thunder,  
And from his head he tore his hair, his heart almost in sunder  
Was like to break, what course to take; alas! poor *Cut-beard Harding!*  
"My suit!" he cry'd, and then reply'd, "*my sixpence half-penny farthing!*"

The Taylor knew not what to do, the House must have their payment,  
He left his Hat and Coat in lieu, and thus he stript his Rayment:  
Hence, let not Taylors be high flown, to get to *Covent-Garden,*  
But let each wanton Miss alone, and think of *Cut-beard Harding.*

Printed for *J. Back* at the *Black-Boy* on *London-Bridge*. [1685-88.]

[It is improbable that 'the Taylor's Lamentation,' = "I am a Taylor," (p. 474), preceded this ballad: such effective incidents as the sending a message to bring Tom's Wife, and her subjugating him to her will, could scarcely have been omitted voluntarily from any re-told version of the story. B.L. *Four Cuts*.]

Note 1.—A different ballad in Pepys Collection, III. 24, begins with the same first line, "A Damsel came to *London town*." 'Roger the Miller's Present, sent by the Farmer's Daughter to his Cousin Tom the Taylor in *London*.'

The *Miller* he was brisk and stout, [who had] the *Maid* beguile[d]  
The *Taylor* still against his will is forced to keep the child.

Tune of *Billy and Molly*; or, a *Job for a Journey-man Shoemaker*. Licensed, 'R. P.', 1685-8. Printed for *J. Blare*, at *Looking-Glass*, on *London-Bridge*. Begins,

A Damsel came to *London Town*, just in the midst of Harvest,  
And she was in a *Russet Gown*, and seeking for a service!  
Tho' she of money was but bare, in this I must commend her,  
For being beautiful and fair, kind Fortune did befriended her. (11 stanzas.)

Note 2.—Cf. Maria's "Go, shake your ears!" *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. sc. 3.



\*.\* The ballad on p. 479 was printed for *John Andrews*, London, 1652-55. In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, a man of James I.'s time; 2nd, a Bible-cut, the Debtor's Unjust Steward; 3rd, a large picture of *Valentine* and *Ursine*: alias, *Orson*. It tells of 'A Dreadful Battle between a Taylor,' etc.

Another version is entitled, 'The War-like Taylor; or, A true Relation of a great Fight between a Taylor and a Louse, most heroically performed in *Black-Fryars*, at the sign of the three flying Chamber-Pots, and four half-penny Loaves, at the house of Sir *John Swallowate*. Describing the manner of the bloody Battel, and the success thereof. To the Tune [same as on pp. 478, 479] of, *I am the Duke of Norfolk*, etc. Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the sign of the *Golden Ball*, in *West-Smithfield*' [circa 1672-84]. In Pepys Coll., IV. 282; and Jersey, I. 304 (*Biblio. Lindes.*, 979). It adapts John Taylor's 'Battle,' and begins "Once upon a time, there was a Taylor neat and fine."

'The Taylor's Vindication' is the special Sequel. Tune of, [*Ah!*] *Jenny gin your eyn*, or *Hey Boys*; with burden *A Taylor is a Man*. (See p. 480.)

In the *Pills to purge Melancholy* extra volume, vi. 292, 1720, is a song called 'The Disappointed Taylor; or, Good Work done for Nothing,' beginning thus:—

A Taylor, good Lord! in the time of Vacation,  
When Cabbage was scarce, and when Pocket was low,  
For the sake of good liquor pretended a passion  
To one that sold Ale in a Cuckoldy Row:

Now a Louse made him itch, here a scratch, there a stitch,  
And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho!

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 263, IV. 27; Pepys, III. 336; Jer., I. 64 = *Lind.*, 1206.]

## Poor Tom the Taylor, His Lamentation.

Giving an Account how he pickt up a Miss near the *Maypole* in the *Strand*, and also how he handed her to the Fair, where he treated her very generously; but, according to the old proverb, "sweet meat must have sower sauce," for while he was safe a snoring in Bed she very dexterously pickt his pocket, leaving him to pay the Reckoning, without ever a penny in his purse. This unfortunate disaster may well be a warning to all the Taylors in or about *London* to forsake their old accustomed tricks, setting poor *Tom* before them as an example.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Daniel Cooper*. [See p. 152; *Bagford Ballads*, 603.]



**T**om the *Taylor* near the *Strand*, he met a pretty Creature,  
He kindly took her by the hand, and vow'd that he would treat her;  
He was kind and gave her wine, a glass of good Canary;  
She was fair as might compare, and *Tom* was brisk and airy.

When *Tommy* he did court his Miss, he called her his honey,  
But she would not admit a kiss, before she saw his money;  
But when she did behold his coyn, she was well contented,  
"Every penny shall be mine, thy pockets shall be emptied."

She [was] array'd in Flower'd Silk, and in costly Laces,  
With a skin as white as milk; these was sweet imbraces!  
She called him her only joy, and vow'd she'd ne'r deceive him,  
As long as he had e're a Groat, she would never leave him.

Straight they were convey'd to bed, he fell soon a snoring,  
Then a trick came in her head, to fit him for his whoring:  
By slight of hand she pickt his purse, and what did follow after?  
She left him all the shot to pay, like a cunning sharper. 32

When the morning day appear'd, he had never mist her,  
And rousing up he turn'd about, hoping to have kist her:  
But when he found that she was gone, oh, how he then lamented!  
He cryed out he was undone, he found his pocket emptied.

The *Taylor* he got out of bed, he was sore discontented,  
He tore the hair from off his head, it seems he thus lamented:  
In his rage he curs'd the time, when that he first beheld her, ['In that.'  
For she had fun'd him of his Coin; oh then he could have kill'd her! 48

The Drawer, he came up indeed, with this discourse insuing,  
"Come pay me down my shot with speed, or it shall prove your ruine;"  
The Drawer with such kind of words, began for to afflict him,  
He call'd him 'horeson Cuckold's bird, and down the Stairs he kickt him.

The poor distressed *Taylor* lookt, as if he would have died,  
And then he fell upon his knees, and wrung his hands and cryed:  
But yet his tears would not prevail, they would not thus dismiss him,  
But they did ferret him about, that the *Taylor* he[ld confess] him. 64

The *Taylor* [saw] himself beset, by those that stood about him, [*text* 'sec.'  
Which caused him to chafe and fret, to see how they did flout him:  
He stripped off his coat and cloak, and they from him did take it,  
And then they turn'd him out of doors a little more then naked.

You *Taylor*s all, that keeps a Miss, and deals so much in courting,  
They'l give to you a *Judas* kiss, if you delight in sporting,  
You see poor *Tommy* of your trade, by [Rak]ing was abused,  
Which made him make a solemn vow, that he no more would use it. 80

[Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Gilt-spur-Street*, without *Newgate*.]

[Black-letter. Colophon restored from 2nd Roxb., IV. 27. With four cuts, viz., 1st and 2nd on p. 472 (lady needed for p. 374); 3rd, man of p. 285; 4th, girls in bed, p. 365. Entered to *J. Deacon*, Stat. Reg., June 12, 1684.]



[Roxburghe Coll., II. 452; Jersey, I. 359 = Lindes., 556.]

## The Taylor's Lamentation.

Shewing how he pick'd up a crafty Miss, who left him sleeping in Bed, and taking his Cloaths, Watch, and Money, so that he was forc'd to send for his Wife, which added much to his grief.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Old Man's Wish*. [Note.] Licensed according to Order.

I Am a Taylor now in Distress, who to the World must freely confess  
That I am fairly serv'd in my kind, as by the sequel you shall find.

I have a fair young Wife of my own, yet I am courting every *Toon*;  
*Many a Pound on them have I spent*, but at the last I sigh & lament. [cf. p. 467]

Listen a while, and I will unfold as sad a Tale as ever was told.  
Surely the like you never did hear; therefore, I pray, be pleas'd to draw near.

As I was walking thorough *Pell-Mell*, where a young Lord and Lady did dwell,  
With a New Garment under my Arm, thinking, alas! no manner of harm;

Here a young Lass I happen'd to meet, tempted I was to give her a treat,  
Then to a Tavern strait I did go: this was but the beginning of woe.

She for the best Canary did call, I was oblig'd to pay for it all;  
Seeking, alas! for pleasant delight, I was resolv'd to tarry all night.

Then the young Tib did cunningly say, "*Sir, If you are right willing to stoy,*  
*I have a Chamber here of my own, where we may kiss and dally alone!*"

Such a kind Proffer who cou'd refuse? But I was fairly catch'd in a noose,  
The naked truth I will not deny; Taylor was ne'er so cheated as I.

Now when the night was dalli'd away, just before morning break of the day,  
She 'rose and left me snoring in bed: Oh! I lament the life I have led.

There did she seize my delicate suit, likewise my watch and money to boot;  
Thus she did fairly make up her pack, leaving me not a Suit to my back.

When I awoke, & found she was gone, missing my cloathes, Oh! how I took on;  
But yet, Alas! it was but in vain, for I shall never see 'em again.

Sobbing and likewise sighing I lay, knowing there was the Reckoning to pay;  
I had no coin, nor garments to wear: how to get home, Alas! was my care.

Yet after all to finish the strife, forced I was to send for my wife;  
When she came in, she rang me a peal, Ay, and her fist she forc'd me to feel.

"*Sirrah!*" (said she) "*if this be the trade? You shall a sad example be made.*"  
There she did [w]ring me still by the ears, till I, alas! was bitter in tears.

There with her fist my face she did maul, till at length I was forc'd to fall  
Down on my knees, her love to obtain, vowing I'd ne'er offend her again.

"*Rascal!*" (said she), *I'll pardon thee now! If that this day you solemnly vow*  
*To be obedient still to your wife.*" "Yes, if you please to spare but my life."

Ever since then she bears such a sway, that I am forc'd her Laws to obey,  
She is the Cock and I am the Hen: this is my case, Oh! pity me then.

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

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, man, p. 249, left; 2nd, p. 176, reversed; 3rd, woman, of *Bagford Ballads*, p. 949; 4th, man kneeling. Date, 1685, the tune being Dr. Walter Pope's Song, 'The Old Man's Wish,' 1684, "If I live to grow old, for I find I go down." See for it our vol. vi. p. 507.]



[Pepys Collection, III. 343; Douce, I. 35 verso.]

## The Country Maiden's Lamentation for the Loss of her Taylor :

Who, after pretence of a great deal of Love, ran away with her  
clothes, and left her destitute both of clothes and sweetheart.

Maidens beware, who have not known the Tricks and Humours of the Town ;  
For you will find that there are many who of a Maid will make a penny.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Ladies of London* [see p. 25. Licensed, R. P., 1685-88.]



Here came up a Lass from a Country Town, intending to live in the City,  
In steeple-crown Hat, and a Paragon Gown, who thought her self wondrous  
pretty ;

Her Petticoat serge, her Stockings were green, her Smock cut out of a sheet, Sir ;  
And under [it all, was seldom yet] seen [so fair a young maid for the street], Sir.

With joyful heart and a pretty full purse, she came to this city of *London*,  
Little expecting to meet with a curse, by which she should quickly be undone.  
She had not been here a fortnight in Town, ere a Pricklouse began for to wooe her,  
Who quickly made bold for to [covet] her gown, & [steal] her petticoat too, Sir.

*It was in the season of Cucumber-time*, when Taylors were sharp at their Needles,  
When ninety were scarce as weighty as nine, their bodies were grown so feeble.  
When their first progress was ev'ry day to their Chappel, [*Martin's*] in the Fields, Sir,  
There kneel down in clusters and heartily pray [it may be.] to the De'il, Sir.

*Note.*—In general, 'Tom the Taylor' is the dupe, and the victim, brought into  
trouble by his own misconduct. But here he is found to indulge in heartless theft,  
added to libertinism. *The third cut* is a reverse of p. 176 (like p. 357).

But you shall hear how he serv'd the wench, who thought he wo'ld n'r be so fickle,  
He soon made her as plump as a Tench, that her Gown was grown too little,  
He bid her one day she should keep in her bed, & send him her Gown to be alter'd,  
And he would enlarge it, and fit her, he said : but now you shall hear how he  
faulter'd.

When he had got all her cloath[e]s in his hand, he quitted his Country baggage,  
And run from his lodging which was in the *Strand* ; thus cleverly rub'd with  
his Cabbage :

And left the poor wench in such a bad state, who hardly believ'd he would fail her,  
Till three or four days she had spent at this rate, then curst the sad Rogue of a  
Taylor.

Therefore all Maidens you'd best have a care, when first you come up to the City,  
For Taylors and other such sharpeners there are, will strive if they can to outwit ye :  
And after they tell ye y'are pretty and fair, though with all protestations they  
wooe ye,  
If once you but let them come in for a share, you'l find they will quickly undo ye.

*Finis.* Printed for R[ichard] Kell, at the *Blew-Anchor*, near *Py-Corner*.

:o:

Among the Taylor ballads may be mentioned, a 'New Copy of verses containing a catalogue of Taylors, to be sold by Auction,' etc., 1691, beginning, 'Young Lasses draw near, & you shall hear.' Also, "A New Fashioned Marigold ; or, A Dainty New Fashion devised for *Tom Stitch* the Taylor ;" beginning, "There was a young man in his prime, that lately would be wed." To the tune of '*Behold the man with a can in his hand.*' Another is 'Couragious *Betty of Chick-Lane*, giving an account of a fearful Battle between her and two thumping Taylors,' etc., to the tune of *Lilliburtero*, and beginning, "Boys, let us sing the glory and fame." (Reprinted, vol. iii. p. 641.)

The allusions to the *Cucumber-time*, its influence on Taylor, is a standing joke in most of these ballads, and perhaps their accredited inordinate indulgence in consuming this luxury accounts for the supposititious '*Melancholy of Taylors.*'

We have to do with that reported Battle between a Warlike Taylor and a certain "Six-legged Creature," or "Wonder of Wonders," that is made the subject of sundry ballads. Soldiers at Breda, and Taylors everywhere, had been taunted for closely harbouring what Shakespeare's Welsh parson, Sir Hugh Evans, calls "A familiar beast to man, and signifies Love." (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, l. 1.) Thus we give two Roxburghe Ballads, and others following.

This Roxburghe version, entitled, 'The Wonder of Wonders,' is a tolerably skilful recasting and elongation of an earlier ditty, '*The Louse*,' which appeared in 1661, on p. 49, of *Merry Drollery*, Part Second, Collected by *W. N., C. B., R. S.,* and *J. G.,* Lovers of Wit ; printed by *J. W.* for *P. H.*, etc. It was one of many omitted from the 1670 edition of *Merry Drollery, Compleat*, which was in 1691 reissued with a new title-page, but otherwise the sheets unchanged. We reprinted it on p. 253 of *Choice Drollery*, 1876. (*Six stanzas.*) It begins,

IF that you will hear of a Ditty, that's framed by a six-footed Creature,  
She hves both in Town and City, she is very loving by nature :  
She'l offer her service to any, she'l stick close but she'l prevail,  
She's entertained by too many, till death no man she will fail.

It re-appeared in the *Westminster Drollery* of 1671, p. 88, "Will you please to hear a new Ditty?" as 'The Souldier's praise of a Louse,' ending thus:—

From her and her breed, *Jove* defend us, for her company we have had store ;  
Let her go to the Court and the Gentry, and trouble poor *Soldiers* no more.

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 533; Pepys, IV. 281; Huth, II. 156; *Bibl. Lindes.*, 262.]

## The Wonder of Wonders; Or, An Excellent Song of a Six-legged Creature.

TUNE OF *Old Simon the King*. This may be Printed, R.P.

COME, listen unto my new Ditty, it is of a Monstrous Creature,  
Who liveth in *London's* fair City, she's known to be loving by Nature.  
She liveth in service with many, a creature both loving and quiet;  
And wages she ne'er receiv'd any, so she hath both lodging and dyet.

She is not for running away, her anger she soon can expell;  
Till Death with her Master she'l stay, if that he will use her but well.  
This Creature she is not very tall, sometimes she's upon the *Exchange*;  
Full six legs she travels withal: Oh! is this not wond'rous strange?

She will venture as far in a Battel as any stout Souldier that goes;  
Tho' Cannons and Musquets do rattle, she cares not a Fig for her Foes.  
She values no pistol nor gun, nor any Commander's high words;  
Nor will she be put to the run, for fear of a thousand drawn swords.

She ranges the streets very late, her valour and courage is such,  
She fears not a knock on the pate, by Constable, Beadle, or Watch.  
Thus she in her freedom does reign, no creature more stouter and bolder:  
The Stocks she does highly disdain, they never was able to hold her.

A Washer she cannot endure, foul Linnen is all her delight,  
For there she can lye most secure, and never be put to the fright.  
That man that hath been a great waster, and everything he doth lack,  
She chuseth him to be her Master, although not a shirt to his back.

Although he be never so poor, without e're a Groat in his Purse,  
She'll guard him behind and before, her love it is never the worse.  
A fuller account I will give of her worthy Fame or Renown;  
This creature she often doth live with many fine Blades of the Town.

Her Pedigree now I'll unfold, resolving to speak in her praise;  
She sprung from a Nation of old, where I never was many days,  
'Twas *Egypt*, as I have heard say, which once was our natural soil:  
But now she is grown very gray, with travelling many a mile.

You know when old *Herod* was King, there then was a wonderful sort  
Of these in that Nation did spring, and nurs'd by his Ladies at Court,  
The reason that many don't love her, because she such numbers doth breed;  
But this is the worst I say of her,—she is a Back-biter indeed. *Finis*.

Printed for *James Bissel*, at the *Bible and Harp*, in *West-Smithfield*.

Where any Chapmen may be furnished with all sorts of new and old Songs.

[In Black-letter. With four woodcuts: 1st, the odd man on p. 331; 2nd, a Scorpion; 3rd, a man, on p. 296; 4th, couple, on p. 7. Date, 1685-88.]

What say Justice Shallow and his servants of the Falstaffian followers who visit Gloucestershire: if back-biters? "No worse than they are back-bitten, for they have marvellous foul linen." "Well said, Davie!" One should have Shakespeare at his fingers' ends: in this case, *ad unquem*.

Robert Burns records what he saw in church, when he ought not to have been looking at a lady's head, "Ha! Wha're ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie?"

On p. 478, 'A Bloody Battle between a Taylor and a Louse,' tune of, *I am the Duke of Norfolk*, is modernised from John Taylor the Water-Poet's 1652 original "There was upon a time a Taylor neat and fine" (p. 479).

[Roxburge Collection, III. 367. Apparently unique.]

## A Bloody Battle between a Taylor and a Louse.

A Taylor and a Louse liv'd together in a house,  
 And betwixt them a Quarrel arose,  
 The Taylor he thought much, and he ow'd the Louse a grutch, [*text*, 'grudge.'  
 For breeding her young in his Cloathes.  
 Says the Louse, "I wonder much, that your malice should be such,  
 That you would turn me out of Door,  
 One time, you know, my Brood was the best part of your food,  
 You was so damnably poor.  
 Deny this if you can, 'Nine Taylors make a Man;'  
 With nought but a Louse can you fight:  
 But was a Louse to turn again, you're such valiant-hearted Men,  
 'Twould put you in a fright!"  
 So then, this very time, this Taylor neat and fine [*Cf. Orig.*  
 Caught the Louse by the Collar-Bone:  
 Said he, "I'll let you know, before I let you go,  
 Whether a Taylor be a man or no[ne]!"  
 The Louse she gave a start, and the Taylor let a *F[aux pas]*,  
 And unto him thus did say,  
 "Do not strike me when I'm down! That's the trick of a Clown,  
 I pr'ythee let's have fair play."  
 Says the Taylor, "This I grant, that courage I do want,  
 But the name of a Coward I scorn,  
 Fight your best, I do advise, I'll give you time to rise,  
 For your speeches are not to be borne."  
 Then the Louse stood bolt upright, and made a bloody Fight,  
 Gave the Taylor a damnable blow;  
 For he hit him o'er the Nob, made the Taylor sigh and sob,  
 He knew not how to stand or go.  
 Then the Taylor got his Goose, and he threw it at the Louse,  
 And gave her a Bang on the side;  
 Says the Louse, "Your heart is weak, for that's a Coward's Trick,  
 And now I will well tan your Hide."  
 Then the Louse got his Sheers, and clipt the Taylor's ears,  
 And the Blood it run on the floor:  
 And the Taylor sigh'd and cry'd, you would have thought he'd dyed,  
 And said he would fight no more.  
 So now you plainly see, what valiant men they be, altho' of their Courage  
 But let them once be try'd, hard blows they can't abide, [they boast;  
 They'd rather have a Pot and Toast.  
 If there's any Taylor here, who thinks I do jeer, or imagine I do him wrong,  
 Let him take a gun and fight, for King *George* and *England's* right;  
 And so here I'll end my Song.

*All Gentlemen Taylors that are willing to serve in the Company of Captain Louse, in Col. Flea's Regiment of Foot, let them repair to the sign of the Cabbage and three Cucumbers, where they shall be kindly entertain'd, and enter into present pay, with a nitty pair of breeches, and Three Cucumbers a day.*

*Gentlemen Taylors. Now mind your Exercise: See that you march with a full Body and an empty Stomach, advance your Needle, coek your Bodkins, rest your Yard-wand, prime your Thimbles, shoulder your Sheers, join your Right-hand to the waistband of your Breeches, draw forth your live Lice, cut their heads off, and fling their dead bodies to the ground; Let the quick ones march by two and three while the Drum beats Nit-a-Nit, from the Right-hand, doubled to the Left, Triple file of Taylors: so march to the devil. [White-letter. Date, c. 1746.]*

## A Dreadful Battle between a Taylor and a Louse ; Or,

A Tryal of Skill to probe if we can,  
A Taylor's more than ninth part of a man.

The Tune is, *I am the Duke of Norfo'k* [= *Paul's Steeple, Popular Music*, p. 120.]

Here was, upon a time, a Taylor neat and fine,  
Caught a Louse on 's shoulder-bone ;  
"P'le make thee for to know, before that thou do go,  
Whether a *Taylor be a man*, or none."

He caught her by the back, and made her bones crack,  
And made her Nose for to bleed ;  
But more than I can tel[1], I know it very well,  
He saw'd up her [jaws] with his thread.  
The Louse began to roar ; drave the Taylor out of door,  
Being put in a pittiful fear ;  
He came again at last, when the danger it was past,  
And it wanted one month in a year.

A Nit did interpose, and took him by the Nose,  
Whilst the Louse did his courage regain ;  
He entered the List, and he spit on his Fist,  
And vowed to fight [the Taylor] once again.  
Then he caught up his shears, to have clipt off her ears,  
Which made the Louse for to tremble,  
But before he durst fight, he said he must go [aright],  
So armed himself in his Thimble.

The Louse she being gray, with age, as some do say,  
And having no weapon to fight,  
She opened her mouth, from East, West, North, and South,  
And at the poor Taylor did bite.  
The Taylor, with his Pike, did thrust, prick, and strike,  
And [he] gave the Louse deep stitches ;  
But the Louse gave a tug, that made the Taylor shrug,  
And wrong the in-seams of his britches.

The Taylor took his Yard, the Louse she bit hard,  
Which made his Goose take his part ;  
But the Louse forty-strong did do the Taylor wrong,  
Which grieved the Taylor at heart.  
A Tinker coming by [with] a Weaver did espie,  
And a Broom-man, as he sat bousing ;  
Two Beggars they likewise, with two Gipsies, did devise,  
To learn a new way of [car]ousing.

The Louse she heard them come, and away began to run,  
To a Soldate on a bench sleeping ;  
But the Taylor, like a Jack, by the tail pull'd her back,  
Which made the poor Louse fall a weeping.  
She bit, she scratch'd, she scrub'd, and his elbow he rub'd,  
And the Louse did her self defend ;  
And the Taylor, as 't befell, flung the Louse into hell, [*i.e.*, the receptacle  
for waste scrap-  
-s.

Now if any one can—say, the *Taylor's not a man*,  
Let him shew me the reason why !  
For the victory was won by a Taylor all alone,  
Then there's no better man than I.

Finis. [John] Taylor.

## The Taylor's Vindication ; or, An Answer to the Warlike Taylor.

TO THE TUNE OF *Jenny Gin*, or *Hey, Boys, up go we*. [See *Index* to vol. vi.]

OF late there was a false Old Knave, did write a senseless Song,  
About a Taylor and a Louse, which makes me think thereon.  
*Therefore I say, as well I may, and prove it well I can,*  
*Let e'ry Knave say what he will, a Taylor is a man.*

And many saucy squibs and jeers he gave them in his Song,  
And says that Taylors were *no men*, in which he did them wrong :  
But to vindicate the Taylor's cause, *and prove it well I can,*  
*Let e'ry Knave say what he will, a Taylor is a man.*

The strong, the weak, the rich, the poor, the Free-man and the Saylor,  
The honest woman and the whore, will speak well of the Taylor.  
*Therefore I say as well as I may, and prove it well I can,*  
*Let e'ry Knave say what he will, a Taylor is a man.*

The best of all will badly speed, if Taylors did not make it,  
And help them when they are in need, they might like beasts go naked :  
*Therefore I say, as well I may, etc.* [See, *passim*.]

*Adam* and *Eve* in *Paradise*, although they wanted nothing,  
Yet they went naked at the first, and wore no kind of clothing. *Therefore, etc.*

They sew'd Figg-leaves and Breeches made, to hide their shame of sinning,  
And so began the Taylor's Trade, at the world's first beginning. *Therefore, etc.,*

King *Solomon* in rich array, as said the Royal Story,  
Most gorgeous garments he did [display] in all his compound Glory. [*text*, 'wear.'

In Royal Robes and rich array, let there be no mistaking,  
He went : there's no man can deny, 'twas of the Taylor's making.

Another thing I can you tell, concerning their just dealing,  
They love their Honesty so well, and hate the trade of Stealing.

Base Thievery they can't abide, when Work is brought unto them,  
But if any Shreds be cast aside, I wish['t] much good may do them.

*Therefore I say [as well I may, and prove it well I can,*  
*Let ev'ry Knave say what he will, a Taylor is a man.]*

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, near the *Hospital-Gate*, in *West-Smithfield*.

[Black-letter. Five woodcuts. Date, after 1676.]

Taylors were perpetually twitted (as these ballads show), with, 1st, licentious conduct; 2nd, insufficiency in manhood; 3rd, dishonesty; 4th, uncomeliness of person. The calumnies were notorious. 5th, gullibility was also imputed.

On our pp. 188, 189, we reprinted 'My Wife will be my Master,' appointed to be sung to the tune of *A Taylor is a Man*. The three-star Note was a fore-token of this Group. A contradictory assertion that *A Taylor is no Man* is made, in the Pepysian ballad entitled 'Labour in Vain; or, *The Taylor no Man* : Containing the Lamentation of his Buxom Wife, for her hard usage and his Insufficiency.' Tune of *Let Mary live long*. Licensed according to Order. Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blure, and J. Back*. It begins,

"Young Women, I pray, be pleased to pity my sorrowful ditty  
This eighteen months' day I have been a Bride ;  
Yet I'll make it appear, I am never the near, I'm forced to complain,  
My Husband he treats me, my Husband he treats me with labour in vain."

## Oxfordshire Betty.

Containing her Joaking Letter to Tom the Taylor, near Tower-street, who[m] she fairly left in the Lurch, and married with a Parson.

TUNE OF, *I love you more and more each day.* [See p. 466, and *Addenda.*]

“POOR Tom the Taylor, don’t lament, because I now am married,  
To you this letter I have sent, and tell you that I tarry’d  
Too long for such a Knave as you, who has no sense or breeding,  
I pray look on this line or two, *this line or two,*  
You’ll find it worth your reading.” 5

“I have in order here set down your wonderful Expences;  
Yet never let it crack your crown, nor rob you of your senses:  
Do not, like one distracted, muse, such fools there are too many,  
Yet sense and wit *you cannot loose* [*Repeat*], *because you n’er had any.*

“You courted me, I must confess, in famous London City,  
And when you made your first Address, it was exceeding witty.  
‘*I prithee, Betty, what’s a clock?*’ or some such fine expression:  
This showed you had a *swinging stock*, . . . of *Wisdom and Discretion.*

“I’ll tell you, Tom, I ha’n’t forgot how you did vow you’d treat me;  
Yet I was forced to pay the Shot, when ever you did meet me:  
What May-pole faces would you make, and sighing cry, ‘Dear Honey,  
Supply my wants, for *pitty’s sake* . . . *Alas! I have no money!*’ 20

“I’d strive to keep you from Disgrace, that you might not be slighted  
When other Persons was in place, where we was both invited;  
I’d slip a shilling in your hand, because of your submission:  
For I full well *did understand* . . . a *Taylor’s poor condition.*

“When I to *Oxford-shire* did go, where pleasures I am reaping,  
That news I would not let you know, for fear you wou’d fall a-weeping.  
I did from London Town remove, according to Discretion,  
Because I knew *I could not love* . . . a *Man of your Profession.* 30

“You are a pack of nasty Curs, in e’ry Long Vacation  
You feed so much on Cucum[b]ers, you’d poyson half the Nation:  
And Cabbage all the year beside, of which you are no failer:  
What woman can lye *by the side* . . . of a *Mechanick Taylor?*

“My Hnsband is a Clergy-man, of worthy Birth and Breeding;  
I wear my Topping, Lace, and Fan, and am on daintys feeding;  
Thus do I lead a splendid Life, continual joys receiving:  
Then who would be a Taylor’s Wife, a *Taylor’s Wife!* 40  
*Whose Husbands live by Thieving?*”

Printed for C. Bates, near the Crown Tavern, in West Smithfield.

[White-letter. No cuts. Three bars of music. Date, *circa* 1690-92.]

Another ballad mentioning a Taylor’s Wife, begins, “I am as bold a *Hector*, as most is in the Nation.” Title, ‘The London Libertine; or, the Lusty Gallant: printed for J. Sciennee, in the Great Old-Baily;’ tune of *The Guinea wins her*, ‘The Intreagues of Love,’ “How happy are We.” (See *Edit. Addenda*, p. xii\*\*.)

“A Taylor’s Wife, poor woman! one morning chanced to meet me, [5th stanza.]  
*Her Husband he was no Man*, therefore she did entreat me  
To stand her friend in time of need, saying ‘It was a charitable deed;’  
Besides she laid me down Two Guineys and a Crown  
‘*Here’s all I have,*’ she cry’d, ‘*I have a Groat beside; let me not be deny’d.*  
*Kind Sir, Sir, my Husband is a poor Taylor!*’”

As a motto, on p. 466, we gave a stanza of 'The Couragious Cook-Maid; or, Hey for the North-Country: being a *Leicestershire* Frolick, performed by an Esquire's Cook-maid, who, being disguis'd in Man's apparel, robb'd five Taylors upon the High-way of Five Pounds, which they had newly received of her Master, for work which they had done; she having no weapons about her but a large Black-Pudding, which they supposed in the Night to be a Pistol, they very quietly delivered their money: which she carrying home, caused much mirth and laughter throughout the whole Family. Likewise how she Conjured for the money when they came to her Master, to set forth Hue and Cry after the Padder.' Sung to the tune of, *The City Caper* (a ballad beginning "The *Jenny*, a small Pickaroon in the Park"); Or, *Digby*. Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke*, n.d. circa 1670. (C. 22, fol. 101; Lindes., 961.) 12 stanzas. Begins,

"Of late in the North a fine frolique did pass,  
Five Taylors was robbed by a jovial young Lass;  
The jest it is true, and will make you to smile  
If you will have patience to listen a while;  
No weapons of Death had this Amazon stout,  
But with a Black-pudding she put them to th' rout:  
*Then finikin Taylors who follow the trade,  
Remember the Pudding, and Doll the Cook-maid.*

"These Taylors did usually work by the day,  
For four-pence and porridge, the story docs say," etc.

[With four cuts: 1st, the man alone, of our p. 210, saying 'Ah, Lord! we are all undone;,' 2nd, on p. 376; 3rd, knight, vi. 84; 4th, on p. 7.]

Another version of the same story was sung to the tune of *Ragged and Torn and True* (for the ballad, of December, 1630, giving this name to the tune of *Old Sir Simon the King*, see vol. ii. p. 409). It was printed for *P. Brooksby*, and is entitled 'A *Leicestershire* Frolick; or, The Valiant Cook-Maid. Being a merry composed jest of Five Taylors that had been at work till their wages came to Five Pounds,' etc. With Allowance. It has seventeen stanzas, beginning thus:—

"I'll tell you a pretty fine jest if that you do please it to hear,  
For the truth on't I do protest, I'm sure that you need not to fear:  
It is of a valiant Cook-maid, that lived at a Noble-man's place,  
And five Taylors that once were afraid, when as they lookt her in the face.  
*O this was a valiant Cook-maid, without either Pistol or Gun,  
But with a Black-Pudding did fright five Taylors, and put them to th' run.*

"This Noble-man, upon a time, had great store of work for to do,  
But to bring everything into rhyme 'twill study my brains, you must know;  
Five Taylors that liv'd hard by, *that worked for fourpence a day,*  
For Beef and for Pudding at night, they'd better do so than to play.

"These Taylors a great while did work, two Masters and their three men,  
They labour'd as hard as a *Turk*, with stitching both too and agen;  
And when that their work it was done, their money unto them was told,  
Full five good pounds, it is known, of Silver, but not of red Gold.

"And when as their money they'd got, then who was so jocund as they?  
Each man of the best drank his pot, and homewards they straight took their way.  
A Cook-maid there was in the house, that us'd full merry to be,  
Who went to her Master in haste, and these words unto him did say,  
*O this was a valiant Cook-maid, etc.*" (*Passim*.)

The two versions of the story have no common origin of a Playhouse-song.



Two ballads (already reprinted in vol. iii. pp. 402, 405) were entitled respectively, 1st, ‘The Maidens’ Frollick; Or, a brisk Relation how Six lusty Lasses has prest full Fourteen Taylors, at the backside of St. *Clement’s*, and the other adjacent places. To the tune of *An Orange* [not before 1688], beginning “Of late near the *Strand*, we well understand, Six Lasses that took a Frollick in hand;” 2nd, ‘An Answer to the Maidens’ Frollick; or, the Taylors’ Resolution to be Reveng’d of these Petticoat Press-Masters,’ etc. Same tune, and same publishers; *Brooksby, Deacon, Blare, Back*. It begins, “’Tis not long ago, good people you know, Since six lusty Maids did a frolicking go.” Also in *Roxburghe Ballads*, iii. 401, was given the first stanza of ‘The Valiant Dairy Maid; or, Three Taylors well fitted.’ Joan the Dairy Maid “with a rolling pin put three Taylors to the run.” It begins, “There were three Taylors, Taylors three.” Date, *circa* 1685 92. The tune (named in this vol. vii. on pp. 32, 95, 161) is, *My Child must have a Father*; or, *Billy and Molly*. The latter agrees with *I am a Maid and a very good Maid* (p. 447).

Not only were Tailors accounted ‘insufficient’ in every respect, but even the unlucky and harassed woman who chanced to be the wife of a tailor encountered ribaldry and slander in the Smithfield broadsides. It was an indefensibly savage persecution, no doubt, like the *Judenhetz*, which remains a disgrace to modern civilization. But our business is simply that of the ballad-historian. One instance of this illiberal warfare is entitled ‘The Jolly Coachman; or, the Buxome Taylor’s Wife’s late Folly.’ Printed for *P. Brooksby*, 1685. To the tune of, *A Job for a Journey-man Shoe-maker* (p. 471). With Argument-verse,

“When Wantons they will run astray, their fancies thus to feed,  
And truck for coyn, for feathers fine, sure they are Drabs indeed.”

It begins, “A Taylor’s Wife exceeding fair, a Coach-man often courted.” (C. 22, fol. 54; Jersey, II. 130 = Lindes., 1107.) Another, our p. 484, is named, ‘The Taylor’s Wanton Wife of *Wapping*; or, a Hue and Cry after a Lac’d Petticoat,’ etc. (Compare with this the title of *Roxb. Ballads*, iv. 31, ‘The *Deptford* Frollick; or, A Hue and Cry after the Shag-Breeches,’ beginning, “One night when blustering winds blew cold.” Of it another exemplar was Jersey Coll., II. 106, now Lindesiana, 988.) The tune of, *What shall I do, to show how much I love her?* belongs to a song written by Thomas Betterton, for his play, ‘*Diocletian, or, The Prophetess*, act iii. scene 4, 1690 (sung while Maximinian gazes on the Princess: the music, by Henry Purcell, in Hawkins’s *Hist. of Music*, v. 390). Seldom is any “young honest poor Taylor” recognised in ballad-lands, *rara avis in terris*, as he is here, horns notwithstanding.

What shall I do to show how much I love her?  
How many millions of Sighs can suffice?  
That which wins other hearts, never can move her,  
Those common methods of Love she’ll despise.  
I will love more than e’er lov’d before me,  
Gaze on her all the day, melt all the night;  
’Till for her own sake, at last she’ll implore me  
To love her less, to preserve our Delight.

Since Gods themselves cannot ever be loving,  
Men must have breathing-recruits for new Joys;  
I wish my Love could be always improving,  
Tho’ eager Love more than Sorrow destroys.  
In fair *Aurelia’s* arms, leave me expiring,  
’To be embalm’d by the sweets of her Breath,  
To the last moment, I’ll still be desiring:  
Never had Hero so glorious a Death.

[By Thomas Betterton, 1690.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 493; Jersey, I. 32 = *Biblio. Lindesiana*, 494.]

**The Taylor's Wanton Wife of Wapping; Or,**  
**A Hue-and-Cry after a Lac'd Petticoat, flow'r'd Gown, and rich**  
**Cornet; with other Apparel, which was lost in the Chamber**  
**of Love.**

TO THE TUNE OF, *What shall I do to show how much I love her?* (See p. 483.)

Licensed according to Order.

**H**ERE I will give you a perfect Relation  
 Of a young Female that liv'd near *New Crane*,  
 Who us'd to ramble for her Recreation,  
 Though her poor Husband did sigh and complain:  
 Who was, it seems, a young honest poor Taylor,  
 Which was not able to give her content,  
 At length she met with a jolly brisk Sailor,  
 And to a Tavern they lovingly went.

This Seaman call'd for store of Canary,  
 Which was sufficient to keep out the cold;  
 Thus for a while they were heartily merry:  
 For why? his pockets were lined with Gold.  
 Thus enterchanging their tender embraces,  
 While in the Tavern together they stay'd,  
 Still he admir'd her amorous Graces,  
 And like two Lovers together they play'd.

16

"My dearest Creature," said he, "I had rather,  
 Have thee than any fair Lady I know;  
 Therefore this night we will both lodge together,  
 Home to the Tailor my dear shall not go.  
 We will enjoy all the raptures of pleasure;  
 A sweeter Creature sure never was known:  
 I will endow thee with part of my Treasure,  
 And let the Taylor this night lye alone."

As he the charms of this Jilt did admire,  
 And e'ery beautiful feature adore,  
 She did immediately grant his desire,  
 Thinking thereby to rife his store:  
 Said she, "I'll seize all the Cargo about him,  
 And then his courage will surely be laid,  
 And down the Stairs I will soon steal without him:  
 For it is reason, I should be well paid."

32

The Seaman never fear'd rock, wind, nor weather,  
 Which the young Female she cunningly saw;  
 And as they both did sit drinking together,  
 Out from his Pob she his Guineas did draw;  
 And the young Seaman he chanc'd to perceive her,  
 Yet not a tittle or word did he say,  
 Thought he, "I now am resolved to leave her,  
 In sad vexation, before morning-day."

She had no sooner laid hold of the Booty,  
 But down the Stairs she was ready to go ;  
 Said the young Seaman, " My amorous Beauty,  
 We'll call the Drawer : it must not be so." [t. 'adm.']  
 Seeing, alas ! she could not be [per]mitted,  
 Again to drinking Canary they fell ;  
 Certainly never was woman so fitted :  
 O, 'tis a sorrowfull Story to tell. 48

Their lodging in the next room was prepared,  
 Where the young Seaman soon laid her asleep ;  
 Tho' he with drinking was tired and wearied,  
 His eyes from slumber all night he did keep ;  
 And before morning he seized on his Treasure,  
 Which to her pocket she [d un]fairly convey'd,  
 Said he, " Thou now shalt be plagu'd out of measure,  
 A just Example of thee shall be made."

Her silken Coats, that was laid down with Lace[s],  
 Her flower'd Gown, with rich Cornet also, [qu. Coronet ?]  
 This Seaman early next morning embraces,  
 And down the Stairs did immediately go :  
 Thus no apparel, Alas ! did he leave her,  
 Whereby to rig her, when she should awake,  
 Since she did rob him, he vow'd to deceive her ;  
 Aboard on Ship streight his way he did take. 64

Missing her Gallant, ah ! how she lamented,  
 And for her Husband was forced to send,  
 Who like an honest good Man was contented,  
 Saying, " She wa' n't the first that did offend,  
 It was along of this Rascal the Sailor !"  
 His wife he then was unwilling to blame :  
 Now there is work for this honest poor Taylor,  
 To cloth[e] and rig his young *Jenny* again.

### Finis.

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.*

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts : 1st, in vol. iii. p. 369, needed here for p. 156 ;  
 2nd, the wood-carving frieze on p. 209. Date, 1690-92.]

Scarcely less criminal in her unfaithfulness, but without similar attempt at thieving (such as brought punishment of *Lex talionis* on one devoted head at Wapping), is another Tailor's Wife, in *Touch and Go*. Her husband is fully as vicious as herself, both in the happy hunting grounds of Schneiderdom and Thimble-rig, where, as in Lotus-land, it 'seemed always afternoon' or a little later to the libertine crew. "Courage!" he said, and pointed to the *Strand!*

[This is how Tennyson meant to have printed it : so written in a Nirgend's College MS., not an autograph for sale at auctions, avoiding tautology of his text.]

'*Touch and Go*' is outside of the Roxburghe Collection, unique in Rawlinson's. 4to. 566, fol. 92. We give it on p. 486. It has this Argument-verse :—

This Monsieur and his Mate met both together,  
 In *Venus*' School, not knowing t' one o' th' other ;  
 But he, poor fool, was a Cuckold made, before  
 He could ascend the Chamber with his whore :  
 Therefore I well may speak it without erring,  
 There's neither Barrel of them better Herring.

## Touch and Go ; or, the French Taylor finely Trappan'd.

TUNE OF, *Sound a Charge, Sound a Charge, etc.* [For *Argument*, see p. 485.]

A Taylor in the *Strand*, *Touch and go, touch and go*,

Most finely was Trappan'd, *touch and go* :

His name I will not write, tho' by a cunning slight  
He was cornuted quite, and all was brought to light.

*Touch and go, touch and go.*

He lately came from *France*, *touch and go, touch and go.*

His fortune to advance, *touch and go.*

His Bodkin and his Thimble. O, he was wondrous nimble,

And well he could dissemble, when wench he would wimble, *touch and go.*

At [first] he spake all *French*, and courted many a wench, [text, 'length.']

But 'ere that it was long, he learnt the *English* tongue,

And after, right or wrong, he fell to work ding dong. *Touch and go.*

At length his chance it was, to marry with a Lass,

Who was both fair and free, and kind as kind could be ;

And well they did agree, whilst he had liberty. *Touch and go.*

20

The Spring was in the Prime, *touch and go, touch and go* ;

*Before Cucumber-time, touch and go* ;

[*Toujours les concombres ! !*]

When as he did pretend to go and see a Friend,

One afternoon to spend, and this was all his end : *Touch and go, touch and go.*

When he abroad was gone, She would not stay alone,

But straight she did provide a Gallant by her side ;

And, in her pomp and pride, they in a coach did ride.

To tell you where they went it is not my intent ;

But sure they did resort where *Venus* kept [her] Court,

[text, 'his.']

A while to play and sport : and who can blame them for 't ?

Whilst they together were, the Taylor he came there

And spake his *Pedlar's-French*, that he would have a wench

Either [at board] or bench, his nature of Love to quench. *Touch and go.*

40

And then up-stairs he went, to perfect his intent ;

Where he his wife espy'd, close by a Gallant's side,

Sit in her pomp and pride : then in a rage he cry'd. *Touch and go.*

"You arrant [Jilt]" he said, "Is this your private trade ?

Since I am so forlorn, to catch you in the Corn,

You'd better ne're been born, than make me wear the Horn ?"

[Thus, the Taylor having luckily met his wife at the same evil rendezvous, detection and recrimination ensue. She has better command of temper, as is usual in such cases, and secures the last word for herself, before she departs.]

Then up his wife did start, and said, "My dear Sweetheart,

You are as deep i' th' mire, as I am in the fire.

Therefore I you desire to mitigate your ire. *Touch and go.*"

55

Then down the stairs she flung : but when the news was rung,

The Taylor stamp'd and swore, as he had done before,

That such an Errant [*Shore*] should ne'er come in his door :

*Touch and go, touch and go.*

*Finis.*

LONDON, Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.*

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, given on pp. 176 and 148. Date, before 1674.]

A ballad is entitled 'The Lamentation of Seven Journeymen Taylors; being sent up in a Letter from *York-shire*, and written in verse by a Wit: Giving a true Account of a Wench, who, being with child, laid it to seven Journeymen Taylors, who at length was forc'd to contribute each man his penny a day,' etc. To the tune of, *I am the Duke of Norfolk*. Entred according to Order. Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel*. Four exemplars are found, *Pepys Coll.*, III. 337; *Douce*, I. 113; C. 22, e. 2, fol. 136; and *Biblio. Lindes.*, 146. It begins,

"Attend, and you shall hear, new Newes from *York-shire*,  
Of a Letter that was sent up in Rhime:  
Wherein they plainly show Seven *Taylors'* Overthrow:  
*And this was in Cowcumber-time.* . . . 6

"O but when they did come near, before the Justice to appear,  
Their hearts they began for to fail,  
With many cruel fears, hanging down their ears,  
Like a dog that has burnt his tayl. . . . 24

"The Justice to them said, 'You have wrong'd this Poor Maid,  
Therefore then, without any fail,  
You must bring [here] to me some good security,  
Or else you must all [go] to a Jale.' 36

THE TAYLORS' ANSWER TO THE JUSTICE.

"'Good Sir, hear what we say, *we work for a Groat a day*,  
Au' like your Worship, we can earn no more;  
Though we have done amiss, I pray excuse us this,  
For we never did the like before.' 42

"'That's neither here nor there; for the Child you shall take care,  
And also the woman too indeed.'  
They sent and got a friend, and soon did make an end,  
The *Taylors* with the Wench they agreed. 48

"As we do understand each *Taylor* set his hand  
To give each man his penny a day;  
And thus among them all their Charges was but small,  
They went most contentedly away.' 54

[This anticipates our modern '*Limited Liability*.' Mark the final settlement!]

"But when they did come home, their Wives did fret and fome,  
For it seems they had heard of the thing;  
Their tongues they did not spare, but like thunder in the ayr,  
They did make the whole Town for to ring. 60

"Their Wives did puff and snuff, they did both kick and cuff,  
That the *Taylors* w[ere] almost undone;  
Then all about the Town, they did kick them up and down:  
The poor *Taylors* knew not where to run." (*Etc.*, 3 stanzas.)

[We remember that our East-Riding Yorkshire Waits were fond of playing the interminable bewilderment of a tune called *The Devil among the Taylors*, as a finale. "The rest was silence," as Hamlet says, but *longo intervallo*.]

We here conclude our 'Group of Ballads on *Tom the Taylor*,' who does not turn out well from the moulding. 'A Second Group of Nautical Ballads' precedes the 'Historical Group.' Also on p. 488, *Au Clair de la Lune* is substituted for our lost ballad (*cf.* pp. 98, 446). 'If the door is lock'd, where I have knock'd.'

## INTERMEZZO, FOR PART XXI.

**Au Clair de la Lune.**

(Possibly the Lost Ballad of pp. 98, 446, dated 1683, from Nirgends Collection.)

*I*F the Door is lock'd, where I have  
 knock'd, who go by light o' the moon,  
 To beg the use of a tinder-box, and a pen,  
 from a churlish loon,  
 With my tiny rushlight in my hand,  
 but he will not open to me,—  
 If the door is lock'd, where I have  
 knock'd, alas ! for Charity.



[= 'Pour l'amour de Dieu !']

*By the light of the Moon, Pierrot replies : " I am fast asleep in my bed.  
 I cannot arise for a night-bird's cries ; but my Neighbour may, instead.  
 She is striking a spark somewhere in the dark, I heard her singing a tune :*

*If the door is lock'd, where you have knock'd, you can see by light o'  
 the Moon."*



*By the light o' the moon I turn aside,  
 And knock at the other door,  
 (Had I not guess'd that Pierrot was awake,  
 I might ha' done so before ;)  
 Quickly the Girl, how unlike the churl !  
 comes to the window to me :*

*" If the door is lock'd, where I have knock'd,  
 open, for Charity !" [= 'Pour le Dieu d'Amour.'*

*By light o' the moon one little can see ;  
 in total dark Love is blind.  
 Nellie found the Tinder-box for me ;  
 but my candle got left behind.  
 Spiteful Pierrot tells a tale of woe,  
 and says, by light o' the moon,  
 That her door was lock'd when later he knock'd !  
 To me it was opened soon.*



## Second Group of Nautical Ballads.

### The Mariner's Delight, with Seven Wives.

*Lancelot*.—"Here's a simple Line of Life!—*here's a small trifle of Wives!* Alas! fifteen wives is nothing, eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man; and then to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple 'scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear."—*Merch. of Venice*, ii. 2.

HAD he been well acquainted with dramatic lore, the hero of the ensuing ballad might have sympathized with the forecasts drawn from the occult study of palmistry by Launcelot Gobbo, the 'huge feeder,' but 'merry-devil' patch, who for awhile waited on "the Jew that Shakespeare drew," and whose sins were not heinous (although including the indecorum of poking fun at his poor old sand-blind father, and the abetting undutiful Jessica in her disobedience, if not also in her heartless thefts—for which we would have had her soundly whipt, and Lorenzo pilloried as her fraudulent accomplice: at any rate, they should have been excluded from Belmont). "*Here's a small trifle of wives!*" Our Mariner expresses delight with his experience of Matrimony, "*so far as he has got*" (to borrow a phrase from Artemus Ward, at Salt Lake City); although his wives may truly have fore-spoken Wordsworth's little Maid, and still cried, "We are Seven!" For most men, one at a time is not only enough, but (if the "Marriage a Failure" records were accurate) more than enough, in all conscience. It is possible to cry "Hail to the mirtle-shades!" or to orange blossoms too frequently. The new race of Wifedom is sadly degenerating; if we are to judge by the public utterances at the D.Court, and the increasing unwillingness of our Gilded Youth to surrender their liberty and become Benedicts. The wench (mentioned on p. 487) reverted to Polyandry with no less than seven men contemporaneously, but perhaps this does not count worse than any man's illicit monogyny, since the whole of her seducers were tailors. Her sin was fractional  $\frac{7}{5}$ , not reaching an integer.

Following this Polygamous Mariner, we come (on p. 491) to one of Laurence Price's rollicking ditties, a covey of twenty plump partridges, all taking wing, and willing to go to sea. They shared not the sentiment expressed in *Phantasmagoria* at Christmas, 1869.

"There are certain things—as a spider, a ghost,  
The Income-tax, an umbrella for three,  
That I hate: but the [nuisance] that I hate most  
Is the thing they call the Sea."

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 355; Huth Coll., II. 20; Jersey, I. 59 = Lind., 834.]

## The Hariner's Delight ; Or, the Seaman's Seven Wives.

Being a pleasant new song ; shewing how a Seaman call'd *Anthony* courted a young Maid whose Name is *Susan*, in *London* : and (with great difficulty) gain'd her affection. Notwithstanding he had seven Wives, all alive at that time : and at last was discovered, to the great advantage and satisfaction of the Vertuous Maid and all her Relations. From which every Woman, Widow, and Maid may learn how to be wary, and cautious in their Courting.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Hail to the Mirtle Shades*. [Vol. v. p. 422.]

“ MY Dearest, I must to the Sea ; I'm come now to bid thee adieu :  
But pray thee be constant to me, as I shall prove real and true :  
The wind and the storms may blow, and make a tempestuous sea ;  
But whithersoever I go, my heart it remaineth with thee.” 8

“ Dear *Anthony*,” *Susan* reply'd, “ I love you with soul, and with life ;  
But (I'm sure) you are basely belie'd, if you reckon to make me your Wife.  
I'm told that you have a whole score of Sweet-hearts, therefore 'tis in vain  
To think that you'll make me a whore, my credit to blemish, and stain.”

He seem'd as o're [w]helmed with care, and swore by all that is good,  
The Fowls that Fly in the Air, and Fishes that swim in the Flood,  
Before that he prov'd a false Lover to her that he had by the hand,  
No water the ocean should cover, nor green grass grow on the Land. 24

Then *Susan* began to look grave, and sorry for doubting his Love,  
And modestly pardon did crave, perswaded he real would prove.  
Then after a Glass of Canary, and such as the house could afford,  
The Seaman could no longer tarry, but kiss'd her and streight went aboard.

Poor *Susan* (for grief) she did cry, to think that her Sweet-heart was gone,  
And left her to sigh and to die, in love and in sorrow alone.  
But (thinking upon his returning), to languish she thought it in vain ;  
Therefore she left off her fond mourning, expecting to see him again. 40

But 'ere a month was o'erpast, the hopes of her marriage was gone,  
And sorrow her face did o'rcast, her heart was as cold as a stone ;  
A Maid, that was with her acquainted, inform'd her of *Anthony's* life ;  
Her shame and disgrace she prevented, and kept her from being his wife.

A wife in *Virginia* he had, and three more in *England* and *Wales*,  
In *Holland* a *Phraw* he did wed, a couple he marri'd in *Cailles*, [Frow . . *Cadiz*.  
But *Anthony* brave he was brisk, and pas'd for a Batchellor still ;  
And ready was for the next frisk, and Women he had at his will.

Then Maids that are honest and chaste, and you that are light (like the wind),  
And Widows, that still are confest to be ever loving and kind,  
Learn wisdom from what I have told, for words they are made but of air ;  
A Vertuous woman's worth gold ; and Men that are honest are rare. 72

Printed for *J[oshua] Conyers*, at the *Raven*, in *Duck-Lane*.

[Black-letter. Three cuts : on p. 203 ; and p. 136. Date, *circa* 1681.]



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 224 : Probably Unique.]

## The Gaydens of London's brave Adventures.

Or, A Boon Voyage intended for the Sea.

Some gone before and some to follow, [having to guide them all, *Apollo* :]  
Their Sweet-hearts are resolv'd also this noble Voyage for to go ;  
Because they hold their Love so dear, as in this Ditty you shall hear.

TUNE IS, *A Taylor is a man* [p. 480] ; or, *Wet and Weary* [Note, p. 492].

COME all you very merry *London* Girls, that are disposed to travel,  
There is a Voyage now at hand, will save your feet from gravel.  
If you have shooes, you need not fear for wearing out the Leather ;  
For why, you shall on shipboard go, like loving Rogues together.  
*Some are already gone before, the rest must after follow,*  
*Then come away, and do not stay, your guide shall be Apollo.* 12

*Peg, Nell, and Sisse, Kate, Doll, and Besse, Sue, Rachel, and sweet Sara,*  
*Jone, Prudence, and Grace* have took their place, with *Debora, Jane and Mary,*  
*Fair Winifright, and Bridget* bright, sweet *Rose* and pretty *Nany,*  
With *Ursely* neat, and *Alice* compleat, that had the love of many.  
*All these brave Girls, and others more, conducted by Apollo,*  
*Have ta'ne their leaves, and are gone before, and their Loves will after follow.*

Then why should those that are behind slink back, and dare not venture ?  
For you shall prove the Sea-men kind, if once the ships you enter.  
You shall be fed with good strong fare, according to the season,  
Bisket, salt-Beef, and English Beer, and Pork well boyled with Peason.  
*And since that some are gone before, the rest with Joy may follow,*  
*To bear each other company, conducted by Apollo.* 36

When you come to the appointed place, your minds you need not trouble,  
For every groat that you got here, you shall have three times double.  
For there are Gold and Silver Mines, and Treasures much abounding,  
As plenty as *New-Castle* Coales, at some parts may be founding.  
*Then come away, make no delay, all you that mean to follow ;*  
*The Ships are ready bound to go, conducted by Apollo.* 48

THE SECOND PART, to the same Tune.

FOR victuals, when as you come there, you shall have choice and plenty ;  
Pigs, Turkeys, Geese, Cocks, Hens, and Ducks, and other fare most dainty.  
Also be sure that you shall have enough sold for your money,  
A good fat Capon for a groat, and eighteen eggs a penny.  
*Then come, brave Lasses, come away, if you desire to follow*  
*Your sisters that are gone before, conducted by Apollo.* 60

Thinne cloathing then may serve your turn, when as you do come thither,  
For there the Sun is hot enough, and very warm the weather :  
All that you'll have to care for there is very little or nothing,  
For there is all things at cheap rates, both meat and drink and cloathing.  
*Then come, brave Lasses, come away, you need not fear to follow*  
*Those that are newly gone, I say, conducted by Apollo.* 72

If any of you have Sweet-hearts, let not that greatly grieve you ;  
 'Tis very like they shall be sent, soon after, to relieve you :  
 And when they come where as you are, and sees your lovely faces,  
 You will joyce to meet them there, with kisses and imbraces.

*Make haste away, use no delay, conducted by Apollo ;*

*If that the Maidens go before, the Young-men they will follow.*

84

The Reason, as I understand, why you go to that Nation,  
 Is to inhabit that far Land, and make a new plantation ;  
 Where you shall have good ground enough, for Planting and for Tilling,  
 Which never shall be taken away, so long as you there are [will]ing. [t. 'liv.']

*Then come, brave lasses, come away, conducted by Apollo,*

*Although that you do go before, your sweet-hearts they will follow.*

96

### The Young Men's Resolution to follow their Sweet-hearts, and seek till they find them.

SEeing our sweet-hearts are gone before, great cause we have to mind them ;  
 And we are firmly now resolved to seek until we find them.  
 Wee'le crosse the cursed Ocean main, our minds shall no way waver,  
 Til we have found our Loves again, and got into their favour.

*For since that they are gone before, with speed we will them follow ;*

*For fear their foes should do them wrong, if they should misse Apollo.*

108

Sweet *Neptune* be our safe convoy, and *Jove*, we pray, befriend us ;  
 That we our true-loves may enjoy, great *Mars* such fortune send us,  
 That no false *Spaniard* may betray our loves to keep them from us ;  
 Then shall we meet with them once more, according to our promise.

*For since that they are passed away, we cannot chuse but follow,*

*Through fire or water, heat or cold, conducted by Apollo.*

120

Take courage now, my noble hearts, let not *Jack Spaniard* jeer us ;  
 If we but take each other's parts, the Infidels will fear us.

'Tis neither *Pagan*, *Turk*, nor *Jew*, nor any proud *Philistians*,  
 That can our *English* men subdue, nor wrong us that are *Christians*.

*Our Sweet-hearts they are gone before, and we'le make haste to follow,*

*For it is suppos'd they are bound to sea, conducted by Apollo.*

132

So now, dear hearts, we come, we come, ther's nothing will dismay us,  
 I hope there is no friend of ours, that will desire to stay us.

Our forraign foes we do not fear, God and good Angels guide us,  
 For you we'le venture far and near, what chance so ever betyde us.

*Through old America or Spain, conducted by Apollo,*

*We'le search to find you out again, so closely will we follow.*

144

Finis. L.P. [*i.e.* by Laurence Price.]

London, Printed for Fran[*eis*] Grove, on Snow-hill.

[In Black-letter. Single woodcut, a Sea-fight, a reduced copy is on p. 494.  
 Date, probably *circa* 1656, or earlier.]

\* \* The original ballad belonging to the tune of *Wet and Weary* has not been found. It seems to have held this burden, and may have been Price's own. The tune was cited in 'Sack for my Money' (vol. vi. p. 319). To be mentioned again, soon, for 'The Famous Woman Drummer,' also by Laurence Price.

[Roxb. Coll., II. 152; Bagford, II. 156; Pepys, IV. 167; Jer., I. 8 = Lind., 723. 1

## Faithful *Jemmy* and Constant *Susan*.

Living near *Reddriff* [= *Rotherhithe*].

When *Jemmy* he was bound to Sea, *Susan* she did complain,  
Said he, "My dear, be of good chear, while [=until] I return again."

TO THE TUNE OF, *State and Ambition*. [See vol. v. p. 551.]

*Jemmy* and *Susan* both loving and Loyal,  
And in their Embraces their joys did abound,  
Fortune divided them, this was a tryal,  
Sweet *Susan* with sorrow encompassed round:  
Now he was forced to leave his sweet *Susan*,  
And also commanded to hoist up their Sail;  
This was a grief to them both, in conclusion;  
Ah! how she in sorrow then did bewail.

Thus his sweet *Susan*, alas! she lamented,  
She blaming the Fate[s] and her fortune unkind;  
*Jemmy* beholding, his heart then relented,  
He said, "My dear Creature, thou surely shalt find,  
Though for a time we must now be divided,  
My heart I will lodge and lay up in thy breast:  
If by the powers above we are guided,  
When I return my dear love shall be blest.

16

"I do desire to have Life no longer  
Than I do intend to prove true to my Dear;  
Though for a time we are parted asunder,  
Yet I will be faithful, Love, be of good cheer:  
Never was creature more fair and compleater,  
Than my loving *Susan*, the joy of my mind,  
Graced with Beauty in every feature,  
I'll be unchangeable, Love, thou shalt find."

"Oh, that my sighs and my tears were prevailing,  
My dear, to enjoy thee, and all would be well;  
But in thy absence all blessings are failing,  
Sweet *Jemmy*, 'tis thee that my grief can expell:  
Love, do not leave me, sweet *Jemmy*, reprieve me,  
Now from sad sighing, and sorrow and grief:  
Thou hast my heart, dear *Jemmy*, believe me,  
Then take some pittty and yield me relief.

32

"My dearest *Jemmy*, the Seas they have danger,  
When in raging Tempests the Billows do roar:  
I to those sorrows, my Love, am [no] stranger; [text, 'a.'  
And when thou art gone, I shall ne'r see thee more.

I have five hundred pounds to my portion,  
 In Silver and Gold, Love, all shall be thine;  
 Why should'st thou hazzard thy life on the Ocean,  
 And leave me in sorrow here to repine?"

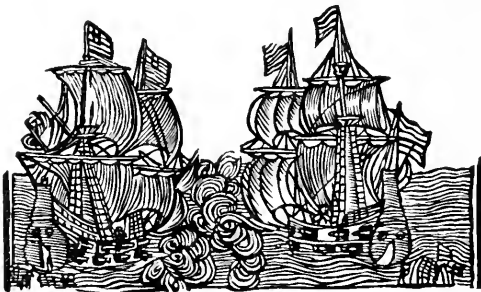
"Cease, my sweet *Susan*, for I am engaged,  
 With noble Commanders to Sail on the main;  
 Love, let thy sorrows and tears be asswaged,  
 Dear, be but contented, and do not complain.  
 Let not my absence, my jewel, so grieve thee,  
 The pride of my Heart and joy of my mind;  
 Take here my Ring, as a pledge I will leave thee,  
 And I will be faithful, Love, thou shalt find." 48

Then from her fair eyes the tears they did trickle,  
 Like streams that flow'd down from the fountain of love,  
 Faithful and Loyal, and scorns to be fickle,  
 Her heart it was fixed and could not remove.  
*Susan* in sorrow almost broken-hearted,  
 The wind it did serve with a most pleasant gale;  
 Then these two Lovers, alas! they were parted,  
 For the goodly Ship was now under sail.

"Now he is gone, may the Heavens protect him!  
 From all the proud Waves of the Tempestuous Main!  
 Keep him from danger, and always direct him,  
 And send him in safety to *England* again!  
 Here to compleat our joys with a blessing,  
 In a True-Lover's knot which can ne'r be unty'd:  
 All that is mine, he shall then be possessing,  
 And never depart till Death us divide." *Finis.* 64

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel*, in *Guilt-spur-Street*.

[Black-letter. Two cuts: 1st, iii. p. 418; 2nd, vol. vi. p. 413. Date, *circa* 1680, when D'Urfeys's "State and Ambition" appeared.] *This cut is for* pp. 492, 496.



[Pepys Collection, IV. 92; Huth I. 124; Douce I. 86, 88vo.; C. 22. fol. 136vo.; Jersey, II. 181 = Lind., 413.]

## The Gallant Sea-man's Resolution;

Whose full Intent was to try his Fortune at SEA, and at his  
Return marry his Lan'lady.

If Heav'n be pleas'd to bless him with his life,  
None but his Lan'lady shall be his Wife:  
She being a Widow, as 'tis understood,  
Of Carriage and Behaviour very good.

TO THE TUNE [its own], *Think on thy loving Lan'lady, etc.*

A Gallant Youth at *Gravesend* liv'd, a Seaman neither rich nor poor;  
But when his means were almost spent, he bravely went to Sea for more:  
"Turn to thy Love, and take a kiss, this Gold about thy wrist I'll tye,  
And always when thou look'st on this, think on thy loving Lan'lady!"

His Father being dead and gone, he lov'd his Mother as his life,  
And did maintain her gallantly; it was well known he had no Wife:  
"Turn to thy Love, and take a kiss," etc.

He was belov'd of Rich and Poor, and still kept company with the best.  
A Gallant Widow in the Town her love unto him thus express: "Turn," etc.

"Young Man, could I thy favour win, or might thy company but crave,  
To come and live at home with me, I'll make thee Lord of all I have. Turn," etc.

"Fair Mistress, I am for the Seas, here's Gold and Silver in my hand,  
And when the Drums and Trumpets sound, I'll bid adieu to fair *England*.  
*And if thou wilt with patience stay, till I from Sea return again,  
For every kiss thou lendest me, I will repay thee ten times ten.*"

"Do but resolve to stay at home, I'll put another in thy place!"  
"No, that will be a shame," quoth he, "and to my name a foul disgrace." Turn, etc.

"I have five hundred pounds, at least, of Silver, which I never told,  
Besides I have in store for thee five hundred pound in good red gold. Turn," etc.

"If you could give me all the wealth that ever *Europe* did afford,  
A faithful promise I have made, and I will not be worse than my word. And," etc.

"If neither strength nor policy can further me in my design,  
Remain a constant Friend to me, and I for ever will be thine. Turn, etc.

"And whilst that breath and life doth last, to me this thing I'll verifie,  
Though you at Sea, and I on shore, I'll pray for thy prosperity. Turn, etc.

"Heaven bless the Ship thou sailest in, whether it swim with wind or tide,  
And all that with thee comes or goes, I hope that *Neptune* will them guide.

"From Pyrates' blows and bloody knocks, great *Mars* protect thee still,  
Nor may quick-sands or stony Rocks have power to do thee ill. Turn, etc.

"And whilst thou art far away, in *Holland, Flanders, France, or Spain*,  
As thou in safety did'st launch forth, Heaven bring thee safely home again!

" If I may speak without offence, my heart will never quiet be  
Till thou give me full recompense, and say'st that I thy Wife shall be. *Turn, etc.*

" Yet one thing here I beg of thee, before from me thou dost depart,  
That thou wilt let no woman know the thoughts and secrets of thy heart.

" When thou art gone out of my sight, and com'st where pretty Lasses are,  
Thou wilt fall in love with some of them : that is the thing I most do fear.

" If I should hear, in any case, that to some other thou s'd married be,  
Then would I weep, lament and grieve, and break my heart for love of thee.

*Turn to thy Love [and take a kiss ! this gold about thy wrist I'le tye :  
And always when thou look'st on this—think of thy loving Lan'lady ! ]*

### The Seaman's Reply.

" Hark, hark ! I hear the Trumpet sound, and [it] calleth me to come away,  
Therefore in haste I must be gone, I can nor will no longer stay. *And if.*

" Therefore, sweet Lady, now farewell, more than a thousand times adieu !  
Wherever I pass, by Land or Sea, I'll still be faithful unto you. *And if, etc.*

" This Golden Ribbon which you ty'd about my hand-wrist in pure love,  
Shall be a token whilst I live, that I to you will constant prove. *And if, etc.*

" And when that I return again, if heavens afford me breath and life,  
You, that are now my Lan'lady, shall then be made my wedded Wife. *And, etc.*

" The Bells shall ring melodiously, the Musick shall most sweetly play,  
And all our friends will then rejoyce to see our happy Wedding-day.

*And if thou wilt with patience stay, till I from Sea return again,  
For every kiss thou lendest me, I will repay thee ten times ten."*

Printed by and for *A. Milbourn*, and sold by the Booksellers of *Pye-corner*, and  
*London-Bridge*.

[In Black-letter, with a large woodcut of two ships cannonading each other, reduced on p. 494. Date 1673 at the latest. This ballad is mentioned in Thackeray's List, No. 70. *A. Milbourn's* (C. 22, and Jersey) were printed on the verso of "Attend and you shall hear new Newes from Yorkshire," for which see p. 487. Pepysian and first Douce copy, Printed by and for *W. Onlen*, for *A. Milbourn*, sold by *J. Bissell*, in *West Smithfield*; 2nd Douce, printed by *T. Norris*, later. It had been deservedly popular. On 1st March, 1674, it was reckoned No. 99, in Partnership Stock of *F. Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clark*.]

\* \* Before John Gay wrote his sailor song (1718), of 'Sweet *William* and Black-eyed *Susan*,' beginning "All in the *Downs* the fleet lay moor'd," (followed on Whitmonday, 8th June, 1829, by performance of Douglas Jerrold's drama 'Black-eyed Susan'), the two names had been associated in nautical ballads as our pp. 497-500 prove. "*Susan*, I this Letter send you" ('Love and Loyalty'), and "Well met, my Sweet *Susan*" ('The Two Loyal Lovers'), begin Part XXII. of *Roxburgh Ballads*. See *Editorial Preface*, pp. ix\*\*, x\*\*.

We here end Part III.

[Rox. Coll., II. 305 ; Pepys, IV. 173 ; Douce, I. 122 ; Jer., II. 33 = Lind., 1098.]

## Love and Loyalty ;

Or,

A Letter from a Young-man, on Board of an *English* Privateer, to his beloved *Susan* in the City of *London*.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Tender Hearts of London City*. [Vol. vi. p. 80.  
Music on broadside.] Licensed according to Order.



USAN, I this Letter send thee,  
Let not sighs and tears attend thee,  
We are on the Coast of *France* ;  
Taking prizes from those *Nizeys*, [= *Note*  
my sweet Jewel to advance.  
Since we *London* have forsaken, five rich  
Prizes have we taken,  
Two of them *Nantz* Brandy Wine ;  
Chests of money, my sweet Honey ! with  
rich silks and sattin fine.

The first Merchant's-ship we Boarded,  
which great store of wealth afforded,  
[We fell] on most eagerly ;

[Search and] plunder, burst in sunder, [making che]sts & cabins fly,

Where the Treasure was enclosed: we wa'n't in the least opposed;  
 Rich embroider'd silks we found;  
 Other Treasure out of measure, worth near seven thousand pound.

Fortune she did still befriend us, and another Booty send us,  
 Twice the worth of that before.  
 Though we gain'd it, and obtain'd it, yet our Guns was fore'd to roar.  
 While we did both charge and fire, they endeavour[']d to retire,  
 But the contest was not long;  
 E'er we enter'd, bravely ventur'd, yet receiv'd but little wrong.

Love, we'll plunder *French & Tory*, for to raise great *Britain's* glory,  
 And to pull proud *Lewis* down;  
 Each great spirit then will merit double honour and renown.  
 Dearest, when I first did leave thee, parting with thy love did  
 But I vow'd I'd Letters send, [grieve thee,  
 To improve thee; for I love thee, as a true intire Friend.

Love, this Promise is not broken, here I have sent thee a token,  
 A rich Chain and Diamond Ring:  
 And ten times more I have in store, which I to thee in time will bring.  
 Like a Lady thou shalt flourish, thy poor drooping heart I'll nourish,  
 And thy former Joys restore;  
 Gold and Treasure, Love and Pleasure, if I live to come on shore.

Love, the world shall now admire, when they see thy rich attire,  
 Like a youthful Lady Gay;  
 I declare it, thou shalt wear it, yet proud *France* for it shall pay.  
 Dearest, though we now do sever, yet I will be thine for ever;  
 I prefer no one beside,  
 E'er before thee; I adore thee, none but Death shall us divide.

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.*

[In Black-letter, with bars of music; also three woodcuts; 1st, the Lady only of the couple on p. 497—perhaps meant for the Earl and Countess of Derby, Charlotte de la Trémouille: both belong to p. 38; 2nd, the left-hand ship of p. 494; 3rd, the three Cavaliers revelling, p. 558. Date, *circa* 1689.]

\* \* The Roxburge exemplar is mutilated in sundry places, but the lost words are recovered from the Pepysian. Two Garland-poems about 'Sweet *William*' and beautiful 'lovely *Susan*' are in Roxb. Coll., III. 332 and 374, on the same subject of two hapless lovers, beginning respectively, "A Seaman of *Dover*, sweet *William* by name" (title; 'Sweet *William* of *Plymouth*'); and "Beautiful virgins of birth and breeding" (title 'The *Plymouth* Tragedy: or, Fair *Susan's* Overthrow'). Both in White-letter. Printed and sold in *Bow Church-yard*. We should require a special volume for long *Garlands*, that are not 'ballads,' our proper theme, if we tried to include all such. 'Sweet *William* of *Plymouth*' was reprinted in Miss De Vaynes's *Kentish Garland*, i, p. 151, 1881.

'*Nizeys*' in our fourth line means *simpleton*. See *Nares*, p. 606, ed. 1876.





[Roxb. Coll., II. 479; Lindsiana, 1263.]

## The Two Loyal Lovers, Sweet *William* and Coy *Susan*.

*William* in Love [was], but *Susan* was Coy,  
And would not yield at first to be his Joy;  
But at last to rid him out of pain,  
She granted to him Love for Love again.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Let Cæsar live long*. (See vol. iv. 389, & *Bag. Ballads*, 302.)

Licensed according to Order.



- “ **W**ELL met, my sweet *Susan*, whom I do adore,  
I have not beheld thee this twelve-month and more;  
I never expected to see thee again,  
Ah! how can you slight me with scorn and disdain?  
*Love, wast thou but loyal, I happy should be,*  
*For every moment my thoughts [are] on thee.* [text, ‘is.
- “ My Love is intire to *Susan* my dear,  
But who wou’d ‘a’ thought to have met with thee here?  
Sure Fortune afforded a favour in this,  
To send thee, my Jewel: let every kiss  
*Create a desire more happy to be,*  
*For every moment [my thoughts are on thee].* 12
- “ In thee, my sweet Creature, I place my delight,  
For thou art adorned with Beauty so bright,  
That none can excel thee, since thou art so fair;  
Be kind and not cruel, for woful despair  
*May ruine thy Lover, whose sorrow you see,*  
*For every moment [my thoughts are on thee].*

“ There’s many a Damsel wou’d fain be my Bride,  
 Young *Nelly*, and *Nancy*, and *Sarah* beside ;  
 Nay *Prudence*, and *Dolly*, likewise honest *Joan*,  
 All these I must tell you, for me make their moan :  
*But I am thy Captive, and cannot be free,*  
*Since every moment my thoughts are on thee.”*

24

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

“ [ Pray you be quiet, sweet *William*,” she said,  
 “ I am not a weary of living a Maid :  
 For House-keeping is chargable, Rent it is dear,  
 I do not intend to be Marry’d this year  
*Take this for an answer, and keep yourself free,*  
*And let not your fancy be fixed on me.*

“ For should we be Marry’d, we soon may enlarge  
 Our grief, with our sorrows, our trouble and charge ;  
 Besides I must tell you, ’tis not for a day,  
 A month, nor a year, but for ever and aye ;  
*Therefore be advized, and keep yourself free,*  
*And let not your fancy [be fixed on me.]”*

36

“ Let none of those Jealousies trouble my Dear,  
 For I will provide for thee, Love, do not fear,  
 I daily will, by my industrious care,  
 Provide for my Jewel, no labour I’ll spare :  
*Then prithce be loving and let us agree,*  
*For every moment [my thoughts are on thee].*

“ And though, it is true, we may have no great store,  
 Yet if we can keep but the Woolf from the door,  
 With what I do earn—for I’ll carefully save,  
 And doing of this, love, what more would we have,  
*But to live in Love and likewise Unity ?*  
*For all my delights are now fixed on thee.”*

48

Now when he had told her his honest intent,  
 She could not deny him, but gave her consent :  
 Their love in abundance they freely reveal’d,  
 Though once she deny’d him, at length she did yield  
*To be his most tender and dear loving Spouse,*  
*With many sweet Kisses they sealed their Vows.    Finis.*

Printed for *J. Blare*, at the Sign of the *Looking-Glass*, on *London-Bridge*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, on p. 231; 2nd, the fat flying *Cupid*, p. 499. *The girl on p. 499 belongs to p. 97 right. Date circa 1688.]*

This ends happily. On p. 555, ‘The Seaman’s Folly in Marrying so quickly’ has the proverbial result, “Marry in haste and repent at leisure.”

\* \* Distinct from this Ballad, of the same title, is one (Lindes., 155) on p. 501.

## The Two Loyal Lovers ; or, a True Pattern of Love.

The Maid at first was most unkind,  
Yet bore at last a faithful minde,  
For *Cupid* with his Bow and Shield  
At last did force her to yield.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Fancy's Phoenix*. [See p. 42.]

- “ **A** Wake, awake, from slumb'ring Sleep, O heart, why art thou fix'd so sure ?  
Why doth thou thus for fancy weep, for those that cannot thee endure ?  
O why should I my self disgrace with doting on a Maiden's face ?  
*O no, O no ! I will break that strife, and live and dye a single life.*
- “ If she had prov'd as true to me, as I in heart did vow to be,  
No cause she would have had to rue, my heart so steadfast is and true :  
And still I scorn to change my minde, what though she prove to me unkinde ;  
*'Tis only she must be my Wife, or else I'll live a single life.* 16
- “ O *Cupid*, now come let me know why I should thus abused be,  
The truth unto mee now come show, I am sure the fault is all in thee.  
And 'cause of this my mournful cry, therefore come ease my misery :  
*And rid me of this home-bred strife, or I vow to live a single life.*
- “ Go, tell my Mistris it is I, she must and cannot chuse but love,  
I pray thee, let thy arrows fly ; that she may true and constant prove ;  
For I no cause at all can see I should go bound, and she go free.  
*Persuade her for to end the strife, or I vow to live a single life.* 32
- “ No man can tell, except he try, the grief, and care, and misery,  
A man in love may soon obtain, and be rewarded with disdain :  
So hard at heart some maidens are, Young-men I pray you have a care !  
*For fear your heart be fill'd with strife : No, rather chuse a single life.*
- “ But stay ; mee-thinks I hear a voice and harmony within mine ear,  
I think it is my onely joy's, the voice of her I love most dear.  
Forbear a while, and you shall see my Love and I in unity,  
*I hope that she will end the strife, and yield now for to be my Wife.* 48

### The Second Part being the Maiden's Answer to her self :

(Being alone as she supposed, having a Cittern in her hand, she began to sing as followeth : to the same Tune.)

- “ **C**ome, come away, my dearest Dear ! make haste, methinks thou stayes' too long.  
I am in fault, I greatly fear, blinde *Cupid* he hath done this wrong.  
But now, I fear, with grief and pain, a love-sick heart with sorrow[s] slain.  
*Would God I were his Married Wife, or else for love I lose my life.*
- “ I several sorts of Suitors have, that doth desire my company,  
And all of them my love doth crave, yet I to them make this reply,  
'Forbear your suite, trouble not me, a Single life from care is free :'  
*But yet, to end up all the strife, would God I were my True Love's Wife.* 64
- “ 'Tis he, I vow, and onely he, that best deserves the fruits of Love,  
I vow to him constant to be, while life doth last, I true will prove.  
Would God that he were standing by, to hear my doleful harmony !  
*He would have then his heart's desire, what civilly he could require.*
- “ Therefore content thyself, dear friend, my heart is fixed now for ever,  
And shall be, while my life doth end, thy only joy thou may'st recover.  
Therefore I once again reply, would God my Dear were standing by :  
*For I am resolved to end the strife, would God I were his Married Wife.*”

[*The Young-man ends the Story.*]

“ I hearing of this kind reply, with musick sweet from my dearest dear,  
 With courage bold I then drew nigh, forgetting all my proper care ;  
 And with a Salutation sweet we did each other kindly greet :  
*Shee yielded what I did require, and granted me my heart's desire.*”

“ So to conclude, we married were, according unto God's Decree ;  
 In love we live void of all care, in joy, in peace, and unity.  
 You Maidens all which hear this Song, pray have a care you do no wrong :  
*But if your Loves be true and kinde, be sure to bear a faithful minde.*”

Finis.

T[ho]. R[obins].

*London, Printed for Sarah Tyus, on London-Bridge.*

[In Black-letter. Two cuts: 1st, a man between two women, with printer's initials R. I., *R. Jones*, as on our p. 556; 2nd, the couple sitting on bed, p. 458. Date, circa 1663-64. *The exemplar is probably unique*: Jersey Col., II. 188.]

The title of a 'True Pattern' was in favour at the time (see p. 501, and vi. 28, 44, 284, 682). Also the praise of celibacy, "*She is best that doth live single.*"



[Brit. Mus. C. 22, e, 2, fol. 189; Huth, II. 70; Jer., I. 47 = Lindes., 1357, 1358.]

## The True Pattern of Loyalty: being the Happy Agreement Betwixt William and Susan;

### Or, the Young Squire's Conquest over the Beautous Damsel.

This Damsel dear her Love did chear, when ceased to be coy,  
 She gave consent, now true content is what they both enjoy.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Charon make haste [and ferry me over.* See p. 521, Note.]

**W**illiam & Susan they happily meeting, straight sat down by a River's side,  
 Where I discover'd these true Lovers greeting, "*Susan,*" said he, "wilt  
 thou be my Bride?"

Why should we any longer tarry? let us in perfect love agree:

Here I protest if I ever marry *I will have none in the World but thee.*

"I will endue thee with Jewels and treasure, always maintain thee both neat  
 and brave,

There is no Lady enjoys greater pleasure, thou shalt have what thy whole heart  
 can crave:

Prithee, my dearest, do but try me, for I delight in Loyalty,  
 Grant me the blessing, and don't deny me, *sure I love none in the World but thee.*

"Nothing but true love alone I require, do not torment me with any frown,  
 I will adorn thee with costly attire, there is no Lady in *London Town*  
 That shall be able to out-vie thee, never was Man more kind and free,  
 Jewels and other rich Jemms I'll buy thee, *for I love none in the World but thee.*"

"*William,* I'de have you to leave off your Wooing, I have another true love in store;  
 Why should you run on the Rock of Ruin, is there not many young Beauties more?"

"Dearest, though there be ne'r so many, this is but small content to me;  
 If that I ever do marry any, *it shall be none in the world but thee.*

"For thee I'll engage in the sharpest Duel, e're any person shall me abuse  
 Thus in the taking away my dear Jewel, as long as I have a life to lose:  
 I am unworthy of thy favour, if I should then a Coward be;  
 Loose thee, my dearest, O dye I had rather, *for I love none in the World but thee.*"

Said she, "You have made here a large relation, how you will venture for me  
the field ;  
Nay, likewise in what a most noble station you would maintain me, would I but  
yield.

Yet you may happen to deceive me, young men are often false we see."

"Susan," said he, "if thou wilt believe me, *I love no Creature alive but thee.*

"Dearest I am thy unfeigned pretender ; what I was first, I am still the same ;  
All that I have I will freely surrender, to thee, or else I w[ere] much to blame :  
Sure I can ne'r be so ungrateful as to return a frown on thee :  
There is nothing that I hold so hateful, than to be found in disloyalty."

THE MAIDEN'S REPLY.

"Love, I no longer can stop your proceeding," this with a trembling voice she  
said.

"My heart is wounded, which now does lye bleeding, of me you have surely  
a conquest made.

Love is a soft and gentle fire, which does compell me to agree :

Thou art the man whom I much admire ; *now I love none in the World but thee.*"

Never was creature adorn'd with more graces, than his dear darling who was not coy,  
And the young Squire with tender Embraces, in the sweet raptures of Love  
and Joy,

The which is far beyond expressing. "My loyal Lover," then said she,

"No one but thee shall enjoy the blessing, *now I love none in the World but thee.*"

Finis.

This may be Printed, R.P.

Printed by J. Blare, at the Looking-Glass [on London-Bridge].

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, the couple on p 286 ; 2nd and 3rd are  
here below (originally intended for Q. Maria Beatrix and King James II., *he  
alone* belongs also to p. 142). Date, 1686-1688. We give another William,  
known as 'Careless Billy,' on p. 520. Also, ballads, sung to the tune of  
D'Urfey's "State and Ambition, alas ! will deceive you," as on p. 493, are on  
pp. 549, 550.



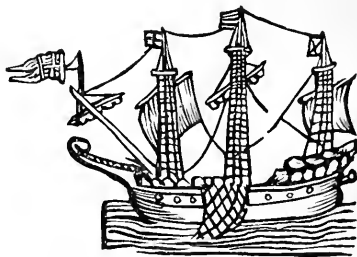
## A Farewell to Gravesend.

*Ben.*—"We're merry folk, we sailors: we ha'n't much to care for. Thus we live at sea: eat biscuit and drink flip; put on a clean shirt once a quarter—come home, and lie with our landladies once a year: get rid of a little money; and then put off with the next fair wind." How d'ye like us?"—Congreve's *Love for Love*, Act iv. 1695.

AMONG the *Bagford Ballads* edited by us in 1877, printed for the Ballad Society, was one concerning Gravesend, written by Laurence Price. We gave there a List of thirty-eight of his broadside ballads; seven others added, vi. 64: many of them are reprinted in the present volume. The title was 'The Seaman's Compass; or, a Dainty New Ditty: composed and penn'd, The Deeds of brave Seamen to praise and Commend.' To the Tune of, '*Now the Tyrant has stolen my dearest away*' (a ballad reprinted in vol. vi. p. 67). The burden of Laurence Price's 'Seaman's Compass' was '*There's none but a Seaman shall marry with me.*'

This agrees with the determination of another damosel, who appears on our p. 510; but she can scarcely be considered a prize.

The present ballad describes the habits formerly attributed to "The Wanton Girls of *Gravesend Town*," with a frankness not altogether complimentary, yet with some discretion. Considering how much he boasts himself to have known, it ought to comfort people who are easily shocked, when they see how dexterously he treats his subject, and skates over the thin ice, after erecting a warning-post marked "Dangerous!" Wisely did the publisher, *Jonah Deacon*, illuminate the broadside with a woodcut of half-sunken rocks and foundering vessels. Let us hope that many a Jack-Tar purchased the ballad, profited by the friendly caution, hitched his slacks, and sheered off quickly under spread of canvas.



[These cuts, the small one duplicated, belong to p. 551.]

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 3. Probably Unique.]

## A Farewel to Graves-end.

When Noble Seamen spend their coyn,  
 Why should they be abus'd?  
 Then let them stay from thence away  
 Where they are strangely us'd.

TUNE OF, *Hey Boys, up go we!* [See p. 285.]

[This woodcut belongs also to pp. 527, 545.]



**T**He wanton Girls of *Graves-end* Town have now quite lost my heart,  
 Maintained by the Seamen brave, but ne're will take their part,  
 They're foolish, ay, and simple too, yea, pampered also,  
 I'll nothing have with them to do, *for a trick that I do know.*

The first that ever came to town, she was right p[*a*]ntle[r]-bred;  
 A girl that true and constant is, to please men in the bed:  
 While you have Gold and Silver store she'l any whither go,  
 But now I will trust her no more, *for a trick that I do know.* 8

There is a bonny handsome Girl, that lives beneath 'the Sun';  
 A wench that's kind and willing too, and ready for a run:  
 She'l walk with you from place to place, where e're you please to go,  
 She'l kiss and play, both night and day, *for a trick that I do know.*

Another Girl there is also, as fierce as any Dragon,  
 She kindness unto you will show, if you call for your Flaggon;  
 And when your money doth fall short, she'l say, "'Tis time to go!"  
 And then you must no longer sport, *for a trick that I do know.* 16

Over the way, I dare to say, if you do think it fit,  
There you may have a Girl most brave, has neither fear nor wit ;  
From ten pound to a shilling, she, will stoop, though 'tis too low :  
Her love I will no longer be, *for a trick that I do know.*

There is another Vaulting-School, that is within the Town,  
Of any man they'l make a fool, when drink gets in his crown :  
But now I think, by loving chink, the Sign is pull'd full low,  
Then have a care, and come not there, *for a trick that I do know.*

Another house is in the Town, that I shall ne'r forget,  
There Fortune once on me did frown, I lost both coyn and wit ;  
My head was brought down to the ground, methought exceeding low :  
But I'll come there no more, I swear, *for a trick that I do know.*

There's more that live in *Graves-end* Town, that here I will not name,  
To their disgrace it would redound, and be much to their shame :  
About *Koa* they most do dwell, I am informed so, [N.B.]  
I'll ne'er come there, into their snare, *for a trick that I do know.* 32

*Neptune's* brave Boys, now look about, that venture lives for money ;  
And why should you, that are so stout, thus dote upon a conney ?  
When 'tis too late you may repent, and some have found it so.  
*Graves-end* ne'r will your Pockets fill, *for a trick that I do know.*

He that is wise, let him despise such wenches as are there ;  
And you that had your pockets pickt, I hope will have a care,  
And come no more upon that Shore, where you were served so :  
Be your own friend, and leave *Graves-end* !—*for a trick that I do know.*

### Finis.

Printed for *J. Deacon* at the *Angel* in *Guiltspur-street*, without *Newgate*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st. a besieged town, against which cannon are playing; 2nd, a man, small copy of p. 444; 3rd, ships wrecked among rocks, p. 505. Date uncertain, circa 1680-85.]

\* \* It would be a pity to soil the repute of *Gravesend* lasses, maids, or wives, whatever may be said against those of *Wapping*—against whom complaints were made. We have shown the affectionate disposition of a hostess who adjures her suitor to think on his loving Landlady. It was reprinted on pp. 495, 496.

We come later in a '*Third Nautical Group*' to a '*Wapping Girl's Complaint* for want of *Apple-pie*;' also to a '*Seaman's Complaint*,' for his Unkind Mistress at *Wapping*; together with '*The Young Woman's Answer* in her own Vindication.' Tune of, *I love you dearly, I love you well.*

There is a ballad, founded on one of *D'Urfey's* songs, 1683, and to its own tune, *Bright was the morning*, entitled '*The Loyal Lovers' Farewell*; or, *The True Lover's Mournful Ditty*,' beginning, "Bright was the morning, cool the air, serene was all the sky, When on the waves I left my fair, the centre of my joy," etc. Printed for *J. Blave*. Also the *Seaman's Return* to his Sweetheart' = "'Tis this eighteen months now since I," etc. (*Douce*, II. 198.)





## A Voyage to Virginia.

“Oh, what’s become of those hard hearts, of a Virgin’s takes no pity?  
They’re sailing to *Virginia* parts, where *Neptune* hath built a city.”

—*The True Lover’s Joy* : see p. 521.

**R**EMEMBERING what Claude Melnotte says, “Could Love fulfil its prayers,” we should less desire to return to Lake Como, with its toy-islands, their gardens built artificially on ledges overhanging the water, and his unsubstantial palace, a *château en Espagne*, than to make, before we die, ‘A Voyage to Virginia.’ For there must still linger many descendants of the grand old Cavalier families. Unhappily we have far too many of the evil remnants of Puritanism in our own land to make us charitably disposed to Puritans anywhere, on either side of the Atlantic. But on this subject there is no need to linger. Our ‘Valiant Souldier’ bids farewell to his Love, “Unto *Virginia* he’s resolved to go.”

The tune-name, *She’s gone and left me bird alone* (misprinted in the Pepsysian and Lindsianian exemplars), is a slightly confused rendering of the true line, “She’s gone and left her bird alone.” It ends the first stanza, of the ballad by T. R. [Thomas Robins? cf. p. 502], ‘The Valiant Trooper and Pretty Peggy; a new Ditty,

Of a gallant brave Trooper and Peggy so pritty,  
He oft did complain of her unconstancy;  
Yet afterward she proved his loving wife to be.’

To a pretty new Tune, or, *Though I live not where I love* (with its tune-name of *Shall the absence of my Mistress*, borrowed from ‘The Constant Lover,’ subscribed by P. L., and entered in Stationers’ Registers, 8th January, 1637, to Henry Gosson : see these *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. i. p. 213, and *Popular Music*, p. 453). Printed for Wm. Thackeray, T. Passinger, and W. Whitwood. The tune is thence known as *the Valiant Trooper* (mentioned on p. 99):—

“Heard you not of a *Valiant Trooper*, that had his pockets well lin’d with gold?  
He fell in love with a gallant Lady, as I to you shall here unfold;  
With a kind Salute and fierce dispute, he thought to make her his only One :  
*But unconstant Woman, true to no man, is gone and left her bird alone.*”

P. L. is less probably a transposition of L. P., for *Laurence Price*, than correct initials of *Peter Lowberry*, who wrote ‘A New Ditty,’ beginning, “Alas! I am in love, and cannot speak it:” (reprinted in vol. ii. p. 235,) to the tune of, *Hide Park*.

‘*The Plantations*’ of *Virginia*, so-called, held an evil reputation, during Cromwell’s days, to the Revolution, from the kidnaping into slavery of political or private foes. On this theme we add one unique ballad, and mention another, on p. 511.

[Roxb. Coll., II. 580; Pepys, IV. 159; Douce, II. 236 *verso*; Lindes., 850.]

## A Voyage to Virginia :

Or, The Valiant Souldier's Farewell to his Love.

Unto *Virginia* he's resolv'd to go,  
 She begs of him that he would not do so;  
 But her intreaties they are all in vain,  
 For he must plow the curled Ocean Main:  
 At length (with sorrow) he doth take his leave,  
 And leaves his dearest Love at home to grieve.

TO THE TUNE OF, *She's gone and left me here alone.* [See p. 507.]



[These belong to 2nd Seaman's Adieu, p. 550.]

“ MY pritty *Betty*, I now must leave thee,  
 The drums doth summon me away;  
 I must confess it sore doth grieve me,  
 I can with thee no longer stay:  
 When we are parted, be thou true hearted,  
 Thou wilt not change thy mind I know.  
 From thee my favour shall never waver,  
 Though I must to *Virginia* go.

“ When first I did behold thy feature,  
 My senses all were set on fire.  
 Thy beauty bright, and comely Stature,  
 Which caused me for to admire:

But fates prevent me for to content thee,  
Which fills my heart so full of woe ;  
I cannot tarry, with thee to marry,  
*For I must to Virginia go.*

16

“ Long time I have been true and constant,  
As thou thyself did'st always find,  
I never proved false one instant,  
Nor never was to thee unkind :  
My dear, believe me, and do not grieve me,  
Since thou dost see it must be so.  
My fortune I will now go try,  
*For I must to Virginia go.*

“ Had I a thousand pounds to leave thee,  
Although it were in good red gold,  
Not half so much it now would grieve me,  
To speak the truth I may be bold :  
What ever thou required'st of me,  
Thou never heard'st me answer no ;  
Therefore content thee, do not prevent me,  
*For I must to Virginia go.*

32

“ 'Tis for Promotion and for Honour,  
That I must sail upon the Flood.  
I'll venture under *England's* Banner ;  
Although I lose my dearest Blood :  
For unto danger I am no stranger,  
When stormy winds aloud do blow,  
I'll not forget thee, my dearest *Betty*,  
*Though I must to Virginia go.*”

When *Betty* heard his Resolution,  
And that he was so fully bent,  
Her senses all were in Confusion,  
And thus with sorrow she did lament :

“ O stay !” quoth she, “ and do not venture,  
Least that thou break my heart with woe ;  
Leave not this City, but take some pity,  
*And do not to Virginia go.*

48

“ I prethee, dearest, do not forsake me,  
Thou knowest I love thee more than life.  
According to thy promise take me,  
And let me be thy Wedded wife.  
Leave bloody wars, and wounds and scars,  
To them who love did never know :  
Whilst I will ease thee and strive to please thee,  
*Then do not to Virginia go.*

“ But if thou be resolv'd to wander,  
 And nothing can thy fancy turn,  
 I'll march under the same Commander,  
 And never stay at home to mourn :  
 'Tis my desire, in Man's attire,  
 Thy Comrade to appear in show ;  
 And day and night yield you delight,  
*As you unto Virginia go.*”

[*Cf.* p. 547.]

“ O no,” quoth he, “ my dearest Jewel,  
 That may not be in any wise.  
 Upon the Seas are dangers cruel,  
 And many storms [do oft] arise :  
 To stay at home then be contented,  
 Whilst I do fight against my Foe,  
 And cease thy mourning, till my returning,  
*For I must to Virginia go.*”

64

“ Take here this Ring, which I do give thee,  
 My dearest, and do not complain,  
 For with the same my heart I leave thee,  
 Untill that I return again :  
 I hope hereafter for to embrace thee,  
 Then suffer not those Tears to flow :  
 For when I am absent I will be constant,  
*Although I do to Virginia go.*”

80

“ And so farewell, my dearest *Betty*,  
 A thousand times farewell, my sweet ;  
 I now afford the[e] kisses plenty,  
 For to remember till we meet :  
 If cruel Death of Life deprive us,  
 I'll meet thee in the Shades below,  
 Where we together shall be for ever,  
*Although I do to Virginia go.*”

When *Betty* saw her Lover parted,  
 She senseless for a time remain'd,  
 Being so kind and tender-hearted,  
 At length her Spirits she regain'd.  
 And then a thousand happy wishes,  
 She after sent her Love to show ;  
 Then home returned, and there she mourned,  
*Whilst he did to Virginia go.*

[Colophon cut off.]

[Printed for *J. Clarke*, *William Thackeray*, and *T. Passinger*, 1685.][Black-letter. Two cuts: 1st, man, on p. 474; 2nd, Lady, iv. 157; 3rd, lost.  
 Date, certified on Pepysian exemplar, 1685.]

## The Trappan'd Maiden.

"This Girl was *cunningly* trappan'd."

THE kidnapping and selling of persons into slavery at Virginia (such as were desired by parents or wealthy guardians to be banished or virtually murdered, and never heard of again), was a practice that had left traces since the time of the Commonwealth, (when it was infamously employed against the Cavaliers, while their estates were confiscated by the usurping Parliament). Several ballads incidentally record the misery. On our p. 190 we told how 'The Weaver's Wife was cunningly catch'd in a Trap by her husband, who sold her for ten pounds, and sent her to *Virginia*.' Similarly, to the tune of *Let us to Virginny go*, was appointed to be sung 'A Net for a Night-Raven: or, A Trap for a Scold' = "Here is a merry Song, if that you please to buy." The tune is named *Virginny* from the varying burden.

Another is entitled 'The Trappan'd *Welsh-man*, sold to *Virginia*: showing how a *Welsh* man came to *London*, and went to see the Royal Exchange, where he met a Handsom' Lass, with whom he was enamoured; who pretending to show him the Ships, carried him aboard a *Virginia-Man* and Sold him, having first got the *Welsh-man's* gold, to his great grief and sorrow. To the Tune of *Monsieur's Misfortune*' (= "Monsieur *Burgua's* a brisk young Gallant"). Licensed by R. Pocock, and printed for *C. Dennisson*, at the *Stationers'-Arms* within *Aldgate*, 1685-88. It begins, "Not long ago hur came to *London*." The exemplar is unique.



## The Trappan'd Maiden: or, The Distressed Damsel.

This Girl was cunningly Trappan'd, sent to *Virginny* from *England*,  
Where she doth Hardship undergo, there is no Cure it must be so:

But if she lives to cross the Main, she vows she'll ne'r go there again.

[TUNE OF *Virginny*, or, *When that I was weary, weary, O.*]

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

GIVE ear unto a Maid, that lately was betray'd,  
And sent into *Virginny, O*:  
In brief I shall declare, what I have suffer'd there,  
*When that I was weary, weary, weary, O.*

[Since] that first I came to this Land of Fame, [Text, 'When.'  
Which is called *Virginny, O*,  
The Axe and the Hoe have wrought my overthrow,  
*When that [I was weary, weary, . . . etc. passim.]*

Five years served I, under Master *Guy*,  
In the land of *Virginny, O*,  
Which made me for to know sorrow, grief and woe, *When that, etc.*

When my Dame says 'Go!' then I must do so,  
     In the Land of *Virginny*, O ;  
 When she sits at Meat, then I have none to eat : *When*, etc.  
 The Cloath[e]s that I brought in, they are worn very thin,  
     In the land of *Virginny*, O,  
 Which makes me for to say, 'Alas, and Well-a-day !'  
     *When that [I am weary, weary, weary, weary, O !]*  
 Instead of Beds of Ease, to lye down when I please,  
     In the Land of *Virginny*, O ;  
 Upon a bed of straw, I lye down full of woe, *when*, etc.  
 Then the Spider, she, daily waits on me,  
     In the Land of *Virginny*, O ;  
 Round about my bed, she spins her tender web [of thread],  
     *When that I am weary, weary, weary, weary, O.*  
 So soon as it is day, to work I must away,  
     In the Land of *Virginny*, O ;  
 Then my Dame she knocks, with her tinder-box, *when*, etc.  
 I have play'd my part both at Plow and at Cart,  
     In the Land of *Virginny*, O ;  
 Billats from the Wood upon my back they load, *when that*, . . .  
 Instead of drinking Beer, I drink the water clear,  
     In the Land of *Virginny*, O ;  
 Which makes me pale and wan, do all that e'er I can, *When . . . .*  
 If my Dame says 'Go!' I dare not say no,  
     In the Land of *Virginny*, O ;  
 The water from the Spring upon my head I bring, *When . . . .*  
 When the Mill doth stand, I'm ready at command,  
     In the Land of *Virginny*, O ;  
 The Morter for to make, which makes my heart to ake, *When . . . .*  
 When the Child doth cry, I must sing 'By-a-by !'  
     In the Land of *Virginny*, O ;  
 No rest that I can have, whilst I am here a Slave, *When . . . .*  
 A thousand woes beside, that I do here abide,  
     In the Land of *Virginny*, O ;  
 In misery I spend my time that hath no end, *when that I*, etc.  
 Then let Maids beware, all by my ill-fare,  
     In the Land of *Virginny*, O ;  
 Be sure to stay at home, for if you do here come, [t. 'thou stay.'  
     *You all will be weary, [weary, weary, weary, weary, O !]*  
 But if it be my chance, Homewards to advance,  
     From the Land of *Virginny*, O ;  
 If that I, once more, land on *English Shore*,  
     *I'll no more be weary, weary, weary, weary, O.*

Printed by and for *W. O.*, and for *A. M.*, and sold by *C. Bates*, in *Pye-Corner*.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts : 1st, a man like p. 444, but smaller ; 2nd, Lady, as on p. 31 ; 3rd, ship, part of Heraldic Shield, p. 566. Date, *circa* 1690.]



## The Pensive Maid.

“THE perils and dangers of the voyage past,  
 And the ship at *Portsmouth* arrived at last,  
 The sails all furl'd and the anchor cast,  
 The happiest of the crew was *Jack Robinson*.  
 For his *Polly* he had trinkets and gold galore,  
 Besides of prize-money quite a store;  
 And along with the crew he went ashore,  
 As coxswain to the boat, *Jack Robinson*.

“He met with a man, and said, ‘I say,  
 Mayhap you may know one *Polly Gray*?  
 She lives somewhere hereabouts.’—The man said ‘Nay!  
 I do not indeed!’ to *Jack Robinson*.  
 Says *Jack* then to him, ‘Well, I’ve left my ship,  
 And to all my messmates I giv’d the slip;  
 Belike you’ll partake of a good can of flip?  
 For you’re a civil fellow!’ says *Jack Robinson*.

“In a public-house then they both *sot* down,  
 And talk’d about Admirals of great renown,  
 And drunk’d as much grog as come to half-a-crown,  
 This here strange man and *Jack Robinson*.  
 Then *Jack* call’d out, the reckoning to pay;  
 The Landlady came in, in fine array,  
 ‘My eyes and limbs! Why here’s *Polly Gray*!  
 Who’d ha’ thought of meeting here?’ says *Jack Robinson*.”

THE following is a nautical ballad, although the title does not hint so much. It is first reprinted here, but was mentioned, in connection with ‘Shoemaker’s Delight,’ on p. 33. “The Pensive Maid,” having been separated for seven years from her Sailor lover, now receives afflictedly the news that he was killed at Sea. If we possessed no information beyond the imperfect broadside (Roxburghe Collection, II. 262), and remembered the similar catastrophe in ‘Digby’s Farewell’ (for which see vol. vi. p. 38, *et seq.*), we might pull down the window-blinds at once, muffle the door-knocker, and order a full suit of mourning, to show our sympathy with Lad and Lass. As Macbeth philosophically puts it, “There would have been a time for such a word!” But grief is expensive, wasting the fibre. The damsel had been defrauded; her best distilled tears were obtained on false pretences. The Sailor returns, like Tom Hudson’s *Jack Robinson* (we continue the motto verses from above, to the tune of *The College Hornpipe*), in whose case it was that:—

“The Landlady she stagger’d against the wall,  
 And said at first she didn’t know him at all.  
 ‘Shiver me!’ says *Jack*, ‘Why here’s a pretty squall:  
 Damme, don’t you know me? I’m *Jack Robinson*?  
 Don’t you know this handkerchief you giv’d to me?  
 ’Twas three years ago before I went to sea;  
 Ev’ry day I look’d at it, and thought of thee;  
 Upon my soul I have!’ says *Jack Robinson*.

“ Says the Landlady, says she, ‘ I’ve changed my state.’  
 ‘ Why you don’t mean,’ says *Jack*, ‘ that you’ve got a mate?  
 You know you promis’d me !’—says she, ‘ *I couldn’t wait,*  
 For no tidings could I gain of you, *Jack Robinson.*  
 And somebody one day came to me and said,  
 That somebody else had somewhere read  
 In some news-paper as how you was dead.’  
 ‘ *I’ve not been dead at all!*’ says *Jack Robinson.*”

Exactly the same conclusion is arrived at, when “The Pensive Maid’s” informant doffs *his* disguise, and makes amends for having worried her unnecessarily (at least, if we turn to Bodleian records). Much happier for them both, perhaps, than in Hudson’s Portsmouth adventure (perhaps not): as shown in the final stanza:

“ Then *Jack* turn’d his quid, and finish’d his glass,  
 Hitch’d up his trousers—‘ Alas! alas!  
 That ever I should live to be made such an ass,  
 To be bilk’d by a woman!’ says *Jack Robinson.*  
 ‘ But to fret and stew about it much is all in vain;  
 I’ll get a ship and go to *Holland, France* and *Spain*—  
 No matter where: to *Portsmouth* I’ll ne’er come back again!’  
 And he was off before they could say *Jack Robinson.*”

[*Exit J. R. Tableau. Curtain.*]

Thus it sometimes happens, when lovers or husbands stay away from home too long. Three or four years wear out the constancy of women, except at Ithaca. Byron gave a warning (see p. 519).

The ensuing ballad is a different version from that by Cuthbert Birket, contained in the original Harleian Collection (Roxburghe Coll., I. 481), already reprinted by Mr. William Chappell (*Roxb. Ballads*, iii. 127). There is a third distinct rendering of the same story; the present two being in the same rhythm were sung to the same tune. Though Cuthbert Birket’s composition is clumsy and poor, undoubtedly, it may have been the original, whence the two republications for Brooksby were drawn. Less probably, our Tragic Story of the “Pensive Maid” was the original narrative, and two persons attempted to give it a happy ending, re-casting the language throughout. The changes are numerous beginning with the first line. Let us tabulate the three versions.

- 1.—The already reprinted *Roxburghe Ballad*, signed by Cuthbert Birket, entitled “A pleasant new song between a Seaman and his Love.” To the tune of *Robin the Devil* [not known to be extant as a ballad]. No publisher’s name on the unique exemplar, Roxb. Coll., I. 481 (reprinted in *Roxburghe Ballads*, iii. 127). It begins, “When *Sol* could cast no light, but darkness over.”
- 2.—The ballad (on p. 516), “The Pensive Maid; or, The Virgin’s Lamentation,” etc. (This ends with her bidding farewell to the world, expecting to die immediately.) To the tune of



Through the cool shady woods, or, [*I am so*] *Deep in Love*. This is the most polished in diction of the three versions; No. 1, Cuthbert Bircket's, is the clumsiest. Printed (Bagford Coll., etc.) for *Philip Brooksby*, in *West Smithfield*. It begins "When *Sol* will cast no light, all dark'ned over."

- 3.—The unique broadside at the Bodleian, in Anthony à Wood's Collection, entitled "The Valiant Seaman's Happy Return to his Love, after a long Seven Years' Absence." It is sung to the same tunes as No. 2, but they are named in reverse order, *I am so deep in love*, or, *Through the cool shady woods*. Printed for *Philip Brooksby* and *E. Oliver*, and are to be sold at their shops in *West Smithfield* and on *Snow Hill*. (See p. 518.) It begins, "When *Sol* did cast no light, being darken'd over."

Let it be remembered that the tune of *I am so deep in love* (see pp. 253-254, and vol. vi. pp. 252 to 255) is the same as that belonging to "*Cupid's Courtesie*; or, The Young Gallant foil'd at his own weapon," written by J. P. (John Playford?), of date 12th January, 166 $\frac{3}{4}$  (reprinted in these *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 530), which begins, "Through the cool shady woods, as I was walking." *Robin the Devil* could not have been the same tune. Popular airs held many an *alias*; after each successive employment they took a new lease of celebrity and fresh title-deeds. We have an instance in '*How many pounds and crowns have I spent*,' which we discover to have flowed from the true fountain-head of Nicholas Staggins's music, set to Sir C. S.'s song, beginning "As *Amoret* with *Phillis* sat." Genealogy here of *the same tune*, successively named,

1st.—*Amoret and Phillis*, 1676.

2nd.—*Souldier's Delight* (= "A young man lately loved a lass," *vide post*).

3rd.—*Ploughman* [or *Husbandman*], *his Honour made known* (p. 237).

4th.—*How many Pounds and Crowns have I spent* (cf. vi. 343).

5th.—*It was in the prime of Cucumber time* (v. 252, 254).

6th.—*The Trappan'd Taylor* (p. 467).

This we now ascertain as the sequence of the tune-names.



[Both belong to p. 517; the man alone to p. 566.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 262; III. 547; Bagford, II. 158; Pepys, III. 10; Wood, E. 25, fol. 3; Jersey, II. 96=Lindes., 1323.]

## The Pensive Maid: Or, The Virgin's Lamentation for the loss of her Lover.

For seven years' space she patiently did bear,  
The Absence of her Love, as you shall hear,  
At length sad Tydings came that he was slain,  
And that they never more should meet again.

TUNE OF, *Through the cool shady woods, or, Deep in Love.* [See p. 515.]



[This Ship belongs to p. 551.]



When Sol will cast no light, all dark'ned over,  
And dolesome time of night the skies did cover,  
Down by a river's side, where Ships are sailing,  
There a fair Maid I spied, weeping and wailing.

I stept unto her straight, "Dearest, what grieves thee?"  
She answered me, and said, "None can relieve me:  
'Tis seven long years and more since my love parted.  
And left me on this shore, quite broken-hearted.

8

"He promised to return, if life was lent him,  
Which makes me sigh, and mourn, Death doth prevent him.  
O that I could but hear some tidings from him!  
How it my heart would cheer, for all my longing."

A young man straight she spied, like one amazed,  
Which did a token bring, whereon she gazed ;  
"Where is my Love?" quoth she, "that comes not near me."  
The Young-man he reply'd, "Please for to hear me. 16

"Your Love and I did fight under one banner,  
Maintaining *England's* right, purchasing honour ;  
He was a Seaman bold, of courage valiant,  
Scorning to be controuled by e're a gallant.

"But in a dreadful Fight, where guns did rattle,  
And many a gallant wight fell in the battel ;  
His fatal destiny near was approaching,  
And summon'd him away, by Death's ineroaching. 24

"When he his death's-wound had, and brains were broken,  
To me these words he said, 'Deliver this token  
To her that hath my heart, and is more dearer,  
Wishing her for my sake, to love the Bearer.

"And having spoke these words he then declined,  
And in a stream of blood his life resigned ;  
Leaving me full of care, sad news to bear it,  
His death for to declare, as you now hear it." 32

When she the Tidings heard, with this sad potion,  
She like a stock appear'd without all motion ;  
At length her spirits came by grief Inflamed,  
And then, with floods of tears, thus she exclaimed :

"O ye great powers above, which life doth lend us,  
And thou the God of Love, that did befriend us,  
Why have ye snatcht away my dearest sweeting,  
And by your cruelty spoiled our meeting? 40

"Since that my Love is dead, whom I did tender,  
No comfort I will take, but life surrender :  
In some unwonted paths there will I wander,  
And prove more constant than e're was *Leander*. [Cf. p. 519.

"And so, vain world, farewell, and all thy pleasure !  
Since he is gone that was my chiefest treasure,  
In the *Elizium* shades there will I hide me,  
Until I find my Love, what e're betide me." [Koch. ends here.

[We learn the rest of the story from the next ballad. Four woodcuts : 1st, the Spanish-hatted man, p. 249 ; 2nd, the widow, p. 516 ; 3rd and 4th, woman and man, p. 515. Bagford's, Pepys's, Lindesiana, B.L. were printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, in Pye Corner [Smithfield]. Date, circa 1672-80. *The Ship* on p. 516 belongs to p. 551 ; the other half-cut to p. 498.]

[Wood's Collection, E. 25, fol. 153.]

**The**  
**Valiant Sea-man's Happy Return to his Love,**  
**After a long Seven Years' Absence.**

TO THE TUNE OF, *I am so deep in love*; or, *Through the cool shady woods.*

**W**hen *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, [Cf. p. 523.]  
 Prond waves do 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, come hear me! 16

"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 out-vye 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 [you'll find] than she no fairer: [text, 'there is.']  
 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." 32

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 jear me;  
 Since Death has served me so, none shall come near me.

"The chaste *Penelope* mourn'd for *Ulysses*; [See Note.<sup>1</sup>  
 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 ! 48

He ask'd her how she lik'd his counterfeiting ?<sup>2</sup>  
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* !<sup>3</sup>

" *Dido*, of *Carthage* Queen, lov'd stout *Aeneas*,  
But my True-Love is found more true than he was.  
*Venus* ne'r fonder was of Young *Adonis*,  
Then I shall be of thee, since thy love my 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 ! " 64

Printed for P[hilip] B[rooksbury] and E. O[liver], and are to be sold at their  
shops, in West Smithfield, and on Snow-Hill [i.e. The Golden-Key.]

[In Black-letter. With two woodcuts. Date, circa 1676.]

Notes.—<sup>1</sup> Tennyson makes Ulysses weary of being " match'd with an aged  
wife ; " Byron, who found his own a bitter bargain, displays the situation thus—

" An honest gentleman at his return  
May not have the good fortune of *Ulysses* ;  
Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,  
Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses ;  
The odds are that he finds a handsome urn  
To his memory—and two or three young Misses  
Born to some friend, who holds his wife and riches,—  
And that his *Argus*—bites him by the breeches."

—*Don Juan*, Canto iii. stanza xxiii.

<sup>2</sup> Compare, " Ah ! sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited. I  
pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited." The token-bearing and other  
resemblances prove that the ballad-writer knew *As You like It*, Act iv. sc. 3.

<sup>3</sup> The Maid has a very pretty wit, and seizes the occasion for a pun with  
genuine gusto. Such are the people who enjoy Life without a surfeit, having  
found the *Via Media* ; true salt of the earth, if not the fruit-salt :

There are fools who avoid fruit and wine ;  
There are fools who exceed and turn swine ;  
But the wise taste the cream of the yeast,  
Knowing *ENO's* as good as a Feast.

Or was her ' Hero ' an involuntary *lapsus* ? This sexual transposition of Hero  
and Leander is similar to Humphrey Crouch's blunder, " How fares my fair  
*Leander* ? (see vol. vi. p. 560). Who was the originator of the error ?

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 756; Trowbesh Collection, *ter.*]

[Careless BILLY.]

The Frolicsome Spark. A New Song.

YE frolicsome Sparks of the game, ye Misers both wretched and old  
Come listen to *Billy* by name, who once had his hat full of gold :  
And seven-score acres of land, with corn and cattle in store,  
[Tho'] now I have none at command, yet my heart is as gay as before. [*a.l.* But.  
[*Then why should we quarrel for riches, or any such glittering toys ?*  
*A light heart and a thin pair of breeches go through the world, brave boys !*]

My father was cloathed in leather, my mother in sheep's russet grey,  
They labour'd in all sorts of weather, that I might go gallant and gay ;  
With my rapier, had mounted with feather, my heart too as light as a cork !  
And what the old folks scrap'd together, I spread it abroad with my fork.  
[*Then why should we quarrel for riches, etc., Passim.*]

The Merchant, who trades on the seas, for riches, you very well know,  
His heart can ne'er be at ease, when [blustering] Tempests do blow ;  
His happiness is very small, for fear of some terrible news,  
But he that's got nothing at all has little or nothing to lose.

Shou'd they make me a Justice of Peace, an Alderman, Shrieve, or lord Mayor,  
With riches my cares would encrease, and throw me quite into despair: [*a.l.* drive.  
I love to be jolly and free, I'll ne'er be concern'd in the State,  
My mind is a kingdom to me, there's danger in being too great.

[My Fortune is pretty well spent, my lands, my cattle and corn, [*Not in Roxb.*  
Yet I am as full of content as e'er I was since I was born ;  
I ne'er will be troubled with wealth, my pockets are drain'd very dry ;  
I walk where I please for my health, and never fear robbing, not I.]

Some say that 'Care kill'd a cat,' it starv'd her and caus'd her to die ;  
But I will be wiser than that, for the devil a care will have I,  
But to toss off a jolly full Bowl, to drive away [sorrow] and strife, [*misp.* 'folly.'  
Here's a health to the Honest Brave Soul, who never knew care in his life.

[*Then why should we quarrel for riches, or any such glittering toys ?*  
*A light heart and a thin pair of breeches go through the world, brave boys !*]

[No colophon or woodcut to Roxb. exemplar, in white-letter. One 'slip' in our  
Trowbesh Collection was printed for *D. Wrighton*, 86, *Snow Hill*, Birmingham ;  
another, Printed and sold by *Jennings*, 13, *Water Lane*, *Fleet Street*, London.  
With music.]

The song was printed in 1775 (*chorus* included, as in Trowbesh), on pp. 269–271, of *Vocal Music*, vol. iii. ; also in the *Edinburgh Vocal Magazine*, iii. 20, 1797. Roxb. omits the fifth stanza, here restored from 1775 edition, with title of 'Careless Billy,' and the lively *chorus*, which secured popularity and became proverbial. The contrast between the miserly father gathering 'filthy lucre' with his muck-rake, and the prodigal son scattering it with a fork, has been already shown in a *Roxburghe Ballad's* woodcuts, vol. vi. pp. 327, 335. A modern paraphrase of 'Careless Billy,' includes certain lines (in the vein of the late Thomas Crampton, of Chiswick, Sheerness-born, most jovial of camarades) :—

"And when the rats nibble my toes, as I sit alone by the bare shelf,  
I don't drive 'em off, 'cause I knows—*What it is to be hungry myself.*"

This half-stanza had never belonged to the original song, which must have preceded 1773, first sounded in a playhouse, before it went abroad extended.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 458, III. 885; Pepys, IV. 176; Euing, 354, 355; Jersey, I. 32=Lind., 481; Douce, II. 220, 221.]

## The True Lover's Joy;

Or, A Dialogue between a Seaman and his Love.

The Maid implores the aid of *Charon's Boat*,  
That to the gloomy shades her Soul might float,  
With sighs and groans, much weary and opprest,  
At last he heard her moan and gave her rest,  
From all past dangers, and from future harms,  
She safe arriv'd and anchor'd in his arms.

TO A NEW TUNE MUCH IN REQUEST. [*Hark! Charon; Come away.* See Note.]

MAID.

**H**Ark! *Charon*, come away, bring forth thy Boat and Oars,  
And carry me, poor harmless maid, unto the *Elizium* Shoars.

CHARON.

"Who *Charon* calls in hast[e]? whilst I sit here in pain,  
I carry none but pure and chast[e], such as true love hath slain.

I am come, dear soul, I come, thy Face doth so incharm me, [thee.]"  
Come in my Boat and take thy room, no wind nor wave shall harm

MAID.

"Now I am come in thy Boat, I am a maid undone,  
Sighing, my heart is almost broke, for my Love he is from me gone.

Thus as I pass the shades, I'll tell you a mournful tale,  
So full of sighs as we do pass, shall serve us for a gale.

And so beguil'd the time, I'll sing you a true Lover's Song,  
Mine eyes shall flow a Sea of Tears, to carry the Boat along.

Oh what's become of those hard hearts, of a Virgin's takes no pity?  
They're sailing to *Virginia* parts, where *Neptuns* hath built a city.

O *Cupid* hath wounded me, and hath pierc'd my tender heart,  
To call for one whom I lov'd so dear, who cares but little for 't.

Thus in the shades below, we'll wast[e] the tedious hours,  
No gust of winds, but sighs shall blow, the Boat with *Charon's Oars*."

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*Note.*—For a list of variation-names to a different tune known as *Charon* (i.e. "Charon, make haste, and ferry me over," the ballad of 'The Despairing Lover's Address to Charon,') see p. 502, and vol. vi. p. 24. A different 'Languishing Swain,' beginning "Happy's the man that's Free from love," is added later.

## [THE LOVER] HIS ANSWER.

“Stay, gentle *Charon* stay, and let thy Boat alone, [moan.  
Row not the harmless Maid away, that sits and makes her

“For she that calls so fast, and sighs so at thy stay,  
A Virgin is as pure and chaste, as ever true Love did slay.

“She’s no dear soul for thee, let not her face incharm thee, [thee.  
Though room within thy Boat there be, her beauty there may harm

“O fair one, if you go; I’m more undone than you,  
My heart doth equal sorrow know, and still my love is true.

“The shades you must not pass, nor mournful stories tell,  
Instead of sighing gales, alas! a kiss will do as well.

“You’d better stay a shore, and sing us a true Lover’s Song,  
It is enough, we need no more to carry his boat along.

“No heart so hard I know, but would gladly ease your pain,  
Else let him to *Virginia* go, and never return again. [vide. p. 510.

“If *Cupid* hath wounded you, he hath wounded me before,  
If you love as you say you do, I love you as much or more.

“In Beds of softest Down we’ll spend the short-liv’d nights,  
No gust of wind or sigh shall drown the current of our delights.”

## MAID.

“Come, gentle *Charon*, come, and me to shoar remove,  
The wind despairing sighs did blow, shall waft me unto Love.

“How slow the Boats-man steers, if he no faster ply,  
My Love to rid me of my fears, shall lend me his wings to flye.

“To thee, dear Love, I float, finding thee just and true,  
And bid to *Charon* and his Boat eternally adieu.

“Make hast[e], make hast[e], my Dear, for if thou longer stay,  
Thro’ the floods without all fears, my Arms shall make their way.

“Welcome, my Love, to shoar: I’le keep thee from all harms,  
And thou shalt ride for evermore at Anchor in my arms.”

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball*, in *Pye-corner*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, John Taylor, the Water-poet, or some other London Waterman, rowing a bevy of not wherry tempting damsels, as in our vol. v. p. 466; 2nd, a small ship with full sails, and letter S, on one, similar to p. 497: 3rd, a Lady holding a rose, p. 540. Date, circa 1672-80.]



## The Seaman's Adieu to his Dear.

“Early one morning a jolly brisk Tar (signal being made for sailing,) Nimbly stept up to his Dear, who for his loss was bewailing.  
 ‘Orders have come, ship to unmoor, boats alongside lie waiting :  
 Come, come, my dear *Molly*, for you must ashore, this is no time for prating.’”  
 —*Poll of Portsmouth-Point. (The Masque, 1767.)*

WITH a summons preliminarily, “Come all loyal Lovers that’s faithful and true,” the Seaman who bids adieu to his Dear offers himself as a Pattern of Loyalty. The ballad possesses a tune not immediately recognisable by its tune-name, *I’ll go to Sir Richard* (which we may suppose to have been a variation of its own “I’ll go to the Captain!” p. 524). “*The Seaman’s Adieu to his Dear*” is mentioned as an alternative tune, not an *alternative tune-name*, along with *Shrewsbury for me* (vol. vi. p. 359) for ‘The Country Lass’s Good Counsel to her Fellow-Maids,’ date after 1673, beginning,

“Come all you young damsels, where ever you dwell.”

Of the Seaman we are told “This man was press’d to serve upon the Seas;” and we find in ‘The Valiant Virgin,’ on p. 546, the vindictive father of Mary has recourse to the same bad custom of the *Press-Gang*, worse than Conscription. While there were so many abuses on ship-board, unredressed of old, landsmen naturally shrank from enlistment in the sea-service; consequently whenever the cry arose “The King wants men,” kidnapping and crimping were adopted. Harry Carey wrote a *Press-Gang* song, sung by Mrs. Lampe in his ‘*Nancy; or, The Parting Lovers,*’ 1739.

### The Press-Gang.

OH! where will you hurry my dearest?  
 Say, say, to what clime or what shore?  
 You tear him from me the sincerest  
 That ever loved mortal before.  
 Ah! cruel, hard-hearted to press him,  
 And force the dear youth from my arms!  
 Restore him, that I may caress him,  
 And shield him from future alarms.

In vain you insult and deride me,  
 And make but a scoff at my woes;  
 You ne’er from my dear shall divide me,  
 I’ll follow wherever he goes.  
 Think not of the merciless Ocean;  
 My soul any terror can brave;  
 For soon as the ship makes its motion,  
 So soon shall the sea be my grave.

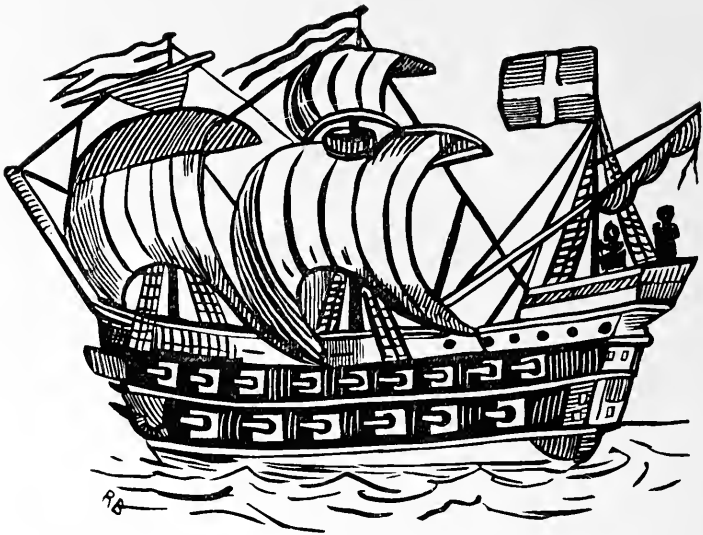
In general the lass thought better of it, and did not drown herself. But the case of Mary Jones, 1780, who was hanged while suckling her infant, (see Dickens, in his Preface to *Barnaby Rudge*.) was more sad and disgraceful to the nation. Charles Dibdin coolly appropriated Carey’s song, for his own ‘*True-Blue; or, The Press-Gang,*’ 1781; although it had been printed in Carey’s *Musical Century*, i. 133, before Dibdin was born (1745).

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 106 ; Euing, No. 324.]

## The Seaman's Adieu to his Dear.

This Man was prest to serve upon the Seas,  
Which did his Dearest very much displease,  
She importun'd the Captain on her knee,  
And proffered Gold to have her Love set free :  
But all would not prevail, the Captain's ear  
Was deaf, the Maid's complaint he would not hear ;  
When no entreaty could move his hard heart,  
She sadly took her leave, and so they part.

TO THE TUNE OF, *I'le go to Sir Richard.* [See p. 523, and 9th stanza.]



“ Come all loyal Lovers that's faithful and true,  
Observe, where ever you be,  
A pattern I here have presented to you :  
It is good to be constant you see.

“ But chiefly to thee, my own dearest, I speak,  
With patience my absence to bear,  
For now I am prest to serve on the Seas,  
*And I must bid adieu to my dear.*

“ Our King must have Seamen and Souldiers most stout  
His enemies' hearts for to fear, [i. e. to frighten.]  
And I for my honour will venture about,  
*And I must bid adieu to my dear.*”

MAID.

“ O tell me not so, mine own dearest, I pray,  
For Love's sake take pitty on me,  
I'll do my endeavour to please thee alway,  
*If that I may have my love free.* 16

“ 'Tis far better staying with me on the shore,  
Where pleasures and joys do abound,  
Than for [you] to venture where Cannons do roar,  
In the depth of the Seas to be drown'd.

“ O be not so cruel (my love) for to fight,  
But tarry, my dearest, with me ;  
We'll find out a way in Love's wars for to fight,  
*And I'll strive for to set my love free.*”

MAN [*replies*].

“ All that thou can'st do, my love, will not procure,  
My freedom, I sorely do fear ;  
But I must the hardship of service endure,  
*And I must bid adieu to my dear.*

“ My Captain by no means will let me go free,  
He likes me so well, I do hear ;  
Therefore it's in vain to beg my liberty,  
*For I must bid adieu to my dear.*” 32

[MAID.]

“ I'll go to thy Captain and fall on my Knee, [N.B. p. 523.  
Perhaps he'll take pitty on me ;  
If five pounds or ten pounds will buy thy Discharge,  
*He shall have it to set my love free.*

[THE] CAPTAIN'S ANSWER.

“ Not 10 pounds nor 20 will buy his Discharge,  
Fair Maid, you must patiently bear ;  
He shall go to Sea for his King to ingage,  
*And he must bid adieu to his dear.*

“ I'll have him to serve me upon the salt Main,  
In battel with foes for to fight,  
Then cease, pritty Maiden, and do not complain,  
For the Wars is a souldier's delight.”

MAID.

“ Behold, noble Captain, the sorrowful tears,  
That down my cheeks trickle amain,  
To move your hard heart to release me of fear  
And to grant me my love once again. 48

“ No maiden's heart ever was so full of woe,  
 Then, good Sir, take pitty on me;  
 And let him no further into the wars go,  
*But be pleased to set my love free.*”

CAPTAIN.

“ O cease thy suit, Damsel, and be not so sad,  
 Let reason thy mind now aswage;  
 Ten thousand such Seamen e're long must be had,  
 All against the proud foes to engage.”

MAN.

“ My dearest, why dost thou the Captain offend,  
 Thou seest he by no means will yield;  
 And I am resolved my blood for to spend,  
 Upon the salt Sea or in Field.

“ Therefore be contented, and cease thy sad moan,  
 Take comfort and do thou not fear;  
 If Fortune befriend me, when as I am gone,  
 I shall once again see mine own dear.”

64

MAID.

“ My Dearest, since thou must be parted from me,  
 And here must no longer remain,  
 The thought of thy love all my comfort shall be,  
 Until I do see thee again.

“ Each hour for thy welfare to God will I pray,  
 That he will in safety preserve  
 My own dearest Lover by night and by day  
 Whilst he on the Ocean doth serve.

“ This Token, I prethee, Love, for my sake keep,  
 Remember me when you it wear;  
 This parting kiss take, which doth cause me to weep,  
 And so heavens bless mine own dear.”

76

MAN.

“ Adieu, my dear jewel; thy love I have found,  
 Our parting doth grieve me full sore,  
 The Drums they do beat, and the trumpets do sound,  
 And I must stay no longer on shore.” *Finis.*

Printed for *F. Coles*, in *Vine Street*, near *Hatton-Garden*.

[In Black-letter, with three woodcuts: 1st, a big Ship, on p. 524; 2nd, Man, p. 175; 3rd, Woman, p. 311. Euing exemplar (No. 324), was printed for *Richard Burton*, at the sign of the *Horse-Shoe*, in *Smithfield*. Date, c. 1665.]

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 69 ; Bagford, II. 87 ; Douce, II. 196.]

## The Seaman's Adieu to his pritty Betty: Living near Wapping ; or, a Pattern of true Love, etc.

Sweet *William* to the Seas was prest, and left his Love behind ;  
Whilst she her sorrows oft exprest and blam'd the fates unkind.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Tender hearts* [of *London City*. See p. 497.]

Sweet *William* and pritty *Betty*, they were loving kind and prity ;  
None alive could be more true,  
Yet at last, how they was crost, in brief I will declare to you.  
He aboard was then commanded, by no means he could withstand it,  
She was left with grief on shore ;  
Discontented, she lamented, for the loss of him therefore.  
Qd. he, " My dearest, cease thy weeping ! heavens have thee still in keeping ;  
For if I return alive,  
Here is my hand, by Sea and Land, no creature shall my Love deprive."  
Thus with sighs and tears they parted, she to him was Loyal-hearted,  
But her tears could not prevail ;  
She was left, of Joy bereft, for then the Ship was under Sail.  
But, alas ! Tempestuous Weather, Wind & Rain, & Storms together ;  
Thus the raging Seas did rore :  
Quoth he, " My dear, I greatly fear, that I shall never see thee more."  
Thus the Claps of roaring Thunder, rais'd the waves to all Men's wonder :  
They were cast upon the Sand ;  
The Ship was lost, and they was crost, they being many Leagues from Land,  
Thus their goodly Ship [was] staved, nothing that they had was saved,  
But the lives of only three ;  
We on shore may grieve therefore, to think of their Extreimity.  
While their grief they were expressing, heavens now doth send a blessing,  
For a Ship that sailed by,  
Which did see them, and did free them from that woeful Destiny.  
They were bound for *London City*, where they found his true love's pitty,  
Thus they did declare indeed ;  
That *William* he was in the Sea, which made her very heart to bleed.  
" O my dearest Love," she cryed, " would I for thy sake had dyed,  
Thou ly'st rouling in the [Deep] ; [text, ' Sea.'  
Hear my Ditty, Lovers pitty, can you now forbear to weep ?  
" O Rocks and Waves so cruel, you have rob'd me of my Jewel,  
You have got my heart's delight ;  
O come seize me, Death, and ease me ! " thus she cryed day and night.  
Then the Messenger came creeping, all her friends were round her weeping  
Seeing of her misery ;  
Then she cryed, as she dyed, " Love, I long to be with thee."

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel*, in *Guiltspur-street*. [See *Note*, p. 533.]

## The Benjamin's Lamentation.

"Shall the Granadeer Boys proclaim their loyalty to the Royal Twain,  
 And we, who belong to the Ocean Main, now forget our Loyalty?  
 No, no it never shall be said, that we who uphold now the National Trade,  
 Was ever yet, or will be, afraid, of the greatest Forces at Sea.  
 Against all those that dare inhance our courage we will soon advance,  
 We never fear'd the power of *France*, like heroes we will fight;  
 For Royal *James*, whom we adore, our thund'ring cannons they shall roar!  
 We'll chase them to the very Shore, that dare to oppose his right."

—*The Courageous Seamen's Loyal Health*, 1685.

THE '*Benjamin O*' is mentioned as No. 222 in Thackeray List. The two following *Roxburghe Ballads* have a tune in common, although it bears their own distinct titles: *The Granadeers' Rant* is the same tune as *The Poor Benjamin*. The one begins, "Captain *Hume's* gone to sea, *Hey boys! Ho boys!*" and the other, "Captain *Chilver's* gone to sea, *Hey boys! Ho boys!*"

"The Granadeers' Rant," telling of Captain *Hacket*, *Hume*, and *Hodge*, belongs to 1680, when the 'Royal Scots' regiments captured a standard from the Moors; before the destruction of Tangier Mole, viz., March, 168 $\frac{3}{4}$ . 'The Benjamin's Lamentation' is near the same date. We wrote already (in vol. v. pp. 471 to 476) upon this unfortunate abandonment of Tangier; which had been a part of the dower bestowed by Portugal on Charles II.'s wife, Catherine of Braganza. To keep Tangier in efficient self-defence required more expenditure of money than was suitable with the King's lavish profusion on the Court-favourites. The Commons, as usual, were parsimonious grumblers. Our countrymen did very little, if any thing, to benefit the natives during the twenty years of English occupancy. Tangier was notorious for looseness of morals; and it trained Colonel Kirke to cruelties, in punishing Monmouth's abortive Rebellion in 1685 (see our vol. v.). A full account of the mismanaged and licentious Tangier is furnished by Samuel Pepys; not in the early *Diary*, but in his Bodleian MS., detailing the visit paid in 1683, Edited by the Rev. John Smith, A.M.; not reprinted.

As to the Grenadiers, men armed with hand-grenades, carried in a pouch, they are said to have been established in France, 1667; and in England, 1685. But our '*Granadiers' Rant*' appears to have been of several years' earlier date, viz., 1680-1681 at latest. Pepys, who had left London on July 30, 1683, writes on 28th September at Tangier, "*Kirke* and I did go aside to see some *hand-grenadoes* shot off and flung about three hundred yards, with an instrument lately invented" (*Life, Journals, etc., of Sam. Pepys*, 1841, vol. i. p. 371). Several of Hollar's drawings of Tangier in 1669 are at the British Museum, and Henry Teonge has described it in his *Diary*, as seen in 1675 (printed in 1825).

An 'Old Northumbrian ditty' is mentioned in *Redgauntlet*, 1824, beginning,

"*Willy Foster's* gone to sea, siller buekles at his knee,  
 He'll come back and marry me—Canny *Willie Foster*."

Perhaps sung to the 'pleasant Northern tune' of *Slec Willy Ste'nsen*, named from another ballad, beginning, "There was a Lass in our town" (see p. 351).

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 33: Pepys Coll., IV. 200; Douce, I. 16.]

## The Benjamin's Lamentation

for their sad loss at Sea, by Storms and Tempests.

Being a brief Narrative of one of his Majesties Ships called the *Benjamin*, that was drove into Harbour at *Plymouth*, and received no small harm by this Tempest.

TO THE TUNE [ITS OWN] OF, *The Poor Benjamin*.



[Man belongs to pp. 264, 548.]

CAPTAIN *Chilver's* gone to sea,  
 [Hey] Boys, O Boys!  
 With all his company, hey!  
 Captain *Chilver's* gone to sea,  
 With all his company,  
 In the brave Benjamin, O!

[Hey, is 'I' in text *passim*.]

Thirty guns this ship did bear,—*Hey boys, O boys!*  
 They were bound for *Venice* fair, *Hey!*  
 Thirty guns this ship did bear,  
 And a hundred men so clear,  
 In the brave Benjamin, O!

12

But by ill storms at Sea,—*Hey boys, O boys!*  
 Which bred our misery, *Hey!*  
 But by ill storms at sea,  
 Were drove out o' th' way,  
 In the brave Benjamin, O!

We had more wind than we could bear—*Hey boys, O boys!*  
 Our ship it would not steer, *Hey!*  
 We had more wind than we could bear,  
 Our Masts and Sails did tear,  
     *In the poor Benjamin, O!* 24

The first harm that we had—*Hey boys, O boys!*  
 It makes my heart so sad, *Hey!*  
 The first harm that we had,  
 We lost our fore-mast head:  
     *O the poor Benjamin, O!*

The Seas aloud did roar,—*Hey boys, O boys!*  
 We being far from shore, *Hey!*  
 The Seas no favour shows,  
 Unto friends nor foes.  
     *O the poor Benjamin, O!* 36

**T**He next harm that we spy'd,—*Hey boys, O boys!*  
 Then we to heaven cry'd, *Hey!*  
 Down fell our Main-mast head,  
 Which struck our senses dead,  
     *In the poor Benjamin, O!*

Thus we with Seas were erost,—*Hey boys, O boys!*  
 And on the Ocean tost, *Hey!*  
 Thus we with Seas was tost,  
 Many a brave man was lost,  
     *In the poor Benjamin, O!* 48

The next harm that we had,—*Hey boys, O boys!*  
 We had cause to be sad, *Hey!*  
 The next harm that we had,  
 We lost four men from the Yard,  
     *In the poor Benjamin, O!*

Disabled as I name,—*Hey boys, O boys!*  
 We were drove on the Main, *Hey!*  
 So the next harm we had,  
 We lost our Rudder's head,  
     *In the poor Benjamin, O!* 60

Then we fell all to Prayer,—*Hey boys, O boys!*  
 The Lord our lives would spare, *Hey!*  
 Then we fell all to Prayer,  
 And he at last did hear  
     *Us in the Benjamin, O!*



Although we sail'd in fear—*Hey boys, O boys!*  
 The Lord our Ship did steer, *Hey!*  
 Our Prayers so fervent were,  
 That we had passage clear  
 Into brave *Plimouth* Sound, O!

72

We came in *Plimouth* Sound, *Hey boys, O boys!*  
 Our hearts did then resound, *Hey!*  
 When we came to *Plymouth* Sound,  
 Our grief with joy was crown'd,  
*In the poor Benjamin, O!*

When we came all on shore,—*Hey boys, O boys!*  
 Every man at his dore, *Hy!*  
 When we came all on shore,  
 Our grief we did deplore,  
*In the poor Benjamin, O!*

84

You gallant Young-men all,—*Hey boys, O boys!*  
 'Tis unto you I call; *Hey!*  
 Likewise brave Seamen all,  
 Lament the loss and fall  
*Of the poor Benjamin, O!*

Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.*

[Black-letter. Two cuts: 1st, a man swimming with ships in distance, p. 529. *Other man belongs to 'Valiant Virgin,'* pp. 264, 548. 2nd, the old ship of '*The Seaman's Adieu to his Dear,'* on p. 524. Date, probably 1670-1684.]

We print throughout '*Hey*' instead of '*Hi*;' but not where it appeared as '*Hy*.'

Beginning with a similar first line, an early seven-stanza ballad entitled 'The Seaman's Frolick; or, A Cooler for the Captain,' sung to its own tune of *Come no more there*, was printed for *M. Coles, T. Vere, Wright, Clarke, Thackeray, and Passenger*, before 1681. It has this Argument, with the first stanza:—

“ You Seamen bold that plough the Ocean main,  
 To read this Song do not at all disdain,  
 But rather learn thereby how to avoid  
 The [s]hores in [Vice] which many have destroy'd.”

“ Captain *Robert* is gone to Sea, and I lov'd him well, and I lov'd him well;  
 With all his merry, merry company: ther's them can sing and say,  
 ' Captain *Robert* is gone to Sea, the girls for his return doth pray,  
 And shall we never, never, while we live, come no more there?'  
*We'l come no more there, brave boys, we'l come no more there,*  
*We'l come no more there, brave boys, we'l come no more there,*  
*And we shall never, never, while we live, come no more there.”*

A later 'Seaman's Frolick; or, Tit for Tat' (alias 'The Merry Wives of *Wapping*'), no less giving a 'Cooler to the Captain,' begins, "All you that delight in a Frolicsome song." But as Rudyard Kipling says, "That is another story." It may be told, nevertheless, in our '*Third Nautical Group.*'

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 582. Probably Unique. See p. 528.]

## A Proper New Ballad, Entituled, The Granadeers' Rant.

TO ITS OWN PROPER NEW TUNE, *II[e]y! the brave Granadeers; Ho.*

(Captain *Hume* is bound to sea, [N.B.—A Major *Hume* in  
1692 plotted to seize  
Edinburgh Castle.]  
*Hey boyes, ho boyes;*  
 Captain *Hume* is bound to sea: *Ho!*  
 Captain *Hume* is bound to sea,  
 And his brave companie;  
*Hey, the brave Granadeers, Ho!*

We'll drink no more *Irish Beer*, *Hey boyes, ho boyes,*  
 We'll drink no more *Irish Beer, Ho!*  
 We'll drink no more *Irish Beer,*  
 For we're all bound for *Tangier;*  
*Hey, the brave Granadeers, Ho!* 12

We'll drink the *Spanish Wine;* *Hey boyes, ho boyes!*  
 We'll drink the *Spanish Wine: Ho!*  
 We'll drink the *Spanish Wine,*  
 And court their Ladies fine,  
*Hey, the brave Granadeers, Ho!*

Now we're upon the Sounds, *Hey boyes, ho boyes:*  
 Now we're upon the Sounds, *Ho!*  
 Now we're upon the Sounds,  
 Every man's health goes round,  
*Hey, the brave Granadeers, Ho!* 24

When we came to *Cails* on Shore, *Hey boyes, ho boyes,*  
 When we came to *Cails* on Shore, *Ho!* [= *Calis* = *Cadiz*.]  
 When we came to *Cails* on Shore,  
 We made the guns to roar,  
*Hey, the brave Granadeers, Ho!*

Now we drink the *Spanish Wine,* *Hey boyes, ho boyes:*  
 Now we drink the *Spanish Wine, Ho!*  
 Now we drink the *Spanish Wine,*  
 And kiss their Ladies fine,  
*Hey, the brave SCOTTISH boyes, Ho!*

When we do view *Tangier,* *Hey boyes, ho boyes!* 36  
 When we do view *Tangier, Ho!*  
 Now we do see *Tangier,*  
 We'll make these proud *Mo[o]res* to fear:  
*Hey, the brave Granadeers, Ho!*

When we come to *Tangier* shore, *Hey boyes, ho boyes!*  
 When we come to *Tangier* shore, *Ho!*  
 When we land on *Tangier* shore,  
 We'll make our Granads to roar;  
*Hey, the brave Granadeers! Ho!* 48

When we come upon the Mould, *Hey boyes, ho boyes!*  
 When we come upon the Mould: *Ho!*  
 When we come upon the Mould,  
 We'll make these proud *Mo[or]es* to yeeld:  
*Hey, the brave SCOTTISH boyes, Ho!*

When we come upon the Wall, *Hey boyes, ho boyes!*  
 When we come upon the Wall; *Ho!*  
 When we come upon the Wall,  
 We'll make these proud *Mo[or]es* to fall;  
*Hey, the brave Granadeers! Ho!* 60

There's *Hacket, Hume, and Hodge, Hey boyes, ho boyes!*  
 There's *Hacket, Hume, and Hodge, Ho!*  
 There's *Hacket, Hume, and Hodge,*  
 In *Charles's* Fort shall lodge,  
*Hey! the brave Granadeers, Ho!*

*Hacket* led on the Van; *Hey boyes, ho boyes!*  
*Hacket* led on the Van: *Ho!*  
*Hacket* led on the Van, [Col. Robert Hacket.  
 Where was killed many a man,  
*Hey the brave SCOTTISH boyes: Ho!* 72

Sixty brave *Granadeers*; *Hey boyes, ho boyes!*  
 Sixty brave *Granadeers*; *Ho!*  
 Sixty brave *Granadeers,*  
 Beat the *Mo[or]es* from *Tangiers,*  
*Hey the brave SCOTTISH boyes, Ho!* **Finis.**

[No colophon or woodcut. Black-letter. Date, probably *circa* 1680-83. These 'brave Granadeers' were Dumbarton's regiment, the Royal Scots, 'Pontius Pilate's Guards,' who afterwards declared for James II. in March, 1689, and many followed their colonel into France. With '*Kirke's Lambs*' they had garrisoned *Tangier*. See our *Appendix*.]

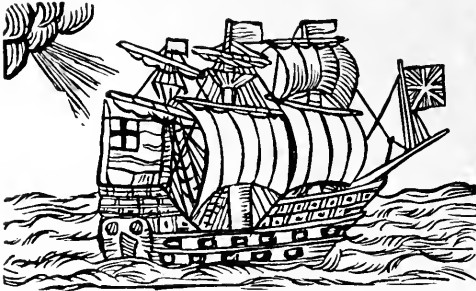
\*\* On pp. 524, 527 are the two ballads totally distinct from 'The Seaman's Adieu.' We already reprinted in *Bagford Ballads*, 1877-78, other 'William and Betty' ditties (viz. '*Amorous Betty's Delight*' = "Come all you pretty Maidens," and '*Sweet William's Answer to Amorous Betty's Delight*' = "O what rare music's this?" both written by John Wade). 'The Sailor's Departure,' p. 534, has a tune *Adieu, my pretty One*. Was this a third 'Seaman's Adieu'?

Note.—The ballad on p. 527 is in Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, the couple on p. 508; 2nd, ships, with Prince of Wales' feathers, p. 399, *ante*; 3rd, man and woman, p. 540; 4th, ships among rocks, p. 505. Date, *circa* 1681.

[Roxb. C., II. 405 ; Pepys, IV. 162 ; Wood, E. 25, 141 ; Lin., 886 ; Euing, 315.]

The Saylor's Departure from his dearest Love,  
 Wishing that still (to him) she'd constant prove.  
 She (in the second part) doth thus reply,  
 E're she'd from him depart, she'l chuse to dye.

TO A NEW TUNE OF, *Adieu, my pretty one.*



[*Ship belongs also to p. 191 ; Lady to p. 444.*]

“ NOW I am bound to the Seas, and from my love must part,  
 May nought my dear displease, that lies so near my heart :  
 Nor mourn, my sweet, for me, to perturbate thy mind,  
 Since there no help can be, I must leave thee behind.

*Remember me on shore, as I thee on the main,  
 So keep my love in store, till I return again.*

“ Poor Saylor's must endure the storms of *Boreas* blast,  
 Of life no man is sure, while Seas raging last :  
 But when the storms are o're, that wind and tide serves well,  
 We hast[e] to kiss the shore, where our true Lovers dwell :

*Remember [me on shore, as I thee on the main], etc.*

“ When we are landed there, and come to greet our friends,  
 Strange wonders we declare, how God us safe defends :  
 Then, Love (if [that] thou please), pray still for my success, [etc.  
 And prosperous Gale at Seas to shield us from distress. *Remember,*

“ Our shipping shall be built without the help of Tree,  
 The hardest flint shall melt, e're I prove false to thee :  
 And though I be infore'd to part thy company,  
 My love bides indivore'd, and shall do till I dye. *Remember, etc.*

“ The fire shall freeze by kind, the snow shall flaming burn,  
 The rain shall turn to wind, or e're my love return :  
 Young-men and Maidens all, that live in *England* wide, [etc.  
 To witness I you call, how firm my love shall bide : *Remember,*

- “ The mountains high shall fall, beneath the valleys deep,  
E're I prove false at all, my promise so I'll keep :  
And if I hold not true, to thee, my gentle Dove, [etc.  
Let not my eyes e're view Earth, Air, or Heaven above : Remember,
- “ The Fish shall seem to flye, yea, Birds to fishes turn,  
The Sea be ever dry, and fire cease to burn :  
When I prove false to thee, shall these things come to pass,  
But that will never be, nor so never was. Remember, etc.
- “ Let not deluding tongue bereave me of my love,  
Nor (sweet) do me such wrong, least it my death should prove :  
Thou seest I must away, our Ship lies under sail,  
And time for none will stay, God sends a happy Gale :  
*Remember me on shore, as I thee on the main,  
So keep my love in store, till I return again.*” 48

HER ANSWER.

- “ **M**ust thou depart, my dear, and leave me thus alone ?  
'Twill cost me many a tear, though to thee it be unknown :  
But be assur'd I'll pray unto the powers Divine,  
To prosper thee the way, where fate shall now design :  
*While I remember thee, and keep my love in store,  
Do thou the like to me, on Sea, or on the shore.*
- “ O till thou dost return from off the Ocean Main,  
Full often I shall mourn, in a lamenting strain,  
And when fierce winds arise, or but contrary blow,  
My sighs and wat'ry eyes shall sympathize my woe : *Then I'll, etc.*
- “ Each hour shall seem to me in length (at least) a year,  
Till thy return again, my joys are stilled with fear,  
For on the Sea I know, what sundry dangers be, [Thus, etc.  
Rock, Sands, and many a Foe, from which, Lord, keep thee free.
- “ I would I might but sail through surging seas with thee,  
My heart would never fail, while thou art near to me ;  
Or that I could but hear thy voice, I should be well,  
But thou'lt not be so near, to hear or see thy Nell : *Yet I'll, etc.*
- “ Though loath we be to part, yet since it seems we must,  
To Sea bear thou my heart, with whom it's put in trust :  
And thine with me let rest, till thou return'st again,  
And each be doubly blest, by making one of twain : *So I'll, etc.*
- “ Mean while, my only joy, I'll kiss thee lovingly ;  
Our hopes doth Time destroy, would I could him deny :  
But time will comfort bring, though we at time are crost, [etc.”  
And Winter finds a Spring restore what seemed lost : *Yet I'll,*

MAN.—“Farewell my love, farewell, ten thousand times adieu,  
My witty, pritty, *Nell*, till my return to you.”

MAID.—“Farewell to thee, sweetheart, that now to Sea art gone,  
With that great grief I part, to Lovers best 'tis known :  
*Yet I'll remember thee,*” etc. Finis.

Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.*

[Jersey, I. 245, for *G. Conyers, c. 1670.*]

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, the ship, p. 534; 2nd, Lady, p. 162;  
3rd, Printer's Device of Fortune on a Wheel, p. 567; 4th, small Ship, p. 504 left.]  
To the same tune, marked “*Now I am bound*” [to the Seas], is the next.



[Roxburghe Coll., III. 485-536; Pepys, III. 132; Rawlinson, 21. See Note.]

[Will,] the [Merry] Weaver and [Charity, the]  
Chambermaid;

[Or, A brisk Encounter between a young man and his Love.]

[TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, OR, *Now I am bound to the Seas*: p. 534.]

[He in her eyes such beauties did discover,  
Making him eager to approach his Lover;  
But she, a longing Maid, as others be,  
Desir'd for to learn her *A. B. C.*

He put the Felcue in her lilly-white hand, [Shuttle.  
And taught her how the same to understand.]

I Am a *Weaver* by my trade, and fell in love with a *Chambermaid* :  
And if I could but her favour win, then I would weave and she should spin.  
My father scornfully to me said, “How could I fancy a *Chambermaid* ;  
Where there were ladies both fine and gay, drest like some Goddess or Queen  
of May?”

“What care I for a Lady [I said], had I but my *Chambermaid*? [text, ‘gay.’  
A *Chambermaid* altho’ she be, happy is the man that enjoyeth she!”

I slip’d up to my Love’s chamber door, where oft times I had been before ;  
But I neither durst speak, nor yet go in, to that pleasant bed that my love lies in.

“How can you call it a pleasant bed? where no one is but a *Chambermaid*? ”  
A *Chambermaid* altho’ she be, bless’d is the man that enjoyeth she!

“Shall I go, love, or shall I stay? shall I tarry till the break of day?”  
With heavy sighs to me she said, “Why was I born to die a maid?”

So I put my shuttle into her hand, and bid her use it at her command,  
She took it kindly and used it free: *so she learnt to weave along with me.*

When that she had learned her Trade, smiling unto me she said,  
“My loom is ready, you may begin: you shall weave, and I will spin.”

[Woodcut, comic figure of a Mountebank. In White-letter. No printer’s name.]

Note.—The Roxburghe exemplar is a corrupt Reprint; the earlier issue was  
in Black-letter: Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball*, near the *Hospital-  
Gate*, in *West-Smithfield*, circa 1670-80. We copy thence the Argument, the  
Sub-title, and the mention of Tune, from the Pepysian exemplar and Rawlinson.  
(f. pp. 26 and 238, ante, where *I am a Weaver* is cited for ‘Plowman’s Reply.’

\* \* A different Chambermaid ballad (quoted on p. 469), ‘The Witty Chambermaid; or, *Diek* the Weaver Strangely cheated,’ is to the tune of *The Journeyman Shoemaker*; or, *Billy and Molly* (see pp. 135, 137, 564). Licensed by R. Poccock, and printed for *C. Denmisson*. It begins “There was a Lass in London Town, both beauteous, fair and witty,” and has this Argument-verse :—

“ A Weaver seemingly was tost, vext, tormented, strangely crost;  
Because the Maid was coy and shy, till she at length her wits did try;  
He could no answer of her take, nor his importunate suit forsake:  
He quickly found the Effects thereof, with many a flouting jeer and scoff.”



Another ditty ‘On a Chambermaid,’ was foundation of the Farce ‘ ’Twas I ! ’

[Trowbesh Collection of Sheet-songs; also in *The Masque*, dated 1765.]

### [It Was I.]

NOT far from town, a country Squire, an open-hearted blade,  
Had long confess’d a strong desire to kiss the Chamber-maid;  
One Summer’s noon, quite full of glee, he led her to the shade,  
And, all beneath the Mulb’ry Tree, he kiss’d the Chambermaid.

The Parson’s spouse, from window high, the amorous pair survey’d;  
And softly wish’d, none can deny, she’d been the Chamber-maid;  
When all was o’er, poor *Betty* cried, “Kind Sir, I’m much afraid.  
That woman there will tell your Bride, you’ve kiss’d her Chamber-maid.”

The Squire conceiv’d a lucky thought, that she might not upbraid,  
And instantly the Lady brought, where he had kiss’d the Maid.  
Then all beneath the Mulb’ry Tree her Ladyship was laid,  
And three times sweetly kiss’d was she, just like her Chamber-maid.

Next morning came the Parson’s wife, for scandal was her trade;  
“I saw your Squire, Ma’am, on my life, great with your Chamber-maid!”  
“When?” cry’d the Lady, “where, and how?—I’ll soon discharge the jade.”  
“Beneath the Mulb’ry Tree, I vow, he kiss’d your Chamber-maid.”

“This falsehood,” cry’d her Ladyship, “shall not my spouse degrade;  
’Twas I, chanc’d there to make a slip, and not my Chamber-maid!”  
Both parties parted in a pet, not trusting what was said;  
And *Betty* keeps her service yet, the pretty Chamber-maid.



### The Letters Three.

SINCE the young man has “gone to Sea,” this may be reckoned a Nautical Ballad. But what solution have we for the *Letters Three*? Does the *B.* stand for *Billy*, *Blay*, or *Betty*? And the *D.*, what does it represent? *Q.* may have been sounded *Quhy*, for *why*? rhyming with *try*. If not, what mean the Letters?

The world around us occupies itself with many silly puzzles and Prize riddles of similar triviality to this May-time writer, M. S., whosoever he may have been, with his Sibylline ‘Letters three’ of *B.*, *D.*, and *Q.* We are obliged to leave the potent mystery in its befog. Conjecturally we use the bracketted interpolations in the *Argument*. Perhaps we should read “with *She*,” instead of “with her.” We also change the iterated ‘constant’ into ‘faithful’ (line 21).

[Roxburge Collection, III. 86. Probably Unique.]

## The Letters Three.

A young man walking forth in this merry month of May,  
Finding his True Love was gone astray,  
All his desire was to speak [these *Letters Three*,]  
With her, before that he was gone to Sea.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE [ITS OWN], OR, *Letters Three*.

With Letters three, I do begin, my mind to write, and then to try:  
The first is *B*, for she and me; the second *D*, the third a *Q*.  
*But if to me she will prove true,*  
*I'le never change, I'le never change, I'le never change her for a new.* [Cf. pp. 99, 105.]

As I was walking in a Grove, three pritty birds all in a Spring,  
One pritty bird did, in that place, unto my thought most sweetly sing,  
*And, in her song, she told me so,*  
*Whom I love best, whom I love best, whom I love best I must forgo.*

Standing a while amaz'd thereat, musing from whence this echo came,  
Feeding my flocks upon the plain, thinking it had been but a dream,  
*But, in her song, she told me so,*  
*Whom I love best, whom I love best, whom I love best I must forgo.*

Quoth he, "I will to her again, and hear what she will to me say;  
Perhaps she will more constant prove, although at first she said me Nay,  
*But if to me she will prove true,*  
*I'le never change, I'le never change, I'le never change her for a new."*

### The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

"I Beg and crave, with cap in hand, falling upon my bended knee,  
I vow to be at her command, if she will grant her love to me:  
*But all my labour is but in vain,*  
*She will not yield, I've lost the field, and am requited with disdain.*

"Now will I leave off loving quite, until a more [faithful] friend I find,  
Of one that will more constant prove, and will not waver with the wind,  
*The cause of this that I complain,*  
*Is to seek relief, to admit my grief, I Loved, and was not Loved again."*

You Lovers all, where e're you be, give ear unto my doleful note:  
With letters three perhaps you might, and so you may give in your rote:  
*The Proverb's true, which now I find,*  
*Once out of sight, once out of sight, once out of sight, quite out of mind.*

My story pen'd, I now will end, praying unto the Gods above:  
Wishing the next true love she have, may prove as constant in his love:  
*One thing more I had to indite.*  
*But for the tears, but for the tears, fell on the paper, I could not write.*

Finis.

By M. S.

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

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, Lady, p. 45; 2nd, Man, p. 203; 3rd, Man, in oval, vol. vi. p. 145; 4th, Lady, also in an oval, p. 16. Date, circa 1678.]



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 112; Douce, I. 30 *verso*, and 33.]

## The Constant Maiden's Resolution ;

Or, The Damsel's loyal love to a Seaman,  
With the Seaman's kind answer thereunto.

This Damsel's heart is on a Seaman bent,  
Because none other can give her content ;  
And he her love most kindly doth imbrace,  
And so they are united in short space.

[TO ITS OWN] TUNE OF, *I love thee, dear, but I dare not show it.*

**A**N amorous Damsel in *Bristol* City, whom *Cupid* wounded without all pity ;  
At length she met with her own true Lover, & her affection did thus discover.

“ Well met, my dearest ! since that I [view] thee, my mind now I will make known  
unto thee ; [text, ‘ I love thee,’  
Altho’ I’m watcht by a jealous Father, I hope the fruits of my love to gather.

I must be gone, Love, I must forgo thee, I must be strange, Love, I must not  
know thee ;

*I love thee dear, but I dare not show it* : do thou the like, but let no man know it.

I wish I were upon yonder mountain, where Gold & Silver great store is counting ;  
Then would I think upon my own dear Honey, whom I love better than Gold or  
money.

A thousand times, Love, I think upon thee, and in despite of the World I’le  
own thee, [me.

Since there is none that I love beside thee, I will prove constant whate’r betide

A Seaman is of all men neatest, and in my eye is the most compleatest ;  
Then what care I for a miser’s money, so I enjoy but my own dear Honey ?

A Hundred pound, Love, I have, you know it, and on a Seaman I will bestow it ;  
For in a Seaman I take more pleasure than in a Goldsmith with all his Treasure.

I care not for my Father’s anger, if I be married ’tis but nine days’ wonder :  
Then come, my Dearest, let us be merry, we’l drink a health in good Sack and  
Sherry.

I do not care for the love of many, I’le have a Seaman if I have any,  
And I’le drink a health to my own dear Honey, whom I love better than Gold  
or money.

Then prethy, dearest, let me not languish, nor feel the smart of a Lover’s anguish,  
And so adieu, my own dear Sweeting, until the next of our merry meeting.”

## The Seaman's kind Answer.

**M**Y dearest Joy and my lovely *Betty*, methinks thy looks are wondrous pretty,  
It much rejoyleth my heart this instant, to find thy love so firm and constant.

’Tis not their frowns, nor thy friends’ displeasure, shall rob me of thee, my  
chiefest Treasure ;

I’le draw my Sword, and I’le lay about me, before that I will go without thee.

Long time, my Dear, I have plow’d the Ocean, and by my Vallor have gain’d  
promotion ;

Then let my presence a little move thee, because with joy I am come to love thee.

Thou sayest, my Dearest, and I believe thee, none but a Seaman shall ever have thee;  
And for thy choice I do much commend thee, since no man living can more befriend thee.

A Valiant Seaman will shun no danger, but venture life against any stranger,  
Of Gold and Silver to make a seizure, and bring it home to his choicest Treasure.

Most like a Lady I will maintain thee, in Silks & Sattins, when I have gain'd thee;  
And whatsoever thou dost require, thou strait shalt have it at thy desire.

I'll strive at all times to content thee, thou shalt not for thy love repent thee;  
But thou shalt find a brave Seaman's proffers are better far than a miser's Coffers.

Then, Dearest, cast away care behind thee, for a true Lover thou shalt find me;  
I value neither thy Gold nor money, so I enjoy thee, my onely Honey.

I fear not by my good behaviour, in time to gain thy old Father's favour;  
*We'll sing old Rose then*, and be full merry, and drown our sorrows in Sack and Sherry. [See Note.]

We'll bid our Neighbours to our Wedding, and we will have a most costly Bedding;  
So for the present farewell my Sweeting, a thousand thanks for this happy meeting.

**With Allowance.**

Printed by *J. L[ock]*, for *J. C[lark]*, at the *Bible and Harp*, in *West-Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, Man, p. 380; 2nd, Woman, p. 499; 3rd, Woman, p. 296, Right. Date of this exemplar's issue, 1688-89.]

*Note.*—"Sing Old Rose, and burn the bellows!" is seldom heard now as it had been in the days of our fathers, who could be temperate when they chose without ostentatiously anathematizing every one who "followeth not with us."

\* \* This ballad had its own special tune, the name being derived from the second stanza. It was mentioned on p. 428. In vol. vi. p. 159, we gave Tobias Boune's ballad entitled, 'Two Faithful Lovers; or, A Merry Song in Praise of *Betty*' (not unique, for another exemplar is Lindesiana, 634), beginning, 'In a *May Morning* as I was walking, I heard two Lovers together talking.' Tune of our *Amorous Damsel of Bristol City*.



[This cut belongs to p. 522;  
the couple, to pp. 527, 533.]

## Loyal Constancy : The Seaman's Love-Letter.

With its Sequel, Vertue the Reward of Constancy,

**T**HREE tunes are named, for 'Loyal Constancy' to be sung to any of them. Three distinct tunes; not different names for one.

The first tune, "*As Cloris full of harmless thoughts*," indicates a song by John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, written before 1677, in which year it was printed in the *Wit's Academy*, p. 115. Music is given in *The Convivial Songster*, p. 89; *Merry Musician*, ii. 73, *Watt's Musical Miscellany*, i. 146, and the 1749 *Antidote against Melancholy*, p. 118. Rochester's song was entitled 'The Lucky Minute.' Extended into a ten-stanza ballad (Roxb. Coll., III. 138; Douce Coll., I. 36), it was either sung to its own tune, or to that of '*Amoret and Phillis*.' The latter tune was composed by Nicholas Staggins: but the song was written by Sir C. S. (Sir Car Scrope, or Sir Charles Sedley) in Etherege's "*Man of Mode*," Act v. sc. 2, 1676, "*As Amoret with Phillis sat, one evening in the plain*:" afterwards lengthened into a ballad called '*Amoret and Phillis*;' or, '*Two to One is Odds*' (Pepys Coll., III. 240; Douce Coll., I. 61).

Second tune.—"*Ah! Jenny, gin your eyes do kill*," Charlot's Scotch song, written by Mrs. Aphra Behn in her "*City Heiress*," Act iii., 1682. Music in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, v. 25, 1684. Lengthened into a ballad entitled "*Jockey's Lamentation turned into Joy*;" or *Jenny yields at last*" (Roxb. Coll., II. 304; IV. 18; Pepys, IV. 116; Euing, No. 173; Huth, II. 2). Compare *Bagford Ballads*, p. 510, for original words, and our vol. vi. p. 181, for reprint.

Third tune.—"*The Fair One let me in*," named from the burden of Tom D'Urfe's song, '*The Kind Lady*,' beginning "*The Night her blackest sables wore*." Printed in 1683, with music composed by his friend, Thomas Farmer.

The three ballads giving name to the tunes were reprinted in our volume vi., respectively, on pp. 134, 178, and 195.

We may accept the authorship of the following ballad, '*Love and Constancy*;' or, '*The Seaman's Love-Letter*,' as being John Blay's, if we feel that way inclined: knowing nothing to the contrary. Was the sequel a veritable composition of Mary Foart? *Here she is!* Blay intended to '*Man the Foart*.'



[Left-hand Wind-Cherub belongs to vol. vi. p. 445; the other to p. 543.]

[Roxb. C., II. 320; Pepys, III. 260; Huth, II. 11; Rawl., 190 *vo.*; Lind., 1183.]

## Loyal Constancy ; Or, The Seaman's Love-Letter.

Written by *John Blay* on Board the *Henry* and *Elizabeth* riding at *Leghorn*, to his Dear Mistress *Mary Foart*, now living near *Wapping*, exhorting her to continue in her wonted love and constancy according to their mutual promises past between them in order to their happy Union and Marriage, so soon as he shall return from this Voyage to *England*.

TUNE OF, [*As*] *Cloris full of harmless thoughts*; [*Ah!*] *Jenny Gin*; [or], *The fair one let me in*. [See p. 541]

Till from *Leghorn* I do return, still constant to me prove ;  
Let none impart, or share thy heart, but only me, thy love ;  
Let no brisk Boy thy love enjoy, or rob me of my treasure ;  
But may we kiss enjoying bliss, possess of earthly pleasure.

Ah, charming Fair one of my heart, how wretched now am I ;  
Since from thee I am fore'd to part, and leave felicity :  
All night I lye, I sigh and groan, still thinking of the bliss  
We oft times have enjoy'd alone, with smile and amorous kiss.

When night grows dark, I steer my Bark, to Love's long wisht-for  
But still I find the winds unkind, I cannot reach the Fort ; [Port ;  
Tempestuous waves my heart inslaves, my troubled Bark does roul ;  
Nothing I see, unless't be thee, can ease my troubled soul.

With serious thoughts I spend my hours, still thinking of your  
charms, [arms,  
Till sleep my drowsie sence o're-powers, and brings thee to my  
Where in a Dream I thee imbrace, and think the world's my own,  
But when I wake, O then, alas ! my earthly joy is gone.

With early look, when day appears, I rouse me up from sleep ;  
I find my Pillow strew'd with tears, your absence caus'd me weep ;  
Thus never shall I be at ease, till like two Turtles we  
May still be Billing when we please, and live at liberty.

Ah ! *Mary Foart*, thou lovely Maid, writ in my heart most dear ;  
May storms and tempests me invade, when *Mary* is not there.  
Though *London* youths do seek the prize, to take and bare away ;  
Yet she that's vertuous, chaste, and wise, will own her Love

John Blay.

[In Black-letter. Three cuts: 1st, lady with fan, and 3rd, a man in armour, both given later: 2nd, two Algerine ships, p. 567. Date, 1683.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 321; Jersey, II. 97 = Lindes., 1183; etc.]

## Virtue the Reward of Constancy;

Or, Mrs. *Mary Foart's* Love-Letter and Answer to her  
dear heart *John Blay* at *Leghorn*:

Wherein she protests her constancy and happiness in the enjoyment of his love; which she writ to him in Verse, as his was to her: and showing the same to a Friend of hers for his approbation, he caused both the Letter and the Answer to be publish'd, to vindicate the Maid's honour and constancy, which some sly young-men living near had endeavour'd to traduce, and by that means to break off the match, which they had designed otherways.

TO THE SAME TUNE. Her Answer.

MY dear, to thee I'll surely be as chast[e] as Ice or Snow,  
I'll waste the nights in our delights, till *Nilus* overflow:  
Let not *Spain's* beauty gain thy duty, nor win thee by her charms;  
But may I still, spight of all ill, embrace thee in my arms.

In shady Grove made fit for love, I sit and waste my hours,  
I Sigh and cry, tears from my eye distill like Pearly showers.  
Nor can I rest, till I am blest, with thee whom I esteem,  
Though fancy may my griefs betray, there's nothing in a Dream.

Like one in chains, tortur'd with pains, I dayly rave and tear,  
Fearing some wave might be a Grave for to inclose my Dear;  
Not all the Gods that rules the Seas, if I once see thy face,  
Shall me betray, or bear away my love from my embrace.

May *Boreas* be once kind to me, fill every troubled sail,  
May merchants leap, and Seamen skip, since love does now prevail:  
May winds once bear to me my Dear, and fix me on thy Breast,  
Then shall I be, enjoying thee, of happiness possesset.

In sweet delights we'll spend the nights, no storms shall cause us fear;  
Lockt in my arms, guarded from harms, I will secure my Dear.  
Then shall I surely be at ease, when like two Turtles we  
May bill and kiss even when we please, enjoying liberty.

Remember me, my Dear *John Blay*, as I thee on the shore,  
Let not *Italian* Dames betray, thy heart keep well in store.  
No *London* youths shall e're persuade my love by false report;  
For thee I'll live or dye a Maid, thy Dear Heart        **Mary Foart.**

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-ball* in *West-Smithfield*.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st and 4th, on p. 541, *centre* (cf. p. 222); 2nd and 3rd, duplicates of small ship, p. 504. Date, not before 1683.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 144 ; Euing, No. 118.]

## The Faithful Lover's Farewell ;

Or,

### Private News from Chatham.

Described in a passionate Discourse betwixt a young Gentleman, whose name was *John*, and his fair Lady *Betty*, who, having been newly Contracted, were suddenly separated before Marriage, in Regard that he was instantly Commanded to take Shipping in an Expedition against the *Dutch*.

TO THE TUNE OF, *My lodging is on the cold ground*, etc. [See Note.]

**A**S I in a Meddow was walking, some two or three Weekes ago,  
I heard two Lovers a Talking, and trampling to and fro ;  
The Female her name was *Betty*, her dearly Belov'd was *John*,  
And both of them wondrous pretty (*I'le tell you the rest anon*).

These Lovers were both combined in mutual bonds of Love,  
But *John* was straightly injoynd a little while to remove  
From her he did love above all things, his fervent desire was such ;  
He now doth intend to do tall things, by engaging against the *Dutch*.

'Twas *Betty* that first complained, " Oh ! why will you use me so ?  
As soon as affection is gained, so speedily can you go,  
And leave me in pyning sorrow distressed upon the Shore ?  
If you do depart to Morrow, *I never shall see thee more*."

" My dear " (quoth *John*), " be not daunted (and smilingly look'd  
upon her),  
My Service it cannot be wanted, I'le bring thee both Wealth and  
Honor ;

I cannot now well support thee, and live like other Men :  
But with Gold and silver I will court thee, *when I come ashore agen*."

(Quoth *Betty*) " Some other way studdy to live with mee here on  
Shore ;

The Battail will be very bloody, when all the great Guns do Roare,  
Thou'lt either be drowning or burning in Crimson Waves of Gore,  
Whilst I sit here in my mourning, *and never shall see the more*."

---

*Note*.—We already gave (on p. 122) the ballad which incorporated and extended Sir William Davenant's song, " My Lodging is on the cold ground," written before 1668 ; and also the parody on it, by Sir James Howard, " My Lodging upon the cold floor is," from ' All is Mistaken ' (p. 124). This ballad of *John* and *Betty* belongs to the time of the later *Dutch War*, 1673.

## THE SECOND PART, to the same Tune.

Quoth *John*, "Prethee leave thy dreaming, and be an obedient Wife,  
 Q I scorn that a Butter-box *Flemming* should vapour away my Life;  
 The Duke of *Yorke* ventures his life too, with all his Royalty;  
 He's a Prince that doth love his wife too, *I warrant as well as I.*

"Good Princes are great Examples for Loyal hearts to follow:  
 He that on Authority tramples I wish the Sea may swallow;  
 The *Dutch-man* was ever a Traitor against their Sovereign;  
 We will make it cost him hott water *e're I come ashore againe.*

"Wee'l beat the *Belgick-Boobies*, and gain their *Guinny-Gold*,  
 I'll bring thee home Pearls and Rubies as many as my Ship will hold;  
 I'll make my *Betty* shine Splendid with Treasuries of the Main,  
 And royally be attended, *when I come a Shore again.*"

Then *Betty* with a whim'ring face return'd these words agen,  
 "I'll put me on a Masculine Case, and pass for one of your men;  
 I'll swear (if you'l believe me), I'll fear no Wind nor Weather,  
 For I know it never will grieve me *if both of us dye together.*"

"My Dear, I prethee leave pleading, thou shalt not to Sea with me,  
 For I can tell, by my reading, it will not convenient be,  
 Thou rather wilt hurt, and hinder me, when we begin the Fray;  
 When *Cleopatra* put to Sea, *Mark Anthony* lost the day.

"My very soul presages we shall be Victorious Men,  
 And cut out worke for Stages when we returne agen."  
 Quoth she, "I'll daily pray for thee, and every Power implore."  
 "I'll fight" (qd. he). "Oh, then," quoth she, "*I never shall see  
 thee more.*"

(*John.*) Said he, "This kiss a farewell gives, my time is drawing on,  
 He needs must go whom Honour drives." (*Bett.*) Quoth she, "Adieu,  
 sweet *John.*"

(*John.*) Quoth he, "I'll make thee a Lady bright, I priethee then  
 dry thine eye:

There's many a wight, is made a Knight *as little deserves as I.*"

Thus sad and heavy-hearted (their kisses wash'd with tears),  
 These faithfull Lovers parted, no case so sad as theirs;  
 Before they came to the Marriage-bed (so wofull is this Ditty),  
 E're she had lost her Maiden-head: Alack, the more's the pittty.

Finis. With Allowance.

London; Printed for *Sarah Tyus*, at the *Three Bibles* on *London-bridge*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, man, p. 296, left; 2nd, lady, p. 31, r.;  
 3rd, woman in man's clothes, on p. 548; 4th, ships among rocks, p. 505.  
 Date, probably, *circa* 1673.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 546; Jersey, I. 350 = Lindsiana, 1190.]

## The Valiant Virgin; Or, *Philip and Mary.*

In a description of a young Gentlewoman of *Worcestershire* (a Rich Gentleman's Daughter), being in love with a Farmer's Son, which her Father despising, because he was poore, caus'd him to be Prest to Sea; And how she disguised herselfe in Man's Apparel and followed him; where in the same Ship, she (being very expert in Surgery) was entertained as Surgeon's Mate, and how loving to him (and skillfully to others) she behaved herself in her Office; and he having got a Shot in the Thigh, how diligent she was to dress him; she never discovering herself to him untill they came both on shore: Her Father dyeing whilst she was at Sea (He having no more Children than she), they went into the Countrey to take Possession of her Estate, and to Marry; To the admiration of all that were at the Wedding.

TO THE TUNE OF *When the Stormy Winds do blow.* [See Note, p. 548.]

TO every faithful Lover that's constant to her dear,  
This Ditty doth discover Affections pure and cleere;  
Affections and Afflictions too, do in this Story move,  
Where Youth and Truth obtain the Crown of Love.

A Man of mean Extraction, brought up in *Worcester-shire*,  
Was guided by Affection to love a Lady dear,  
Whose eyes did shew like morning dew, that doth on Lillies lye;  
Her face, and grace, well mixt with Majesty. 8

She was the only Heiress unto a Gentleman,  
And all her Father's care is to marry her to one  
Whose wealth and wit may fairly fit a Lady of such worth:  
But he, that she did Love, was poore by birth.

A Farmer's son, being handsome, did catch this Ladie's heart,  
So fast in hold, no Ransome can free it from the dart;  
The Gentleman, when he began to understand this thing,  
Quoth he, "I'll free my fond daughter in the spring." 16

The Spring came, and the Pressing was every where begun;  
Her Father's fears increasing, did Press the Farmer's son, [cf. p. 523.  
No money could redeem him: thought she, "If he must go,  
I'll ne're stay here; but I'll be a Seaman too."

### The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.

The Gentleman did Press him, and sent him to the slaughter, 24  
He thought fit to press the Man that would have prest his daughter:  
His wit prevents all her intents, for on her knees he brought her;  
But one Love gone, straight the t'other follows after.

This Maid with Ingenuity had every Surgeon's part,  
A Ladie's hand, an Eagle's eye, but yet a Lyon's heart;  
She knew all tents, and instruments, Salves, Oyntments, Oyls and all,  
That they imploy in the fight when Souldiers fall.



In man's Ap[p]arril she did—resolve to try her Fate,  
 And in the ship where he rid, she went as Surgeon's-Mate ;  
 Sayes she, " My souldier shall not be destroy'd for want of Cure,  
 I'll Dress, and Bless, whatsoever I endure." 32

Their names *Philip* and *Mary*, who then were both at Sea ;  
*Phil* fought like old King *Harry*, but from the Enemy  
 Poore *Philip* had receiv'd a shot, through that part of the thigh,  
 Did join to's groin ; Oh ! that shot came something nigh.

Into the Surgeon's Cabbिन they did convey him straight,  
 Where, first of all the wounded men, the pretty Surgeon's-Mate,  
 Though in this trim, unknown to him, did bravely show her Art,  
 She drest, and kist, the woful wounded part. 40

Which she did most mildly dress, and shed her teares upon 't ;  
 He observ'd, but could not guess, or find the meaning on 't ;  
 Although he wou'd, in tears and blood, oft times on *Mary* call,  
 And pray she may be there at his Funeral.

Fierce fights at Sea this Couple did valiantly endure,  
 As fast as one did aime to kill, the t' other striv'd to cure ;  
 The Souldier and the Surgeon's Mate did both employ their parts,  
 That they, each way, did win all the Seamens' hearts. 48

The Summer being ended, that they could fight no more,  
 The Ship came to be mended, and all men went a-shore ;  
 Stout *Philip* lov'd the Surgeon's-Mate, so much he could not be  
 An houre, or more, out of his company.

He often view'd her Feature, and gaz'd on every part ;  
 (Quoth *Philip*) " Such a Creature is Mistress of my heart,  
 If she be dead, I'll never wed, but be with thee for ever ;  
 We'll walk, and talk, Live, Lye, and Dye together. 56

Poore *Mary*, full of passion, to hear him prove so kind,  
 O're-joy'd with this Relation, could not concale her mind,  
 But fondly hangs about his neck, her tears did trickle down,  
 Sayes she, " I'll be, still thy true Companion.

" Since Providence hath vanquish'd the dangers of the Sea,  
 I'll never marry whilst I live, unless it be with thee ;  
 No woman kind shall ever find my heart to be so free,  
 If thou wilt vow, but to be as true to mee." 64

E're he could speak, she told him, " I am thy dearest dear,  
 Thy *Mary* thou hast brought a sh[ore], and now thou hold'st her here.  
 This Man's Attire, I did but h[ire] when first I followed thee ;  
 Thy Dove I'll prove, but no Surgeon's Mate am I."

He flung his arms about her, he wond' red, kist, and wept ;  
 His *Mary* he did hold so fast, as if he would have crept  
 Into her soul and body too ; his eyes with joy did swim,  
 And she, as free, was as fully fond of him. 72

They both rid towards *Worc'ster*, to shew how they had sped ;  
 But upon the Road they heard her Father he was dead,  
 Two months at least, after he prest the Farmer's Son for slaughter :  
 In tears, appears, the sad duty of a Daughter.

*Philip* having chear'd her up, they rid directly home,  
Where, after many a bitter cup the Marriage day was come,  
Which they in state did Celebrate; the Gallants that were there  
Were grave, and brave, all the best in *Worc'ster-shire*.

80

Thus may you by this Couple see what from true love doth spring,  
When Men love with fidelity their Mistress, and their King:  
When Maids shew men true love age[n,] in spite of Fortune's frowns,  
They'l wive, and thrive, for such crosses have their crowns.

*Finis.*

With Allowance.

Printed for *Thomas Passenger*, at the *Three Bibles*, on *London-Bridge*.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, the man in black, p. 529; 2nd, woman with fan, p. 296. Date, circa 1671. *We add here two delayed cuts.*]

\*\* We believe this ballad was known to Laurence Sterne, and suggested to him a certain incident (and comment of Corporal Trim) concerning the wound received by the immortal Uncle Toby, not forgetting Trim's own wounded knee so ably tended by the Sister of Charity. "Marry, these be truths."

*Note.*—In 'A Voyage to Virginia' (p. 508), and 'Unkind Parents' (p. 552), the Maiden expresses her willingness to share her Lover's perils by sea and land. We shall come to several other instances, beside this ballad, of disconsolate damsels assuming Military or Naval garments and following their Lovers in the war, either on Ship-board or on Land. The tune, p. 546, *When the stormy winds do blow*, belongs to the modernised copy of Martin Parker's 'Praise of Sailors.' We gave both versions, original and common, in vol. vi. pp. 432, 797.

[*The Woman in man's attire belongs to p. 545; the Couple belongs to pp. 549, 556.*]



[Pepys Coll., IV. 186; C. 22, l. 2, fol. 176; Jersey, II. 77=Lind., 287.]

## The Seaman's Doleful Farewel;

Or, The Greenwich Lover's Mournful Departure.

See here's the Pattern of true Love, which absence cannot stain;  
And nothing shall his mind remove, till he returns again.

*This may be Printed, R. P. TUNE OF, State and Ambition.* [See pp. 493, 550.]

MAN.

“FArewel, my dearest Love, now must I leave thee,  
To the *East-Indies*, my course I must steer,  
And when I think upon't, sore it doth grieve me,  
Let nothing possess thee with doubt or with fear  
For I'll be loyal unto thee for ever,  
And like to the Turtle will constant remain;  
Nothing but cruel Death our Love shall sever,  
*But we will be married when I come again.*”

MAID.

“And must we, by Fortune, thus strangely be parted?  
What dost thou think will become then of me?—  
Who must continue here quite broken-hearted:  
Let me, thy true Love, now venture with thee.  
I fear not the dangers that wait on the Ocean,  
My troubles will greater be here on the Shore;  
Unto thy true Love now grant what she doth mention,  
*Who else greatly fears she shall see thee no more.*”

MAN.

“With dangers on Seas thou art little acquainted,  
For when the winds blow, and the billows do roar,  
I fear th[ou], my true Love, will greatly be daunted, [text, ‘thee.’  
Then let me entreat thee to stay on the Shore.  
My heart in thy breast I will sure leave behind me,  
And thou of my Constancy ne'er shall complain;  
A Pattern of True Love thou ever shalt find me,  
*And we will be married when I come again.*”

[Six more Stanzas before this Finale:—]

Then down their poor Cheeks the salt Tears they trickle,  
Whole vollies of Sighs from their breasts there did fly;  
At last he prevailed by little and little,  
That he might be gone, and she could not deny.  
But kisses at parting were wonderful plenty,  
And needs it must be that it grieved them sore;  
Tears they did drop till their eyes they were empty,  
*For fear she her true love should never see more.*

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel, in *Guilt-Spur-Street*, without *Newgate*.

[Black-letter. Five woodcuts: 1st, the couple on p. 548, R., *Louis XIII.* and *Marie de Medicis*; 2nd, Ships cannonading, p. 494; 3rd, Woman with Fan, p. 556; 4th, from an early Almanack, two circular Emblems of February, *Pisces*; 5th, a small Ship flying St. George's Cross, like p. 497. Date, 1685.]

To this ‘Seaman's Doleful Farewell’ followed an *Answer* (probably unique, in Pepys Coll., IV. p. 179, entitled ‘The Seaman's Joyful Return,’ etc.), begins ‘Wellcome, my Dearest, with joy I now see thee,’ etc. To the same Tune.

\* \* We add three stanzas of another ballad sung to the same tune of *State and Ambition* (as on p. 493), sufficient as a specimen. Nine stanzas in all, but not Nautical; perhaps having reference to the title of one on p. 497.

[Brit. Museum Collection, C. 22, e. 2, fol. 55; Jersey, II. 132=Lind., 377.]

## Love and Loyalty Well Met.

The Faithful Young-man loved well this Damsel fair and bright,  
Whose beauty did so much excell, She proved his heart's delight.

TO THE TUNE OF, *State and Ambition*. [See p. 493.]

YOUNG MAN.

"FAIREST of Fair ones, if thou should'st prove cruel,  
My love to requite with scorn and disdain,  
And to my flaming Heart add combustible fuel,  
It would much increase both my sorrow and pain;  
Thy beauty it is, that I do so desire,  
And on thee I think both by day and by night;  
There's none but thy self that I love and admire,  
*For thou art my true love, my Joy and Delight.*"

MAID'S ANSWER.

"You young men of late are so false and deceitful,  
Poor innocent Maids know not who[m] to believe;  
Much Love you pretend, but do oft prove ungrateful,  
And leave us poor Damsels to mourn and to grieve.  
Such pretty Court Fashions of late you have learned,  
You'll vow and protest, your base minds to fulfil;  
To credulous Damsels it is not discerned,  
*And so wrong young Maidens, that never thought ill.*" . . . .

[*The Author*' adds,]—

Fair Maidens take pattern by these faithful Lovers,  
Who now are fast linked in *Cupid's* strong chains,  
For when Tell-tale eyes a true passion discovers,  
They soon put an end unto torturing pains;  
And young men no more do you now prove deceitful,  
But Constant and Loyal by day and by night,  
For 'tis no small trespass to be so ungrateful  
*To her who accounts you her Joy and Delight.*

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

[Black-letter, *circa* 1685. Three cuts: 1st, the girl in laurel wreath, oval, p. 26; 2nd, man similarly enwreathed, vol. vi. p. 543; 3rd, fat flying *Cupid*, p. 499.]

## The Undaunted Seaman.

WE meet many Valiant Virgins in these Nautical ballads, and in the *Military Group*, who resolved to encounter all the perils of Ocean and of warfare (see particularly one on p. 546), sooner than remain separated from their lovers. Another tells her wish to go into male attire, but is denied by 'The Undaunted Seaman,' on p. 551. For the ballad-tune, *I often for my Joany strove* (see vol. vi. p. 148). Of the five woodcuts, one is the Man and Woman, hand in hand, vi. 516, Left; the other four are ships, on pp. 504, Left (smaller) and 516. In Black-letter, date *circa* 1690. [Pepys Coll., IV. 211; Douce, II. 234; Huth, II. 123; C. 22, fol. 194; Jersey, I. 53=Liudes., 839.]

## The Undaunted Seaman,

Who resolved to fight for his King and Country; Together with  
His Love's Sorrowful Lamentation at their Departure,

TO THE TUNE OF, *I often for my Jenny strove.* Licenced according to Order.

MY Love, I come to take my leave, yet prithee do not sigh and grieve,  
On the wide Ocean I will fight, for to maintain the Nation's Right:  
Under noble chief Commanders, I resolve to take my chance,  
*On Board I'll enter, Life I'll venture, to subdue the Pride of France.*

“My Dear,” said she, “be not unkind, I shall no peace nor comfort find,  
My very heart will break for thee, if thus we must divided be:  
While thou art with Foes surrounded, where the loud-mouth'd Cannons roar,  
*This warlike Action breeds distraction, I shall never see thee more.*”

“Let no such fear attend my Dear, I hope to be as safe as here;  
For King and Country good I'll stand, and vow to fight with heart and hand:  
None but Cowards fear to venture, freely will I take my chance;  
*On Board I'll enter, Life I'll venture, to subdue the Pride of France.*”

The youthful Damsel then did cry, “I'll part with gold and silver too,  
Another person to employ, that may be better spared than you.  
Never shall I be contented, while you leave your Native Shore;  
*This warlike Action breeds distraction, I shall never see you more.*”

“My Dear, all hazards will I run, methinks the work cannot be done,  
Except I do in person go, to face that perjur'd potent Foe:  
We have warlike Sons of Thunder, which will valiantly advance,  
*To the wide Ocean for promotion, and to check the Pride of France.*

“My Dear, the Royal *English* Fleet, with the *Dutch* Navy, will compleate  
The work, which fairly is begun: we fear not but Monsieur will run;  
For we'll drive the Rogues before us, teach them such an *English* dance,  
*While they retire, still we'll fire, check the growing Pride of France.*

With sighs and tears this Damsel said, “If you resolve to go to Sea,  
In Sailor's Robes I'll be array'd, and freely go along with thee;  
Life and Fortune I will venture, rather than to stay on shore:  
*Grief will oppress me, and possess me, that I ne'er shall see thee more.*”

Said he, “My Dearest, stay on Land, such idle fancies ne'er pursue,  
Thy soft and tender milk-white hand [a] Seaman's labour cannot do:  
Here I leave both Gold and Treasure, to maintain my Dear on Shore;  
*But still she crying, and replying, “I shall never see thee more!”*”

“Thy Gold's no more than Dross to me, alas! my heart is sunk full low,  
The want of thy sweet company will surely prove my Overthrow:  
Therefore, Dearest, do not leave me, here tormented on the Shore;  
*Let us not sever, Love, for ever, lest I ne'er shall see thee more!”*

Tho' bitterly she did Complain, her sighs and tears were all in vain,  
He would not suffer her to go, so many cares and griefs to know:  
But with sweet Salutes they parted, she was left with tears on Shore;  
*Here often crying, and replying, “I shall never see him more!”*

Printed for P. Brooksbey, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Baek. [See p. 550.]

## The Unkind Parents; Or, The Languishing Lamentation of Two Loyal Lovers.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE.      Licensed according to Order.

“NOW fare thou well, my Dearest Dear, and fare thou well awhile,  
Altho’ I go, I’ll come again, if I go ten thousand mile,  
Dear Love,  
*If I go ten thousand mile.*”

“Ten thousand mile is far, dear Love, for you to come to me;  
Yet I could full ten times more [move], to have thy company,  
Dear Love,

*To have thy company.* [sic, *passim*.]

“Thou art my joy and chief delight, Love, leave me not behind,  
If from my presence you take flight, then are you most unkind.”

“I cannot be unkind, my Dear, my heart is link’d to thee,  
But while on Shore I tarry here, thy Friends does frown on me.

“For they in Riches so abound, that I am held in scorn;  
This gives my heart a fatal wound, which makes my life forlorn.”

“O, cruel Parents, most unkind, the cause of all my woe!  
This parting, to my grief I find, will prove my overthrow;

“If thou dost cross the roaring Seas, into a Foreign Land,  
My heart will never be at ease, destruction is at hand.”

“O say not so, let patience guide thy heart, and don’t complain;  
For though I cross the Ocean wide, I may return again.

“Thy Parents, that are so unkind, who does our peace annoy,  
May then be of another mind, and crown our days with joy,  
Dear Love,

*And crown our days with joy.*”

MAID [REPLIES].

“IF thou should’st languish in distress, in Foreign parts alone,  
Thy grief in tears thou might’st express, and I not hear thy moan.

“If solemnly you do engage to range perpetually,  
I will in habit of a Page go through the world with thee” [p. 548.]

“Ah, say not so, my charming Fair, for why, sweet Saint, behold,  
Thy tender nature cannot bear the melting heat and cold.

“Altho’ I may in Deserts range, my heart is linked fast;  
Therefore my mind shall never change, so long as life does last.

“Mountains and Rocks on wings shall fly, and roaring Billows burn,  
Ere I will act Disloyally; then wait for my return.”

“Love, might I have a Lord or Earl, the chief Nobility,  
Who would deck me with Orient Pearl, I’d slight them all for thee.

“And even as the Turtle Dove sits cooing on a Tree,  
For the return of her True Love, so will I wait for thee,  
Dear Love,

*So will I wait for thee.*”

Printed for C. Bates, next the Crown Tavern, in West-Smithfield.

[White-letter. With Music. No woodcut. Date, 1685-1689.]

\* \* \* Having recovered this nearly-unique ballad of 'The Unkind Parents,' we are able to loosen an entanglement of conflicting statements, without delay.

When, in December, 1812, Walter Scott wrote his fourth long poem, '*Rokeby*,' he inserted in Canto iii. stanza xxviii., the following Stanzas :

"A Weary lot is thine, fair Maid, a weary lot is thine !  
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid, and press the rue for wine ;  
A lightsome eye, a Soldier's mien, a feather of the blue,  
A doublet o' the *Lincoln* green,—no more of me you knew,  
My Love !  
No more of me you knew.

"This morn is merry *June*, I trow, the rose is budding fain ;  
But she shall bloom in Winter snow, ere we two meet again."  
He turn'd his charger as he spake, upon the *Scottish* shore, [Sc. MS.  
He gave his bridle-reins a shake, said 'Adieu for evermore, [*a. l.* 'river sh.'  
My Love !  
And adieu for evermore !'

When Walter Scott wrote his *Appendix Notes* he mentioned that, 'the last verse was taken from the fragment of an old Scottish ballad, of which I recollected two verses only when the first edition of *Rokeby* was published. Mr. Thomas Sheridan kindly pointed out to me an entire copy of this beautiful Song, which seems to express the fortunes of some follower of the Stuart family:—

"IT was a' for [him], our rightfu' King, we left fair *Scotland's* strand,  
It was a' for our rightfu' King, we e'er saw *Irish* land,  
My Dear,  
That we e'er saw *Irish* land.

"Now all is done that men can do, and all is done in vain !  
My Love, and Native Land, farewell ! for I maun cross the main,  
My Dear,  
For I maun cross the main."

'He turn'd him round and round about, upon the *Irish* shore,  
*He ga'e his bridle-reins a shake, with "Adieu for evermore,*  
My Dear,  
*Adieu for evermore !*

"The Soger frae the wars returns, the Sailor frae the main,  
But I ha'e parted frae my Love, never to meet again,  
My Dear,  
Never to meet again.

"When day is gane, and night is come, and a' folk bound to sleep ;  
I think on him that's far awa, the lee-lang night, and weep,  
My Dear,  
The lee-lang night, and weep."

[Charles K. Sharpe had a stall-copy of 'Mally Stuart.' He believed the verses "'Tis a' for our rightfu' King" were "not entirely, if indeed at all, the composition of Burns, one stanza, at least, belongs to a ballad very common formerly among the Scottish hawkers, called bonny Mally Stuart." The ballad begins, "The cold winter is past and gone, and now comes on the spring." It is in *Trowbesh Collection*. The final stanza, eleventh, is the one memorable ;

"The trooper turn'd himself about, all on the *Irish* shore,  
He has given the bridle-reins a shake, saying 'Adieu for evermore,  
My dear !'  
Saying 'Adieu for evermore.'"]

This song, "It's a' for our rightfu' King," did not appear in James Hogg's untrustworthy *Jacobite Relics* (vol. i. p. 23), until 1818. Consequently it is not probable that T. Sheridan learnt it thence. But it had been sent in MS. (after October, 1793), by Robert Burns to James Johnson, and it comes near the close of vol. v. p. 513, in 1796, the volume which recorded obligations to the recently dead poet. The identical MS. is extant, in possession of William Paterson, and a fac-simile of it is given in vol. iii., facing p. 193, of his noble library edition of *The Works of Robert Burns, 1877*. This does not settle the authorship, since a claim to it has been advanced for 'Captain Ogilvie of Inverquharie,' who was with King James II. at the Battle of the Boyne, and afterwards fell in an engagement on the Rhine. He was in all things the fitting hero of such a ditty. See mention of him, as the author, but without any proof being adduced, in *Edinburgh Review*, vol. ciii. p. 108 (No. 229, January, 1861). We have traced 'Captain John Ogilvie' in '*An Account of Dundee's Officers after they went to France*. By an Officer of the Army, London, 1714;' and there can be no doubt that, as elsewhere reported, Ogilvie did not die in hospital, as so many did, of fevers and fluxes, but fell, fighting gallantly, in December, 1697, against General Stirk, at the Island of the Scots (Isle d'Ecosse). Only sixteen survived, when the narrative was compiled which ends with these memorable words:—

"And thus was dissolved one of the best companies that ever marched under command! Gentlemen, who in the midst of all their pressures and obscurity never forgot they were gentlemen; and whom the sweets of a brave, a just, and honourable conscience rendered perhaps more happy under those sufferings, than the most prosperous and triumphant in iniquity, since our minds stamp our happiness." In his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, W. E. Aytoun sang of them,

"They bore within their breasts the grief that fame can never heal,  
The deep unutterable woe, which none save exiles feel.  
Their hearts were yearning for the land they ne'er might see again—  
For Scotland's high and heathered hills, the mountain, loch, and glen—  
For those who haply lay at rest beyond the distant sea,  
Beyond the green and daisied turf where they would gladly be."

We hold it as indisputable that our ballad of 'The Unkind Parents' was issued, at latest, *circa* 1689, in London, and thus must have certainly preceded the earliest date at which Captain Ogilvie could have written and transmitted from abroad (after he had fought at the Boyne, July, 1690) the ballad of "It was a' for [him] our rightful King," wherein the rhythm and refrain so clearly resemble our 'Unkind Parents.' Strong documentary evidence in support of Ogilvie's supposed claim should be producible before we can wholly reject such evidence as Burns's own autograph [containing an *erased* variation, "I think upon my abs" *id est* 'my absent Lord,'] from which the *Museum* printed the earliest recorded copy. The commencement of the music in the *Museum* bears close resemblance to the music of the (second and popular) tune of "*The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington*," a *Roazburghe Ballad*, *circa* 1672-75, in our vol. vi. p. 243. Ogilvie may not improbably have been the Author: Burns merely the Transcriber: he never claimed to be more, when sending many 'scraps' to eke out the volume.

To complete the tale, we mention that Ireland must have welcomed the allusion in the Jacobite song to the 'Irish strand,' for one of the writers of rebel-patriotic ditties for *The Nation* in 1843-45 (signing '*Sliabh Cuilinn*'), gave a new rendering of the touching refrain, '*Dear Land*,' five stanzas, thus beginning:—

"When comes the day all hearts to weigh, if staunch they be or vile,  
Shall we forget the sacred debt we owe our Mother Isle?  
My native heath is brown beneath, my native waters blue,  
But crimson red o'er both shall spread, ere I be false to you,

*Dear Land!—  
Ere I be false to you."*



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 416; III. 903; Jersey, II. 37=Lindes, 1143.]

## The Seaman's Folly

In Marrying One so quickly; and for which he  
has Cause to repent at Leisure.

TUNE OF, [*Ah,*] *Cloris, Awake.* [See vol. vi. 128].

Written by Joseph Martin. [*Vide Note*, p. 531.]

There was a stout Seaman, as I understand,  
That lately came sayling into fair *England*,  
And for to be merry it was his intent,  
And now, you shall hear, he has cause to repent.

His Mess-mates and he did together agree  
To go to the Tavern some pastime to see,  
Where he met with a Lass, that so pleased his mind,  
That he vowed unto her he'd be loving and kind. 8

This maid being willing, together they went,  
Where some hours in pleasure together they spent;  
But at last all the Creame of the jest will appear  
When this couple in private together was there.

He kindly imbrae'd her, and thus to her said :  
"I greatly do fear that thou wilt dye a maid ;  
Now I am resolved, what ever betide,  
If thou art but willing, to make thee my Bride. 16

"I'll leave all the Seas, the Rocks and the storms,  
And kindly embrace thee all night in my arms ;  
Then pray thee, sweet-heart, be thou not so coy,  
For soon thou shalt see I will get thee a boy."

### The Maid's Answer.

"For to marry, kind sir, I am loath to begin,  
For all sorts of charges comes tumbling in ;  
Yet I am resolved, what ever betide,  
I'll have a stout Seaman to lye by my side. 24

"A Seaman, I love him as dear as my life,  
And I am resolv'd to be a Seaman's wife :  
Then why should I stay, now I am in my prime?  
For we will be married now it is high time."

*The Seaman's Answer.*

The young man at this began to rejoyce,  
 To think he had met with [the Girl of his choice.] [Line lost, II.  
 They straightway was married, the truth for to say, 416.  
 But she made him a Cuckold the very next day. 32

He presently finding his wife's pollicy,  
 He then was resolved a trick for to try,  
 And strait did disguise himself, as some people say,  
 He pick'd her up walking in *Ratcliff* High-way. [N.B.

To the Tavern they went, where full merry they were;  
 But she little mistrusted her husband was there;  
 "Come, let's drink a health, without any delay!  
 My Cuckold at home all the reckoning shall pay." 40

Her husband at this in a passion strait fell,  
 And with a good stick he lamfatted her well. [lam. = beat.  
 So taking his leave, he bid *England* adieu;  
 Since one has prov'd false he did think had been true.

*London*: Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball* in *West Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, the man, p. 331; 2nd, ships, p. 494; 3rd, Louis XIII. and Marie de Medicis, p. 548, Right; 4th, bandy-legged man, vol. iv., p. 62, left. Date, circa 1685.]

\*.\* By the same author, Joseph Martin, is the next ballad, *nautical* in a different sense.



[Woman belongs to p. 549: the Lady to 'Seaman's Renown,' p. 561.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 218; Pepys, IV. 271; Douce, I. 97, *verso*.]

## The Huntsman's Delight; or, The Forester's Pleasure.

The Dear are wounded, but they are not slain,  
Yet so they're wounded that they are o'er-ta'en,  
And, in their taking, pitty it is shown:  
For why, 'twas thought that some there was with fawn.  
The Keepers swore great Oaths, upon their lives,  
They'd be as kind to them as men are to their wives.  
The pleasant sport this Ditty doth declare  
Of the Huntsmen and the fallow Dear.

TUNE OF *Amongst the leaves so green a*. By J[oseph] M[artin]. See p. 531.]

Come all you young Maidens and lend an ear,  
Come listen a while and you shall hear  
How the Keepers did sport with the Fallow Deer,  
*Amongst the leaves so green a.*  
*Hey down, derry derry down, Hey down, down, ho down down,*  
*Hey down, ho down, derry derry down, Amongst the leaves so green a.*

The Keepers would on a hunting go,  
And under their coats each carried his Bow,  
And all for to shoot the bonny bonny Doe,  
*Amongst the leaves so green a, Hey down, derry derry down, etc.* 8

They spied five Does upon a hill  
And to shoot at them was their good will,  
But none of them they meant for to kill,  
*Amongst the leaves so green a, Hey down, etc. [Passim.]*

At the first Doe they shot at, and they mist;  
The second Doe they clipt and they kist;  
And they laid them down where no man wist,  
*Amongst the leaves so green a.* 16

The one [Doe] cried out unto the other,  
[When the Huntsmen followed like Brother and Brother,]  
All the fear of their taking this joy did smother,  
*Amongst the leaves so green a.*

The third Doe [next] she made great moan,  
Because that she was [not let alone,]  
Which made her to go weeping home,  
*From among the leaves so green a.* 24

The fourth Doe could no longer stay,  
But she must [fain] be gone her way,  
For fear that the Keepers should her lay,  
*Amongst the leaves so green a.*

But soon after [this] she did repent,  
And to turn again she was full bent,  
To lie down and take her heart's content  
*Amongst the leaves so green a.* 32

The fifth Doe leapt over the stile,  
But the Keeper he got her by [his guile,]  
And there he did [halter her neck in a while,]

*Amongst the leaves so green a.*

36

He [could have] pricked her straight with his dart,  
But she cried out [, tho'] she felt no smart :  
And therein lay the Keeper's art,

*Amongst the leaves so green a.*

These [five] fair Does ther[e] leapt and they skipt,  
Till leaping along, at length they were tript,  
No sooner they fell but the Keepers they [them] clipt,

*Amongst the leaves so green a.*

44

These bold Huntsmen were all agreed,  
And by consent these fair Does [should] bleed ;  
But after that [day] came [they] often to feed

*Amongst the leaves so green a.*

Great crowds came running over the plain,  
Expecting to see these fair Does slain ;  
But like fools as they came they return'd again

*From amongst the leaves so green a.*

52

If it be true, as old wives say,  
"Take a Doe in the month of *May*,  
And a Forrester's courage she soon will allay,"

*Amongst the leaves so green a.*

These Huntsmen were so gently inclined,  
They let them rise their courage to find,  
But away they tript, so swift as the wind,

*From amongst the leaves so green a.*

60

*Hey down, derry derry down [etc.], Amongst the leaves so green a.*

Printed by and for *A. M. [Millet, or Milbourne. Pepys, II. 271, was printed for W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger, circ'd 1676.]*

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts : 1st, Cavaliers with Prince Rupert's big poodle, 'Boy' ; 2nd, a large hare, running ; 3rd and 4th, are from a book of Fables. *The cut here added belongs to pp. 56, 390, 498, and some pp. yet to follow.]*



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 120, and IV. 72.]

## The Seaman's Renown in Winning his Fair Lady.

Brave Marriners, by this you may behold  
What 'tis to be a Seaman stout and bold.  
This Seaman won a Lady by his valour,  
And with his Sword he cur'd her Father's Choller :  
Therefore go boldly on when you begin,  
And know ' Faint-heart did ne're fair Lady win.'

TUNE OF, *A Week before Easter.* [See vol. vi. p. 233.]

[*Woodcut, needed also for pp. 66, 239, 410, and 'Jenny's Reply,' see p. 561.*]

There was a bold *Seaman*, a Ship he could stear,  
Of such a brave *Seaman* you never did hear,  
And he lov'd a Lady of beauty so clear,  
And now you shall hear of his wooing,

SEAMAN.—“O pitty, fair Lady, let pitty thee move,  
I'm deep in aff[li]ction, and tossed in Love,  
And you are my Lady, my Turtle, and Dove,  
On you I do set my affection.”

LADY.—“O hold thy peace, *Seaman*, for that may not be,  
For I am a match for a higher degree,  
And thy blood and my blood can never agree,  
Then, *Seaman*, take this for an answer.”

SEAMAN.—“O Lady, your answer doth make me to grieve,  
'Tis true that we all came from *Adam* and *Eve*.  
One loving word to my life is a reprieve,  
Although I am in *Cupid's* Prison.”

LADY.—“Oh, why should you say you'r a prisoner to me ?  
O hold, forbear, *Seaman*, for that may not be ;  
We both may have matches fit for our degree ;  
Then forbear, and take this for answer.”

SEAMAN.—“O, no, for an answer I will it not take,  
Although your denial doth make my heart ake ;  
I'le rather lay down my own life at the stake,  
To obtain thy good favour, sweet Lady.”

LADY.—“It is a meer madness thy life to lay down,  
For people will say 'there's an end of a Clown,  
That past many dangers till fortune did frown,  
That dy'd like a Prodigal Lover.'”

SEAMAN.—“The name of a Clown in my heart I do scorn.  
Being nobly descended, and a Gentleman born,  
Yet I am a *Seaman*, and must live forlorn,  
Unless you can love me, fair Lady.”

LADY.—“O pardon me, *Seaman*, for I did not know,  
I thought that thy Parentage had been but low ;  
But I may requite thee before we do go,  
And give thee a kiss for a favour.”

SEAMAN.—He took her by th' hand and he kissed her twice,  
Quoth he, “Dearest Lady, you have been too nice,  
To value my love at no higher a price,  
But now I do hope you'll requite me.”

LADY.—“Well, *Seaman*, I see that thou hast a good heart,  
And art a compleat man in every part :  
If my Father knew this, we should suffer smart,  
He would be so highly enraged.”

SEAMAN.—“If you are but willing for to be my Bride,  
My Sword and my Pistol I'll take by my side,  
And then to the Church we in private will ride,  
Where we will be married, fair Lady.”

She then gave consent, and away they did ride,  
The valiant bold *Seaman* and his lovely Bride,  
Not fearing of anger, or what might betide,  
Their hearts were united together.

Being married they back again came speedily ;  
But riding along they her Father espy.  
Quoth he to the *Seaman*, “I vow thou shalt dye,  
For deluding away my Dear Daughter.”

“Come on (quoth the *Seaman*), 'tis no time to prattle,  
I see by your weapons you are for the battle.”  
With Sword and with Pistol he made him to rattle,  
In the place where he gain'd his fair Lady.

He cut him and slasht him, and there he did stand,  
O then quoth her Father, “Hold, *Seaman*, thy hand !”  
“If you'll give your Daughter ten thousand in land,  
I'll spare you as I am a *Seaman*.”

“O *Seaman*,” quoth she, “'tis a portion too small !”  
“O peace !” (quoth the Lord) “for that shall not be all,  
I'll give him great riches what ever befall,  
Because he's a Noble stout *Seaman*.”

They put up their Swords, and at last did agree,  
And strait-way the Lady did fall on her knee,  
And beg'd that her Father would not angry be,  
Although she had married a *Seaman*.

Her Father unto her was there reconcil'd  
And gave her his blessing, as she was his child,  
Which made the brave *Seaman* glad, that he smil'd,  
When he see he had gain'd his Lord's daughter.

They afterwards lived in joy and content,  
The Lady had never no cause to repent,  
They passed their time away in merriment,  
And lovingly they lived together.

*London*: Printed for *W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.*

[Black-letter. III. 120, has three cuts: 1st, *given below*; 2nd, man, p. 475; 3rd, lady, p. 556, Right. Roxb. C., IV. 72 (*Coles, Vere, Wright, Clark, Thackeray, and Passenger*) has the pair, p. 444, and another pair in alcoves. given in vol. iii. p. 598. Date, *circa* 1679.]

\*\* No other exemplars known than the two in Roxb. Coll., the second was B. H. Bright's; neither had been included in Major Pearson's, or the Harleian.

Joseph Martin, author of the ballad, entitled 'The Seaman's Folly,' (p. 555), possibly also of 'The Seaman's Renown' (p. 559), beginning similarly, but to a different tune, wrote another ballad (p. 587), 'The Huntsman's Delight.' In the Argument, etc., the 'verse must halt for it.' Mentioned on pp. 86, 255.



[Belongs to pp 66, 239, 410, 559, and 'Jenny's Reply to Johnny's Cravat'.]

## An Invitation to Lubberland.

“Millers, Varmers, Butchers, Bakers,  
 No more shall help the Undertakers,  
 But with good victuals treat ye;  
 And roasting pigs shall run the street,  
 A squeaking out to all they meet,  
 ‘Come, come, come, come, and eat me!’”

—*John Ploughshare's Ode upon the Peace.*

IT may not be necessary to decide how far the grosser legend of a Cockney Lubberland, in the thirteenth century, was a survival from the more beautiful and spiritual longings of early Greece. The enquiry leads through many a dream that cheered the young poet and the dying saint. Sometimes it had been the faint forecasting of an after-life in Elizium, where a tender twilight of remembrance would be left on the chastened spirits of those who had well played their parts in this unrestful world of ours; who had striven against their baser self, and died as worthily as they had lived, heroes and martyrs, or sages and vestal virgins. But over all the contemplation of the future in their heathen world hung a cloud of sadness. Too full of vitality, accepting all the manifold charms of human life, had been the healthy-minded and robust-bodied in their best days, to feel content with any prospect of total inactivity in the Elysian Fields. It brought sorrow and despair. Even as the death's-head at the banquet enhanced the intoxication of sensual gratification in some reveller, yet was not beheld without a shudder of fear; so the very highest range of Elysian happiness looked faint and colourless when compared with the ripe joys of this present life, whilst the blood was warm, and love not yet sickened by satiety. So there dawned upon the dreamers a hope of such a land as might lie beyond the Pillars of Hercules, where Calpe frowned across the narrow sea towards Africa: in their lost land of Atlantis new happiness awaited them. Perhaps not wholly an imaginary halting-place, since geologists believe that where the seas are now shallow may once have been a union of solid rock, nearly to far America itself, before depression and upheaval had changed the relative heights and levels of our globe. In the middle ages we trace the records of the mysteriously illusive *Island of S. Brandan*; seen, and sought for through the distance, but either alluring the mariner to destruction, or so retaining him amid its serene delights that he could never leave it afterwards, and tell the secret to his ancient comrades. Like Washington Irving's 'Adelantado of the Seven Cities,' there may well have been an adventurous explorer who, half-crazed by toils and dangers, intermingled with delights, looked back regretfully to what he dreamed had been his resting-place, in the far West, beyond the Sea, amid a people of refined culture, not barbarian, but of wealth and knowledge higher than his own.



Varying as are the longings of mankind, so changeful unto each appeared this Dreamland Rest. Surely it was not all a Dream!

For an account of the various legends concerning Lubberland, "the *Land of Cockaigne*, far out at Sea by West Spain," see the late Thomas Wright's essay on '*St Patrick's Purgatory*,' 1844, pp. 52-59, "illustrated with Norman-French, Early-English, and Greek quotations;" and the analysis by Miss Julia H. L. de Vaynes in her *Kentish Garland*, 1881, pp. 373, 374, where she says:—

"The Paradise of the monks and the good things it contained, and a witty satire on the lives of these gentry, were shown in a Norman-French poem on *the Land of Cocaigne*, 'a word,' says Mr. Wright, 'which may perhaps be translated by 'Cookery land.' The poet in the course of his wanderings, while sent on a pilgrimage by the Pope, meets with a land where the houses are surrounded with barbots, salmon, and shad-fish, the beams of the roofs are sturgeons, the roofs bacon, and the laths sausages. Fat geese go through the streets roasting and turning themselves, followed by choice sauces. The delights of Mahomet's Paradise, Wine, and Women, are not wanting, and there is a 'fountain of youth which will restore to bloom and vigour all who bathe in it, be they ever so old and ugly.'" Wright pronounces the most witty and spirited poem on the subject to be an English one (MS. Harl. 913), 'written in the latter half of the thirteenth century,' where the land of Cocaigne is described as being far out at sea 'by West Spain.' This piece he considered agreed more with a Low Dutch poem than with the French, though the latter contains the passage describing how, 'Along the streets come roasting fat geese, and turning all by themselves, and immediately after follows white garlick,' while the English relates how the monastic cloister was built of gems and spices, and all about were birds merrily singing,—

' Yite I do yow mo to witte,<sup>1</sup>  
 The gees, i-rostid on the spitte,  
 Fleeg<sup>2</sup> to that abbay, Good hit wot,<sup>3</sup>  
 And gredith,<sup>4</sup> "gees al hote, al hot."  
 Hi<sup>5</sup> bringeth garlek gret plenté,  
 The best i-digt<sup>6</sup> that man mai se.'

We mention Rabelaisian *Thelema*; also, with love and admiration, Andrew Lang's beautiful poem of '*The Fortunate Islands: A Dream in June*,'—which he describes as 'a rhymed loose version of a passage in the *Vera Historia* of Lucian.' Also, for sustained melody and charm, '*The Earthly Paradise*' of Wm. Morris.

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Notes.—<sup>1</sup>= Yet I cause you to know more. <sup>2</sup> fly. <sup>3</sup> God knows it. <sup>4</sup> cry out.  
<sup>5</sup> they. <sup>6</sup> dressed. Here is a portion of the French poem, for comparison:—

' Par les rues vont rostissant  
 Les crasses oes et tornant  
 Tout par eles, et tout adès  
 Les suit la blanche aillie après.'

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 226; Jersey, II. 67 = Lindes., 1161.]

## An Invitation to Lubberland :

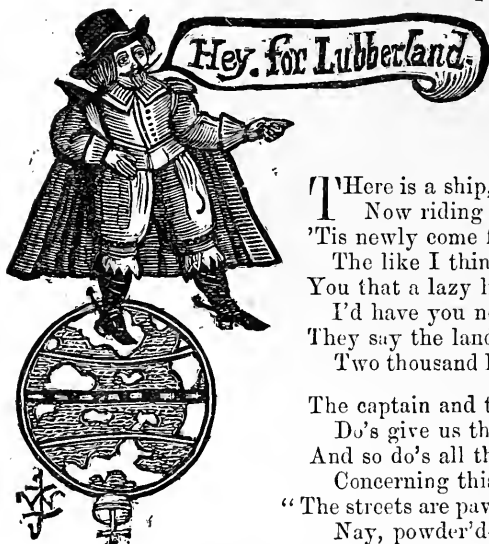
with

### An Account of the great Plenty of that Fruitful Country.

There is all sorts of Fowl and Fish, With Wine and store of Brandy ;  
Ye have there what your hearts can wish : The Hills are Sugar-Candy.

THE TUNE OF, *Billy and Molly* ; or, *The Journey-man Shoe-maker*. [See p. 537.]

This may be printed : R[ichard] P[acock].



There is a ship, we understand,  
Now riding in the river ;  
'Tis newly come from *Lubberland*,  
The like I think was never ;  
You that a lazy life do love,  
I'd have you now go over,  
They say the land is not above  
Two thousand leagues from *Dover*. 8

The captain and the master too,  
Do's give us this relation,  
And so do's all the whole ship's crew,  
Concerning this strange nation :  
"The streets are pav'd with pudding-pies,  
Nay, powder'd-beef and bacon,

They say they scorn to tell you lies :"  
Who thinks it is mistaken ?

16

The king of Knaves, and queen of Sluts  
Reign there in peace and quiet ;  
You need not fear to starve your guts,  
There is such store of dyet :  
There may you live free from all care,  
Like hogs set up a fat'ning ;  
The garments which the people wear  
Is silver, silk and satin.

24

The lofty buildings of this place  
For many years have lasted ;  
With nutmegs, pepper, cloves, and mace,  
The walls are there rough-casted,

- In curious hasty-pudding boil'd,  
And most ingenious carving;  
Likewise they are with pancakes ty'd,  
Sure, here's no fear of starving. 32
- The captain says, "In every town,  
Hot roasted pigs will meet ye,  
They in the streets run up and down,  
Still crying out, *Come eat me.*"  
Likewise, he says, "At every feast,  
The very fowls and fishes,  
Nay from the biggest to the least,  
Comes tumbling to the dishes. 40
- "The rivers run with claret fine,  
The brooks with rich canary,  
The ponds with other sorts of wine,  
To make your hearts full merry :  
Nay, more than this, you may behold,  
The fountains flow with brandy,  
The rocks are like refined gold,  
The hills are sugar-candy. 48
- "Rose-water is the rain they have,  
Which comes in pleasant showers,  
All places are adorned brave,  
With sweet and fragrant flowers.  
Hot custards grows on ev'ry tree,  
Each ditch affords rich jellies ;  
Now if you will be ruled by me,  
Go there and fill your bellies. 56
- "There's nothing there but holy-days  
With musick out of measure ;  
Who can forbear to speak the praise  
Of such a land of pleasure ?  
There may you lead a lazy life,  
Free from all kind of labour :  
And he that is without a wife,  
May borrow of his neighbour. 64
- "There is no law nor lawyer's fees,  
All men are free from fury,  
For ev'ry one do's what he please,  
Without a judge or jury :  
The summer-time is warm they say,  
The winter's ne'er the colder,  
They have no landlords' rent to pay  
Each man is a free-holder." 72

You that are free to cross the seas  
 Make no more disputation ;  
 In *Lubber-land* you'll live at ease,  
 With pleasant recreation :  
 The Captain waits but for a gale  
 Of prosperous wind and weather,  
 And then they soon will hoist up sail,  
 Make hast[e] away together.

80

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Gilt-spur-street*.

[In Black-letter. Five woodcuts: 1st, the man on the upside-down world, p. 564; 2nd, a ship, without the Lion, part of the heraldic shield given complete below; 3rd, ships, p. 567; 4th, the man, p. 515. Date, 1685-88.]

The first woodcut, p. 564, had previously belonged to *Time's Whirligig, or, The Blew New-Made Gentleman Mounted* (a Cavalier tract against Committeemen), by Hum. Willis, Esq., purchased by Thomason, Feb. 9th, 1648; motto, "Heu quantum mutatis ab illo." Committee-man's label, "Take him, Marshall." It is also the 2nd cut of our p. 188 ballad, in C. 22, e. 2, fol. 66.

We cannot part from this '*Invitation to Lubberland*' without a *Finale* on '*The Land of Cocaigne* ; Dedicatory of the Group, to our excellent Master-Printer, STEPHEN AUSTIN, *clarum et venerabile nomen* : Now (April, 1892) in his Eighty-eighth year.





*TO THE VENERABLE AND BELOVED*

STEPHEN AUSTIN,

*OF HERTFORD,*

**This Second Group of Nautical Ballads**

IS

DEDICATED,

*BY HIS GRATEFUL AND ADMIRING FRIEND,*

**The Editor.**



## Finale to Second Group of Nautical Ballads.

### THE LAND OF COCAIGNE.

A CAVALIER LYRIC.

(From an Ashmolean MS., at Nirgends College.)

*TO the Land of Cocaigne Paradise, where sluggards find content,  
 (West o' the Spanish Main it lies,) the Lubbard-pilgrims went :  
 They craved to spend a pleasant life, without or cark or pine,  
 Lapp'd in luxurious ease, no strife for share of corn and wine.  
 With choicest lures that Island teem'd, awaited each his prize ;  
 Thus had the Lost Atlantis gleam'd, in ever-smiling skies.*

*No sickness and no sorrow came, they knew no fear of Death,  
 Who cared no more for glorious fame than for maligners' breath.  
 There crawled no snake, no vermin foul : no blighting frost drew nigh,  
 No fierce marauding beast could prow, no venom'd insect fly.  
 Tempest and earthquake both unknown, where none in darkness weep,  
 But dewy twilight reigns alone, and brings the hour of Sleep.*

*Others may tell, for grosser taste, of Meats' unstinted store ;  
 Of Vintage-streamlets running waste, on that voluptuous shore ;  
 Of welcoming nymphs with amorous song, in Idleness uncheck'd,  
 Bringing forgetfulness of wrong, or hope untimely wreck'd.  
 No sting of memory, no wail for duties left undone,  
 But dreamful sloth, fann'd by the gale ; no victory sought or won.*

*Right well I wis, if yet there is such Land beyond the Sea,  
 Better our toil and miseries for mortal men must be  
 Than all their listless languishment, whatever we withstand  
 With fiercest pangs of discontent : we scorn their Lubberland !  
 We men, who fought for our Lost Cause, by traitorous foes betray'd,  
 We seek no Rest, this side the grave ; faithful though unrepaid.*

**Der Einige Trowbesh.**

## Dedicatory Prelude.

*Addressed to my Friend WILLIAM YOUNGER FLETCHER, Esq., F.S.A.*

ASSISTANT KEEPER (PRINTED BOOKS DEPARTMENT), BRITISH MUSEUM.

*WHEN the quiet hush of night has fallen round us,  
 And we lose the false excitement of the day,  
 Free from idle occupations that had bound us,  
 Worthless cares that mildew Life to its decay ;  
 Without effort, without sigh, or thrill of anguish,  
 Save one ghostly chill, of warning blood turn'd cold,  
 We go wandering into Dreamland—not to languish :  
 Hearing music from the lovelier days of Old.*

*Fade from view the later triumphs and successes,  
 Stript of splendour, void of comfort, shorn of joy ;  
 Till we feel once more the long-foregone caresses,  
 That had proved the better wealth to girl and boy.  
 Tread we silently, half-dazed 'mid earlier fancies,  
 Dusky labyrinths, or harvest fields of gold ;  
 Live anew the truer life of Youth's romances :  
 See the unblighted possibilities of old.*

*Let the worldling scorn and mock us for persistence,  
 That we tread again lost pathways, year by year ;  
 Weaving doubly two distinct webs of existence,  
 Self-upheld against the Cynic's withering sneer :  
 Tribute paid, where social tyranny may bind us,  
 (False Conventions claim fresh victims, bought or sold :)  
 At the close of eve one hour is sure to find us  
 Free to wander through the undying Days of Old.*

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

TO MY FRIEND,

WILLIAM YOUNGER FLETCHER, F.S.A.,

ASSISTANT-KEEPER IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PRINTED BOOKS,  
BRITISH MUSEUM;

TO WHOSE UNREMITTING KINDNESS AND COURTESY,

CHEERFULLY RENDERED,

THE EDITOR IS INDEBTED

FOR MANY YEARS OF FURTHERANCE IN WORK;

THESE TWO

## Groups of Historical Ballads

ARE AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED.

1892.



## Two Groups of Roxburghe Ballads, on Historical Persons and Events.

(I.—BEFORE THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.)

“And he began a long low Island Song,  
Of ancient days ere Tyranny grew strong.”—*Don Juan*, c. iv. st. 65.



RELIMINARY to our bringing together the ‘Ballads of William and Mary’s Reign’ (though it cannot properly be called a *reign*, being solely ‘Usurpation,’ based on fraudulent conspiracy and rebellion against the legitimate sovereign James III., in whose right his father had abdicated, and who was the *next heir male*), certain ballads are advanced here, in chronological order, of earlier date than the Revolution.

A few white-letter political broadsides, without engravings, of the Civil-War time, and Long-Parliament ‘Rump,’ are intermingled with the amatory, social, and miscellaneous ditties (these being adorned with woodcuts, and printed in Black-letter). The political satires of this troubled period cannot be properly studied unless gathered into their legitimate connection with other broadside-ballads, numerous and varied, now dispersed, but needing to be re-assembled and patiently annotated. This work we are prepared to issue at a convenient season, befittingly adorned with the incidental pictures in *fac-simile*.

Delays are dangerous, and life ebbs rapidly. Therefore the few Roxburghe exemplars appear at once in the present Group. Not only those actually remaining in that world-famed series, but also three, which in 1774 had belonged to Major Thomas Pearson, still earlier to Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, (perhaps gathered by John Bagford): *Seven* perished, or were ‘conveyed’ (see p. 118), although enumerated in Pearson’s printed *List of first Lines*.

Of Vol. II. the lost ballads had occupied pp. 568, 570, 571, 572 (title unknown), 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, and 579. One eludes us, no duplicate found: it began “Now Mortals all prepare to hear.”

We reprint all the other lost ballads on pp. 119, 238, 623, 625, 707, 779, and 780; we also add the fifteen substituted (as shown in its *MS. Index*).

The *substitutory ballads* in Roxb. Coll., Vol. II., were these: ‘A New Presbyterian Ballad’ (reprinted *Roxb. Bds.*, vol. v. p. 61); ‘*Leader-Haugh and Yarrow*’ (*Ibid.*, vi. 607); ‘The New *Balow*’ (vi. 577); ‘Regrate of a True Lover’ (vi. 584); ‘*Diaphantas’s Words to Caridona*’ (vi. 585); ‘Forlorn Damsel’s Lament’ (vi. 586); ‘When first thy feature and thy face’ (vi. 19); ‘My Wife will be my Master’ (vii. 188); ‘West-Country Lawyer’ (vii. 428); and ‘A Pattern of True Love’ (vi. 683). To these were added [beside a Sempill Ballad, ‘Declaration of the Lord’s Just Quarrel,’ 1567,] four more, *viz.*, ‘A Voyage to *Virginia*’ (vii. 508); the ‘Woody Queresters’ (vi. 301); the ‘Granadeers’ Rant’ (vii. 532); and ‘A Carouse to the Emperor’ (vi. 172). Thus all these have been already reprinted here, except the Sempill Ballad.

## The Life and Death of Thomas Stukely.

“Have over the Waters to *Florida*! farewell good *London* now!  
Through long delays on land and seas, I’m brought I cannot tell how.  
In *Plymouth* town, in a threadbare gown, and money never a deal,  
*Hey trixi trim, go trixi trim, and will not a wallet do well?*”

—*Stukely’s Florida Expedition.*



HIS fragment of a ballad relating the disasters of Stukely in Florida is all that has been preserved. A more solemn contemporary account, in 1562, by Robert Seall, was ‘printed at *London*,’ by *John Allde*. It is extremely rare.

A Commendation of the aduenterus Viage of the wurthy Captain, M. *Thomas Stutely*, Esquyer, and others, towards the land called *Terra Florida*.

### A Commendation of Captain Thomas Stutely.

IF Fortune’s force procure The valiant noble heart,  
In travail, pain, and danger great, in Wars to have his part;  
If loss of goods ensue, through valiant enterprise,  
Or for slackness, or the foresight of diligent advice:  
Yet of his worthy praise, I cannot speak to[o] miche,  
Who ventreth both his goods and life, his Country to enrich.  
The worldly wise do muse, and also do envay,  
At noble hearts when that their wealths do fall unto decay.  
As now of late I knew, and saw the evidence,  
Of one whose part it was to show the like experience.  
A noble heart indeed, and worthy great renown,  
Whose fortune was not to remain in City nor in Town.  
A young *Enecas* bold, with heart and courage stout,  
Whose enterprize was only pight Strange Things to bring about.  
And though that all men seem’d his doings to deride,  
Yet this his fact he would not leave, nor throw it so aside.  
But still he doth procure, with bolden’d heart and mind,  
That thing which erst he had assay’d by travail now to find:  
Into a Land Unknown, to win him worthy fame  
As exequies and memory of his most noble name;  
Which if it fall to his lot, with Fortune’s helping hand,  
He may well make a laughing-stock of them which him withstand.  
Some term it *Stolidæ*: and *Sordida* it name:  
And to be plain, they do it mock, as at a foolish game.  
If reason’s sense be cause of this forespoken talk,  
Or fayned Folly be the ground, why men’s tongues thus do walk,  
Then might it seem to me, the *Frenches* labour lost  
Their careful pain and travail eke, that they therein have cost.  
The *Chronicles* also, which only seem as true  
And writ by them that of that place before did take the view;  
The *Spaniards* eke do show, and verify the same,  
To be described as a thing deserving such a name.  
The *Portingales* do say the *Crowacles* [*Chronicles*] be just;  
And all that travelled have that coast, the same confess it must.

Of that in times before, through talks men have refrain'd,  
Which for the love of travail sore their hearts have long been pained :  
*COLUMBUS*, as I read, the space of many years  
Was counted as unwise also, as in Writers appears :  
His earnest suit denied, yet in the final end  
His words and deeds did seem at length on reason to depend.

The like assay in hand, he did at last procure,  
Whose life and lucky Viages good fortune did assure.  
At th' end in savety home, at length he did return,  
And quenched all their mocking hearts, which erst did seem to burn.

For Fire of force must needs declare his burning heat,  
Though, for a time, in smothering smoke, it seems itself to beat.  
So talk of tongues may not by smothering through be tame,  
But bursting out at length will turn into a fiery flame.  
And then ; the malice gone, the fire falleth down,  
And quenched quite, as by this man, which was of great renown.

Now, *Stuteley*, hoice thy sail ! thy wished Land to find,  
And never do regard vain talk, for words they are but wind.  
And in reproof of all, I will not once refrain  
With prayer for to wish that thou maist safely come again,  
And that some fruit at length by travail thou may'st find,  
With Riches for to satisfy thy manly modest mind.

*Finitis.*

Qd. Robert Seall.

Imprinted at *London*, at the long Shop adjoining unto Saint *Mildred's* Church in  
the *P[ro]ultrie*, by *John Allde*. [1562-3.]

The hearts of Englishmen have never failed to be stirred by the ambition to penetrate into untrodden regions, and to be "the first that ever burst within that silent sea." No tales of adventure exceed in daring and endurance the records of our gallant traders and explorers, not even those which tell of military conquerors, among our heroes in far India. As *Rudyard Kipling* sings,

"Oh, East is east, and West is west, and never the twain shall meet,  
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat ;  
But there is neither East nor West, border nor breed nor Birth, [the earth.]"  
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of

We have not loved so well the stories of patient endurance. Whether the sufferings were inflicted by the brutal Dutch on our Englishmen at *Amboyna*, in 162 $\frac{3}{4}$ , or by the treacherous *Surajah Dowlah*, in the *Black-hole* at *Calcutta*, 1756, or by the fiends of *Cawnpore* in 1857, it was usually indignant longing to avenge the wrongs and insults against England, far more than admiration for the Christian fortitude of the victims, which appealed to our nation. Weak and puling as are the 'Peace at any Price' politicians, hypocritical and cowardly in their advocacy of compromise or subjection, we are not the people to submit to a policy of dishonour. There have been deeds of betrayal and abandonment, of broken faith and base retreat from our pledges and Imperial Duty, because

of temporary disaster, which left a blighting memory. England remembers, loathingly, the desertion of 'Chinese Gordon' and the submission to the Boers after Majuba Hill. So long as history is written, a blush will rise on many a cheek, wherever such trickeries are laid bare, until these crimes are avenged.

In studying the past influence of popular heroes on the mind and affections of the less educated, the impulsive, and, on the whole, the generous 'common people,' so long as they were left free from being misled by bigotry and class-prejudices, we must be prepared to find plenty of full-blown vices as well as full-blown virtues among those prominent men or women whom the world delighted to honour. Let us honestly admit the fact, that sober temperate 'respectable persons' were always of mediocre attractiveness. They usefully filled their respective positions, plodding onward with more or less of selfishness (especially more), and by no means too modest an opinion of their own merit, which had been belauded conveniently for the time by their neighbours and dependents. We have it on unexceptional authority that 'so long as men do good to themselves, others will speak well of them.' But they certainly do not secure affection, and they never arouse that deep and enthusiastic regard, that spontaneous rapture of welcome, which ever and anon some one person of heroic build is privileged to arouse, and to retain after death, defying oblivion. It would be invidious to specialize modern names. But when we look to the far-past, we find that great faults, or even great failures, did not diminish the loving pride which citizens took in their chosen adventurers. A spice of wickedness, of sheer mischievous caprice, or of overbearing recklessness, was so far from causing the popular idol to be discrowned, that it seemed as though it were the one touch of nature requisite to make others acknowledge kinship. Buccaneers and Pirates, privateers, filibusters, and merchant-adventurers, appealed to the sympathies of old, as they will to the naughty boys of each successive generation.

THOMAS STUKELY was assuredly not such a tame model of propriety. He stood forth as the prominent figure in many an early play; and so constantly were fresh and incongruous additions made to the authentic history of his chequered life, that he became almost mythical. We no more pledge our faith on the veracity of the present ballad, than on the popular narrative of Dick Whittington which follows it, belonging to the world of Folklore, not of history. An exhaustive inquiry into all the particulars ascertainable in regard to Stukely, was made by the late Richard Simpson, B.A., in the first volume of his *School of Shak[e]spe[a]re*, 1878: wherein he reprints both the B. L. ballad and 'The Famous History,' a play printed for Thomas Pavyer, 1605.

[Roxburge Collection, III. 60, 266, 516, 528; Bagford, I. 62; Pepys, II. 130; Wood, 401. fo. 71; Huth, I. 151; Douce, I. 111 *vo.* 111, 59; Ouvry, I. 62; Linds., 689, 690. No. 98 of Thackeray's List.]

## The Life and Death of the Famous Thomas Stukely : an English Gallant in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who ended his life in a Battel of three Kings of Barbary.

TUNE IS, *King Henrie's going to Bulloign, etc.* [See vol. vi. p. 422.]



**I**N the West of *England*, born there was, I understand,  
A famous Gallant, was he in his days,  
By birth, a wealthy Clothier's son, deeds of wonders  
he had done,  
To purchase him a long and lasting praise. 4

If I should tell his story, Pride was all his glory,  
And *Lusty Stukely*, he was called in Court ;  
He serv'd a Bishop in the West, and did accompany the best,  
Maintaining of himself in gallant sort. 8

Being thus esteem'd, and everywhere well deem'd,  
He gain'd the favour of a *London* Dame,  
Daughter to an Alderman (*Curtis*, she was called then),  
To whom a Suitor gallantly he came. 12

When he her person spyed, he could not be deuyed,  
So brave a Gentleman he was to see ;  
She was quickly made his Wife, in weal or woe to lead her life :  
Her Father, willing, thereto did agree. 16

Thus in state and pleasure, full many days they measure,  
Till cruel Death, with his regardlesse spight,  
Bore old *Curtis* to the grave ; a thing that *Stukely* wisht to have,  
That he might Revel all in gold so bright. 20

He was no sooner tomb'd, but *Stukely* he presumed  
To spend a hundred pound a day in waste ; [command,  
The greatest Gallants in the land, had *Stukely's* purse at their  
Thus merrily the time away he pass't. 24

Taverns and Ordinaries, were his chiefest braveries,  
Golden Angels there flew up and down ;  
Ryots were his best delight, with stately Feasting, day and night,  
In Court and City thus he won Renown. 28

Thus wasting land and living, by this lawless giving,  
 At length he sold the pavements of the Yard, [to him :  
 Which cover'd were with blocks of Tin: Old *Curtis* left the same  
 Which he consumed lately as you've heard. 32

Whereat his Wife, sore grieved, desired to be relieved,  
 "Make much of me, dear Husband," she did say. [verily.  
 "I'll make much more of thee" (said he), "than any one shall,  
 I'll sell thy Cloth[e]s, and so I'll go my way." 36

Cruelly thus hard-hearted, away from her he parted,  
 And travell'd into *Italy* with speed;  
 Where he flourish't many a day, in his silks and rich array,  
 And did the pleasures of a Lady feed. 40

It was the Ladie's pleasure, to give him goods and treasure,  
 For to maintain him in great pomp and fame,  
 At last came news assuredly, of a fought battel in *Barbary*,  
 And he would valiantly go see the same. 44

Many a noble Gallant, sold both land and tallent,  
 To follow *Stukely* in this famous fight; [bold,  
 Whereas three Kings in person would, adventurously with courage  
 Within this battel shew themselves in fight; 48

*Stukely*, and his followers all, of the King of *Portugal*  
 Had entertainment like to Gentlemen :  
 The King affected *Stukely* so, that he his secrets all did know,  
 And bore his Royal Standard now and then. 52

Upon this day of honour each King did shew his banner ;  
*Morocco* and the King of *Barbary*,  
*Portugal* and all his train, bravely glistering on the plain,  
 And gave the Onset there most valiantly. 56

The Cannons they resounded, thundering guns rebounded,  
 "Kill! kill!" then was all the Souldiers' cry; [drown'd,  
 Mangled men lay on the ground, and with blood the earth was  
 The Sun likewise was dark'ned in the sky. 60

Heaven was so displeas'd, and would not be appeas'd,  
 But took us off, God's heavy wrath did show  
 That he was angry at this War, He sent a fearful Blazing Star,  
 Whereby the Kings might their misfortunes know. 64

Bloody was the slaughter, or rather wilful Murther,  
 Where six score thousand fighting men were slain ; [beside :  
 Three Kings within this battle dyed, with forty Dukes and Earls  
 The like will never more be fought again. 68

With woful arms infolding, *Stukely* stood beholding  
This bloody sacrifice of souls that day;  
He sighing said, "I, woful wight, against my conscience here do fight,  
And brought my followers all unto decay." 72

Being thus molested, and with grief oppressed,  
Those brave *Italians* that did sell their lands  
With *Stukely* for to travel forth, and venture life for little worth,  
Upon him all did lay their murdering hands. 76

Unto death thus wounded, his heart with sorrow swounded,  
And [now] to them he made his heavy moan: [t. 'thus.']  
"Thus have I left my country dear, to be so vilely murdered here,  
E'en in this place whereas I am not known. 80

"My Wife I have much wronged; of what to her belonged,  
I vainly spent in idle course of life;  
What I have done is past, I see, and bringeth nought but grief to me,  
Therefore grant me pardon, gentle wife! 84

"Life I see consumeth, and death I see presumeth  
To change this life of mine into a new:  
Yet this my greatest comfort brings, I liv'd and dy'd in love of kings,"  
And so brave *Stukely* bids the world adieu. 88

*Stukely's* life thus ended, was after death befriended, [4 Aug., 1578.  
And like a Souldier buried gallantly;  
Where now therestands upon the grave a stately Temple builded brave,  
With golden turrets piercing to the sky. 92

Finis.

London, Printed for *F. Coles*, in *Vine-street*, near *Hatton-garden*.

[This is Colophon of Roxb. Coll., III. 60. Another exemplar, Roxb. Coll. III. 266, was later; 'Printed by and for *W.O.*, and sold by the Booksellers of *Pye-corner*, and *London-bridge*;' Roxb. Coll., III. 516, a white-letter Reprint, "*Newcastle-upon-Tyne*: Printed and Sold by *John White*." In other collections exemplars had been printed for *Clarke*, *Thackeray*, and *Passenger* (Pepys); for *W. Gilbertson*; for *T. Norris*, etc. (Lindes.); early editions were in Black-letter. Probable date, 1605. In 1612 it was, as a transfer, entered in the Registers of the Stationers' Company.]

\*\* The woodcut of many figures, fiercely-bearded *Scottish* men, armed with swords, pikes, and round shields, surrounding an unarmed bearded man, garbed as a Sheriff or Alderman, seems to have belonged to the *ROBIN HOOD* series of Ballads, and may fittingly be delayed until we reach the special group of nine; additional to those reprinted in vol. ii., 1874. There are three distinct versions of the woodcut, whereof we copy the best and earliest. It little matters, at present, whether we consider the apocryphal Earl of Huntington to have been merely the offspring of rumour and popular tradition, which gave to "an airy nothing a local habitation and a name" in Sherwood Forest.

## Sir Richard Whittington's Advancement.

*Dean Nowell.*—"This Sir *Richard Whittington*, three times Mayor,  
 Sonne to a knight, and 'prentice to a mercer,  
 Began the Library of *Grey-Friars* in *London*,  
 And his executors after him did build  
*Whittington* Colledge, thirteene Alms-houses for poore men,  
 Repair'd *S. Bartholomewes*, in *Smithfield*,  
 Glassed the *Guildhall*, and built *Newgate*."

*Hobson.*—"Bones of men! then I haue heard lies:  
 For I haue heard he was a scullion,  
 And raised himself by venture of a cat."

*Nowell.*—"They did the more wrong to the gentleman."

—Thomas Heywood's *If you know not me*, etc. 1606.

POPULARITY could scarcely have been gained for the story of Richard Whittington, if it had not contained four apocryphal incidents: *first*, his friendless poverty in childhood; *second*, the lucky venture of his Cat; *third*, the persecutions endured from a cross Cook (belonging to the sex which has a monopoly of crossness, the male *chef* being courteous); and *fourthly*, the flight to Finsbury, Highgate, Hampstead, or Hornsea, with the distant murmur of Bow Bells alluring him to "Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London!" Here were the proper elements of romance.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Similarly we might enquire, whether several generations would have revelled lovingly in "*The Arabian Nights*," if, instead of following Galland's bright, but inaccurate translation, 1704, they had rejected both 'Aladdin' and 'The Forty Thieves,' two of its most popular stories. These tales, as if spurious, Edward William Lane refused to include in his scholarly translation of 1839.

Despite the interest of Lane's own notes, and the beauty of William Harvey's designs, so admirably engraved at a time when wood-engraving had reached almost perfection, the sickly prudery, and stilted diction of a self-opiniated Lane without any turning, almost destroyed the charm.

Dr. Jonathan Scott, in 1811, and Rev. Edward Forster, soon after, had given English versions. Limbird's cheap edition was popular.

Of these earlier translations praise came from Alfred Tennyson, in his "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," 1830: "When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free in the silken sail of infancy." Those who hold John Payne's Villon-Society translation are happy: "*The Thousand Nights and One Night*." Printed at the same Oriental press, Hertford, as these Roxburghe Ballads.

Ultimately, M. H. Zotenberg discovered and printed, from two long-lost MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, the genuine Arabic text of Aladdin, '*Histoire d'Alâ Al-Din, ou la Lampe Merveilleuse*. Texte Arabe, publié avec une notice de quelques Manuscrits des *Mille et Une Nuits*, et la traduction de Galland. Par H. Zotenberg, Paris, Imprimerie Nationale, 1888.' In the following year, 1889, our Villon Society benefactor, John Payne, added a thirteenth and final volume to his translations, 'from the recently discovered Arabic text of *Aladdin and the Enchanted Lamp*,' also '*Zein ul Asnam and the King of the Jim*.'



We acknowledge that Dick Whittington came of a distinguished family, good Derbyshire lineage: the same as the De Whittingtons, Lords of Whittington, near Chesterfield. Others say of *Somerset*; 'of Pauntley, Gloucestershire.' Our ballad sings 'of *Lancashire*.' The legitimate son of a Sir William Whittington, and born *circa* 1353. Consequently he was never in such abject poverty as reported by tradition to have been unable to make any pecuniary adventure during his servitude to Fitz-Warren and the irate Cookmaid afore-said. Probably he was never starved, and comparatively seldom basted with a kitchen-ladle; not more than was good for him.

Secondly, we admit that scepticism is permissible in regard to the conveyance of intelligible sound from Bow Bells so far as the Gilman-*cum*-Coleridge haunted heights of Highgate. (Once we were sworn there, on the sacred Horns; but we were unable to hear Bow Bells from the distance. This is a mere detail.) The wind may have been favourable, from the south-east.

Thirdly, as to the Cat. We admit of no compulsion to surrender the Cat: literally a Cat, *Felis Catus*, *vulgo* 'Pussy.' We scorn the weak subterfuge of it being a 'Kat' or coal-barge, from coaly Tyne. Proofs have been established of several similarly-needed and similarly-successful transmissions of rat-killing Pussy-cat-hood, in the annals of Portugal, Genoa, and other trading regions. Some of these are incontestable. If such adventures were true, twice or thrice elsewhere, why are we to reject a native-born, perhaps a Cheshire, Cat, with its far-famed grin, which survived into Wonderland? We cry, as on H.M.S. *Pinafore*, "It is the Cat!"

'Highgate' was not mentioned before the era of the later chap-book histories, issued at Bow-Church-Yard and Aldermary. The earliest chap-book now extant is entitled, '*The Famous and Remarkable History of Sir Richard Whittington, Three times Lord Major of London: who lived in the time of King Henry the Fifth, in the Yeare 1419. With all the Remarkable Passages, and things of Note, which happened in his time: with his Life and Death. Written by T. H. Printed by W. Wilson, and are to be sold by Francis Coles, in the Ould Bayley, London, 1656.*' T. H. may have been Thomas Heywood, the prolific dramatist. The British Museum *Second* copy is dated 1678. Printed by *A. P.* and *T. H.* for *T. Vere* and *S. Wright*, sold at the *Angel* and the *Crown*. The fourth paragraph indicates a much earlier origin for the text: "The merchant went to the *Exchange*, which was then in *Lumber-street* [= Lombard-street], about his affaires." Now the Exchange was removed to its present site in 1568: therefore the *History* must have been written shortly after that date, and while a remembrance of the former station of the Exchange was still fresh: *circa* 1600, at the latest. We find the ballad registered, 16 July, 1605.

Whittington, in the *History*, being discontented with his usage at the house of Fitz-Warren, starts off with his clothes in a

bundle on the morning of All Hallows (Oct. 31st), before dawn, to seek fortune elsewhere. *He has not got farther than Bun-hill*, when he hears Bow Bells ringing out to him an invitation to come back :—

“ Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London :  
Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London.”

He returns speedily, before his absence has been discovered. This could not have been his good fortune, with escape from punishment, if he had reached Holloway, which is the place named in the more modern chap-books. No mention has been found of Holloway or Highgate in any early versions. The Rev. Samuel Lysons, without authority, declared that, at Highgate, “ a stone continued to mark the spot for many centuries.” But no stone is authentically recorded before the one which was removed in 1795 ; since succeeded by others. One was drawn by John Leech in 1842 for George Daniel’s *Merrie England in the Olden Time*.

There is evidence of early belief in the bells being interpreted to summon his return. The date of Richard Johnson’s *Garland* is 1612 (agreeing with that of the text broadside entered on Stat. Registers, to John Wright, 16 July, 1605), where the words are :—

“ Whittington, back return !”

Later it was extended into—

“ Turn againe, *Whittington*, For thou in time shall grow  
Lord Maior of *London*.”

In the 1656-1678 *History* by T. H. it comes thus, “ Turn again, *Whittington*, Lord Mayor of London.” Altered in later chap-books to “ Turn again, *Whittington*, Lord Mayor of Great London.”

The incident of the Cat has been carefully examined by Thomas Keightley in his *Tales and Popular Fictions*, wherein he marks similar stories. Perhaps the original, so far as it came to England, was the ‘ Novella delle Gatte,’ telling of a Genoese Merchant, in the *Facezie* of Arlotto, “ printed soon after the author’s death in 1483 ” (Villon Society: *Chap-Books*, First Series, 1885, edited by H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A., with an able *Introduction*, to which we are largely indebted). See also Sir William Ouseley’s *Travels*, 1819, showing, on the authority of a Persian MS.,

“ That in the tenth century, one *Keis*, the son of a poor widow in *Siráf*, embarked for India with his sole property, a Cat. There he fortunately arrived at a time when the palace was so infested by mice or rats, that they invaded the king’s food, and persons were employed to drive them from the royal banquet. *Keis* produced his cat ; the noxious animals soon disappeared, and magnificent rewards were bestowed on the adventurer of *Siráf*, who returned to that city, and afterwards with his mother and brothers settled on the island, which from him has been denominated *Keis*, or according to the Persian *Keisch*.”

Keightley quotes two stories from Just. Matthias Thiele's *Danish Popular Traditions*, and one from the letters of a Florentine, Count Magalotti.

Also, the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps quoted from the *Description of Guinea*, 1665, the record of Alphonso, a Portuguese, having been wrecked on the coast of Guinea, made his fortune by selling a cat for its weight in gold, and thus destroying the plague of mice, etc. (See *Percy Society*, No. 79, *Descriptive Notices of Popular English Histories*, p. 69, November 1848.)

The portrait of Whittington, engraved by R. Elstracke (copied as frontispiece to Canon Lyson's volume, 1860), shows a lean, care-worn and somewhat grim puritanic face, closely shaven; quite in harmony, as to lugubrious morality, with the fashion of *resting his hand on a skull*: as the copper-plate first represented it. But, to suit popular acceptance, the skull was afterwards erased, and a cat substituted. (See *Granger*, i. 62, 1775.) Puss is somewhat cramped for space: but takes precisely the shape of a skull.

We add here, as mere condensation of history, that in 1393, when about forty years old, Whittington became a member of the Mercers' Company; and, soon afterwards, a Merchant Adventurer, Alderman, and Sheriff of London (1397)? In that year appointed by writ of Richard II. to serve as Lord Mayor, instead of Adam Bamme, deceased. In 1398, in 1406, and again in 1419, he was elected duly as Lord Mayor, and served. He had married Alice, daughter of Sir Hugh Fitzwarren and of Maude his wife. He died in 1423, and was thrice buried. His church, St. Michael Paternoster, and his monument, were destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666. He well deserved remembrance. Why need the small literalists begrudge him his fame in ballad-lore? He cannot get too much honour, later

“When the fable of Whittington and his Puss shall be forgotten.”  
—*Eastward Ho*, 1605.

“As if a new-found *Whittington's* rare cat  
Come to extoll their birthrights above that  
Which nature once intended.”

—*Essays and Characters*, by John Stephens, 1615.

\* \* Of the two distinct *Roxburghe Ballads* on Whittington the second is modern, in white-letter, a vulgar condensation of the earlier one, which was based on Richard Johnson's original of 1605, reproduced in the *Crowne Garlanda of Golden Roses*, 1612. The broadside version prefixes and adds one stanza, and makes other changes from Johnson's text, shown by a *Note* on p. 584. Here it the *Stationers' Company Registers'* entry to *John Wright*, 16 July, 1605, ‘A Ballad called the *vertuous lyfe and memorable Death of Sir RICHARD WHITTINGTON, mercer, sometymes Lord Maior of the hon. citie of London.*’ (The play was entered to Thomas Pavyer five months earlier.)

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 58. No other broadside copy noted.]

*London's Glory and Whittington's*  
Renown; or, A Looking-Glass for Citizens of London.

Being a Remarkable Story how Sir *Richard Whittington* (a poor Boy bred up in *Lancashire*) came to be three times Lord Mayor of *London* in three several Kings' Reigns, and how his rise was by a Cat, which he sent for a venture beyond Sea. Together with his Bountiful Gifts & Liberality given to this Honourable City: And the vast Sums of Money he lent the King to maintain the Wars in *France*. And how at a great feast to which he invited the King, the Queen, and the Nobility, He Generously Burnt the Writings, and freely forgave his Majesty the whole Debt.

TUNE OF, *Dainty, come thou to me.* [See vol. vi. p. 773.]



**B**Rave *London* 'Prentices, come listen to my Sorg,  
'Tis for your glory all, and to you doth belong;  
And you, poor Country Lads, though born of low degree,  
See by God's providence what you in time may bee.

Here must I tell the praise of worthy *Whittington*,  
Kuown to be in his dayes thrice Lord Mayor of *London*,  
But of poore parentage born was he as we heare,  
And in his tender age, bred up in *Lancashire*. [cf. p. 579.] 8

Poorly to *London*, then, came up this simple lad,  
Where with a Marchant-man, soon he a dwelling had,  
And in a kitchen plac'd, a Scullion for to be,  
Where a long time he past in drudging slavery.

His dayley service was turning spitts at the fire,  
And to scour pots of brass for a poor Scullion's hire;  
A sharp Cook-maid there was, that beat him day by day, [var.  
Which made him in his mind think for to run away. 16

So from the Marchant-man *Whittington* secretly  
Towards his country ran, to gain his liberty,  
But as he went along, in a faire Summer's morn,  
*London's* bells sweetly rung, "*Whittington*, back return."

Ever more sounding so, "Turn again, *Whittington*,  
And thou in time shall [grow] Lord Mayor of *London*." [t. 'be.'  
Whereupon back againe *Whittington* came with speed,  
A 'prentice to remain, as the Lord had decreed. 24

"Still blessed be the bells," this was his daily song,  
"Which my good fortune tells, most sweetly have they rung;  
If God so favour me, I will not prove unkind;  
*London* my love shall see, and my large bounties find."

But see this happy chance, *Whittington* had a Cat, [cf. p. 584.  
Which he a venture sent and got his wealth by that.  
For from foreign land where rats, and mice [do much] abound,  
They brought him for his Cat many a fair thousand pound. 32

When as they home were come, with their ship laden so,  
*Whittington's* wealth began by this Cat thus to grow:  
Scullion's life he forsook, to be a Merchant good, [Note.  
And soon he began to look how well his credit stood.

Soon after he was chose Sheriff of the City here,  
And then he quickly rose higher, as did appear.  
For to this City's praise, Sir *Richard Whittington*  
Came to be in his days thrice Lord Mayor of *London*. 40

More his fame to advance, thousands he lent his King,  
To maintain wars in *France*, honour from thence to bring.  
And after, at a Feast, which he the King did make,  
Burnt the Bonds as a jest, and would no money take.

Ten thousand pounds he gave to his Prince willingly,  
 And would no penny have for his kind courtesie :  
 As God thus made him great, so he would daily see  
 Poor people fed with meat, to shew his charity. 48

Poor prisoners cherisht were, widows sweet comfort found,  
 Good deeds both far and near of him do still resound :  
*Whittington's* Colledge is one of his charities,  
 And a fair church he built to lasting memories. [*S. Mich. P.*]

*New-gate* he builded fair, for prisoners to lye in ;  
*Christ's Church* he did repair, Christian love for to win.  
 Many more such like deeds were done by *Whittington*,  
 Which joy and comfort breeds to all that look thereon. 56

Let all brave Citizens who do this story read  
 By his example learn always the poor to feed :  
 What is lent to the Poor, the Lord will sure repay,  
 And blessings keep in store until the latter day.

*Lancashire*, thou hast bred this flower of Charity,  
 Though he be gone and dead, yet lives his memory.  
 Those bells that call'd him so, "Turn again, *Whittington*,"  
 Would they call many mo'e such men to fair *London*. 64

*London*: Printed for *R. Burton*, at the *Horse-Shoe*, in *West Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, the Lord Mayor on horseback, p. 582 ;  
 2nd, the small ship, p. 504, but with "S." on sail ; 3rd, a Queen, p. 589.  
 Date, originally 1603, but this issue about 1650.]

\* \* In the *Crowne Garland of Golden Roses*, 1612, *R. Johnson's* 'Song of  
 Sir *Richard Whittington*, who by strange fortunes came to bee thrice Lord  
 Maior of *London*, with his Bountifull Guifts and Liberalitie, given to this  
 Honourable Cittie,' began with our second stanza, viz., "*Here must I tell the  
 praise*," etc. Lines 15, 16 run, "Meat and drink all his pay, of coyne he had  
 no store ; therefore to run away, in secret thought he bore." Seventh stanza reads,

"But see his happy chance, this Scullion had a Cat,  
 Which did his state advance, and by it wealth he gat.  
 His Master vent' red forth, to a Land farre vn known,  
 With Marchandize of worth, as is in stories showne. 28

"*Whittington* had no more, but his poore Cat as than,  
 Which to the Ship he bore, like a brave Marchand-man,  
 Vent'ring the same, quoth he, 'I may get store of golde,  
 And Mayor of *London* be, as the bells have me tolde.' 32

"*Whittington's* merchandize carried was to a Land  
 Troubled with Rats and Mice, as they did vnderstand ;  
 The King of that Country there, as he at Dinner sat,  
 Daily remain'd in feare, of many a Mouse and Rat. 36

"Meat that on trenchers lay, no way they could keepe safe,  
 But by Rats borne away, fearing no wand or staffe ;  
 Whereupon soone they brought *Whittington's* nimble Cat,  
 Which by the King was bought : heapes of gold given for that. 40

"Home againe came these men, with their Ship loaden so." [*Cf. p. 583.*]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 470 ; Douce Coll., III. 103 ; IV. 31.]

## An Old Ballad of Whittington and his Cat.

Who from a poor Boy came to be *Thrice* Lord-Mayor of London.

[THE TUNE, not here named, is 'Dainty, Come thou to me.' See p. 582.]



Here I must tell the praise of worthy *Whittington*,  
Known to be in his days Lord Mayor of *London*.  
But of poor parents born was he, we hear,  
And in his youth brought up in *Somersetshire*.  
Poorly then up to *London* came this simple lad,  
And with a merchant soon a dwelling had ;  
And in the kitchen plac'd, a scullion for to be,  
And a long time he pass'd his labour drudgingly.

[Cf. p. 584.

8

His daily labour was turning spits at the fire,  
To scour pots for a poor scullion's hire.  
Meat and drink his pay, of coin he had no store,  
And to run away in secret thus he bore :  
So from the merchant [soon] *Whittington* secretly  
Into the country run, to purchase liberty.  
But as he went along in a fine summer's morn,  
*London* bells sweetly rung, " Turn again, *Whittington*."

16

Evermore sounding so, " Turn again, *Whittington*,  
For thou in time shalt be Lord Mayor of *London*."  
Whereupon back came *Whittington* with speed,  
A servant to remain, as the Lord had decreed.  
" Still blessed be the bells," this was the daily song,  
" That my good fortune tell ; most sweetly have they rung.  
If God so favours me, I will not be unkind,  
*London* my Love shall see, and my bounty find."

24

But for this happy chance, this scullion had a Cat,  
 That did his fame advance, and him wealth gat.  
*Whittington* had no more but his poor Cat then,  
 Which to the ship he bore like a valiant man.  
 Venturing the same, says he, "I may get store of gold,  
 And the Mayor of *London* be, the bells have me told."  
*Whittington's* merchandize carried unto the land,  
 Troubled with rats and mice, as we do understand. 32

The King who there [had] reign'd as [he] at dinner sat,  
 Daily in fear remain'd of many a mouse and rat;  
 Meat that on trenchers lay no way could they keep safe,  
 But by rats torn away, fearing no whip or staff.  
 Hereupon they brought *Whittington's* fine Cat,  
 By the king was bought, heaps of gold given for that,  
 Home again they hie, with their ship laden so,  
*Whittington's* wealth by his Cat began to grow. [text, 'go.' 40

A scullion's life he forsook, to be a merchant good,  
 And soon began to look how his credit stood.  
 After he was chose Sheriff of the city, we hear,  
 And then quickly rose, as it doth appear,  
 For the city's grace, Sir *Richard Whittington*,  
 Came to be in his days, thrice Lord Mayor of *London*.  
 His fame to advance, thousands he lent the king,  
 To maintain war in *France*, glory from thence to bring. 48

And after the feast, which he the king did make,  
 He burnt the note in jest, and would no money take.  
 Prisoners cherish'd were, widows comfort found,  
 Good deed far and near by him were done, [all round.  
*Whittington's* college is one of his charities,  
*Newgate* he built, where many prisoner lies,  
 Many more deeds were done by *Whittington*  
 Which joy and comfort bring to those that look on. 56

*Somerset*, thou hast bred the flower of charity, [cf. p. 579.  
 Altho' he's dead and gone, yet he lives lastingly.  
 [They] call him back no more to live in *London*,  
 Those bells that call'd him back, "Turn again, *Whittington*."

Printed and Sold in *Aldermary Church Yard, London* [circa 1773.

[*Note*.—This is merely a white-letter modern version, agreeing in text with some cheap hawker's books, for sale at Wakes and Fairs. Of the woodcuts: 1st, is the Boy *Whittington* bringing his Cat, as a venture; 2nd, a slight copy of the Lord Mayor on horseback, p. 582; 3rd, the Cat killing the rats at the Moorish banquet; and 4th, three Mayoralty men, in procession, p. 588.]





## The Honour of a London 'Prentice.

“ And thus he bore without abuse the grand old name of Gentleman ;  
Defamed by every charlatan, and soil'd with all ignoble use.”

—*In Memoriam*, cxi.

SEEING what slaughter of cherished legends is in fashion at this day, and how we are forbidden to indulge ourself in celebrating Whittington (except by total exclusion of the Cat, and the Bow-Bells' invitation to return home again), we need not stickle for absolute accuracy, or seek to identify the hero of the following ballad, named '*The Honour of a London 'Prentice*,' with any historical character unless it be Edward Osborn, afterwards Lord Mayor of London. He was apprenticed to Sir William Huet or Hewit (Lord Mayor in 1559), a clothworker, living on London Bridge. Osborn saved the life of his master's daughter in her infancy, when she had fallen out of the arms of a careless servant who was standing at a window overlooking the Thames. Young Osborn, beholding this accident, leaped out from his own window and rescued her from the rapid stream that rushed betwixt the narrow arches. The good deed was long remembered by her, knitting them both closely together as she advanced from girlhood into womanhood, and she gave him her hand, although the Earl of Shrewsbury was a suitor for it. Osborn came from Cheshire, rose to be Lord Mayor of London in 1583, and is the reputed founder of the Ducal family of Leeds in Kent. He is said to have performed other valiant deeds, beside the gallant plunge into the Thames, worthy of a popular hero. We discredit the story of his marrying a Turkish Princess. He was true to his First Love.

There are no traces of earlier publication than that of *Coles, Vere*, and *Wright*. It was reprinted in the third volume of *Old Ballads* in 1725 ; in Ritson's *English Songs*, ii. 301 ; in Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 199, 1810 edition ; in Wm. Chappell's *Collection of National English Airs*, ii. 58, 1838 ; and among the *Songs and Ballads relative to the London 'Prentices and Trades*, issued by the Percy Society in 1841. It also appeared as a popular Chap-Book.

This ballad is appointed to be sung to the tune of *All you that love good fellows* ; which seems to be the same as 'The Arraigning and Indicting of Sir John Barley-corne, Knight, newly composed by a well-wisher to Sir John and all that love him.' One early copy is reported to bear the name of *Thomas Robins*, and of date 1675, printed for *Thomas Passenger*. It continued to be published among the Bow-churchyard chap-books, under this title : 'A new Song to the Tune of *Sir John Barleycorn* ; or, *Jack of all Trades*.'

[The tune was named *Sir Edward Noel's Delight*, in 1634 ; printed at Amsterdam in '*Friesche Lust-hof*, door *Jan Jansz Starter*']

- “ ALL you that be Good Fellows, come listen unto me,  
 If that you keep the Ale-house and merry company,  
 Attend unto my story, which I fear is too true;  
 It makes my heart full sorry, and many doth it rue.
- “ 'Tis of a gallant noble Knight, which many know full well,  
 An honest man, I witness can, if I the truth may tell;  
 His name is Sir *John Barley-corn*, which makes both beer and bread:  
 What would all do, that now are born, if *Barley-corn* was dead? etc.
- “ For as I abroad did walk, I heard a piteous cry,  
 And many a Man did talk, that *Barley-corn* must dye.  
 His enemies increase so fast, at Board and eke at Bed,  
 I fear their Malice will not cease till they've cut off his head.
- “ *Smug*, the honest Blacksmith, doth make a piteous cry; [at. lect. *Smug*.  
 And *Nick*, the nimble Taylor, doth vow that he shall dye.  
 And *Will* the Weaver doth complain, with many a Trades-man more;  
 I hope their labour is in vain, therefore they may give o'er.
- “ Yet now a little while give ear, you that are standers-by;  
 And [sure] you presently shall hear Sir *John* condemn'd to dye.  
 All you that love poor *Barley-corn*, a good word for him give;  
 And he that speaks against him, I wish he may not live.”—*Tho. Robins*.

The narrative is continued in prose. We need not here (on this side-issue) record the many versions that are extant, including one by Robert Burns, and others we have heard sung, thirty years ago, in the East-Riding of Yorkshire; merely noting that the personal defence of Sir John, in answer to the Indictment, begins thus,—“All you that are good Fellows, come listen unto me; if that you love the Ale-house, and keep good company; My name is Sir *John Barleycorn*, which many know full well; My Brother's name is Master *Malt*, as many a one can tell,” etc. Compare the ballads of “The Little Barleycorn” and “Mas. Mault is a Gentleman,” in *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. ii. pp. 28, 379. Also, a Christmas Carol, from Wood's Ashmolean Collection, of *Good and true, fresh and new, Christmas Carols*, dated 1642, reprinted in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 151, and beginning, “All you that are good fellows, come hearken to my Song.” Five eight-line stanzas.

\* \* The Bodleian (Press-Mark, Wood, 110) has ‘The Examination and Tryall of Old Father *Christmas*, at the Assizes held at the town of *Difference*, in the county of Discontent. Written according to Legal Proceedings. By Josiah King.’ London: Printed for *Thomas Johnson*, at the sign of the *Golden Key*, in *Paul's Churchyard*, 1658. [In prose, with good copperplate frontispiece.] There is also another by the same author, and of same date, ‘The Afternoon Tryall of Old Father *Christmas*.’ etc. In prose, with a short song, somewhat heathenish, composed for the festive, more than for the sacred season:—

‘ Let us eat, drink, and play, and freely enjoy  
 Whatsoever our natures desire;  
 Whilst we live on the Earth, let our hearts stew in Mirth,  
 Sweetly over Concupiscence' fire.’”

[Compare the ‘Group of Christmas Carols,’ *post*, pp. 769 to 816.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 618, 747; Bagford, I. 44; II. 110; Pepys, III. 252; Euing, 135; Douce, I. 118 (*Coles*), IV. 47; Jersey, III, 84=Lindes., 944.]

The  
Honour of a London 'Prentice;  
Being an Account of his matchless Manhood and brave  
Adventures done in *Turkey*, and by what means he  
married the King's Daughter, etc.

TO THE TUNE OF, *All you that love Good fellows, etc.* [See p. 587.]



OF a worthy *London* 'Prentice my purpose is to speak,  
And tell his brave adventures done for his Country's sake;  
Seek all the world about, and you shall hardly find,  
A man in valour to exceed a 'Prentice gallant mind.

He was born in *Cheshire*, the chief of men was he, [Nota Bene.  
From thence brought up to *London*, a 'prentice for to be;  
A merchant on the bridge did like his service so, [Ibid.  
That for three years his factor to *Turkey* he should go. 8

And in that famous country one year he had not been  
E're he by tilt maintained the honour of his Queen;  
*Elizabeth*, the Princess, he nobly did make known,  
To be the Phenix of the world, and none but she alone.

In armour richly gilded, well mounted on a steed,  
One score of Knights most hardy, one day he made to bleed;  
And brought them all to ground, who proudly did deny  
*Elizabeth* to be the Pearl of Princely Majesty. 16

The King of that same country thereat began to frown,  
And will'd his son, there present, to pull this youngster down;  
Who at his father's words, these boasting speeches said,  
"Thou art a traytor, *English* boy, and hast the traytor plaid."

“ I am no boy nor traytor, thy speeches I defie,  
 For which I'll be revenged upon thee by and by ;  
 A *London* 'Prentice still shall prove as good a man,  
 As any of your *Turkish* knights, do all the best you can.” 24

And therewithal he gave him a box upon the ear,  
 Which broke his neck asunder, as plainly doth appear :  
 “ Now know, proud *Turk*,” quoth he, “ I am no *English* boy,  
 That can with one small box o' th' ear the Prince of *Turks* destroy.”

When as the King perceived his son so strangely slain,  
 His soul was sore afflicted with more than mortal pain ;  
 And in revenge thereof, he swore that he should dye  
 The cruel'st death that ever man beheld with mortal eye. 32

Two Lyons were prepared this 'Prentice to devour,  
 Near famish'd up with hunger ten days within the tower,  
 To make them [still] more fierce and eager of their prey,  
 To glut themselves with human gore upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment at length grew near at hand,  
 Where all the noble Ladies and Barons of the Land  
 Attended on the King, to see this 'Prentice slain,  
 And buried in the hungry maws of these fierce Lyons twain. 40

Then in his shirt of cambrick, with silk most richly wrought,  
 This worthy *London* 'Prentice was from the prison brought,  
 And to the Lyons given, to staunch their hunger great,  
 Which had not eat in ten days' space not one small bit of meat.

But God that knows all secrets, the matter so contriv'd,  
 That by this young man's valour they were of life depriv'd ;  
 For being faint for food, they scarcely could withstand  
 The noble force, and fortitude, and courage of his hand : 48

For when the hungry Lyons had cast on him their eyes,  
 The elements did thunder with the echo of their cries ;  
 And running all amain his body to devour,  
 Into their throats he thrust his arms, with all his might and power ;

From thence by manly valour their hearts he tore in sunder,  
 And at the King he threw them, to all the people's wonder :  
 “ This have I done,” quoth he, “ for lovely *England's* sake,  
 And for my Country's Maiden Queen much more will undertake.”

But when the King perceived his wrothful Lyons' hearts, [sic.  
 Afflicted with great terror, his rigour soon reverts ;  
 And turned all his hate into remorse and love,  
 And said, “ It is some Angel sent down from heaven above.”

“No, no, I am no Angel,” the courteous young man said,  
 “But born in famous *England*, where God’s Word is obey’d;  
 Assisted by the heavens, who did me thus befriend,  
 Or else they had most cruelly brought here my life to end.” 64

The King in heart amazed, lift up his eyes to heaven,  
 And for his foul offences did crave to be forgiven :  
 Believing that no land like *England* may be seen,  
 No people better governed by vertue of a Queen.

So taking up this young man, he pardon’d him his life,  
 And gave his daughter to him to be his wedded wife,  
 Where then they did remain, and live in quiet peace,  
 In spending of their happy days in joy and love’s encrease. 72

*London*: Printed by and for *W. O[nley]*, and sold by the Booksellers  
 of *Pye-Corner* and *London-Bridge*.

[This ballad is No. 74 of William Thackeray’s list. In Roxb. Coll., III. 618, the first woodcut agrees with the picture in *Old Ballads*, 1723, i. 129; but in Roxb. Coll., III. 747, and Bagford, are three cuts joined together; 1st, two horsemen contending; 2nd, the 'Prentice standing in front of the stricken man; 3rd, his contest with the lions, p. 589. Date of original, Elizabeth’s reign, before 1598.]

The woodcut below was owing; a debt from ‘The Lady Isabella’s Tragedy,’ vol. vi. p. 652, and 629. It appeared early in ‘England’s Lamentation for the late Treasons of *Francis Throgmorton*.’ 1584; again for the *Lord Strafford*, 1641, etc., and belongs to p. 708, *post*. The *Queen*, p. 589, *belongs to* p. 584.



## Combat between Stewart and Wharton.

(Near London, 1609.)

"It grieveth me to tell you o', near *London* late what did befall  
'Twixt two young gallant Gentlemen: it grieveth me, and ever shall.

"One of them was Sir *George Wharton*, my good lord *Wharton's* son and heir;  
The other, *James Stuart*, a *Scottish* Knight, one that a valiant heart did bear."

—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, iii. 134.

**B**IASSED, no doubt, by his partiality for the Ettrick Shepherd's native genius and shrewdness, Walter Scott had accepted from him in 1802, as though it were genuine, a garbled and Scottified version of our English broadside black-letter ballad, that celebrates the combat fought by 'Stewart and Wharton.' James Hogg's own so-called Ettrick-side border-ballad, first printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, is named 'The Duel of Wharton and Stewart.' It is divided into two parts, respectively of thirteen and fifteen stanzas, twenty-eight in all. These, some being evidently spurious additions, are based on the English original, thirty-five stanzas in all: spiced dialectically for the North-side of the Tweed.

As to the Tune, named *Down Plumpton Park*, it can be identified, for it belonged to a ballad celebrating John Musgrave, who robbed the king's receiver, and was hanged at Kendal, probably near the same date, 1609. It is remarkable that, though '*Down Plumpton Park*' is cited as name of the tune (borrowed from the burden or refrain of the Musgrave Lament) in our Stewart and Wharton ballad, the extant copies of the other ballad, 'Lamentation of John Musgrave,' mention the tune as '*Wharton*,' the popular name by which it continued to be known. It is not the same tune as *Musgrave's March*, pp. 244, 246. We suppose *Plumpton Park* to have been the earlier ballad (and give it on p. 604). It begins—

"To lodge it was my chance, of late, at *Kendal* in the 'Sizes' Week,  
Where I saw many a gallant state was walking up and down the Street.  
*Down Plumpton park* as I did pass, I heard a bird sing in a glen:  
The chiefest of her Song it was, 'Farewell the flower of Seving-men!'"

The 'Wharton' ballad had ample foundation in history, since to the fatal end of this duel, conjoined with similar quarrels and combats, is attributed the ruthless severity of King James I. against his countryman Lord Sanquhar, when in 1612 the king "found himself under the necessity of making a striking example of one of his Scottish nobles, to avoid the imputation of the grossest partiality. Lord *Sanquhar* [*i.e.* *Robert Crichton*: he had hired two ruffians, *Carlisle* and *Irwin*, to murder a fencing-master, one *Turner*, who had inadvertently destroyed an eye of his pupil 'by an unlucky thrust,'] was accordingly condemned to be hanged, and suffered that ignominious punishment accordingly," at the gate of Westminster Hall, two days later, 29 June, 1612. (*Cf.* p. 823.)

Arthur Wilson, in his *Reign of James IV.*, p. 61, writes:—

“For *Ramsay*, one of the King’s servants, not long before [*Sanquhar’s* trial], had switched the Earl of *Montgomery*, who was the King’s first favourite, happily because he took it so. *Maxwell*, another of them, had bitten *Hawley*, a gentleman of the *Temple*, by the ear, which enraged the *Templars* (in those times riotous, and subject to tumults), and brought it almost to a national quarrel, till the King stepped in and took it up himself. The lord *Bruce* [le Baron de *Kinless, sie*] had summoned *Sir Edward Sackville* (afterwards Earl of *Dorset*) into *France*, with a fatal compliment to take death from his hand. [See an account of this desperate duel of August, 1613, by *Sir Richard Steele*, in *The Guardian*, No. 129]. And the much lamented *Sir James Stuart*, one of the king’s blood, and *Sir George Wharton* the prime branch of that noble family, for little worthless punctillios of Honour, being intimate friends, took the field, and fell together by each other’s hand.”—*Hist. of Great Brit.*, 1653.

It was plausible for Arthur Wilson, writing later, and being an outsider, to describe the quarrel as “for little worthless punctillios;” but people happened to know what a pestilent swaggerer and insufferable nuisance this George Wharton had been, and how well he deserved chastisement: fore-doomed as it seemed to such an end. The late James Maidment, in his excellent edition of *Scottish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditionary*, ii. 159, *et seq.*, 1868, gathered proofs of this evil notoriety.

“*Sir George Wharton* was very quarrelsome at cards. He had a violent temper, which he felt it difficult to restrain. The Earl of *Pembroke* [*William Herbert*] told him, ‘*Sir George*, I have loved you long, and desire still to do so; but by your manner of playing you lay it upon me either to leave to love you, or to leave to play with you: wherefore, choosing to love you still, I will never play with you any more.’

“The next day, hunting with the King, Lord *Pembroke’s* page galloping after his lordship, *Wharton* came up to him, and lashed him in the face with his whip. *Pembroke* demanded why his boy was struck. He was answered, he meant nothing towards his lordship. *Sir George* was asked why he had struck him? ‘I did not strike him,’ was the answer. ‘Then I am satisfied,’ said the Earl. ‘God’s blood!’ said *Sir George*, ‘I say it not to satisfy you.’ ‘But,’ *Sir*,’ said the Earl, ‘whoso striketh my boy without cause shall give me account of it; and therefore, I tell you, it was foolishly done of you.’ ‘*You are a fool!*’ said *Sir George*. ‘You lie in your throat,’ said the Earl. The Duke of *Lennox*, the Earl of *Mar*, and others, coming in, the matter rested there for a short time.”

But the interrupted quarrel was not to be appeased until after farther aggravation, and even required the royal intervention:—

“*Pembroke* having rode away, some six or eight minutes afterwards, *Wharton* galloped after him. When the Earl of *Montgomery* saw this, he cried out, ‘Brother, take heed; you will be stricken.’ The Earl [of *Pembroke*] instantly received him with a sound backward blow, which almost drove *Sir George* back upon his horse’s cropper.

“The natural consequence of a blow was that a duel must follow; accordingly *Wharton*, after the stag had been killed, took the opportunity of presenting the Earl with a paper, in which he protested there was nothing unfit for his lordship’s perusal. The Earl declined to receive it, and said, ‘*Sir George*, give me no papers here, where all see us who know what has passed, if you mean to do yourself right; but tell me, is not the purport of it a challenge to me?’ ‘Yes,’ said *Sir George*. ‘Well, then,’ the Earl replied, ‘this night you shall have your answer.’”

Business was soon in progress, about the measurements of swords, Wharton being unwilling to fight with any except the usual weapon at his side, although it was shorter than Pembroke's, a gift from the Earl of Devonshire. The duel was arranged for the next day, a Sunday. King James having learnt the news interfered; but not until another and sharper message came from his majesty would Wharton consent to desist, and obey the mandate. The men were 'convented' before the lords, and also before the monarch, who prevailed on Pembroke to acknowledge his sorrow for having struck Wharton, provided Wharton were to confess he had not intended to offend him at that time. "This exhibition of temper occurred in 1608. The next year the hot-headed youth met the fate he had previously courted." (Thomas Coke to the Countess of Shrewsbury. *The Talbot Papers*, vol. ii. folio 535. *Vide* Lodge's *Illustrations*, vol. iii. p. 24.) Stewart and Wharton were buried in one grave at Islington, 10 Nov., 1609.

Our Sir James Stewart, or Stuart, a Knight of the Bath (eldest son of Walter, first Lord Blantyre in Scotland, by Nicholas, daughter of Sir James Somerville, of Cambusnethan), had married Lady Dorothy Hastings, second daughter of George, Earl of Huntingdon. He had no children by her, and she afterwards married Robt. Dillon, 2nd Earl of Roscommon. "A tradition in the family of Hastings was that Sir James had been killed unfairly" (*Maidment*, ii. 163). James Hogg asserted that the Border-land held this tradition, and that Wharton wore secret armour; but this is improbable, seeing that the combatants fought with rapier and dagger, and in their shirts (8 November, 1609):—

"Then they threw off their doublets both, and stood up in their sarks o' lawn."

Sir George Wharton also was a Knight of the Bath, the eldest son of Philip, Lord Wharton, by Frances, daughter of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland; and married to Anne, daughter of the Earl of Rutland. He left no children by her, and his brother, the heir presumptive, succeeded to the title and estate after the duel, and four months later married Sir Robert Cary's daughter, "that waited upon Lady Elizabeth's grace; it is said he makes her £1200 a year jointure, and Sir Robert Cary gives £6000 portion." (*Letter of George Calvert*, afterwards Lord Baltimore, to *Sir Thomas Edmondes*, 10th March, 1609-10.)

Our Roxburghe Ballad is probably little corrupted, if at all, from the contemporary issue. The pretended Scottish version is not of the slightest value or authenticity, therefore is not here reproduced (beyond the motto verses on p. 592). It is given by Alex. Whitelaw in his *Scottish Minstrelsy*, p. 213. John Struthers gave our original, in his *British Minstrel*, i. 51, 1821; as did Joseph Ritson in *Ancient Songs*, p. 199, 1792 (omitted by W. C. Hazlitt from the 1877 reprint, without cause assigned).



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 269 *verso*; Pepys, II. 126; Bagford, II. 112; Wood 401, 87; Euing, 194, 195; Douce, I. 135; Jersey, II. 215=Lindes., 705.]

## A Lamentable Ballad

Of a Combate lately fought near *London*, between Sir *James Steward* and Sir *George Wharton*, Knights; who were both slain at that time.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Down Plumpton Park*, etc. [See p. 592.]



IT grieves my heart to tell the woe, that did near *London* late befall,  
On *Martlemas*-eve, O woe is me! I grieve the chance, and ever shall,

Of two right gallant Gentlemen,  
Who very rashly fell at words,  
But to their quarrel could not [be end] [text, 'fall.']  
Till they fell both by their keen swords. 8

The one [was] Sir *George Wharton* call'd,  
The good Lord *Wharton's* son and heir;  
The other Sir *James*, a *Scottish* knight,  
A man that a valiant heart did bear.

Near to the Court these Gallants stout  
Fell out, as they in gaming were,  
And in their fury grew so hot,  
They hardly could from blows forbear. 16

Nay, kind intreaties could not stay  
Sir *James* from striking in that place;  
For in the height and heat of blood,  
He struck young *Wharton* o'er the face.

- “What dost thou mean,” said *Wharton* then,  
 “To strike in such unmanly sort?  
 That I will take it at thy hands,  
 The tongue of man shall ne'er report.” 24
- “Why, do thy worst, then,” said Sir *James*, [a. l. ‘to thy’  
 “And mark me, *Wharton*, what I say,  
 There's ne'er a Lord in *England* breathes  
 Shall make me give an inch of way.”
- “This brag's too brave,” stout *Wharton* said,  
 “Let our brave *English* Lords alone,  
 And talk with me that am your foe,  
 For you shall find enough of one.” 32
- “Alas, Sir, said the *Scottish* knight,  
 “Thy bloud and mind's too base for me;  
 Thy oppositions are too bold,  
 And will thy dire destruction be.”
- “Nay,” said young *Wharton*, “you mistake,  
 My courage and valour equals thine;  
 To make 't apparent cast thy glove,  
 To 'gage to try, as I do mine.” 40
- “Ay,” said Sir *James*, “hast thou such spirit?  
 I did not think within thy breast  
 That such a haughty daring heart  
 As thou mak'st shew of e'er could rest.
- “I interchange my glove with thee,  
 Take it, and 'point thy bed of death;  
 The field, I mean, where we must fight,  
 And one or both loose life and breath.” [t. ‘for b.’ 48
- “We'll meet near *Waltham*,” said Sir *George*,  
 “To-morrow that shall be the day;  
 We'll either take a single man,  
 And try who bears the bell away.”
- This done, together hands they shook,  
 And without any envious sign,  
 They went to *Ludgate*, where they staid,  
 And drank each man his pint of wine. 56
- No kind of anger could be seen,  
 No words of malice might bewray,  
 But all was fair, as calm as cool,  
 As love within their bosomes lay,

Till parting time, and then indeed  
They shew'd some rancor of their hearts ;

“ George,” said Sir James, “ when next we meet,  
So sound I know we shall not part.” 64

*And so they parted, both resolv'd to have their valour fully tryd ;  
The second Part shall briefly show both how they met, & how they dy'd.*

The Second Part.

YOUNG Wharton was the first that came  
To the appointed place next day,  
Who presently spy'd Sir James coming  
As fast as he could post away. 72

And being met in manly sort,  
The Scotch Knight did to Wharton say,  
“ I do not like thy doublet, George ;  
It sits so well on thee to-day.

“ Hast thou no privy armour on, [Rozb. mutilated.  
Nor yet no privy coat of steel ?  
I ne'er saw Lord in all my life  
Become a doublet half so well.” 80

“ Now nay, now nay,” stout Wharton said,  
“ Sir James Steward that may not be,  
I'll not an armed man come hither,  
And thou a naked man, truly.

“ Our men shall strip our doublets, George,  
So shall we know whether of us lye,  
And then we'll to our weapons sharp,  
Ourselves true Gallants for to try.” 88

Then they stript off their doublets fair,  
Standing up in their shirts of lawn,  
“ Follow my counsel,” the Scotch-man said,  
“ And Wharton to thee I'll make [it] known :

“ Now follow my counsel, I'll follow thine,  
And we'll fight in our shirts,” said he.  
“ Now nay, now nay,” young Wharton said,  
“ Sir James Steward, that may not be, 96

“ Unless we were drunkards and quarrellers,  
That had no care of our [own] sell, [=self.  
Not caring what we go about,  
Or whether our souls go to heaven or hell.

“ We'll first to God bequeath our souls,  
Then next our corpse to dust and clay.”  
With that stout Wharton was the first  
Took rapier and poniard there that day. 104

Seven thrusts in turns these Gallants had.  
 Before [one] drop of bloud was drawn. [*text, 'own.'*]  
 The *Scottish* Knight then spake valiantly,  
 "Stout *Wharton*, still thou hold'st thy own."

With the next thrust that *Wharton* thrust  
 He ran him through the shoulder bone,  
 The next was through the thick o' th' thigh,  
 Thinking he had the *Scotch* Knight slain : 112

Then *Wharton* said to the *Scottish* Knight,  
 "Are you a living man, tell me ?  
 If there be a surgeon in *England* can,  
 He shall cure your wounds right speedily."

"Now nay, now nay," the *Scottish* K[nigh]t said,  
 "Sir *George Wharton*, that may not be ;  
 The one of us shall the other kill,  
 E'er off this ground that we do flee." 120

Then in amaze Sir *George* lookt back  
 To see what company was nigh ;  
 They both had dangerous marks of death,  
 Yet neither would from th' other fie.

But both through body wounded sore,  
 With courage lusty, strong and sound,  
 They made a deadly desperate close,  
 And both fell dead unto the ground. 128

Our *English* Knight was the first that fell,  
 The *Scotch* Knight fell immediately,  
 Who cryed both to *Jesus Christ*,  
 "Receive our souls, O Lord, we dye !"

God bless our noble King and Queen,  
 And all the noble Progeny,  
 That *Britain* still may live in one,  
 In perfect love and unity. 136

Thus to conclude, I make an end, wishing that quarrels all may cease,  
 And that we still may live in love, in prosperous state, in joy and peace.

*London* : Printed for *A. M., W. O., and T. Thackeray*, in *Duck Lane*.

[In Black-letter, with one woodcut, as on p. 595. Other exemplars were printed respectively for *F. Coles*, etc., and *Wm. Thackeray* (*it is No. 162 of his List*, reproduced, annotated, in our *Bagford Ballads* Introduction); the present Roxb. copy is a reprint, at back of *J.V.*'s ballad, 'A Letter for a Christian Family,' beginning, "Both young and old, both rich and poor," which will follow later.]



## True Lovers' Knot Untied.

(The Lady Arabella Seymour, 1615.)

“It may calm the apprehension of calamity in the most susceptible heart, to see how quick a bound Nature has set to the utmost infliction of malice. We rapidly approach a brink over which no enemy can follow us.

‘Let them rave :  
Thou art quiet in thy grave.’—*Tennyson.*]

In the gloom of our ignorance of what shall be, in the hour when we are deaf to the higher voices, who does not envy those who have seen safely to an end their manful endeavour? Who that sees the meanness of our politics, but inly congratulates Washington, that he is long already wrapped in his shroud, and for ever safe; that he was laid sweet in his grave, ‘*the hope of humanity not yet subjugated in him?*’ Who does not sometimes envy the good and brave, who are no more to suffer from the tumults of the natural world, and await with curious complacency the speedy term of his own conversation with finite nature? *And yet the love that will be annihilated sooner than treacherous has already made death impossible*, and affirms itself no mortal, but a native of the deeps of absolute and inextinguishable being.”—*Emerson : on Heroism.*

WE do not profess to believe in the purity or the stability of judgment in these our days of mobocracy and noisy clamour, with their factious agitation, caused by wire-pullers, irresponsible and unscrupulous, and the slavish obedience both exacted and rendered at the bidding of such vulgar tyrants as have gained a semblance of power. Consequently we remained unconvinced when Dr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner asserted his creed, in regard to the prevalence of generous sympathy, or the boasted enlightenment of our time: but since 1866 we have been ‘shooting Niagara’ with a vengeance, having squandered the franchise. Here are his words:—

“There can be no better proof of the indistinct notions on the important subjects of personal liberty which still prevailed in England, than the complete indifference with which Englishmen heard of the harsh treatment to which *Arabella Stuart* had been subjected by the king [James I.]. *At the present day such a story as hers would rouse the indignation of the whole population from one end of the kingdom to the other.* In 1610, not a syllable was breathed in her favour. A few letter-writers told the news to their correspondents amidst the rest of the gossip of the day. With the exception of those who were immediately concerned in the tragedy, not a single Englishman thought it worthy of more than a passing thought.”—*History of England from the Accession of James I.*, by S. R. Gardiner, ii. p. 1, 1863. See also his vol. i. pp. 52, 89, 97.

Perhaps, this was nearly true, in the year 1863. We have sorely degenerated since that date and 1867. But as to Arabella Stuart, S. R. G. probably knew nothing of the extensive popularity of the contemporary ballad which told of her sufferings, ‘The True Lovers’ Knot Untied’; although, for prudential reasons, the ballad-writer deemed it wiser to assume belief of the recapture and cruelties being “unknown unto our gracious King.”

There must have been an unusually large number of re-issues, shown by the distinctive publishers and by variations in phraseology: thus some versions begin, "As I *through* Ireland did pass;" (Pepys, *Coles, T. and P.*) others, "As I *from* Ireland did pass;" (Ouvry's, *L. 63*, imperfect,) and yet others, "As I *to* Ireland did pass," etc.

The late L. Llewellynn Jewitt, of Winster Hall, Derbyshire, F.S.A., Editor of *The Reliquary, Ballads and Songs of Derbyshire*, etc., wrote concerning the ballad the following graceful tribute, which we cordially endorse:—

"The beautiful, much-injured, and ill-fated Lady *Arabella* of this touching ballad, whose sole crime was that she was born a *Stuart*, was the daughter of *Elizabeth Cavendish*, of *Chatsworth* in *Derbyshire*, by her husband *Charles Stuart*, Earl of *Lennox*, who was brother to Lord *Darnley*, the husband of the unfortunate *Mary Queen of Scots*. She was grand-daughter of Sir *William Cavendish*, of *Chatsworth*, and of his wife, the celebrated '*Bess of Hardwick*,' afterwards Countess of *Shrewsbury*.

"The incidents of the life of this young, beautiful, and accomplished lady, which form one of the most touching episodes in our history,—the jealous eye with which *Elizabeth* looked upon her from her birth [circa 1577],—the careful watch set over her by *Cecil*—the trials of *Raleigh* and his friends,—her troubles with her aunt, (*Mary*, Countess of *Shrewsbury*),—her being placed under restraint,—her marriage with [Sir *William*] *Seymour*,—her seizure, imprisonment, sufferings, and death as a hopeless lunatic in the Tower of *London*, where she had been thrown by her cousin *James the First*,—are all matters of history, and invest her life with a sad and melancholy interest."

James held claim on the throne of England from being the great-grandson of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., and sister of Henry VIII. Lady Arabella was her great-grand-daughter, by Queen Margaret's second marriage to Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus: whose daughter Lady Margaret Douglas married Matthew, Earl of Lennox, grandfather of Lady Arabella. See Isaac Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*; John Heneage Jesse's *Court of England under the Stuarts*, 1840; and the Rev. William Greenwell's little-known but meritorious Play, '*Arabella Stuart*.'

Felicia Hemans felt impressed by the sad tale, and wrote a poem on Arabella Stuart, at beginning of her *Records of Woman*, 1828. Later pens have been used over the narrative, which must always remain one of the saddest that we know. After all written or said, the truest words are those we prefixed as our motto, from Ralph Waldo Emerson, on "the love which will be annihilated sooner than be treacherous!" How magnificently roll his words, as from an early oracle, one truly inspired, reverberating across the desert verbiage of common-place worldliness or effusive piety, which lesser minds deal forth profusely. Yet no journalist advocated the placing Emerson's monument in our Walhalla, Westminster Abbey, beside Longfellow's. To some of us, the whole of America is made sacred by his memory, stainless and imperishable.

Music of the tune named, *The Frog's Galliard* (which is found in Dowland's *First Book of Songs*, 1597, adapted to the words "Now, O now, I needs must part: parting, though I absent mourn;" also in Morley's, in Thomas Robinson's *Lessons* of 1599, 1611, and 1609, and in the Skene MS. as the *Froggis Galliard*), is given in the late William Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 129.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 468 ; Pepys, IV. 44: Bagford, II. 30 ; Euing, 356 ; Huth, II. 117 ; Case 22, e. 2, fol. 188 ; Ouvry, I. 63, 64 ; Wood, 25, 16 ; Jersey, II. 182 = Lindes., 101, 102, 103 (The third reads 'from Ireland,' like Wood's).]

## The True Lovers' Knot Untied ;

Being the right Path whereby to advise Princely Virgins how to Behave themselves, by the Example of the Renowned Princess, the Lady *ARABELLA*, and the Second Son of the Lord *Seymore*, late Earl of *Hartford*.

To the Tune of, *Frog's Galliard*, etc. [See p. 600.]

Licensed and Entered according to Order.

**A**S I to *Ireland* did pass,  
I saw a ship at anchor lay,  
Another ship likewise there was,  
Which from fair *England* took her way.

This ship had sail'd from fair *England*,  
Unknown unto our gracious king,  
The Lord Chief Justice did command,  
That they to *London* should her bring. 8

I drew more near and saw more plain  
Lady *Arabella* in distress,  
She wrung her hands and wept amain,  
Bewailing of her heaviness.

When near fair *London* Tower she came,  
Whereas her landing place should be,  
The King and Queen with all their train  
Did meet this lady gallantly. 16

“ How now, *Arabella*,” said our King,  
Unto this lady straight did say,  
“ Who hath first ty'd ye to this thing,  
That you from *England* took your way ?”

“ None but my self, my gracious Liege :  
These ten long years I've been in love  
With the Lord *Seymor's* second son,  
The Earl of *Hartford*, so we prove. 24

“ Though he be not the mightiest man  
Of goods and livings in the land,  
Yet I have Lands us to maintain,  
So much your Grace doth understand.

- “ My lands and livings are well known  
 Unto your books of Majesty,  
 Amounts to twelve score pound a week,  
 Besides what I do give,” quoth she. 32
- “ In gallant *Darby-shire* likewise  
 I ninescore Beadsmen maintain there,  
 With hats and gowns, and house-rent free,  
 And every man five marks a year.
- “ I never raised Rent,” said she,  
 “ Nor yet opprest the Tennant poor,  
 I never took no bribes for fines,  
 For why, I had enough before. 40
- “ Whom of your Nobles will do so,  
 For to maintain the Commonalty ?  
 Such multitudes would never grow,  
 Nor be such store of poverty.
- “ I would I had a Milk-maid been,  
 Or born of some more low degree,  
 Then I might have loved where I like,  
 And no man could have hind’red me; 48
- “ Or would I were some Yeoman’s Child,  
 For to receive my portion now,  
 According unto my degree,  
 As other virgins, as I know.
- “ The highest Branch that soars aloft  
 Needs must beshade the Mirtle-tree ;  
 Needs must the shaddow of them both  
 Shaddow the third in his degree. 56
- “ But when the Tree is cut and gone,  
 And from the ground is bore away,  
 The lowest tree that there doth stand  
 In time may grow as high as they.
- “ Once when I thought to have been Queen,  
 But yet that still I do deny,  
 I knew your Grace had right to th’ Crown  
 Before *Elizabeth* did dye. 64
- “ You of the eldest sister came,  
 I of the second in degree,  
 The Earl of *Hartford* of the third,  
 A man of Royal blood was he.



- “ And so, Good-night, my Sovereign Liege,  
Since in the Tower I must lye;  
I hope your Grace will condescend  
That I may have my liberty.” 72
- “ Lady *Arabella*” (said our King)  
“ I to your freedom would consent,  
If you would turn and go to Church,  
There to receive the Sacrament.
- “ And so, good-night, *Arabella* fair,”  
Our King reply'd to her again.  
“ I will take counsel of my Nobility  
That you your freedom may obtain.” 80
- “ Once more to prison must I go,”  
Lady *Arabella* then did say;  
“ To leave my Love breeds all my woe,  
The which will be our lives' decay.
- “ Love is a knot none can unknit,  
Fancy, a liking of the heart;  
Him whom I love I cannot forget,  
Though from his presence I must part. 88
- “ The meanest people enjoy their mates;  
But I was born unhappily,  
For, being crost by cruel fates,  
I want both love and liberty.
- “ But death, I hope, will end the strife,  
Farewell, farewell, my love,” (quoth she)  
“ Once I had thought to have been thy Wife,  
But now am forc'd to part with thee.” 96
- At this sad Meeting she had cause  
In heart and mind to grieve full sore;  
After that time *Arabella* fair  
Did never see Lord *Seymour* more.

Printed by and for *A. M.*, and sold by the Booksellers of London.

[In Black-letter, with two woodcuts, 1st, the Lady of p. 323, *reversed*; 2nd, a ship, with *Fidelity*, *Piety*, and *Loyalty* on three streaming pennons, and *Courage* on the flag at the bowsprit: the Tower of London is close behind. Bagford, II. 30, is in White-letter, printed for *W. O[nley]*, with two diverse cuts, 1st, the confused naval battle of *Bagford Ballads*, p. 297, Right; 2nd, the Lady of our p. 311. Date, *circa* 1612-1615. *Arabella* died, 27 Sept., 1615.]



[Roxburghe Collection, II. 487; Bagford, II. 71; Pepys, II. 160; Jersey, I. 309\* =Lindes., 1195; Wood, 401, fol. 89; Rawlinson, 204.]

**The Lamentation of John Musgrave,**  
**Who was Executed at Kendal, for Robbing the King's Receiver,**  
**and taking away from him great store of Treasure,**  
 TO THE TUNE OF, *Wharton*. [See pp. 592, 595.]

**T**O lodge it was my chance of late, at *Kendal* in the 'Sizes week,  
 Where I saw many a gallant state was walking up and down the street :  
*Down Plumpton park as I did pass, I heard a Bird sing in a glen :*  
*The chiefest of her Song it was, ' Farewell the flower of Serving-men.'*

Sometimes I heard the Music sweet, which was delightful unto me :  
 At length I heard one wail and weep, a gallant youth condemn'd to dye ;  
*Down Plumpton park [as I did pass], etc.*

A Gentleman of courage bold, his like I never saw before,  
 But when as I did him behold, my grief it grew still more and more :  
*Down Plumpton park, etc. [Pussim.]*

Of watery eyes there were great store, for all did weep that did him see,  
 He made the heart of many sore, and I lamented for company.

"To God above," (quoth he), "I call, that sent his son to suffer death :  
 For to receive my sinful soul, so soon as I shall loose my breath."

"O God, I have deserved death ; for deeds that I have done to thee :  
 Yet never lin'd I like a thief, till I met with ill company."

"For I may curse the dismal hour, first time that I did give consent ;  
 For to rob the King's Receiver and to take away his Rent."

"You Gallants all, be warn'd by me, learn Cards and Dice for to refrain,  
 Fly whores, eschew ill company, for these three things will breed you pain."

"All earthly treasures are but vain, and worldly wealth is vanity :  
 Search nothing else but heaven to gain : remember all that we must dye."

"Farewell, good fellows, less and more, be not dismay'd at this my fall ;  
 I never did offend before, *John Musgrave* all men did me call."  
*Down Plumpton park as I did pass, I heard a bird sing in a glen, etc.*

**The Second Part of the Lamentation of John Musgrave.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.

"The bait beguiles the bonny Fish, some care not what they swear or say,  
 The Lamb becomes the Foxes' dish when as the old sheep runs away :"  
*Down Plumpton park as I did pass, I heard a bird sing in a glen.*  
*The chiefest of her song it was, ' Farewell the flower of Serving-men.'*

"The Fowlers, that the Plovers get, take glistening glass their net to set :  
 The Ferret when the mouth is [ke]jpt, doth drive the Coney to the Net." [t. 'cop't. ]

"The Pike devours the Salmon free [fry?], which is a better Fish than himself :  
 Some care not how whose children cry, so that themselves may keep their pelf."

"Farewell good people, less and more, both great and small that did me ken :  
 Farewell rich, and farewell poor, and farewell all good Serving-men. "

"Now by my death I wish all know, that this same lesson you may teach,  
 Of what degree, of high, or low, climb not, I say, above your reach."

- “ Good Gentlemen, I you intreat, that have more sons than you have lands,  
In idleness do not them keep, teach them to labour with their hands.”
- “ For idleness is the root of evil, and this sin never goes alone :  
But Theft and Robbery follows after, as by my self is plainly shown.”
- “ For youth and age, will not understand, that friends in want, they be but cold,  
If they spend their portions and lack land, they may go beg when they are old.”
- “ Farewell, farewell, my bretheren dear, sweet Sisters make no doal for me ;  
My death's at hand I do not fear, we are all mortal and born to dye.”
- “ I know that Christ for me did dye, no earthly pleasures would I have : [trd.  
I care not for the world a flye, but mercy, Lord, of thee I crave.”
- “ Come, man of death, and do me right, my glass is run I cannot stay :  
With Christ I hope to lodge this night, and all good people for me pray.”
- The man of death his part did play, which made the tears blind many an eye.  
He is with Christ, as I dare say, the Lord grant us that so we may [hie].  
*Down Plumpton park as I did pass, I heard a bird sing in a glen,  
The chiefest of her song it was ' Farewell, the flower of Serving-Men !'*

Finis.

Printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, the Guy Fawkes man of p. 475, left; 2nd, a Man hanging, with a ladder beside him, as in vol. iii. p. 147. Date, probably before 1609; we scarcely accept authoritatively Anthony à Wood's MS. note to 401, fol. 91, "*Jack Musgrave* and *Thomas Dacres* of y<sup>e</sup> North, living in anno 1543 (35th of Henry VIII.)." Did he mean our next ballad?]

Armstrong and Musgrave:

Both in Love with Isabel, daughter of Lady Dacres in the North.

- “ For see, my friend goes shaking and white,  
He eyes me like the basilisk :  
I have turned, it appears, his day to night,  
Eclipsing his sun's disk.
- “ And I did it, he thinks, like a very thief :  
' Though I love her—that, he comprehends—  
One should master one's passions (love, in chief)  
And be loyal to one's friends.'”—R. B.'s *A Light Woman*.

FEW are the broadsides in black-letter of this ballad now extant, none being at Cambridge or Oxford, and only the Glasgow and Lindesiana beside our Bagford and Roxburghe recorded. Yet the liveliness of the strain might have promised well to secure popularity. It does not appear to be of early date in the seventeenth century. It is reprinted in Roberts's *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1723, i. 175, and in T. Evans's, 1777, ii. 70. It was sung to a Northern Tune, and the refrain is almost a jig.

Seeing how closely connected was the name of Dacres with the Marches of the North, some closer copy might be expected among border ballads, 'conveyed' from the English broadsides: See p. 608.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 261; Bagford, II. 39; Euing, 271, 272; Jersey, II. 221 = Lindes., 123.]

## A Pleasant Ballad,

Showing how two Galliant Knights, Sir John Armstrong, and Sir Michael Musgrave, fell in Love with the Beautiful Daughter of the Lady Dacres, in the North; and of the great Strife that happen'd between them for her, and how they wrought the Death of one hundred Men.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW NORTHERN TUNE, ETC.  
Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

AS it fell out one *Whitsunday*, the blith time of the Year, [clear,  
When every tree was clad with green, and pretty birds sing  
The Lady *Dacres* took her way, unto the Church that pleasant day,  
With her fair daughter fresh and gay, a bright and bonny Lass,  
*Fa la tre dang de do; trang trole lo trang de do;*  
*With hey trang trole lo lye, she was a bonny Lass.*

Sir *Michael Musgrave* in like sort, to Church repaired then,  
And so did Sir *John Armstrong* too, with all his merry men,  
Two greater friends there could not be, nor braver knights for chivalry,  
Both Bachelors of high degree, fit for a bonny Lass.

They sat them down upon one seat, like loving Brethren dear,  
With hearts and minds devoutly bent, God's service for to hear;  
But rising from their prayers tho', their eyes a ranging straight did go,  
Which wrought their utter overthrow, all for one bonny Lass.

Qd. *Musgrave* unto *Armstrong* then, "yon' sits the sweetest Dame,  
That ever for her fine beauty within this Country came."

"Insooth," quoth *Armstrong* presently, "your judgment I must  
There never came unto my eye, a braver bonny Lass." [verific,

"I swear," said *Musgrave*, "by this sword, which did my knighthood  
"To steal away so sweet a Dame could be no ghostly sin." [win,  
"That deed," q(uo)d *Armstrong*, "would be ill, except he had  
her right good will,

That your desire she would fulfil, and be thy bonny Lass."

By this the service quite was done, and home the people past,  
They wisht a blister on his tongue, that made thereof such hast.  
At the church-door the Knights did meet, the Lady *Dacres* for to greet,  
But most of all her Daughter sweet, that beauteous bonny Lass.

Said *Armstrong* to the Lady fair, "We both have made a vow,  
At dinner for to be your Guests, if you will it allow."  
With that bespoke the Lady free, "Sir Knights, right welcome  
shall you be."

"The happier men therefore are we," *for love of this bonny Lass.*

Thus was the Knights both prickt in love, both in one moment thrall'd,  
And both with one fair Lady gay: thus blind is *Cupid* call'd.  
With humble thanks they went away, like wounded harts chaft  
all the day.

One would not to the other say, *they lov'd this bonny Lass.*

Fair *Isabel* on the other side, as far in love was found,  
So long brave *Armstrong* she had ey'd, till love her heart did wound:  
"Brave *Armstrong* is my Joy," quoth she, "would Christ he were  
alone with me,  
To talk an hour, two or three, *with his fair bonny Lass.*"

But as these Knights together rode, and homeward did repair,  
Their talk and eke their countenance shew'd their hearts were  
clog'd with care;

"Fair *Isabel*," the one did say, "thou hast subdu'd my heart  
[this day."  
"But she's my Joy," did *Musgrave* say, "*my bright and bonny Lass.*"

With that these Friends incontinent, became most deadly foes,  
For love of beauteous *Isabel*, great strife betwixt them rose:  
Quoth *Armstrong*, "She shall be my Wife, although for her I lose  
my life."

And thus began a deadly strife, *and for one bonny Lass.*

Thus two years long this grudge did grow, these gallant Knights  
between,

While they a wooing both did go unto this beauteous Queen:  
And she who did their furies prove, to neither would bewray her love,  
The deadly quarrel to remove, *about this bonny Lass.*

But neither of her fair intreats, nor yet her sharp dispute,  
Would they appease their raging ire, nor yet give o're their suit.  
The Gentlemen of the *North* Country at last did make this good  
All for a perfect unity, *about this bonny Lass.* [decree,

The Love-siek Knights should both be set within one hall so wide,  
Each of them in a gallant sort, even at a several tide;  
And 'twixt them both for certainty, Fair *Isabel* should placed be  
Of them to take her choice full free, *most like a bonny Lass.*

And as she like an Angel bright betwixt them mildly stood,  
She turned unto each several Knight, with pale and changed blood:  
"Now am I at liberty, to make and take my choice?" quoth she.  
"Yea," quoth the Knights, "we do agree; *then chuse, thou bonny lass.*"

“O *Musgrave*, thou art all too hot, to be a Lady’s Love,”  
 Quoth she; “And *Armstrong* seems a Sot, where love binds, him  
 to prove;  
 Of courage great is *Musgrave* still; and sith to chuse I have my will,  
 Sweet *Armstrong* shall my joys fulfil, and I [*be*] his bonny Lass.”

The Nobles and the Gentles both, that were in present place,  
 Rejoyced at this sweet record; but *Musgrave* in disgrace,  
 Out of the hall did take his way, and *Armstrong* married was  
 next day,  
 With *Isabel* his Lady gay, a bright and bonny Lass.

But *Musgrave* on the wedding-day, like to a *Scotch*-man dight,  
 In secret sort allured out the Bridegroom for to fight;  
 And he that will not out-brav’d be, unto his challenge did agree,  
 Where he was slain most suddenly, for his fair bonny Lass.

The news hereof was quickly brought unto the lovely Bride;  
 And many of young *Armstrong*’s kin did after *Musgrave* ride;  
 They hew’d him when they had him got, as small as flesh into the pot;  
 Lo, thus befel a heavy lot, about this bonny Lass.

The Lady young, which did lament this cruel cursed strife,  
 For very grief died that day, a Maiden and a Wife:  
 An hundred men that hapless day did lose their lives in that  
 same fray:  
 And ’twixt those Names, as many say, is deadly Hate still ’biding.

*London*: Printed by and for *W. O[nley]*, and are to be sold by *J. Blare*, on *London-Bridge*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, p. 231; 2nd, young man on p. 444. Euing’s was printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*. Date, probably, 1674-80.]

*Note to Ballad*.—Resemblance in subject has been detected between this ditty and the more modern ‘Laird of Livingstone.’ But there is only slight similarity, and, being one of the apocryphal gatherings of Peter Buchan, it need not detain anybody who prefers the genuine antique to modern fabrications: Buchan’s has thirty-three stanzas in all (ii. 37, 1828), and begins thus:

“It fell about the *Lammas*-time, when wightsmen won their hay,  
 A’ the squires in merry *Linkum* went a’ forth till a play.

“They play’d until the evening-tide, the sun was gaeing down;  
 A Lady thro’ plain fields was bound, a lily leesome thing. [! ! !

“Two Squires that for this lady pledged, in hopes for a renown,  
 The one was call’d the proud *Seaton*, the other *Livingston*,” etc.

*A lily leesome thing!* R. K.’s *Bandar* was ‘a gleesome fleasome’ thing.

Pinkerton wrote, “‘Graith my swiftest steed!’ said *Livingston*,” 1781. On our next page we enter the troubled times of the great *Rebellion*; beginning with the assault on *Laud* and the Church of England.

[Roxburge Collection, III. 712; King's Pamph., Fol. Broadsides, 669, f. 8, p. 32.]

## The Lofty Bishop, the Lazy Brownist, and the Loyall Author.

### 1.—THE BISHOP SINGS.

**W**Hat would you lazie Brownists have? you rage and fume away;  
 Aud cry us downe, our Church, and eke, the forme wherein we pray.  
 Oh Monstres great! abortive sonnes your Mother to forsake;  
 To Church you doe refraine to come, your Prayers there to make.  
 You will admit no government, in Church at all to stand,  
 Without the which, would soone be seene, strange errors in the Land.  
 You doe assume yourselves to be more holy than all people,  
 Therefore, 'mongst all you will not come, to pray in Church or steeple. 8  
 You'l speake us faire and soberly, you will protest in speech,  
 With eyes, and hands eke lifted up: yet will us over-reach.  
 You doe presume, you have no sinne; and that you have the Spirit,  
 And though you cosen and deceive, you heaven shall inherit.  
 Oh, fie upon your idle life! how dare you zeale pretend,  
 To loyter here and there all day, a prating life to spend.  
 What Separatist in your Rout makes conscience of all sinnes,  
 And in his calling paines doth take so soone as day beginnes? 16

### 2.—THE BROWNIST SINGS.

**Y**our Lofty Lord-shipp tearmes us lazie and runagaddes<sup>1</sup> too, [See line 34.  
 But I could wish you Bishops would but labour as we doe.  
 Sure yee be Monsters, for such members of Christ his Church as yee,  
 I have not read of in God's word allowed by him to be.  
 Then you must rather be out of Christ, and in his Church impostors,  
 For Christ allowes you Lordships none; if you will be his Pastors.  
 You did presume, you were cocke sure, and in your glory firme,  
 Christ's little flocke to tyrannize with countenance full stearne. 24  
 The Apostle of our Saviour Christ, you pleade you doe succede,  
 And yet would starve these soules, which they did labour for to feede.  
 Though with your mouth, you *Rome* deny, yet still her wayes you take,  
 A strumpet you confesse she is, yet doe her not forsake.  
 How dare you, who appointed are to preach God's holy word,  
 Sit in pompe; and presume to beare in hand the temporall sword?  
 Is any Pastor made a Lord, but soon, e's from preaching taken;  
 Yea though he laboured much before, this makes all be forsaken. 32

<sup>1</sup> Used here as an amalgamation of run-a-gates and renegades: *runagades*, or renegadoes, as it is properly printed in the 34th line, p. 610: with note on *Brownist*.

## 3.—THE AUTHOR'S LAMENTS.

HERE'S Lazie Brownists, lofty Bishops, and both accuse each other,  
As runagadoes,<sup>1</sup> Monsters eke; unto the Church their Mother. [p. 609.]

And yet were both bred up by her, and yet Church Monsters too;  
The one doth quite forsake the Church, the other would her undoe.

But now the Parliament no doubt, these Monsters will destroy,  
Or else will set them such a forme, whereby the Church may joy.

The one in pride, the other in conceited puritie,  
Doth trouble both the Church and State, such Monsters for to see. 40

Whilst one dissembles, th' other doth affirme vaine things for truth;  
Whilst one, in pompe, his time doth waste, the other it spends in sloth.

Whilst both doe wander from the way wherein the Church of God  
Directed is by him to walke, both other paths have trod.

The Brownists' noses want a Ring, (to draw them with a rope);  
The Prelates' wings doe cutting neede, (least they fly to the Pope).

That so the one in Church may preach God's word, the other heare;  
That both may honour God, and eke his lawes may love, and feare. 48

Printed in the Yeare 1640.

[In Three columns: White Letter. No Woodcut. Date, before Sept., 1640.]

\* \* This rare broadside marks the position held in 1640 by the sect founded by *Robert Browne* (born *circa* 1550—died 1630-33), and known at first as *Brownists*, but soon afterwards assuming to themselves the title of *Independents*, who, when they had attained power, by influence among the rebel soldiery of parliament, dispossessed the Presbyterian members of their seats. The modern *Congregationalists* are said to claim descent from the eccentric zealot of Rutlandshire. The 'Proud Bishop' is meant for William Laud, the Primate; on whom see 'The Organ's Echo,' p. 611. The self-styled 'Loyal Author' is unknown.

Bitter and continuous had been the disloyal Puritanic antagonism against the Church of England, its doctrine, its ritualistic ceremonies and vestments, which Laud had attempted to enforce when they had fallen into neglect. The open revolt against Episcopacy begun in 1637 by the Calvinists in the North was hailed as an encouragement to rebellion in the South. Knowledge of the desire cherished in Scotland for revenge, and for destruction of the Archbishop, is shown in a brief sequel to 'The Organ's Echo,' of our p. 612.

## A Three Part Song.

O Good King *Charles!* blame not my pen,  
Spare your purse, and save your men,  
Give *Laud* to the *Scots*, and hang up *Wren*:  
'The *Echo*,' answered still, "AMEN."

—*The Scots' Scout's Discoveries*, &c., London, 1642.



## The Organ's Echo.

“ Prejudged by foes determined not to spare,  
 An old weak man for vengeance thrown aside,  
 LAUD, ‘ in the painful art of dying ’ tried,  
 (Like a poor bird entangled in a snare,  
 Whose heart still flutters, though his wings forbear  
 To stir in useless struggle), hath relied  
 On hope that conscious innocence supplied,  
 And in his prison breathes celestial air.”

—Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, pt. ii. 41.

WITH the mock solemnity and savage virulence of this broadside directed against William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, by one of the many foes whom his virtues far more than his own intemperate zeal had raised against him during his days of power, we are brought suddenly by this *Roxburghe Ballad* within the charmed circle of the Civil War series. It is impossible to enter fully on consideration of them at this present time, as they deserve ample space for annotation. We distrust the probability of any revival of funds in the Ballad Society, sufficient to warrant the immediate fulfilment of our cherished hope, viz. to publish the “ CIVIL WAR BALLADS,” with such completeness of adornment as their importance justifies, save at our own risk; therefore we now reproduce the few stray sheets belonging to the Roxburghe series (as already mentioned on p. 571), to ensure their safety.

There are in our day few pamphleteers or historical essayists who appear capable of appreciating Archbishop Laud with fairness and discrimination. Indeed, among the tribe of rabid assailants, alike of Monarchy and of State-Churchmanship, scarcely any Cavalier, who had been of old either loyal or religious, instead of rebellious and fanatical, has any chance of justice. Whether the worship of democracy, and the unscrupulous devotion to one's own selfish party-interests by flattery of the mob's “ sweet voices,” is worth the sacrifice of nobler instincts, as “ True-hearted gentlemen, marching along,” is no more doubtful to some of us at present than it was to Robert Browning's “ Kentish Sir Byng,” who “ stood for the King, bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing !” The preceding venerable Poet Laureate, “ who uttered nothing base,” declared in 1822, “ In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry; but, fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, ‘ that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe, that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period.’ ” (Compare the Rev. J. B. Mozley's *Historical Essay on Laud*, 1845 (reprinted 1878); and Dean Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, vol. vi. New Series, 1875.)

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 573; King's Pamphlets, 669, f. 4, art. 32; Poetical Broad-sides, C. 20, fol. 7.]

## The Organ's Eccho.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Cathedrall Service.*<sup>1</sup>

**M** E M E N T O M O R I,  
 I'll tell you a strange Story,  
 Will make you all sorry,  
 For our old friend *William*; [W. Laud, Archbishop.  
 Alas, poore *William*!

As hee was in his Bravery,  
 And thought to bring us all in slaverie,  
 The Parliament found out his Knaverie,  
 And so fell *William*;  
 Alas, poore *William*!

His Pope-like domineering,  
 And some other Tricks appearing,  
 Provok'd Sir *Edward Dearing* [MP. Surrenden, Kent,  
 Root and Branch Bill,  
 27 May, '41.  
 To blame the old Prelate;  
 Alas, poore Prelate!

Some say, hee was in hope  
 To bring *England* againe to th' Pope;  
 But now he is in danger of an Axe or a Rope,  
 Farewell, old *Canterbury*;  
 Alas, poore *Canterbury*!

There's another of the same Litter,  
 Whose Breech cannot chuse but twitter,  
 Hee was against all goodnesse so bitter,  
 'Twas the Bishop of *Ely*;  
 Alas, poore *Ely*! [Matthew Wren,  
 formerly of *Norwich*.

And all the rest of that Lordly Crew,  
 Their great insolencies are like to rue,  
 As soon as the Parliament their lives do view:  
 Come downe, brave Prelates;  
 Alas, poore Prelates!

<sup>1</sup> To the same tune, and probably by the same author as this pasquinade, appeared another, circa Dec. 30th, 1641, entitled 'The Bishop's Last Good-night.'

"Come downe, Prelates, all a-row,  
 Your Protestation brings you low,  
 Have we not always told you so?  
 You are too saucy, Prelates:  
 Come downe, Prelates," etc.

You know likewise in this two or three yeare  
 Many a one for *Lamb* paid very deare,  
 But now he begins to stinke for feare :

Therefore take heed, Doctor *Lamb* ;  
 Alas, poore Doctor *Lamb* !

[Sir *John Lamb*,  
 Comm. for causes  
 Eccles.]

Then there is also one Doctor *Duck*,  
 The Proverbe sayes, '*What's worse than ill-luck?*'  
 We hope the Parliament his feathers will pluck,

For being so busie, Doctor *Duck* ;  
 Alas, poore Doctor *Duck* !

[Sir *Arthur Duck*, LL.D.  
 Comm. Ecc.]

Deanes and Chapiters, with their Retinue,  
 Are not like long for to continue,  
 They have so abused their great Revenue,  
 That down must [come] Ceremonies ;  
 Alas, Popish Ceremonies !

Ecclesiastical Courts are downe too, they say,  
*England* may be glad of that happie day ;  
 They have of late borne such a great sway,  
 That farewell those poore Doctors ;

Alas, poore Proctors !

[*Note*, p. 614.]

And now the Papists are at their wits' ends,  
 To see the downefall of so many Friends ;  
 But they shall all rue it ere the Parliament ends,  
 Beleeve it, Romane Catholikes ;  
 Alas, poore Catholikes !

There is another that hardly thrives,  
 Which many men of life deprives,  
 He was in *Newgate* for having two Wives :

It is the young Hangman ;  
 Alas, poor Hangman !

[*Richard Brandon*, alias  
 'young *Gregory*,' son of  
*Gregory Brandon*.]

Finis.

Printed in the yeere 1641.

[In White-letter, with two small woodcuts: 1st, a man holding a staff; 2nd, a Woman, both on p. 588. These are in Roxb. exemplar, but in earlier copies the staff-man is to the right, to the left is our Cavalier of p. 639. Date, 1641.]

\*\* The sense of humour was never well developed in the roundhead Puritans. When they did, with difficulty, deliver themselves of a hard-bound jest, they trotted the poor little weakling to death. Thus the 'wings' of John Lord *Finch*, of Fordwych, bore perpetual allusions, after his flight to France in 1641: e.g.—

“On Wings of Feare, *Finch* flies away ;  
 Alas, poor *Will*, hee's forced to stay.”

[i.e. *Wm. Laud*.]

Similarly, as to the Drs. Sir John Lamb and Arthur Duck, mentioned in 'The Organ's Echo,' the ninth stanza of a ballad beginning “Reader, I know thou

can't not choose but smile," which tells of the spoiling of "Subtill *Finch's* singing," we find these lines concerning Laud:—

"His High Commission kept us once in awe:  
There men paid fees before they knew for what,  
Honest *Lambe* and *Ducke* could make it good by law,  
To squeeze men's purses, when they lookt too fat.  
But now your Master's catch't, run *Lamb*, fly *Duck*!  
See, see, his Court's pull'd down, and he chain'd up."

See, moreover, 'The Spiritnal Courts Epitomized, in a Dialogue betwixt two Proctors, *Busie-bodie* and *Scrape-All*,' etc., referring to Drs. Lamb and Duck, June 26, 1641, with 'Runne Lamb' and 'Fly Duck' [Brit. Mus. E. 15]. Both Lamb and Duck were obnoxious to Prynne and Burton, as allies of Laud.

Again, in 'Time's Alteration,' January, 1640, it is written, "'*Duck's* wings will be pluckt, and *Lamb* begins to be out of season.'" No doubt Prynne had much to do with the scurrilous calumnies against 'Canterbury' and his allies Lamb and Duck, they having signed the warrant for searching and seizing Prynne's books, May 13, 1634; and Finch had added the sentence of branding Prynne,

The impeachment of Laud had been decided on, November 7, 1640, and a message was sent up to the Lords, impeaching him, on December 18, and he was taken into custody; articles of impeachment were unanimously voted against him in the Commons, on the following February 24, 1641; he was committed to the Tower, March 1; saw Strafford pass his grated window to be judicially murdered, May 11; his own prejudiced trial followed, March 12 to July 29, 1644: his foredoomed execution ended the tragedy, on January 10, 1645. In 1642 the sequel of 'The Organ's Echo' appeared. It is in prose, but with these four stanzas added.

## The Organ's Funeral;

Or, the Quirister's Lamentation for the Abolishment of Superstition and Superstitious Ceremonies. In a Dialogicall Discourse between a Quirister and an Organist.

TUNE OF, *The Cathedral Service.*

WEe may now abjure our singing,  
For Ceremonies bringing  
Into the Church, and ringing  
For the downfall of the Organs,  
Alas, poor Organs!

A Quirister may hang himselfe,  
For wanting his diviner pelfe;  
He's ta'en now for a Clergy Elfe,  
Being drown'd in Superstition!  
Alas, fond Superstition!

The *Wren* is now defil'd in's nest, [Math. *Wren*, p. 612.  
And signed with the mark o' the Beast,  
And powder'd now for a Lent Feast,  
Which made him seem a *regulus*. [Lat. for *Wren*.  
Alas, poor *regulus*!

Let Ceremonies then deplore  
Their Fortune greater than before,  
[The 'Prentices against them roar,] [Lost line, conject.  
Down Idols, Crosses, Ceremonies,  
Alas, poore Ceremonies! **finis.**

Anno Dom. 1642. London: Printed for George Kirby.

[Wood's Collection, 401, art. 147. Apparently Unique.]

## A New Game at Cards ;

Or,

### The Three Nimble Shuffling Cheaters.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, or, *What you Please.* [See Note.]



J. W. E.

**Y**OU Gallants all that love to play at Cards to pass the time away,  
I will tell you a new Game, if you will please to learn the same.  
*Such a game you have not seen, Play with all the knaves without  
King or Queen.*

There were three Cheaters met together, to see if they could cheat  
each other ;

The first was an *Irish-man* so hot, the second was a cheating *Scot*,  
The third an *English-man* so round : Yet he would play for an  
*English Crown.* [at. lect. ' Pound. ']

The game it was so strange and true, the standers-by as ne'r yet knew  
How the game was to be plaid, or how the Cards were cut and laid :  
*For there was a secret in the thing, that the Knave of Clubs should  
beat the King.*

The *Irish-man* began the game, but knew not how to play the same,  
But quarrelled with the *English-man*, for holding the Cards so  
under-hand : [above the King.]

*For he did not know the thing, that the Knave of Clubs should be*

The *Scotch-man* he began to deal, he shuffled and cut, and away did steal  
 The King then from the *English-man*; then many thought the game  
 was done: the King.  
*For [they] did not know the thing, that the Knave should be above*

The *English-man* was at a stand, to see the King in the *Scotch-man's*  
 hand;  
 Then he began to cast about, what he must do to fetch him out;  
*He thought that mon[e]y must do the thing, and make the Knave be*  
*above the King.*

[he would have,  
 The *Scotch-man*, like a cheating Knave, when he knew what money  
 Like a Clown he cast him back, under the Knave into the pack:  
*And by this means he thought to win, when he plaid the game 'No*  
*King, no King.'*

The *English-man* was greatly glad, when the King again in hand he had,  
 He cockt his Beaver and did jump, because the Knave of Clubs  
 was Trump: [will beat the King!"]  
*"Now,"* quoth he, *"I'm sure to win, I know the Knave of Clubs*

Four Country-men then plaid about, for joy the King was quite  
 left out; [the Cards,  
 Quoth one, "Observe with due regards, the Knave is master of  
*And we rejoyce now at this thing!"* and glad they were they had left  
 out the King.

"We care not for the King a pin, if by the Knave we thrive and win;  
 For 'tis well known, and justify'd, we ever lov'd the strongest side."  
*They all rejoyc'd now at this thing, and glad they were they had left*  
*out the King.*

A Gun-man gave a mighty crack, to see the King out of the pack,  
 And said, "Your *Knave of Clubs* i'th end, when all is done, must  
 stand our friend, [left out the King.  
*And I rejoyce now at this thing, that you, kind friends, have quite*

"The Knave of Clubs, as you him call, shall one day win the love of all;  
 Those who abuse him and his Banners, we'll beat them into better  
 manners,  
*But I rejoyce now at this thing, that you, kind friends, have quite*  
*left out the King!"*

[Possibly written by Laurence Price.

[Colophon cautiously omitted; this broadside having been circulated soon after the mercenary betrayal and surrender of their native-born King Charles I. by the Scottish rebels, Judas-like; tempted by the bribe of English money paid by the corrupt long Parliament; and thus of date 1646. We have found no other printed exemplar, but the Ashmolean MS. 36, 37, No. 118 (*eight stanzas*), is evidently nearly contemporary, little later in date than our twelve-stanzaed ballad.

The MS. reads "*English pound*" not "*crown*" in second stanza; omits our third stanza, and in its seventh (corresponding with our eighth) reads "He cockt his Beaver, and did triumph, when he saw the Knave of Clubs was Trump: 'Now,' says he, I'm sure to wiu, for I know the Knave of Clubs would beat the King.'" Instead of our present four stanzas, that end the printed version, the MS. substitutes this final stanza on Oliver Cromwell, perhaps indicating not only the successive removals of the king, from Holmby, etc. (to Carishbrooke), but even his execution, dating *the manuscript version* clearly as of 1648-49:—

"The *English* cheater play'd high base, He shuffled the King from place to place; And full low hath cut him downe, thinking thereby to gaine a Crowne: *But alas! they have made him quite away: and now the Knave of Clubs beares all the sway.* [1648-9].

Two woodcuts on the broadside: one is the Courtier and Husbandman, from an early Civil War tract, as on p. 273; the other is the original wherefrom two figures (p. 615) were shorn away, later (for 'London's Drollery,' 1680, reproduced by us in vol. iv. p. 221): the two figures represent a devil laying his clasp on a man: he (in the original) presses forward to join six men, who are together upholding a mounted globe of the World: three on each side supporting the stand, courtier, lawyer, ploughman, etc. The tune was used for "How now, good fellow, what all amorst?" We shall reach a thirteen years' later version of the 'New Game of Cards,' time of the Restoration (Roxb. Coll., II. 522), beginning, "Ye merry hearts that love to play." It bears the signature of Laurence Price; and he may have written the original version, 1646-8.]



[This Woodcut, J. W. E.'s, belongs to 'The King's Trial,' p. 624.]

## Majesty in Misery.

(King Charles I. confined in Carisbrooke Castle, 1648.)

- “ So restless *Cromwell* could not cease, in the inglorious arts of Peace ;  
 But through adventurous Warre urged his active starre . . . .
- “ Though Justice against Fate complaine, and pleade the ancient rights in vaine,  
 But these do hold or breake, as men are strong or weake . . . .
- “ Where twining subtile fears with hope, He wove a net of such a scope  
 That *CHARLES* himself might chase to *Carisbrooke's* narrow case.
- “ That thence the Royal Actor borne, the tragic Scaffold might adorne,  
 While round the armed bands did clap their bloody hands :
- “ He nothing common did or mean, upon that memorable scene,  
 But with his keener eye the axe's edge did trye ;
- “ Nor called the Gods, with vulgar spite, to vindicate his helplesse Right,  
 But bowed his comely head, downe, as upon a bed.”
- “ Andrew Marvel's ‘ *Horatian Ode.*’

OF the three poems on Charles I. belonging to the original Harleian and Pearson Collection, the sole survivor in the present ‘Roxburghe’ is the (late broadside reprint) “Majesty in Misery,” which has been always accepted as the work of the king himself, during the last days of his imprisonment, shortly before being brought to the scaffold. Thereon, to the everlasting infamy of his rebel Parliament, and with the connivance of Cromwell, Bradshaw, Ireton, Cook, and other chief regicides, it had been arranged by brutal force, with ropes and pulleys and staples, to drag down the king into a recumbent position for his slaughter ; if he had not defeated these enemies by maintaining his quiet dignity, making no unseemly struggle, and “bowed his comely head, down, as upon a bed.”

Without entering upon the *questio vexata* of the true authorship of that remarkable book, the *Eikōn Basilikē*, as to whether it was but little or much altered and “edited” by Dr. Gauden, from (we doubt not) genuine manuscript notes, prayers and reflections by the Royal Captive, we may wonder how it happened that no mention was made of the poem ‘Majesty in Misery,’ at that early time, a few hours after the sacrilegious murder of the king. We are not certain of the precise date when the poem first became known. The last person whom any genuine student of History could trust would be the ‘brawny Bishop,’ Gilbert Burnet, to whom lying came native and was improved by cultivation. Yet in his *Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton*, 1677 (pp. 381-383), he mentions the poem as “a copy of verses written by his Majesty in his captivity, which a very worthy gentleman who had the honour of waiting on him then, and was much trusted by him, copied out from the original ; who avoucheth it to be a true copy.” And we really may believe this, *although* Burnet says so.



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 462.]

# Majesty in Misery;

Or,

## An Implication to the KING OF KINGS.

Written by his late Majesty, King CHARLES the First during  
his Captivity at Carisbrook Castle, Anno Dom. 1648.

**G**REAT *Monarch* of the World, from whose Power springs  
The Potency and Power of [earthly] KINGS,  
Record the Royal woe my suffering brings;

And teach my tongue that ever did confine  
It's faculties in Truth's seraphick Line,  
To track the Treasons of Thy Foes and mine.

Nature and Law, by Thy *Divine Decree*,  
(The only root of righteous Loyalty)  
With this dim diadem invested me.

[*al. lect.* Royalty.]

With it, the sacred Scepter, purple Robe,  
The Holy Unction, and the Royal Globe:  
Yet am I levell'd with the Life of JOB.

The fiercest Furies, that do dayly tread  
Upon my grief, my grey dis-crowned Head,  
Are those that owe my Bounty for their bread,

They raise a War, and christen it, 'The Cause,'  
Whilst sacrilegious hands have best applause,  
Plunder and murder are the Kingdom's Laws;

'Tyranny' bears the title of '*Taxation!*'  
Revenge and robbery are '*Reformation!*'  
Oppression gains the name of '*Sequestration!*'

My Loyal Subjects, who in this bad season  
Attend me (by the law of GOD and Reason),  
They dare impeach, and punish for 'High Treason.'

Next at the Clergy do their Furies frown,  
Pious Episcopacy must go down:  
They will destroy the Crosier and the Crown.

Church-men are chain'd, and Schismaticks are freed!  
Mechanicks preach, and Holy Fathers bleed,  
The Crown is crucified with the Creed.

The Church of England doth all faction foster,  
The Pulpit is Usurp'd by each imposter;  
*Ex-tempore* excludes the *Pater-Noster*.

The *Presbyter* and *Independent* seed  
Spirits with broad blades; to make Religion bleed,  
*Herod* and *Pontius Pilate* are agreed.

The *Corner-stone*'s mis-plac'd by every paviour;  
With such a bloody method and behaviour,  
Their ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.

My Royal Consort, from whose fruitful womb  
So many *Princes* legally have come,  
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great *Britain's* heir is forced into *France*,  
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance:  
Poor child! he weeps out his Inheritance.

With my own Power, my *Majesty* they wound;  
In the KING'S name, the king himself's uncrown'd:  
So doth the dust destroy the Diamond.

With Propositions dayly they enchant  
My People's ears: such as do Reason daunt,  
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my Royal stem!  
To make me great, to advance my diadem,  
If I will first fall down, and Worship them.

But, for Refusal, they devour my thrones,  
Distress my children, and destroy my bones:  
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,  
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,  
To prove the KING a *Traitor to the State*.

Felons obtain more priviledge than I,  
They are allowed to Answer e're they die;  
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, '*Why?*'

But Sacred Saviour! with Thy words I woo  
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to  
Such, as, Thou know'st, '*do not know what they do.*'

For since they from their LORD are so Disjoynted,  
As to condemn those Edicts He Appointed,  
How can they prize the power of His Anointed?

Augment my Patience, nullifie my Hate,  
Preserve my issue, and inspire my Mate;  
Yea, though we perish, bless the Church and State.

*Vota dabunt quæ Bella negarunt.*

*Bona ægere et mala pati Regium est.*

Written by His Majesty's own Hand.

London: Printed by Order.

[In White-letter, with some words in Black-letter, indicated by *italic* type]

## The Manner of the King's Trial, and Death.

. . . . . "Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it: he died  
As one that had been studied in his death  
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,  
As 'twere a careless trifle."—*Macbeth*, i. 4.

THIS is one of the Eleven ballads which perished from the original Harleian and Pearson Collection, before it became re-constructed, and the vacant places were filled by substituted broadsides, in the Roxburghe second volume. It was surely worth preserving, and it is now restored: also the 'King's Last Speech,' on p. 626; which was another of the eleven deficiencies.

Whatever may have been the faults of Charles I., and his worst was the abandonment of Strafford who had been ensnared into fatal peril by a guarantee of safe conduct from the king himself, nothing could justify the shameless travesty of legality made by his enemies in their packed and prejudiced High Court of Justice; whereof the sole business was to ensure his condemnation, and the completion of their treason by his public execution. The sentence of death was arranged beforehand, on the 26th, by President Bradshaw and the subservient Commissioners; read anew by them on the morning of the 27th, before the judgement was delivered in Westminster Hall. On the 30th the death-warrant was engrossed and signed by fifty-eight members, John Bradshaw's name topping the list, he exulting brutally, in his evil work; and saying, more than ten years afterwards, when close on death, that "if the King were to be tried and condemned again, he would be the first man to do it" (Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, xiv. 32). It is comforting to know that bitter feud and hatred severed him from Cromwell, between the time of his serving as a judicial tool and the death of the Protector. A quartan ague held John Bradshaw for a year, and killed him on October 31st, 1659. It was a pity he did not survive to meet his deserts at the Restoration, seven months later. One remembers the assassins striking together at Julius Cæsar, but there was no Brutus among these "honourable men." The only one worthy of such a designation was 'Black Tom,' Fairfax, whose own brave wife proclaimed her joy at his being absent, for he would have scorned to join in such a lawless murder. "*He has more wit than to be here!*" she cried exultantly.

"All the Conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
He only in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them."

[Lost from Roxburghe Collection. II. 570; Pepys Coll., II. 204; Wood's, 401, art. 146; Trowbesh, I. 16; Douce, II. 145 verso.]

## The Manner of the King's Tryal,

At *Westminster Hall*, by the High Court of Justice, from the Twentieth day of *January*, 1648 [—49], to the Seven-and-twentieth day of the same Month. Also the true manner of his being put to Death at *White-Hall*, near the Banqueting-House, the Thirtieth day of *January*, with his Speech made upon the Scaffold before he was Beheaded.

**K**ING CHARLES was once a Prince of a great state,  
But yet he dy'd a Death unfortunate :  
Oh, he is gone, and now hath left us here,  
And God doth know what courses we shall steer.

Now my sad Story to you I'll relate :  
At *Westminster* was call'd a Court of State,  
Where Sergeant *Bradshaw* was Lord President,  
The Court being full, then for the King they sent.

Then to the Bar a Guard did him convey,  
In *Januarie's* Month the Twentieth day :  
Whereas Solicitor *Cook* did read at large  
The order and the manner of his Charge.

[*John Cook.*]

### The King's Charge.

- “ *Charles Stuart*, once admitted *England's King*,  
Which did such woes upon the Kingdom bring,  
In setting up the Standard in the Field, [Nottingham, 1642.  
Which was the cause that so much blood was spill'd.
- “ Whereas thou did'st raise Arms within the Land,  
Also against the Parliament did stand :  
The People's rights and liberties inthrall,  
All these and more thou did'st Tyrannical.
- “ Therefore you guilty are of these sad Times,  
As Treason, Murther, and of such like Crimes,  
For which at Bar a Prisoner you are,  
And in this Court you shall have Tryal fair.
- “ Here is your Jury, for it must be so,  
You've heard your Charge, plead guilty, Aye or No.” [l. 'Tor No.'
- “ What is it thus ?” (then answered the King,)  
“ Was it for this you did me hither bring ?”

**The King's Answer to the Charge.**

“ As for your Charge, a Rush I do not care,  
I do desire those things are right and square :  
It was for my People's freedom I did stand,  
The Liberties and Laws of all the Land.

“ I do desire to me you would unfold  
By whose Commission you this Court do hold.”  
To whom the President did straight reply,

“ Sir, you shall know by whose Authority.

“ This Court Prerogative, whereon we stand,  
Ordained is by the Commons of the Land ;  
It is not for Prisoners to dispute the same,  
Answer to that for which you hither came.”

Then their Authority he quite deny'd,  
And said by them he meant not to be Try'd :  
At which the Court their Verdict then did pass,  
That he (not answering) thus guilty was.

Then by the Clarke his Sentence there was read ;  
Saying, “ *Charles Stuart*, thou must lose thy head :  
For Murder, Treason, and for Tyranny,  
And to the Land a publique Enemy.”

Being condemned, one thing he did crave,  
That Dr. *Juxon's* presence he might have,  
To Preach, and the Communion him to give,  
And see his two sweet Babes whilst he did live.

The which was granted, all perform'd and done,  
And he did see his Daughter and his Son :  
It would have griev'd a stony heart to see  
The weeping joy there was between those three.

[*Cf.* p. 630, *post.*]

He blest them both, and for them he did pray,  
Mourning at parting, then they go their way ;  
Father from Children, 'twas a grief full sore,  
Each other in this world to see no more.

Tuesday the Thirtieth of *January* last,  
He from *St. Jameses* unto *White-Hall* past :  
Having a Guard of flying Colours spread,  
And rattling Drums, as to a Battle led.

With cheerful countenance and courage bold,  
He said, “ March faster, for the day is cold ;”  
Then to the Scaffold he was straight convey'd,  
The which with mourning Cloath was over-laid.

## The King's Speech upon the Scaffold.

Mounting the same, quoth he, "I'll little say,  
For in this World I have not long to stay :  
It is my duty first with God to clear,  
My Conscience free, next to my Country dear.

"Unto the Parliament I ne'r thought ill,  
Their Priviledges never thought to spill :  
Ill Instruments on both sides bred the strife,  
Which was the cause so many lose their life.

"The greatest Enemies that sought my death,  
I do forgive, before I loose my breath :  
I wish the Kingdom's peace, and Church's bliss,  
For now Religion out of order is.

"Lawful Succession I do hope shall be,  
(Granted by Parliament) now after me :  
And for my Conscience and Religion,  
I dye a Protestant and a Christian."

To Doctor *Juxon* then his *George* he gave,  
Willing P[rince] *Charles* his Son the same might have ;  
His walking-staff unto himself did give  
And for his sake to keep whilst he did live.

Likewise he gave the Duke of *Richmond* then  
One watch, another to a Gentleman :  
With eyes lift up to Heaven he made a Prayer,  
And then for death did instantly prepare.

Saying, "My earthly Crown I here must leave,  
(Hoping a heavenly Crown I shall receive)."

Then on the block his neck he there did lay,  
And to the Headsmen then these words did say : [ *Richd.*  
*Brandon.*

"When as my hands and arms I open stretch,  
Strike home, be sure that thou a right-blow fetch.  
I come, I come, Lord Jesus !" then he cry'd :  
One blow his head and body did divide.

Thus like a Lamb his death he there did take,  
And presently this world he did forsake :  
Whose Soul, I trust, is with the Lord on high,  
And thus I end my mournful Tragedy.

Finis.

Printed for *W. Thackeray* and *T. Passinger*. [Pepysian.]

[In Black-letter. Five woodcuts. 1st, is on p. 617; 2nd, a banner-bearer; 3rd, *the Execution*, p. 633; 4th, a soldier, vol. vi. p. 685. Of other issues one is preserved in our Trowbesh Collection, 'Printed for *F. Coles*, in *Wine-Street*, sic. Original unlicensed issue, of date January 1648.]

[Lost from Roxburghe Collection, II, 571; but recovered elsewhere from an apparently unique exemplar.]

## The King's Last Speech

At his time of Execution, as he made upon the Scaffold, a little before his Death, which was to this effect :

Which shall in Verse, and not in Prose, through *England* range to Friends and Foes.

To THE TUNE OF *Gerhard's Mistris* [see *Note* below].

I Come,  
 My blessed Saviour, now behold I come,  
                   to thy Kingdom,  
 At thy Tribunal seat to be an Heir  
                   of bliss:  
 The Angels' joys is onely Heavenly bliss,  
                   Sweet Saviour kiss  
 With Lips of Grace, for God alone I fear :  
           Sweet Christ, descend down with thy Spirit,  
                   to sanctifie my Soul ;  
 Cleanse every chink, from filth and stink,  
                   for I with sin am foul :  
       Oh, wash me, with thy blood so precious,  
                   which on the Cross was shed,  
 Anoint my heart, in every part,  
                   that when my body's dead,  
       My Soul, may soon ascend to fair *Olympus* high,  
                   above the sky,  
 Amongst the Saints and Martyrs for to be  
       In grace, amongst God's Angels there to be in Grace :  
                   a dwelling place,  
 Prepared for those who put their trust in thee :  
       I will, O Lord, rely upon thee,  
                   that when the stroak of death  
 Hath ta'ne away my life this day,  
                   and stop'd my vital breath,  
       I may be shadowed with thy mercies,  
                   and covered with thy Wings ;  
 In Heaven to be, above with thee,  
                   which art the King of Kings.

---

*Note.*—This ballad has no value as literature, being a wretched imitation of that most perversely distracted rhapsody '*Gerhard's Mistress*,' beginning "Begone! thou fatal fiery fever" (reprinted in our vol. vi. p. 563).

O Lord,  
 That I a Protestant do dye,  
                   though scandals flye,  
 Which do report that I Papist am ;  
       But God,  
 Which knows the secrets of a Prince's mind,  
                   can see, and find.  
 That I am innocent, like to a Lamb ;  
       For all the wealth that is in *Europe*  
                   I'de not infringe my Oath,  
 For grace I look, and on God's book  
                   I plighted have my troth :  
 For which my secret Protestation  
                   I never will forsake,  
 Although I dye, by tyranny,  
                   And loose my life at stake.

*The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.*

**I**N heart  
 And mind I freely do forgive all those  
                   which are my foes,  
 Let not my blood, O Lord, in Judgment rise :  
       Let not this foul and filthy act which they commit,  
                   (yet they think fit,)  
 To blast that Sun, which gives light to the skies :  
       In heart, Oh Lord, I do desire  
                   that thou would'st pass this by ;  
 That I and they, which part this day,  
                   may be friends though I dye :  
       For he shall certainly be blest,  
                   that loves to dye in peace ;  
 Oh that my life might free all strife,  
                   That *England's Wars* may cease.  
       Oh that my wretched life a ransome now might be,  
                   this Land to free  
 From all her troubles, grievous wars and cares,  
       Then I  
 Should think myself a happy man to dye,  
                   from misery,  
 For to expell old *England's* poisoning Wars :  
       Yet is my state most sure and happy,  
                   though *England* ne'r be free,  
 For God will scourge those that do urge  
                   his mighty Majesty ;  
       And all which do transgress his Statutes,  
                   and will not him obey,  
 Those God will smite, and put to flight,  
                   that headlong run astray.



Oh Lord, look down in mercy, and compassion take,  
Though they forsake  
Both thee their God, and me their Sovereign King.  
That when  
Their breath departs : for why, they are but men,  
we may agen  
Meet in thy Kingdom, laud and praise to sing  
To thee, the God and great *Jehovah* :  
Omnipotent art thou,  
Which wilt respect thy own elect,  
And make thy foes to bow :  
For those which do oppose God's power,  
and are stiff-necked too,  
Like *Pharaoh* they shall plagued be :  
The Lord doth Kings subdue.  
Now for my Wife, and Me my Royal Children all ;  
before my fall,  
I will petition to Almighty God,  
That they  
May be preserv'd, to God I humbly pray,  
both night and day.  
Oh let them not feel Vassals' cruel Rod :  
But from their foes, O Lord, defend them,  
even for my Saviour's sake ;  
Now in distress, their wrongs redress,  
and pity on them take ;  
For they are Fatherless appointed,  
and I e'en trodden down,  
Let *Charles* my Son, when I am gone,  
possess alone the Crown.  
My Soul, into celestial Heaven I do commit,  
a place most fit  
For to receive the Spirit of a Saint,  
To drink the draught of sure and everlasting life,  
That's free from strife,  
Where neither soul nor spirit shall not faint.  
Come Death, and do thy execution,  
For thou to me art blest :  
From hence I flye, above the sky,  
unto a throne of rest.  
Farewell ! my Wife, and dearest Children ;  
True subjects all adue !  
Here must I dye, for what, and why,  
it is well known to you. Finis.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,*  
and *T. Passinger.*

[Black-letter. Two cuts : 1st, a beheading, p. 591 ; 2nd, on p. 685, R., a Justice  
interrogating a prisoner. Date of original, 1649.]

\* \* \* We add the final stanzas of 'King Charles's Lament:' beginning "You Gods and Goddesses, which rule in *Helicon*." It is doubtfully attributed to him.

"How happy is the Man that labours all the Day,

For little Pay,

For he at night may safely go to Rest;

And he that travailes up and down, and takes most pains,

Receives most gains;

And takes his lodging where it likes him best;

These men have liberty to labour,

A sweet and pleasant thing,

And in their fare more happy are

Than is a troubled King:

The Country swains, the silly shepherds, and tradesmen eke also,

Have Liberty; while here I lye, in sorrow and in woe.

"Is't not a Father's chiefest comfort for to see

These things to be,

His own dear Children, ever in his sight?

Is't not the mirror of a Husband's life,

To see his Wife,

And have her in his presence day and night?

All these sweet pleasures are kept from me,

While I on Earth remain;

Except the wind will prove so kind,

As to turn the Tide again:

Till then with patience will I wait, wishing health, power and peace

To these, that be at Liberty, and wish for my Release." Charles I.

We had reserved for this place our careful *fac-simile* of the woodcut, representing 'The Execution of King Charles the First,' in front of Whitehall windows. January 30th, 1648. It does not belong to any of the Roxburghe-Collection volumes, but it befittingly joins the two recovered ballads, on the King's Trial (tune, *Aim not too high*), and the Last Speech. *It is the Frontispiece* to this Vol. VII.

The original woodcut was a contemporary representation; and indisputably issued in a quarto pamphlet, 1649, bearing date a few months later than the Execution. It was also employed in a broadside. It is the most trustworthy picture of 'King Charles's Martyrdom' now extant. It incidentally shews that the King was recumbent, not merely kneeling; that the block was *not a high one*, but of medium height, somewhat *low*. A mask was worn for disguise by the executioner (Richard Brandon.) *The cuts below are described on pp. 632, 642.*



## The Lamenting Lady's last Farewell.

(Princess Elizabeth, at Carisbrooke Castle, 1650).

*Bosola.*—"Do you not weep?  
Other sins only speak; Murder shrieks out,  
The element of water moistens the earth,  
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens."

*Ferdinand.*—"Cover her face. Mine eyes dazzle. She died young."

*Bosola.*—"I think not so: her infelicity  
Seemed to have years too many."

—John Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, iv. 2, 1623.

IT was a tender and thoughtful act of piety, one of many proofs of the affectionate interest taken by her gracious Majesty our Queen Victoria in the misfortunes of the ancient house of Stuart, her raising a beautiful monument, in S. Thomas's Church (where the leaden coffin had been disinterred in 1793), at Newport, Isle of Wight, in memory of the Princess Elizabeth, second daughter of King Charles I. It is of white marble, by Baron Marochetti, and represents the girl as she had been found, lying dead, with her face pillowed on her Bible; the image of serene and trustful faith, conquering sorrow and the bitterness of undeserved oppression.

“TO THE MEMORY OF

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF KING CHARLES I.,  
WHO DIED

AT CARISBROOKE CASTLE ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8TH, 1650,  
AND IS

INTERRED BENEATH THE CHANCEL OF THIS CHURCH,  
THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED

AS A TOKEN OF RESPECT FOR HER VIRTUES AND OF  
SYMPATHY FOR HER MISFORTUNES,

BY Victoria R. 1856.

The following ballad, 'The Lamenting Lady's last Farewell to the World' (No. 267 of Thackeray's List), secured wide popularity, but we have no certain record of the date when it was first publicly printed; perhaps not until the Restoration. The ballad-monger was devoid of taste and poetic feeling. He could not understand the saintly spirit of the imprisoned Princess Elizabeth, or the impossibility of her having given way to noisy lamentation.

She was born in St. James's Palace, 28 December, 1635, and was only one month more than fourteen years old when, accompanied by her brother Henry (born 8 July, 1639), she held her last interview with her father, Charles I., the day before his execution. "Sweetheart, you will forget this," said the king. She at once replied, "No, I shall never forget it while I live," and promised to write down the particulars. She kept her promise; and we add here her simple words:—"His children being come to meet him, Hee first gave his blessing to the Ladie *Elizabeth*."

“What the King said to me the nine-and-twentieth of January last, being the last time I had the happiness to see him.

“He told me he was glad I was come, and although he had not time to say much, yet he had somewhat to say to me, which he had not to another, or [could] leave in writing, because he feared their cruelty was such, as that they would not have permitted him to write to me. He wished me not to grieve and torment myself for him; for that would be a glorious death that he should die, it being for the laws and liberties of the land. He bid me read Bishop *Andrews’* Sermons, *Hooker’s Ecclesiastical Polity*, and Bishop *Laud’s* book against *Fisher*, which would guard me against Popery. He told me he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also; and commanded us to forgive them. He bid me tell my mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love would be the same to his last. Withal, he commanded me and my brother to be obedient to her; and bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendations to all his friends. So after he had given me his blessing, I took my leave.

Further, he commanded us all to *forgive those people, but never to trust them*; for they had been most false to him, and to those that gave them power, and he feared also to their own souls. And desired me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr: and that he doubted not but that the Lord would settle his throne upon his son, and that we should all be happier than we could have expected to have been if he had lived; with many other things, which at present I cannot remember.”

Her health failed during her imprisonment at Carisbrook Castle, which began in August, 1650. Her few domestics were irregularly paid by the Parliament, and there were threats of apprenticing her to a glover or button-maker at Newport. (Cf. J. H. Jesse.) The rebels desired that she might die. She survived her arrival at Carisbrooke not more than five weeks. Sir Theodore Mayerne, who tried to help by sending some medicine from London, having prescribed for her in 1649, thus records her death:—“*Ex febre malignâ tunc grassante, obiit in custodia inveci Insulâ, procul a medicis et remediis, die 8 Septemb., circa tertium pomeridianum.*”

‘She was alone, and uncomplaining when she died, not fifteen years old.’ Some one found her lying peacefully, as already stated, near the window, with the afternoon light resting on her, her cheek pressed against the open Bible, her father’s last gift to her. One hand lay by her side, the other folded across her breast. Even thus she is represented in our good Queen’s tributary memorial. The Cavaliers attributed her death to “poison administered by the order of Cromwell.” This was folly. He was then busy at Dunbar, and his regicide comrades needed not to depend on such clumsy methods. There were safer ways of reaching the same end, and they knew it. The wonder is, that her brother Henry, Duke of Gloucester, was permitted to survive until September 3, 1660, soon after the Restoration, aged 21. Her fate was happier, “The doom Heaven gives its favourites: early death.” It was better so.

“And long unknown, unhonoured, her sacred dust had slept,  
When to the *Stuart* maiden’s grave a mourner came, and wept.  
Go, read that Royal Martyr’s woe in lines the world reveres,  
And see the tomb of *Charles’s* child wet with *Victoria’s* tears.”

—(*Lays of the English Cavaliers, 1866.*)

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 42; also, 238, 565, 568; Pepys, II. 38; Wood, 403, fol. 75; Euing, 133; Case 22, e. 2, fol. 137; Douce, I. 112 *vo.*, I. 130 *vo.*; Ouvry, I. 29 = Lindes., 235; Jersey, I. 250 = Lindes., 284.]

## The Lamenting Ladie's Last Farewel to the World.

Who being in a strange Exile, bewails her own Misery, complains upon fortune and destiny, describeth the manner of her breeding, deplores the loss of her Parents, wishing peace and happiness to *England*, which was her native Country, and withal resolving for death, chearfully commended her Soul to Heaven, and her body to the earth, and departed this Life, Anno 1650.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE; *O Hone, O Hone.* [See p. 417.]

**M**OURNFUL *Melpomene*, assist my Quill,  
That I may pensively now make my will :  
Guide thou my hand to write, and senses to indite,  
A Ladie's last Good-night, O pittie me !

I that was nobly born, hither am sent,  
Like to a wretch forlorn, here to lament ;  
In this most strange Exile, here to remain a while,  
Till Heaven be pleas'd to smile, and send for me. 16

My friends cannot come nigh me in this place,  
Nor bear me company, such is my case :  
Poor I am left alone, but few regard my moan,  
All my delights are gone. Heaven succour me.

Each day with care and fears, I am perplext,  
My drink is brinish tears, with sorrow mixt :  
When others soundly sleep, I sadly sob and weep,  
Opprest with dangers deep : Lord comfort me. 32

When *England* flourished, my parents dear  
Tenderly nourished me many a year :  
I was advanc'd on high, in place of dignity,  
In golden bravery they decked me.

My garments drest with pearl, richly approved,  
Never was English Girl better beloved :  
Old and young, great and small, waited upon my call,  
I had the love of all, that did know me. 48

But from my former state I am call'd back ;  
Through destiny and-fate, all goes to wrack :  
Fortune did lately frown, and caught me by the crown,  
So pull'd me headlong down. Oh, woe is me !

My dear friends are decay'd, which lov'd me best,  
 Never was harmless Maid so much distrest ;  
 My father he is dead, my mother banished,  
 All joys are from me fled. Heaven, comfort me !

How well are they at ease, and sweetly blest,  
 That may go where they please, and when they list :  
 To see their parents kind, as nature doth them bind,  
 Such joys I cannot find, oh woe is me !

All earthly helps are gone : I will, and must,  
 Onely in God alone, put my whole trust :  
 O, blessed Trinity, one God and Persons three,  
 Release my misery, and comfort me.

No creature on the Earth can ease my grief,  
 Until such time as death yields me relief :  
 A coffin and a grave, is that which I would have,  
 Sweet Christ, my Soul receive, and succour me.

My Enemies that be, both great and small,  
 Good Lord, I pray to thee, forgive them all :  
 May *England* flourish brave, when I am laid in grave,  
 So thus I take my leave, *Christ* calls for me.

I have in heaven above, a place prepar'd,  
 Never shall I depart, from thence afterward ;  
 Go, toll my Passing-bell, whilst Angels ring my knell,  
 So vain world now farewell ! Christ sends for me.

When she these words had said, with cheerful heart,  
 The noble-minded Maid then did depart :  
 No doubt her soul's at rest, with them whom God hath blest,  
 The last words she exprest, was, '*Christ calls for me.*'

*Finis.*

Printed for *T. Vere*, at the *Angel*, in *Gilt-spur-Street*, without *Newgate*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, Lady in black robes, p. 628; 2nd, funeral procession of a Knight, with heralds, hearse drawn by six horses. Pepys' exemplar was printed for *J. Wright*, *J. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passinger*. Wood's, Douce, I. 130 *vo.*, and Euing's, similar to Roxb. III. 42; Douce, I. 112 *vo.* for *T. Norris*; Roxb. Coll., III. 238 is distinct from III. 42, "for *Tho. Vere*, at the sign of the *Angel*, without *Newgate*, by *F. Coles*." No exemplar of earlier date than the Restoration, 1660. When reprinted in *True Loyalist*, 1779, the tune is marked *Robin Adair*.]

The special woodcut of the 'Lamenting Lady' is given on p. 628, Left: it was well understood among loyal Cavaliers. *The Hand from out the Clouds* offered for acceptance her dead father's bequest, viz., his book entitled, 'Ikou Basilikè' (mentioned on p. 618), in vindication of his life and death. Others beheld in it an Order of Release, that she was ready to accept thankfully.

## The Last News from France.

(CHARLES II.'S. ESCAPE FROM WORCESTER, SEPT., 1651.)

THE faithfulness and courage of his adherents, after defeat and proscription, have made the escape of Charles the Second in 1651, and of Prince Charles Edward, the 'Young Chevalier,' in 1746, bright pages of history. Of the present ballad, at least three separate issues were made by different publishers, and exemplars of each remain, in Cambridge, Oxford, and Glasgow, beside *Troubesh* which is unique (as is one of '*the Trial*,' p. 622; with tune, *Aim not too high*). King Charles II.'s own account of the 'Escape from Worcester,' was dictated by himself to worthy Samuel Pepys, at Newmarket, on Sunday, Oct. 3rd, and Tuesday, Oct. 5th, 1680: the manuscript, still preserved in his Library at Magdalen College, Cambridge, begins thus:—

"After the battle was so absolutely lost, as to be beyond hope of recovery, I began to think of the best way of saving my self; and the first thought that came into my head was, that, if I could possibly, I would get to *London*, as soon, if not sooner, than the news of our defeat could get thither; and it being near dark I talked with some, especially with my Lord *Rochester*, who was then *Wilmot*, about their opinions, which would be the best way for me to escape, it being impossible, as I thought, to get back into *Scotland*." etc.

"This most interesting narrative was first published by Sir David Dalrymple, in 1766." Along with a reprint of the celebrated *Boscobel Tracts*, written contemporaneously with the events described, by Thomas Blount, author of *Fragmenta Antiquitatis*, on Ancient Tenures of Land, it had been judiciously added to the 1846 extra volume of H. G. Bohn's Library edition of Anthony Hamilton's *Memoirs of Count Grammont* (properly *Gramont*), the *Court of Charles the Second*. To which we commend all readers. In an evil hour of timidity, Bohn's successor Bell withdrew and cancelled the volume, afraid of the informers and hirelings in the Soc. for the S. of Vice: the most vicious of cliques.

The Tune named for our ballad being, *When the King enjoys his Own again*, we give the original, of date 1643-46: afterwards adding the Restoration version, of Roxburghe Collection, p. 682.

### Upon Defacing of Whitehall.

[TO THE TUNE OF, *Marry me, marry me, quoth the Country Lass.*]

What *Booker* can prognosticate, concerning King's or kingdom's fate?  
I think my self to be as wise as he that gazeth on the skies.  
My skill goes beyond the depth of a *Pond*, or *Rivers*, in the greatest rain;  
Whereby I can tell, all things will be well, *when the King enjoys his own again*.

There's neither *Swallow*, *Dove*, nor *Dade*, can soar more high, or deeper wade;  
Nor show a reason from the Stars, which causeth Peace or Civil Wars;  
The Man in the Moon may wear out his shoon, by running after *Charles* his wain;  
But all's to no end, for the times will not mend *till the King enjoys his own again*.

Though for a time we see *White-Hall* with cobwebs hanging on the wall,  
Instead of silk and silver brave, which formerly it used to have,  
With rich perfume in every room, delightful to that princely train: [*Own again*.  
Which again you shall see, when the time it shall be, *that the King enjoys his*

Full forty years the Royal Crown hath been his father's and his own ;  
 And is there any one but he that in the same should sharer be ?  
 For who better may the Scepter sway, than he that hath such right to reign ?  
 Then let's hope for a Peace, for the wars will not cease, till the King enjoys his  
*Own again.*

Till then upon *Ararat's* hill my Hope shall cast her anchor still,  
 Until I see some peaceful dove bring home the branch she dearly love :  
 Then will I wait till the waters abate, which now disturb my troubled brain,  
 Else never rejoice, till I hear the voice that the King enjoys his *Own again.*

By **Martin Parker.** [1644-46].

\* \* The Astronomical Almanack-makers here mentioned, are John Booker, Swallow, Dove, and Dade.

John Booker, born at Manchester, 23 March, 160 $\frac{2}{3}$  (*vide* his scheme of Nativity, Ashmolean MS.), apprentice in London, writing-master, and clerk to two magistrates, published his first almanack, the *Telescopium Uranium*, in 1631. Having predicted successfully the death of Gustavus Adolphus and the Elector Palatine, founded on a solar eclipse, he obtained reputation and gained the post of licenser of mathematical books. William Lilly in 1640 thought him "the greatest and most compleat astrologer in the world," but had cause to alter his opinion when Booker obliterated parts of Lilly's *Mertlinus Anglicus Junior*. He also quarrelled with Sir George Wharton (not the same as our man of p. 601). He survived the Restoration, until 8 April, 1667, after three years of dysentery. Lilly gives Booker the character of "a very honest man, who abhorred any deceit in the art he practised," and possessing "a curious fancy in the judging of thefts." Elias Ashmole bought his books and papers for 140*l.*, and erected a gravestone with epitaph to him. (*Cf.* Willm. Lilly's *Life and Times*, 1715)

*Booker's* skill in measuring "the depth of a Pond, or Rivers, in the greatest rain" (to which Martin Parker alludes in the opening stanza), was gained as an experienced Angler, and maker of fishing-tackle, resident in Tower-Street, *temp. Caroli*. *Swallow* had been a corn-cutter, cheiropodist, in Gutter-Lane, helped into favour by Pennington's wife, whom he literally set on her feet again. *Dove*, a cobbler at Whitecross-street, had told Sir William Waller that '*The Lord would fight his battles for him!*' and after Waller's success in Cambridgeshire Dove was rewarded, being subsidized as an almanack-maker. *Dade*, seller of fiddle-strings and pensioner of parliament, had fooled them with flattery. Here is the supplementary stanza, but it is of doubtful authenticity:—

Did *Walker* no predictions lack, in *Hammond's* bloody Almanack ?  
 Foretelling things that would ensure, that all proves right if lies be true,  
 But why should not he the Pillory foresee, wherein poor *Toby* once was ta'en ?  
 And also foreknow to th' gallows he must go, *When the King enjoys his Own again.*

This *Toby Walker* had been a basket-maker on Dowgate-hill, afterwards a rebel Colonel. *Hammond* was a butcher, who kept record of each royalist being executed: "The labour we delight in;" with instinct of the shambles.

Our next ballad is, "*All you that do desire to know, what is become of the King of France,*" etc. Another ballad begins, similarly, "*All you that do desire to know, The Mock Procession how't did go.*" Title, 'London's Drollery,' 1680: already reprinted in Vol. IV. p. 221. The supposed author was Elkanah Settle.

See Vol. IV. p. 511, 513, for the two ballads on 'King Charles the Second's Restoration,' beginning respectively, "You brave loyal Churchmen, that ever stood by the Crown," and "You Tories round the nation, of every birth and station."

The oval portrait on p. 628, although assuming to be 'Captain *James Hind*,' 1651, may represent *Charles II.*, then in exile.



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 54; Pepys, II. 206; Euing, 181; Douce, I. 110.]

## The Last News from *France*,

Being a true Relation of the escape of the King of Scots from *Worcester* to *London*, and from *London* to *France*, who was convey'd away by a young Gentleman in woman's Apparel: The King of Scots attending on this supposed Gentlewoman in manner of a Serving-man.

THE TUNE IS, *When the King injoyes*, etc. [See p. 633.]



ALL you that do desire to know<sup>1</sup> [Notes pp. 634, 637.  
 What is become of the King of Scots?  
 I unto you will truly show,  
 After the fight of *Northern Rats*,  
 'Twas I did convey his Highness away,  
 And from all dangers set him free;  
 In woman's attire, as reason did require:  
 And the King himself did wait on me.

He of me a service did crave,  
 And often times to me stood bare ;  
 In women's apparel he was most brave,  
 And on his chin he had no hair ;  
 Where ever I came, my speeches did frame,  
 So well my waiting-man to free,  
 The like was never known, I think, by any one,  
*For the King [himself did wait on me.]*

My Waiting-man, a Jewel had,  
 Which I for want of money sold ;  
 Because my fortune was so bad,  
 We turn'd our Jewel into gold ;  
 A good shift indeed, in time of our need ;  
 Then glad was I, and glad was he,  
 Our Cause it did advance, until we came to *France* :  
*And the King [himself did wait on me].*

We walked through *Westminster Hall*,  
 Where Law and Justice doth take place,  
 Our griefs were great, our comfort small,  
 We lookt grim death all in the face.  
 I looked round about, and made no other doubt,  
 But I and my man should taken be ;  
 The people little knew, as I may tell to you,  
*That the King himself did wait on me.*

From thence we went to the fatal place,  
 Where his Father lost his life ;  
 And there my man did weep apace,  
 And sorrow with him then was rife ;  
 I bid him peace, ' Let sorrow cease,'  
 For fear that we should taken be :  
 The Gallants in *White-Hall* did little know at all  
*That the King himself did wait on me.*

The King he was my Serving-man,  
 And thus the plot we did contrive,  
 I went by the name of ' Mistris Anne,'  
 When we took water at *Queen-Hive*, [ *Brightelmstone,*  
 A boat there we took, and *London* forsook ; [ *Sussex.*  
 And now in *France* arrived are we :  
 We got away by stealth, and the King is in good health,  
*And he shall no longer wait on me.*

The King of *Denmark's* dead, they say,  
 Then *Charles* is like to rule the Land,  
 In *France* he will no longer stay,  
 As I do rightly understand ;

That Land is his due, if they be but true :  
And he with them do well agree :  
I heard a bird sing, ' If he be once their King,  
*My man will then my Master be.*'

Now heaven grant them better success,  
With their young King than *England* had,  
Free from war and from distress,  
Their Fortune may not be so bad ;  
Since the case thus stands, let neighbouring Lands  
Lay down their arms, and at quiet be,  
But as for my part, I am glad with all my heart,  
*That my man must now my Master be.*

And thus I have declar'd to you  
By what means we escap'd away ;  
Now we bid our cares adieu,  
Though the King did lose the day ;  
To him I was true, and that he well knew :  
'Tis God that must his comfort be.  
Else all our Policy had been but foolery,  
*For the King no longer waits on me.* [Finis.]

*London* : Printed for *W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.*

[Black-Letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, the Lady, p. 16 ; 2nd, oval portrait of Captain *Hind* p. 628 (Cf. p. 642) ; 3rd, the Cavalier on Horseback, p. 635. It in 1648 represented Sir *Charles Lucas*, who was murdered at Colchester after capitulating to Fairfax. Original date of ballad, September, 1651.]

The Pepys exemplar was printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark.* Douce's also bears *Coles*, etc. ; Euing's, printed for *W. Gilbertson.*



## The Royal Patient Traveller.

WE owe to Anthony à Wood the preservation of the unique exemplar of this interesting ballad, and the information given concerning its author, Henry Jones, a loyal ballad-singer of Oxford that "home of lost causes." It remains, along with his manuscripts, safely at the Bodleian Library, where reign solemnly peace and seclusion such as are unattainable in the British Museum.

Anthony à Wood (in a Note to Wood MS. E. 32, fol. 19, as we learn from the excellent '*Wood's Life and Times*, vol. i. 151, 1891, edited thoroughly by the Rev. Andrew Clark, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford), records a suggestive incident of the Interregnum:—

"In the year 1649, the new president and fellows of Magd. Coll. caused the picture of our Saviour to be taken downe out of the west window of their chappell (in which window is represented the Day of Judgment), but left the picture of the devill standing. Whereupon a country man, seeing what had been done, said:—'Blez us! what a revormation is here! What! pluck downe God and set up the devill!' But this picture was set up againe, 1675."

It is not often that any boasted Reformation, or Revolution either, is worked on different principles from these. The only vested-interests recognised by the Levellers and Anarchists are those of his Satanic majesty. After all said, this is natural, it being a grateful tribute to their patron.

Whatever faults revealed themselves afterwards, either in his personal character or by the political government of Charles the Second, there are few that were not fairly attributable to harsh experiences and misadventures of his earlier manhood, into which he had been forced, during exile and poverty, by the Puritan rebels. His disposition was excellent, and unto the last he was devoid of all the blacker passions of malignity and revengeful cruelty which distinguished many of his father's persecutors and his own foes. That he was not sufficiently heroic to be able to overcome his early adversities, so far as to wrest from them the utmost good of wisdom and self-control, turning stumbling-blocks to stepping-stones, is admitted without grudging. Is he the only one who has so far failed? Can we not accept the true portraiture of that tolerant and somewhat Saturnine 'Merry Monarch,' without the cheap sneers and foul calumnies of those who, in their wilful perversity, remain blind to his better qualities. To us, loyalists, who cherish remembrance of the twenty-ninth of May, when he "made a Hollow Oak his royal palace" (p. 639), these ballads are welcome.

[Wood's Collection, 401, art. 171. Probably Unique.]

## The Royal Patient Traveller :

Or,

The Wonderful Escapes of His sacred Majesty King CHARLES the Second from Worcester Fight ; and his making a Hollow Oke his Royal Pallace. The going in a Liberty-Cloak with Miss Lane. And the Discourse between the King's Majesty and the Cook-maid, imploying the King to wind up the Jack ; but being not used to do it, did wind it up the wrong way.

To THE TUNE OF, *Chivy Chase*, or, ' *God prosper long our Noble King.*'

[For *Chivy Chase*, see vol. vi. p. 740.]



*This man belongs to 'The Organ's Echo,' on p. 613. Others owing. The Lady, needed here, and for p. 108,*



**G**OD hath preserved our Royal King, the second of that name,  
And those that will not pray for him, indeed they are to blame ;  
For thousands have against him spoke, but I shall this disclaim,  
And wish all others have a care how they should do the same.

*David*, we read, had enemies that did him sore annoy,  
So CHARLES the Second had the same, who is fair *England's* joy.  
In *May* it was the twenty-nine, King *Charles* of high Renown,  
Being his birthday (as 'tis known), to *London* came to town ;

But had you seen the triumph made, and Bon-fires flaming high,  
 And all the people for to cry, 'God save his Majesty!'  
 I will rejoice at his happiness, and pray he long may reign,  
 And of some passages he had with honest *Mistris Lane*. [*Jane*.

From *Scotland* he to *Worcester* came; though friends did look about,  
 Yet *Cromwell* came with a mighty Force, and did give him the rout  
 A journey long I am sure he had, with friends, the loving *Scot*.  
 King *Charles* mounting himself so brave, 3 times his horse was shot.

The King did there, for his safety, make friends to have some pity;  
 For so our Saviour he doth say, as I write in this Ditty,  
 'If persecution being great, of such they have a care:'  
 So at that time, 'tis very true, one did cut off his Hair.

His princely cloth[e]s he off did strip, and did himself disguise;  
 So of King *Alfred* I have read, that was a Prince most wise. [vol. i.]  
 A chain of gold that he had then, worth hundreds without doubt,  
 He gave away unto a friend, who lead him there about:

Into a wood where Inns were none, nor lodgings there bespoke:  
 The best of Lodgings he could get was in a hollow Oke.  
 "O happy Oke!" (saith *Mistris Lane*) "that ever I did see;  
 A Palace for a Prince thou wast, but he will go with me."

#### The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

**H**Er Serving-man King *Charles* became, for so he thought it best,  
 And she to free him from his foes did travel towards the West.  
 For as the Land was up in arms, in City and in Town,  
 And for King *Charles*, to find him out, it was a thousand pound.

But *Mistris Lane*, vertuous and wise, in much did understand,  
 What woful hunting they did make for *Charles* of fair *England*,  
 For through a town they then must pass, for there was no back lane,  
 The Horses' heels they up did trip, and down fell man and Dame.

The Souldiers, seeing of the same, at them did laugh and jeer,  
 And she, suspicion for to shun, struck him a Box on the Ear:  
 With angry words she seem'd to speak, "I think I am well mann'd!  
 For such another, I am sure, is not within the Land."

To second it, her Brother-in-Law so much in anger spoke, [*Col. J.*]  
 "Well, must my Father then," said he, "carry your man's cloak?"  
 "It was too heavy, then," said she, "What needs you be so cross?  
 The burden of it was so great, it threw us off the horse."

Her nimble tongue and wit in prime, and being a Lady gay,  
 The Souldiers laughing at them then, did let them pass their way;  
 God freed them from their Enemies, for with him there is pity,  
 At the 'Three Crowns' King *Charles* then lay, which is in *Bristol* City.

For in the kitchen he was plac'd, by his most loving friend,  
And modestly he there did stand, fearing he should offend.  
It made the kitchen-maid much muse, she could not understand,  
That in the kitchen by her stood King *Charles* of fair *England*.

For, being by the fire-side, she asked, "What Country-man?"  
"At *Brumingham*," the King replies, "and [I'm] a Naylor's son."  
With bobs and specches (for some Sluts in words they are not slack),  
At her command King *Charles* must be, for to wind up the Jack.

Though mildly he did take this task, it seems he did want skill,  
The wrong way he did go about, and did do it some ill:  
"Great clownish Booby!" she him calls, yet he was meek and mild,  
And though she used such taunting words, he at her [ha]d but  
smiled.

He ventured to another house, where people came so thick,  
That [he] all the day his Chamber kept, as if he had been sick;  
But coming down one night indeed, he spied a servant old,  
And for a glass of Wine he craves, because he was a-cold.

The Butler quickly him descried, and knew he was the King,  
With hat in hand, thus did he say, "You may have any thing,  
So easily [your] Majesty, although in cloth so plain."  
No notice of his words he takes, to his chamber goes again.

The Butler being not satisfied, with courage speak he can,  
Of Master *Lastel* he must know how long he had that man?  
And whispering he told him then, "I know it is my Liege,  
And do not do him any wrong, I do you now beseech."

Designs still failing, yet no doubt to God he still doth yield,  
And to a trusty friend he went, [who] then was in the field;  
[Him self] three weeks the King conceal'd and then did back return,  
And for a time he made a stay, it seems, in fair *London*:

Where he beheld such things as was sad to his tender heart,  
Some grief at that time did he feel, from *London* did he part;  
A Master of a ship at last, it seems, was a good man,  
Did Hoise up Sail, and so to *France*, as I do understand.

By **Henry Jones** of **Oxford**. Printed for the Author.

[In Black-letter, with the date of publication added in MS. by Anthony à Wood in his copy, "Made by *Hen. Jones*, an old ballad-singer of *Oxon*, 1660." Three cuts: 1st, King Charles I., crowned, robed, on horseback, p. 657; 2nd, a Lady, on p. 639; 3rd, the Drum-Major marching, with six soldiers, as in vol. iv. p. 324: See *Note*, on p. 701. *Written* in 1651.]

Another unique ballad on 'The Wonderful Escape, after *Worcester*,' begins, "Come, you learned Poets, let's call." Tune: *Come, let us drink*. Another, 'Royal Oak,' begins, "O let us sing of ancient days."—*Notes & Queries*, 4th s. vi. 87.

## Captain Hind's Progress and Ramble.

(EXECUTED FOR HIGH TREASON, 24th Sept., 1651.)

"To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The *Canaanitish* woman lives more happily without a name, than *Herodias* with one. And who had not rather be the Good Thief than *Pilate*?"—*Hydriotaphia*, cap. v. 1658.

TO have one's name recorded in the *Newgate Calendar*, or in Johnson's, or in Captain Alexander Smith's *Compleat History of the lives and robberies of the most notorious Highway-Men*, 1714, is an unpleasant sort of fame, after having done something more worthy of remembrance: like Captain James Hind of our *Roxburghe Ballad*, born at Chipping Norton, and ultimately *sus. per col.*

Like many another man than V. Cherbuliez's 'Samuel Brohl et Cie,' Hind had his *avatar* as two distinct personages. We may study him, if we please, as a mere Highwayman and buffoon, dear to the mob because of his jests; the hero of our present ballad, and of T. S.'s '*Prince of Prigs' Revels*,' published in 4to., 11th November, 1651; also of George Fidge's '*English Guzman*,' 1652; of '*We Have brought our Hogs to a Fair Market*;' or, '*Strange News from New-gate*,' London, 1652; of '*Wit for Money*,' in Black-letter, 1652; of '*No Jest like a True Jest*,' 4to., 1674; and, lastly, of the popular chap-book, '*The Merry Life and Mad Exploits of Capt. James Hind, the Great Robber of England*,' printed at Newcastle and elsewhere, adapted from '*Wit for Money*.' But we gain a better view of the reckless and loyal cavalier, betwixt the two embodiments of our man, if we turn to *The Trial of James Hind*, 1651, and the four-leaved 4to. in our Trowbesh Collection, London, Printed for G. Horton, 1651. It holds '*the true Portraiture of Captain James Hind*,' in an oval, on its first page, which bears the title: "*The Declaration of Captain James Hind, close Prisoner in New-Gate, and his Acknowledgment, Protestation, and full Confession at his Examination before the Council of State on the 10th of this instant Novemb. 1651. Together with a perfect Narrative (written by his advice) of all his strange proceedings and Travels, setting forth the great difficulties and dangers he escaped in severall Countreyes, upon his adventuring to the King of Scots at Sterling. With his kind Letter to the said King; and his Resolution to suffer any kind of death, rather than impeach or betray any Man.*" Be it remembered, to his honour, that he stood firm to this resolution, although he might easily have saved his life by betraying any secrets concerning the deprived royalists, his companions. He was subjected to all the barbarities of hanging, drawing, and quartering, being condemned for high-treason, not for robberies or manslaughter. He yielded his life gallantly, and deemed the exiled King Charles II. to be his only



sovereign. Hind's *Declaration* was issued while he had still a chance of finding mercy but it shows no weakness. He begins with a recognition of God's justice, but soon avows his loyalty.

"Whereas the Heavens are doomers of men's deeds, and God holds a balance in his hand, to reward with favour all those that walk uprightly; and to revenge with justice all those that steer their ways to the contrary; even so may the life of man well be compared to the Ocean Seas, that for every calm hath a thousand storms; for a little pleasure much pain, and for high desire much discontent: For as folly perswaded me to lead a sinful life, so at length Justice may bring me to a sorrowful end; (*but God requires mercy in the midst thereof*). Yet notwithstanding, I am confident, the wrong which I have committed doth not cry aloud for vengeance; but rather the Mercy that I shewed in all my designs and actions, may plead an equipment of all punishment. . . . Neither did I ever take the worth of a pen[n]y from a poor man; but at what time soever I met with any such person, it was my constant custom to ask, *Whom he was for?* if he reply'd, *For the King*, I gave him twenty shillings: but if he answer'd *For the Parliament*, I left him as I found him."—*The Declaration of Captain James Hind, 1651, p. 2.*

This, like the damsel Geraldine beheld by Christabel, is 'beautiful exceedingly.' Our heart warms to Hind, because he knew when to leave the Cromwellian severely alone. Dogberry had earlier given the same advice: "For such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty."

"As for any other exploits since 1649, I am guiltless of: For in the same year, May 2, I departed [from] *England* (as appears by my Confession to the Council at *White-Hall*, on the 10th instant, 1651), and went to the *Hague*. But after I had been there three dayes, I departed for *Ireland*, in the Vessel that carryed the King's Goods, and landed at *Galloway*: in which Kingdome I staid three-quarters of a year; part of which time I was Corporal to the Marquess of *Ormond's* Life-Guard: And being at *Youghall*, when that was surpris'd by the Parliament's Forces, was there wounded in the right arm and hand with Halberts. After which (making a narrow escape), I went to *Ducannon*; but because of the sickness, came thence to *Scilly*, staid there eight months; and from thence I came to the Isle of *Man*, staid there thirteen weeks; and went thence to *Scotland*, arriv'd at *Sterling*, where I sent a Letter to his Majesty, acquainting his Highness of my arrivall; and represented my service, &c. Which was favourably accepted of; for no sooner had the King notice of my coming but immediately I had admittance into his Chamber, and kist his hand; and after some discourse, his Majesty commended me to the D. of *Buckingham*, then present, to ride in his troop because his Life-guard was full. I came to *England* with the said Troop, was in the Engagement at *Warrington*, also at *Worcester*, where I kept the field till the King was fled, and in the evening, the Gates being full of flying persons, I leapt over the Wall on foot by my self onely, travel'd the Countrey, and lay three dayes under bushes and hedges, because of the Souldiery, till I came to Sir *John Iackington's* woods, where I lay five dayes; and afterward came on foot to *London*, by the name of *James Brown*, lodg'd five weeks in *London*, and was taken, 9 *Novemb.*, at *Denzy's*, the Barber near *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleet-Street*. JAMES HIND."

"*This is all that was declared and confessed by him, who remains captivated in close Prison in the Gaol of New-gate.*"

Novemb. 15, 1651.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 670; Douce, III. 122 (*bis*); Madden, I. 123.]**Captain Hind's Progress & Ramble.**TUNE OF, *Robin Hood revived*. [See Note, p. 647.]

**T**Here's many a comical story you know,  
*With a hey down, down, and a down,*  
 Of valiant and brave Captain *Hind* :  
 A song of them all, sing here now I shall,  
 'Tis jocular, pleasant, and fine.

How this valiant Captain his calling began,

*With a hey down, etc.,*

In brief you shall here understand ; [*Sic. passim.*  
 There's few of his trade such frolicks have play'd,  
 Among the outlaws of the land. 10

He travell'd to *London*, and met with a gang, *With, etc.*

Who learn'd him the absolute art  
 Of taking a purse, for better or worse ;  
 And bravely he manag'd his part.

At length they were routed according to law, *With, etc.*

And hanged was each pilfering elf ;  
 Except *Jemmy Hind*, who strait did design  
 To set up trade for himself. 20

Like to a poor Shepherd he harness'd himself,

Having both a bottle and crook ;  
 And standing at length on a hill, [in his strength,]  
 A booty he merrily took.

He seiz'd on a gallant's brave prancing horse,

Brave pistols and silver enough :  
 Which made him to laugh, he gave him a staff,  
 And bid him to beat on the hoof. [*qu. 'to pad?'* 30

Two thieves that had heard of the booty he got,

They came for to rob him next day ;  
 But brave valiant *Hind* he sav'd his own coin,  
 And took the thieves' money away.

As *Hind* was a riding along the highway,

An old Hag he happen'd to meet ;  
 She gave him a charm, to keep him from harm,  
 He threw her a crown for a treat. 40

A Gentleman, riding from *London* to *York*,

With gold, aye, and silver so bright ;  
*Hind* soon got the fleece, then threw him a piece,  
 To buy him a supper at night.

*Hind* happen'd to come to the very same Inn,

Whereat the *York* Gentleman lay,  
 Who telling his loss, and seeing *Hind's* horse,—  
 It was not convenient to stay. 50

- Three Gentlemen drinking a bottle of Wine,  
 The servants went jogging before,  
 With two bags of gold, and silver untold,  
*Hind* heard of that plentiful store :
- He made the portmanteaus immediately bleed,  
 The money he cunningly snaps ;  
 Then hasten'd away, no time to delay,  
 He never stood thrumming of caps. 60
- Hind* met with a Parson as he was pursu'd,  
 To whom he did merrily say,  
 " There's thieves behind, a-coming you'll find,  
 To take all your money away :
- " Sir, here is a pistol, pray shoot at the first,"  
 Which pistol the Parson receives,  
 " As knowing behold one saying of old,  
 ' One honest man scares twenty thieves: '" 70
- The Parson, being pot-valiant it seems,  
 He shot, tho' it happen'd in vain ;  
 Without more ad[o] the pistol he threw, [text, ' adieu.'  
 At which he was presently ta'en.
- Thus *Hind* got away, but the Parson was brought  
 Unto an old Justice, 'tis said ;  
 Where soon he was clear'd, for why it appear'd  
 That he was no thief by his trade. 80
- Not far from a river, *Hind* met with a spark,  
 Whose pockets with gold were well lin'd ;  
 Quoth he, " As I live, twenty pounds I would give,  
 If I could but see Captain *Hind* !"
- He strait was for changing horses with *Hind*,  
 And thirty pounds gave him to boot ;  
 Then did he endeavour to leap a wide river,  
 But had not the power to do't. 90
- Quoth *Hind*, " You shall see me leap it with ease ;"  
 And as he the river did cross,  
 Quoth he, " There is twenty for seeing brave *Hind*,  
 And ten pounds for riding his horse."
- Hind* met with a Parson who had been robb'd,  
 The story he merrily told ;  
 " But tho' the thieves found in silver five pounds,  
 My collar concealed my gold : " 100
- " What trade do you think I am ?" said *Hind*,  
 " I know not," said the Divine :  
 " A Cutter," quoth he, " and so you shall see :  
 I want such a collar as thine."
- Hind* came to a town where the Bailiff's had got  
 An Innkeeper fast in the net ;  
 An old Usurer, a crabbed old cur,  
 Would send him to prison for debt. 110

*Hind* laid down the money, and took up the bond ;  
 Then finding the man was but poor,  
 He soon paid himself, for he robb'd the old elf,  
 Of that, likewise twenty pounds more.

*Hind* came to a gentleman under a hedge,  
 So, when he had taken his chink,  
 He boldly rid on to *William* his man,  
 And gave him ten shillings to drink. 120

*Hind* got him a man, whose name was *Jack*,  
 An active and delicate lad ;  
 Without any fear, he'd ride far and near,  
 Where anything was to be had.

They waited for one that lodg'd at their inn,  
 And when he came up to their view,  
*Hind* caned him, and cry'd, "How slowly you ride,  
 How long must I tarry for you?" 130

An aged committee-man riding to town,  
 Now that he might go-thorough-stitch,  
 Tho' he had gold bags, his coat was all rags,  
 That thieves might not think he was rich.

"Now whither away?" said brave Captain *Hind*,  
 The other said, "Master, in brief,  
 I am a poor heart, and for my own part,  
 Am going to seek some relief." 140

*Hind* threw him a delicate piece of broad gold,  
 And bid him go drink his health ;  
 "Aye, master," quoth he, "I'll do it right free,  
 And wish you both honour and wealth."

But when the Committee-man came to the inn,  
 He rail'd against Captain *Hind* ;  
 The which being told, he plunder'd his gold :  
 His budget was so well lin'd. 150

At length being taken for treason, God-wot !  
 Against the Long Parliament State,  
 Our Captain was try'd, condemn'd, and dy'd,  
 And thus he submitted to fate.

Of all the great Robbers that ever was known,  
 With a hey down, down, and a down !  
 He was the most frolicsome blade,  
 His merriment still did gain him good-will,  
 Tho' long he had follow'd his trade. 160

And many more frolics the Captain has play'd,  
 With a hey down, down, and a down !  
 Now if you will read them at large,  
 The book you may buy, good people, for why ?  
 It is but just one penny charge.

finis.

[No Printer's name. A debased modern reprint, *circa* 1770, in white-letter, having a rough copy of the 'Guy of Warwick' cut, the Knight on horseback with Lion trotting beside him ; also another cut, of a man standing beside a horse, the same cut as in the *Merry Life* chap-book.]

*Note.*—The tune named, *Robin Hood Revived* (so called from the ballad beginning, “In *Nottingham* there lives a jolly Tanner: *with a hey down, down-a-down*, His name it is *Arthur-a-Bland*”), otherwise ‘Robin Hood and the Tanner,’ is given in William Chappell’s *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 392. The ballad of Arthur à Bland is absent from the Roxburghe Collection, but it is in that of Anthony à Wood, 401, fol. 9; in Pepsian, II. III.; in Douce, III. 125 *verso*; reprinted in Roberts’ *Collection of Old Ballads*, i. 83, 1723.

\* \* We learn concerning our present ballad, from ‘*The True and Perfect Relation of the Taking of Captain JAMES HIND*,’ London, 1651, that “A Gentleman or two desired so much favour of [the keeper] as to aske Mr. *Hind* a civil question, which was granted. So pulling two books out of his pocket, the one entitled, ‘*Hind’s Ramble*,’ the other ‘*Hind’s Exploits*,’ [the Gentleman] asked him whether he had ever seen them, or not: He answered, *Yes*; and said, upon the word of a Christian, they were fictions; ‘But some merry Pranks and Revels I have plaid, that I deny not.’” In ‘*Wit for Money*,’ 165½, he says, “I rob’d men neatly, as is here exprest; Coyne I ne’er took unlesse I gave a Jest.”

## Make Room for an Honest Red-Coat.

IN reference to the disbanding of the Parliamentary army, and in close connection with the following ‘New Ballad to an Old Tune,’ (viz., *Tom of Bedlam*, for which see Willm. Chappell’s *Popular Music*, p. 330), must be remembered a contemporary ditty, of date 17 July, 1660, entitled ‘The Lamentation of a Bad Market; or, The Disbanded Souldier.’ It was sung to the same tune as *Alas, poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?* (see the ballad reprinted by us in vol. vi. p. 455); and begins thus:—

“In Red-coat Raggs attired, I wander up and down,  
 Since Fate and foes conspired, thus to array me,  
 Or betray me, to the harsh censure of the Town.  
 My Buffe doth make me Boots, my velvet coat aud scarlet,  
 Which us’d to do me credit with many a *Sodom* harlot,  
 Have bid me all ‘Adiew, most despicable varlet!’  
*Alas, poor Souldier, whither wilt thou march?* . . . [5 stanzas.

“Surplisce was surplusage, we Voted (right or wrong),  
 Within that furious age: of the Painted Glass,  
 Or Pictured Brass, and Liturgie, we made a Song.  
 Bishops and Bishops’ Lands were superstitious words,  
 Until in Souldiers’ hands, and so were Kings and Lords:  
 But in fashion now again, in spite of all our swords.  
*Alas, poor Souldier, whither wilt thou march?* . . . [2 stanzas.

“Into the Countrey Places, I resolve to goe,  
 Amongst those sun-burnt faces, I’le goe to plough;  
 Or keep a Cow; ’tis that my Masters now again must do.  
 Souldiers ye see will be of each Religion,  
 They’re but like stars, which when the true Sun rise, they’re gone;  
 I’le to the Countrey goe, and there I’le serve Sir *John*. [ = parson.  
*Aye, Aye, ’tis thither, and thither will I goe.*” [t., ‘I, I, ’tis.’

[Roxburghe Coll., III. 576; Bagford, III. 368; King's Pamphlets, XV.]

## A New Ballade, to an Old Tune.

TUNE, *Tom of Bedlam*. [See p. 647.]

MAKE room for an honest *Red-coat!*  
 (And that you'll say's a wonder),  
 The Gun and the Blade are his tools—and his Trade  
 Is for pay, to kill, and plunder.

*Then away with the Lawes, and the 'Good old Cause,'*<sup>1</sup> [Cf. p. 616.  
*N'er talk o' the Rump or the Charter,*  
*'Tis the Cash does the Feat, all the rest's but a Cheat,*  
*Without that there's no Faith, nor Quarter.*

'Tis the mark of our Coin, 'GOD WITH US!'<sup>2</sup>  
*And the Grace of the Lord goes along with 't;*  
 When the *Georges* are flown, then *the Cause* goes down,  
*For the Lord is departed from it.*

*Then away, [with the Lawes and the Good Old Cause], &c. [passim.*

For *Rome*, or for *Geneva*, for the Table, or the Altar,  
 This spawn of a Vote, he cares not a groat—  
 For the Pence, hee's your Dog in a Halter. *Then away, etc.*

Tho' the name of *King*, or *Bishop*,  
 To nostrils pure may be *Loathsom'*,  
 Yet many there are [who] agree with the Mayor,<sup>3</sup> [t. *that*.  
 That their "*lands are wondrous toothsom'*."

When our Masters are poor, we leave 'em,  
 'Tis the *Golden Calf* we bow to;  
 We kill and we slay, not for Conscience, but pay:  
 Give us *that*, we'll fight for you too.

'Twas *that* first turn'd the *King* out;  
 The *Lords* next, then the *Commons*:  
 'Twas that kept up *Noll*, till the devil fetch'd his soul; [Sept. 2, 1658.  
 And then it set the 'Bum' on 's.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Derided by the Cavaliers, the factionaries belauded the "*Good old Cause*," i.e. "Religion and the Laws," arrogating to themselves the sole respect for either, and showing such respect in their own peculiar way.

<sup>2</sup> Modest Parliamentary assertion, impressed on their coin. See cuts, p. 679.

<sup>3</sup> Sir John Iretton: "From a senseless Mayor, not fit to feed hogs." *New Letany*.

<sup>4</sup> "*The Rump*," as the Long Parliament remnant had been derisively termed, after *Pride's purge* (6 Dec., 1648), was turned out of doors by Ol. Cromwell, 20 April, 1653; restored on 7th May, 1659; again ejected on 13th Oct.; and finally re-instated (the Presbyterians returning) on 26 Dec., 1659.

*Drunken Dick* was a *Lame Protector*,  
And *Fleetwood*, a *Backslider* :

[*Richard Cromwell.*  
*Cha. F.*, see p. 656.

These we serv'd as the rest, but the *City's* the *Beast*,  
That will never cast her *Rider*.

When the *Mayor* holds the *stirrop*,  
And the *Shreeves* cry, “ *God* speed your honours ! ”  
Then 'tis but a jump, and up goes the *rump*,  
That will spur to the *Devil* upon us.

[*Warner & Love.*

And now for a fling at your *thimbles*,  
Your *bodkins*, *rings*, and *whistles*,  
In truck for your *toyes*, we'll fit you with *Boys* :  
( 'Tis the doctrine of *Hugh's*\* *Epistles*.)

{ *Women's* contri-  
butions of silver  
in 1647.

\* ‘ *To the*  
*Butcher's Wife.*’

When your *plate* is gone, and your *jewels*,  
You must be next entreated,  
To part with your *Bags*, and strip you to *Rags*,  
And yet not think y' are cheated.

The truth is, the *Town* deserves it ;  
'Tis a *brainless*, *heartless Monster* !  
At a *Clubb* they may bawl, or ‘ declare ’ at their *Hall*,  
And yet, at a push, not one stir !

*Sir Arthur* vow'd he'll “ treat ’em,  
Far worse than the men of *Chester* ! ”  
He's bold, now they'r cow'd, but he was nothing so lowd  
When he lay in the ditch at *Lester*.

[*Sir A. Haselrigge.*  
*Ch. siege*, Feb. 1645.

[*Leicester*, May, 1645.

The *Lord* hath left *John Lambert*,  
And the *Spirit*, *Feak's Anointed*,  
But why, oh *Lord*, hast Thou sheathed Thy *Sword* ?  
Lo, thy saints are disappointed.

[*John Feake,*  
*Blackfriars preacher.*

Tho' *Sir Henry* be departed :  
*Sir John* makes good the place now,  
And to help out the work of the glorious *Kirk*,  
Our brethren march apace too.

[*Col. Henry Ireton ?*  
*Sir Jo. Ireton*, Mayor ?

[i.e. *Monk's* journey South.

While *Divines* and *States-men* wrangle,  
Let the *Rump-ridden Nation* bite on't,  
There are none but we that are sure to go free,  
For the *Souldier's* still in the right on't ?

If our *Masters* won't supply us,  
With *Money*, *Food* and *Clothing*,  
Let the *State* look to 't, we'll find One that will do 't ;  
Let him *Live*—we'll not damn for nothing.

*Then away with the Lawes and the "Good old Cause,"  
 Ne'er talk o' the Rump, or the Charter ;  
 'Tis the cash that does the Feat, all the rest's but a Cheat,  
 Without that, there's no Faith, nor Quarter.      Finis.*

Printed at the *Hague* for *S. Browne*.

[In White-letter. No woodcuts. Date, noted by Thomason, January 17, 16<sup>88</sup>.]

*Note.*—"To the Butcher's Wife." [This original marginal *Note*, refers to a scandal connecting the notorious *Hugh Peters* with an adulterous intrigue.]

## The Soldier's Fortune; The Taking of Mardyke.

SO early as February 4th, 16<sup>88</sup>, three months before the Restoration, the tune of this vigorous ballad was already popular, and used for some new ditty. Samuel Pepys noted it in his *Diary* of that date:—

"Here [at Gray's Inn] *Swan* showed us a ballad to the tune of *Mardike*, which was most incomparably wrote in a printed hand; which I borrowed of him, but the song proved but silly, so I did not write it out."

On 21st Sept., 1660, Pepys saw the keys of Mardyke fort, which had been sent by the governor to *Nicholas Osborn*, after the demolition. *Cromwell* (see his *Letters*) had sought the ruin of Mardyke, in order to keep Spain from helping *Charles II.* Colonel *Sir John Reynolds*, the conqueror, was lost on *Goodwin Sands* while returning home.



The date of the taking of *Dunkirk* was June 26, 1658. But *Mardyke* or *Moerdyke* (considered to be the key to *Dunkirk*) had been captured in the previous September, 1656, by the French conjoined with the English under *Reynolds*. The writer of the ballad, evidently a Cavalier, may have had connection with the Worcester ballad, 'The Souldier's Salutation,' p. 653. *Nay*: It is by no means impossible that our *Samuel Butler*, of '*Hudibras*,' who certainly would not have disdained to write popular ballads, and to privily send them forth during the years 1657-1658, may have been the author of this spirited ditty; and like wise had a hand in the curious '*Essex Ballad*,' to which we drew attention in 1878, on p. 756 of our *Bagford Ballads*. We know of no other man who was capable

at the time of writing "In *Essex*, much renown'd for *Calves*" (1680, the last year of his life); and, to our judgment the spirited dash of the *Mardyke* ballad, with its vigorous gibe at '*Brewer*' *Nol*, the '*Cobler*' *Hewson*, and some unrecognizable '*Tinker*' have the raciness of *Hudibrastic* soil.

*Variation of Text* are in the *Loyal Garland*: 2nd stanza ends—

... thunder and plunder precisely,  
 This is the man that doth wisely,  
 And may climb to a chair of State.

Music in *Dancing Master*, 1665, p. 20; and *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, v. 65.



[Roxburghe Coll., II. 431; Bagford, I. 69; Douce, II. 195 *vo.*; Euing, 338; Huth, II. 93, III. 18; Jersey, I. 38=Lind., 1299.]

## The Soldier's Fortune;

Or,

### The Taking of MARDIKE. [Note, p. 661.]

WHEN first *Mardike* was made a prey,  
 'Twas courage that carry'd the Fort away;  
 Then do not lose your Valor's Prize,  
 By gazing on your Mistress' eyes;  
 But put off your Petticoat-Parley: [Cf. p. 655.  
 Potting and sotting, and laughing and quaffing Canary,  
 Will make a good soldier miscarry,  
 And never travel for true Renown.  
 Then turn to your martial Mistriss,  
 Fair *Minerva*, the Soldier's sister is;  
 Rallying and sallying, with gashing and slashing of wounds, sir,  
 With turning and burning of Towns, sir,  
 Is a high step to a great Man's Throne. [a.l. 'Statesman's.'

Let bold *Bellona's* Brewer frown, [i.e. *Cromwell*.  
 And his Tun shall overflow the Town;  
 And give the Cobler Sword and Fate, [i.e. 'Colonel' *Hewson*.  
 And a Tinker may trappan the State:  
 Such fortunate Foes as these be,  
 Turn'd the Crown to a Cross at *Naseby*: [1645.  
 Father and mother, and sister and brother confounded,  
 And many a good Family wounded,  
 By a terrible turn of Fate.  
 He that can kill a man, thunder and plunder the town, sir,  
 And pull his enemies down, sir,  
 In time may be an officer great. [Variations, p. 650.

It is the Sword do's order all,  
 Makes Peasants rise, and Princes fall;  
 All syllogisms in vain are spilt,  
 No Logick like a Basket-Hilt;  
 It handles 'em joynt by joynt, sir;  
 Quilling and drilling, and spilling, and killing profoundly,  
 Untill the Disputers on th' ground lye,  
 And have never a word to say:  
 Unless it be "quarter, quarter," trnth is confuted by a carter,  
 By stripping and nipping, and ripping; quipping Evasions,  
 Doth conquer a power of perswasions:  
*Aristotle* hath lost the Day.

The Musket bears so great a Force,  
 To Learning it has no remorse;  
 The Priest, the Layman, and the Lord,  
 Find no distinction from the Sword;  
*Tan-tarra, tan-tarra*, the Trumpet,  
 Has blown away *Babylon's* strumpet:

[See *Variations, Note.*]

Now the Walls begin to crack  
 The Counsellors are struck dumb, too,  
 By the parchment upon the Drum, too;  
 Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, dub-a dub, an Alarum,  
 Each Corporal now can out-dare'um,  
 Learned *Littleton* goes to wrack.\*

[*a.l.* Now Divinity 'gins.[*i.e.* the Law fails  
before the sword.]

Then since the Sword so bright doth shine,  
 We'll leave our wenchcs and our wine,  
 And follow *Mars* where e'er he runs,  
 And turn our pots and pipes to Guns:  
 The Bottles shall be Granadoes,  
 We'll bounce about the Bravadoes;  
 By huffing and puffing, and snuffing and cuffing the [*Spaniard*],  
 Whose brows had been dy'd in a [*Tan-yard*];

[See *Note.*]

Well-got Fame is a Warrior's Wife,  
 The Drawer shall be the Drummer,  
 We'll be Collonels all next summer;  
 By hilding and tilting, and pointing and joynting, like brave Boys,  
 We shall have Gold, or a Grave, Boys,  
 And there's an end of a Soldier's Life.

Finis.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, in *Pye-Corner*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, on p. 650; 2nd, a city, bearing the substituted name 'Mardyke:' but often marked 'Oxford' or 'London' as in vol. iv. p. 217. Original date, 1656-7. Date of this reprint, 1672-80.]

*Notes.*—'Learned *Littleton* goes to wrack' (4th stanza) refers to Sir Thomas Littleton, of '*Tenures and Titles*;' whereon Sir Edward Coke wrote his *Commentary* in 1628. The lively ballad of 'The Dominion of the Sword,' beginning, 'Lay by your pleading, Law lies a bleeding,' a parody on 'Love lies a bleeding,' was given in 1875, by the present Editor, in his reprint of *Merry Drollery*, 1670, p. 125: it was also in the 1661 edition.

*Mardyke* is in the *Département du Nord*, on a canal, four miles from Dunkirk. (There was great stir made about it in 1715-16, after the treaty of Utrecht.) The earliest dated exemplar of this Mardyke ballad is on p. 4 of *Merry Drollery*, 1661. Again, in *Merry Drollery complete*, p. 12, 1670. It was probably in the early editions of the *Loyal Garland* that have perished, for it is contained in the extant rare exemplar of 13th edition, 1686. It yields better our 4th stanza,

The Musket gives *St. Paul* the lurch,  
 And beats the canons from the Church,  
 The Priest's episcopal gown, too,  
 And the Organ hath lost his sound too.

[*Cf.* p. 612.]

*Spaniard*: Roxb. Coll. exemplar has '*French, boys,*' and '*in a Trench, boys.*'

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 429; Huth, II. 94; Jersey, I. 382=Lindes., 374.]

## The Souldier; his Salutation

to the *Wary Wench* of Worcester,

Who kindly intrcats her to grant him a kisse,

Also her deniall, in answer to this.

TO A PLEASANT SCOTTISH TUNE, CALL'D *Lowden's Delight*. [See Note, p. 655.]

“ FAIR *Venus*, I admire the power of thy Son,  
 No sooner to give fire, but straight the day is won,  
 He'll undertake the God of War to tame,  
 If against his bosome right he aime,  
 Folly were it to resist the flame,  
     Wherein I fry:  
 Sweet Lady, pity my mournful ditty,  
     Do not deny  
 To kisse thy captive Souldier, or else for grief I dye.      9

“ I'll change my coat and colours, to go along with thee;  
 No more of *Mars* his followers henceforward will I be,  
 I am ever bound to be thy slave,  
 Till thou grant's to me the thing I crave,  
 'Tis thy favour I desire to have.  
     Then cure my pain,  
 Oh! now or never, else captive ever  
     Shall I remain:  
 My heart is deeply wounded, but yet I am not slain.      18

“ How can'st thou chuse but fancy a Souldier so compleat?  
 Whose fortunes may advance thee, and make thy honour great,  
 I pray thee do not then so cruel prove,  
 For my heart I cannot yet remove,  
 More thou hates', the more I'm bound to love,  
     Thine I am still:  
 Oh fie on *Cupid*, which makes me stupid,  
     For want of skill,  
 I now must be contented, to serve thee at thy will.      27

“ In truth I know no reason, but I may be so bold  
 To kiss that lovely Prison, who keeps my heart in hold,  
 More cruel than a gaoler would she be  
 That denies me of my liberty.  
 If a kisse or two would set me free,  
     Or ease my smart,  
 Do not absent thee, nor thus torment me,  
     Since that thou art  
 The Prison and the Keeper, of my imprisoned heart.      36

“ Come, come, do not refuse it, but let us now embrace,  
 For once, and do not use it, none sees us in this place,  
 It's in thy power, with a smile or frown,  
 For to raise me up or cast me down :  
 Let thy penalty on me be known,  
     Be it weal or woe.  
 Come kill or cure ! What I endure  
     No one doth know :  
 And then farewell for ever, my friend, or cruel foe.” 45



*The Second Part, To THE SAME TUNE.*

[*THE WARY WENCH OF WORCESTER, HER ANSWER.*]

“ **F**arewell, there is no duty, nor service, due to me ;  
 Then tell her not of beauty, where none is plac'd you see.  
 Do not then on *Cupid* thus complain,  
 Unto her that cannot ease thy pain ;  
 Neither will I be of *Venus'* train.  
     I am afraid,  
 Thou dost but flatter, faith ! no such matter  
     Shall me perswade.  
 I will not kisse a Souldier, lest that I be betraid. 54

“ Change not thy coat, nor colours, to tarry here with me,  
 Good Souldiers by their valours will first approved be.  
 Never say thou art a slave of mine,  
 Nor anything I have of thine ;  
 Rather shalt thou dig the grave [that's] mine,  
     Here in this place,  
 Ere thou shalt woove me, so to undo me ;  
     Fie, it is base !  
 To bring poor Country Lasses unto such foul disgrace. 63

“ In *London* you have plenty, why would you come away ?  
 I warrant you there's twenty would never say you Nay.  
 If to them thou wilt not constant be,  
 When another thou dost chance to see,

Thy affection soon will glance from me,  
And further range.  
Men once removers, then constant Lovers?  
It is most strange!  
To find a faithful Souldier, not subject unto change. 72

“ Why call'st thou me thy Prison, or Gaoler, which am none?  
If that be all the reason, I pray thee now be gone;  
For there is no harbour in my breast  
To be granted to so bold a guest;  
Neither will I yield to thy request.  
Therefore in vain  
Is thy intrusion: by no delusion  
Thou shalt obtain  
From me thy fond desire, my honour so to stain. 81

“ Go, go! or else forbear me: faith, I will never yield,  
Thy captain he'l cashier thee, haste, haste! into the field,  
Least thy absence breed thee more disgrace,  
By thy doting on a maiden face;  
For the losing of thy Souldier's place,  
Would be a shame.  
Haste now or never, else Coward ever  
They'l thee proclaim.  
To loose so great an honour, by following *Venus'* game.” 90

Finis.

[No Colophon in any of the three exemplars; seeming to show publication during the Interregnum, as the Scotch tune helps to indicate. In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st (formerly needed for vol. vi. p. 231, “ It was a bold keeper.” *C.* 22, edition), now on p. 631; 2nd and 3rd, the small figures, on p. 654. Date, probably 1656 or 1658; perhaps so early as 1651.]

Note.—The tune named *Lowden's Delight*, otherwise *The Three Lothians' Delight*, ought to be in the Skene Manuscript, it is not in our English *Dancing Master*. In the broadside our ballad is printed widely in thirteen-line stanzas.

\* \* \* Whilst the ballad on ‘The Taking of *Mardyke*’ (p. 651) shows us the ‘Soldier's Fortune’ in time of war and plunder, this ‘Soldier's Salutation’ shows his tendencies during a comparatively “piping time of Peace,” although he meets repulse at the hands of his fair foe, the ‘Wary Wench of *Worcester*.’ No one need regret *this* defeat. If there had been better discipline maintained, with more of *Mars* and less of *Venus*, the worse repulse to our Cavalier forces on that fatal field might have been avoided, in September, 1651.

“ Why, Soldiers, why, should we be melancholy, Boys?  
Why, Soldiers, why? whose business 'tis to die.” . . .

“ 'Tis but in vain (I mean not to upbraid you, Boys!)  
'Tis but in vain for Soldiers to complain:  
Should next campaign send us to Him who made us, Boys,  
We're free from pain: but if we remain,  
A bottle and kind Landlady cure all again.”

—*How stands the Glass around?* (Before 1729.)

## The Gang.

“ Some were for setting up a King,  
 But all the rest for no such thing,  
 Unless King Jesus: others tamper'd  
 For *Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert* ;  
 Some for the ‘ Rump,’ and some more crafty  
 For agitators, and the ‘ Safety.’ ”

[‘ *Fifth Monarchy.*’

[Not 50 left.

[*Comm. of Safety.*

— Butler’s *Hudibras*, iii. canto 2.

IN the early days of civil dissention, at the time when the Long Parliament had assembled, November, 1640, and before the Civil War began, nearly all the lampoons and virulence were directed against the Church or the Crown, especially against Laud and Wren. Scurrilous ballads, epigrams, and foul satires were abundant, encouraged or penned by the factious parliamentarians. Speedily a change ensued. More skilful men took up the trade of writing political songs and ballads, and these were nearly all directed against the rebellious and intolerant sectaries, who suppressed play-houses, imprisoned and brutally whipt the wandering minstrels, despoiled the estates of loyal cavaliers, the only students and encouragers of lyric poetry. Circulated in manuscript, or printed imperfectly at secret presses, under manifold disadvantages and dangers, the satirical ballads multiplied against the regicides, the fanatics, and the self-seeking intriguers; who began to assail one another so soon as the ‘ Dominion of the sword’ was re-established, because “ Law lies a bleeding.” ‘ *The Rump* ’ was reduced to little more than forty available members; so incessant had been the secessions, and so intolerable the tyranny of the triumphantly ‘ progressive’ Independants, few of whom favoured the standing army, but opposed its officers and called for disbandment. There had been some good-humoured ridicule of ‘ Tumble-down Dick,’ the late protector’s son, Richard Cromwell, but his conscientious and unselfish character had made him loved, and he was treated mildly by the ballad-writers, who found plenty of foemen to assail in the other family connections of Oliver. Fleetwood had married Henry Ireton’s widow, and was Richard’s brother-in-law. Desborough’s wife Jane was a sister of Cromwell. Lambert’s wife had been notoriously on the closest possible terms of intimacy with ‘ Old Noll;’ her ‘ General John ’ having been conveniently blind and devoid of jealousy, because he had expected to come into succession of supremacy, instead of Richard. Of Richard, Samuel Butler wrote,

“ Next him his son and heir-apparent  
 Succeeded, though a lame vice-gerent,  
 Who first laid by the Parliament;  
 The only crutch on which he leant,  
 And then sunk underneath the state,  
 That rode him above horseman’s weight.”

Numerous white-letter broadsides were issued boldly during the internecine warfare of the factions, an anarchy which served to make all sober-minded citizens desire the suppression of '*The Gang*,' a restoration of settled government under their restored King, 'Carolus Gustavus,' and 'the calling of a free Parliament.' Few of these broadsides are included in the Roxburghe Collection, but the chief of them were reproduced in the '*Rump Collection of Ballads*,' 1660. Many had been written by Alexander Brome; others by John Cleveland, and several by Samuel Butler. They were anonymous; some assumed to be 'Printed at the Hague' (p. 650).

'THE GANG' of "Nine Heroes who, in scorn of a parliament forlorn, walk'd out with sword in fist," as chronicled in the ensuing ballad, and stigmatised as officers in the faction of Sir John Lambert, belonging to the 'Committee of Safety,' had been by the returned 'Rump' deprived of their commissions. They are named here, derisively, but the list differs slightly from what is given in contemporary pamphlets, wherein we find Richard Ashfield, instead of Colonel Robert Duckenfield (who had joined with Lambert in suppressing the *Chester Rising* of Sir George Booth in 1659); and Major General James Berry (who slew General Cavendish, and was at Preston fight), instead of "Lord" John Hewson, the cobler 'Colonel.' Major-General John Desborough had been appointed by Richard Cromwell as his Chancellor of Ireland; after the Restoration he was tried for having sat on the court-martial that condemned to death the Earl of Derby, James Stanley.



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 512; Thomason Collection, 699, vol. xxii.]

# The Gang ;

Or,

## The Nine Worthies and Champions,

LAMBERT, ETC.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Robin Hood* [*Revived*. See p. 647; *Note*.]

**I**T was at the Birth of a Winter's morn,  
*With a Hey down, down, a down, down,*  
 That Nine Heroes, in scorn of a Parliament forlorn,  
 Walk'd out with Sword in fist.  
 Before the Crow had [w]ist, [minxit.

*Johnne Lambert* was first, a dapper Squire. *With a Hey*, etc.  
 A mickler man of might  
 Was ne're in *York-shire*; and he did conspire  
 With *Vane*, Sir *Harry*, a Knight.

*Desborow* next, a goodlier swain (*With a Hey down*, etc.)  
 An *Easter Sun* ne're see; [Maj.-Gen. John Desborough.  
 He drove on amain, without any brain,  
 Such a jolt-head knave was he.

*Kelsey* was a brave button-maker (*With*, etc.), [Col. Thom. K.  
 As ever set mould upon scower;  
 And this *Wise-aker* was a great pains-taker,  
 T' make *Lambert's Nose* look blewer.

The Devout and Holy Major *Creed*, (*With*, etc.) [Richard Creed.  
 (I know n't of what Faith or Sect),  
 Had mounted a Steed, and vow'd he would bleed  
 'Fore *Lambert* should be checkt.

*Duckenfield* (Steel was ne're so true); *With a Hey, Down*, etc.  
 And as wise as e're was *Toby*, [See *Introd.* p. 637.  
 Lay in the Purlaw, the *Cock-pit Avenue*,  
 'To hinder the *Speaker's Go-by*.

A man of Stomaek, in the next Deal, *With a Hey down*, etc.  
 Was hungry Colonel *Cobbet*; [Ralph Cobbet.  
 He would eat, at a meale, a whole Commonweale,  
 And make a Joint but a gobbet. [i.e. mouthful.



The following Champion is *Barrow*. *With, etc.* [Robt. Barrow.]

An ominous name for a Swine-Herd,  
He flew like an Arrow, thither, whence Lord *Harry*,  
But durst not draw his Whynycard.

Room for *Paeker*, a toyling Ditcher. *With a Hey, etc.* [William P.]

He had set his spade on edge ;  
He hop't to be richer, by being a Britcher,  
And *Lambert* his Stake in the hedge.

For Nobilities' sake we may not forget. *With a Hey down, etc.*

That Valiant *Mars* his true Son,  
(His Cobbling Feat, lack't a Parliament Seat)  
That Marks-man, one-eyed *Hewson*.

[John H. p. 662.]

These being aided with Red Coat and Creepers. *With a Hey, etc.*

After a short dispute,  
The Liberty *Keepers* were made boo-peepers,  
And the Speaker stricken mute.

But well said Sir *Arthur*, what time of the day? *With a Hey, etc.*

"The Parliament's now in their Prime ;"

[Art. Haslerigge.]

They stand at a Bay, and have mist their Prey,  
And cowardly curse the time.

### The Second Part.

Now *Johne* is gone to the North Country : *With a Hey down, etc.*

And glad he is to retire,

"He says *Cramme O Cree!* Have mercy on me : [ = Gramachree !

My tail is set a Fire !"

And *Desborough*, gotten into his Farm : *With a Hey down, etc.*

Untill they doe him need,  
'Meant the House no harm, but took it for a Barn :  
(His Lord and he's not agreed).

*Kelsey* is praying for the Dole (*With a Hey down, etc.*)

Of the Hospital that's *Sutton's* :

He is out of the Roll, and hath ne're a Loop-Hole ;

And now his [wrong end] makes Buttons. [vide 4th stanza.]

And *Creed* will now believe Sir *Arthur*. *With a Hey down, etc.*

His Steed is Cropt for a Jade ;

He will be a Carter, before [he's] a Martyr, [text, 'chopt.']

And is turned *Renegade*.

*Duckenfield's* in a pitiful Case, *With a Hey down, etc.*

The Speaker's Horses and Coach,

Were at stake with the Mace, and he's thrown Aum's Ace : { *Ames-Ace*,  
double ace,  
lowest dice  
throw.

*Tyburn* owes him a reproach.

By being too greedy, Colonel *Cobbett*. *With a Hey down*, etc.  
 H'as got a Bone in his throat ;  
 He hath sighed and sobbed, and grievously throbb'd ;  
 But it will not help the choak.

Pray take your turn too, Mr. *Barrow*. *With*, etc. [Robert Barrow.  
 What think you of your Plot ?  
 Your Sow would not Farrow ; the Hang-man's harrow,  
 That Hurdle, will be your Lot.

Tye him up *DUN*, 'tis Goodman *Packer*. *With*, etc. [Willm. Packer.  
 That would set up another Nose ; [i.e. Protector, O.C.  
 Had he been a backer, as Colonel *Hacker*, [See Notes.  
 He had liv'd in spite of his Foes.

*Hewson's* Companions, as scabby as Coots. *With a Hey down*, etc.  
 Have infected him with the mange,  
 They have p[uddled] his boots, he must cry 'Roots,'  
 And TURN OUT to Turnup must change.

*London*, Printed for Charles Gustavus.

[White-letter, no Woodcut. Thomason's, Date, 17th January, 16<sup>60</sup>/<sub>0</sub>.]

*Note*.—Colonel Francis Hacker had commanded the troops surrounding the scaffold at Whitehall, on the fatal 30th of January, ten years earlier, 164<sup>5</sup>/<sub>5</sub>.

*Dun* was hangman at this date, 16<sup>60</sup>/<sub>0</sub>, successor to the two Brandons, father Gregory and son Richard (see p. 613). *Derrick* had been a predecessor, 1606 (from whose gallows-tree the *Derrick* crane is named). *Jack Ketch* came later, and beheaded Russell, 1683, Monmouth, 1685. Compare Vol. V. On our pp. 612, 614, *ante*, 'The Organ's Echo' was mockingly assigned 'To the tune of the Cathedral Service.' This was Prynne's grim joke; the service being 'Gregorian.' He thus foretold the fate of Laud, since "the wish was father to that thought." The archbishop was to be put to death by *Gregory Brandon*, the elder hangman.

### The Traitors' Downfall.

INSTEAD of the additional Bagford Collection ballads (mentioned on p. 668), it is preferable to give here, on p. 661, a less-accessible ditty, not reprinted in either of the *Rump Collections*. The two exemplars differ from each other, even the title being changed.

[*Note*. The Luttrell exemplar (which we follow in text for convenience) is the later issue, and in White-letter, with the title of 'King Charles his Glory,' etc., here square-bracketed: and a woodcut of half-blind cobbler *John Hewson*, p. 662: 'To a pleasant New Tune, or, *The Crost Couple*,' for which see vol. iii. p. 648, and *Popular Music*, p. 276; Euing's Exemplar is the earlier, and is in Black-letter, with the full title 'Traitor's Downfall,' etc. The same tune to both, *Sir Eglamour* and *Crost Couple* being identical with *The Friar in the Well*. Date, May 1660.]

[Luttrell Coll., II. 36; Euing Collection, 350.]

[King Charles, his Glory, and the Rebel's Shame. (Luttrell.)]

## The Traytors' Downfall;

Or, a Brief Relation of the  
Downfall of that Phanatick Crew who traiterously Murthered the  
late King's Majesty of Blessed Memory.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Fa la la*, etc. [= *Sir Eglamore*, vol. iii. p. 607]

**C**HARLES the First was a Noble King, *Fa la la la la, la*. (sic. *passim*.)  
His fame thorow all the world did ring, *Fa la*, etc.  
But in this he was to blame, that after all his pomp and fame, [cf. p. 615.  
To lose himself at a *Scottish Game*, *Fa la*, etc., 'Twas but a foolish thing.

He was a Prince of courage stout, although his Glass was soon run out,  
Behind him he left a Noble Stock, may give Traytors a handsome knock,  
For making a King submit to a block, *Fa la, la, la, la, la*,  
*Good things may wind about . . . Then Hewson's eye goes out.*

The blood that he lost, as I suppose, *caus'd fire to rise in Oliver's nose* ;  
This ruling Nose did bear such sway, it cast such a heat and shining ray,  
That *England* scarce knew night from day : *Good Lord, preserve [Charles]'s house !*

This *Oliver* was of *Huntington* born : he was but a Brewer's Son,  
He soon forsook the Dray and Sling, and counted a Brew-house a petty thing,  
Unto the stately Throne of a King . . . *It far surpast a Tun.*

But *Oliver* had a heart of Gall, to murder his Prince at *White-hall* ;  
He swares whosoever is over the Main, whether a *French* king or of *Spain*,  
Yet in *England* no King shall reign . . . *Lest Nol himself should fall.*

Duke *Humphrey* was the first Protector, *Henry* the second the next Projector,  
Then thirdly *Oliver* he took place, but *Lucifer* soon removed his Grace,  
And set up young *Dick*, the fool of his race . . . *Dick lov'd a cup of Nectar.*

No sooner was *Dick* got up to the throne, but he considered 'twas none of his own,  
And staring this way and that way about, desirous to be resolved of a doubt,  
In comes *Lambert*, and turns him out . . . *So Lambert's courage was shown.*

*Fleetwood*, desirous of the place, sends forth *Lambert* the *Scots* to face ;  
But in the strength of his desire, when he did intend poor *Jockey* to fire,  
His men forsook him and left him i' th' mire . . . *Ay, and that was his disgrace.*

Thus you perceive how some do rise, and even surmount the Aerie Skies : [and all,  
But when they are up, they shall have a fall, witness *Fleetwood*, bliud *Hewson*,  
The Ragged Rout of a *Cobler's stall*, *fa la* : *Would Hewson had both his eyes.*

When Dame Fortune casteth a frown, these upstart Gallants fall headlong down,  
I could wish they would view their own state, and Repent before 'tis too late,  
For fear lest a *Gibbet* will be their last fate, (*fa la*), *Or whipping about the Town.*

Clear *White-Hall* of *Lob-ster* and *Goose*, cast *RUMPS* and *kidneys* out of the House,  
Fetch in *Charles* from over the main, make wars with *Dutch-men*, peace with *Spain*,  
Then we shall have money and *Trading* again (*fa la*), *And then we care not a Louse*

Citizens, look to your hits, I say : Let no Cobler preach nor pray !  
*Tom Cobler's* gone the Lord knows whither, *Lambert* and he, I hope, are together ;  
 Now fetch in the King, we shall have fair weather : *fa la. Whip Coblers run away.*

Blind *Hewson* was not over kind, *fa la, . . .* to run and leave his men behind,  
 I wish we could find him by the scent, there's neither Law nor RUMP Parliament  
 Should save him from death to give us content. '*Good People pity the Blind !*'

London, Printed for Francis Coles, in the Old Bailey. [Euing's Colophon.]



Left-hand figure is the Cobler-Colonel, "Would *Hewson* had both his eyes !"  
 The wooden-legged cripple is *Conscience* : See the *Plain-Dealing* ballad on p. 810.

### An Exit to the 'Exit Tyrannus.'

**A**N example of mutability, 'How the Whirligig of Time brings  
 about its revenges,' is furnished by this popular reversal of  
 '*Exit Tyrannus.*'

\*\* Guizot's daughter, Madame de Witt, when editing her father's *Histoire de L'Angleterre*, translated by Moy Thomas, 1882, wrote thus on the '*Exit Tyrannus*;' the subject of the ballad on p. 663:—"It was on the eve of the day when the Parliament was at length to pronounce its own dissolution [15th March, 1659]. In spite of all the agitations and manœuvres of the Republicans, both civil and military, the House now expiring had erased from its registers the oath of abjuration of *Charles Stuart* and the Monarchy. A working painter, accompanied by some soldiers, and carrying a ladder in his hand, approached a wall in the city near the Royal Exchange, where eleven years before an inscription in Latin had been placed, '*Exit Tyrannus, regum ultimus, anno libertatis Angliæ restituite primo, annoque Domini 1648.*' The workman effaced the inscription, and threw his cap into the air, exclaiming, 'God bless KING CHARLES II.!' The crowd joined its acclamations, and bonfires were lighted on the spot."

Note.—The tune named, "*I went from England into France,*" belongs to Richard Corbet's '*Merry Journey into France,*' 1618. (Bishop of Oxford, 1624; Norwich, 1632. *Obit* 1635.) See our *Merry Drolleries*, 1876, vol. iii. pp. 213, 355.

[Bagford Collection, I. 68; Brit. Mus. King's Pamphlets, 669, xvii. p. 18.]

An Exit to the  
'Exit Tyrannus:'

Or,

Upon Erasing that Egnominious and Scandalous *Motto*, which was set over the place where KING CHARLES the First [his] Statue stood, in the Royall Exchange, London.

TO THE TUNE OF, *I made a Voyage into France*, etc. [See Note, p. 662.]

AFTER curs'd Traitors damned rage, at length is come that happy age  
Wherein our hopes are crown'd,  
Our griefes are turn'd to joyes, and all our miseries and sorrowes shall  
Be in *Canary* drown'd.

Thrice happy night which, blaek as thee, hast caus'd that Hell-black doom to be  
Made by a Tyrant crew,  
When to fulfill the Divellish lust, they'd make it seem both good and just,  
That they their Sovereigne slew.

'Twas not enough with them to draw their Sword against the KING and Law,  
To rob and steale and plunder;

'Twas not enough to act all Treason, pretending still religious reason;  
This was in them no wonder.

'Twas not enough they had destroy'd our King, to make our name abroad  
A mock and scorn to be;

But to adde further to our shame, at home they blast his glorious name,  
With markes of Tyranny.

Curst Generation of *Ham's* tribe, their wickedness to him ascribe,

And seek his fame to taint;

Of whom it justly might be cry'd, "*He was a Martyr when he dy'd;*  
*And whilst he liv'd, a Saint.*"

To palliate their seditious acts, they charge him with those odious facts  
Which they them selves commit;

And 'cause they had, by their own fault, both Church and State to ruin brought,  
He must be cause of it!

'*Exit Tyrannus*' up they set, as if the Kingdome then did get  
By this their Liberty;

When as indeed from this their crime, the Nation well might date the time  
Of reall Tyranny.

We since have found their zealous tones have caus'd our true and reall grones;

We see their *Good old Cause* [Cf. p. 648, ante.

Was only made for a pretence to banish all our freedome hence,  
And overthrow our Lawes.

Oh! CHARLES, that '*Exit*' which they put, up o'er thy Statue's Head, was but  
An entrance to our woe;

That fatall AXE which thee divorc'd from us, our happiness hath forc'd  
Into the Grave to goe.

But bless'd be Providence that we this happy Night have liv'd to see,  
 Wherein for all their spight,  
 We see some hope that at the length the Kingdome may recover strength,  
 And thou regain thy right.

Thy fame no more shall be defac'd, but with these glorious titles grac'd,  
 Which are due to thy merit;  
 Nor shall the babbling Rout now dare to exclaime against thee in their prayer,  
 Or curse thee by the spirit.

Nor is't our happinesse alone, thy disgrace is wip'd out o'th stone,  
 But does proceed yet farther.  
 Brave *MONK* has given an *Exeunt* too, to those these Nations did undoe,  
 And did commit thy murder.

Goe on, brave *GEORGE!* and, as before, our Nation to her right restore,  
 Call in the lawfull Heir: [‘heyre.’]  
 Speake but an entrance to our *KING*, and none but will thy praises sing,  
 And blesse thee in their prayer.

### Finis.

[In White-letter. No Woodcut, publisher's or printer's name. Date, "March 17, 1660," marked by Thomason, in King's Pamphlets. It is followed by another ballad (of the same date), which is also in the Bagford Collection, Vol. III. p. 42, 'A Free Parliament Letany:' reprinted on p. 665.]

\* \* There are also a few other White-letter ballads of the Interregnum and 'Rump Parliament' belonging to the Bagford Collection, not yet reprinted either in our *Bagford Ballads* or in these *Roxburghe Ballads*, but reserved for the *CIVIL WAR* series, because they are, meantime, accessible in either the *Rump Collection* of 1660; or of 1662 (reprinted by Pearson in modern days); and also in the equally-unedited 'Collection of *Loyal Songs, written against the Rump Parliament between the years 1639 and 1661:*' published in 1731, 2 vols., London. We give the 'Exit to Exit Tyrannus,' because it is reprinted in neither.

These (with "More Ballads") are in the Bagford Collection:—

- Bag. I. 71. "At *Westminster*, where we take boat." (The Rota.) Reprinted in *Loyal Songs*, II. 214. *It is mockingly assigned to Henry Stubbs.*
- B. III. 9. "Free Quarter in the North has grown so scarce." Bum Fodder *Ibid.* II. 102.
- B. I. 67. "Good Morrow, my neighbours all." (Nov. 11, 1656.) *Ibid.* II. 67. Title, 'A Ballad on the Old Parliament.'
- B. III. 25. "I have lived to see such wretchedness." Hangman. (Jan. 17, 1660.) *Ibid.* II. 236.
- B. III. 11. "In a humour of late I was." Rump Ululant. (Janu. 19, 1660.) *Ibid.* II. 49.
- B. III. 3. "Most Gracious and Omnipotent." (June 5, 1647.) *Ib.* II. 264. The Parliament. By *John Cleveland*: 'J. C. revived,' p. 94, 1662.
- B. III. 10. "My Muse to prevent, lest an after-clap come." (Arsy Versy, 1659.) *Ibid.* II. 92.
- B. III. 12. "Now, by your good leave, Sirs." (Chips, &c.) *Ibid.* II. 3.

A ballad on George Monk, entitled '*Iter Boreale, the 2nd Part,*' in Bagford Coll., III. 16, being neither in *Loyal Songs*, 1731, nor *The Rump*, 1660, or 1662, is now reprinted on p. 669, beginning, "Good People all, hark to my call." Another, of later date, 1666-7, was in Vol. VI. p. 730, "King *Arthur* and his men." List of other poems entitled *Iter Boreale* in Vol. V. pp. 154, 155.

[Bagford Collection, III. 42; King's Pamphlets, 669, xvii. 19.]

## A Free Parliament Litany.

TO THE TUNE OF, *An Old Souldier of the Queen's*. [See vol. vi. p. 756.]

**M**ORE Ballads! here's a spic and span new *Supplication*,  
By Order of a Committee for the Reformation,  
To be read in all Churches and Chappells of this Nation,  
Upon pain of Slavery and Sequestration.

*From Fooles and Knaves, in our Parliament Free,  
Libera nos, Domine!*

From those that ha' more Religion and lesse Conscience than their  
From a Representative, that's fearfull and jealous; [Fellows;  
From a starting Jadeish People, that's troubled with the yellows,<sup>1</sup>  
And a Priest that blows the Coal (a f . . . in the Bellows):

*From Fools and Knaves . . . Libera nos, Domine!*

From Shepherds that lead their Flocks into the briars,  
And then, Fleece 'um; from Vow-breakers and King-Triers;  
Of Church and Crown-lands—from both sellers and buyers;  
From the Children of him that's the Father of Liars:

*From Fools and Knaves . . . Libera nos, Domine!*

From the Doctrine and Discipline of *now and anon*  
Preserve us, and our Wives: from *John T.* and *Saint John*,<sup>2</sup>  
Like Master, like Man, every way but one;  
The Master h'as a large Conscience, and the Man h'as none;

*From Fools and Knaves . . . Libera nos, Domine!*

From Major-Generals, Army-officers, and that Fanatic Crew;  
From the parboil'd pimp *Scot*, and from *Good-face* the Jew;<sup>3</sup>  
From old *Mildmay*, that in Cheapside mistook his *Queue*,  
And from him that won't *Pledge*—give the *Devil his due*.

*From Fools and Knaves . . . Libera nos, Domine;*

From long-winded Speeches and not a wise word;  
From a Gospel-Ministry settled by the Sword;  
From the 'Act' of a *Rump*, that stinks when it is stirr'd;  
From a Knight of the Post, and a *Cobling-Lord*:<sup>4</sup>

*From Fools and Knaves . . . Libera nos, Domine!*

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*Original Notes.*—In stanza 4, \* 'Now and anon' refers to 'Willm. Sedgwick;' [known as Doomsday Sedgwick, a preacher who, like Dr. John Cumming, loved to foretell the near end of the world]. † *John T.* &c. ‡ *Saint John* are 'John a Nokes and John a Styles.' In stanza 5, Sir Henry Mildmay, M.P. for Malden, is annotated, '§ *Repulsed by a Citizen's Wife*;' and the 'two Lawyers' of stanza 10 are designated ¶ 'Jacks both.' [*John T.* was *John Thurloe*, *Ol. C's* Sec.]

From all the Rich People that ha' made us Poor ;  
 From a Speaker that creeps to the House by a Back-door ;  
 From that badger *Robinson* (that limps, and bites sore) ;<sup>5</sup>  
 And that dog in a doublet, *Arthur*—that will do so no more :  
*From Fools and Knaves . . . Libera nos, Domine !*

From a certain *Sly Knave* with a beastly name ;  
 From a Parliament that's wild, and a People that's tame ;  
 From *Skippon*, *Titchbourne*, *Ireton*, and another of the same :<sup>6</sup>  
 From a Dunghill-Cock, and a Hen of the Game :  
*From Fools and Knaves . . . Libera nos, Domine !*

From all those that sate in the High Court of Justice ;  
 From Usurpers, that style themselves ' the People's Trustees ;'  
 From an old *Rump* in which neither profit nor gust is ;  
 And from the *recovery* of that which now in the dust is :<sup>7</sup> [O. C.]  
*From Fools and Knaves . . . Libera nos, Domine !*

From a Back-sliding Saint, that pretends to acquiesce ;<sup>8</sup>  
 From Crossing of Proverbs (let 'um Hang that confess) ;  
 From a snivelling *Cause* in a Pontifical dress ; [H. Vane.]  
 Two Lawyers with the Devil and his *Dam* in a mess :  
*From Fools and Knaves . . . Libera nos, Domine !*

From those that trouble the waters to mend the Fishing ;  
 And fight ' the Lord's Battles ' under the Devil's commission ;  
 Such as eat up the Nation, while the Government's a-dishing ;  
 And from a People, when it should be Doing, stands Wishing :  
*From Fools and Knaves . . . Libera nos, Domine !*

From an *everlasting* Mock-Parliament—and from none ;  
 From *Strafford's* old friends—*Harry*, *Jack*, and *John* ;<sup>9</sup>  
 From the Solicitor's Wolf-law, deliver our King's son ;  
 And from the Resurrection of the *Rump* that is dead and gone :  
*From Fools and Knaves . . . Libera nos, Domine !*

From Foreign-Invasion and Commotions at home ;  
 From our present distraction, and from worse to come :  
 From the same hand again, *Smectymnuus*<sup>10</sup> or the Bumme ;  
 And from taking *Genera* in our way to *Rome* : [Ctoak, vol. iv.]  
*From Fools and Knaves . . . Libera nos, Domine !*

From a hundred thousand Pound Tax, to maintain knaves & whores ;  
 (But it is well given to These, that turn'd Those out of Doors ;)  
 From undoing our selves, in plaist'ring old sores ;  
 He that set them a-work, let him pay their scores :  
*From Fools and Knaves . . . Libera nos, Domine !*



From Saints, and Tender-Consciences in Buff,  
 From *Mounson* in a foam,<sup>11</sup> and *Haslerigg* in a Huff ;  
 From both men and women that think they never have enough :  
 And from a Fool's head that looks through a chain and a ruff :  
*From Fools and Knaves . . . Libera nos, Domine !*

From those that would divide the *General* and the *City* ; [Monk.  
 From *Harry Martin's* whore, that was neither sound nor pretty ;<sup>12</sup>  
 From a Faction that has neither brain nor pity ;  
 From the 'Mercy' of a Phanatic Committee :  
*From Fools and Knaves . . . Libera nos, Domine !*

Preserve us, good Heaven, from intrusting those  
 That ha' Much to get, and Little to lose :  
 That murder'd the *Father*, and the *Son* would depose :  
 (Sure they can't be our Friends, that are their Country's foes :)  
*From Fools and Knaves . . . Libera nos, Domine !*

From *Bradshaw's* presumption, and from *Hoyle's* despairs ;<sup>13</sup> [May'rs :  
 From rotten Members, blind guides, preaching Aldermen, and false  
 From Long knives, Long ears, Long Parliaments, and Long Prayers :  
 In mercy to this Nation—deliver us, and our heirs.  
*From Fools and Knaves, in our Parliament free,*  
*Libera nos, Domine !*

[No colophon, or woodcut. In White-letter: with five notes on the broadside margin (given on p. 665), in italic type and with asterisk, dagger, double-cross, section-sign, and paragraph-sign: to distinguish them from our own currency.]

<sup>1</sup> *Editorial Notes.*—This contemptuous characterization of the democracy is true: ever jealous and thankless against all who are superior to them, but ready to be coerced and cheated by mere mediocrity. Our Shakespeare showed what the 'mob' was, and is, Athenian, Roman, or English, always vile.

“ You common cry of Curs ! whose breath I hate  
 As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you :  
 And here remain with your uncertainty !  
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts ;  
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
 Fan you into despair.”

<sup>2</sup> *John Thurloe*, Sec., and *Oliver St. John*, of whom it was said,

If *Saint John* be a Saint, sir, he hath a devilish taint sir,  
 While *Strafford's* blood in Heaven's High Court  
 Of Justice makes complaint, sir.—*Chipp's of the Old Block.*

*St. John* used the stones of Peterborough Minster for his new house.

<sup>3</sup> *Thomas Scot*, State-Secretary, one of the Regicides, afterwards executed.

<sup>4</sup> When *Oliver Cromwell* had attempted to abolish the genuine Peers, and made a batch of ill-kneaded half-baked 'Lords,' a new creation among them was "Colonel" *John Hewson* (see p. 662), originally a Cobler.

"*Luke Robinson*, that Clownado, tho' his heart be a Grenado,  
Yet a High-shoe, with his hands in his poke,  
Is his most perfect shadow."—*Chippys*.

"Though now they tempt *Monk* with a thousand per annum,  
In hopes that, to worship, his face he'll fall flat on ;  
Yet he's wise enough to resist and disdain 'em,  
And cry 'Get behind me, thou Bob-tail of Satan !'

"Right pat with *St. George's* this story will jump :  
Poor *England's* the Damsel appointed for slaughter,  
And *Monk* the *St. George* to kill Dragon *RUMP*,  
And safely restore the King of his fair Daughter."

—*Rump Righteously Handled*, 11 Jan., 1653.

Sir *Arthur Haselrigg*, one of the 'Five Members,' afterwards Governor of Newcastle, grabbed *Durham* Church lands (p. 677), and died worn out, in 1660.

"What is the cause, Sir *Arthur*, your pulse goes so quick ?

'Tis Bishops' Lands, that's in your hands, which makes them beat so thick.'"

—*The Bloody Bead-roll*, 1658.

"There's some of you whose Bishop's Lands'  
Do so much clog their heels,  
That now they cannot stir, whereas  
Else would they run on wheels."—*The She-Citizen's Delight*.

<sup>5</sup> The Speaker is Sir *William Lenthal*, who died 1663. *Luke Robinson* was selected by Parliament to bribe *Monk* with money and Hampton Court :

<sup>6</sup> The 'sly knave with a beastly name' is probably Alderman *Atkins*, of unsavoury renown ; pious *Philip Skippon* had "gotten a wound," at *Naseby*, Major-General. Alderman Sir *Robt. Tichbourne* was one of the Commissioners for the sale of Crown-lands alluded to in third stanza.

"*Titchbourn* could preach, pray, and prate by the Spirit."—*Rump Carbonado'd*.

*John Ireton* (see p. 649), an alderman on the Customs' Committee, afterwards Mayor. Brother of Henry Ireton, first husband of Cromwell's daughter Bridget, 1647 (she afterwards married Charles Fleetwood, whose intrigue with her is indicated, he as the dung-hill cock, and she as a 'Hen of the Game').

<sup>7</sup> Reference to the dead Oliver Cromwell's Protectorate, which had lapsed from Richard (p. 686) ; or to the funeral expenses, never repaid to him.

<sup>8</sup> The back-sliding Saint is *John Lambert*, husband of Oliver's bosom-friend 'Lady' Lambert. "Lambert I knew was troubled with the yellows."

<sup>9</sup> Sir *Harry Vane*, young Harry (son of Old Harry) : from whom Cromwell bade the Lord to deliver him. *JACK Maynard* and *JOHN Pym*, the two lawyers.

<sup>10</sup> *Smectymnuus!* the name formed from initials of 'pestilent preachers.' Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and *William Spurstow*. Cf. *John Cleaveland's* poem, "*Smectymnuus!* the goblin makes me start," etc., *Rump*, i. 157.

<sup>11</sup> 'Lord' *Mounson*, henpecked, "You ha' got a Park of the King's."

<sup>12</sup> Very sad, if true, "but she were a bad un were she : " cf. Cromwell's plain language in 1653, to Martin (whose face he had inked, in horse-play, when signing the Death-warrant of Charles I.), "and upbraided him with his adultery."

<sup>13</sup> John Bradshaw, the President of the packed 'High Court of Justice' (see p. 621) ; and Alderman Hoyle, M.P. who hanged himself prematurely : cf. *Cleaveland's* poem on him, in the *Rump Collection*, i. 288. "All hail, fair fruit ! " Old Sir Harry *Vane* seems to have similarly suspended himself ; see *Rump*, ii. 64.

"Methinks in his eyes [*young Vane's*] the waters do gather,

As if the Lord *Strafford's* death troubled his sight ;

Perhaps he repents, and means (like his Father)

Ev'n in his own Garter to do his ghost right."—*Rump Handled*.

## Three Ballads on George Monk.

(AFTERWARDS DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.)

GREAT were the services rendered by George Monk, and at the right time, to ensure a Restoration of the Monarchy, visibly and potentially; but to those who held the doctrine of hereditary succession, "*Le Roi est mort: Vive le Roi!*"—Prince Charles had become King Charles II. immediately after his father's death, although neither proclaimed nor crowned until a later year. The nation was utterly weary of the anarchy which had followed the oppressive tyranny of the Commonwealth, and it was merely a question of time, more than of men, to fix the date of the desired change. Charles had been '*Gustavus*'—the longed-for and expected.

In contrast to the restless, vehement, and shallow conspirators, who were selfishly attempting to exalt themselves, without ability to compass their ends or courage to fall with dignity, George Monk offers a strangely reticent and resolute personality. He had studied searchingly to the depths every man with whom he came in contact, and taken each measure accurately. He knew also what was deficient in himself, and this insight preserved him from vulgar ambition. Something cynical mingled with his judgment of competing claims; and he finally cast in his lot for the crown to be worn by King Charles.

Many broadside ballads and addresses celebrated General George Monk. The first lines and titles of some are subjoined, including the three given here:—

- "Admire not, noble sir, that you should hear." (By *Thomas Jordan*.)  
Sung at Skinners' Hall, April 4, 1660. Lindes., 810.
- "Amongst the rest, the Muses gave consent." (By *C. Southaic*.) Lind. 813.  
Fame's Genius. Sung at Vintners' Hall, 12 April, 1660.
- "*England's St. George*, who did the Virgins free." (By *Richard Farrar*.)  
May 22, 1660. Lindesiana, 815.
- "General *George*, that valiant wight." Feb. 16<sup>50</sup>/<sub>60</sub>. *Rump*, i. 371.
- "Good may'st thou be." (Roxb. see p. 675. By *J. W. unique*.)
- "Good people all, hark to my Call." (By *T. H.*, see p. 611.) See p. 670.
- "Greatest of Monarchs, welcome to this place." (By *Wilm. Davenant*.)  
Monk's Entertainment of the King, 19 Nov., 1660. L., 816.
- "Is your peace just? What rock stands it upon?" (By *Thomas Jordan*.)  
At Fishmongers' Hall, 13 April, 1660. Lindes., 814.
- "Let me make one too! are you grown so stout." (By *Thomas Jordan*.)  
At Goldsmiths' Hall, 10 April, 1660. Lindes., 811.
- "Most honour'd Sir, if a poor scholar may." (By *Thomas Jordan*.)  
At Drapers' Hall, 28 March, 1660. Lindes., 807.
- "Nay then, let me come too with my Address." (By *T. Jordan*.)  
At Clothworkers' Hall, 13 March, 16<sup>50</sup>/<sub>60</sub>. (Lindes., 806.)
- "No more, good people, talk no more." (*Civic Garland*, Percy Soc.)  
At Goldsmiths' Hall, 11 April, 1660.
- "Now would I give my life to see." (p. 672.) Drapers' Hall, Mar. 28, 1660.
- "Topsie turvey, *Hey down derry*." At Fisher's Folly, 1660. Lindes., 817.
- "Welcome, Great Sir!" (By *Thomas Jordan*.) Vintner's Hall. Lind., 812.
- "You divine Caballers." (By *Wm. Drummond*, son of *Hawthornden D.*) L. 818.

[Bagford Collection, III. 16. See *Note* on p. 664.]

## Iter Boreale, the Second Part.

### Relating

The Progress of the Lord General Monk; Calling in the Secluded Members, their voting King CHARLE[S] the Second home, his Joyfull reception at *Dover*, and his Glorious Conduct through *London*, to his Royal Palace at *White-Hall*.

By T. H. a Person of Quality.

TO THE TUNE OF, *When first the Scottish Wars began* (see *Bagford Ballads*, p. 331).

Good people all, hark to my call, I'll tell you all, what did befall,  
 And happened of late;  
 Our noble valiant General *Monk* came to the Rump, who lately stunk,  
 With their Councel of State;  
 Admiring what this man would do, his secret mind there's none could know,  
 They divid into him as much as they could, *George* could not be won with their  
 silver and gold. [See *Note of burden, at the end.*]

Another invention then they sought, which long they wrought for to be brought,  
 To clasp him with they [i.e. with themselves].  
 Quoth *Vane* and *Scot*, "I'll tell you what, we'll have our Plot, and he shall not,  
 We'll carry the sway;  
 Let's vote him a thousand pound a year, and *Hampton Court* for he and his Heir."  
 Quoth *George*, "Indeed, you're free Parliament men, to cut a thong out of  
 another man's skin."

They sent him then, with all his hosts, to break our Posts, and raise our ghosts,  
 Which was their intent,  
 To cut our Gates and Chains all down, unto the ground, this trick they found,  
 To make him be sheut: [shent = abashed].  
 This Plot the Rump did so accord, to cast an *odium* on my Lord,  
 But in this task he was hard put unto 't, 'twas enough to infect both his horso  
 and his foot.

So when my Lord perceiv'd, that night, what was their spight, he brought to light  
 Their knaveries all.

The Parliament of Forty-eight, which long did wait, came to him straight,  
 To give them a Fall.

And some Phanatical people knew that *George* would give them their fatal due;  
 For indeed he did requite them agen; for he pull'd the Monster out of his den.

To the House our worthy Parliament, with good intent, they boldly went  
 To Vote home the King;

And many hundred people more, stood at the door, which waited for  
 Good tidings to bring.

But some in the House, whose hands were in blood, in great Opposition like  
 Traitors they stood, [twenty to one.

And yet I believe, 'tis very well known, that those that were for him were

They call'd the League and Covenant in, to be read again to every man,  
 But what comes next?  
 "All Sequestrations null and void," the people said, none should be paid:  
 So this was the Text:  
 For as I heard all the People say, they voted King *Charles* the second of *May*,  
 Bonfires burning, Bells did ring, & our streets did echo with "God blesse the King!"  
 Our General then to *Dover* goes, in spite of foes or deadly blows,  
 Saying, "*Vive le Roy*;"  
 And all the glories of the Land, at his command, there they did stand  
 In Triumph and Joy, [his knee.  
 Good Lord, what a sumptuous sight 'twas to see, our good Lord General fall on  
 To welcome home his Majesty, and own his Sacred Sovereignty.  
 Then all this worthy noble Train came back again with *Charlemain*,  
 Our Sovereign great.  
 Lord Mayor in his Scarlet Gown, with Chain so long, went thro' the Town,  
 In pomp and state;  
 The Livery-men each side the way, upon this great Triumphant day,  
 Five rich maces carried before, and my Lord himself the Sword he bore; [King:  
 Then "*Vive le Roy*" the Gentry did sing, for General *Monk* rode next to the  
 With acclamations, shouts and cries, I thought they would have rent the skies.  
 The Conduits ravished with Joy, as I might say, did run all day  
 Great plenty of wine,  
 And every Gentleman of note, in 's Velvet coat, that could be got,  
 In glory did shine.  
 There were all the Peers and Barons bold, richly clad in silver and gold,  
 Marched through the streets so brave; no greater pomp a King could have:  
 And thus conducted all along, throughout the throng, till he did come  
 Unto *White-hall*,  
 Attended by these Noble-men, bold *Hector's* kin, that brought him in,  
 With the General,  
 Who was the man that brought him home, and placed him on his Royal Throne,  
 'Twas General *Monk* did do this thing. So God preserve our Gracious King.

LONDON, Printed for *Henry Broome*, at the *Gun*, in *Ioy Lane*, 1660.

[In White-letter, single sheet, without woodcut. Date, *June*, 1660.]

\* \* "T. H. a Person of Quality," author of this '*Iter Boreale*, the Second Part,' was either *Thomas Houghton* or *Handford*, who wrote 'The Loyal and True-hearted Subject's Good-Will to King and Commonwealth,' beginning, "Miners of Minerals, where e'er you be" (reprinted, vol. v. p. 69).

Of the present ballad were two distinct issues; unique exemplars of each remain. One is a 'Trunk Ballad' (misprinting 'heros' for 'Hectors;,' beginning, "Good people hearken to my call," omitting the author's initials, and reading 'tired' for *clad*); it has an extended title, thus:—'The Noble Progress; or, A True Relation of the Lord General *Monk's* political proceedings with the Rump; the calling-in the Secluded Members, their transcendent Vote for his Sacred Majesty, with his Reception at *Dorer*, and Royal Conduct through the City of *London*, to his famous Palace at *Whitehall*.' The tune is, '*When first the Scottish Wars began*.' Woodcut, the Drum-major, etc., complete, as in vol. iv. pp. 325, 7, 11. The texts agree, but this burden is added:—

"The Sectarian Saints at this lookt blue,  
 With all the rest of the factious Crew;  
 They vapour'd awhile, and were in good hopes,  
 But now they have nothing left but the Rope."

[Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *W. Gilbertson*. Black-letter. Date, 1660.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 259; Bagford, III. 5; Lindes, 808; King's Pamphlets, Vol. XVII. 669, folio.]

**A Pleasant Dialogue between the  
Country-Man and Citizen, presented to my Lord  
Generall and Councell of State, at their last Dinner  
at Drapers' Hall, March the 28, 1660.**

THE TUNE IS, *I'le never love thee more.* [See Vol. vi. p. 581.]

TOM.

NOW would I give my life to see,  
This wondrous man of might.

DICK. Dost see that jolly Lad? that's he,  
I'le warrant him he's right.

TOM. There's a true Trojan in his face,  
Observe him o're and 'ore.

DICK. *Come Tom if ever George be base,  
Ne're trust good fellow more.*

He's none of that Phantastique brood,  
That murder while they pray,  
That trusse and cheat us for our good,  
(All in a Godly way),  
He drinks no blood, and they no sack  
Into their guts will poure:  
*But if George doe not do the knack,  
Ne're trust good fellow more.*

16

His quiet conscience needs no guard,  
He's brave but full of pitty.

TOM. Yet by your leave he knockt so hard  
H'ad lik'd t' awak'd the city.

DICK. Fool, 'twas the Rump that let a fart,  
The chains and gates it tore,  
*But if George beares not a true heart,  
Ne're trust good fellow more.*

TOM. Your City blades are cunning rooks,  
How rarely you collogue him,  
But when your gates flew off the hooks,  
You did as much be-rogue him.

DICK. Pugh—'was the Rump did only feele  
The blows the city bore,  
*But if George be'nt as true as steele,  
Ne'r trust good fellow more.*

32

- DICK. Come, by this hand we'l crack a quart,  
 Thou'lt, pledge his health, I trow,
- TOM. Tope, boy. DICK A lusty dish, my heart,  
 Away w'it! TOM. Let it goe.  
 Drench me, you slave, in a full Bowle,  
 I'le take 't, an 'twere a score.
- DICK. *Nay, if George be'nt a hearty soule, Ne'r trust, etc.*
- TOM. But heark! you, sirrah, we're too loud,  
 He'l hang us by and by.
- DICK. Methinks he should be vengeance proud!  
 No more than thee or I. [i.e. thou would'st.
- TOM. Why then, I'le give him the best blade  
 That e're the Bilbo wore.
- DICK. *If George prove not a bonny Lad, Ne're trust, etc.* 48
- TOM. 'Twas well he came, we'd quell'd the Tail, [t. 'quew'd  
 ye tale.]  
 We've all thrown up our farms,  
 And from the musquet to the flayle,  
 Put all our men in arms.  
 The girles had ta'ne the members down,  
 Ne're saw such things before.
- DICK. *If George speak not the town our own, ne'r trust, etc.*
- DICK. But prethee are the folke so mad?  
 TOM. So mad, say'st? they're undone,  
 There's not a penny to be had,  
 And every mother's sonne,  
 Must fight if he intend to eat,  
 Grow valiant, now he's poor.
- DICK. *Come, if George do not doe the feat,  
 Ne'r trust good fellow more* 64
- TOM. Why *Richard*, 'tis a divelish thing,  
 We're not left worth a groat.  
 My *Doll* has sold her wedding Ring,  
 And *Sue* has pawned her coat,  
 The sniv-ling rogues abus'd our 'Squire,  
 And call'd our Mistresse whore!
- DICK. *Yet if George do not what we desire, ne'r trust, etc.*
- TOM. By this good day, I did but speak,  
 They tooke my py-bal'd mare,  
 And put the carrion wench to th' squeak,  
 (Things goe against the haire):  
 Our prick-ear'd Cor'nell looks as big,  
 Still, as he did before.
- RIC. *And yet if George don't hum his Gig,  
 Ne'r trust good fellow more.* 80

Faith *Tom* our case is much at one,  
 We're broke for want of trade ;  
 Our City's baffled and undone,  
 Betwixt the Rump and Blade. [*cf.* Tail.  
 We've emptied both our veins and bags,  
 Upon a Factious score :  
*If George compassion not our rags, ne'r trust, etc.*

*Tom.* But what do'st think should be the cause,  
 Whence all these mischiefs spring ?

*Ric.* Our damned breach of Oaths and Laws,  
 Our murder of the King.  
 We have been slaves since *Charles* his reign,  
 We liv'd like Lords before.  
*If George don't set all right again,*  
*Ne'r trust good fellow more.* 96

*Tom.* Our Vicar (and he's one that knows),  
 Told me once . . . I know what :  
 And yet the Chief is woundy close,

*Ric.* 'Tis all the better ;— That !  
 H's too much honesty and wit,  
 To let his tongue run o're,  
*If this prove not a lucky hit, ne're trust, etc.*

Shall's ask him what he means to doe ?

*Tom.* Good faith, with all my heart,  
 Thou mak'st the better leg o' th' two,  
 Take thou the better part.

I'll follow, if thou't lead the van,  
*Ric.* Content ! . . . I'll march before.  
*If George prove not a valiant man,*  
*Ne'r trust good fellow more* 112

My Lord ! in us the Nation craves [Addressing *Monk.*  
 But what you're bound to doe.

*Tom.* We have liv'd drudges. *Ric.* And we slaves :  
 We would not die so too.  
 Restore us but our laws agen,  
 Th' unborn shall thee adore.  
*If George denies us his 'amen,'*  
*Ne're trust Good Fellow more.*

[By **Thomas Jordan**, 1660.]



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 246. Apparently Unique.]

## England's Heroick Champion;

Or,

The ever-renowned General *George Monck*, through  
whose valour and prudence *England's* ancient  
Liberties are restored, and a Full and Free  
Parliament now to be called, to the great joy of  
the Nation.

Let the Trump of Fame sound forth the name  
Of honourable actions, to free this Land from factions.  
Then [ac]cept of what is meant, [t. ex.  
And pray for a free Parliament.

TO A PLEASANT NEW *Northern* TUNE.

Good may'st thou be, as thou art great,  
Ever regarded,  
Or like *Alexander* compleat,  
Richly rewarded,  
Gainst thy virtue none dare stand,  
Excluded Members now are  
Back return'd by thy hand.

Many miles did'st thou compass,  
Only us to free,  
Nothing by thee too hard was,  
Compared to be,  
Keep us in thy protection!  
We were all greatly distrest;  
Bring thou in all the best.

Great Bonfires then was made, [Satur. 11 Feb.  
Expressing ioy,  
Of us that sorrow did invade.  
Refresh our annoy,  
Guard us with thy aid, we desire,  
Exaltations we will raise,  
Unto heaven in thy praise.

Much good hast thou already done,  
Over this land,  
Now our hearts thou quite hast won,  
Command, Command!  
Kindly we will entertain,  
Those that were excluded,  
For they have not intruded.

Govern thou us by rightful laws,  
 Exclude us not from  
 Our iust rights in any cause,  
 Revenge us on  
 Great *Brit[a]in's* cruel hateful foes,  
     Future dangers to prevent,  
     For a full free Parliament.

Millions dayly thou may'st see  
 Owning thy worth,  
 None of us from thee will flee,  
 Carry us forth,  
 Knowledge thou hast in each thing,  
     We will strive to give content,  
     For a full free Parliament.

The second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

Gather thou together Rights,  
 Every man,  
 Of ninety Burgesses and Knights,  
 Revive again,  
 Give to each man his due place,  
     Let there be none absent,  
     In a full free Parliament.

May five hundred and eight  
 Only now sit!  
 Now the whole Land takes delight,  
 Commending thy wit;  
 Know the world but thy worth,  
     They would not strive to prevent  
     A full free Parliament.

Great numbers of them are dead,  
 Envy control'd,  
 Others then away was led  
 Round the pin-fold;  
 Great was our deliverance,  
     To thousands, to their content,  
     For a full free Parliament.

Make four hundred and twenty  
 Own their seclusion!  
 Nay, the House being empty,  
 Caused confusion;  
 Keeping all to themselves:  
     Which they may now repent,  
     Before a full Parliament.

Great worth hath thee so renown'd,  
 Even in these dayes,  
 Of thy worthy Actions crown'd  
 Right is the praise,  
 Good men of thee relate,  
     This thy noble Action  
     Of Parliament's election.

May we but once live to see  
 Our happiness,  
 Now enlarged be by thee!  
 Could we express  
 Knowledge of our joyful state,  
     Which doth breed our content  
     In a free full Parliament.

Great *Arthur* with his Hasel sword [*Arthur Haselrigg.*  
 Even afoul'd,  
 O rest, you must, upon my word,  
 Return control'd:  
 Give *Durham's* Bishoprick away      [*Theo. Morton,*  
     To the poor that now lament,      *ob. 21 Sept. '59.*  
     Desiring a free Parliament.

Many thousands he hath wronged,  
 Out of disdain,  
 Now give thou what to them belonged,  
 Comme once again,      [*Sic.*  
 Keep back nothing from the poor,  
     And strive not to prevent,  
     A full free Parliament.

Great *Arthur* caus'd the City gates  
 Eagerly fall;  
 Oh, how every man him hates,  
 Regards him small;  
 Great injustice was it then:  
     The like dangers to prevent,  
     Bring him before the Parliament.

Many thousands him disdain,  
 Out on his deeds!  
 No good remembrance doth remain,  
 Coning proceeds.      [*i.e. Cunning.*

Keeping us now from those that would  
     Breed us all discontent,  
     God send us a free Parliament. **J. W.** [Not *Wade.*

London, Printed for *J. Andrews*, at the *White-Lion*, near *Pye-corner*.

[In Black-letter. Four Woodcuts: 1st, a king on horse-back; 2nd, a man in trunk-hose holding a huge cap; 3rd, a king, in furred robes. Date, 16<sup>59</sup>.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 160 verso ; Euing, 309.]

## The Loyall Subject's Joy ;

Or,

Joyfull news to all that faithfull be,  
 And doth desire a happy year to see,  
 To see the same, let all good Christians pray  
 That CHARLES in peace may Crown and Sceptre sway :  
 Then should we see such love in fair ENGLAND,  
 No foreign nation durst against us stand.

THE TUNE IS, *Sound a Charge.*

YOU Loyall Subjects all, *sing for joy, sing for joy ;*  
 Good news here's at *White-Hall, sing for joy !*  
 A second Charles is come : though heavy news to some,  
 Let them say no more but mum, *sing for joy, sing for joy.*

Long time we did him want, *sing for joy, sing for joy ;*  
 Which made all trading scant, *sing for joy ;*  
 But now I hope that we shall better trading see,  
 And live in unity, *sing for joy, etc.* *[sic. passim.*

Our Royal Parliament, I hope will give content :  
 That Charles of high renown, in peace may wear the Crown,  
 And put all schisms down : *Sing [for joy !]*

For George, our Generall, *sing for joy !* *[i.e. Geo. Monk.*  
 Let us pray both great and small, *sing for joy.*  
 That faithfull he may stand, for the good of Fair England,  
 Then we will fight with heart and hand, *sing for joy.*

For if Charles do wear the Crown, and pull all Taxes down,  
 Then Quakers look about, for you will have the rout,  
 Of that there is no doubt, *sing for joy !*

The Gospell flourish shall, Heavens bless them at *White-hall !*  
 Lord grant they may agree, that we all [Peace] may see,  
 And joyful unity : *sing for joy !*

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

FOR Sects and Schisms they (*Sing for joy, etc.*)  
 Shall in England bear no sway : *sing for joy !*  
 Quaker, nor any other, which would the Gospell smother,  
 If that he were my Brother : *sing for joy !*

Good Souldiers will not daunt, what though they money want,  
Their arrears are all at hand, that will true and faithfull stand,  
And be at *Charles's* and *George's* command: *sing for joy!*

*England* rejoyce with me; We happy days shall see;  
For I hope all trades will mend, and cruel wars will end,  
Peace so much will stand our friend: *Sing for joy!*

Merchants of high renown, if *Charles* enjoy the Crown,  
Most happy dayes you'l see, Trading so good will be:  
If *Charles* and *George* agree, *sing for joy!* -

If this all to pass do come, then let both all & some *sing for joy!*  
Then will all *England's* foes lament their grievous woes,  
For fear of *English* blows: *sing for joy*, etc.

So to conclude I cry; for Peace and Liberty,  
Let all true Subjects stand, for the good of fair *England*,  
Under *Charles* and *George* command, *Sing for joy!*

So, as I first begun, *sing for joy*, *Sing for joy!*

My subject still shall run, *Sing for joy!*

Let all good Christians pray, that Peace may bear the sway,  
Amen, Amen, I say, *sing for joy*, *sing for joy!*

Finis.

[Thomas] R[obins].

London, Printed for *Charles Tyus*, on *London Bridge*.

[The Roxburghe copy is printed at the back of 'The Beautiful Shepherdess of *Arcadia*,' beginning, "There was a Shepherd's Daughter," reprinted *Roxburghe Ballads*, iii. 451. The '*Loyal Subjects' Joy*' is in Black-letter, with four cuts: 1st, a Pope erect; 2nd, the woman in man's attire, p. 548; 3rd, Heraldic heading; 4th, man in trunk hose, i. p. 54. Date, early in June, 1660.]

\*\* Initials of Thomas Robins appear on several other *Roxburghe Ballads* (in vols. iv. p. 470; vi. p. 604; and also for 'Robin Hood and the Beggar,' still to follow). These begin, 1st, "Good people all I pray draw near." 2nd, "Is there never a man in all *Scotland?*" 3rd, "Come, light and listen you gentleman all."



"On this side they have circumscribed '*God with Us!*'

And in this stamp and Coyn they confide;

'*Common-wealth*' on the other, by which we may guess

That GOD and the *States* are not both of a side."

—*The States' New Coyn*, 1649 (see p. 648).

## The King enjoys his Dwn again.

THE Restoration being fully won, Charles II. was welcomed with enthusiastic rejoicings in London, on his birthday, the ever-memorable Royal Oak Day, 29th of May. A celebration of this anniversary has not yet lost its charm for us, who have made it a wedding-day and annual festival, neither forgetting nor omitting its due Church-solemnity, seeing how the Church itself had been despoiled and overthrown during the Rebellion; nevertheless in recent years a demoralized Privy Council of Laymen officiously decreed its cessation, no less than the commemorative-service of the 30th of January. We gave already in this volume, Martin Parker's ballad, which had helped to sustain the hopes of Cavaliers during those dark hours before the dawn, when weaker hearts might have yielded to despair. It was reprinted on p. 634, and we now give on p. 682, the later and corrupted version belonging to the Roxburghe Collection. Another ballad, still to the same tune, and rare, is preserved, in *The Royal Garland of Love and Delight*, in Black-Letter, and reprint, of 1674. We give it here:—

### The Mirror of Prince CHARLES the Second.

TUNE OF *The King enjoys his own again.* [See p. 634.]

COME, cheer up all you gallant spirits,  
 For Traitors fall, and *Charles* inherits;  
*George* and the rest have done their parts, [George Monk.  
 Then droop no more as heretofore,  
 But courage, up! brave *English* hearts!  
 For God above hath made it known  
 That now *King Charles* enjoys his own.

The Church shall find a Reformation,  
 And livings freed from Sequestration;  
 Learning shall flourish once again;  
 In spite of those that did oppose.  
 The Clergy shall their rights obtain,  
 And sacrilege there shall be none,  
 For now *King Charles* enjoys his own.

The Protestant reformed Religion  
 No more shall [here] abide derision;  
 Our King defends the faith with care:  
 Whose royal will is ever still  
 "God's house he made a house of prayer:"  
 All things in order [are] comely done,  
 For now *King Charles* enjoys his own.

Courtiers will be no more distrest  
 By lawless Tyrants that oppres'd;  
 No taxes shall be paid in vain;  
 The painful Plough shall prosper now,  
 And good house-keeping come again:  
 All burthens eas'd, men shall not groan,  
 For now *King Charles* enjoys his own.

Since the King returns hither,  
So many blessings meet together,  
Come, praise that God whence all proceed,  
And evermore let us adore,  
That mercy hath three kingdoms freed :  
All glory be to God alone !  
*For now King Charles enjoys his own.*

God save the King in sure protection,  
Health, wealth, and peace, and all perfection,  
Of endless honour and renown ;  
Whilst still we cry, ' *Vive le Roi !*'  
And blessing still attend the Crown :  
So long as shines the sun and moon,  
*So long may Charles enjoy his own.*

Those who know that human nature is weak and impulsive, neglecting all wise precautions so soon as danger is averted and toils overcome, may accept without surprise the record of license and reckless prodigality having followed fast on the downfall of such a ' Dominion of the Sword ' as Pym and Henry Ireton, having established, left for awhile behind them. It must have been specially galling to the Lord Mayor, Sir John Ireton, to behold re-establishment of the Monarchy which his brother Henry had done his utmost to destroy, and to see the exhumation of his corpse, with that of Bradshaw, and also of Cromwell, followed by the basest indignities of exposure at Tyburn Tree. That punishment would inevitably fall on some of the regicides must have been foreseen, when their fifty-one names were found absent from the Proclamation of Indemnity or amnesty. Nineteen of them had surrendered willingly at once, and were not executed. Charles II. was in no respect cruel or vindictive. It was the zeal of his own Restoration Parliament that doomed thirteen of the others to death. Thomas Harrison, Hugh Peters, John Cook, John Carew, Thomas Scot, John Jones, Gregory Clement, Adrian Scroop, Daniel Axtell, and Francis Hacker, all of them put to death with the customary barbarities for High Treason, in October, 1660. Miles Corbet, and Colonels John Okey and John Barkstead, fell on the scaffold, in April, 1662 ; a great mistake to so prolong or recommence the butchery, when people had awakened to a sense of it being needless.

Cavaliers were disappointed, who had been impoverished and persecuted for many years, and whose families had in many cases perished by famine, or been shamefully sold into slavery across the seas at Barbadoes. It would have been impossible to repay with gratitude or wealth all who had suffered, and there were special difficulties in compelling wrongful possessors of so-called ' forfeited estates ' and church-lands to disgorge their booty. But the sight of such lavish prodigality and wasteful revels as speedily went to enrich the turncoat Puritans were grievous. One of the best instances of the discontent, nine months after the Restoration, is ' The Cavalier's Complaint ' (to the tune of Sir John Suckling's ' *I tell thee, Dick* '). It is dated 15 March, 166<sup>9</sup>, has an *Answer*, and begins thus,

" Come, *Jack*, let's drink a Pot of Ale,  
And I shall tell thee such a tale,  
Will make thine ears to ring ;  
My coyne is spent, my time is lost,  
And I this only fruit can boast,  
That once I saw the King ! " etc.

Of the next ballad, ' *When the King enjoys his own again*, ' our Roxburghe exemplar is much later than Euing's, No. 96, one which is entitled ' *England's Great Prognosticator*, foretelling when *England* shall enjoy a settled peace and happinesse again : *Not by planets, signes, nor by stars, But truly tells when ends these bloody wars.*' To the Tune of, ' *When the King enjoyes his own again* ' (p. 634). Printed for *Francis Grove*, on *Snow-Hill Without Newgate* : with two large cuts.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 256; Lindesiana, 1266.]

## The King enjoys his own again.

TO BE JOYFULLY SUNG, WITH ITS OWN PROPER TUNE.

[Tunc of, *Marry me, marry me, quoth the bonny Lass.* See p. 634].

**W**Hat *Booker* can Prognosticate?  
 Or speak of our Kingdom's present state?  
 I think my self to be as wise,  
 As he that most looks in the Skies:  
 My skill goes beyond the depths of the Pond,  
 Or River in the greatest Rain; [Notes, p. 635.]  
 By the which I can tell, that all things will be well,  
*When the King comes home in peace again.*

There is no Astrologer, then I say,  
 Can search more deep in this than I [may]:  
 To give you a reason from the Stars,  
 What causeth peace, or Civil Wars:  
 The Man in the Moon, may wear out his shoone,  
 In running after *Charles-his-Wain*,  
 But all to no end; for the times they will mend  
*When the King comes home in peace again.*

Though for a time you may see *White-Hall*,  
 With cobwebs hanging over the wall,  
 In stead of silk and silver brave,  
 As formerly it used to have;  
 In every Roome the sweet perfume,  
 Delightful for that Princely-Train:  
 The which you shall see, when the time it shall be,  
*That the King comes home in peace again.*

Full fourty years the Royal Crown  
 Hath been his Father's and his own;  
 And I am sure there's none but he  
 Hath right to that sovereignty:  
 Then who better may the Scepter to sway,  
 Than he that hath such right to reign?—  
 The hopes of your peace! for the wars will then cease,  
*When the King comes home in peace again.*

---

[Virtually a reissue, but elongated, of Martin Parker's, which was originally written in 1642; five stanzas: for these see *Introductory Note*, pp. 634, 635. The ballad was frequently re-published after the Restoration in May, 1660.]



Till then, upon *Ararat's-hill*,  
My hope shall cast her Anchor still,  
Until I see some peaceful Dove,  
Bring home the branch which I do love ;  
Still will I wait, till the waters abate,  
Which most disturbs my troubled brain :  
For I'll never rejoyce, till I hear that voice,  
*That the King comes home in peace again.*

[*Here the Original Ballad ended : what follows is 'prophesied,' ex post facto.*]

*Oxford* and *Cambridge* shall agree,  
Crowned with honour and dignitie ;  
Learned men shall then take place,  
And bad men [be] silenced with disgrace ;  
They s' know it then to be a shameful strain,  
That hath so long disturb'd their brain :  
For I can surely tell, that all things shall go well,  
*When the King comes home in peace again.*

Church Government shall settled be,  
And then I hope we shall agree ;  
Without their help, whose high-brain zeal  
Have long disturbed our Common-weal ;  
Greed out of date, and Coblers that do prate, [Hewson.  
Of wars that still disturb'd their brain ;  
The which you shall see, when the time it shall be,  
*That the King comes home in peace again.*

Tho' many men are much in debt,  
And many Shops are to be let ;  
A golden time is drawing near,  
Men shall take Shops to hold their ware :  
And then all our Trade shall flourish alamode,  
The which ere long we shall obtain :  
By the which I can tell, all things will be well,  
*When the King comes home in peace again.*

Maidens shall [then] enjoy their [mates], [text, 'Maiks.'  
And honest men their lost estates,  
Women shall have what [now] they lacke,—  
Their husbands, who are coming back.  
When the Wars have an end, then I, and my friend,  
All Subjects, freedom shall obtain,  
By the which I cau tell, all things will be well,  
*When we enjoy sweet peace again.*

Though people now walk in great fear,  
 Alongst the Countreye every where,  
 Theeves shall then tremble at the Law,  
 And Justice shall keep them in awe;  
 The *Frenches* shall flee with their treacherie,  
 And the King's foes a-shamed remain :  
 The which you shall see, when the time it shall be,  
*That the King comes home in peace again.*

The Parliament must willing be,  
 That all the world may plainly see,  
 How they do labour still for peace,  
 That now these bloody Wars may cease ;  
 For they will gladly spend, their lives, to defend  
 The King in all his right to reign :  
 So then I can tell all things will be well,  
*When we enjoy sweet peace again.*

When all these things to pass shall come,  
 Then farewell Musket, Pike, and Drum ;  
 The Lamb shall with the Lyon feed,  
 Which were a happy time indeed ;  
 O let us pray, we may see the day,  
 That Peace may govern in His name :  
 For then I can tell, all things will be well,  
*When the King comes home in peace again.*

God Save the King, Amen.

[Black-letter reprint: perhaps from *John White of Newcastle*; as the Northern word 'marks' in 9th stanza may indicate. No cuts. Original date, 1660.]

## Win at First, Lose at Last ;

A New game at Cards.<sup>1</sup>

ON pp. 615-617 has been already reprinted, the rare original of this ballad, as it appears on the Wood's Collection broadside (not absolutely unique, for another exemplar is in Glasgow, being Euing No. 247), and the later Ashmolcan MSS. 36, 37, article 118. Our present ballad is of date 1660, when the Regicides were executed.

<sup>1</sup> We have collated this with a MS. "E. Lib. Hen. Reynoll, Armiger dono Robt. Forsell, Armig. 13<sup>o</sup> Febr., 1684," here marked F. In Ashmole MS. (not Moleash, alas!) we find, "You Gallants that delight to play at Cards to pass the time away," of date 1646-48: see p. 617. The present ballad, of 1660, initialed by Laurence Price, was re-issued to suit the exigences of 1680, and bears (unusually) the date of that year. The original may have been by Price.

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 522 ; Pepys, II. 207 ; IV. 344 ; Wood, 401, f. 149.]

## Win at First, Lose at Last ;

Or,

### A New Game at Cards :

Wherein the King recovered his Crown, and Traitors lost their Heads.  
TO THE TUNE of, *Ye Gallants that delight to play.* [See Note, p. 617.]



[This cut belongs to p. 628.]

YE merry hearts that love to play,  
At Cards, see who hath won the day !  
You that once did sadly sing,  
"The Knave o' th Clubs hath won the King :"  
Now more happy times ye have,  
"The King hath overcome the Knave ;  
The King hath overcome the Knave."

[F.MS. 'use to.']

[B. al. lect. 'lately.']

Not long ago a Game was play'd,  
When three Crowns at the stake was lay'd ;  
England had no cause to boast,  
Knaves won that which Kings had lost ;  
Coaches gave the way to Carts,  
And Clubs were better Cards than Hearts, etc. [Repeat passim.]

Old NOLL was the Knave o' th' Clubs,  
And Dad of such as preach in tubs ;  
Bradshaw, Ireton, and Pride,  
Were three other Knaves beside ;  
And they play'd with half the Pack,  
Throwing out all Cards but Black, etc.

[John B., Hy. I., Thom. P.]

[i.e. Independents.]

But the just Fates threw these four out,  
 Which made the Loyal Party shout,  
 The Pope would fain have had the Stock,  
 And with these Cards have whip'd his Dock, [ = wiped.  
 But soon the Devil these Cards snatches,  
*To dip in Brimstone and make Matches, etc.*

But still the sport for to maintain, [a.l. 'all the.']  
*Lambert, Hasterige, and Vain,* ['Young Sir Harry Vane.']  
 And one-eyed *Hewson*, took their places ;  
 Knaves were better cards than Aces :  
 But *Fleetwood* he himself did save,  
*Because he was more Fool than Knave, etc.*

*Cromwell*, though he so much had won,  
 Yet he had an unlucky Son : [Richard Cromwell = Note.  
 He sits still, and not regards,  
 Whilst cunning Gamesters *set the Cards* :  
 And thus, alas ! poor silly *Dick*,<sup>1</sup> [1658-59.  
*He play'd awhile, but lost the Trick, etc.*

The Rumpers that had won whole Towns,  
 The spoils of Martyrs, and of Crowns,  
 Were not contented, but grew rough,  
 As though they had not won enough :  
 They kept the Cards still in their hands,  
*To play for Tithes and Colledge Lands, etc.* [Cf. p. 698.

<sup>1</sup> Richard Cromwell has been well defended by Dr. Harris (*Lives*, iv. 202, 1814), by John Howe, and by the Editor of *Burton's Diary*. In the *Memoirs of the Boyles*, pp. 75, and 76, 1737, his declaration is reported, wherewith he refused to retain the Protectorate at the cost of slaughter, "rather than a drop of blood should be shed on his account, he would lay down that greatness that was a burden to him." His was not weakness, but goodness.

"The Second Protector, placed for a few months in the seat of government, which his father's administration had rendered illustrious, especially to the admiration of foreign states, has been sometimes described as a weak man, for no reason that appears, but because he was happily free from the selfish, and, too often, sanguinary ambition of Sovereign authority. Yet those rare talents requisite at once to occupy and to adorn a public station, such qualifications as make the place a candidate for the man, he neither possessed nor affected. But for his connection, by the accident of birth, with the fame and fortunes of his father, the life of Richard Cromwell might have passed, uninterruptedly ; as, after an extended and vigorous old age, it calmly concluded ; honourably and usefully sustaining the character, which a disciplined ambition might learn to envy, of an educated, independent private gentleman."—*Diary, of Thomas Burton*, edited by John Towill Rutt, iv. 486, 1828.

Richard Cromwell died at Cheshuut, Herts, July 12, 1712, in the 86th year of his age. The first Lord Lytton sketched his character, kindly and firmly, in his novel of *Devereux*, Book iii. cap. 4, July, 1829.

The *Presbyters* began to fret,  
 That they were like to lose the set,  
 Unto the *Rump* they did appeal<sup>1</sup>  
 And said it was their turn to Deal ;  
 Then dealt the *Presbyterians*, but,  
 The *Army* swore that they will cut.

[Repeat.]

The *Foreign Lauds* began to wonder,  
 To see what *Gallants* we lived under,  
 That they which *Christmas* did forswear,  
 Should follow *Gameing* all the Year :  
 Nay more, which was the strangest thing,  
 To play so long without a King.

[Repeat.]

The bold *Phanaticks* present were,  
 Like *Butlers*, with their boxes there :  
 Not doubting but that every Game  
 Some profit would redound to them :  
 Because they were the *Gamesters'* Minions,  
 And every day broacht new *Opinions*, etc.

But *Cheshire Men* (as stories say)  
 Began to shew them *Gamesters'* play :  
 Brave *Booth*, and all his *Army*, strives  
 To save the stakes, or lose their lives :  
 But, Oh, sad fate, they were undone,  
 By playing of their *Cards too soon*, etc.

[Cf. p. 629.]

[Sir Geo. B.]

[July, 1659.]

Thus, all the while a *Club* was *Trump*,  
 There's none could ever beat the *Rump* ;  
 Until a noble *General* came,  
 And gave the cheaters a clear slam :  
 His finger did out-wit their noddy,  
 And screw'd up poor *JACK LAMBERT'S* body, etc.

[Monk.]

Then *Haasterig* began to scowl,  
 And said the *General* plaid foul :  
 " Look to him, *Partners*, for I tell ye,  
 This *Monk* has got a King in 's belly."  
 " Not so," quoth *Monk*, " but I believe,  
*Sir Arthur* has a *Knave* in 's sleeve," etc.

[Sir Arthur II.]

<sup>1</sup> "Now if you ask, who re-named it [*i.e.* the half-suppressed 'Long Parliament' of 1640] '*Rump*,' know 'twas so stiled in an honest sheet of paper (called *The Bloody Rump*) written before the Triall of our late Sovereign of Glorious Memorie: But the word obtained not universal notice till it flew from the mouth of Major-General *Brown* at a Public Assembly in the days of *Richard Cromwell*."—Preface of '*The Rump; or, A Collection of Songs and Ballads*, made up for those who would be a Parliament, and were but the *Rump* of our House of Commons, five times dissolved.' 1st edition, 1660.

When General Monk did understand  
 The Rump were peeping into 's hand,  
 He wisely kept his Cards from sight ;  
 Which put the Rump into a fright :  
     He saw how many were betray'd,  
     *That shew'd their Cards before they play'd, etc.*

At length, quoth he, "Some cards we lack ;  
 I will not play with half-a-Pack ;  
 What you cast out, I will bring in,  
 And a New Game we will begin :"

[secluded MP.'s.]

    With that the standers-by did say,  
     *They never yet saw fairer play, etc.*

But presently this Game was past,  
 And for a second Knaves were cast ;  
 All new Cards, not stain'd with spots  
 As w[ere] the Rumpers and the Scots :  
     Here good Gamesters played their parts,  
     *They turned up the King of Hearts, etc.*

After this Game was done, I think,  
 The standers-by had cause to drink ;  
 And [all] the Loyal Subjects sing,  
 "Farwell Knaves, and welcome King !"

*For till we saw the King return'd,  
     We wish'd the Cards had all been burn'd,  
     We wish'd the Cards had all been burn'd.*

L.P. [*i.e.* Laurence Price.]

Finis.

*London*, Printed for *Fra. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clark*, 1680.

[In Black-letter. Three Woodcuts: 1st, the Revellers, on p. 558 ; 2nd, Charles I. on horseback, p. 657 ; and 3rd, Prince Henry, on p. 685.]

\*.\* Laurence Price, whose initials are given on the Roxb. Coll. broadsheet, *L.P.*, had evidently adapted the already popular *Game of Cards* ditty, and this version was almost certainly published at the time of the Restoration, 1660, although the Roxb. exemplar is a reprint, dated 1680. Here, anew, is the MS. text.

**Y**OU Gallants that delight to play, at Cards, to passe the time away,  
 I can tell you of a new Game, if that you please to play the same.

    It is such a Game as you have not seenie,  
     To play with all the Cards without King or Queene.

There were three Cheaters met together to see if they could cheate each other ;  
 The first he was an *Irishman* so hot, the Second he was a cheating *Scot*,  
 The Third he was an *Englishman* so round,  
 And he would play a game for an *English* pound.

The *Irishman* began the Game, but knew not how to play the same,  
 He quarrelled with the *English*-man, for keeping of the King so underhand.

    But alas ! he did not know the thing,  
     That the Knave should be above the King.—Etc., Ashm. MSS.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 236. Apparently Unique.]

## A True Relation of the Great Floods,

that happened in many parts of *England* in *December* and *January* last, to the undoing of *Many*: the drowning of cattell and driving down of bridges and houses, the drowning of people, and washing up corn by the roots, which was the means of Raising the prices of corn in and about the *City of London*; with a warning for all people to amend their lives lest a worse thing befalls us.

THE TUNE IS, *Aim not to[o] high*. [See p. 694, and vol. i. p. 326.]

OH, *England, England!* 'tis high time to repent,  
 Thy drunkenness and whordom now lament,  
 The Lord his judgments dayly one us pore, [sic. verb. et lit.,  
 passim.]  
 Yet dayly into sin we run the more.

Thy swearing and prophaning the Lord's name,  
 At last it will come Home unto thy shame.  
 The Lord is Angry now we plainly see,  
 Which is the cause of all our misery. 8

On Sabbath days it is usual now to see  
 Taverns and Ale-houses filled to be,  
 When as the Churches empty are we know;  
 Man still delights to work his overthrow.

Thou that dost waste thy means upon thy pride,  
 On paint and patches with false hair beside,  
 And can't afford a penny for the Poor,  
 The Lord has judgments still for thee in store. 16

Thousands of sheep within the Fenns were lost,  
 Great Waters over banks a-loft were tost;  
 Hay-Cocks the waters likewise did suck in:  
 Both beast and fowl do suffer for man's sin.

Thou covetous man, which makes thy gold thy God,  
 'Tis time for you to dread God's heavy rod;  
 Forbare to gripe the widdow and fatherless!  
 Have mercy to the poor in their distress. [i. 'there.'] 24

For God, his judgments still on us do pore,  
 If we repent his mercy lyes in store;  
 The heavens has wept sufficient for man's sin:  
 Now to repent 'tis high time to begin.

Those Floods which here has bin in *England* round,  
 Great losses many hundreds ha's found ;  
 No cattel in the *Marches* then could stay,  
 But straight the waters made of them a prey. [t. pray. 32

Great mills that work for to keep man alive,  
 Those waters did against them so much strive,  
 They were washt down with corn and all together :  
 It were for man's sin that God did send such weather.

Great bridges, that were built with stone and wood,  
 Were broken down by this same raging flood ;  
 Houses were overthrown, the more's the pittie,  
 Unto the loss of many town and city. 40

Corn by the Roots were washed out of ground,  
 As by Experience poor people has found :  
 Which rais'd the prices of bread corn I tell ye,  
 The poor does suffer many hungry belly.

O Lord, look down in mercy on us all,  
 And give us grace upon thy name to call ;  
 Fullness of bread to wantonness we turn,  
 And yet for sin we do not seem to mourn. 48

In many places people they were drown'd,  
 Infants in cradles one the shore was found ;  
 Those Inundations have thousands annoyed,  
 Both men and beast by it has been destroy'd. [sic. = on.

But now 'tis forgot as I may say,  
 We take delight to sin both night and day,  
 For all such heavey Judgments God does send  
 Our lives we do not strive for to amend. 56

'Tis not long so, as we may understand,  
 Since God did lay on us his heavy hand,  
 Of Pestilence, which made us all to weep,  
 To see some people drop down dead in street. [1665.

The fire also raged very sore ;  
 It turned many thousands out of dore :  
 Women of child-bed in the feilds did lye,  
 Me thinks I hear still many dolfull cry. [Sept., 1666. 64

Cruell and bloody wars has been also,  
 Thousands has lost their lives against their foe,  
 And now a gain these waters mounting high,  
 May cause many with hunger for to dye :



Jerusalem, we read, did suffer much,  
 Because to serve the Lord many did grutch ;  
 A famine came and made all things so dear,  
 That Rats and Mice was held as dainty fare. 72

[See the 'Religious Group?']

And more than that, they did for want of meat  
 Both roast and boyl their children to eat ;  
 Poor little babies they did lye at stake,  
 And suffer torments for their parents' sake.

So to conclude let us our lives amend,  
 Then God his blessing speedily will send.  
 To keep this song in mind do not deny,  
 And all ways think that one day thou must dye. 80

L.W. [*i.e.* Lawrence White? See p. 436.]

London, Printed for J. Clark, at the Bible and Harp, in West  
 Smithfield.

[In Black-letter. Three Woodcuts: 1st, one man sitting in an arm-chair, another man preaching; 2nd, a huge *Eye* surveying a table-full of Revellers; 3rd, the Saviour, surrounded by clouds and rays, showing the *stigmata*, as in vol. iv. p. 366, *reversed*. Date, after Sept., 1666, and probably *circa* 1667.]

\* \* There are temptations to correct palpable typographical errors elsewhere, and the Reader who sees here a photographic fac-simile, *Verbatim et literatim et punctuatim*, has a rough acre to plough. But it really seemed imperatively just to leave Mr. Lawrence White as the displayer of his own devices in grammar and spelling, as also of sanctimonious expression. To amend his punctuation was indispensable; the full extent of our innovations, barring the few *marginalia*. He had 'meant well' in his lucubrations or maunderings, yet really this sort of Pietist is answerable for much mischief; since rational beings and 'men of the world' become so utterly disgusted at the wretched grovelling ideas and debased theology of 'chosen vessels' that they 'go to the Bad' by preference. They are driven to follow "the primrose path of dalliance," knowing whither it is reputed to lead: even though it become "the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire," as Macbeth's Porter tells us. So at last are reached the done-browning 'Confessions':—

"What is he buzzing in my ears? 'Now that I come to die,  
 Do I view the world as a vale of tears?' Ah, reverend Sir, not I! . . .

Not unpleasant is the retrospect! some happier days of youthful love and revelry; what precise people call folly and dissipation. But the Puritanic tribe deem all enjoyment reprehensible. The moribund illusion is quickly dispelled; broken into by meaningless murmur of "some doctor full of phrase and fame;" or by the croaking of "his brother doctor of the Soul, to canvass with official breath the future and its viewless things: That undiscovered mystery," called death. The remembrance fades, when the conventional world intrudes:—

"We stood by the rose-wreathed gate. Alas! We loved, Sir—used to meet:  
 How sad, and bad, and mad it was: But then, *how it was sweet!*"

Very reprehensible, said L. W. and the Puritan re-actionaries. "Dayly to sin we run the more!" Not for lack of *their* pious Warnings and Lamentations.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 456 ; Huth, II. 106 ; Jersey, II. 203 = Lindes., 999.]

## The Troubles of these Times ;

Or,

The Calamities of our *English* Nation,  
 Makes many a heart sore sad, and out of Fashion,  
 Which is a trouble and grief to all,  
 There is many a man in danger for to fall,  
 But it is our Sins that causes this to be,  
 That brings this Trouble, and this Misery,  
 Let's pray to the Lord, our Nation to defend,  
 And all *English* people strive their lives to mend,  
 And not to take so much the Lord's Name in vain,  
 We must look for Judgments for the very same.

TO THE TUNE OF, *A Lesson for all true Christians.* [See p. 694.]

Poor *England* now is full of care and grief,  
 To see the Wars amongst us ; for to be so brief,  
 It makes all People they know not what to do,  
 They are so full of care, the truth is so.

Trading is down, there's little to be got,  
 The poorer sort they are very hard put to 't,  
 To maintain their Charge and children in their need,  
 To see them want will make their hearts to bleed. 8

There's many complaints, there's little for to do,  
 They walk up and down, so heavily they go,  
 They know not what to think, or how to tell ;  
 But it is the Lord that can make all be well.

Let us pray to the Lord, then, with a tender heart,  
 There is nothing better that can take our part ;  
 'Tis not the Arm of flesh can do us wrong ;  
 If the Lord be with us, who can hurt us then ? 16

But the pride o'th Nation has been very sore,  
 Now we must suffer for it, to be sure ;  
 The poorer sort of People abides the smart,  
 But a true Believer in God is the best part.

It's not the strength of Armed Men be sure,  
 That can relieve us, or make us secure,  
 It's the Lord from Heaven that must be our friend,  
 To bring Peace and quietness in *England* agen. 24

And we our selves be in mighty care,  
To live uprightly, and the Lord to fear;  
The Sins o'th Nation to the Lord doth cry,  
Makes all these Troubles on this Land to lye.

Therefore we had need to pray then, Night and Day,  
To defend us from the Sword then every way;  
The War and Sword brings Famine at the length,  
If it hold long in bloody force and strength. 32

We know not what this may come to at last,  
Or how this trouble will be over-past,  
But the Lord above, He's in Heaven still,  
Let all be done unto his Blessed Will.

For if these Troubles do continue Long,  
There's many Thousand will be clear undone;  
But the Lord he does know best then what to do,  
If we can be careful our sins for to forgo. 40

We desire that love amongst us may increase,  
And grant our Nation a true happy Peace,  
What a comfort that would be, if the Lord be pleas'd,  
That of this War our Nation could be eas'd.

If it hold long, we shall be all undone,  
We need to pray then, every Mother's Son,  
That the Lord of Heaven may of us take a care,  
To forgive us our Sins, and put us out of fear. 48

When great afflictions comes upon our Land,  
That the Lord is pleas'd amongst us for to send,  
We may thank our selves; our Wickedness is great,  
Our Sins lies heavy, and I'm sorry for't.

Now to conclude, we have no more to say,  
That we may serve the Lord, and Him obey,  
And bless our *English* Nation evermore,  
And take off these troubles, which grieves our Nation sore:  
That we may live in happiness agen,  
And let all good Christian people say, AMEN. 56

*Finis.*

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, in *Pye-Corner*.

[In Black-letter. Three Woodcuts; 1st, the London Trained Band of p. 697: 2nd, the Cavalier on horseback, p. 637; 3rd, a man in trunk-hose, praying. Date, of broadside re-issue, 1673, by *P. Brooksby*, ten years after its first appearance of 1663. Although here unsigned, it was not improbably written by *Lawrence White*: compare pp. 436, 691.]

## Great Britain's Alarm.

“ We sail'd wherever ship could sail,  
 We founded many a mighty state ;  
 Pray God our greatness may not fail  
 Through craven fears of being great.”

—Tennyson's *Hands all Round*.

FOLLOWING soon after the heavy calamities of London's Great Plague, 1665, and the 'Great Fire' of September, 1666, appeared this sanctimonious 'Warning Piece': Great Britain's Alarm! (Both events are mentioned in the seventeenth stanza, l. 65),

“*With Plague and Fire* we have suffered sore,  
 And now with Wars our land is vexed more.”

This alludes to the Second *Dutch War*, with the fight at Sole-Bay (i.e. *Southwold*), 28th May, 1672, wherein the Earl of Sandwich and young Lord Maidstone were killed. See vol. vi. p. 39.

That such lugubrious 'Warnings' as this were acceptable to the people, among whom Puritanism had struck root, and who mistook a gloomy spirit for religious enthusiasm, is amply proved by the abundance of similar 'Lamentations.' There survive to this day a race of dull-witted folk, who think it good to keep themselves and others uncomfortable. They revel in disquietudes, and account it delightful to "make one's blood run cold." For them a generous tribe of news-mongers provides the nourishing pabulum of horrors, and sundry preachers give their congregations alternate "splairges o' brumstone" for outsiders, and choice spoonfuls of Paradisaic treacle for themselves. Nevertheless, it requires an effort of mind to establish the conviction that two hundred years ago the pious Sectaries enjoyed this ballad of "Great Britain's Alarm,"—and that their unchanged descendants have not been privileged to get beyond the same taste in this *Fin de Siècle*. As Poe's revived Egyptian Mummy had acknowledged—"We used to hear about Progress in our time also—but it never progressed."

\*.\* The Tune of 'Great Britain's Alarm,' bore many changes of name. On p. 688 it appears as *A Lesson to All true Christians* = "All you whose minds, etc. (*vide post*), a ballad, whereof the tune is cited as *A Letter to a Christian Family* = "Both young and Old," etc.; but thereon the tune is marked as *The Godly Man's Instructions* = "Good people all, I pray hear what I read." It there mentions the tune as *Aim not too high* (pp. 688, 691); which is identical with *Fortune my Foe* (see *Bagford Ballads*, p. 961), to which 'The King's Trial' of p. 622 was sung. A later name (iv. 365) was *The Lamentation of a Sinner* = "You that have spent your time in wickedness." This Lamentation 'The Young Man's Repentance,' 1685-88, with the 'Lesson' and the 'Letter' comes into the 'Group of Religious Ballads,' following after this 'Historical Group.'

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 202: Wood's Coll., E. 25, fol. 127.]

## Great Brittan's Alarum; to Drowsie Sinners in Distress.

Being a Rule for all sorts of people to follow, in these distracted our dangerous Times: Shewing the Judgments which hang ober our heads for Sin, and the way by Repentance to avoid the same. Very good and necessary for all sorts of people to peruse.

All you that do this 'Larum hear,  
Strive to live well, and God to fear.

THE TUNE IS, *Aim not too high.* [See p. 694.]

**R**ouse up dull Sinners all, with one accord  
With prayers and tears now call upon the Lord,  
Security hath lull'd us fast asleep,  
When as we have most cause to mourn and weep.

Remember Man, thy time it is but short,  
Then of the same thou should'st not make a sport;  
Least thou by sudden death be snatcht away,  
To give account at the great Judgment-day. 8

Whilst thou in prime of youth dost spend thy days,  
And takest pleasure in thy wicked ways;  
Be well advis'd, and think upon thy doom,  
That young and old must all to judgment come.

So soon as in the morning you awake,  
Unto your Lord by Prayer your selves betake,  
Then to thy labour fall if thou art poor,  
And God will bless thy basket and thy store. 16

Defraud no man, although thou be in want,  
But be content, although thy stock be scant;  
For goods ill-gotten will consume away,  
And leave a Curse that will remain for aye.

Unto thy honest neighbours still be kind,  
And sure therein great comfort thou shalt find;  
A Friend will stick when Riches they are gone;  
Therefore endeavour to provide for one. 24

If thou art blest with Children at thy board,  
Be sure you bring them up to serve the Lord:  
And for a portion God he will provide,  
And give a blessing to their Souls beside.

A Child ill-natur'd proves a grievous Curse,  
 His wicked courses will offend thee worse :  
 A twig will bend when it is young and weak,<sup>1</sup>  
 But being old and stubborn it will break. 32

Flye from all sin, as from a Serpent's sting,  
 Much harm to Soul and body it will bring :  
 When sinful pleasures are blown o're and past,  
 Then grief and sorrow doth remain at last

What pleasure hath the Drunkard in his wine,  
 To make himself far worse than any Swine :  
 His wealth consumes away, if wealth he have,  
 And surfeits send him to his loathed Grave. 40

He that on Harlots spends his gold and pelf,  
 He neither values credit nor himself :  
 Until diseases brings him to his end,  
 And then it is too late for to amend.

The Swearer he doth damn his Soul in vain,  
 No benefit thereby that he doth gain :  
 So that he doth fulfil his base desire,  
 He never thinks of Hell's eternal fire. 48

The sin of Pride amongst us is too rife,  
 Who should exceed in bravery is the strife :  
 They do not think that one day dye they must,  
 And then their Pride is laid within the dust.

The covetous Miser makes his Gold his God,  
 Whilst others wants it, he doth plot and plod  
 To fill his Coffers whatsoe're befall,  
 Until at last he gets the Devil and all. 56

These are the sins, besides a many more,  
 That brings God's judgements down upon us sore,  
 And makes him smite us with his heavy Rod,  
 Because we do offend our gracious God.

Lord, turn thy wrath away from us again,  
 Least under thy displeasure we remain :  
 For thy fierce anger we have felt of late,  
 Yet it does not our hanium sins abate. [ = heinous. 64

<sup>1</sup> Note.—No doubt sundry twigs were bent on behalf of the stubborn child.

With Plague and Fire we have suffered sore, [N.B.  
 And now with Wars our Land is vexed more :  
 These judgements for our sins the Lord doth send,  
 And worse may come unless our lives we mend.

For, blest be God, no Famine we have felt, [But cf. p. 690.  
 The Lord hath mercifully with us dealt :  
 But if we once provoke his wrath again,  
 We may have cause for hunger to complain. 72

Once more, I say, O sinners, now awake,  
 And all your haniuous sins in time forsake :  
 Who knows but that the Lord will hear our prayers,  
 And shew us mercy for unfeigned tears.

And let each one that reads what here is pen'd,  
 Strive night and day their lives for to amend :  
 That God in mercy all our Souls may save,  
 When as we fall into the silent Grave. 80

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Harp and Ball* in *Pye Corner*, near  
*West Smith-field*.

[In Black-letter. Date of original issue, 1667, in Philip Brooksby's, but  
 re-issued later, during the second *Dutch War*, 1672. Two cuts: Old St.  
 Paul's; 2nd, a fortified Harbour. *The cut here belongs to p. 693.*]



## The Lamentation for Turenne.

“ How sleep the Brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country’s wishes blest?  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow’d mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy’s feet have ever trod.

“ By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:  
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay.” . . .

—*William Collins : music by Cooke.*

UNLESS we be of those weaklings who abhor the whole pomp and paraphernalia of military glory; who accept theories of “Peace at any price,” even without honour; the story of Henri de la Tour, Viscount of Turenne, is one that raises a glow of admiration and pride; so that this Roxburghe Ballad, avowedly written by an Englishman and nationally his enemy, yet doing justice to his heroic qualities without stint of enthusiasm, will find a response in our hearts.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the facts of his biography. These are worthy of being again studied in the fulness of record, and were “writ large” in the history of France, of Flanders, and, with what seemed to be permanent results, in the reconquest of Alsace. Until the disastrous Franco-German war of 1870-71, which has temporarily deprived “our fair enemy” of her Alsace and Lorraine (the recapture of which is merely a question of time and opportunity) the brilliant successes of Turenne, with only twenty thousand effective troops, had in 1674 defeated the Emperor’s forces of seventy thousand men, and dispersed them, “saved Alsace, and forced the Germans to repass the Rhine. He was enabled to effect these great successes by the entire confidence his soldiers reposed in him.” In the campaign of 1672 he had pursued to the gates of Berlin the Elector of Brandenburg, who had expected to relieve the Dutch, and compelled him to sue for peace. Moreover, as though the irony of Fate required more than two centuries to unravel its bitter jest of mutability, until “the whirligig of Time brings about its revenges,” Turenne’s birthplace, in 1611, was *Sedan*.

He was killed by a cannon-ball during a reconnoitering to fix a battery, on July 27, 1675, when about to engage vigorously with Montecuculi. With the loss of Turenne the fortune of war in that campaign departed from France. He was buried with highest honours at St. Denis, by his royal master, who well knew his value.



[Roxb. Coll., II. 184; Huth, I. 114; Euing, 110; Jersey, I. 274 = Lind., 956.]

## The Frenchman's Lamentation

for the Great loss of their Noble General Mounſieur  
de TURENNE.

Who was killed by a Cannon, ſhot from a party of the Emperour's Army, which lay in Ambuſcade in a Wood, and ſhot him in the breaſt, where he Dyed Immediatly, and his Lieutenant was then killed by him, which was on the 23 of July, 1675. Mounſieur Turenne being then in the 64th year of his age, and had been Marſhal of France juſt half his time, being 32 years.

TO THE TUNE OF, *A fig for France and Holland too.*



OF honour and renown I'll sing,  
All generous hearts assistance bring,  
The Son of *Mars*, a Warriour brave,  
By a great shot brought to his Grave;  
Death durst not meet him in the field,  
But unawares did make him yield,  
*Let Drums and Trumpets cease to sound,*  
TURENNE no more is to be found.

- The *French-man's* glory now is dead,  
 Before whom thousand troops have fled,  
 He never was afraid to dye,  
 In greatest danger scorn'd to flye;  
 But bravely would maintain the fight,  
 Till all his foes were put to flight,  
*Let Drums and Trumpets cease to sound, etc.* 16
- Fate envies, that so brave a Soul  
 Should their decrees so long controul,  
 For from his birth this brave *Turenne*  
 Full sixty-four years had seen :  
 He idly did not spend his time,  
 Nor wantonly did waste his prime ;  
*Let Drums and Trumpets cease to sound, etc.* 24
- At thirty-two, just half his age,  
 His Enemies he did ingage,  
 That Monarch Great, the King of *France*,  
 Him to a Marshall did advance ;  
 Which place he kept unto his death,  
 And bravely fought to his last breath.  
*Let Drums and Trumpets cease to sound,*  
*TURENNE no more is to be found.* 32
- The enemy in ambush lay,  
 On purpose his life to betray,  
 For they had planted in a wood  
 Two cannons which did spill his blood ;  
 They knowing that he would come there,  
 Lay lurking as if nothing were :  
*Let Drums and Trumpets cease to sound,*  
*TURENNE no more is to be found.* 40
- They saw him marching without harm,  
 Did thunder him a fierce alarm,  
 The first shot without hurt pass'd by,  
 Fearing such valour to come nigh,  
 But as it happened that came there,  
 To give him warning to prepare.  
*Let Drums [and Trumpets cease to sound], etc.* [sic. passim.] 48
- The other Gun, with iron fill'd,  
 The noble Mounsieur quickly kill'd,  
 So many pieces came together,  
 They flew like hail in stormy weather ;  
 Some of them could not choose but kill,  
 And execute their master's will. *Let, etc.* 56

Into his breast the shot then flew,  
 And instantly the Warriour slew,  
 His brave Lieutenant dy'd by his side,  
 Scorning that Fate should them divide:  
 They who together drew their breath,  
 Were true companions in their death. 64

The news was posted to the King. [Louis XIV.  
 Which did to him much sorrow bring;  
 So brave a Subject had he none,  
 His fame through all the world was known:  
 His memory will never dye,  
 Although his bones in dust do lye. 72

His valour made his foes to creep,  
 And sent them to eternal sleep;  
 Not only courage was his praise,  
 But policy his fame did raise;  
 All which joyn'd with success did crown,  
*Turenne* with Honour and renown. 80

A prop he was unto the Crown,  
 No foes could beat his courage down;  
 His Master's cause he did defend,  
 And faithful was unto the end:  
 But now, alas! he's dead and gone,  
 His equal there he has left none. 88

Let him that reads this understand,  
 'Twas written by an *English* hand;  
 True valour must be prais'd, though he  
 That has it proves an enemy:  
*France* now in mourning does appear,  
 Having left him whom they loved so dear;  
*Let Drums and Trumpets cease to sound,*  
*Turenne no more is to be found.* 96

Printed for *W. Thackeray* in *Duck-Lane* and *Hose* in *Holbourn*.

With Allowance.

[In Black-letter. Three Woodcuts: 1st, the Drum-Major, and three soldiers following him, as in vol. iv. p. 325; 2nd, Towers in flames, and cannons firing, as on p. 351 of our vol. v.; 3rd, the reverse of the funeral, on p. 699, *The entire 'Army' frieze is found in 'The Noble Progress,'* of p. 671; after the Drum-major, three musketeers; then another three; as in our vol. vi. p. 760 right; the line ends with a second group, surrounding the standard-bearer. *This group may be added hereafter, if possible.* Date, 1675.]

\*.\* For Note on the following ballad, 'The Trial of Patience,' see p. 705.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 476; Jersey, II. 134 = Lindes., 784, 785.]

## The Tryal of Patience;

Being a Relation of a Widlow of York-shire, who having Buried her Husband, left with Seven small children, was reduc'd to great Poverty, and turn'd out of House and Home; then going to her Husband's Brother, being a Rich Man, in hopes of finding Relief, but instead thereof, he threatned them with Cruelty. With an Account of a Ladie's Love [shown to her] at the greatest time of her Distress.

TUNE OF, *In Summer-time.* [See pp. 4, 294, 295 = *Robin Hood.*]  
This may be Printed R. P[ocock].



A Loving couple in *York-shire*,  
They having seven Children small,  
When Poverty was so severe,  
They had for them no food at all.

As I the naked truth may speak,  
Their Father was in grief and woe;  
Three years he lay both sick and weak,  
This was enough to bring them low.

8

They sold their Cattel, Corn, and Hay,  
With other Goods they parted free;  
Till all they had was made away,  
In this their sad Extreamity.

After the term of three long years,  
Which he thus languishing did lye,  
Upon his Bed with brinish tears,  
He said, "Farewel, here now I dye."

16

A cruel landlord the next day,  
Turn'd her and children out of door,  
Where in a Field all night they lay :  
This griev'd the widdow's heart full sore.

Poor Soul ! she was in sad distress,  
Full seven children at her feet,  
With hunger, cold, and comfortless,  
And not one bit of bread to eat. 24

Her children cry'd to her alone,  
" O give us food, Mother ! " they said ;  
It would have broke a heart of stone.  
To hear the piteous mourn they made.

With weeping tears she did reply,  
" My heart is overwhelm'd with grief ;  
To your Rich Uncle we will hie,  
And see if he will yield Relief. 32

" He told your Father thus in love,  
Before this world he bid adieu,  
That he in tenderness would prove,  
A Brother and a Father too."

With chearfulness they did repair  
Unto their Uncle's House that night ;  
And they no sooner was come there,  
But all their hopes was blasted quite. 40

As soon as he did them behold,  
He said to her, " What make you here ?  
Be gone ! or else the Whipping-post,  
Shall surely happen to your share."

He threat'ned her with this abuse ;  
Likewise with greater villany,  
He vow'd his Dog he would let loose,  
If that she did his patience try. 48

In wrath he spurn'd them from his door,  
Saying they should not there abide ;  
Her children they were frightned sore,  
She likewise wrung her hands, and cry'd :

" O, here we will not tarry long,  
Although we are in deep Distress ;  
Dear Brother, pray now do not wrong,  
The Widdow and the Fatherless." 56

Tears from their eyes in showers did flow,  
For there they see they might not stay ;

- Their hearts were filled with grief and woe,  
As from his House they took their way.
- The Mother was with grief opprest,  
The Children in a woful plight ;  
“ We have no home, nor place of rest,  
Where shall we lay our heads this night ? ” 64
- As she did wander on the way,  
Alas ! her very heart did bleed,  
“ Good Lord ! raise me some Friend, I pray,  
To help us in this time of need ! ”
- Her Prayers was heard, to Heaven high,  
For she no sooner this had said,  
But a young Lady, Riding by,  
Did hear the piteous moan she made ; 72
- And call'd her to her Coach with speed,  
Giving her ten good Guinnies there,  
In order for her present need,  
And bid her to her House repair.
- “ A Farm of twenty pound a year,  
I do declare I have in store,  
And I will give thee Title clear,  
To you and yours for evermore. ” 80
- The Lady bid her cease to mourn,  
For ever happy may you be ; ”  
Ten thousand thanks she did return,  
For this her Generosity.
- No tongue is able to express  
How joy and comforts did increase,  
For now the farm they do possess,  
And live in plenty, joy, and peace. 88
- This Brother of malicious spight,  
Who would not pity her poor case,  
All that he had was blasted quite,  
Within a very little space.
- Gods' wrath and vengeance here we see,  
Was just for his sad cruel Pride,  
He was reduc'd to Poverty,  
Likewise upon a Dunghill dy'd. 96
- For having then no Home nor Friend,  
That would this cruel wretch receive,  
He made a miserable end,  
When he alas ! this Life did leave.

Rich men relieve the Poor I pray,  
 Who does to you for succour cry,  
 Lest you be brought as low as they,  
 By making God your Enemy.

104



Finis.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball in Pye-Corner.

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts : 1st, The Woman with Twins, as on p. 702, along with 3rd, the feather-hatted man; 2nd, a dying woman, with friends praying, belongs also to p. 412. Date, as licensed by R. Pocock, 1685-88.]

\*\* A peculiar interest attaches to this ballad, 'The Tryal of Patience,' which relates incidentally an act of loving kindness wrought in help of a poor Widow in Yorkshire, during the reign of that Queen *Maria Beatrix*, who had been Duchess of York from 1672 to 168 $\frac{2}{3}$ , and on the death of Charles II. took her seat on the throne of England, wife of the ill-starred last reigning Stuart, James II.

N. B.—The ballad was duly licensed by *Richard Pocock*, who succeeded Roger L'Estrange in the office of Licensor, after the early part of August, 1685. This Pocock was true and loyal to James II., during whose reign alone he held his post, he chose to relinquish pay and preferment, at the close of December, 1688, and fall with his Royal Master, sooner than take service with the Usurper; whose demands were endorsed by the Revolution clique of tricksters, Sutherland, Marlborough, and others; bringing in his wife Mary, late Princess of Orange, to hurry to Whitehall, and through the palace, manifesting indecently her exultation at her own father's downfall and flight.

Now it needed no more than the customary fraudulence and subserviency of the Revolution 'Turn-coats of the Times' to transmute 'The Trial of Patience' ballad of the Queen *Maria Beatrix's* time: the ballad issued probably in 1686-87, and demonstrably before the end of 1688. (*Vide the Licensor's initials, indisputable testimony of date.*) A few years later, *Brooksby* himself, with *Deacon, Blare, and Back*, sent forth fresh adaptations of the Yorkshire 'Tryal of Patience' under a new name, and changed locality, as 'The *Bedfordshire* Widow;' and actually made the un-named benefactress become Queen Mary, as though it celebrated Orange Mary, instead of her step-mother, Mary Beatrice (*Maria Beatrix*). Reprinted by Mr. William Chappell, unsuspectingly, in vol. iii. p. 443, of these *Roxburghe Ballads*, beginning "In Scripture we read that *Dorcas* the good," etc. He little knew how political Revolutionary partialities for 'Orange Moll' had blinded him, and made him accept the forgery for a genuine document, affirming it to be "one of the many kind acts of Queen Mary II., which made her truly lamented at her death." But it was Queen Mary Beatrice. 'The *Bedfordshire* Widow' was 'Licensed according to Order,' as usual in 1690-92, without any name, Fraser's or Bohun's. (Another exemplar is in Huth Coll., I. 17.)

## A True Touch of the Times, 1687.

THIS is another of the ballads that had been *lost from the Original Harleian or Pearson Collection* before it was rebound for John Duke of Roxburghe (as explained on p. 571). Having found an exemplar elsewhere we restore it to its true place here.

The title was used freely for many other ditties, earlier and later:

- A Touch of the Times*: "Now the Times are alter'd." *Coll. Divert. Sgs.*, 506.  
*Ditto.* "Since Monarchs were monarchs." *P. to p. S. Mel.* p. 22.  
*New Touch of the Times*: "I am an Old Prophet, and newly come over." *Post.*  
*Ditto.* "Let true-hearted Protestants." (Pepys Coll., iv. 263.)  
*Ditto.* "O drink, drink, and never give o'er." (1745, v. post.)  
*New and True Touch, etc.*: "The Poor of this kingdom." (Pepys Coll., iv. 332.)  
*A Third Touch of, etc.*: "Brave English Boys," etc.  
*A True Touch of, etc.*: "King James the First, was," etc. (1687, see p. 707.)

Our present ballad, the one last named, 'A True Touch of the Times,' was originally licensed by Richard Pocock, who in December, 1688, fell with his master King James II., *in whose honour the ballad was written and published.* It refers not only to the Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion in 1685 (concerning which see our vol. v. *passim*), but also to the 'Declaration of Liberty of Conscience in Religion,' published in April 4, 1687. The second 'Declaration' came a year later, April 27, 1688, but both of these failed to propitiate the irreconcilable nonconformists, because they knew they were intended to safeguard the Roman Catholics. Thus the ballad like the 'Declaration' was originally issued in 1687, or at latest, in May, 1688. Nevertheless, in the most unblushing manner, *Jonah Deacon* and his fellows continued to re-issue the ballad after William of Orange had thrust his father-in-law from the kingdom and got himself crowned as king-regnant, by the intrigue of a popular faction; not as king-consort, husband of Mary, but with insolent arrogance he was crowned in advance of her. Altering merely the names of the monarch the ballad turned its coat, and under false pretences retained Pocock's initials.

Proof positive of the fraudulence of the transfer (to trumpet the laudation of William III.) is afforded by the survival of Euing's exemplar (formerly belonging to John Russell Smith, and still earlier to J. O. Halliwell: see printed catalogue of 1856), now at Glasgow, *an original issue*, marked in its title, "giving you a full and true account of the transactions from King James the First to the present reign of our Sovereign Lord King JAMES the Second." It was "printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, in Pyecorner," and for no partner along with him: in 1687, or 1688. We follow this heading, not the garbled 'Sovereign Lord William the Third.' Compare the similar attempt, noted on p. 705, turning 'A loving couple in Yorkshire,' into a 'Bedfordshire Widow.'

Among the ballads sung to the tune of *Touch of the Times* is one welcoming William of Orange, "Since arrival, proclaiming," p. 722.



[Lost from Roxb. Coll., II. 568; Euing, 82; Huth, I. 95; C. 22, e. 2, f. 32.]

## An Excellent New Song;

Or,

### A True Touch of the Times.

Giving you a full and true account of the Transactions from King *James the First*, to the present Reign of our Sovereign Lord King *James the Second*.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Loyal Health*; or, *Why are my Eyes still flowing?* (see *Bagford Ballads*, p. 89.)

King *James* the First was a Gallant King,  
 No *Edward*, no *Richard*, nor *Henry* like him,  
 He preserv'd his Kingdoms in Peace all his days,  
 He was pious, religious, and vertuous always:  
 He had love to his Subjects, and they love to him,  
 And in all things he was fit for a King,  
 Whenas he went to Heaven, he left Peace and Wealth,  
 And he left Posterity like to himself. 8

*Charles* his Son, which was murdered by harms,  
 Despised by some Subjects, who soon took up Arms,  
 And then in the Rebellion a great many 'rose,  
 And would take upon them their King to oppose:  
 Some malignant humours would needs fight the Crown,  
 And murdered King *Charles* to keep Monarchy down;  
 The Subjects' Persecution in this it was shown,  
 For what it cost *England* it's very well known 16

If I his Transactions to you should repeat  
 It would be a volume too large and too great,  
 What dismal distractions this Prince waded through,  
 By Rebellious actions was more than anow. [= Enough.  
 Yet he for his Foes most heartily pray'd,  
 And told them, to dye that he was not afraid:  
 His Blood cries like *Abel's* from the ground to this day,  
 Against all those Rebels that took it away. 24

Then *Charles* the Second was King in his place,  
 But they took Crown in possession, and thought him too base,  
 They a new Power would needs have set up,  
 They stil'd *Oliver Cromwel*, but he lasted not:  
 The Crown then lay useless, which was worn so long,  
 Some would fain have worn it, but durst not put it on;  
 The King then was absent, though here he did Reign,  
 And the Crown it lay lurking till *Charles* came again. 32

Young *Charles* brought the banner of Peace in his [ch]arms,  
 His sight caus'd a whole Army to lay down their Arms.  
 He brought joy and freedom to each true Cavalier,  
 Brought that i' th' front which had long been i' th' rear :  
 This Nation distracted again he did cure,  
 The Laws bravely acted and rul'd by his power.

His griefs was our trouble, though we durst not complain,  
 But our joys they did double when *Charles* came again. 40

For passing of wrongs he a *David* might be,  
 For meekness a *Moses* at all times was he,  
 Like *Job* for his patience was he all along,  
 For wit and for wisdom a King *Solomon* ;  
 But he's gone to Heaven with Saints for to Reign,  
 And there to be crown'd with a new diadem ;  
 His obliging presence I cannot forget,  
 There's thousands in the Nation that mourn for him yet. 48

Now gracious King [*James*] rule thou in his place,\* [William.]  
 Since thou art to the Crown and the Kingdom a grace.  
 Thou art one of the Line, and I greatly conceit,  
 Thou wilt never decline, nor degenerate :  
 Thou art garnisht with faculties fit for a Prince,  
 With wit, learning, valour, the same to advance :  
 God bless thee from foes and increase thee in wealth,  
 And let Angels attend and bless thee in health. 56

Let's pay our Allegiance to [JAMES] our [great] King [WILLIAM].  
 Then we shall have friendship and favour from him ;  
 When the Head and Body unites it is brave,  
 I hope that great mercy amongst us we'll have.  
 I hope that brave *England* will flourish again,  
 For the King has granted Liberty our peace to maintain,  
 And we will serve him as long as we can,  
 To wait on our Prince we'll be free every man. 64

But when subjects like *Absalom* would be in Rule, [Monmouth].  
 And are so audacious their King to controul ;  
 Divisions break Unity, and spoils it quite,  
 A kingdom that's Divided to stand is not like :  
 Then let e'ery man be content with his place,  
 For that's the best way for a Man to keep [grace], [t. 'safe.']  
 But when Servants turn Masters, I like no such thing,  
 We should soon have no Subjects, but all would be King. 72

ffinis. This may be Printed, R. P.

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.* [1687.]

[In Black-letter. Two cuts, in C. 22 ex. ! 1st, *Charles II.* ; 2nd, on p. 660.]

\* \* \* The change of name made in Williamite issue, after Decem., 1688.

## The Anti-Climax at Whitehall.

IN earlier volumes iv. and v. of these *Roxburghe Ballads*, and in a small 'Group of Monmouth Ballads' in the *Bagford Ballads*, we have shown many phases of the political excitement, as reflected in the fugitive literature of the time preceding the "Inglorious Revolution" of 1688. We now give a final ballad on James II.

The following ballad, although not belonging to our Roxburghe Collection, is worthy of being included here, as it tells of the rejoicing of those who remained loyal to King James II., and who drew fresh hopes of restored tranquility, before his second and final flight ruined his cause.

Although a far larger number of Whig ballads celebrating the Revolution have been preserved and reprinted than of the broadsides issued in favour of the Royalists, not reckoning the collection of *Loyal Songs* successively published in 1684, and, with music, again in 1685 and 1694 (the unsold sheets with a freshly-dated title-page), it would be an error to imagine that a monopoly existed for *Jonah Deacon* and other turncoat ballad-mongers, who went over to the Orange faction. There had been many popular ballads celebrating the birth of the Prince of Wales; others after the downfall of James II., during his exile, and until the news of his death had reached England. There was not only a faithful band of adherents who composed ditties and drank healths of "The King—over the water!" but a considerable minority of the real populace, who secretly purchased and enjoyed the Jacobite ballads. A lumbering stupidity, with total absence of any refined sense of humour, generally characterised the Orange laudations. But the paid hacks of either camp seldom rose to any height of poetry. It was not until after the final extinction of the Stuart hopes, in 1746, that the genuine pathos of the defeated Jacobites gained a fitting record in song, and tradition still consecrates their cause.

It does not fall into our scheme, being necessarily cramped for space, to include certain ballads elsewhere preserved, but unique, which illustrate in a marked manner the loyalty and enthusiasm of those who hoped unto the last that King James II. or the Stuart race would remain unshaken on the throne. We can do little more than mention a few of these genuine and early Jacobite ballads, in our own private collection, and elsewhere, not including the larger gathering of Trowbesh MSS.

To the tune of *King James's Jigg* (see p. 207), and licenced by Richard Pocock, was sung, 'The Western Triumph, or, The Royal Progress of our Gracious King *James* the II. unto the West of *England*. Our Gracious King, where'er he came, was entertained with joy. His presence did much comfort bring [and] all crys *Vive Le Roy*.' This was printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, etc., and begins, "Come listen a while to the Lines which I bring."

To the tune of *The Country Farmer* (see p. 152), licenced by Richard Pocock, printed for *W. Thackeray* and *T. Passinger*, is 'The Manifestation of Joy; or, the Loyal Subject's great acknowledgment: Occasionally written upon the Publication of His Majesties most Gracious Declaration allowing Liberty of Conscience.' It begins, "Let *England* rejoyce, and good Subjects be glad."

To the tune of *Paekington's Found* (see vol. vi. *passim* and Index), also licenced by R. Pocock, and printed for *P. Brooksby*, 'The Princely Triumph; or, *England's* Joy in the Birth of the Young Prince of *Wales*: Born on the 10th of *June*, 1688, to the great content and satisfaction of all Loyal Subjects.' It begins, "Let *England* rejoyce, and all sorrows expell;" and has a burden of, '*A Young Prince is Born, may he long live to Reign*.' The libellous 'Warming-Pan Ballad,' "When *Jemmy* the Second, not *Jemmy* the First," belongs to a later reign, having been issued in the time of the Hanoverian Georges. (*Vide post*).

[Pepy's Collection, II. 253; Wood's Coll., E. 25. fol. 107.]

England's Joyful Welcome to the  
King, upon his Return to White-Hall, on the 16th  
December, 1688, after his withdrawing himself and  
Six Days' Absence; Or,

The Loyal Subject's Delight.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Why are my eyes [still] flowing?* etc. [Bagford Ballads, p. 89.]



Now, now let's Rejoyce, and let *England* be glad,  
Since that we do hope there's no cause to be sad :  
The King to his People return'd is again,  
And may he live happy, and prosperously Reign :  
Kind Heaven contriv'd it, no doubt for our Peace,  
That all our contentions for ever may cease ;  
That flatterers from his true Friends may be known,  
And those be esteem'd that supported the Crown.

8

What Joy did surprise us, when first we had News,  
The King to come back to us did not refuse ;  
Ay, each Loyal heart beat a march to 's return,  
Whose surprising absence they often did mourn :  
" Long, long may he live !" each good Protestant sing,  
" Tho' all Evil Counsellors mount in a string !"  
The Roads as he passed all crowded they were,  
And each one did strive to Great *James* to get near :

16

To welcome him Home to his Palace of State,  
 And pity the Hardship he sustain'd of late,  
 Upon his Retirement, and with loud Huzzas,  
 Still welcom'd our Monarch where e're he did pass ;  
 With Royal attendance he made his Advance,  
 On purpose the Crowds met, and not as by chance ;  
 Each glad was to see him returning again,  
 And cou'd not from loud Acclamations refrain. 24

But, most of all, *London*, that Renown'd City,  
 At once show'd her Gladness, and likewise her Pity ;  
 For no sooner Fame brought the News to her Gates,  
 But joyful expectants had filled the streets,  
 And as the Coach-Royal pass'd with loud acclaim,  
 Mingled with sighs, they did Welcome the same :  
 By one they their Joy for his safety express :  
 By t'other their Sorrow for his late Distress. 32

The Bells too they cou'd not this good News conceal,  
 But welcom'd him in with a merry Appeal :  
 To mournful *White-Hall* he did scarcely appear,  
 But sadness flew thence, that had sat brooding there :  
 The Gates, so late clos'd, to our Monarch gave place,  
 While he restor'd joy to each sorrowful face ;  
 And thither the Nobles resorted amain,  
 To fill up the Room of his scattered Train. 40

With true Loyal hearts for to Welcome him home,  
 So may our Divisions to Settlement come,  
 Our troubles all cease, and the Nation be freed  
 Of those that wou'd Discord amongst us still breed ;  
 Whilst the King and his People in love they do meet,  
 And right understanding does make him more great ;  
 That we as a Providence ever may own  
 The Discov'ry that caus'd his return to the Throne. 48

The Prospect of War, that did dreadful appear,  
 We now are in hopes there's no cause to fear ;  
 But that without Blood-shed things may be secure,  
 And we with Priests' Councils be troubl'd no more :  
 So Law and Religion may flourish amain,  
 And Plenty and Peace grow up under his Reign :  
 Our Swords into Plow-shears, to Pruning-hooks Spears,  
 We wish may be turn'd, and still vanish our fears. 56

But this to a Parliament we must submit,  
 And wish the great Nation's Wise Council may Sit,  
 So to heal all our grievance, that none can complain,  
 But *Protestants* all may assured remain  
 Of what by Unbyass'd Men, shall be thought Just,  
 In Religion, Law, Property, ne'er to be cross'd:

And now to conclude let us heartily Sing,  
 " *Blest Heaven be thank'd for th' Return of the King.*" 64

*Finis.*

Printed for *C. Dennisson*, at the *Stationers'-Arms*, within *Aldgate*.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, the two Cavaliers in a tavern, p. 710; 2nd, the King at a banquet-table, with six men on each side; a picture which is still owing from our p. 220 (*Cook Laurel*). Date, December, 1688.]

\* \* Brief were the loyal rejoicing. Is it idle speculation to inquire *what would have happened again at Whitehall windows*, if James the Second had not yielded to the suggested fears of his false advisers, and left the field clear for William and Mary by a fresh departure: this time final? Would they have dared (they were willing) to put him to death judicially, as his father had been murdered before him? Or were there not plenty of agents, among the 'Protestant Boys' of the next ballad, who would have speedily found some secret means of removing any obstacle; supposing that James did not choose to make the 'happy despatch' and extinguish himself? All this is written in the secret archives of the Unaccomplished; which record many a black design of corrupted minds, lacking nothing but the favour of opportunity to become overt crimes, yet not ceasing to be remorseless sins. They will be revealed, One Day.



To the tune of *Charon* (see our p. 521), people were called to sing in 1689

'The Protestant's satisfaction in a Prosperous Reign.'

" YOU that would have this a prosperous Nation,  
 And that Religion should flourish still,  
 Here in the spight of all *Rome's* Usurpation,  
 Fight with a courage and right good will.  
 Then all your Foes will flee before ye,  
 Just as they did from *Salisbury Plain*. [i.e. in 1688.  
 And our King *William* he soon will restore ye,  
*The Antient Rights in this Happy Reign.* 8

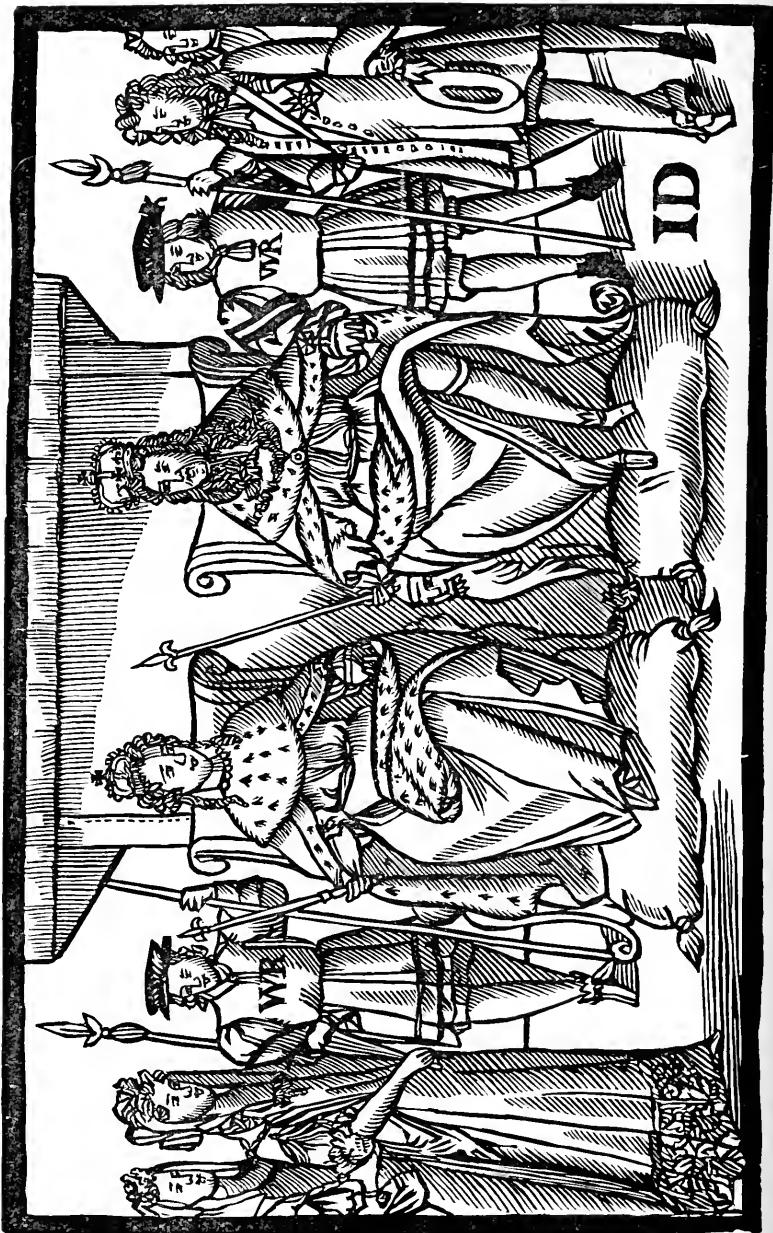
" He is attended always with a blessing,  
 With whatsoever he taken in hand;  
 The Royal Dignitie he is possessing  
 Monarch of this our Christian Land.  
 Heaven was pleased to reward him,  
 Since he Religion would contain,  
 And will the choicest of favours afford him  
*For to compleat him a happy Reign.* 16

- “ *William and Mary*, the kingdoms protection,  
 They will soon baffle *Tyrconnell's* pride ;  
 And soon will vanquish his Irish faction,  
 So long as Heaven stands by their side.  
 Therefore, brave Boys let's not be daunted,  
 But our [lost] liberties regain,  
 The Divine powers of Heaven has granted  
*That we shall see a most happy Reign.* 24
- [See Note.]
- “ Let not true Protestants e're be affrighted,  
 At the proud words of a haughty foe,  
 But as one body be truly united,  
 And we shall sudden[ly] lay them low.  
 Then [we] retrieve this kingdom's glory,  
 And our Liberties maintain,  
 Sending the Romans down to Purgatory,  
*While we are blest with a happy Reign.* 32
- “ Like men of Courage, we'll enter the Battle,  
 Charging our Enemies through and through ;  
 When the guns thunder and drums they do rattle,  
 They'll see what Protestant Boys can do.  
*Talbot*, alas ! will soon be weary,  
 When he shall see his *Teagues* lay slain ;  
 And glad to yield to great *William and Mary*,  
*Who in a flourishing State does Reign.* 40
- “ Tho' he may boast, like a great Son of Thunder,  
 Before he enters the Crimson fray,  
 Yet we shall fill him with horror and wonder,  
 When our Colours we do display.  
 Taking such effectual courses,  
 That we that Kingdom may regain,  
 Cut down and scatter the *Irish* forces,  
*Then we shall see a most happy Reign.* 48
- “ As soon as ever the Case is decided,  
 In the subduing of *Ireland*,  
 The Romans' riches will soon be divided [N.B. Plunder !  
 Among our Conquering Armed Band.  
 Then crown'd with Bays of peace and pleasure,  
 We shall return with joy again ;  
 Loaded with victory, honour and treasure,  
*Here to behold a long happy Reign.*” 56

Licensed according to Order. Printed for *J. Blare*, on *London-Bridge*, 1689.

[Note.—*Richard Talbot*, Duke of *Tyrconnel*, loyal to *James II.*, fought at the Battle of the *Boync*, and died at *Limerick*, 5 Aug., 1691.]







## Historical Ballads :

In the Times of

# WILLIAM AND MARY.

“ But there was none like unto *Ahab*, which did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the LORD; whom *Jezebel* his wife stirred up.”



IN the downfall of King James the Second, at the end of December, 1688, many staunch Jacobites, who were faithful in the hour when his favoured adherents had deserted him, showed their resentment by quoting the *First Book of Kings*, chap. xxi. v. 25. They knew how the usurper, William of Orange, had long coveted Naboth's vineyard, and how his wife had aided him, ready if needful to “ kill and take possession,” without fear of any prophet's rebuke, for had they not power over the bishoprics, and were not the Non-jurors ejectable? Mary's conduct could scarcely be deemed worse than that of her sister Anne, who had received more tokens of her father's affection. The two women soon betrayed their mutual jealousy and hatred, to the delight of spectators.

Whatever imprudence and obstinacy characterised the ill-starred James II., he was at least possessed of some few virtues which were conspicuously absent from his immediate successors. His religious faith was genuine, carried to the extreme of bigotry and superstition, we admit; he had been a kind, indulgent, forbearing father to both daughters, and had remained unsuspecting of the intriguing nephew who had calculated on his downfall, and done his utmost to secure it, *per fas et nefas*. While he was Duke of York, James had been girt round with a circle of enthusiastic friends, so that in his popularity among them he had rivalled the ‘Merry Monarch’ himself, and was reckoned an almost insurmountable obstacle by the unscrupulous faction of ‘Exclusionists.’ Had James used tact, prudence, or worldly cunning, after he succeeded to the throne, he might have enjoyed a long and prosperous reign, advancing many just reforms, securing for those who shared his religious faith and creed those equal rights and privileges to which they were reasonably entitled. But his impatient rashness, headstrong and bigotted, speedily betrayed him, causing such concessions to be withheld; delayed so long, that penal oppressions became more iniquitous: because of his own inability to foresee, to controul, and, at last, to endure unflinchingly the course of events.

*Note.*—We have seen, by the motto on p. 715, a parallel drawn between William III. and Ahab: but it is somewhat hard measure for the ancient King (who had better qualities than William, and repented, which William never did). *Mary* of Orange earned for herself, by her unfilial selfishness and arrogance, the well-deserved name of '*Tullia*,' in remembrance of the Roman dame who drove her triumphant chariot-wheels over her father's body. In the political poem (of which the authorship was attributed by Malone, to Mainwaring, a zealous Jacobite), entitled "*Tarquin and Tullia*," beginning, "In time when Princes cancell'd Nature's Law," she is incidentally held up to scorn. James II. is *Tullius*, and Gibbie Barnet, of Sarum, is satirized as the "Pagan Priest who for refuge fled" to Holland, the Court of "*Tarquin*, a savage proud ambitious Prince;" and the calumnies are mentioned, spread abroad to injure James, insinuating that he had poisoned his brother Charles, and that his own son (who should have been recognised as James III.) was a fraudulent interloper, brought into the palace concealed in a warming-pan (p. 709). Marlborough and his wife, the 'brimstone' Sarah, are thus described. (*Cf.* Macaulay, on both):—

"Yet *Tullius*, 'tis decreed, must lose his Crown, [James II.  
For faults that were his Council's not his own;  
He now in vain commands e'en those he paid,  
By darling Troops deserted and betray'd;  
By *Creatures* which his genial warmth had made. 60

"Of these, a *Captain of the Guards* was worst, [Marlborough: John  
Whose memory to this day stands accurst;  
This Rogue, advanc'd to Military Trust, [Churchill.  
By his own whoredom, and his sister's lust, [Arabella Churchill's.  
Forsook his Master, after dreadful vows,  
And plotted to betray him to his foes:  
The kindest Master to the vilest *Slave*,  
As free to give, as he was sure to crave.

"His *haughty Female*, who, as Books declare, [Sarah Jennings.  
Did always toss wide nostrils in the air,  
Was to the *younger Tullia* governess, [Princess Anne.  
And did attend her, when, in borrow'd dress,  
She fled by night from *Tullius* in distress.  
This Wretch, by Letters did invite his Foes,  
And us'd all arts her Father to depose:  
A Father always generously bent,  
So kind, that he her wishes did prevent. [=anticipate.

"'Twas now high time for *Tullius* to retreat,  
When even his daughter hast'ned his defeat: 80  
When faith and duty vanish'd, and no more  
The name of Father, nor of King, he bore." . . .

"This King removed, th' assembled States thought fit,  
That *Tarquin* in the vacant Throne should sit. [William, 8th Feb., 1668.  
Voted him Regent in their Senate House,  
And with an empty name endowed his spouse, 100  
The *elder Tullia*, who, some authors feign,  
Drove o'er her father's corpse a 'trembling' wain;  
But she! more guilty! numerous wains did drive, [Mary.  
To crush her Father and her King alive:  
In glad remembrance of his hast'ned fall,  
Resolv'd to institute a weekly Ball.

She, jolly Glutton! grew in Bulk and Chin,  
 Feasted in rapine, and enjoy'd her sin;  
 With Luxury she did weak Reason force,  
 Debauch'd good nature, and cramm'd down remorse: 110  
 Yet when she drauk cool *Tea*, in liberal sups,  
 The sobbing Dame was maudlin in her cups.

“But brutal *Tarquin* never did relent,  
 Too hard to melt, too wicked to repent;  
 Cruel in deeds, more merciless in will,  
 And blest with natural delight in ill.” [151 lines of total.]

Sir Walter Scott reprinted *Tarquin and Tullia* among the doubtful poems attributed to Dryden, but admitted that it bears no trace of his hand. “The satire is coarse and intemperate, without having that easy flow of verse and felicity of expression, which always distinguishes the genuine productions of our author.” The comparison of William and Mary with *Tarquin and Tullia* was early insisted upon as a topic of reproach. It occurs in a letter concerning the Coronation medal [executed by John Rottier, surpassing the other Coronation medals], which, as is well known represented, on the reverse, the destruction of *Phaeton*. The letter-writer says [*A Letter from a Gentleman in the Country to his Correspondent in the City, concerning the Coronation Medal: Somers' Tracts, 1813, vol. x. p. 209*], that “one gentleman seeing the chariot, but not understanding the Latin inscription [*Ne totus absumatur*], and having heard the town talk of *Tullia* who instigated her husband *Tarquinius* to kill her father *Servius Tullius*, king of the Romans, that he might succeed him in the Throne, and, as *Livy* says, caused her chariot to be driven over his mangled body, cried out, ‘Is this *Tullia's* chariot?’ This, I say, shocked me,” etc. Compare the British Museum Trustees' excellent *Medallie Illustrations*, i. 662, 1885. *Tarquin and Tullia* is assigned unhesitatingly as ‘By Mr. D——n,’ in *Poems on Affairs of State, 1704, p. ix.*

We give ‘The True Protestant's Triumph’ on p. 718, somewhat before its chronological position, it really belonging to 1690-92. and not preceding the Coronation ballads of pp. 720, etc. Another *Coronation Song*; or, *A Dainty fyne King indeed*, was popular among the Loyal Scottish Jacobites, sung to the tune of the original *Gaberlunzie Man*, and preserved in Trowbesh MSS., in Three Parts, or twenty-three stanzas. It begins thus:

The eleventh of *Aprill* is come about,  
 To *Westmins'er* went the rabble rout,  
 In order to crown a bundle of clouts.  
*A dainty fyne King indeed!*

Descended he is from the *Orange tree*,  
 But if I can read his destiny,  
 He'll once descend from another tree!  
*A dainty fyne King indeed!*

He's half a knave, and half a foole,  
 The Protestant *Joyner's* cruikit toole;  
 Cuds, splutter nailles! shall such an one rule?  
*A dainty fyne King indeed!* etc.

[*Stephen Colledge.*]



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 405 ; Pepy's Coll., V. 123.]

# The True Protestant's Triumph ;

Or,  
Lilli-Bolero in English.

[TUNE OF, *Lilliburlero*, 'Ho! Brother *Teague*.' See *Note* below.]

Come, let's sing to the Honour and Praise  
Of *William* and *Mary*, *George* and *Ann*,  
Who did three groveling kingdoms raise,  
*William* and *Mary*, *George* and *Ann*,  
*Mary*, *Mary*, *William & Mary*; *William & Mary*, *George & Ann*.

The *Jacobites* now begin to droop, *William* and *Mary*, *George & Ann*.  
Who lately were so Cock-a-hoop, *William* and *Mary*, etc. [*Passim*.  
Great *WILLIAM* is to *Holland* gone, etc.,  
To give them advice, or to lead them on, etc. 10

When *Monsieur* heard that he was at the *Hague*, [*Louis XIV.*  
It made his old fistula smart and ake.  
There was an old Prophecy found by chance,  
That *ORANGE* should be a terror to *France*.

When news was brought of this terrible thing,  
Lord! how it did startle th' *Invincible King*.  
He swore in his rage he would soon have his blood,  
And kill him himself, marry, ay, if he could! 20

But now the old Prophecy's come to pass,  
*Lewis le Grand* now looks like an ass.  
When *WILLIAM* the Great rode over the *Boyn*[e], [*1690.*  
[He] thought that his enemies battel wou'd join. [*text*, 'And tho.')

Stout *Jemmy* in rage a perspective drew out,  
And valiantly saw at a distance the Rout.  
"Come away!" out he cry's, "the day is our own ;  
'Tis fitting, however, that I should be gone." 30

The terrible boast of *Monsieur's* fleet,  
Is suddenly vanished to *Eh—Hen come s[ee]* 't!  
Now the *Jacobite* purse grows low,  
And threadbare Bully begins to bow, to *William*, etc.

---

*Note*.—Music of *Lilliburlero* and original words "Ho! broder *Teague*, dost hear de decree?" are given in Mr. Wm. Chappell's *National English Melodies*, ii. p. 90; *Popular Music*, p. 572; and Pepy's Coll., V. 29. Words alone in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 270; *State Affairs*, iii. 231; in the first *Collection of Poems against Popery*, 1689, p. 9. Also in Percy's *Reliques*, vol. ii. bk. iii. No. 23.

From pimp and bully, bawd and whore,  
 They [had] all turn'd *Jacobites* heretofore ;  
 But now the *Jacobite* Fund is out,  
 " *As ye were's!*" the word, " *To the left about!*"

40

But now let *Jacobites* all prepare,  
 To be good if they can, or to swing in the air.  
 To all Loyal hearts this ditty I give, *William* and *Mary*, etc.  
 And long let *William* & *Mary* live ; *William* & *Mary*, *George* & *Ann* !  
*Mary*, *Mary*, *William*, & *Mary* ; *William* & *Mary*, *George* & *Ann*.

Printed and Sold by *John Wallis*, between the Two Gate-ways  
 going into *White-Fryars*.

[In White-letter, without woodcut. 'George and Ann' in the *refrain* alludes to  
 "Est il possible?" plump George, and his consort the Princess Anne; who soon  
 stood in antagonism to the Court and the Orange Party. Date, 1690-92.]

\* \* \* As it is very rare, we here prefix another ditty of 'Protestant Delight.'

An Excellent New Song on the Happy Coronation of King *William*  
 and Queen *Mary*.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Grim King of the Ghosts* [see p. 720 and vol. vi. p. 222.]

**K**ing *William* and *Mary* is crown'd, and sits in the height of the Throne ;  
 In them all our blessings are found, their power we ever will own.  
 From Thralldom they did us release, when Jesuits did us oppose,  
 Long, long may they flourish in peace, and Reign in the spight of their Foes.

True Protestants, every where, was filled with raptures of Joy,  
 While Papists were all in despair, and ready themselves to destroy.  
 Should they have a fancy to swing, let no one their mind interpose ;  
 While we drink to *William* our King, who Reigns in the spight of his Foes.

The Triumph and Joy did abound, and Bells they did merrily ring,  
 While jolly full bumpers went round, to *William*, our Sovereign King ;  
 And *Mary* his Consort the Queen, as fair as the lily and the rose,  
 Long may they in glory be seen, to Reign in the spight of their foes.

While *William* and *Mary*, his Queen, was passing along to the Throne,  
 No symptoms of sorrow was seen, but joy in the face of each one :  
 The Musick most sweetly did play, nothing could their Joys interpose,  
 The Protestants heartily pray to bless them in spight of their foes.

Their Majesties both being Crown'd, the Rights of this Realms to restore,  
 Great Guns made the Kingdom resound, to carry the tydings all o'er.  
 With Loyal Souls drinking their health, and full as they follow'd their blows,  
 They wish'd them both honour and wealth, to Reign in the spight of their foes.

The Conduits were flowing with Wine, and Bonfires in every street,  
 Which like blazing Comet did shine, the joys of the day to compleat ;  
 Huzzas made the element ring, their merriment none can oppose,  
 They pray'd that great *William* our King might Reign in the spight of his foes.

Printed for *J. Blare*, at the *Looking-Glass* on *London-Bridge*, 1689.

[Roxb. Coll., II. 272, 437; Pepy's, II. 270; Wood, E. 25, fol. 114; Lind., 739.]

## The Subjects' Satisfaction.

Being a New Song of the Proclaiming King *William*  
and Queen *Mary* the 13th of this instant *February* ;  
to the great Joy and Comfort of the whole Kingdom.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Grim King of the Ghosts* ; Or, *Hail to the Myrtle Shades*.  
[See Note.]



**K**ing *William* is come to the Throne, the Nation's defender to be,  
And this is a blessing we own, ordain'd by the Heaven's decree;  
Let Protestants truly rejoyce, and bells too as merrily ring,  
While all with a laudable voice, *cry God bless great William our King*.

Queen *Mary*, his Royal Consort, invested with fame and renown,  
She is the bright star of the court, as being true heir to the Crown :  
Long may they both flourish & reign, their fame thro' *Europe* to ring:  
While subjects they cry out amain, *God prosper great William our King*,

The Triumph of that noble day, as they were in *London* proclaim'd,  
Was duly observ'd every way, vast Bone-fires gallantly flam'd :  
Canary was plenty and free, as water that flows from a spring,  
While all in one voice did agree, *saying God bless great William our King*.

As being releas'd from that fear, which threatened this nation of late,  
A blessing is come in the rear, to settle Religion and State :  
The glory of *Brittains* is come, their Boy, let us merrily sing,  
And turn a glass over your thumb, *with God save great William our King*.

There is such a change in the scene, which soon all our joys will restore,  
A *Protestant King* and a Queen, the like was scarce ever before :  
Let loud Acclamations resound, and make the high Elements ring,  
The Glory of *Brittains* is found, *in our true Protestant King*.

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Note. — The *Roxburghe Ballad*, "Grim King of the Ghosts come hither!" is in vol. vi. p. 222; Nat Lee's "Hail to the Myrtle Shades!" in vol. v. p. 422.

Now good Queen *Elizabeth's* laws, in full force and power shall stand,  
To maintain the *Protestant* cause, and make this a flourishing land :  
We'll purge out all *Poper*y quite, which plots to this nation did bring,  
And all in Obedience unite, to pray for great *William our King*.

The Lords & the Commons agreed, & gave satisfaction to all, [fall ;  
Tho' *Romans* false rumours did breed, & hop'd they at variance wou'd  
Yet Heaven has blest the great work, which joy to this nation did bring,  
A fig for the *French*, or the *Turk*, now we have a *Protestant King*.

Except those that wou'd us destroy, there is not a sorrowful soul,  
The land is transported with joy, full bumpers does merrily troul :  
Great guns at the *Tower* did roar, while Fame she was boasting on wing  
To carry the tydings all o're, of *William our Protestant King*.

Let *Mary*, his Royal good Queen, be blest by the powers above,  
And that to her joy may be seen, a mother e're long she may prove ;  
And have a Male Heir of her own, whose fame may through  
*Christendom* ring ;  
And sit in the height of the Throne, to reign a true *Protestant King*.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel*, in *Giltspur-street*.

[Black-letter. Four cuts : 1st and 2nd, below ; 3rd, Cupids, p. 720 ; 4th, hostess, p. 293. Date, February, 1689.]

Another ditty of 'Protestant Delight,' belonging to the same time, 1689, is "The City and Country's Resolution." The Tune is, 'Touch of the Times' (see p. 706). It begins, "Brave Boys, we'll soon have an army of those, that will both the *French* and *Tyrconnel* oppose," Printed for *J. Blare*, at the *Looking-Glass* on *London-Bridge*, 1689. See *Bagford Ballads*, p. 381. In the same work, p. 612, 1877, is "The Protestant Joy ; or, The Glorious Coronation of King *William* and Queen *Mary*," etc., beginning, "Let Protestant's freely allow." The woodcut issued by *J. Deacon*, with his initials, is on p. 714.



J.W.E.

[Roxburghe Coll., II. 511; Bagford, II. 132; Pepys, IV. 320; Huth, II. 141;  
Jersey, I. 289 = Lind., 1059.]

## The Welsh Fortune-Teller;

Or,

Sheffery Morgan's Observation of the Stars, as he  
sat upon a Mountain in Wales.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Touch of the Times*. [See p. 706.]  
Licensed according to Order.

SINCE Arrival, Proclaiming, and Crowning is o're,  
And song upon song made, what would you have more?  
Why yet after all, I a Prophesie bring,  
'Tis writ here in verses for Lasses to sing;  
And therefore come buy this new Ditty, for why?  
The truth of this Story there's none can deny;  
We see by the Stars that promotion will be,  
Extended to persons of ev'ry degree : 8

When we are united all over the land,  
Resolving against all the *Romans* to stand,  
Under the protection of *William* our king,  
And pay our allegiance in every thing,  
And Protestant boys, with a thundering noise,  
Has routed *Tyrconnel* and all his 'Dear Joys,'  
Then all these three kingdoms will flourish again,  
And we shall be blest with a prosperous reign. 16

When lawyers at *Westminster* plead without fees,  
And travellers walk on the turbulent seas  
Without any vessel from *Brittain* to *Spain*,  
And when it does fair maids and feather-beds rain;  
When *Rome* and her crew, are both loyal and true,  
And bid all their treasons and plottings adieu;  
I say, when these wonders come truly to pass,  
The Protestants all will admire the Mass. 24

When Lasses are mothers by lying alone,  
And *Sheffery* finds the Philosopher's stone,  
And *England* is wall'd round with silver and gold,  
When knaves will not honest-men's treasures with-hold;  
When Fryers' grow chaste, and will not embrace  
Young ladies that comes with an amorous grace,  
To make an ingenious confession of sin:  
Then *Rome* will be purer than e'er she has been. 32



When every river with brandy does run,  
 And hard stony rocks they do melt with the sun ;  
 When fishes make honey that swims in the seas,  
 And *Oranges* grows upon *Sycamore* trees ;  
 When Usurers they throw their money away,  
 And then fill their bags and their coffers with clay :  
     When this comes to pass I will make it appear,  
     That *Rome* shall be honour'd by Protestants here.      40

When the richest amber of pebbles is made,  
 And diamonds with jewels for gravel is laid,  
 The city and country roads to repair ;  
 When towers and castles do fly in the air ;  
 And great ships refrain the vast wide ocean main,  
 And sails in the middle of *Salisbury* plain :  
     When all these strange wonders comes fairly to pass,      48  
     The Protestants then shall admire the Mass.

Here is a prediction for lasses likewise,  
 The which will their longing desires suffice ;  
 Whenever you're merry be modest and chaste,  
 And always give way to your betters in place ;  
 Tho' you lye alone, yet make not your moan,  
 For here by the Stars it is very well known,  
     If you will be thrifty, and both get and save,  
     When you are all marry'd you Husbands shall have.      56

[Colophon lost. Printed for *G. Conyers*, on *Ludgate-Hill*. Two cuts: 1st, is new, of a Welshman; 2nd, the "*Aye marry, and thank you too!*" cut, of *Bagford Ballads*, p. 466, left. Date, after 11th April, 1689.]

Turn back to our *Bagford Ballads*, 1877, pp. 437-440, and compare with this 'Welsh Fortune Teller,' "The Protestant Prophecy."

\* \* We have already given (p. 616 in vol vi.) the ballad of "*Clavers* with his *Hielandmen*," celebrating the Jacobite victory at Killiecrankie, July 17, 1689. And among *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 277 to 285, 292 to 383, 413 to 428, etc., are several on the war in Ireland, the Battle of the Boyne, death of Schomberg, siege of Londonderry, etc., which would otherwise have come at this place. Also the Royal Triumph at Sea, May, 1692, "*Valiant Protestant Boys*" (*Ibid.* p. 297); the 'Protestant Commander,' of June, 1690 (*Ibid.* p. 305), viz. "*Farewell, my Sweet Lady*;" and "*The Souldier's Return*" (*Ibid.*, p. 338).

## The Jolly Welsh Woman.

THE Welsh have never yet proved themselves entitled to be regarded as a civilized and enlightened race. During the Rebellion they were factious, selfish, grasping, and unsatisfactory; as they are still, their *Eisteddfod* notwithstanding. "*Tuffy was a Welshman*, and *Tuffy was a Thief*," said the popular nursery-rhyme. After his depredations, any reprisals on him were difficult, among his native hillocks, where "*Tuffy was at home*."

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 236 ; Pepys, III. 75 ; Jersey, I. 66 = Lindes., 1156.]

**The Jolly Welsh-Woman ;**  
 Who drinking at the Sign of the Crown in London,  
 found a Spring in her Dugg, for Joy of which hur  
 Sung the praise of Old England, resolving never to  
 return to Wales again.

TUNE OF, *Hey brave Popery*, etc. [See iv. 290 ; and Note on p. 725.]

Licensed according to Order.

There was an old woman came out of *North Wales*,  
 And up to fair *London* hur merrily sails,  
 It was for her pleasure, cuts-plutter-a-nails,  
*Sing O brave WELSH Woman, Jolly brave WELSH Woman,*  
*Delicate WELSH Woman O.* 5

As soon as hur came into fair *London* town,  
 Hur went to an Alehouse the sign of the Crown,  
 In order to tipple hur streight did sit down,  
*Sing O brave WELSH Woman, &c.* 10

Hur being a weary and willing to rest,  
 Hur would not be one of the worst of the Guest,  
 But call'd for a pitcher of ale of the best,  
*Sing O brave WELSH Woman, &c.* 15

The Tapster then giving the jug in her hand,  
 The *Welsh* woman streight on hur feet she did stand,  
 And drank a good health to hur King of *England* ;  
*Sing O brave WELSH Woman, &c.* 20

Now while hur had gotten the jugg at her snout,  
 And being both lusty, courageous and stout,  
 Hur gave it a tug, 'till hur swigg'd it half out,  
*Sing O rare WELSH Woman, &c.* 25

The Tapster he see her to be of that strain,  
 And how she did tipple the Liquor amain,  
 Thought he " I will fill up thy pitcher again,  
*Sing O brave WELSH Woman, Jolly brave WELSH Woman,*  
*Delicate WELSH Woman O."* 30

The jugg hur had plac'd on the Bench by her side,  
 To which the young Tapster did cunningly slide,  
 And fill'd it as if had been a full tide :  
*Sing O brave WELSH Woman, Jolly brave WELSH Woman,*  
*Delicate WELSH Woman O.* 35

Now hur did not know how her pitcher did fill, [1st cut.  
 Therefore hur did say with a merry good will,  
 "Here's tipples and drink, and hur pitcher full still?  
*Sing O brave ENGLAND, Jolly brave ENGLAND,*  
*Delicate ENGLAND O.* 40

"The praise of this Nation, cuts-plut! hur will sing!  
 Hur never had known such a wonderful thing  
 The jugs in this land has a delicate spring,  
*Sing O brave ENGLAND, &c."* 45

Once more she saluted the lips of her mugg,  
 And gave it a hearty and dext'rous tugg,  
 The Tapster once more he did fill up her jugg,  
*Sing O brave ENGLAND, &c.* 50

The liquor up into her noddle did steal,  
 The floor with hur feet then hur hardly could feel;  
 So that hur began for to stagger and reel,  
*Sing O brave WELSH Woman, &c.* 55

Hur swore hur would never to *Wales* any more,  
 For here hur has tasted rich liquor good store,  
 The like in all *Wales* hur had ne'r drunk before,  
*Sing O brave ENGLAND, &c.* 60

"Hereafter hur never will honour the leek,  
 This was the best station as e're hur did seek,  
 Here's liquor of life that will make a cat speak,  
*Sing O brave ENGLAND, &c.*" 65

In praise of this liquor hur cap up she flung,  
 For why? it created an eloquent tongue,  
 Besides it will make an Old Woman look young,  
*Sing O brave Nappy Ale, Delicate Nappy Ale,*  
*Dainty fine, Nappy Ale O.* 70

[Black-letter. Three cuts: 1st reserved, a woman with jug of ale (or Mary with pot of ointment); 2nd, little man of p. 206; 3rd, a small house, with a Crown above. Date, soon after 1688. Colophon cut off, but Pepys and Jersey "Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back." Date, 1689.]

\*\* Of the tune called *Hey! brave Popery*, the early name was *Bragandary*, and there were many ballads written to it, using freely its striking refrain with variations of words. Of these several belonged to the year 1688, directed against the Lord Chancellor Jeffereys and the Romauists in general, with *Hey, brave Chancellor*, or, *Hey, brave Popery*, as might best suit the occasion, and following the example set by the earlier cavalier ditty, *Hey, brave Oliver!* See our vol. iv. pp. 290, 296, and 304, for extracts, five stanzas (5, 6, 12, 13 14) of 'Private Occurences; or, The Transactions of the four last Years.' Written in Imitation of the Old Ballad of *Hey, brave Oliver, Ho, brave, Oliver, etc.* It begins thus, as on next page: "A Protestant Muse," etc.

“ A Protestant Muse, yet a lover of Kings,  
 On th' Age, grown a little Satyrical, sings,  
 Of *Papists*, their Counsels, and other fine things,  
*Sing hey brave Popery, ho rare Popery, oh fine Popery!*  
*Oh dainty Popery, oh.*

Yet another ballad of ‘Protestant Delight,’ in 1689, was sung to this same tune of *O rare Popery!* It shews the vileness of the mob who sang it.

### The Pope's Last Will and Testament.

TUNE IS, *O rare Popery!* [See Note, p. 725.]

- I**T seems that the Pope he lies desperate sick,  
 He call'd unto him his head Cardinal *Nick*,  
 Said, “ Death will shew me here a slippery trick,  
 And send me from glory, down to Purgatory,  
 There, there to be double refined. 5
- “ Here, at my departure, I know you will grieve,  
 Yet cheer up your Spirits, for you shall receive  
 Some Relicks for Legacies which I shall leave:  
 Before you adore 'um, let nothing before 'um  
 Be valued in all the whole world. 10
- “ The first of my Legacies which I leave here,  
 It is of true value, as it will appear,  
 It is *St. Peter's* old worn-out chair:  
 Be careful and use it, but do not abuse it,  
 'Twill last you as long as you live. 15
- “ Besides, I must tell you, I here have in store  
 Many old Relics, full twenty and more,  
 They'll make you so rich, you can never be poor.  
 Their virtues are many, they give ease to any,  
 Who chance to be troubled in mind. 20
- For here's the old halter which *Judas* did use,  
 After he had proffer'd his pence to the Jews;  
 So after that ventur'd to dye in his shoes:  
 Now use it who pleases, I'm certain it eases  
 The greatest afflicted in mind. 25
- “ Another old relic, the Patriarch's Ladder,  
 And the Boot of *St. Luke*, which is made of good Leather,  
 And likewise *St. Anthonie's* 'i[fence] in a blather.  
 'Tis better than Physick, for cureing the Tisick, [*Consumption.*]  
 I charge you, be careful of this!" 30
- I cannot tell where Father *Petres* had been, [See vol. iv. p. 3. 6.]  
 But at the God speed he came tumbling in:  
 In this kind of language he thus did begin,  
 “ I seek for promotion, let me have my portion,  
 Pray do not forget your own son!" 35
- His Holiness told him his evils w[er]e rife,  
 As being the author and forger of strife,  
 And never had done any good in his life:  
 Therefore he was willing, to give him a shilling,  
 And blot him quite out of his Will. 40

## Some Valiant Female Soldiers.

“A bold virago, stout and tall, as *Joan of France*, or *English Mall*,  
Thro’ perils both of wind and limb, thro’ thick and thin she follow’d him,  
In ev’ry adventure h’ undertook, and never him or it forsook.  
At breach of wall, or hedge-surprize, she shared i’t’h hazard and the prize;  
At beating quarters up, or forage, behav’d herself with matchless courage,  
And laid about in fight more busily than th’ Amazonian dame *Penthesile*.”  
—*Hudibras*, Part I. canto 2, 378.

IN our ‘Second Group of Nautical Ballads,’ on pp. 546–55, and elsewhere, we have brought together a considerable number of ditties wherein the chief incident had been the resolution of a faithful damsel to accompany or to follow her Seaman to the War; the constancy of her affection being no less memorable than the courage with which she encountered and overcame the dangers on ship-board. The war in Flanders seems to have awakened similar enthusiasm among the girls, and we here meet sundry examples of the ‘She Volunteer;’ the ‘Maiden Warrior;’ the ‘Female Warrior;’ the ‘Gallant She-Souldier;’ the ‘Female Souldier, or, the Virgin Volunteer;’ the ‘Valiant Maid;’ and the ‘Famous Woman Drummer.’ Some of them were of earlier date; they formed models for these of William’s reign. One tells of a Scotch Lass (p. 737), dissuaded from joining her ‘Valiant *Jockey*’ when marching with Mackay against Claverhouse, in 1689. ‘The Gallant She-Souldier’ (on p. 728) is of date *circa* 1655; and ‘The Soldier’s Delight’ (on p. 732) appears to have been printed in 1676, *certainly* not later than 1684. Neither of these ballads belong to the Roxburghe Collection; but they are of great value, as originals, each being unique, the ‘She-Souldier’ (of p. 728), being evidently in celebration of the same woman who is (on p. 730) described as the ‘Woman Drummer;’ the birthday of the child in each case being “the 16th of July.” We are glad to include ‘The Soldier’s Delight,’ because it is cited as a tune-name on pp. 237, 515 (see *Index*).

Another unique ballad, of the same class, is ‘The Female Souldier; or, The Virgin Volunteer,’ beginning, “I sing in the fame,” etc., and to the tune of *Let the Souldiers rejoyce* (see vol. vi. p. 227); printed for *C. Bates*, at his usual shop in *West Smithfield* (Pepys Coll., II. 350). Sung to the same tune of *Let the Soldiers rejoyce*, another ballad, ‘The Woman Warrior,’ also printed for *C. Bates*, beginning, “Let the Females attend!” was given in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 323. It is the ‘Account of a Woman belonging to Cow Cross, Smithfield, who received a fatal wound at the Siege of Cork, 1690.’ ‘Pretty Polly Oliver’s Ramble’ is on p. 739.

[Probably-unique exemplar. Black-letter, in the 'Book of Fortune,' Song 10.]

## The Gallant She-Souldier;

Or,

### A brief Relation of a faithful-hearted Woman,

Who for the Love that she bore to her Husband, attired her selfe in Man's Apparell and so became a Souldier, and marcht along with him through *Ireland, France, and Spain*, and never was known to be a Woman till at the last she being quartered neere unto *Tower-hill*, in *London*, where she brought forth a gallant Man-Child, to the wonder of all her fellow-Souldiers. Of her valiant actions, honest carriage, and excellent behaviour: You shall presently heare (if you please).

THE TUNE IS, *Farewell to St. Giles's*. [See Note, on p. 729.]

YOU noble-minded Souldiers all, that faithful are and true,  
This Ditty I have writt-en for love I beare to you;  
Concerning of a Woman that was upright and just,  
Honest in her actions, and true unto her trust.

*Seek England, Scotland, and all the world about,  
There's hardly such another to be found out.*

6

Her Husband was a Souldier, and to the wars did goe,  
And she would be his Comrade, the truth of all is so.  
She put on Man's apparel, and bore him company,  
As many in the Army for truth can testify. *Seek, &c.* [Refrain, *passim*.

12

With Musket on her Shoulder, her part she acted then, [*text, 'than.'*]  
And every one supposed that she had been a Man;  
Her Bandeleers about her neck, and sword hang'd by her side:  
In many brave adventures her valour have been try'd.

18

She oft have crost the Ocean, and travelled over the maine,  
And she have been in *Ireland*, in famous *France* and *Spaine*;  
And now of late returned to lovely *London* towne,  
And bore her Armes most stoutly, with credit and renowne.

24

For exercising of her Armes, good skill indeed had she,  
And knowne to be as active as any one could be;  
For firing of a Musket, or beating of a Drum,  
She might compare assuredly with any one that come.

30

For other manly practices she gain'd the love of all,  
For Leaping and for Running, or wrestling of a fall;  
For Cudgells or for Cuffing, if that occasion were,  
There's hardly one of ten Men that might with her compare.

36

Yet civill in her carriage, and modest still was she,  
But with her fellow Souldiers she oft would merry be;  
She would Drink and take Tobacco, and spend her money to[o],  
When as occasion served, that she had nothing else to do.

42

But now behold with wonder what hap'ned at the last,  
 After much time in merriment she had in *London* past,  
 She found by several passages her selfe to be with child;  
 'Twas by her honest Husband, she could not be beguild'. 48

Yet secretly she kept it, so long as ever she could,  
 Till such time a Commander her be[teeming] di'l behold;  
 "What is the reason, *Tom*," quoth he, "that you are grown so fatt?"  
 "'Tis strong Beere and Tobacco, Sir, which is the cause of that." 54

But when her painefull houre was come, that she must delivered be,  
 The Women flockt about her, her grievances to see;  
 Her Breeches then were pulled off, and there began the wonder,  
 For in a short time after she was fallen quite in sunder. 60

The sixteenth day of *July*, as true reports do say,  
 The Souldier was delivered of a lusty chopping Boy;  
 The people that heares of this newes, each day do flock and run,  
 To see the Woman-Souldier and her little pretty Son. 66

Some gives her beds and blankets, her Baby for to Nurse,  
 Some gives her wholesome dyet, and money in her purse,  
 All them that comes to see her their bouaty doth bestow:  
 Indeed it is but fitting that they should all doe so. 72

To draw to a conclusion, I wish in heart and mind  
 That Women to their Husbands were every one so kind,  
 As she was to her Sweet-heart, her love to him was so,  
 That she forsooke all others, along with him to goe. 78

Whereby we may perceive and see, and very well approve,  
 There's nothing in y<sup>e</sup> world can be compar'd to faithfull Love;  
 The Hammer will breake Marble, and Hunger breake stone-wall,  
 But LOVE is sole Commander, and Conqueror of all.  
*Seeke England, Scotland, and all the world about,*  
*There's hardly such another to be found out.* 84

¶ All that are desirous to see the young Souldier and his Mother, let them repair to the sign of the *Black-Smith's-Armes*, in *East Smithfield*, neere unto *Tower-hill*, in *London*, and inquire for Mr. *Clarke*, for that was the Woman's name.

[Written, probably, by **Laurence Price**.]

*London*, Printed for *Richard Burton*, in *Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, the Squire with cane, p. 279; 2nd, white-hatted man, holding gloves, reverse of one on p. 311, left; 3rd, the original of the trunk-hose man, on p. 495; 4th, man in bed, praying, a woman or priest bringing a goblet to him; with a bearded man in front. Date, *circa* 1655, or but little later, near Restoration-time. The Author was not improbably *Laurence Price*, who had written "Farewell to *St. Giles's*," *circa* 1654: a ballad reprinted in our *Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*, p. \*485, (Ballad Society Publication), 1880.]

\* \* \* Although quite different in diction, a close similarity in both the subject and details unites this earlier ballad of 'The Gallant She-Souldier' (sung to *Laurence Price's* own tune, named from first line of his 'Merry Man's Resolution,' "Farewell to *St. Giles's*,") and the later version, signed with his initials L.P., given for comparison on p. 730.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 234; Ouvry, II. 2, imperfect = Lind., 1302].

## The famous Woman Drummer;

Or,

The valiant proceedings of a Maid which was [deep] in Love with a Souldier, and how she went with him to the wars; and also of many brave actions that she performed, after he had made her his wife: that here be exprest in this ensuing Ditty.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Wet and Weary*. [See p. 492, and *Note*, 732].



OF a Maiden that was deep in love with a Souldier brave & bold sir,  
I'll tell you here as true a tale, as ever hath been told, Sir;  
And what brave actions she perform'd, after she was his Wife, Sir;  
And how she did behave her selfe, to save her Husband's life, Sir:  
*She marcht with him, in wet and dry, in Winter and in Summer,*  
*For he was then a Muskietier, and she became a Drummer.* 6

When first this couple fell in love, a bargain she did make, sir,  
That when that he had need of her, she would not him forsake, sir;  
And so they went for two Comrades, most lovingly together,  
And plaid their parts most actively, like two Birds of one feather.  
*She marcht with him, in wet and dry, in Winter, &c.* 12

She had got man's apparel on, gay doublet and brave hose, sir;  
And manfully she beat her Drum, her enemies to oppose, sir;  
And she was daintily bedeckt, according to her Colours:  
And she was like a man indeed, just to great *Mars* his followers.  
*She marcht with him, in wet and dry, &c.* 18



They have been both in *Ireland*, in *Spain*, and famous *France*, sir,  
 Where lustily she beat her Drum, her honour to advance, sir,  
 Whilst Cannons roar'd, and bullets flye, as thick as hail from sky, sir,  
 She never fear'd her forraign Foes, when her Comrade was nigh, sir ;  
*She stood the brunts in heat and cold, in winter and in summer,*  
*Her Husband was a Muskettier, and she was then a Drummer.* 24

In every place where she did come, she shew'd herself so valiant ;  
 And few men might compare with her, her actions were so gallant ;  
 She manage could her sword full well, and to advance a pike, sir ;  
 But for the beating of a Drum, you seldome saw the like, sir.  
*In frost and snow, in wet and dry, in winter and in summer,*  
*Her Husband was a Muskettier, and she a famous Drummer.* 30

She beat with three men at one time, and won of them a wager ;  
 And had not one strange chance befell, she would have been  
 Drum-Major,  
 Her b[od]y it began to swell, and she grew plump and jolly,  
 But she us'd all the means she could, whereby to hide her folly.  
*She marcht by day and watcht by night, in winter and in summer,*  
*And still they took her for a man, she was so stout a Drummer.* 36

In company she would merry be, and sometimes sing a song, sir,  
 And take Tobacco oftentimes, and drink strong Beer among, sir ;  
 If any one had angred her, or done her any evill, [Devil.  
 Shee'd quickly make them for to know, they were better crosse the  
*Near Tower-hall she quartered was, in famous London Citie,*  
*But more strange newes I have to tell before I end my Ditty.* 42

For she was grown so big with child, which made her fellows wonder,  
 And in a short time after that, poor soul ! she fell asunder,  
 But when her painful hour approacht, (I doe not lie nor flatter,)  
 The women cut her codpeece-point, to see what was the matter.  
*But to be brief, it came to passe, as I must tell you truly,*  
*She was delivered of a Son, the sixteenth day of July.* 48

The women all were kind to her, whilst that she was in labour,  
 Because she was a Souldier's wife, they shew'd to her much favour.  
 They furnisht her with everything, as meat and drink and clothing,  
 For child-bed linnen and the like, they let her want for nothing.  
*Her Husband was a Muskettier, and she a lusty Drummer,*  
*It seems they soundly plaid their parts, in Winter and in Summer.*

Let no man nor no woman think that she hath been dishonest ;  
 But what she did was done in love, as she before had promist,  
 To keep her husband com[p]any, the truth of all was so, sir,  
 And pleasure him, both day and night, wherever they did go, sir.  
*Her husband was a Muskettier, and she a famous Drummer,*  
*It seems they ply'd the businesse well in Winter and in Summer.* 60

You Maidens all that hear this song, consider what is told here,  
Concerning of this woman kind, that dearly lov'd a Souldier:  
If you with Souldiers be in love, I wish you to be loyal,  
For they to you will faithful prove, if you put them to the trial.

*Her Husband was a Muskettier, and she a famous Drummer, &c.* 66

For Love is such a powerful thing, if it be rightly given,  
There cannot be a better gift under the copes of Heaven;  
So now, brave Souldiers all, adieu! remember what is spoken,  
Come buy my songs, and send them to your Sweet-hearts for a token.

*Her Husband was a Muskettier, and she a warlike Drummer,  
I would that I had such a mate, to walk with me this Summer.* 72

Finis. L. P. [*i.e.* Laurence Price.

London: Printed for F. Coles, J. Wright, T. Vere, & W. Gilbertson.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: the small one of a Female drummer, as on p. 730; 2nd, larger, is in *Kentish Garland*, p. 889, Woman-drummer and three soldiers. Date of this exemplar, *circa* 1679, but there were earlier issues. Compare our p. 728. The man, p. 730, *belongs to* pp. 538, 550.]

A distinct edition, white-letter, and later, Ouvry ii. 2, names the tune (not as ours, *Wet and Weary*—which suggests an earlier phrase of the burden—' *Wet and Weary she march'd with him, in Winter or in Summer;*' but) *The Souldier's Delight*. We now give the ballad itself, mentioned as tune, pp. 235, 515, 727.



[Wood's Collection, E. 25, fol. 69. Apparently Unique.]

## The Soldier's Delight; or, The She-Voluntier.

Being a True and Faithful Narrative of a certain Young Lober, who  
Courtting a scornful Mistress, went discontented into the Army;  
and she, repenting of her unkindness, to recompense the Soldier's  
affection, disguised her sex, and Listed her self [as a] Voluntier.

TUNE OF *Amoret and Phillis* [1676, *vide* pp. 237, 515]. With Allowance.

A Young man lately lov'd a Lass, of beauty so renown'd,  
That she her sexe's glory was, and all their virtues crown'd.  
The grace and envy of the Plains she singly did comprize,  
Still he address, still she disdains, and thus distrest he cries,  
*And thus distrest he cries:—*

“Ye Powers above, if such there be, what anger rules her breast?  
She treats me so disdainfully, with sorrows so opprest,  
My bleeding heart requires relief, but when I urge my suit,  
And speak the language of my grief, Alas! why stands she mute? 8  
*Alas! why stands she mute?*” [repeat fifth line *passim*.

“I’le ne’r,” said she, “be so unkind, at least I’le speak to thee,  
But pity thee that thou thy mind hast so confin’d to me;  
And know, fond Swain, who ere thou art, my Love thou canst not fear:  
Take wholesome counsel in good part, Learn early to despair!”

"Then since," said he, "my griefs are so, I linger life in vain,  
My death shall put an end to woe, least life prolong my pain.  
To follow fate far nobler 'tis, in going to the War,  
Than courting a disdainful Misse, to languish in despair." 16

He thus his Resolution spake, and banisht quite his fear,  
And for his King and Country's sake he went a Voluntier.  
Quoth he, "My cruel fair, adieu! to live by killing *French*  
Is nobler fortune of the two, than court a scornful Wench."

And as for *Flanders* he design'd, it griev'd the tender Maid,  
That she a love so fair and kind with hatred had repaid;  
She curst her tongue that first deny'd, she curst her cruel eyes,  
Repented that she not comply'd, and so repenting cries. 24

"Return!" she said, "and pitty take on her that mourns for thee;  
Think on thy self, when for my sake thou wast in misery:  
As thou desired'st when in grief to have thy grief remov'd,  
O send, O send me some relief, and let me be belov'd."

"A Soldier girt in Bandeliers, clad *cap a pe* in red, [=*à pied.*  
That grieves a tender Virgin's fears, deserves to lose his head.  
It sha'n't be said among the *French*, an *English-man* at home  
Was in the Army by a wench with kindness overcome." 32

But when the Soldier had return'd this answer to the Maid,  
Her kindnesses more vehement burn'd, her Soul was more dismay'd;  
Diseases desperate must be cured by remedies as bad,  
Or else the pangs must be endured, when no cure can be had.

Now her invention goes to wrack, and all her arts conspire [g. 'work.'  
To call her wand'ring Lover back, or kindle his desire;  
But hopeless to obtain the first, her project there despairs,  
Resolves to venture on the [wo]rst, and follow to the wars. [text, 'first.'

She speedily was manly Rigg'd, quite from the skin to skirt,  
Made of her hair a Perriwig, and of her smock a shirt;  
Instead of Quoif a hat she sought, for Gown a doublet 'spoke,  
For Bodice she a waiscoat bought, for Pettycoats a Cloak.

Her tender feet wore clouted shoes, her girdle was a Belt,  
Instead of spits, a Sword she chose, instead of Towre a felt; [*i.e.* lace-tour.  
And thus being drest from top to th' toe, she valiantly did come,  
Along with Soldier to the foe, upon the beat of Drum. 48

And now she is to *Flanders* gone, with her beloved mate,  
So great was her affection, to run so hard a fate:  
You damsels all take rule by her, at first be not too coy,  
Least through disdain, to the War your Lovers run away.

You young men all take rule by this, if maidens dare do so,  
You should much more neglect your *Miss*, to fight a foreign Foe;  
For if you fight not, whilst you can, it will be poorly said,  
That the Couragious *English-man* was vanquished by a Maid:  
[Was vanquished by a Maid.] 56

Printed for F. Cole [*sic*], T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark. [text, 'Carlk.']

[Black-letter. Two cuts: 1st, man p. 529; 2nd, prim couple, p. 148. Date of  
tune, 1676. Line 49, on War in *Flanders* with the *French*, marks later date.]

[Trowbesh Collection, Black-letter Ballads.]

## A Dialogue between a Souldier and his Love, at his taking his leave.

TO THE TUNE [ITS OWN] OF, *The Souldier's Departure.*

**D**EAREST Love, I now must leave thee, to the Wars I needs must go,  
Yet let not my absence grieve thee, dearest, since it must be so :  
Life and fortune I will venture, *England's* freedom to regain,  
And a bloody scene will enter, ere I do return again.

“ Tell me not this killing story, which, alas ! will break my heart ;  
Nay, and blast my youthful glory, if my love and I must part.  
Therefore do not prove so cruel, thy beloved to refrain,  
For I fear, my dearest Jewel, *I shall n'er see thee again.*”

8

May the powers of Heaven bless thee, whom I dearly do adore ;  
Do not let such fears possess thee, but be cheerful evermore.  
'This great Land must be defended, from the *French* and *Irish* Train,  
And when all our work is ended, *Love, I will return again.*

“ When I think upon your lying on the close besieged walls.  
Where the Shot like hail is flying, while the best of Souldiers falls ;  
Grief of heart I shall lye under, fearing that thou should'st be slain,  
It will surely burst in sunder, *if I n'er see thee again.*”

16

If a Souldier thinks to merit honour, fame, and high renown,  
He must have a noble spirit, which will not be soon cast down ;  
For if foes our fears discover, they will then fall on amain,  
But our Wars will soon be over, *then I will return again.*

Can I see my native Nation threat'ned by a foreign Foe,  
To Religion's extirpation, and yet not be free to go.  
No, I'll see our Foes surrounded, never fearing to be slain,  
And when they are all confounded, *then I will return again.*

24

Therefore, dearest, cease thy weeping ! all thy blessings I'll restore ;  
Thou hast my whole heart in keeping, and shall have for ever more :  
Then let not my absence grieve thee, do not in the least complain,  
Tho' at present here I leave thee, *I'll return to thee again.*

Tho' our Enemies may bluster, and true Protestants deride,  
Likewise all their forces muster, yet we'll check their haughty Pride.  
Having ended all the quarrell, and our foes all fled and slain,  
Crowned with Victorious Lawrell, *I'll return to thee again.*

32

Licensed according to Order. Printed for *J. Blare*, on *London Bridge*, 1689.

\* \* In *Bagford Ballads*, p. 355, we reprinted “ Now my Love has cross'd the Ocean ” ; sung to the same tune of *The Doubting Virgin*, entitled also *The Souldier's Departure*.

Yet another ‘ Valiant Maid ’ follows her impressed lover William to sea, and rescues him ; the song is in the Trowbesh Collection, but it is of modern date, and from the *Pitt's* Press in Seven Dials (not the Pitt Press of the Cam). It begins thus : “ All you maids that love to play with *Cupid's* chain, 'Tis of a brisk young maiden that was sporting on the plain.” Similar to it is ‘ *JACK MURRO* ’ in *The Kentish Garland* (of Miss Julia H. L. De Vaynes), p. 617 :

“ In *Chatham* town there liv'd a worthy merchant man,  
He had an only daughter, as you shall understand ;  
This lady she was courted, by many a noble knight :  
There's none but *Jack* the Sailor could gain her heart's delight.”

Roxburghe Collection, II, 298: Pepys IV. 70; Jersey, II. 160=Lindes, 859.]

## The Love-Sick Lady:

Being her sorrowful sighs for her Loyal Soldier, whom  
at length she enjoy'd to her unspeakable satisfaction.

TUNE OF, *What shall I do to show how much I love her.* [See p. 483.]

[Licensed according to Order.]

Near a fair fountain a damsel sat weeping,  
And to her Lover she often reply'd,  
"Thou hast my heart and affections in keeping,  
Yet of thy favours I'm clearly deny'd:  
How can'st thou e're be so desperate cruel,  
To slight a Lover with scorn and disdain?  
Every slighting adds flame to my fuel,  
That I a languishing Lover lye slain. 8

"Why is my blooming fair Beauty and Treasure  
So unregarded? Ah! how can you slight  
Those snowy mountains and rivers of pleasure,  
Where lovers angle for charming delight?  
All that is mine thou should'st soon be possessing,  
Could I but once be assur'd of thy love;  
But you're unworthy of so great a Blessing,  
Since so ungrateful my *Strephon* can prove. 16

"I that have often been coveted by many,  
[Am] now most scornfully slighted by thee; [text, 'is.']  
Others had reason, but thou ne'er had'st any,  
For thou wast ever right welcome to me.  
Slave to affection, and thy sweet complexion,  
Too much I have been, but now will no more;  
In your false love I have made an inspection,  
Whom I of late did so dearly adore." 24

"Oh, fair young beautiful lady! excuse me,  
Think not that e're I could slight such a Saint,  
But being fearful that thou would'st refuse me,  
I never ventur'd to make my complaint;  
Tho' my poor heart has been fatally wounded  
By the sweet Charms from thy fair killing eyes,  
Sad sighs and sorrows my senses surrounded,  
Thinking my proffered love you'd despise. 32

“ When I consider’d from whence thou descended,  
 By birth and beauty a Lady of Fame,  
 Strait I concluded thou would’st be offended,  
 If the least motion of love I should name;  
 Love, for this reason, I was not for courting  
 So fair a creature, and beautiful Star,  
 Being no more than a Souldier of Fortune,  
 Who is expos’d to the hazzards of war.” 40

“ Tell me no more of rich friends nor relations,  
 My state and grandeur [I] freely forsake,  
 That with my love I may range Foreign Nations,  
 In weal or woe there my fortune I’ll take:  
 Long by my smiles thou might’st freely discover,  
 That I did prize and adore thee, my dear:  
 Therefore when this you did truly discover,  
 Tell me how could you have reason to fear? 48

“ Have I not courted you, tho’ against nature,  
 What greater symptoms of love would you find,  
 Then be no more an insensible creature,  
 Since your fair Lady to love is inclin’d.”  
 Then in his arms he did freely receive her,  
 Saying, “ Sweet love, thou art welcome to me;”  
 With solemn vows that he never would grieve her,  
 But be as Loyal as Lover could be. 56

[Colophon cut off, but Pepys and Jersey were ‘Printed for *P. Brookshy, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.*’ In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, the Squire with cane, p. 279; 2nd Lady, vi. p. 224 r. Date, *circa* 1690-91.]

\*\* To this same tune of *What shall I do to shew how much I love her?* (pp. 483, 484) was sung a ballad entitled ‘The Ruined Lover; or, The Young Ladie’s Tragedy,’ who being crossed in Love by her Parents, poisoned herself near the Parish of *St. Giles*. Licensed according to Order, and printed for *Charles Bates*, next to the *Crown Tavern*, in *West Smithfield*. It begins, “There was of late a Young Beautiful Lady.” (Pepys Coll., III. 369.) Same date 1690-91. Gay wrote to this tune, for his ‘*Beggar’s Opera*,’ “Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre.” It is Polly’s song, in Act i. sung by Mrs. Billington.

## The Maiden Warrior.

THE original song of ‘*The Scotch Virago*’ belongs to the summer of 1689, with its silly jargon of cockney-sham Scotticisms. It was ‘*sung to Queen Mary at Kensington:*’ the author was Tom D’Urfev. The ‘*Pretty Scotch tune*’ is in his *Pills*, ii. 228, 1719.

[Colophon lost. Euing and Lind. ‘Printed for *P. Brookshy*, at the *Golden Ball*, in *Pye Corner.*’ Two woodcuts: 1st, King Charles II., vol. iii., p. 475, left; 2nd, Lady, p. 133, right. Date, soon after the battle of *Killicrankie*, 26th May, 1689, to which reference is made, the next *Dundee*, i.e., Claverhouse, John Graham, of Dundee, in second stanza: cf. p. 723, “*Killicrankie.*”

[Roxb. Coll., II. 357; Pepys, III. 308; Euing, 206; Jersey, I. 35 = Lindes., 1235.]

## The Maiden Warrior ;

Or,

The Damsel's Resolution to Fight in Field by the side  
of Jockey her entire Love.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE.

[Licensed according to Order.]

VAliant *Jockey's* march'd away,  
To fight the foe with great *Mackay* ;  
Leaving me, poor soul, alas ! forlorn,  
To curse the hour I e'er was born :  
But I swear I'se follow too,  
And dearest *Jockey's* fate pursue,  
Near him be to guard his precious life,  
Never *Scot* had sike a loyal wife :  
Sword I'se wear, I'se cut my hair, [Pills, 'such.']  
Tann my cheeks that once were thought so fair,  
In Soldier's weed to him I speed,  
Never sike a Trooper crost the *Tweed*. 12

Trumpet sound [to] victory,  
I'se kill myself the next *Dundee* ; [Killiecrankie, p. 736.]  
Love and rage, and fate do's all agree,  
To do some glorious thing by me :  
Great *Bellona* take my part,  
Fame and glory steel my heart,  
That for our bonny *Scotland's* geud,  
Some brave action may deserve my blood :  
Nought shall appear of female fear,  
Fighting by his side I love so dear ;  
All the world shall own, that ne'er was known  
Sike a pretty Lass ! this thousand year. [Orig. ends. 24

“ Now in noble armour bright,  
Ise with courageous heart will fight ;  
Fear of death, shall ne'er my courage stain,  
King *William's* rights Ise will maintain :  
For the glory of our sex,  
Ise aw the rebles will perplex, [= I all the Rebels.]  
And let them find that women-kind,  
Sometimes venture with a warlike mind :  
Age of old, our fame has told,  
Therefore Ise will never be controul'd ;  
By friend or foe, Ise freely goe,  
Never was a trooper armed so. 36

" I'se a helmet will put on,  
 Like a right valiant warlike man,  
 Plates of steel shall guard my back and breast,  
 Carbines and pistols, I'se protest,  
 In my hand Ise cock and prime,  
 Now and for ever is the time :  
 While I thus am mounted cap-a-pee,  
 Warlike thunder shall my musick be,  
     Let smoke arise and dim the skies,  
 While we do pursue the warlike prize ;  
     Lawrels shall crown with true renown,  
     The victory in city, court and town.

48

" *Mars*, the God of war, shall lead  
 The army, that will fight and bleed,  
 E'er our foe shall hope to win the day,  
 Therefore let us march with speed away ;  
 Hark ! I'se hear the trumpets sound,  
 We shall be aw with conquest crown'd ;  
 Let the High-land rebels brag and boast,  
 Death in triumph shall ride through their hoast,  
     Glory and fame shall then proclaim  
     Th' actions of a valiant warlike dame ;  
 If foes draw nigh, I scorn to flye,  
     With my dearest love Ise live and dye."

60

### Jockey's Answer.

**H**ast thou such a valiant heart,  
 To fight and take the nation's part,  
 By the side of *Jockey* thy delight,  
 For to put the enemy to flight ?  
 I thy courage must commend,  
 Yet like a true entire friend,  
 " I would have thee stay at home," said he,  
 For the wars are most unfit for thee ;  
     *Moggy* you are, youthfull and fair,  
     Therefore can[not] thy tender nature bear  
     The shrieks and cries which fills the skies,  
     As the enemy we do surprise.

72

" Love," said he, " the loud alarms  
 In midst of night ' to Arms to Arms !'  
 Will it not affrighten thee, my dear,  
 Should you such a sudden 'larum hear ?  
 And before the break of day,  
 Many a valiant Souldier may,  
 Lie in streams of reeking purple gore ;



Therefore *Moggy*, whom I do adore,  
Should'st thou be slain, and I remain,  
It would fill my heart with muckle pain."  
She did reply, "Happy am I,  
If I in the Bed of Honour die."

84

[Two Stanzas only by Tom D'Urfey.]

[Pepysian p. for *Brooksby, Deacon, Blare, and Back* : cf. p. 736.]



[Trowbesh Collection of Slip-Songs ; *Catnach's*, pr. at *Seven Dials*.]

## Pretty Polly Oliver's Ramble.

[TO ITS OWN TUNE, *Pretty Polly Oliver*. Pop. Music, p. 676.]

ONE night as *Polly Oliver* lay musing on her bed, [= 'As pretty.'  
A comical fancy came into her head ;  
"Neither father nor mother shall make me false prove,  
I'll list for a Soldier, and follow my love." 4

Early the next morning this fair maid arose,  
She dressed herself in a man's suit of clothes,  
Coat, waistcoat, and breeches, and sword by her side,  
On her father's black gelding like a dragoon did ride. 8

She rid till she came to fair *London* town,  
She dismounted her horse at the sign of the Crown ;  
The first that came down was a man from above  
The next that came down was *Polly Oliver's* Love. 12

"Good evening, good evening, kind Captain," said she ;  
"Here's a letter from your true love *Polly Oliver*," said she.  
He opened the letter, and a guinea there was found,  
"For you and your companions, to drink her health 'round." 16

Supper being ended, she held down her head,  
And called for a candle to light her to bed :  
The Captain made this reply, "I have a bed at my ease,  
You may lie with me, countryman, if you please." 20

"To lie with a Captain is a dangerous thing,  
I am a new enlisted Soldier to fight for our King ;  
To fight for our King by sea and by land :  
Since you are my Captain I'll be at your command." 24

Early the next morning this fair maid arose,  
And drest herself in her own suit of clothes ;  
And down stairs she came, from the chamber above,  
Saying, "Here is *Polly Oliver*, your own true love." 28

He at first was surprized, then laughed at the fun,  
And then they were marryed and things were all done :  
"If I laid with you the first night, the fault it was mine :  
I hope to please you better, love, for now it is my time." 32

\* \* \* The parody on this was issued in 1717, and sung to the same tune. It begins "As *Perkin* one morning lay musing in bed." (See *Mughouse Diversions, Pills to Purge State-Melancholy*, etc.) Of course, *Polly Oliver* came earlier.

[Pepys Collection, II. 365; Huth, I. 190; C. 22, e. 2, fol. 46; Lindes., 1230.]

## England's Tribute of Tears,

On the Death of his Grace the Duke of GRAFTON, who received  
his Mortal Wound at the Siege of the City of Cork, in Ireland,  
on the 9th of October, 1690.

TUNES, *The Watch for a Wise Man's Observation*; or, *Aim not too high*.  
[See *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 326.]

UNwelcome Tydings over-spreads the Land,  
The Great, the Wise, the Just do weeping stand;  
What is the cause of Loyal Subject's tears,  
Those crys and sorrows which invade our ears? 4

What Castles, Towns, or Cities have we lost,  
Or hath the Rebels our good purpose crost?  
Or hath our valiant Warlike-Troops misled?  
Oh! no, the grief is that Great *Grafton's* dead.

Renowned hero, whose unhappy fate  
Untimely Death his days do terminate,  
Whose boyling blood, like to the early Spring,  
Ambitious was to serve his Royal King. 12

Insulting Death, thus daring to surprize  
So great a Soul, could nothing less suffice  
Thy famish'd jaws, but such a hero bold?  
Who scorn'd by Rebels for to be controul'd;

And did the greatest hazzards freely run,  
And by his mighty Arm great things has done;  
The Monuments and Rolls of lasting Fame  
Shall crown his courage, conduct, and his name. 20

The warlike *Grafton* did no labour spare,  
A loyal heart he in his breast did bear;  
Resolving still King *William's* cause to fight,  
'Gainst *France* and *Rome* that won'd oppose his right.

The *Dutch* and *French* when they were thus engag'd;  
He see the odds, which made him soon enrag'd;  
And coming up, he did the *French* destroy,  
Thus kill'd the Monsieur and the poor *Dear-Joy*. [= *Irish* 23

And thus the Fleet of *France* was forc'd to fly,  
While *Dutch* and *English*, crown'd with Victory,  
Did fill the Enemy with dread and fear,  
His true heroick Courage did appear.

*Note*.—This ballad recording the death of Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, illegitimate son of Charles II., by Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleaveland (her eldest), was mentioned, and a better ballad printed, in vol v. p. 738. This one is poor. No praise can be given to this degenerate bastard, who met his fate by a cannon-ball carrying away whatever he possessed of a head, after it had been turned by flattery, when he warred against his uncle and legitimate sovereign. His *Epitaph*, by Flectwood Shepherd, ends, '*A son of a whore, I say no more.*'

And thus his loyal Soul still prompt'd him too,  
The *Irish* Rebels them for to pursue ;  
And to chastize them for their villany,  
Against King *William's* Crown and Dignity. 36

Unto the siege of *Cork* he march'd with speed,  
'Thus while he did his warlike Forces lead,  
The Fates upon one valiant Hero frown'd,  
For in this Battel he receiv'd a wound :

Whereof he dy'd : well may the Nation mourn,  
And all in tears pay tribute to his Urn,  
His life he lost, Religion to maintain,  
And we shall ne'r behold him here again. 44

In a Religious Cause it was he fell,  
Therefore we hope his loyal Soul will dwell  
Amongst blest Saints and Angels, to enjoy  
True bliss, where mortal cares can't him annoy.

All State and Glory of this present Life  
Incumber'd is with trouble, care and strife ;  
On *Fortune's* restless Waves we often steer,  
Meeting with many disappointments here. 52

But happy is the man that here can make  
His Peace before the world he does forsake,  
As this most noble Duke we know has done.  
His eyes with true Repenting tears did run.

We must acknowledge Trouble he went through,  
Yet like a Lamb he bid the world adieu ;  
And Angel[s] did conduct him on their wings,  
As a Rich Present to the King of Kings. 60

*Finis.*

Printed for *J. Millet*, at the *Angel* in *Little Britain*.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, 1st, the family group of mourners as in vol. v. p. 509 ; 2nd, an old woodcut of Oliver Cromwell lying in state, with a royal crown inserted above, at top of canopy. Date of present ballad, October, 1690.]

## Captain Johnson's Last Farewell.

OF this ballad we are fortunate enough to collate the earlier version, formerly at Osterley Park, in the third of Lord Jersey's valuable three volumes of broadsides. It was printed for *Charles Bates*. The Roxburgh Broadside is of much later date, a Newcastle reprint. We add on pp. 743, 744, a *Note* on the historical event, and a different ballad by Joe Hains on the same subject.

\* \* \* Similarly in White-letter, with two bars of Music for the same tune of *Russell's Farewell*, and bearing the imprint of *Charles Bates*, as above, and marked 'Licensed according to Order,' is found a Sequel to the foregoing ballad (*Pepys Coll.*, v. 6). Title, 'Captain *Johnson's* Love's Lamentation, for the untimely death of her dear Intire Friend : who was executed at *Tyburn*, on the 23rd of this instant *December*, 1690.' It begins, "Here to the world I do declare."

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 786; Jersey, III. 18.]

## Captain Johnson's Last Farewell

to the World: who was arraigned for assisting in the stealing a Young Heiress; for which he received Sentence of Death, and was accordingly Executed at Tyburn, the 23rd of this instant December, 1690.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Russel's Farewel*; or, *Monmouth's Lament*.

YOU noble Lords of high degree, that see my dismal doom,  
Have some regard and pity me, who now, alas! am come  
To dye an ignominious death, as well it doth appear;  
While I declare with my last breath, *the Laws are most severe*.

In *Scotland* was I bred and born, of noble parents there,  
Good education did adorn my life, I do declare:  
No crime did e'er my conscience stain, 'till I adventur'd here;  
Thus have I reason to complain, *the Laws are most severe*. 8

In *Flanders* I the *French* have fac'd, likewise in *Ireland*,  
Still eagerly pursued the chase, with valiant heart and hand:  
Why was not I in battle slain, rather than suffer here,  
A death, which mortals do disdain? *The Laws are most severe*.

I did no hurt, no wrong intend, I solemnly protest;  
But merely for to serve my Friend, I granted his request;  
To free his Lady out of thrall, his joy and only dear;  
And now my life must pay for all: *the Laws are most severe*. 16

I coming from my native land, in this unhappy time,  
Alas! I did not understand the nature of the crime;  
Therefore I soon did condescend, as it does well appear,  
And find therein I did offend: *the Laws are most severe*.

In the same lodging where I lay, and liv'd at bed and board,  
My landlord did my life betray, for fifty pounds reward;  
Then being into prison cast, although with conscience clear,  
I was arraigned at the last, *the Laws are most severe*. 24

The Lady would not hear my moan, while dying words I sent;  
Her cruel heart more hard than stone, would not the least relent;  
But triumphs in my wretched state, as I die often here;  
I fall here by the hand of fate, *the Laws are most severe*.

Will not my good and gracious King, be merciful to me;  
Is there not, in his breast, a spring, of princely clemency?  
No, not for me, alas! I die, the hour is drawing near,  
To the last minute I shall cry, *the Laws are most severe*. 32

Farewel, dear countrymen (said he), and this tumultuous noise!  
 My soul will soon transported be, to more celestial joys.  
 Tho' in the blossom of my youth, pale death I do not fear;  
 For to the last I'll speak the truth, *the Laws are most severe.*

"Alas! I have not long to live, and therefore now," said he,  
 "All that have wrong'd me, I forgive, as God shall pardon me:  
 My landlord and his subtle wife, I do forgive them here;  
 Farewel, this transitory life, *the Laws are most severe!*" 40

[Printed for Charles Bates, at the Bible and Sun, in Pye-Corner.]

[Date, December, 1690. In white-letter, without woodcut, but a thick black border to the better exemplars, viz., Pepys Coll. v. 5, and Osterley Park ballad, which we follow here. The inferior Roxb. Coll. reprint is marked *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*; printed and sold by John White, fully half-a-century later. It also is in White-letter, with two woodcuts: 1st, a Gallant and a Lady; 2nd, a Hanging. The Roxb. title is "Captain Johnson's Last Farewell to the World: who was executed at Tyburn near London, for being concerned in stealing an Heiress. To the tune of, "Russell's Farewell, or, Monmouth's Lament." See vol. v. p. 329, and present vol. p. 404.]

*Note.*—The forcible abduction of Mary Wharton, an heiress of about £1500 per annum, made a commotion in London, early in November, 1690. She was beset, and desired in marriage, by Captain James Campbell, but she was too young to give consent. Narcissus Luttrell says "about 13 years of age," but this is probably an exaggeration, instead of 15, for she was voluntarily married to one Colonel Byerley, on Thursday, 17th March, 169½ *not seventeen months later.* Two of James Campbell's friends, both North-countrymen like himself, Archibald Montgomery and Sir John Johnston (Jonson, or Johnson), who was also a Captain, assisted him to carry away his intended bride, when she was coming home with her aunt, Mrs. Byerley, "in their coach about nine at night, and alighting out of it [with] her own aunt, was violently seized on and put into a coach of six horses and carried away."—*Brief Relation*, ii. 128. By or before the 15th, "Mrs. Wharton, who was lately stole, is returned home to her friends, having been married against her consent to Captain Campbell." A proclamation was speedily issued by their majesties for the discovering and apprehending of Campbell, Montgomery, and Johnson.—*Ibid.* Before the 21st, Sir John was arrested, and committed to Newgate. His trial and condemnation followed next month (although his friend Campbell was not punished, whom he had merely abetted); but Campbell was a brother of Lord Argyle, according to John Evelyn's Diary, certainly a near relation. Johnson was executed two days before Christmas, 1690; Regent-Queen Mary being incensed against him. And in a Christmas-week four years later she herself died.

The Sessions had been held at the Old Bailey on the 10th and following days of December to the 17th inclusive. Twenty-two persons were sentenced to death (one was *Will Davis*, the *Golden Farmer*, concerning whom see *Bagford Ballads*, p. 244: the drama founded thereon was by Benj. Webster; not Fitzball). Among them 'Sir John Jonson, for stealing Mrs. Wharton.' Intercession was made afterwards to William III. "on the behalf of Sir John Jonson, lately condemned, for his pardon; which he hath denied unless it be desired by the friends of Mrs. Wharton."—N. Luttrell's *Brief Relation*, ii. 144, 145. Evidently they were inexorable, as was William of Orange. "The 23rd, Sir John Jonson, condemned for stealing Mrs. Wharton, went up in a mourning coach to Tyburn, and was

executed for the same ; and his body was delivered to his friends in order to its being buried."—*Ibid.*, ii. 148. The obduracy of Mrs. Wharton's friends is fully accounted for: insomuch as it was a "family affair" to secure the money to themselves, and despite the taint of her having been ravished from home, she was married by them to her cousin or uncle Colonel Byerley, on 17th March, 1692 ; as mentioned in first *Note*. The aunt's house was in Queen Street. Joe Hains wrote a different ballad on the abduction, with music prefixed. Reference was made to it in our *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 464, 556 ; and we give it here, trimmed.

### Sir John Johnson's Farewell.

ALL Christians that have ears to hear, and hearts inclin'd to pity,  
Some of you all bestow a tear, upon my mournful Ditty :  
In *Queen Street* did an heiress live, whose downfall when I sing,  
'Twill make the very stones to grieve : God prosper long our King.

For her a *Scottish* Knight did die, was ever the like seen ?  
I shame to tell place, how, or why, and so God bless the Queen !  
Some say indeed she swore a Rape, but God knows who was wrong'd :  
*For he that Did it did escape, and he wh' did not was Hang'd.*

Some say another thing beside : If true ? it was a vice ;  
That *Campbell*, when she was his Bride, did trouble her but thrice.  
'Twas this the young girl's cholera mov'd, and in a rage she swore  
Ere she'd be a Wife but three times lov'd, she'd sooner be a[s bef]ore.

But don't you pity now her Case, was forc'd to send for surgeon  
To [prove to t' Judge the time and] place, where once she was a virgin.  
Parents take warning by her fall : when Girls are in their teens,  
To marry them soon, or they will all know what the business means.

For Girls, like nuts, excuse my rhymes, [in coppice] growing brown.  
If you don't gather them betimes, will of themselves fall down.  
God bless King *William*, and Queen *Mary*, and plenty and peace advance ;  
And hang up those with the contrary, and then a *Fig for France !*

*Christmas, 1690.*

By JOE HAINS.

Macaulay's damaging estimate of Joseph Hains, his conversion to Romanism followed by re-conversion and public recantation, is given in the *History*, cap. vii. (Macaulay ignores the dark business of Johnson's execution.)



### Naval Warfare of 1692.

THE title of this unique broadside ballad is lost, having been shorn away by the Roxburghe binder. Also, save a thin strip, the large woodcut of a ship. First, we give a Song of 1691.

## England's Triumph at Sea [1691].

A Mighty great Fleet, the like was ne're seen  
 Since the reign of K. *William* 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 was never seen such ;  
 Nor so little done, when expected so much :  
*Which nobody can deny.*

8

Eighty-six Ships of War, which we capitall call, [a.l. ' 100 ships.'  
 Besides frigats and tenders, and yachts that are small,  
 Sayl'd out, and did little or nothing at all :  
*Which nobody can deny.*

Thirty-nine thousand and five hundred brave men,\* [a.l. " 26506."  
 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.*

16

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, { *Arth. Herbert,*  
 For we try'd what mettall he was made on before, { *Beachey-Head,*  
 And 'tis better for him on land for to w.o.e. { 30 June. 1690.  
*Which nobody can deny.*

24

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

But *Russell*, the cherry-cheekt *Russell*, is chose, [Sir *Edward R.*  
 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.*

32

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 month of *May* last they sail'd on the *Main*, [14 *May*, 1691.  
 And now in *September* are come back again.  
 With the loss of some ships, but in *Battle* none slain : [See *Note.*  
*Which nobody can deny.* Finis.

40

[The foregoing ballad was sent in manuscript to Robert Harley, and is still preserved (MS. Harleian, 7526, fol. 65), addressed "To Mr. Harley, at one of the Commissioners of Accounts, in Buckingham Street, York Buildings." Also in Addit. MSS. 2715, fol. 79; and in *Poems on State Affairs, continued*, p. 263. The date of the ballad was September, 1691; therefore half a year before the date of "Scouring the French Fleet." We interpret the line, "Since the reign of K. *William* and *Mary* his Queen," to mean *since it began*; not as though written *after the reign ended*. The loss of ships by storms in *September* was heavy: some were named *Coronation*, *Harwich*, *Exeter*, etc. See *Luttrell*, ii. 279.]

[Roxburghe Collection, Vol. II. p. 248.]

## [Naval Warfare of 1692.]

[Woodcuts on p. 494, and vol. iv. p. 321.] TUNE, *Aim not too high.*

TO God alone, let us all Glory give,  
 By whose permission we poor mortals live,  
 And tho' our enemies may swell with pride,  
 He soon can compass them on every side.

4

King *William* is the glorious instrument,  
 Which by the providence of God was sent,  
 To save our drooping laws and liberty,  
 From *French* and *Popish* cruel tyranny.

When in dark gloomy cells the plots was laid,  
 This free-born Land and Nation to invade,  
 Bold *Brittain* sail'd forthwith her Royal Fleet,  
 Which did the daring enemy defeat.  
 Renowned *Russell* let them understand

12

[*Edward R.*]

That for the honour of his Native Land,  
 Thro' smoke and flame, he cou'd with courage go,  
 To face proud *Lewis*, that insulting foe.

[*Lewis XIV.*]

No fear or favour cou'd his actions sway,  
 Nor cou'd he in the least be drawn away  
 From acting like a noble hero bold,  
 For all the promised gifts of cursed gold.

20

May valiant *Ashby* let them feel his rage,  
 While death he rid in triumph o'er the stage,  
 Of the *French* Navy on the ocean main,  
 And *English* boys did victory obtain.

[*Sir John A.*  
*ob. 1593.*]

The spirits of the *French* began to faint,  
 So that they pray'd to ev'ry *Popish* Saint,  
 To help them in a time of sad distress ;  
 Yet they were burnt and beaten ne'ertheless.

28

Admiral *Carter* fought them through and through,  
 The like of him before they never knew ;  
 His chain-shot did their ships in pieces tear,  
 As if great *Jove* with thunder had been there.

[*Richard :*  
*killed at*  
*La Hogue,*  
*'92.*]

Brave *Delavall* met with the *Rising-Sun*  
 Of *France*, who to the shore for shelter run,  
 With many more, which in a stately flame,  
 He soon did set, our glory to proclaim.

[*Sir Ralph De.*]

36



Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*, with a valiant heart,  
 In this most glorious conquest bore a part,  
 His roaring cannons sunk them in the main,  
 From whence they never can return again.

The force of *France* he ne'er was known to fear,  
 But like a stout Commander, vow'd to clear  
 The seas of *French*, or they shou'd make his grave  
 And monument in a rough roaring wave. 44

The next was *Rook*, that brave heroick soul, [Sir Geo. Rooke.  
 Who none alive cou'd ever yet controul ;  
 A dozen men of war of *France* he burn'd,  
 Who e'er next day was all to ashes turn'd.

The *French* was follow'd to their very shore,  
 Pursu'd with guns, which did like thunder roar,  
 Such Admirals before was never known,  
 They scar'd old *Lewis*, nay, and shook his Throne. 52

Nor were the valiant *Dutch-men* far behind,  
 They on the ocean bear a noble mind ;  
 True sons of thunder, that will not retreat,  
 Until they see their foes destroyed and beat.

Tho' they had once been wounded on the main,  
 Like soldiers, they resolv'd to bleed again,  
 Or bring the proud insulting tyrant low,  
 Who strives to seek all *Europe's* overthrow. 60

Those valiant souls let all good men commend,  
 Their lives they ventur'd freely, to defend  
 Religion, Laws, and likewise Liberty ;  
 'Tis better dye, than live in slavery.

But God above I hope will ever bless  
 Our arms by sea and land with good success,  
 That victories may constantly increase,  
 Till war is swallow'd in a glorious peace. 68

Now for King *William* let all subjects pray,  
 That God would guard his person night and day,  
 From all false friends, and likewise open foes,  
 Let angels guard him wheresoe'er he goes.

London, Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare,* and  
*J. Back,* 1692.

[Black-Letter. Title lost, and woodcuts : See p. 494, and vol. iv. p. 321.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 169; Jersey, I. 258 = Lindes, 1259.]

## The Farmer's Son of Devonshire:

Being the Valiant Coronel's Return from *Flanders*, who endeavoured to persuade his Brother *Jack* to forsake the Plow, and to take up Arms the next Spring; which he refused to do, because he was loath to leave his sweet wife *Joan*.

TUNE OF, [Let] *Mary live long*. [See p. 347.]

Licensed according to Order.

[The Soldier, 'Coronel' *Will* begins:]

“ **W**ELL met, Brother *Jack*, I have been in *Flanders*,  
 With valiant Commanders, and am return'd back  
 To *England* again;  
 Where a while I shall stay, and shall then march away;  
 I'm an Officer now;  
 Go with me, dear Brother, go with me, dear Brother,  
 And lay by the Plow. 7

“ I tell thee, old boy, the son of a farmer,  
 In glittering armour, may kill and destroy,  
 A many proud *French*.  
 As a Squire or Knight, having courage to fight,  
 Then valiantly go  
 In arms like a Soldier, in arms like a Soldier,  
 To face the proud foe.” 14

[*Jack*.] “ But, dear Brother *Will*, you are a vine vellow,  
 And talk mighty mellow, but what if they kill  
 Thy poor brother *Jack*,  
 By the pounce of a gun? If they shou'd I'm undone,  
 And ruin'd quite:  
 You know that I never, you know that I never,  
 Had courage to fight.” 21

[*Will*.] “ If you will advance in arms like a Soldier,  
 The Nation's upholder, a fortunate chance  
 Your portion may be:  
 All that goes are not slain, you may return again,  
 With victory here.  
 There's no men but cowards, there's no men but cowards,  
 Are subject to fear. 28

“ Each timorous soul, when trumpets are sounding,  
And cannons rebounding, he fears no controul,  
Nor death in the least ;  
When the smoke do's arise, and darkens the skies,  
We fall on amain ;  
That trophies of honour, that trophies of honour,  
[In] Field we may gain. 35

“ King *William* you know [in the] heat of the battel,  
When guns they do rattle, he enters also ;  
Then what shall we fear ?  
When an army is lead, by a Crown'd Royal head,  
It baffles all fear,  
And makes soldiers fire, and makes soldiers fire,  
From the front to the rear ?” 42

*Jack's Answer.*

“ The King I confess, he labours by power,  
The *French* to devour ; let Providence bless  
His conquering arms :  
I wou'd do the same thing, if I were to be King,  
And make the *French* groan.  
Till then, loving Brother, till then, loving Brother,  
Pray let me alone. 49

“ The enemies' men with horror will fill me,  
Perhaps they may kill me, and where am I then ?  
This runs in my mind ;  
Should I chance to be lame, will the trophies of *Fame*,  
Keep me from sad groans ?  
A fig for that honour, a fig for that honour,  
Which brings broken bones. 56

“ Such honour I scorn, I'd rather be mowing,  
Nay, plowing or sowing, or threshing of corn,  
At home in a barn,  
Then to leave *Joan* my wife, and to loose my sweet life.  
In peace let me dwell ;  
I am not for fighting, I am not for fighting,  
So Brother, Farewell. 63

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Gilt-spur-Street*, without  
*Newgate*.

[Black-letter. Two Woodcuts : 1st, standing figure of *Charles II.*, as in vol.  
iii. p. 475, Left ; 2nd, the Squire with riding-whip, p. 133. Date, 1693.]

[Roxb. Coll., II. 323 ; Pepys, II. 306 ; Euing, 165 ; Jersey, I. 341 =L. 1462.]

## The Loyal Soldier of Flanders ; Or, The Faithless Lass of London.

TO THE TUNE OF, *How can I be merry and glad ?* [See Note, p. 752.]

[*This woodcut belongs to p. 701.*]

Licensed according to Order.



YOUNG *Thomas* he was a proper lad,  
And lov'd *Elizabeth* as his life,  
Four years and a half to serve he had,  
E'er he could make her his lawful wife.

When this his Master happen'd to know,  
He labour'd the Bonds of Love to break ;  
Then *Thomas* a soldier he straight did go,  
To venture his life for his Love's sake.

8

Yet they in private often did meet,  
Their seeming hard Fortune to bemoan,  
And with many vows and kisses sweet,  
They solemnly joyn'd their hearts in one.

At length, he taking her by the hand,  
Said he, " I must cross the Ocean main,  
To venture my life in a Foreign Land ;  
Yet Loyal to thee I will still remain."

16

" Remember your solemn vows," she said.  
" By letters my mind to thee I'll tell,  
Let no other Love thy heart invade,  
So long as I am alive and well."

Said she, "By all the Powers above,  
My heart I'll give to no one but thee;  
If e'er I prove false unto my Love,  
Then let me a sad example be." 24

"I'll patiently wait for thy Return,  
And pray that the Heavens may be my guide;  
The watery waves in flames shall burn,  
Before I will break my vow," she cry'd.

He ent' red on Board, and left his Dear,  
The Winds did rise, and the Seas did roar,  
Death did in sundry shapes appear,  
Until he arrived at the *Holland* shore. 32

Then like a most true entire Friend,  
After he had crossed the Ocean main,  
To her he did loving Letters send,  
And she did return him the like again,

But oh! most unfaithful wretch! at last,  
In little more than a twelve months' space,  
For all those solemn Vows that were past,  
Another Lover she did embrace. 40

Now when he return'd and found it so,  
He then was tormented in his mind,  
He sighing said, "Now full well I know,  
No creature so false as Woman-kind."

He still from his heart sad sighs did fetch,  
And often in passion thus said he,  
"Thou false and forsworn perjur'd wretch,  
'Tis thou that alone hast ruined me. 48

"What solemn vows to me did'st thou make,  
When first I went from the *English* shore!  
But seeing thou art false, now, for thy sake,  
I'll never believe a Woman more."

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Black.*

[In Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, Lady with peacock, p. 120, Left; 2nd, Marlbrookian Soldier, p. 650; 3rd, the man, p. 702; 4th, the left-hand ship of p. 494: the cut on p. 750 belongs to p. 701. See *Note on Tune*, p. 752. Date, circa 1693.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 357. No other exemplar noted.]

## The Loyal BRITISH Fighting in FLANDERS ;

Or,

A New Song, made by a Protestant Centinel of the *British Forces*.

To an excellent new Tune much in Request. [*True Blue will never Stain*].

- AS I was at a merry meeting, being in a merry vein ;  
Where I heard a Souldier singing, "*True blue will never stain.*"  
"I have been in *France* and *Flanders*, where I have seen great numbers slain ;  
Colonels, Captains, chief Commanders, *True blue will never stain.*
- "Last summer it was dirty weather, we march'd through corn with all our train,  
We march'd, and fought two days together, *True blue will never stain.*  
We at *Walcot* had a Battel, for five hours it did remain ; [= *Walcourt*, Aug., 1689.  
The *British* made their guns to rattle, *True blue will never stain.* 8
- "Little else but smoke and fire, cou'd we see all round the plain,  
Yet we made the *French* retire, *True blue will never stain.*  
At *Charleroy* our canons roar'd, and our bullets flew amain : [July, 1693.  
We laid the *French*-men in their gore, *True blue will never stain.*
- "Not a Souldier feared dying, though some thousands there lay slain,  
Shot as thick as hail was flying : *True blue will never stain.*  
At length some of our men was wounded, ay, and other some was slau ;  
This at all we never valu'd : *True blue will never stain.* 16
- "Under the surgeon's hand we farry'd, till our wounds was heal'd again :  
Brave *British* hearts were carry'd, *True blue will never stain.*  
My Captain was a prisoner taken, and our Lieutenant-Colonel slain,  
Yet we'd ne'r fight against our conscience : *True blue will never stain.*
- "He that strikes, he may be stricken, he that fights, he may be slain ;  
He that's beaten, is not eaten, *True blue will never stain.*  
While we in a land of strangers, did in camp of field remain ;  
We were still beset with dangers : *True blue will never stain.* 24
- "'Tis the wars that we delight in, and a coward's name disdain ;  
*British* boys the best for fighting : *True blue will never stain.*  
Let not one despise a souldier, for he does our rights maintain, [Nota Bene.  
Proving still the Land's upholder : *True blue will never stain.*
- "Thus we've been all *Europe* over, *Britain's* honour to maintain,  
And now we're set ashore at *Dover* : *True blue will never stain.*  
For King *William* and Queen *Mary*, if need be, we'l fight again :  
The meauwhile boys, let's be merry, *True blue will never stain.*" 32

Finis.

[In White-letter. No woodcut or publisher's names. Date, 1694, at latest.]

NOTE ON THE TUNE FOR 'LOYAL SOLDIER' (p. 750).

\* \* The tune named, '*How can I be merry or glad?*' belongs to one of our extra ballads, from Euing Collection (reprinted in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 981), beginning, "Oh, how can I be merry or glad, or in my mind contented be?" It is entitled, '*The Unconstant Shepherd*,' printed for *C. Bates*, at the *Sun and Bible* in *Pye-Corner*. In its own *Bagford Sequel* the tune was cited as *The Unconstant Shepherd* ; originally it was described as 'an excellent *New Tune*.'

[Roxb. Coll., II. 267; Huth, II. 108; C. 22. e. 166; Jersey, II. 230=L., 1000.]

## The Poor Man's Prayer for Peace,

in these Sorrowful Times of Trouble; Or, Poor England's  
Misery in this Time of Distress..

It is for our Sins, as we do understand,  
That all this great trouble doth lye on this Land.  
Thish Inocent Blood may make us all start,  
God bless us hereafter we take not a part:  
Our great God of Heaven, and our gracious King,  
Let us serve and obey in every thing.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Game at Cards*. [See p. 617.]

Poor England's sorrows this many a year,  
Has made us much to stand in fear;  
This twenty years and more, I say,  
We have had suspition of this day,  
Our sins are got so very high,  
Let us to God for mercy cry,  
*That all our troubles they may cease,*  
*And England may enjoy true Peace.* 8

What though the times be very cross,  
It's for our Sins, we must confess.  
Let us serve God and obey the King,  
Observe God's word in every thing:  
And keep no Rebellion in our heart,  
That is the thing makes *England* smart,  
*And pray all our troubles [they may cease], &c.* 16

Every morning when we rise  
With heart and mind let us devise  
To call on God and fall to prayer,  
To bless our doing everywhere.  
Take not so much God's name in vain,  
For that we greatly are to blame.  
*And pray all our troubles they may cease,*  
*And England may enjoy true peace.* 24

The Western parts have suffered most,  
By Enemies that came on their Coast; [Note, p. 760.  
But blessed be the God of might,  
That fought the Battel for the right:  
But if we trust in God, ne'er fear,  
He will defend us everywhere.  
*And pray [all our troubles they may cease], &c.* 32

Let's not distrust in God at all,  
 He can defend both great and small;  
 We need not fear what Man can do,  
 If our God be not our Foe.  
 It is our sins cause all these Woes,  
 That make so many their lives [to] lose.  
*And pray all our troubles they may cease,  
 And England may enjoy true Peace.* 40

Let us repent and call on God,  
 When hee'l take off his heavy Rod,  
 And spare us for his mercies' sake:  
 Innocent Blood does make us quake.  
 There be Widdows, we do fear,  
 And many a fatherless Child, this year.  
*Pray that our troubles, they may cease, that, &c.* 48

Keep a good heart, and never fear,  
 And work with patience, ne'er despair:  
 We have a God, if we him trust,  
 Will not forsake us, for he is just.  
 Rely upon Him that is Divine,  
 Let us keep from evil and ne'er repine: *And pray, &c.* 56

Poor *England's* Sins, as you may see,  
 Th[ey] cause this difference here to be;  
 There's but one way that we can have,  
 And one true way our Souls to save:  
 I am sorry that our *English* Men  
 Has no more persuance of the same, *And pray, &c.* 64

I have no more to say on this,  
 I pray God mend all that is amiss;  
 And God bless our King and Kingdom too,  
 That he his Enemies may subdue.  
 And God bless us all then every way,  
 That God's and the King's Laws we may obey,  
*And pray our Troubles they may cease,  
 That England may enjoy true Peace.* 72

That we the right way may pursue,  
 Let's keep from [the] swearing drunken crew,  
 For swearing drunkards do excell,  
 That damn themselves and souls to Hell:  
 Children, as soon as they can speak,  
 Will swear, 'twould make one's heart to ake.  
*Then let us pray, and ne'er rebel,  
 And by the grace of God we shall live well.* Finis.



## The Royal Frolic, 1691.

“ The riddle 'tis my right to read,  
That brought this happy chance to speed.  
Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray  
In life's more low but happier way,  
'Tis under name which veils my power.”

—Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, c. vi. xxviii.

IT is harmoniously characteristic of the ballads that were industriously circulated by the 1688 Whig Revolutionists, in laudation of William or Mary, severally, or of both together, that a preference was invariably given to the stealing some legend belonging already to another person. It was not deemed sufficient to tell lies, pure and simple, although from long practice such might have been done with facility. No; to make the trick complete it required to be a partial forgery or perversion: the mutilation or transmutation of some existing record, concerning a different person altogether, so that a fraudulent crown might appropriately adorn the brows of the usurpers.

We have seen this in the case of the sham 'Bedfordshire Widow,' who had originally been one of "A loving couple in *Yorkshire*" (p. 702); also the 'Williamite Woman Drummer' of 1690 had been manufactured feloniously out of the earlier She-Souldier of 1656 (pp. 730-738). And now we come to a barefaced plagiarism of the story told about the wanderings of James V. of Scotland, the 'Gudeman of Ballengeich' (long afterwards popular as a drama entitled 'Cramond Brig,' a distinct tale from his 'Gaberlunzie Man,' and 'Jolly Beggar;,' most racy of north-country improprieties). London ballad-mongers vamped it anew, in honour of their saturnine William the Third, "after his return from his Irish Wars."

We are compelled to wander afield in order to reunite the scattered portions of the Royal Frolic. Of the longer narrative ('The King and the Forrester' being quite distinct), we have in Roxb. Coll. neither the first nor the third part; of the opening there had been separate versions issued respectively by our 'Brooksby, Deacon, Blare, and Back,' and by J. Millet, who alone seems to have published the 'Country Girl' final sequel. Also 'A. Milbourne, at the *Stationers'-Arms*, in *Green-Arbor-Court*, in the *Little-Old-Bayly*,' sent out a slightly differing version of our Roxb. ballad, under the full title of 'An Answer to the Royal Frolick; containing the Intreagues and Passages between the Farmer and his Wife at their return home, where they found His Gracious Majesty, King *William* with his Nobles.' It begins, similarly to p. 761, "The most Royal Frolick of our Great King" (Pepys Coll., ii. 326). *All these connected-ballads*, along with the Roxb., we here reprint.

[Pepys Collection, II. 313. Apparently Unique.]

## The Royal Frolick ;

Or,

King *William* and his Nobles' Entertainment at the Farmer's  
House on his Return from the *Irish Wars*.

To THE TUNE OF, *Let Caesar live long*. Licensed according to Order.

Old stories inform us of Jocular things,  
The which has been acted by Sovereign Kings,  
To make their hearts merry, and Nobles also,  
As they in their Progress, a Hunting would go.  
These were happy days, when great *Cæsars* would be,  
Familiar with Subjects of e'ry degree.

Yet those that have Govern'd their Kingdoms of late,  
Has not been so pleasant, till *William* the Great,  
Returning to *London* from *Limerick* Fight, [3 Oct., 1691.]  
Whose Courage was mingled with Joy and Delight:  
The High-Road he quitted, for merriment sake,  
And to a Farm-house straight his way he did take. 12

In all Towns and Cities the Subjects did throng,  
To see Great King *William*, as he past along ;  
This Farmer likewise he was gone with his Wife,  
For why, she had ne'r seen a King in her life :  
There's none but a Daughter at home did remain,  
To wait on King *William* and his noble Train.

The King with his Nobles strait entered in,  
With this salutation they then did begin :  
" Sweet-heart, hast thou any choice Country chear,  
To set before honest true Travellers here ?  
For what thou shalt bring us we'll willingly pay,  
It was our mischance to Ride out of the way." 24

" Kind gentlemen," then the young Lass did reply,  
" What is in the House I will scorn to deny,  
'Tis nothing but Bacon and Eggs, I declare,"  
The King he reply'd, " That is delicate fare !"  
With that they began for to Cook it with speed,  
And he with his Nobles did savourily feed.

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*Note.*—This is evidently the original ballad: and its own Sequel, from the same publisher, is 'The Country Lasse's Good Fortune,' reprinted on p. 758, Brooksby, Deacon, Blare, and Back, not only published our Roxb. Second Part (p. 761), but also a garbled 'First Part,' from J. Millet's two Ballads.

What ever the Cellar and House would afford,  
She ready and willingly brought to the Board ;  
As nappy *March* Beer, full as brown as a Berry,  
They all eat and drank, and were heartily merry.

The Damsel did wait with a Country grace,  
Yet knew not that *William* our King was in place. 36

Then one of the Nobles straight call'd to the Maid,  
" O, where is thy Father and Mother ?" he said.  
Said she, " They are rid to the next Market-Town,  
To see Great King *William* of Royal Renown :  
Whose conquering Sword has the Victory won,  
And made the proud Rebels in *Ireland* run."

" I prithee, is that such a sight to be seen ?  
Methinks a fair May-Pole on this pleasant Green,  
When Milkmaids are dancing with Garlands so gay,  
And every honest young Batchelor may  
With his loving Sweet-heart dance, merrily sing :  
Since this is far more than the sight of the King!" 48

" Why this is most Innocent Pleasure, I'll own ;  
But yet Great King *William*, that sits on the Throne,  
Has ventur'd his life to pull Popery down,  
Therefore he's belov'd by the best of the Town :  
My Father and Mother will Honour him then,  
Our Landlord is one of his Parliament-men."

King *William* he smiled, yet little he said,  
But threw her ten Guinies ; and thus she was paid  
For this wholesome Dinner which she did prepare :  
And that noble Lord he did likewise declare,  
He'd give her two more, for to buy her a Ring,  
Because she was loyal and Honour'd her King. 60

Printed for *J. Millet*, at the *Angel*, in *Little Brittain*.

[In Black-letter, with two woodcuts. Date, soon after the capitulation of *Limerick*, 3rd October, 1691 : see 2nd stanza. The treaty was disgracefully broken by Parliament in 1695. A broadside ballad is extant, 'The Triumph of *Ireland* : or, The Surrender of *Limerick* to their Majesties' Forces, under the command of the Duke of *Wirtemberg* and Lieutenant-General *Scravenmore*, on Sunday the 27th of *September*, 1691, to the unspeakable joy of the Protestant Army.' Same licensing and publishers as the Roxburghe 'Royal Recreation ;' but the tune marked as *Let the Soldiers rejoice*. It begins, "Let the Bells sweetly ring."]

\* \* There is yet another ballad on this theme of 'Royal Recreation,' to the same tune, and it is unique, we believe. With two cuts, B. L., 1693. (See p. 758.) It is, properly, the continuation of Millet's version of 'The Royal Frolic ; or, King *William* and his Nobles' Entertainment at the Farmer's House on his Return from the *Irish Wars* : ' beginning, "Old Stories inform us of Jocular Things." (Cf. p. 756). We prefer to keep Millet's versions distinct from those published by Brooksby, Deacon, Blare, and Back (see pp. 760-762), and reprint it additionally.

[Pepys Collection, III. 299. Apparently Unique.]

## The Country Lasse's Good Fortune;

Who, after Feasting King *William* and his Nobles, obtain'd the  
 love of the Young Men far and near; and at length Marry'd  
 a Yeoman to her heart's Content.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Let Caesar live long.* [Licensed according to Order.]

King *William* was pleas'd at a Farmer's to Dine,  
 On good Eggs and Bacon; and, instead of Wine,  
 Stout nappy *March* Liquor did serve them that day,  
 For which good King *William* the Damsel did pay:  
 Ten Guinies he gave her, it seems, for the same,  
 Which money did make her a Person of Fame.

So soon as this Feasting was over, we hear,  
 The honest young Batchelors, both far and near,  
 Came daily a Wooing, her Love to obtain,  
 Some for pure Affection, and others for Gain:  
*Her Fame through all Cities and Countries did ring.*  
*As having the Honour to wait on the King.*

12

'Twas the luckiest Money that ever was known:  
 The age of this Damsel was twenty and one;  
 Yet never had she a true Lover before,  
 She now has the choice of full twenty and more: *Her Fame, etc.*

For this very reason they came night and day,  
 And each man endeavour'd to bear her away;  
 Nay, *Robert*, young *Richard*, and *Ralph* at the Mill,  
 Yet neither of these could obtain her Good-will: *Her Fame, v. supra.*

"Udzoekers!" quoth *Robin*, "I'll mount upon *Roan*,  
 And, if I can meet with this Damsel alone,  
 I make no great question but she'll be my Bride;"  
 But when he came there he was straightway deny'd. *Her Fame, passim.*

Altho' she had never a Love in her life,  
 Yet now they came flocking, to make her their Wife;  
 Each Country Plow-man concluding that he  
 Should then be as great as a Lord in degree.

36

Young *Roger* he told his Old Mother, one night,  
 That whoe'er obtain'd her, the King would requite  
 Her honest poor Husband for that Loyal feast,  
 He'd make him a Knight, or a 'Squire at least.

[Cf. p. 760.]

"Why, Son," quoth the Mother, "I'll have thee to go,  
 See if she will have a poor Thresher or no;  
 And then, if the King he should make thee a Lord,  
 In troth, I shall count it a special Reward."

48

Next morning he put on the best of his Cloath[es],  
 His Hat, Shoes, and likewise his Holiday Hose,  
 But yet, notwithstanding he thus did appear,  
 Poor *Roger* the Thresher was never the near.

At length came a Yeoman, his love to reveal,  
Her heart from all others he straightway did steal ;  
And then did he Marry this Lass out of hand,  
And likewise endow her with Horses and Land.

*Her Fame through all Cities and Countries did ring,  
As having the Honour to wait on the King.*

60

Printed for J. Millet, at the Angel in Little-Brittain.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts. Date, 1691-92.]

\* \* \* We next give here, for contrast, the distinct version of the FIRST PART, as published by *Brookshy, Deacon, Blave, and Back*; antecedent to our Roxburgh Collection version of the SECOND PART (which is reprinted on p. 761).

[Pepys Collection, II. 312; Jersey, I. 222 = Lind., 967.]

The

## Royal Recreation; or, King William's Merriment:

Shewing the manner of his Entertainment at a Country-Farmer's House, in his Return from the Irish Wars.

TUNE OF, *Let Caesar live long.* [Licensed according to Order.]

OLD Stories do tell us of notable things,  
Which has been transacted by Sovereign Kings,  
To make themselves merry, their Nobles likewise,  
As they in their Progress did ride in disguise :

[Note, p. 764.

Those were the best days, when great Kings they would be  
Jocose with their subjects of ev'ry degree.

Yet none of our Kings that has govern'd of late,  
Has been so familiar as *William* the Great,  
Whose great Condescension when I call to mind,  
For which he is term'd '*The Delight of Mankind* :'  
With Courage and Conduct he governs the Land.  
The meanest of Subjects find Grace at his hand.

12

But setting aside all the toils of the War,  
Where *William* the Great has so glorious a share ;  
When coming from *Ireland*, on the High-way,  
For merriment he at a Farmer's would stay :  
The King and his Nobles they all did alight,  
The Maid in the House stood amaz'd at the sight.

In all Towns and Places the Subjects did throng,  
To see our good King as he passed along ;  
This Farmer a Horseback was gone with his Wife,  
For why, she had ne'er seen a King in her life,  
The Daughter alone at his house did remain,  
To wait on King *William* and his Courtly Train.

24

She scarce e'er before got a kiss of a Man,  
But now they come trooping, *Will, Robin, and Jan*,  
Each Thresher and Miller, concluding that he  
Shall then look as great as a Lord in degree.  
*Her Glory and Fame through the Nation doth ring,  
She having the Honour to wait on the King.*

Stout Roger he told his dear Mother one night, [Cf. p. 758.  
 "That man that should wed her, the King will requite,  
 In token of Love, for the Royal Feast,  
 And make him Duke, Lord, or Squire at least." *Her Glory* . . . etc.

"In troth," quoth the Mother, "I'd have thee to go,  
 And see if she'll have a poor Plow-man or no :  
 And then if K[ing] William should make thee a Lord,  
 Udzoekers ! I'll count it a Royal Reward." *Her glory*, etc.

He drest himself straight in his best Roast-meat cloaths, [N.B.  
 His Hat, Band, and likewise his Holy-day Hose ;  
 Yet Roger the Plough-man was never the near,  
 She sent him away with a Flea in his Ear. *Her glory*, etc., *passim.* 48

At length came a Squire, his love to reveal,  
 For he could no longer his passion conceal ;  
 He woo'd and he wedded this Lass out of hand,  
 And made her a Lady of houses and land.

The Young Lads and Lasses, that liv'd far and near, [*Brooksby's addition.*  
 As soon as the happy good News they did hear,  
 They came to the Wedding for merriment sake,  
 And the noble Squire great Feasting did make. *And her Fame*, etc. 60

Among all the Dainties which they did prepare,  
 A Dish of good Bacon and Eggs too was there,  
 And valued above the Goose, Capon, or Duck,  
 It being the Prologue of all this good luck.

*Her Glory and Fame through the Nation doth ring,  
 As having the Honour to wait on the King.*

66

Printed for Philip Brooksby, Jonah Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Baek.

[Black-letter. Three Woodcuts. Date, 1691-1692.]

## The Poor Man's Prayer for Peace.

(A Note delayed from pp. 753, 754.)

THERE are always in the land many weak-kneed and half-imbecile people who are terrified whenever they hear of 'Wars and rumours of wars,' and are ready to cry 'Peace, peace! when there is no peace.' Such are vexatiously discontented citizens, and their sanctimoniousness is usually hypocritical. The timorous were alarmed about threatened descents of French and Jacobite invaders :

"The *Western* parts have suffered most,  
 By enemies that came on their coast."

This helps to date the ballad, *circa* 1692, when invasion was dreaded.

*Note.*—This ballad of 'The Poor Man's Prayer for Peace,' is in Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, and 3rd, portions of a crowd, as also in vol. iii. pp. 403 and 407; 2nd, the bowing man, *reverse* of one on p. 175; 4th, an Angel, who kneels between two books, and holds an arrow-pen. Date, *circa* 1692.]

[Roxburge Collection, II. 397; Pepys Coll., II. 326.]

## The Royal Recreation;

Or, A Second Part, containing the Passages between the Farmer and his Wife at their Return home, where they found the King with his Noble Retinue.

TUNE OF, *Let Caesar live long* [p. 499]. Licensed according to Order.

THE most Royal Frolick, of *William* our King, [p. 759.  
Is put into metre for Subjects to sing,  
Concerning his feasting at the Farmer's, where  
He fed upon honest good Country fare;  
Now the Second Part here is printed to show,  
What past when the Farmer he homeward did go. 6

*He* then having been at a country town,  
To see great King *William*, of fame and renown;  
But finding at length that he came not that way,  
The Farmer resolved no longer to stay,  
Yet with his kind Wife he did homeward repair,  
But little he thought that K. *William* was there. 12

As soon as the King with his Nobles had dined,  
The Farmer return[ed], and happen'd to find  
Three gallant fine Coaches before his own door,  
The like which he never had seen there before:  
As soon as this wonderful sight he beheld,  
Good man, he was streight with astonishment fill'd. 18

The Farmer was troubled and trembled for fear,  
He knew not what course in the world for to steer;  
Concluding some Robbers had rifled his Farm.  
"Tush," quoth the good woman, "I fear no such harm;  
Sweet Husband then be of good courage," said she,  
"I'll tell you in short what I think it may be. 24

"Our daughter, you know, she is handsome and fair,  
Few with her for Beauty can hardly compare.  
Some Gallant is come for to court her this day,  
As knowing that we were both out of the way:  
And if he should come with an honest intent  
I hope, my good man, you will give your consent." 30

“Alas! my sweet Honey,” the Farmer reply’d,  
 If any young Noble would make her his Bride,  
 And I were unwilling to yield to the same,  
 The World would conclude I were highly to blame ;  
 My heart would be joyful that Wedding to see,  
 Which makes her a Lady in c’ry degree.” 36

While they were disputing a neighbour came by,  
 Who unto the Farmer did presently cry,  
 “You have Royal Guest at your table this day,  
 K. *William* with nobles both gallant and gay !”  
 This daunted the Farmer and his Wife also,  
 That into the house they were fearful to go. 42

Then come forth K[ing] *William* and his Royal Train,  
 In order to pass on their journey again ;  
 And the Farmer’s daughter did wait on their side,  
 “Oh ! here is my father and mother !” she cry’d :  
 Our Monarch then smiling, commanded that they  
 Should both be brought into his presence, straightway. 48

He bid them be cheerful and void of all fear,  
 Rewarding them, too, for their Country cheer,  
 Which pleased his Nobles, as Fame do’s report,  
 Beyond all the dainty choice dishes at Court :  
 And taking his leave of the Farmer that day  
 K[ing] *William* for *London* straight posted away. 54

The jolly old Farmer was pleas’d at the heart,  
 That Fortune to him would such favours impart ;  
 While he went to meet the King, seven long mile,  
 His Majesty came for to see him the while,  
 And likewise was pleased to dine at his board,  
 With such wholesome food as his Farm would afford. 60

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.*

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, on p. 318, single figure of a girl from Fortune-telling Group: 2nd, of three Good Fellows, p. 558. Date, *circa* 1692.]

### The King and the Forester.

THIS Roxburghe Collection ballad, in White-letter, is of later date than the Euing unique exemplar of the Black-letter original, which was ‘Printed for *C. Bates*, in *Pye-Corner*,’ *circa* 1696, and entitled, “The Loyal Forrister; or, Royal Pastime: being a pleasant Discourse between the King and a Loyal Keeper, who not knowing his Majesty, would not suffer him to hunt in the Forrest for any Reward whatsoever, which faithfulness the King highly commended, as you shall find by this following Ditty: = ‘You Subjects of *England*, come listen awhile,’” etc. With one Woodcut. *The Roxb. is a Stag-Hunt.*



[Roxburgh Collection, III. 790; Euing, No. 156.]

## The King and the Forrester.

[TUNE, *Let Cæsar live long.* See p. 499.]

YOU Subjects of *England* come listen a while,  
Here is a new ditty will make you to smile,  
It is of a king and a'keeper also,  
Who met in a forest some winters ago.

O early, O early, all in the morning,  
King *William* rose early all in the morning,  
And a gown of grey russett King *William* put on,  
As tho' he had been some silly poor man.

8

The hounds were ready prepar'd for game,  
The nobles attended of honour and fame :  
But like a mean subject in homely array,  
He to his forest was taking his way.

Oh then, bespoke *Mary*, our most royal Queen,  
" My gracious Lord, pray, where are you going ?"  
He answered, " I count him to be no wise man,  
That will his counsel tell unto a woman."

16

The Queen, with a modest behaviour reply'd,  
" I wish that kind Providence may be your guide,  
To keep you from danger, my sovereign lord,  
Which will the greatest of blessings afford."

He went to the forest some pleasure to spy,  
Where the hounds run swift, the Keeper drew nigh,  
" How dare you, bold fellow, how dare you come here,  
Without the king's leave, to chase his fair deer ?"

24

" Here are my three hounds, I will give them to you,  
And likewise my hawk as good as e'r flew ;  
Besides I will give you full forty-shillings,  
If thou wilt not betray me to *William* our King.

" I am one of his subjects, I am one of his force,  
And I am come here for to run a course."  
" Get you gone, you bold fellow, you run no course here,  
Without the leave of King *William* forbear."

32

" All that I have proffer'd, I pr'ythee now take,  
And do thy endeavour my peace for to make,  
Besides forty shillings I will give thee a ring,  
If thou wilt not betray me to *William* our King."

" Your three hounds, I tell you, I never will take,  
Nor yet your three hawks, your peace to make ;  
Nor will I be brib'd by your forty shillings,  
But I will betray you to *William* our King.

40

" As I am a keeper, I will not be unjust,  
Nor for a gold ring will I forfeit my trust ;  
I will bring you before him, as sure as a gun,  
And there you shall answer for what you have done."

- “Thou art a bold fellow,” the King he reply’d,  
 “What, dost thou not see the star on my side?  
 This forest is mine I would have you to know,  
 Then what is the reason you threaten me so?” 48
- With that the bold Keeper he fell on his knees,  
 A trembling fear all his spirits did seize,  
 The picture of death appear’d on his face,  
 He knew not at first the King was in that place.
- “O pardon, O pardon, my Sovereign liege!  
 For your royal pardon I beg and beseech.  
 Alas! my poor heart in my breast is cold;  
 Oh let me not suffer for being so bold.” 56
- “Get up, honest fellow, and shake off thy fears,  
 In the[e] there is nothing of folly appears:  
 If every one was as faithful as thee,  
 What a blessed Prince would King *William* be!
- “Because I’d encourage such fellows as you,  
 I’ll make thee my Ranger: If that will not do,  
 Thou shalt be a captain by sea or by land,  
 And high in my favour thou ever shalt stand.” 64
- The Keeper replied, “My sovereign lord,  
 Sure I am not worthy of such a reward;  
 Yet nevertheless your true Keeper I’ll be,  
 Because I am fearful to venture to sea.”
- At which the King laughed till his sides he did hold,  
 And threw him down fifty bright guineas in gold,  
 And bid him make haste to *Kensington* Court,  
 Where of this jest he would make much sport. 72
- “And when you come there, pray ask for ‘long *Jack*,’  
 Who wears pomegranates of gold on his back,  
 Likewise a green pheasant upon his right sleeve,  
 I warrant he’s a true man, you may him believe.
- “He’s one of my Porters who stands at my gate,  
 To let in my Nobles both early and late,  
 And therefore, good fellow, come up without fear,  
 I’ll make thee my Ranger of parks far and near.” 80

[White-letter. No Col. One large cut, of a Stag Hunt. Date, *circa* 1696.]

\* \* There is a Black-letter exemplar of the probable original version of this ballad in Euing Collection, II. 397. See the *Introductory Note*, p. 762.

This appears to be the latest of many ballads celebrating the adventures of a King, who disguises himself to mingle familiarly with his subjects. The Hanoverian monarchs kept aloof; except ‘Farmer George’ III., whom *Peter Pindar* satirized, because he failed to guess how an apple got inside the dumpling. The most popular ballad was on ‘King Henry III. and the Miller of Mansfield’ (*Roxb. Ballads*, i. 539), with sequel, ‘Sir John Cockle’s visit to Court.’ Others told of K. Alfred and the Shepherd; Edward IV. and the Tanner; Henry VIII. and the Coffer; James I. and the Tinker; but one of the earliest is Edward I. (Longshanks) and John the Reeve (*Percy Folio MS.*, ii. 557).



## The Death of Queen Mary.

“He did eat and drink, and said, ‘Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her : for *she is a King’s Daughter.*’ And they went to bury her.”—*II. Kings*, ix. 34.

TWO distinct ballads in the Roxburghe Collection are devoted to ‘The Court and Kingdom in Tears,’ and ‘Britain’s Sorrowful Lamentation,’ for the loss of Queen Mary. There were other courtly monodies produced by willing but not unpaid scribes, including one which professed to celebrate the grief among birds at the national bereavement, telling how a Robin Redbreast came to her tomb in Westminster Abbey. The song began thus :—

- “ All you that lov’d our Queen alive, now dead, lament her fate ;  
And take a walk to *Westminster*, to see her lie in state.
- “ Amongst all other glorious sights, a Wonder you may see ;  
A bird, or something like a bird, attend her Majesty.
- “ Sometimes it hops, sometimes it flies, then perches o’er the Hearse ;  
Then strains its throat, and sings a note, that’s neither prose nor verse.
- “ The tune is solemn, as if set to fit some doleful ditty ;  
In Lamentation for the Queen, to move all hearts to pity . . . .
- “ But what Bird, ’twas not known, until one wiser than the rest  
Affirm’d that he a *Robin* was, and prov’d it by his breast . . . .
- “ The *Robin* may have lost his mate, so hath King *William* his ;  
And that he may well match again, our hearty Prayer is.”

William does not bear the repute of having been particularly faithful to his wife, despite her personal attractions. Into the credible history of his infidelity (and how far his feebleness of body, though not of will, limited the evil, though “I’ve oft been told, by learned Friars, that wishing and the sin are one !”) we need not enter. Suffice it that he was no more immaculate than his predecessors on the throne. His cool assumption of the sovereignty to himself, personally, and his demand to be crowned before his wife, instead of taking his due place as Prince-Consort, (she being the lineal descendant of James II.—if we admit the indefensible exclusion of her brother the Prince of Wales, James Frederick Edward Stuart, properly James III.), was of a piece with the entire irregularity and illegality of the Revolution Usurpation. England was used merely to further his Continental ambition, and he remained until the end a Dutchman in heart and soul, so far as he had a soul, helping his own countrymen into wealth and position, but never understanding the English people whom he had persistently intrigued against, to revisit and to rule them.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 503 : Pepys Coll., II. 373.]

The  
**Court and Kingdoms in Tears ;**

Or,

The Sorrowful Subject's Lamentation for the Death of her Majesty  
 Queen MARY: who departed this Life, the 28th of December,  
 1694 ; To the Unspeakable Grief of his Majesty, and all his  
 Loyal and Loving Subjects.

TO THE TUNE OF, *If Love's a sweet Passion, &c.* [See VI. 31.]



J. W. E.

**I**N Mourning, in Mourning the Kingdoms appears,  
 And the eyes of true Subjects are flowing with Tears,  
 For our grief and our sorrow, alas, it is great,  
 Since our gracious Queen *Marie* departed of late ;  
*By the hand of cold Death she was snatch'd from the Throne,*  
*Having left our most gracious King William alone.*

6

The loss of our Queen we have cause to lament,  
 In the prime of her years from the World she is sent,  
 While her sorrowful Subjects do weeping complain,  
 Knowing that they shall never behold her again.

*By the hand of cold Death, &c.*

[sic. passim. 12

O! what an unspeakable Change is there wrought!  
From a Throne, Crown, and scepter, Q[ueen] M[ary] is brought,  
For to take up her lodging, now, now in the Grave,  
So uncertain is Honour, and all that we have. *By, etc.* 18

She in the King's absence, did govern the Realm,  
With discretion and wisdom she sat at the Helm,  
While her Subjects in Loyal obedience did stand,  
For a publick Blessing she was to the Land; ['pu' tict.]  
*To our sorrow and grief she is snatch'd from the Throne,*  
*And our Monarch King William, now governs alone.* 24

There's nothing but sorrow and grief to be seen,  
Thro' the Court and the kingdoms for loss of the Q[ueen]:  
Who in less than a week was alive, well, and dead;  
And with her all our joyes and our comforts are fled. *By, etc.* 30

O! who would have thought, when from *Flanders* he came,  
And the Queen she did meet him in triumph and fame,  
That her time was so near? yet, alas, it is so,  
She is gone and hath left us in sorrow and woe. *By, etc.* 36

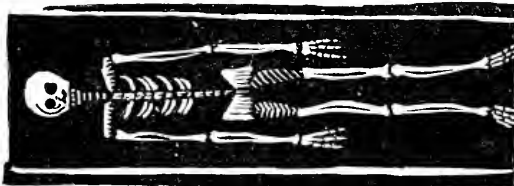
The learned Physitian was sent for with speed,  
She was dangerous ill, there was never more need;  
But, alas, all the skill in the world was in vain,  
For the Doctors they could not restore her again. *By, etc.* 42

Her soul is conveyed to the Regions of Joy,  
Where there's nothing her comfort and peace can annoy;  
It is we that are left in sad sorrowful fears,  
For the loss of a Queen in the prime of her years. *By the hand, etc.* 48

For gracious King *William* let's send up our prayers,  
That the LORD would support him in all his affairs;  
That he still may be able our Laws to defend,  
He has been to the Nation a Fatherly Friend,  
*Therefore Heaven, we hope, will establish his Throne,*  
*In the spite of his Foes, tho' he Governs alone.* 54

*Finis.*

[In White-letter. No cut; *We add Death and the Lady.* Date, Dec., 1694.]



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 713. No other Exemplar Noted.]

## Britain's Sorrowful Lamentation,

For the Loss of their Gracious Queen MARY, who departed this Life  
the 28th of December, 1694.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Bleeding Heart*. [Properly, *My bleeding heart*, iii. 23.]

WHAT dismal News is this I hear, each *Brittain* shedding of a tear!  
I do not mean a tear alone, but heavy sighs and dismal groans.  
Each one struck dumb, amazing stands, with aiking hearts and wringing hands;  
Oh! wretched day that e're was seen, the loss of our most gracious Queen.

A Queen, whose worth could not be nam'd, a Queen for virtue still proclaim'd;  
And all her Subjects needs must owne, so brave a Queen was never known.  
Oh! *Britain, Britain*, mourn with speed, for sure there never was more need,  
Than at this day, for our hard fate, our King has lost his Royal Mate. 8

No tongue can tell the grief and woe each Subject now does undergo;  
Since your most Royal Queen is dead: 'twould make a heart of stone to bleed.  
Where this same dreadful News does come, it struck amazement in each one,  
And all with mournful voice did say, "*Oh! wretched and unhappy day!*"

"What must I do? where must we go? our Queen that lov'd her Country so,  
By cruel Death is snatch'd away; Oh! why did not Death longer stay!"  
This is a Land of Grief and Wo, which does with sorrow overflow;  
So great a loss was never seen, to loose so vertuous a Queen. 16

A Queen belov'd of all that knew, how to their Country to be true;  
A Queen that of mercy had great store: Oh! such a Queen was ne're before.  
But oh! she's gone and left us here, full of distraction and despair;  
No Comfort now is to be seen, since we have lost our Gracious Queen.

This is a day of Mourning now; this is a day of Sorrow too;  
This is a day of woe and grief, this day we mourn without relief.  
For sighing, this I needs must say, the Good are soonest took away;  
Although she's here no longer seen, in heaven she reigns a Glorious Queen. 24

Finis.

Printed at *London*; and re-printed at *Edinburgh* by *John Reid*, 1695.

[In White-letter, without woodcuts. Date, January, 1694. For a ballad on the death and funeral of William III., 'The Mournful Solemnity,' beginning, "Come listen now, you Loyal Subjects all!" see our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 319.]

Here ends the Group  
of  
Historical Ballads:  
Time of William and Mary.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND,  
JOHN COLLINS FRANCIS,  
WORTHY SON OF A WORTHY AND BELOVED FATHER,  
**This Group of Christmas Carols,**  
AND OF THE  
**Religious and Moral Ballads,**  
WHICH ARE SOON TO FOLLOW, ARE DEDICATED,  
BY THE EDITOR, J. W. EBSWORTH,  
1893.



## [‘CHRISTMAS CAROLS GROUP.’]

## MOTTOES.

“ ‘FOLLOW ME!’ Jesus said; and they uprose,  
 Peter and Andrew rose and followed Him,  
 Follow’d Him even to Heaven through death most grim,  
 And through a long hard life without repose,  
 Save in the grand ideal of its close.  
 ‘Take up your cross and follow me!’ He said;  
 And the world answers yet through all her dead,  
 And still would answer: had we faith like those.

“ Oh, who will speak again such words of fire?  
 With gladsome haste and with rejoicing souls  
 How would men gird themselves for the emprise!  
 Leaving their black boats by the dead lake’s mire,  
 Leaving their slimy nets by the cold shoals,  
 Leaving their old oars, nor once turn their eyes.”—*W. B. S.*

[This sonnet, on ‘The Restoration of Religious Belief,’ is transcribed from p. 185 of the choice volume entitled—in his own etched frontispiece—‘*Poems by a Painter*,’ by a constant friend, since 1850, the late William Bell Scott, the younger brother of the Editor’s revered and loved teacher, David Scott, R.S.A. The choice of this particular motto is appropriate; because *The Autobiographical Notes of the Life of W. B. Scott*, LL.D., Hon. R.S.A., 1892, had been the Christmas gift to the Editor of *Roxburghe Ballads*, from John C. Francis, to whom this *Group of Christmas Carols* is dedicated.]

Although W. B. Scott’s sonnet expressed anticipatively, forty years ago, the vague yearning and dissatisfied unfaith of our super-critical *fin de Siècle* Sybarites, let this brief poem by Christina Rossetti, ‘The Lower Place,’ be an antidote to the bane.

“ GIVE me the lowest place: not that I dare  
 Ask for that lowest place, but Thou hast died  
 That I might live and share  
 Thy glory by thy side. “

“ Give me the lowest place: or if for me  
 That lowest place too high, make one more low  
 Where I may sit and see  
 My God, and love thee so.”—*C. G. R.*



## A Group of Christmas Carols.

“What sweeter music can we bring  
 Than a *Carol* for to sing  
 The birth of this our heavenly King?  
 Awake the voice! awake the string!  
 Heart, ear, and eye, and every thing.  
 Awake! the while the active finger,  
 Runs divisions with the singer.”—*Herrick*.

OF the entire ‘Group of Religious Ballads,’ dedicated to our friend John C. Francis, the preliminary “Christmas Carols” can be included in the present Volume VII., the remainder being reserved for the final Part XXIII.

A collection of the Moralizing and make-belief Religious Ballads of any time or country could scarcely be an enlivening or edifying work. It has happened often that the least-religious, as well as the least-poetic of verse-makers have chosen this department of literature for their happy hunting-ground. Modern poets have seldom tried to become hymn-writers; and, assuredly, our known Hymn-writers were not poets. Extreme Protestantism, or to put it more clearly, Sectarianism and Puritanism, with their manifold ramifications, proved utterly opposed to all poetic fervour, and genuine purity or warmth of soul. Instead of regarding as their aim for celebration in verse the loveliness of Religion, and rising into the heights of joyful adoration, or breathing in humble thankfulness praises and prayer, or telling the sorrows of the heart as to a willing ear in perfect confidence of being heard; with hope, moreover, of winning pardon, peace, and blessedness; we have found in polemical Religiosity a self-obtrusion of splenetic Dogmatism, the raving of excited Bigotry, the scoldings of shallow Ignorance, and petulant insistence on incongruous doctrinal subtleties. Neither coming from the heart, nor appealing to the heart, does such an Hymnist sing. He tries to persuade himself that he is full of adoration. But he always remembers that he is bound to edify his hearers, and make them admire him, and extol his superior piety, while they lend their voices and ears obediently to his dictation. He is the trumpeter of a long-eared rout, and he knows it. Look through the voluminous rolls of English so-called Religious Poetry; and see how frightfully weak, how insincere it is, scarcely worth consideration at all as poetry: paltry and stilted, as compared with the triumphs won in amatory verse. Inferior it is to the masculine strength displayed by our best satirists, ‘Glorious John,’ Samuel Butler, and Alexander Pope, who knew the world they lived in; or to the narrative, lyric, and descriptive verse, wherein so much has been done excellently, even in these later days.

Almost the only unassailable 'religious poetry' we Englishmen possess, with a halo of glory surrounding it, came from writers who belonged to the Holy Catholic Church, looking reverently towards Rome, as truly as to Bethlehem. To them, the solemn beauty of their own early cathedral aisles (which Henry VIII.'s Reformers plundered, and Cromwell's Ironside Puritans desecrated); the subdued and coloured light which had streamed through their ancient windows; the glow of sunshine, or faint glimmer from the past splendours, resting on the tombs of their saints and martyrs, amid the hush of sound that follows the last notes of their mediæval anthem: all these had helped to intensify their religious aspirations. Such achievements of the Catholic-Churchmen were to us solid gain. Not superstition or idolatry, but an earnest, sound, loving faith, was theirs. To such are opposed, alike as foes and rivals, as a matter of trade no less than of malevolence, in religious hymnody, the professional Protestant Sectarics. Have we any thing more tenderly sacred than the remains of Robert Southwell, S.J., of Richard Crashaw, of Dr. Faber, of Cardinal John Henry Newman, or of Adelaide Anne Proctor, Barry Cornwall's daughter? all of whom found their happiness and safety within the shelter of 'the One Church.' And was not Keble, and is not Christina Rossetti (p. 770) almost entirely in union with them? It is in their lyrics, their odes, their hymns, their songs of joy, and yearning for a higher life than our petty strife of worldly greed and dogmatic disputation, or incessant pulpiting, that they surpass competitors. This is so, because they think not of such rivalry and emulation, as in itself commendable, but can forget everything except the emotions which inspire their rapture. Hence the words fit themselves, spontaneously, to the music that comes from within: "singing and making melody in their hearts unto the Lord."

How different is it with their opponents and detractors; among whom the twang of old Cromwellian Puritans, the prosaic dullness and prolixity of the hired Professor, the childish iteration of the salaried Sunday-school Examiner, or the half-brained cushion-thumper, meet us painfully in our 'Hymnals.' (Even of the best collection, *'Hymns Ancient and Modern,'* not more than two dozen can be accounted good, and probably less than this number).

Sermonizing platitudes have weighed down poetry: they almost stifled religion. Woeful are the offences against good taste, not to mention the eccentricities of language, where zeal has outrun discretion, and recognises no laws of grammar. Some addresses to the Deity were so outrageously conceived by the hack-scribe, and are so perpetuated in being sung inconsiderately by congregations, that they escape not always from what might fairly be called blasphemy. Reverential awe having thus disappeared, the indecent familiarity of utterance profanes the sanctuary.

This being the achievement, after more than three centuries of

boasted 'Reformation,' it would be too much to expect that in these far-back broadsides of *Roxburghe Ballads* intended for the mere populace, and now forming our "RELIGIOUS GROUP," we could offer a choice assortment of pious songs, worthy of admiration. We make no pretence of doing such. They have value to the student of history, and of social manners, in the Stuart reigns. We simply gather together in one cluster the scattered literary relics. They adopt one of three divisions; *First*, a scriptural subject, chiefly from the Gospels, and concerning our Blessed Lord's life on Earth, commencing with these 'Christmas Carols,' on his birth, and the glory of his coming, to the final Passion. *Second*, the avowed 'Exhortations,' 'Warnings,' or 'Lessons' addressed to 'all True Christians;' or, for 'a Christian Family.' *Third*, a few apocryphal so-called Miracles and 'Kentish Wonders;' with 'a Wonderful Prophecy of Christian James;' tales of a 'Young Man's Repentance;' of a 'Pious Daughter's last farewell to her sorrowful Mother;' and a 'godly Maid of Leicester's experience.' They are more conveniently studied in a group of *Roxburghe Ballads*, than while they were dispersed, in the original broadsides, amid incongruous ditties, often of looser morals.

They were never intended for the libraries of highly-cultivated and critical readers. In no case is it probable that one of their original writers foresaw the time when, with antiquarian curiosity, we should be studying these records of the 'common people.' Rightly understood, they are of importance, showing what themes, and what sort of religious treatment, pleased the populace, not alone of the Puritanical enthrallment, two centuries ago. The wild abundance of fabricated 'Portents,' of 'Signs in the air,' monstrous births, and inexplicable marvels, had slackened after Elizabeth's reign; we see many survivals in the Helmington Hall broadsides. But appeals to fanatical credulity continued to be popular among the rebels and visionaries throughout the Civil-War, to which class of purchasers Martin Parker and Lawrence Price disdained not to lend their services in ballads that are reserved for still later pages, the 'GROUP OF EVENTS AND OCCURRENCES.' A Market for such wares was always to be found, as 'Pride's Fall' and 'The Two Inseparable Brothers' prove. Fitfully-inspired or precocious children, tutored to imposture, or silly with conceit, in imitation of Tub-preachers, told their pretended visions, or were declared to have done so, in such 'pious frauds' as were accepted greedily in the later reign of Anne. To all such, with the lessons they convey, alike of distrust and wonder at national stupidity, these ensuing pages bear witness, not wearisomely, *ad nauseam*, but as specimens of what were in circulation before the Revolution of 1688, and even, in many cases, before the disastrous Civil Wars during the reign of Charles I. Many of the ballads, being already old in December 1624, were re-entered in the Stationers' Registers.



after shooting the arrows to warn David (1st Samuel, xx. 34). The adoration of the Magi, who see in the East the Star of Bethlehem, is on p. 787.

The small cut on p. 790 shows St. John the Evangelist, holding in his hand the bitter cup of afflictions, that he was willing to drink (St. Matth., xx. 22); symbolized as writhing vipers. On p. 778 is another woodcut of St. John, with the Eagle; and a third is in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 916, but mutilated (the Eagle is ink-bottle holder, in Andrew Boorde's *Dyetary of Helth*, 1542).

IN this 'Group of *Christmas Carols*' we now reprint all the *Roxburgh Ballads* founded on scripture, and remaining in hand (a few having been already given among the crowd of varieties, in the *first three vols.*, where the Roxb. Coll. arrangement was followed, *viz.*, a loose-alphabetical succession, according to the mere titles). Reserved for our final portion, along with the GENERAL INDEX, is the other round dozen of Religious Ballads, not scriptural; Exhortations, Warnings, and doubtful Marvels. Of some Biblical cuts, here reproduced, the worn and mutilated blocks had been purchased from abroad, chiefly by Richd. Harper. The triple composition on this page represents Elijah's defeat of the Baal-Worshippers; the slaying of Ahab in his chariot; and Elisha beholding the fiery car wherein Elijah is lifted from earth. Similarly, on p. 778, are shown the four lepers bringing their report of the vacant camp, after the siege and famine at Samaria; the outcoming of the Jews to plunder the enemies' tents (2nd Kings, vii. 8, 11); the Gibeonites' slaughter of the sons of Saul, who were left hanging on the trees. The figure of the youth kneeling on the hill may represent Jonathan,

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 452; dupl., 11621, l. 2, fol. 13.]

## Four Choice Carols for Christmas Holidays.

CAROL I.—ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

CAROL II.—ON ST. STEPHEN'S-DAY.

CAROL III.—ON ST. JOHN'S-DAY.

CAROL IV.—ON INNOCENT'S-DAY.

*Being very necessary and proper to be had in all CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.*

CAROL I. ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

[TO ITS OWN TUNE OF, *Tidings of Comfort and Joy.*]

GOD rest you, merry Gentlemen! let nothing you dismay;  
Remember CHRISTOUR Saviour, who was born on *Christmas-Day*,  
To save our souls from *Satan's Fold*, which long time had gone astray.  
*And 'tis Tidings of Comfort and Joy.*

From Him that is our Father, the Blessed Angel came,  
And to the watchful Shepherds brought the tidings of the same,  
That there was born in *Bethlehem*, the Son of God by Name:  
*And 'tis Tidings [of Comfort and Joy].* 8

“Fear not!” then said God's Angel, “Let nothing you affright,  
This Night is born a Saviour, of a Virgin pure and bright,  
He is able to advance you, and throw down *Satan* quite:”  
*And 'tis Tidings [of Comfort and Joy].*

The Shepherds, at these tidings, rejoiced much in mind,  
And left their Flocks a feeding, in tempest, storm, and wind:  
Then straight they went to *Bethlehem*, the Son of God to find:  
*And 'tis Tidings [of Comfort and Joy].* 16

But when they came to *Bethlehem*, whereas our Saviour lay,  
They found him in a manger, where Oxen fed on hay:  
Our blessed Lady kneeling by, unto the Lord did pray:  
*And 'tis Tidings [of Comfort and Joy].*

At which, with sudden gladness, the Shepherds then were fill'd,  
When as the Babe of *Israel*, thus [all] they had beheld [i.e. 'when']  
Before his mother [lowly] lie: the Scripture thus fulfill'd.  
*And 'tis Tidings [of Comfort and Joy].* 24

Now let me all of you intreat, that are within this place,  
That each dear loving Christian, the other would embrace;  
For the happy Time of CHRISTMAS is drawing on apace,  
*With Tidings of Comfort and Joy.*

## CAROL III. ON ST. STEPHEN'S DAY. [Dec. 26.]

IN friendly Love and Unity, for good *St. Stephen's* sake,  
 Let us all this blessed Day, to Heaven our Prayers make,  
 That we with him the Cross of CHRIST, may freely undertake :  
*And Jesus will send you his Blessing.* [For tune, v. p. 777.]

Those accursed Infidels that stoned him to death,  
 Could not by their cruelties, with-hold him from his Faith :  
 In such a goodly Martyrdom, seek we all the path,  
*And Jesus will send you his Blessing.* 8

And whilst we sit here banqueting, of dainties having store,  
 Let us not forgetful be, to cherish up the Poor ;  
 And give what is convenient to those that ask at Door.  
*And Jesus will send you his Blessing.*

For God hath made you Stewards here, upon the Earth to dwell :  
 He that gathereth for himself, and will not use it well,  
 Lives far worse than *Dives* did, that burneth now in Hell :  
*And Jesus will send you his Blessing.* 16

And now in Love and Charity, see you your Table spread,  
 That I may taste of your good Chear, your *Christmas Ale* and Bread ;  
 That I may say that I, full well, for this my Carol sped.  
*And Jesus will send you his Blessing.*

For Bounty is a blessed gift, the Lord above it sends,  
 And he that gives it from his hands, deserveth many friends ;  
 I see it on my Master's Board, and so my Carol ends,  
*Lord Jesus send you his Blessing.* 24

## CAROL IIII. ON ST. JOHN'S DAY. [Dec. 27.]

[See Note, p. 777. Tune, *Oh no, Oh no, not yet.*]

WHEN bloody *Herod* reigned King, within *Judea's* Land,  
 Much woe his cruel will did bring by bloody fierce command.  
 Among the rest, with grief oppress'd, was good *St. John* here slain,  
 Who as this Day, with sport and play, a martyr'd Death did gain.

King *Herod*, being in his Tower, *Herodias* dancing 'spyd,  
 As fair as any Summer's flower, in all her painted pride ;  
 Clad in bright Gold, which to behold, King *Herod's* heart admir'd,  
 He bid her crave, & she should have, tho' she half his Crown desir'd.

"A kingly Crown I do not wish, but *St. John's* head," she said,  
 "Wherefore all bleeding in a dish, before me be it laid !"  
 Which was the thing, she of the king, desir'd with right goodwill ;  
 Whose death was wrought, and [his head] brought : such minds  
 have strumpets still.

Thus Wine and Women, we do see, men's minds to folly win,  
 For *Herod* did too soon agree, and gave consent to sin :  
 For on this day, as Scriptures say, *St. John* did lose his head ;  
 Whilst she did sing, before the King, as he at table fed. [Note.]

Then let us all, by him, take heed of riot and excess,  
 For fear that soon to us it breed as great a wickedness :  
 And let our sport, in civil sort, content each merry mind :  
 So shall we all, in this good Hall, much joy and comfort find.

Now kindly, for my pretty song, good Butler draw some Beer ;  
 You know what duties do belong to him that sings so clear :  
 Holly and ivy. Drink will drive ye to the brown bowl of Perry.  
 Apples and Ale, with *Christmas* Tale, will make the Houshold merry.

CAROL IV. ON INNOCENTS' DAY. [Dec. 28.]

UPON the Twenty-fifth of *December*, our blessed *Messias* he was born :  
 Let us with praise this Day adore, to see how he left his Habitation ;  
 For to redeem poor sinfull Men. Sing Praise unto his most glorious Name.  
 First a bright Angel brought the happy Tidings, unto a Virgin pure and chaste,  
 "Hail ! blessed *Mary*, full of grace, the Lord of Life remains with thee,  
 The blessed Saviour of all Men. Sing Praise unto his most holy Name."

The blessed Virgin weary was and tired, when she came to *Bethlehem* ;  
 There was no Lodgings for her then, she was deliver'd of our Saviour,  
 That very night in an Ox's stall, to shew that Man's Pride must have a Fall.  
 Then came three Wise-men, Kings that were so loyal, all guided by a glorious Star,  
 From the East Country came so far, to see the blessed Babe, sweet *JESUS*,  
 That in a Manger there was lain. Sing Praise unto his holy Name.

But when King *Herod* found himself deceiv'd, he was with wrath and anger fill'd ;  
 Vowing that all Infants should be kill'd ; thinking to murder our dear Saviour,  
 Who came for to redeem us then : O cruel, cruel, and most bloody man !  
 Then came the glorious happy tidings, unto poor Shepherds feeding sheep,  
 Which made the Shepherds' hearts to leap, to hear the blessed Babe, sweet *JESUS*,  
 That he was born in *Bethlehem*. Sing Praise unto his most gracious Name.

[No Colophon. Three woodcuts : 2nd, the *Madonna* and child ; between, 1st, *St. Matthew*, and 3rd, *St. John Evangelist*. *Roxb.* has no Colophon, but the second and third of these ditties were printed by *J. Millet* in a volume of *New CAROLS* (*Wood's* No. 40), in Black-letter, circa 1674, or earlier, and this is the probable date of the originals. Ours is a modern reprint in White-letter. It is a fairly trustworthy version.]

Note.—Although the Third Carol, "When bloody *Herod* reigned King," is mistakenly applied to *John* the Baptist, instead of concerning the Evangelist's festival, the woodcut was rightly assigned. Two other woodcuts of *St. John* are given on pp. 778 and 790. The tune to it is, "Oh no, Oh no, not yet" (p. 141) ; the tune of "In friendly love and unity" is, "Where is my true love ?" Both these carols are in *Wood's New Christmas Carols*, 110, art. 5.



[*Note.*—This five-fold illustration, mentioned on p. 774, belongs to the Pepysian exemplar of our 'Clerk of Bodnam, on p. 40, ante, "Now my painful eyes lie rolling;" a ballad included in the 'Group of Trades and Callings,' instead of being reserved for the 'Religious Carols.' The woodcut was appropriate in Pepys Coll., II. 41, printed for *J. Wright, Clarke, Thackeray and Passenger*; insomuch as the pious Clerk of Bodmin was supposed to be conversant with Old-Testament history. The ballad was of earlier date than 1624. The present woodcut of *St. John the Evangelist* serves to illustrate the 3rd Carol, on p. 776.]





[Lost before 1788, from Roxburghe Coll., II. 577; Rawlinson, 566, fol. 176; Pepys, II. 30, Euing, 126.]

[A New Caroll of]

## The Angel Gabriel: his Salutation to the blessed Virgin Mary,

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Blazing Torch is soon burnt out.* [See vol. i. p. 418.]

WHEN righteous *Joseph* wed[d]ed was to *Israel's* Hebrew Maid,  
A glorious Angel came from Heaven, who to the Virgin said,  
"Hail, blessed *Mary*! full of Grace, the Lord remains in Thee,  
Thou shalt conceive and bear a Son, thy Saviour to be."

"That's wondrous strange," quoth *Mary* then, "I should conceive and breed,  
Being never toucht by Mortal man, but pure in thought and deed."  
"Fear not!" (quoth *Gabriel* by and by), "It is no work of man,  
But only God's, ordain'd at first before the world began." 8

Which heavenly message she believes, and did to *Jury* go [= *Jewry* = *Judea*.  
Three mon[e]ths with her friends to stay, God's blessed will to show;  
And then return'd to *Joseph* back, her husband meek and mild,  
Who thought it strange his wife should be, untoucht, thus grown with child.

Wherefore (though he) to shun that shame, he thought her to forsake:  
But that God's Angel in his sleep God's mind did undertake:  
"Fear not just *Joseph*, this thy wife is still a spotless maid,  
And no consent to sin" (quoth he) "against her cau be laid." 16

"For she is purely Maid and Wife, the Mother of God's own Heir,  
The babe of Heaven, and blessed Lamb of *Israel's* stock so fair,  
To save lost sheep to Satan sold, whom *Adam* lost by fraud,  
When first in *Eden's* Paradise the Lord had him bestow'd."

Thus *Mary* with her husband kind together did remain,  
Until the time of *Jesus* birth, as Scriptures doth make plain.  
Thus Mother, Wife, and Virgin pure, our Saviour sweet conceiv'd,  
All three in one, to bring us joy, of which we were bereav'd. 24

Sing praises then, both old and young, to Him which wrought such things,  
That thus, without the help of man, sent us this King of Kings.  
Which is of such a blessed power, that with his word can quell  
The world, the flesh; and by his death could conquer Death and Hell.

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *I. Clark*.

[In Black-letter. Woodcut of Madonna and child, mentioned on p. 786. Corrected by a better Black-letter early impression, dated 1661, in *New Carolls for this merry time of Christmas, to sundry pleasant tunes*, with new Additions never before printed, to be sung to delight the Hearers. London, printed by *H. B.* for *Andrew Kemb*, and are to be sold at his shop, near *Saint Margaret's* Hill, in *Southwark*, 1661. The Rawlinson exemplar mis-reads, "to shun the same," for "shun the shame," and is mutilated in final stanzas. The Pepysian II. 30, is printed for *W. Thackeray* and *T. Passinger*: and Euing, 126, for *Coles*, *Vere*, and *Gilbertson*: three separate issues. In all these extant survivals, on the same sheet is '*A Dozen of Points*;' of date before 1624: see p. 780.]

[Lost from Roxb. Collection, II. 577; Rawlinson, 566, fol. 176; Pepys, II. 30; Euing, 126.]

## A Godly new Ballad, intituled, A Dozen of Poynts.

A Dozen of Poynts you here may read,  
Whereon each Christian Soul may feed.

**T**He gift is small, a Douzen of Points, wherewith I'd wish you knit your joynts;  
Keep well the same and credit me, thy life most pure and just shall be.  
The first Point's this, I wish you keep, Is that at night before you sleep  
See still you ask God forgivenessse, of all your sins and wickedness.  
The second Point is this, I say, when thou dost see the chearful day,  
Arise and praise the God of might, that hath defended thee all night.  
The third is this, that thou should'st require, and on thy bended knees desire,  
The God of Heaven to be thy stay, for to preserve thee night and day.  
The fourth doth bid thee to be ware, and to avoyd the subtile snare:  
For Satan with his crafty power doth seek men's soul for to devour.  
The fift[h] good counsel doth thee give, and warn thee well whilst thou dost live,  
To keep thy conscience clear and pure, then God will bless thee, to be sure.  
The sixth of these my points, do will, that thou devise no subtile skill,  
Whereby to work thy Neighbours wo, take heed, I say, and do not so.

The seventh saith, defraud no man, but deal as justly as you can,  
The Widdow and the fatherless defend, so God will bless thee to the end.  
The eight[h] doth bid thee, more or less, still to beware of drunkenness;  
For drunkenness is abhorrd of God, on whom he lays his heavy Rod.  
The ninth saith, Fornication flye, those wicked Harlots will make thee dye,  
Thy body they'l consume, I say, and bring thy soul unto decay.  
The tenth doth say do not forswear; false witness against no man bear:  
Let no affection sway thy mind, the eye of ju-tice so to blind.  
The eleventh enjoys thee not to desire thy Neighbours' goods for to require;  
But the ten Commandments observe, so shalt thou stand and never swerve.  
The twelfth saith serve the God of might, and truely serve him day and night,  
Obey the King as 'tis thy part, and to thy Country bear a faithful heart.  
See these my Points thou dost possess, even when thou thy self dost rest:  
Keep well each one in his degree; and knit them fast, and credit me.

Printed for *T. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark.*

[In Black-letter, printed alongside of 'The Angel Gabriel,' beginning, "When righteous Joseph wedded was," for which see p. 779. Three cuts on the sheet, the two belonging to 'A dozen of Poynts,' being a half-length portrait of a nobleman; and a clumsy, worm-eaten, and mutilated figure of a man kneeling. Entered in Stat. Reg. 14 Dec., 1624. Of both ballads, Rawlinson's was printed for *Coles, Vere, Wright, Thackeray, and Passenger*. Euing's, of both ballads, printed for *Coles, Vere, and Gilbertson*. An early exemplar, in book-form, is in Wood's Carols, 164.

\* \* In the small collection entitled *Good and True, Fresh and New Christmas Carols*, 1642, is one 'Modest Carol of the Twelve Days,' sung to the tune of, *In the merry Maying time*. It begins, "A Dozen of Good Points I'll give; The which will last you while you live" (Wood's Carols, 110, art. 3).

The two conjoint ballads next following had the tune in common: it admitted the quaint refrain to 'Joseph and Mary,' of *his dear, his dear*.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 232; Pepys, II. 27; Rawlinson, 566, 168.]

## A most Excellent Ballad of Joseph the Carpenter and the sacred Virgin Mary, who was the Mother of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST, the ever blessed Redeemer of Mankind.

JOSEPH, an aged man truly,  
Did marry a Virgin fair and free,  
A purer Virgin did no man see,  
*Than he chose for his dear, his dear.*

This Virgin was pure, there was no nay,  
The Angel *Gabriel* to her did say,  
"Thou shalt conceive a boy this day,  
*The which shall be our dear, our dear.*" 8

No sooner the Angel his message had said,  
But all in her she was afraid,  
"How may this be? and I a pure maid?  
*Say unto me, my dear, my dear!*"

"The holy Ghost (*Mary*) shall come on thee,  
The power of Heaven shall shadow thee,  
And thou shalt bear a Son truly,  
*The which shall be our dear, our dear.*" 16

Then *Joseph*, being a perfect man,  
Perceiving that *Mary* with Child was gone,  
Said, "Tell me, *Mary*, now and anon,  
*Who hath done this? my dear, my dear.*"

Then answered *Mary*, meek and mild,  
"I know no Father to my child,  
But God alone, and I undefil'd,  
*He hath done this, my dear, my dear.*" 24

Yet (thinking she had been unjust,  
Yielding her body to lawless lust),  
Out of his house he thought to thrust,  
*His only love and Lady dear.*

And so [to] put her from him quite  
Who was his joy and hearts' delight,  
That blessed Virgin fair and bright,  
*Whom he did love so dear, so dear.* 32

And while in heart he thought the same,  
 To him the Angel *Gabriel* came,  
 As he lay sleeping on a frame,  
*And coming [not] to his dear, his dear :*

Who said, " Fear not to take to thee,  
 Thy true and faithful wife, *Mary!*  
 Most true and constant sure is she ;  
*Turn not off thy dear, thy dear."* 40

When *Joseph* rose from his sleep so sound,  
 His love to *Mary* did more abound,  
 He would not, for a thousand pound,  
 *Forsake his Love and Lady dear.*

They lived both in joy and bliss,  
 But then a straight Commandment is,  
 Through *Judea* land no man should miss,  
*To go with his Love and Lady dear ;* 43

Unto the Temple, where they were born,  
 And to the Emperor to be sworn,  
 To pay a tribute duely known,  
*Both for himself and Lady dear.*

Then *Joseph* and his *Mary* free,  
 Who lookt each hour delivered to be,  
 To *Bethelam* came, that sweet City,  
*With his true Love and Lady dear.* 56

But when to *Bethelam* they were come,  
 The Inns were filled all, and some,  
 When *Joseph* intreating every groom,  
*Could get no bed for his dear, his dear.*

Then was he constrained, presently,  
 Within the Stable all night to lye,  
 Wherein they did Oxen and Asses tye :  
*With his true Love and Lady dear.* 64

The Virgin fair thought it no scorn,  
 To lye in such a place forlorn ;  
 Which night she had a young Son born,  
*Even JESUS CHRIST, our dear, our dear.*

Thou King of Peace in *Bethelam* born,  
 That wore for our sake a crown of thorn,  
 Preserve King CHARLES evening and morn,  
*Whom England Loves so dear, so dear.* 72

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 233 ; Rawlinson, 168 ; Pepys, 112.]

[Added, on each exemplar, to JOSEPH & MARY, p. 781.]

## Even in the Twinkling of an Eye.



AS I lay musing all alone,  
I heard a voice that loud did cry,  
“Come give account now, every one,  
*Even in the twinkling of an eye !*”

With that, I heard a trump did blow,  
And one said with a voice so high,  
“Destroy all things, both high and low,  
*Even in the twinkling of an eye !*”

8

“Go forth !” he said, “and do not stint,  
Throughout the world, even by and by,  
And bring them all to my judgment,  
*Even in the twinkling of an eye.*”

“Destroy both Pallace, Park, and Game,  
Castles and Towers that be so high ;  
To all things living do the same,  
*Even in the twinkling of an eye.*”

16

“The Gyant proud, the Tyrant fell,  
Wo, and alas ! then shall they cry ;  
For I will throw them down to hell,  
*Even in the twinkling of an eye.*”

With that I saw a Cloud was bent,  
 And one sitting on it so high,  
 Prepared for to give judgment,  
*Eren in the twinkling of an eye.* 24

Then all, that in the earth did rest,  
 Stood up before him by and by,  
 The Books opened, and nothing 'prest :  
*Eren in the twinkling of an eye.*

Divided were, without delay,  
 The good from ill continually ;  
 Sentence was given that same day,  
*Eren in the twinkling of an eye.* 32

[See cut, p. 790.]

The Good on his right hand did stand,  
 Praising him still most joyfully,  
 With Psalms of victory in their hand,  
*Eren in the twinkling of an eye.*

The Evil on his left hand did go,  
 Crying out most lamentably,  
 Saying, " Alas ! come is our wee,  
*Eren in the twinkling of an eye."* 40

Unto the good the Lord did say,  
 Speaking to them most joyfully,  
 " Take thou the Kingdom that lasteth for aye !  
*Eren in the twinkling of an eye."*

Unto the evil the Lord did turn,  
 Saying to them most lamentably,  
 " Go to the fire that ever shall burn,  
*Eren in the twinkling of an eye."* 48

O Lord we pray for CHRIST his sake,  
 That shed his blood upon a tree,  
 To keep us from that fiery lake,  
*Eren in the twinkling of an eye.* Finis.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,*  
 and *T. Passenger.*

[In Black-letter. One woodcut, as on p. 783, R., not the *St. Catherine.*]

*Note.*—The mention of King *Charles I.*, at the end of the ballad, on p. 782, indicates its early date. We know it to have been entered for publication as 'JOSEPH AND MARY,' in the Stationers' Registers,' vol. iv. (D.) p. 93, on December 14, 1624, along with 127 others, most of them for *re-publication*, to the associated printers, Master Pavier, John Wright, Cuthbert Wright, Edward Wright, John Grismond, and Henry Gosson. The Roxb. ex. and Pepys, later.

## A New Christmas Carol, 1661.

TUNE OF, *Sweet Virgin*. [See p. 790.]

**T**he Babe was born in *Bethlehem*: The Babe was born in *Bethlehem*!  
*All the world rejoice and sing*, Sweet JESUS is His name,  
 Upon *Christmas-Day* in the morning. Upon *Christmas Day*, etc.  
 O then was born our Heavenly King, Good Lord! was not this a joyful thing?  
 Sweet JESUS is his name, *The Babe was born in Bethlehem*, etc.

Upon *New-Year's-Day* in the morning, O then was circumsised our Heavenly  
 Good Lord, was not this a joyful thing? etc. [King,  
 Upon *Candlemas-Day* in the morning, Our blessed Lady kept her purifying, etc.  
 Upon *Shrove-Sunday* in the morning, the Jews held their counsel against our  
 Good Lord was not this a sorrowful thing? etc. [Heavenly King.

Upon *Good-Friday* in the morning, the Jews put to death our Heavenly King,  
*The babe was born in Bethlehem. O let us rejoice again!*  
 Although that he suffered bitter pain, Upon the third day he rose again.  
*Sweet JESUS is his name*, etc.

Upon *Easter-Day* in the morning, then arose from death our Heavenly King,  
 Good Lord, was not this a joyful thing, Sweet JESUS is his name. *The Babe*, etc.  
 Then into Heaven ascended he [*Repeat*]: There to live with God in Glory,  
 With whom God send us all to be. *Sweet JESUS is his name. The Babe*, etc.

Printed by J. M. [*i.e.* John Millet], and are to be sold by Wm. Thackeray and  
 T. Passinger.

*Additional Carols to those given in our Group begin respectively thus:*

- 1.—“A Virgin most pure, as the Prophets do toll” (see Arthur H. Bullen's *Carols and Poems*, 1685, p. 61: *Al. lect.*, “A Virgin unspotted”).
- 2.—“All you that in this house be here, remember Christ,” etc. Tune, *Essex's Last Good-Night*. 1661.
- 3.—“Blessed be that maid Mary.” (Compare p. 795)
- 4.—“Christmas hath made an end: *Well-a-day, Well-a-day.*” For *Candlemas*, 1661. Tune of, *Well-a-day*. (Bullen's *Carols*, p. 244.)
- 5.—“Joseph was an old man, and an old man was ho.” *Cherry Tree Carol*. (See p. 795, and Bullen's *Carols*, p. 29.)
- 6.—“Let Christians now with joyful mirth.” (*Cabinet of Choice Jewels*, 1688.)
- 7.—“Mark well my heavy doleful tale.” Tune of, *The Lady's Fall*. 1642. (Rep. in Bullen's *Carols*, p. 239.)
- 8.—“Marvel not, Joseph, on Mary mild.” (Mentioned by A. H. Bullen.)
- 9.—“Now farewell, good Christmas!” Tune of, *Bonny sweet Robin*, 1661, (For *Twelfth Day*. Bullen's *Carols*, p. 242.)
- 10.—“Of *Herod's* Bloody Reign.” To the Tune of, *In sad and ashy weeds*.
- 11.—“Remember *Herod's* rage.” (*Cabinet of Choice Jewels*. 1688.)
- 12.—“The first good joy our Mary had.” *Joys Seven*. (Bullen's *Carols*, p. 55.)
- 13.—“The Lord at first had Adam made, out of the Dust and Clay.” (*Sandys' Christmastide*, 1833, p. 233; *Davies Gilbert's Anc. C. Carols*, 1822.)
- 14.—“When *Cesar Augustus* had raised a taxation.”
- 15.—“When Jesus Christ had lived full thirty years and more.” Tune of, *The North-Country Lass*. ‘A New Christmas Carol for the bitter passion of our blessed Saviour.’ 1661.

[*A Cabinet of Choice Jewels*, Wood's Carols, Press Mark, 110.]

## A Christmas Carol.

Now when *Joseph* and *Mary* was to *Bethlehem* bound,  
They with travel were weary, yet no lodging was found,  
In the City of *David*, though they sought it o'er all,  
They, alas! could not have it, but in an Ox-stall.

Tho' this place was no braver, but as mean as may be,  
Our Redeemer and Saviour, the great King of Glory,  
Then a sweet Babe of Heaven, he was born there we find,  
Whose sweet life was once given for the Sins of Mankind. 8

Whilst the Shepherds were feeding of their flocks in the field,  
Then the Birth of our Saviour unto them was reveal'd.  
Many Angels assembled in their glory appear,  
Whilst the Shepherds did tremble, being smitten with fear.

"O forbear to be fearful, you have reason to sing,  
Then rejoice and be cheerful! we glad tidings do bring.  
There is born in the City of *David* therefore  
Such a Saviour of pitty, whom we do adore. 16

"He's the Prince of Salvation, then be not afraid!"  
And with this salutation to the Shepherds they said;  
"Be no longer a stranger, for in swadling cloaths,  
He's laid in a manger." Then the Shepherds arose.

Being resolved together, they to *Bethlehem* go,  
[Ay], and when they came thither, then they found it was so, [text, 'I.'  
They in duty adore him, come where he was laid,  
Straight they fall down before him, this obedience they made. 24

Nay, the Wise-men, whose prudence had discovered this Star, [Note.  
Came to pay their obedience, and they travell'd from far;  
Bringing with them the choicest what their country afford,  
Of gold, myrrh, and spices, to present to the Lord.

Their example engages ev'ry Christian to be,  
Ever since in all ages [both] noble and free;  
Then rejoice and be merry in a moderate way,

Never, never be weary to honour this day, 32  
Which afforded a Blessing to the race of Mankind,  
Far beyond all expressing, if the sequel you mind.

While on Earth he was dwelling, he was still doing good;  
Nay his love more excelling, for he shed his own Blood,  
To redeem us, and save us, from the guilt of our sin,  
For his love he would have us a new life to begin:

And remember the Season, be kind to the poor,  
It is no more than reason, there is blessing in store. 40

Printed by *J. M. [Millet]*, for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel*. Licenced by *R[ichard]*  
*P[acock]*. 1688.

*Note*.—The Woodcut of the Magi in the East seeing the Star of Bethlehem is given here on p. 787. It illustrates both of these Christmas Carols, pp. 785, 786. The word 'obedience' (lines 24, 26) was often used, and still is used in vulgar speech, with the significance of 'obeisance.'

Although neither exemplar belongs to Roxb. Coll., we give here 'Christ's Tears over Jerusalem.' It appears to be by Thomas Deloney: Compare vol. vi. p. 389.



[Rawlinson Collection, 566, fol. 190; Pepys, II. 6.]

## Christ's Teares over Jerusalem ;

Or,

A Cateat for England, to call to God for Mercy, lest we be plagued  
for our contempt and wickedness.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Merchant* [= *A rich Merchant-Man*, vol. i. p. 320.]



WHEN CHRIST our Lord drew nigh unto *Jerusalem*,  
Foreseeing all the miseries the which should fall on them ;  
And casting of his looks upon that beauteous Town,  
For very grief the bitter tears from his fair eyes fell down.

*Repent, fair ENGLAND, now repent, repent while you have space,  
And do not, like JERUSALEM, despise God's proffer'd Grace.* 6

“Alas, *Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !*” (quoth he),  
“Which kill'd the Prophets of the Lord, when they were sent to thee ;  
How oftentimes would I have kept thee from all ill !  
Even as the Hen her Chickens keeps, but thou art stubborn still.

“ O that thou had'st but known, at least in this thy day,  
The things which did concern thy peace, but now 'tis hid away :  
Yea, from thine eyes 'tis hid, thou shalt not see the same ;  
And for thy sorrows coming on, thy self do only blame. 18

“ Therefore the days shall come thy enemies shall rise,  
And trench thee in on every side, regarding not thy crys :  
Thy strong and stately Towers in wrath they shall confound,  
And make thy sumptuous buildings all lie equal with the ground.

“ And such shall be their rage, they shall not leave in thee  
One stone upon another stone, which shall not spoiled be.  
Because thou knewest not the seasonable day  
Wherein the Lord did visit thee, to wash thy sins away.” 30

*The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.*

**T**HUS CHRIST without the Town did weep for their distress,  
While they within triumph in Sin, and use all wickedness :  
No whit they would believe the words which he did say,  
But enviously did practice still to take his life away.

He mourned and wept full sore, to think upon the smart,  
While they full stout did go about to pierce his tender heart :  
And for his pains they stript him, and whipt him through the town,  
And with a wreath of pricking thorns his holy head did crown. 42

They scoff and laugh at him, they dasht him in the face,  
They call'd him 'gracious Lord and King' in flouting and disgrace :  
And thorow his hands and feet they nail him to the Cross,  
Between two leud and wicked thieves, but few lament his loss.

They gave him for to drink sharp Vinegar and Gall,  
And with a spear they pierc'd his side till his heart[']s] blood did fall :  
Yet patiently and mild he suffered every thing,  
And prayed his Father not to charge them with this grievous sin. 54

When thus they had despatch'd the living Lord of might,  
Full safe then they thought themselves from sorrow, care, and strife :  
But within few years' space, as CHRIST himself had told,  
The mighty Emperor of *Rome* came thither with courage bold.

And with a mighty Host he did besiege them round,  
By Sword and Famine ere he went he did them quite confound :  
Yea, Dogs and Cats they eat, mice, rats, and every thing,  
For want of food, their Infants young unto the Pot they bring. 66

No pitty could they find at this their Enemie's hand,  
But Fire, Sword, and cruel death before them still did stand ;  
Their famous City fair he set upon a flame,  
He burnt their Temple unto Dust that stood within the same.

And those that scap'd the Sword, and fury of his hand,  
He made them slaves and bond-slaves all, within a forraign Land :  
Thus fair *Jerusalem* was cast unto the ground,  
For their great sin and wickedness the Lord did it confound. 78

**A** Wake *England!* I say, rise from the sleep of sin,  
Cast off thy great security which thou hast lived in.  
Thy God hath often call'd and offered thee his grace,  
His Messengers have shown his will to thee in every place.

Great wonders he hath shown to thee by Sea and Land,  
And sent strange tokens in the air to make thee understand :  
He is offended sore at thy great wickedness,  
And that, except thou dost repent, thy plagues shall he express. 90

Remember how of late the *Spaniard* he assail'd, [Note,  
And how, by God's especial power, they ne'r a whit prevail'd :  
And all was for to try if thou would'st sin forsake,  
And to an upright holy life thy self at last betake.

But soon hast thou forgot His favour in the same,  
Which afterwards most grievously His wrath did so inflame  
That then he plagued thee with Pestilence and Death,  
Whereby in Country and in Town a number lost their breath. 102

Yet wilt thou not forsake thy wickedness and ill,  
But in thy pride and covetousness thou hast continued still :  
Provoke not God to wrath with thy most loathsome sin,  
But speedily to amend thy life with Prayers now begin.

And therefore now, O *England*, at last for mercy cry,  
And grieve the Lord thy God no more, through thy iniquity ;  
Lest he forsake thee quite, and turn away his face,  
Because, like to *Jerusalem*, thou dost despise His Grace.

*Repent therefore, O ENGLAND, repent while thou hast space,*  
*And do not, like JERUSALEM, despise God's proffer'd Grace.* 114

¶ *Finis.* [Originally by Thomas Deloney, circa 1588.]

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

[It is entered in D. Register of Stationers' Comp. (p. 93), on 14th December, 1624 : in Black-letter. Two worn cuts: the inter-changeably-named city beside a river, here, '*Jerusalem*,' and the kneeling man of "A Letter for a Christian Family," p. 813. Date of this re-issue, before 1681 ; but composed originally soon after the Spanish Armada was destroyed in 1588 : vide line 93.]



### The Wonderful Miracles of our Lord.

THE *Roxburghe Ballad* 'shewing the Wonderful Miracles of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ' was already popular long before it was re-entered in the Registers in the Company of Stationers, 14th Dec., 1624, as "When Jesus Christ was 12" (*sic*).

The names of the associated publishers are given on p. 784. The first ballad on the list of one hundred and twenty-eight is 'Christe's teares over Jerusalem' (our p. 797). Others are 'When fair Jerusalem did stand;' 'Joseph and Mary' (p. 781); and the Clark of *Bodnam*' (see p. 40, and the woodcut on p. 778).



Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary of Bethany, is mentioned in this ballad, the eighth stanza; the larger cut, used for 'The Dead Man's Song.' The smaller woodcut represents S. John the Evangelist, holding the symbolical 'Cup' which he was willing to drink, typical of martyrdom, full of poisonous reptiles.

These Religious Carols were sung to popular secular tunes. On p. 785, we have indicated some of these and others follow (pp. 792, 797). The '*Sweet Virgin*' of p. 785 can scarcely be the same as "Sweet Virgin, hath disdain" of vol. vi. p. 255. Our 'Miracles' had been sung to the lively tune of *Greensleeves*, identical with *Triumph and Joy*.

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 36 ; Pepys, I. 58 ; II. 12.]

**A New Ditty, shewing the Wonderful Miracles  
of our Lord [and Saviour] JESUS CHRIST, which he did while he  
remained upon Earth.**

THE TUNE IS, *Triumph and Joy*. [See Vol. vi. p. 397.]



**W**HEN JESUS CHRIST was twelve years old, as Holy Scriptures plainly told,  
He then disputed brave and bold, among the learned Doctors :  
Who wond'ed greatly at his wit, as in the Temple he did sit,  
For no man might compare with it, his wisdom was so Heavenly.

*Then praise the Lord both high and low, which all these wondrous works doth show,  
That we to heaven at length may go, where He in glory reigneth.*

At thirty years he then began, to preach the Gospel unto man,  
And all *Judea* wond'ed then, to hear his Heavenly Doctrine.

Such works he did as made them muse, among the proud hard-hearted Jews ;  
Yet evermore they did refuse to take him for their Saviour. [t. 'neverm.']

*Then praise [the Lord, both high and low, etc.]* [Passim.]

For first of all, by power Divine, he changed water into wine,  
When at the marriage he did dine, which made the people wonder :  
Moreover, with seven loaves of bread, [four] thousand men he fully fed : [t. '7.']  
Which was a wonder great indeed, throughout the Land of *Jury*. [= *Jewry*.]

And by his glorious power and might, unto the Blind he gave their sight ;  
For which the Jews bore him a spight, who sought for to destroy him.  
The man who was both deaf and dumb, which never heard, nor spoke with tongue,  
By CHRIST was heard when he did come, whose praise he then pronounced.

The woman, that was grieved sore, with an issue of blood twelve years and more,  
Unto her health he did restore, in a minute of an hour.

The Captain's man, that sick did lye, our Saviour healed presently,  
Although he never came him nigh, his word alone did help him.

Likewise, he heal'd the Lepers ten, whose bodies were most filthy then,  
 Yet none but one did come agen, him humble thanks to render.  
 And he that sick of the Paulsie lay, with shaking joynts many a day,  
 The Lord to heal him did not stay, but straight his will fulfilled.

To halt and lame that could not go, but still remained in great woe,  
 Our Saviour Christ did pity show, and made him whole and lusty.  
 The man that [was] with Devils possest, and never liv'd in peace or rest,  
 By Christ his word at length was blest, and they were clean cast from him.

The widow's Son, that sick did lye, when Christ our Saviour came him nigh,  
 He rais'd to life immediately, unto her joy and comfort.  
 When *Mary & Martha* made great moan, because their brother was dead and gone,  
 Our Lord put him in life alone, and he from grave came running. [p. 790.]

And more his Heavenly might did show, upon the Seas himself did go,  
 And never none could yet do so, but only Christ our Saviour.  
 And when the souldiers, with great might, did look to take him in the night,  
 They were not able to stand in sight, till he the same permitted.

But yet for all these wonders great, the Jews were in a raging heat,  
 Whom no persuasions could intreat, but cruelly did kill him.  
 And when he left his life so good, the Moon was turned into blood,  
 The earth and Temple shaking stood, and graves full wide did open.

Then some of them that stood thereby, with voice aloud began to cry,  
 "This was the Son of God, truly!" without all kind of doubting:  
 And as they said, it proved plain, for in three days he rose again,  
 Although he suffered bitter pain, both heaven and hell he conquered.

And after that, ascended he, to Heaven in glorious Majesty,  
 With whom God send us all to be for evermore rejoicing,  
*Then praise the Lord, both high and low, which all these wondrous works doth show,  
 That we to heaven at length may go, where he in glory reigneth.*

[Colophon lost from Roxburghe. One cut, of the Madonna and child and angelets. This ballad was entered, by its first line, perhaps as a re-entry transfer, in Stationers' Registers, n. 93 verso, 14 December, 1624. Of the two differing versions in Pepys Coll., I. 58, and 11, 12, both in Black-letter, and with one woodcut, the earlier, I. 58, was 'Printed at London for Henry G. Gosson.' The other, 'Printed for J. W., J. C., W. T., and T. P. (i.e., Wright, Clarke, Thackeray, and Passenger)'. (The woodcut on p. 791, reversed, goes to p. 813, and to 'The Sorrowful Lamentation of a Penitent Sinner,' Roxb. Coll., III. 37.)

\* \* In 'New Carols,' Black-letter, 1661, is one of twelve stanzas,

### A New Carol of the Birth of our Blessed Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

TUNE OF, *Kisse, and bid me welcome home.* [See vol. ii. p. 470: tune of *Dulcina.*]

**A**UGUSTUS *Cæsar*, having brought the world to quiet peace,  
 And that the fearful noise of Wars in every land did cease,  
 Just *Joseph* with his *Mary* mild to *Bethlehem* did come,  
 As blessed time appointed was to ease her burthened womb.

When all the Towne being full of guests, such was their haplesse case,  
 Then not a Bed was left for them, nor any lodging-place;  
 But in a poor and simple Inne, whereas an Oxe's stall  
 Appointed was to entertain the Saviour of us all.

[Here follows the version sung in Cornwall, including the burden :—]

No mantle nor no scarlet robe could *Jesus Christ* have there,  
 No swaddling bands nor linen fine, to wrap our Saviour dear ;  
 No other nurse nor lullaby, but blessed *Mary's* arms,  
 To rock this blessed Babe asleep, with heavenly hymns and charms.  
*O sing we all with heart and voice, let Christians' love increase :*  
*For unto us is born this day the only Prince of Peace.* 6

Thus was the Son of God not born in Majesty and State,  
 As Princes of the Nations be, tho' he a Prince so great ;  
 But at his birth the Host on high of Heavenly angels sang :  
 And every one that breatheth breath rejoiced with voices strong. 12

“ O holy, holy Lord of Hosts ! ” this was their joy and mirth,  
 Which sounded forth on all the coasts, for *Jesus Christ* his birth.  
 Both Cherubim and Seraphim, and all the hosts of Heaven,  
 Which cheerfully sang praises both, to magnify this even. 18

But when that blessed morning came, that God's dear Son was born,  
 A glorious Star, with blazing beams, did all the skies adorn,  
 Which unto Shepherds in the fields the first of all appear'd ;  
 A voice likewise came down from heaven and thus the Shepherd's cheer'd  
*' O sing we all, with heart and voice,' etc. [Pussim].* 24

“ This tide is born in *Bethlehem* a Saviour and a King,  
 Whose coming should redeem the world, and man's salvation bring.  
 All glory be to God on high, and peace on earth to all,  
 And good will still be unto men : ” this was the Angels' call. 30

This Star not only did appear unto the Shepherds poor,  
 But to the Sages of the world, to make their glory more, [vide p. 787.  
 Who came, conducted by that Star, from countries far from thence,  
 And offer'd at *Christ Jesus's* feet gold, myrrh, and frankincense. 36

The which, when cruel *Herod* heard, of this great homage done,  
 By the three Wise Men of the East, to *Mary's* blessed Son,  
 He sent throughout all *Jewry* land to have this infant slain,  
 And all males under two years old, and none there did remain.  
*' O sing we all, with heart and voice,' etc.* 42

Then *Bethlehem* grew red with blood, and white with infants' bones,  
 That nought was heard in *Jewry* land but childrens' mothers' groans.  
 Yet *Mary's* babe, by Heaven preserv'd, escaped their bloody rage,  
 And lived in *Egypt*, till he came to the term o' twelve year age. 48

Even as the Angel did appoint, his Parents back to turn,  
 And with their son to *Jewry* land in safety to sojourn ;  
 But *Herod's* son in *Jewry* reign'd, they turn'd to *Galilee*,  
 And there the Gospel he did preach to all both bond and free. 54

Thus *JESUS CHRIST*, at twelve years old, in *Jewry* began to preach,  
 And to the Sages of the World of *Moses' Law* to teach ;  
 And afterwards full forty days he did both fast and pray,  
 Till cursed *Judas* with a kiss did take his life away.  
*O sing we all with heart and voice, let Christians' love increase ;*  
*For unto us is born this day the only Prince of Peace.* 60

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 666.]

**Christ compared to an Apple-tree.**

## I.

**T**HE Tree of Life my soul hath seen,  
 Laden with fruit, and always green;  
 The trees of nature fruitless be,  
 Compar'd with Christ the Apple-tree. 4

## II.

His Beauty does all things excell,  
 By faith I know, but ne'er can tell,  
 The glory which I now can see  
 In Jesus Christ, the Apple-tree. 8

## III.

For happiness I long have sought,  
 And pleasures dearly have I bought;  
 I miss'd of all, but now I see,  
 'Tis found in Christ the Apple-tree. 12

## IV.

I'm weary'd with my former toil,  
 But here I'll sit and rest a-while,  
 Under the shadow I would be,  
 Of Jesus Christ, the Apple-tree. 16

## V.

With great delight I'll make my stay,  
 There's none shall fright my soul away,  
 Among the sons of men I see,  
 There's none like Christ the Apple-tree. 20

## VI.

I'll sit and eat his fruit divine,  
 Which cheers my heart like sprightly wine,  
 Oh! now the fruit is sweet to me,  
 Which grows on Christ the Apple-tree. 24

## VII.

This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,  
 And keep my dying faith alive;  
 Which makes my soul in haste to be  
 With Jesus Christ, the Apple-tree. 23

[*Note.*—This CAROL is followed, on the same sheet, by another short poem, of eight four-line stanzas, beginning, "O dearest, Saviour, help thou me to sound thy Gospel Word," and entitled 'For a Minister before Preaching;' also by a prose 'Receipt to make a true Methodist.' The whole in White-letter, n.p.n.]





## Other Christmas Carols.

**A**MONG Carols devoted to 'The Angel Gabriel's Salutation of the Blessed Virgin Mary,' we gladly bring back, on p. 779, the one early lost from the (so-called) *Roxburghe Ballads*, from the Bodleian exemplars. Ours surpasses in simplicity the 'Angel Gabriel' preserved in a fifteenth century MS., *temp.* Henry VI., belonging to the late Thos. Wright, M.A., F.S.A. (Perey Society, No. LXXIII., Oct., 1847), here slightly modernized in spelling:—

*Regina coeli letare.*

**G**ABRIEL, that Angell bryght, bryghter the Sunne is lyght,  
From heaven to earth he took his flyght. *Letare.*

In *Nazareth*, that great citie, before a Maiden he kneel'd on knee:  
And said, "*Mary*, God is with thee." *Letare.*

"Hail, *Mary*! full of grace; God is with thee, and ever was;  
He hath in thee chosen a place. *Letare.*"

*Mary* was affraid of that syght, that came to her with so great lyght.  
Then said the Angell that was so bryght, '*Letare!*'

"Be not aghast of least nor most; in thee is conceived the Holy Ghost,  
To save the souls that were for-lost. *Letare!*"

But no poetic versions equal in strength and simple beauty the Gospel narrative of S. Matthew and S. Luke, which early Italian painters illustrated so wonderfully. (Few artists of our own day, except Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and less effectively, although more elaborately, Edward Burne Jones rivalled them.) On p. 785 was mentioned, along with the '*Cherry-Tree Carol*,' this, which is of very early date, time of Henry VII., (also in T. Wright's MS.):—

"Blyssid be that lady bryght, that bare a chyld of great myght,  
Withouten peyne, as it is right: *Mayd mother Marye.*

Godde's sonne is borne, his moder is a maid,  
Both aftre and beforene, as the prophycy said,  
with ay;

A wonder thyng it is to see, how mayden and moder one may be;  
Was there nonne but she: *Mayd moder Marye.*" Etc.

'The *Cherry-Tree Carol*' is wrongly compounded of three distinct short carols. It is properly confined to the stanzas which relate the apocryphal longing for the cherries and their miraculous self-surrender, agreeing with *Coventry Mystery*, No. XV. It begins:

"*Joseph* was an Old Man, and an old man was he,  
When he wedded *Mary* in the land of *Galilee.*" Etc.

One exemplar ends, "Then *Mary* went home with her heavy load;" but other versions are completed thus:—

"But before the next morning our Saviour was born,  
In the month of *December*, Christmas-day in the morn."

The following are in themselves complete, not a continuation of the *Cherry-Tree Carol*:—

“ **A**S *Joseph* was a-walking, he heard the Angels sing  
 ‘This night shall be born Our Heavenly King!’

“ He neither shall be born in housen, nor in hall;  
 Nor in the place of *Paradise*, but in an Ox’s stall;

“ He neither shall be clothed in purple, nor in pall,  
 But all in fair linen, as were babies all.

“ He neither shall be rocked in silver nor in gold,  
 But in a wooden cradle, that rocks on the mould.

“ He neither shall be christen’ in white wine nor in red,  
 But with fair spring water, as shall babes be christened.”



“ **M**ARY took her young Son, and set him on her knee:  
 ‘I pray thee now, dear Child, tell how this world shall be?’

“ ‘This world shall be, Mother, as the stones in the street;  
 But the sun and the moon shall bow down at thy feet.

“ ‘It shall be on a Wednesday my vow I shall make;  
 And upon Good-Friday my death I will take.

“ ‘And upon the third day, my Uprising shall be:  
 And the sun and the moon shall rise up with me.’”



Another broadside containing a ‘New Christmas Carol,’ is in the Roxburghe Coll., III. 552, of late issue, *circa* 1750, here reproduced, p. 801. This “Let all that are to mirth inclined” (No. 42, and No. 87, “Within this rock”) ranks with the 89 Carols mentioned by William Hone in his *Ancient Mysteries*, p. 98, 1823, as among his possessions. He had also late impressions of certain carols which we reprint on pp. 775, 776, 787, 788, 789, from much earlier black-letter originals, some before 1624, as registered; of 1661, and 1688. (Horne’s List, Nos 28, 37, 79, 78, 84, 48, 81, and 88, “Ye mortals all of high and low degree,” for quotation from which see our p. 799.)

*F. Coles, T. Vere and J. Wright* printed ‘The true description of the everlasting Joys of Heaven;’ sung to the tune of, ‘*O man in desperation.*’ (See *Note*, in *Appendix*.)

“ **JERUSALEM**, my happy home! when shall I come to thee?  
 When shall my labours have an end? thy joys when shall I see?  
 Where happy harbour is of Saints, with sweet and pleasant soyl,  
 In thee no sorrow ever found, no grief, no care, no toyl.” *Etc.*

[Roxburghe Collection, III. 694.]

## A Godly Ballad, intituled,

'I will go Seek my Saviour, and let the World be.'

TUNE OF, *We'll pluck the Heather, etc.*

[This is a substituted cut : The Disciples going to Emmaus.]

THose Poets vain, who think no shame to make those Jigs of Love,  
 God's holy Word they do prophane, careless of Him above.  
 My mind from Vice I will remove, and in humility  
*I will go seek my Saviour, and let the World be.* 4

To seek the Lord who dy'd for me, a Voyage I will take ;  
 The Devil, the Flesh, and Vanity, I'll utterly forsake ;  
 The Cross of Christ I will up-take, until the day I die ;  
*I will go seek my Saviour and let the World be.* 8

Wherefore should I now depart, not telling you the case ?  
 The odious sins strike up my Heart, I find, in every place.  
 I see most men are void of Grace, as daily you may see :  
*I will go seek my Saviour, and let the World be.* 12

This world is full of wickedness, of fraud, deceit, and guile ;  
 With lying, swearing, drunkenness, whoredoms and thefts most vile ;  
 We lead our lives like Beasts most foul, what shame it is to see :  
*I will go seek my Saviour, and let the World be.* 16

My Soul I give unto the Lord, I know he craves no more ;  
 My filthy flesh to the Church-yard ; my Goods unto the Poor.  
 Adieu, my loving friends, therefore ; In faith, Lord, strengthen me !  
*I will go seek my Saviour, and let the World be.* 20

Now I am ready for to go, and blessed be my Guide !  
 The Grace of God, and Love also, these two are on my side,  
 With faith, hope, and the fear of God, which bear me company :  
*I will go seek my Saviour, and let the World be.* 24

#### Satan Speaketh.

Then *Satan* sly he stood by me, and said, 'Fond Fool, beware !'  
 Stay thou at Home, and do not go : the Voyage it is too far.  
 Take Pleasure whilest thou art here, among your company :  
*Cleave to the World with all thy might, and let the Lord be.* 28

'Be merry still, take comfort in those things thou dost enjoy,  
 And do not doubt that any thing shall ever thee annoy ;  
 Repentance and all-saving Grace shall not be 'stow'd on thee :  
*E'er thou depart cleave to the World, and let the Lord be.'* 32

#### Spirit Speaketh.

The Grace of God in me reply'd, and said, 'Soul, let's away ;'  
 Faith, Love, and Hope unto us cry, and say, 'Let us not stay.'  
 Repentance said, 'Make no delay, if thou that joy would see :  
*Turn to the Lord, with heart and hand, and let the World be.'* 36

Now to the Lord I will always make humble supplication,  
 Still hoping for a drop of Grace, to bring me to Salvation ;  
 Deserv'd I have Damnation, yet his Blood hath set me free,  
*Therefore I'll go seek my Saviour, and let the World be.* 40

Now trusting I am for the Lord, whene'er he doth me call,  
 And hoping for a blest reward, He'll pity my poor Soul ;  
 God bless us here, both one and all, and in humility :  
*God give us grace to find our Lord, and let the World be.* 44

*Newcastle* : Printed and sold by *John White*.

[White-letter, with two cuts : 1st, the Saviour clothed in white, standing, with halo round his head ; 2nd, a cemetery, with figures rising from graves, and trumpets blown in the sky. Reprint *circa* 1765 of earlier *London* edition.]

\*.\* On p. 790 was mentioned "When fair *Jerusalem* did stand." It is entitled, 'A Warning or Lanthorn to *London*, by the doleful destruction of fair *Jerusalem* ; whose misery and unspeakable Plague doth most justly deserve God's heavy wrath and judgement for the sinnes and wickedness of the people, except by repentance we call to God for mercy.' To the tune of, *Bragandary* [see p. 725.]

"When fair *Jerusalem* did stand, whom God did love so dear,  
 Whom He did keep with His right hand, as plainly did appear,  
 Yet when the people went away, great plagues He sent them presently :  
*With O Sorrow, pitiful Sorrow ! Good Lord, thy vengeance spare.'*  
 [18 stanzas. See *Appendix*, for *Note* on the tune.]





**THREE** other religious Poems contained in Roxburghe Collection Vol. III. on pp. 469, 549, and 784, respectively, need not be fully reproduced here. They are of modern issue, in white-letter.

The third of these is a reprint published by John White, of Newcastle, *circa* 1765, and probably had an earlier original: 'Christ's Love to Penitent Sinners; showing how he shed his Blood Seven times for our Sins.' It begins "You mortals all of high and low degree, Draw near a while and listen unto me;" etc. Thirty four-line stanzas of intolerable dullness and well-nigh inconceivable flatness. The remainder-biscuit after a voyage is appetizing nourishment in comparison. It professes to be a condensed narrative of the Saviour's passion, but there is no glow of enthusiasm, no attempt to rise to the dignity of the theme. One stanza (25), on events following the Crucifixion, may suffice:—

"The Graves did open, and many Dead arose:  
To see this sight many of his cruel foes  
Admonish'd said, 'These Things looks very odd,  
Surely this Man was the Son of God.'" [Roxb. C. III. 784.]

None of the three are in ballad form, or have tunes assigned to them.

Twenty-three four-line stanzas belong to 'The Great Tribunal; or, Christ's glorious appearing in Judgment. Being a contemplative Description of the Resurrection. The woodcut, a man standing on a skull, is on p. 800, reduced: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a Crown of Life."

'The Great Tribunal,' apparently modern, begins thus:—

“**H**ERE Christians may behold as in a Glass  
What will e'er long surely be brought to pass,  
The great Appearance of our blessed Lord  
On his bright Throne the Righteous to reward.

“With Cherubims of Angels compass'd round,  
No murmuring, but a sweet harmonious sound  
Of Hallelujahs to the King of Kings,  
Under the shadow of His blessed wings.” Etc.

*Licensed and entered according to Order* [Roxb. Coll., III. 469.]

The other (Roxb. Coll., III. 549) is entitled 'The Glory of Man's Redemption: being, A new and lively Emblem of the Birth, Lives, Sufferings, Resurrection, and glorious Ascension of our blessed Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST, and his Holy Apostles: Written by the most Reverend Father in God, Edward, Lord Archbishop of Teucham [= Taum]. *Very necessary to be had in all Christian Families.*' Evidently issued, in lieu of a Carol, at the Christmas festival. One hundred and sixty lines in all, beginning thus:—

“**L**ET all the Earth rejoice with pious mirth,  
And celebrate our blessed Saviour's Birth,  
Who at this time left all the joys above,  
To visit Sinners, in eternal Love.

“Therefore let all the whole Creation ring  
With songs of Praise to God, and CHRIST our King;  
The Saints and angels do it now in Heaven,  
Let all unite, because a Son is given.” Etc.

The author was Edward Singe, who became Bishop of Tuam, Galway, in 1716, and held the see until 1742. He proclaims that S Jude was brother of the Virgin Mary. (He also commingles S. John Baptist with S. John Evangelist.)

“St. Jude he was the Virgin Mary's Brother;  
He and St. Simon loved one another;  
St. Simon dy'd the Gospel to maintain,  
St. Jude by Herod cruelly was slain.”

[*Note on Woodcuts.*—We give, on p. 799, the ballad-illustration of Christ appearing, and the summons to Judgment, with the dead arising from their graves: instead of the unimportant cut on the same subject, mentioned on p. 798.]

Our *Smaller Woodcut* belongs to 'The Great Tribunal,' p. 799, and to 'A Lesson for all True Christians,' p. 814. Another cut, here, an assemblage of armed men, beholding signs and portents in the skies, illustrates the ballads of 'Warnings,' or 'Lanterns for Sinners.'



[Roxburghe Collection, III. 552.]

# A New Christmas Carol:

## With Divine Poems.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

(From the xxth Chapter of Exodus.)

- 1 THOU shalt have no other Gods but me.
- 2 Before no idol bend thy knee.
- 3 Take not the Name of GOD in vain ;
- 4 Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
- 5 Give both thy Parents Honour due.
- 6 Take heed that thou no Murder do.
- 7 Abstain from deeds and words unclean ;
- 8 Nor Steal, tho' thou art poor and mean ;
- 9 Nor tell a wilful Lie, nor love it.
- 10 What is thy Neighbour's, do not covet.

(FROM MATTHEW, XXII. 17).

WITH all thy Soul, love God above,  
And as thyself thy Neighbour love.

OUR SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE (from Matthew, VII. 12.)

BE you to others so kind and true,  
As you'd have others be to you ;  
And neither do nor say to men,  
What'er you would not take again.

SALVATION ASCRIBED TO JESUS CHRIST.

GLORY to JESUS CHRIST, the Son of *David* and of God!  
Who brought the news of Pardon down, and bought it with his blood ;  
To JESUS CHRIST, our glorious King, be endless praises given.  
Let all the Earth his praises sing, who made our Peace with Heav'n.



## The New Christmas Carol.

LET all that are to mirth inclin'd,  
Consider well, and bear in mind,  
What our good God for us hath done,  
In sending us his beloved Son,  
Let all our songs and praises be  
Unto his heavenly Majesty ;  
And evermore, amongst our mirth,  
Remember CHRIST our Saviour's birth !

8

The twenty-fifth day of *December*,  
 We have great reason to remember,  
 In *Bethlehem*, upon this morn,  
 The great Messiah *CHRIST* was born ;  
 The night before that happy tide,  
 The spotless Virgin and her guide  
 Were long time seeking up and down,  
 To find some lodging in the town. 16

But mark how all things came to pass,  
 The Inns and lodgings filled was,  
 That they could have no room at all,  
 But in a silly Ox's stall ;  
 This night the Virgin *Mary* mild  
 Was safe deliver'd of a child :  
 According unto heaven's decree,  
 Man's God and Saviour for to be. 24

Near *Bethlehem* some Shepherds kept,  
 And watch'd their flocks whilst others slept ;  
 To whom God's angel did appear,  
 Which put the Shepherds in great fear :  
 "Prepare and go," the angel said,  
 "To *Bethlehem* ; be not afraid !  
 There shall you see, this blessed morn,  
 The blessed babe sweet *JESUS* born." 32

With thankful hearts, and joyful mind,  
 The Shepherds went this babe to find,  
 And, as the heavenly angel told,  
 They did our Saviour *CHRIST* behold.  
 Within a manger was he laid,  
 The Virgin *Mary* by him staid,  
 Attending on the Lord of life,  
 Being both mother, maid, and wife. 40

Three Eastern Wise-men from afar,  
 Directed by the glorious star,  
 Came boldly on, and made no stay,  
 Until they came where *JESUS* lay.  
 And being come unto the place,  
 Where the blessed Messiah was,  
 They humbly laid before his feet  
 Their gifts of gold and odour sweet. 48

[See p. 787.]

See how the Lord of heaven and earth  
 Shew'd himself lowly in his birth :  
 A sweet example for mankind,  
 To learn to bear an humble mind.



No costly robes nor rich attire,  
Did JESUS CHRIST our Lord desire ;  
No music or sweet harmony,  
Till glorious angels from on high  
Did in melodious manner sing  
Praises unto our heavenly King.

“All honour, glory, might and power,  
Be unto CHRIST our Saviour!”

60

If choirs of angels did rejoice,  
Well may mankind, with heart and voice,  
Sing praises to the God of Heaven,  
That unto us his Son has given.  
Moreover, let us ev'ry one,  
Call unto mind, and think upon,  
His righteous life, and how he dy'd  
To have poor sinners justify'd.

68

Suppose, O man ! that thou should'st lie  
In prison strong, condemn'd to die,  
And that no man upon the earth  
Could ransom thee from cruel death,  
Except you can some party find,  
That for your sake would be so kind  
Freely to part with his own blood,  
To save thy life to do thee good.  
Such was the love of Christ, when we  
Must else have lain perpetually  
In hell : our souls from thence to save,  
Himself a sacrifice he gave.

80

Whilst in this world he did remain,  
He never pass'd a day in vain ;  
In fasting, preaching, prayer divine,  
[Example gave to us, and sign.]  
He daily in the Temple taught,  
And many miracles he wrought :  
He gave the Blind their perfect sight,  
And made the Lame to walk upright ;  
He cured the Lepers of their evils,  
And by his power cast out devils ;  
He called *Lazarus* from the grave,  
And to the sick their health he gave :  
And yet, for all such good works wrought,  
The Jews his full destruction sought.  
The traitor *Judas* was the man,  
That with a kiss betrayed him then.

96

Then he was led to Justice-hall,  
 Like one despis'd amongst them all;  
 And had the sentence gi'n that he  
 Must suffer death upon a Tree.  
 Unto the execution-place,  
 They brought him [laden] with disgrace;  
 With vile reproaching taunts and scorns,  
 They put on him a Crown of Thorns;  
 Then to the Cross, thro' hands and feet,  
 They nail'd him fast: but oh! how great  
 Must be the pain and anguish he  
 There suffered on the cursed tree:  
 But that's not all, to augment the smart,  
 With bloody spear they pierced his heart.

110

Thus have you seen and heard aright,  
 The love of CHRIST, the Lord of Might;  
 And how he shed his precious blood,  
 Only to do us Sinners good.



WITHIN this rock that Rock is laid,  
 Who both the tomb and maker made;  
 A man, that ne'er was such beside;  
 Tho' just, none so unjustly dy'd.  
 Nothing he ow'd, and yet did pay  
 The whole world's debt, all in one day.  
 He living gave relief to all,  
 That did in faith upon him call;  
 And on the Cross he prayed for those  
 That to the death did him oppose;  
 And while by the hand of Death he fell,  
 He conquer'd Death, the Devil and Hell:  
 Therefore unto his holy name,  
 Be honour, Glory, Power, Fame.

Printed and Sold in *Bow-church-Yard, London.*

[In White-letter, all on one sheet, which contains also six woodcuts: three are on the left-hand side (*SS. Barnabas, Simon, and Jude*), and three on the right, viz., *SS. Bartholomew, Philip, and James*. Date of issue, late in 18 century. Mentioned by Willm. Hone, 1823, as Carols, Nos. 42 and 87.]

### The Good Christian's Complaint.

OF this curious ballad the Roxburghe Collection exemplar is mutilated, the lower half of the sheet being lost, and no more than six lines preserved of each one of the three columns of verse (at back of a duplicate of 'The Coy Cookmaid,' see vol. iii. p. 627). Fortunately we restore the lost stanzas from an uncut exemplar, on p. 805. We reserve for the *Appendix*, p. 826, a final *Note*, On the series of 'Conscience and Charity' ballads: also those sung to the tune of *Bragandary* (compare p. 810), viz. 'A Prospective Glass for Christians,' and 'The Poet's Dream, his Vision of Pride.'

[Roxburghe Coll., III. 851, verso : Poetical Broad-sides, C. 20, f. 2, 196.]

## The Good CHRISTIAN'S Complaint;

or,

Poor CHARITY'S Languishing Lamentation, in a late long and  
Tedious Winter: Seeing *Pride, Envy, Hatred, Malice*, with  
many other Vices, nourished like Darlings in the Bosome of  
Mankind, whilst *Love and Mercy, Truth and Charity* did un-  
regarded wander like strange Pilgrims. Concluding with a  
seasonable exhortation to a Christian Life.

Licensed according to Order. [No tune named; sung to 'Fortune my Foe.']

A *Truth* was passing through the open Street,  
It was his chance poor *Charity* to meet,  
Distressed in the bitter Frost and Snow,  
And for relief she knew not where to go. 4

*Grief* sate enthroned between her careful brows,  
For there was few that would her Cause espouse;  
Her Cheeks was nipp'd by sharp and freezing Wind,  
She sighing said, Is all the World unkind? 8

Where are those Ancients that were wont to be  
Such Benefactors to poor *Charity*?  
What, are they dead, and left none of their Race,  
That are right willing to supply their place? 12

I find the Widow and the Fatherless  
With Grief and Sorrow languish in distress;  
While those that vaunt in rich Embroider'd Gold,  
Will not look down their sorrows to behold. 16

Those who their lives in wanton pleasures lead,  
If they behold a Man who stands in need  
Of present help, his Grief they will not mind;  
O this we do by sad experience find. 20

The Youthful Gallant ought to Honour Age,  
The hoary Head, with visage grave and sage;  
But yet, instead of this, some swell with Pride,  
And poor decrepid Age scorn and deride. 24

Instead of giving them a due Respect,  
On their gray hairs Youth often will reflect;  
And commonly reviling Language give,  
As if on Earth they were not fit to live. 28

Instead of Love, which ought to rule and reign,  
Just cause we have of Malice to complain:  
Amongst us here Revenge is sweet we find,  
To such as those who are to Wrath inclin'd. 32

One Neighbour hates to see another thrive,  
Behold how carefull are they to contrive,  
By what slye means they may their Ruine prove;  
And this is all for want of Christian Love. 36

Some Men before they'll pardon an offence  
 Will seek Revenge, tho' at a large expence :  
 But if the Lord of Love was so severe,  
 What would become of sinful Mortals here ? 40

If *Charity* amongst the Sons of Men [The Second Column.  
 Was freely entertain'd, how happy then  
 Would Christians be, they'd readily forgive  
 All wrongs, and here in Love and Friendship live. 44

But Vice, instead of Virtues, Men receive,  
 Which causes *Charity* to sigh and grieve ;  
 And while she utters forth her mournful Cries,  
 Distilled Tears drop from her melting Eyes. 48

To see how *Folly*, like a Darling dear,  
 Is hugg'd, embrac'd, and likewise cherisht here,  
 Close in the very bosome of Mankind,  
 Whilst *Virtue* can no habitation find. 52

In drunkenness some persons take delight,  
 With quaffing cups in Taverns day and night.  
 Thus they their Wealth in lawless pleasures spend,  
 While to the Poor they'll neither give nor lend. 56

Alas ! we often hear the Drunkard boast,  
 Who can continue longest, swallow most ;  
 But it were better we cou'd hear them say,  
 That for their Sins they love to fast and pray : 60

For fear the Lord in wrath shou'd Vengeance take,  
 For why, the best of men may chance to break  
 His just Commands, but how much more does he,  
 Who drowns his Soul in floods of Infamy ? 64

That very Sin sends thousands to the Grave,  
 Their lives the learned Doctors cannot save ;  
 Yet sure I am, such deaths would never be,  
 If men had for themselves but *Charity*. 68

Likewise the Sin of Pride does here bear sway,  
 Who Peacock-like, does gaudy plumes display ;  
 And at a blush seems beautiful and fair,  
 Yet to the World she proves a fatal Snare. 72

Some persons they to Pride are so incliu'd,  
 That night and day there's nothing else they mind ;  
 That time that should be spent in Righteousness,  
 They here bestow to prank a Modish Dress : 76

Forgetting that they are but Dust and Clay,  
 Who notwithstanding all their Garments gay,  
 Must stoop to Death, and in a Grave be laid,  
 Where they shall soon a feast for worms be made.

Then what becomes of Grandieur, State and Pride, / [Third Column.  
And all the Glories of the World beside?  
They lye within the limits of a Shroud,  
Then why should Man, poor mortal man, be Proud? 84

Yet some, against the Rules of solid Sense,  
Will nourish Pride; there's none shall them convince;  
And many pounds on it will spend, before  
They'd give one single Penny to the Poor. 88

The very painted Harlot which they meet,  
At ev'ry crick and corner of the Street,  
They will supply with Gold and Silver bright  
Meerly for the leud pleasures of the night. 92

But see, does not her footsteps lead to Death?  
Is there not more than Poison in her breath?  
To taint thy Soul with the false shows of Love,  
Until she does thy utter Ruin prove. 96

Those that has run this loose perfidious Race,  
Has met with Death in shame and sad disgrace;  
And did with melting Dying Tears declare,  
'That Harlots' fond allurements brought them there. 100

Thus Varlets often bitterly complain,  
That crying sins has prov'd their fatal bane;  
But who is he that ever did repent,  
That he in Righteousness his days had spent? 104

Complaining he had led too strict a Life,  
Too free from malice, envy, spleen, and strife;  
Too sober, likewise too Religious here,  
Or that a Conscience had been kept too clear? 108

No, these are Comforts of a Dying Bed,  
When we can call to mind how we have led  
A Life on Earth, season'd with Christian Grace,  
Which will conduct us to a resting place. 112

For this vain World with grief flows like a flood,  
Here's little else but Wars and shedding Blood;  
Contending still for Superiority,  
This is for want of Love and Charity. 112

If we would War and lasting Glory win,  
We must like Christian Souldiers conquer Sin,  
The greatest Enemy to all Mankind;  
So shall we then Eternal Glory find. 120

London: Printed for P. Brookshy, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back, 1692.

[White-letter, with three cuts; 1st, a Bishop, *John Trelawney*; 2nd and 3rd, in oval wreaths, on p. 456, Queen Maria Beatrix and King James II.]

\*\* 'A Description of Plain-Dealing' follows, on p. 808, to the same tune. It is closely connected with the *Charity* and *Conscience* ballads.

[Jersey Coll., I., 343 = Lind., 564; Huth, I. 73; C. 22, e. 2, fol. 3.]

## A Description of Plain-Dealing, Time, & Death,

Which all men ought to mind, whilst they do live on earth.

Abuse not *Plain-Dealing*, but keep your Conscience clear.

Spend well your Time, also : then Death you need not fear.

*Plain-Dealing* is grown out of date,

Because he is poor, many him hate ;

*Conscience* likewise is laid aside,

'Cause he base Actions can't abide.

*Time* it doth pass away full fast,

Yet many do spend Time in waste :

When Time is gone then cometh *Death*,

And puts a stop to Mortal Breath.

[text, 'doth.']

*Plain dealing* loves *Honesty*, *Conscience* hates *Knavery*.

*Time* doth stay for none. *Death* cuts down every one.

TO THE TUNE OF, *A Letter for a Christian Family*. Written by Thomas Lanfire.



E.

### PLAIN DEALING.

I Am *Plain-Dealing*, which all men ought to use, but many nowadays do me abuse ; Dissimulation is esteemed best : poor *Plain-Dealing* is grown out of request. In City, Town, and likewise in Country, they say *Plain-Dealing* will a Beggar die, Gallants they at me do both mock and flout, because that I go in a thread-bare coat.

The reason that so many do me slight, is because I am Honest and Downright ; I use no deceit, fraud, nor flattery, but does to all men as I'd be done by. I am not covetous, nor worldly-wise, I crave no more than what will me suffice, I nate vain Pride, which now too much doth reign, therefore *Plain-Dealing* they'll not entertain.

In days of old I was a welcome Guest, and had good entertainment with the best ; I was esteemed amongst rich and poor ; but now *Plain-Dealing* is turned out of door. For now Dissimulation hath got the day, and in this Nation bears a mighty sway ; Plain-dealing is held in scorn and disgrace : Alack ! when shall I find a resting-place ?”

[*Then Conscience takes up the tale, and has no livelier remembrances :*]

CONSCIENCE.

“ MY name is *Conscience*, poor *Plain-Dealing's* mate, although like him I'm old and out of date ;  
Many with their whole hearts do me defie, 'cause *Conscience* can't agree with Knavery.  
But if I within their bosoms once do creep, with their base actions I prick their hearts deep,  
I mind them of their Covetousness and Pride ; therefore poor *Conscience* they cannot abide.

The Lawyer and the Usurer ha[ve] forgot me ; they gripe poor men unconscionably :  
They study only how to heap up Gold, *Conscience* and *Plain-Dealing* they quite have sold.

And many others in these times there are, that of their *Conscience* do not take no care,  
They pawn their conscience for lucre of gain : which *Conscience* will to them at last make plain.

So many are inclin'd to cruelty, and doth *Conscience* and *Plain-Dealing* defie ;  
Tell them of *Conscience* they'll count you their foe ; quoth they, ' *Conscience* was hang'd long time ago.'

But I wish such men they folly would refuse, lest *Conscience* at the last should them accuse ;

In a good *Conscience* a man may put trust ; then see you keep your *Conscience* right and just.”

[*Similarly, Time speaks, with his last message to the world. Then Death ends all.*]

TIME.

I Am the ancient standard of great fame, which all men ought to prize ; *Time* is my name ;  
But this vain world doth so many blind, so that I am almost grown out of mind,  
For why, I am slighted by many a one, who ne'er thinks on me till I'm past and gone ;  
And then too late they do mourn and complain, wishing they could recall back Time again.

Some spendeth their whole Time most wickedly, in drunkenness, whoredom, and blasphemy,  
And some again sets their delight in Pride, not thinking how their precious time doth slide.

Time is a stately jewel of great gain, if it be well prized, and not spent in vain ;  
Those that their time bestows in doing well, in happiness no doubt but they shall dwell.

And those that spends their time in Idleness, shall one day want it in their great distress,

The whole world can't lost time restore, Yesterday's gone, and will ne'r return more.

TIME'S LAST SPEECH TO THE WORLD.

Like to an Arrow shot out of a bow ; like to the Tide, the which doth ebb and flow ;  
Like to a Bird full swift, I flye away, for rich nor poor I'lle not make any stay.

## DEATH.

I AM the chief Commander, Captain Death, I fight against all mortals upon Earth;

When I amongst them chance to have a care, I conquer all: none dare with me make War.

I fear not the bravest Champions that be, though they are stout, yet they can't conquer me;

'Tis not manhood nor valour can then save, I make them stoop and yield unto the Grave.

The chiefest Prince that in the world doth live, when I him strike, he up the Ghost must give;

His whole kingdom can't him from me retain; from Dust he came, and shall to Dust again,

Of Rich men's power I do not stand in fear, nor for their loftiness I do not care, Their Pride and Honour in the earth I lay; when their Glass is out, with me they must away.

Thus rich and poor, with old and young also, both wise and simple to the Grave must go.

There's no respect of Persons, worst or best, all must at last by me lye *mortuus est*. When I on mortals lay my fatal stroke, they can't no wise slip out of my yoke: I come suddenly and unawares to all: then see you are prepar'd when Death doth call.

## Finis.

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

[In Black-letter. Six woodcuts: 1st, for *Plain-dealing*, the upper-half of the staid man in black, vol. iv. p. 472; 2nd, is on p. 316, present vol., a quaint couple representing the silly world; 3rd, *Conscience*, a tattered beggar with wooden leg, p. 662; 4th, Old Time, as on p. 808; 5th, group of three figures, a naked wanton in centre, representing *Pleasure*, betwixt a warrior and another man; 6th, Death, as on p. 808. Date of ballad issue, probably *circa* 1663, but perhaps later. Concerning its author, Thomas Lauferie, see previous vol. vi. pp. 339-342.]

\*\* *Note*.—Compare with this the ballad against felonious Clippers of Coin, entitled 'The Destruction of *Plain-Dealing*; or, *Poor Conscience* out of Countenance,' etc., beginning, "Poor *Conscience* unregarded lies" (*Bagford Ballads*, p. 424). Tune of, *O Folly, desperate Folly = Bragandary*. Also the 'Sorrowful Complaint of *Conscience* and *Plain-Dealing* against Millers, Usurers, Taylors, and Hostesses.' The tune is, *Packington's Pound*. It was licensed by R. L'Estrange, and entered Stat. Reg., March, 1674. It begins, "As through the City I pass'd of late, *Plain-Dealing* I met in a sorrowful state" (*Bagford Ballads*, p. 431). It belongs to Roxb. Coll., II. 412, and 484. We already traced the descent from 'Robin *Conscience*,' and Lydgate's 'London Lyckpenny.' Cf. p. 807.



HAVING finished the 'Christmas Carols,' we close the Religious Group with two 'Moral Exhortations' which were in fashion all the year round, but no doubt were bought chiefly in gloomy weather, or when anything occurred to set men wool-gathering with terror of war and pestilence. (See *Appendix*, p. 829, for 'The Religious Man's Exhortation.') 'A Letter for a Christian Family,' was entered as a *transfer* to *Coles, Vere, Wright and Clarke*, in Stat. Reg., F. 173, on March 1, 1674.



[Roxburghe Coll., II. 249, 269 ; Pepys, II. 33 ; Wood, E. 25, 149 ; Jersey, II. 216, 284=Lind., 189, 190.]

## A Letter for a Christian Family.

Directed to all true Christians to Read.

Which being sealed up in heart and mind,  
 Nothing but truth in it you'll find.  
 Both Old and Young, both Rich and Poor,  
 Bear it in mind, keep it in store :  
 And think upon the time to come,  
 For time doth pass, the Glass doth run,  
 Therefore whilst thou hast time and space,  
 Call to the Lord above for Grace,  
 Then he will surely thee defend,  
 And thou shalt make a happy end.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Godly Man's Instruction*. [See p. 694.]

**B**OTH young and old, both rich and poor, give ear  
 Unto these verses which I shall declare,  
 And give good heed to that which here is pen'd,  
 And strive in time your wicked lives to mend.

But yet there's many that doth not regard,  
 Till for their sins they have a just reward :  
 But still goes on ; their wicked courses run,  
 Until both Soul and Body be undone. 8

Therefore, good people, let us have a care,  
 And unto Christ with speed let us repair ;  
 Leave off your sins which now do so abound,  
 For 'twas for sin that once the world was drown'd.

How many sins within this land we see ?  
 In high and low, of every degree ;  
 Both rich and poor they now do live at strife,  
 And great debate is betwixt man and wife. 16

Brother and Sister they do disagree,  
 As by experience now we daily see ;  
 And children, that have hardly use of tongue,  
 Will swear and curse as they do pass along.

And some will curse their parents to their face,  
 Methinks to them it is a foul disgrace,  
 But 'tis forbidden in the Laws of God,  
 Therefore let's serve him all with one accord. 24

The sin of Pride we see doth so excell,  
 In men and women now the truth to tell :  
 And for that sin we read that Satan fell,  
 From an high Angel to a Devil in Hell.

[Cf. p. 828.]

Also we read of *Dives'* pomp and state,  
 And of poor *Lazarus* that lay at his gate ;  
 In *Abraham's* bosome he was nourished,  
 And with sweet comforts he was daily fed :

32

While *Dives* for one drop did call and cry,  
 To cool his tongue, he did in torments lye,  
 But any comfort could he not receive,  
 Because poor *Lazarus* he would not relieve.

### Second Part.

**I**N fashions strange and many a fond delight,  
 We please our fancies now both day and night,  
 And never think upon this Day to come,  
 Although our Glass hath but one hour to run.

40

There's many now that to the Church do go,  
 Their pomp and pride and bravery to show,  
 More than to hear the sacred word of God :  
 But let all such beware his heavy Rod.

Be not too covetous in heart and mind,  
 Nor to that sin be not too much inclin'd ;  
 Remember *Judas*, how he was too bold,  
 For covetousness his Lord and Master sold.

48

Be not too prudent in this thy worldly wealth,  
 Do not trust to it, for it is but pelf ;  
 'Twill fade away and leave thee in the dust,  
 From thence thou cam'st, and thither return thou must.

Lord, give us grace to understand aright  
 Thy holy laws, and therein take delight :  
 And comfort those the which are comfortless,  
 And help the Widdow in her great distress.

56

Likewise the Fatherless, O Lord, defend !  
 And thy true grace unto all Christians send :  
 And grant that we thy holy name may fear,  
 And serve thee still with heart most pure and clear.

How many Messengers the Lord hath sent,  
 To give us warning that we should repent,  
 But yet our hearts so stubborn are, I say,  
 That we *God's* holy word will not obey.

64

Sermons and Sermons we do daily hear,  
 By Ministers, well learn'd, as doth appear,  
 To give us warning to repent our sin,  
 Which we so long time now have lived in. 68

All you that read the lines which here are pen'd,  
 Observe them well and strive your lives to mend,  
 For time doth slide, and swiftly pass away,  
 One hour or minute for no man will stay.

Our time which in this world we have to spend,  
 In prayers and tears unto the Lord let's send,  
 For to defend us from all Satan's power, [sic.]  
 That seeks our souls and bodies to devour. 76

Now to conclude, the God of peace and love  
 Grant that our souls may dwell in Heaven above ;  
 And grant our King and Queen a prosperous reign,  
 The Gospel pure amongst us to maintain.

By me, J. V. [John Vicars?]

Printed for J. C[larke], W. T[hackeray] and T. P[assenger].

[Roxb. Coll., II. 269 is another edition. Printed by W. Thackeray, J. M. and A. M[ilbourne], (=Lindes., 190), differing slightly; on the verso of the 'combat' = "It grieves my heart," our p. 505. Roxb. Coll., II. 249 is printed on the verso of 'Protestant Unity' = "Now Plots upon Plots make the Jesuits smile," reprinted in *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. iv. p. 346. The jumble of L. and P. in titles caused the blundering arranger or binder of the original Pearson Collection to err grossly, for, he continues thenceforth with the P-initialed titles, 'A Pattern of Love,' instead of with L., resumed in 'Love's Downfall,' II. 268 : vi. 265. In Black-letter. Three cuts: 1st, woman and man praying; 2nd (not in II. 249), Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac; 3rd, the Saviour showing the Stigmata, p. 791.]

\* \* J. C., the author of the next ballad, 'A Lesson for all true Christians' (wherein is cited this *Letter for a Christian Family* as the title of the same tune), is also the accredited author of 'A Warning for all Swearers' (Roxb. Coll., III. 38), a ballad entered for publication in Stationers' Comp. Registers, 8th November 1633. Apparently unique. To the same tune of *Aim not too high* (p. 694). It begins thus,

"All you that do desire to hear and know  
 Of wonders strange, the which the Lord doth shew,  
 Give good attention to what I shall declare,  
 The strangest thing that ever man did hear." (21 stanzas.)

The name of John Cart (perhaps the same J. C.) is given in full as the author of a ballad entitled 'The Cunning Age,' to the tune of *The Wiving Age*; in 1624 printed for *John Trundle*, and beginning "Good morrow, kind gossip, why whither so fast?" (Pepys Coll., I. 412.) Martin Parker wrote it, beginning "The Maidens of London are now in despair;" to the tune of *The Golden Age* (= "Come grant me, come lend me"), and of *The Honest Age* ("You Poets that write"), by L. Price, 1632. These have the same tune, 'Whoop! do me no harm, good man.'

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 271 ; Pepys, II. 48 ; Rawlinson, 99.]

## A Lesson for all True Christians.

Which, being well observed by old and young,  
And practised with hand and heart, and tongue ;  
Great comfort in it at the last you'll find,  
Then mark it well, and bear it in your mind.

Tune of [p. 811], *The Letter for a Christian Family.* By J. C.

**A**ll you whose minds be high and heavenly bent,  
Observe God's Laws and strive for to repent,  
Bear thou in mind these lines I shall unfold,  
And prize them better far than pearl or gold.

**B**ear thou in mind that Christ dy'd for thy sin  
Upon the Cross, thy precious soul to win ;  
Be frequent still in reading of his word,  
Which cuts down sin as with a 2 edged sword. 8

**C**onsider well the bitter pains and death  
Our Saviour Christ hath suffered on the earth,  
Unto the Cross they nail'd his hands and feet ;  
So for our sins he shed his blood most sweet.

**D**eferr no time, but pray continually,  
Thy sins against thee still for Vengeance cry !  
Pray to the Lord thy sins may be forgiven,  
And that thy soul may live with Christ in Heaven. 16

**E**ternal God, if it be thy blessed will,  
Comfort all those that now are sick or ill,  
By land or sea, relieve them of their pain,  
Restore them to their former health again.

**F**orbear to swear, you children that are young ;  
You parents, pray correct them for their wrong,  
And bring them up in fear to serve the Lord,  
For fear he scourge them with his heavy Rod. 24

**G**reat oaths in vain too many people swear,  
The Lord in pieces willfully they tear :  
Strange imprecations they too common use,  
With such delights they do themselves abuse.

**H**ow many false reports abroad do flie,  
People likewise are given much to lie :  
Likewise dissemble so with one another,  
We cannot tell how for to trust our Brother. 32

**I**n many places people sudden dye,  
Others again sore sick in bed do lye ;  
Lord, give them grace in time for to repent,  
And for their grievous sins for to lament.

**K**eepe thou in mind the Judgment Day will come,  
When thou shalt answer for what thou hast done,  
Whilst thou remainest here [up]on the earth,  
Therefore prepare thee for the hour of death. 40

**L**et not malicious thoughts possess thy breast,  
Nor wicked actions in thy conscience rest ;  
In any case do not thy Neighbour wrong,  
Neither by thought, word, deed, nor yet by tongue.

**M**any there be that follow drunkenness,  
And make themselves far worse than any beast,  
And many when that they should go to Church,  
Do in an *Ale-house* or a *Tavern* lurch. [Cf. p. 820. 48

**N**or do they heed, but spend their means in vain  
Which should their wives and children maintain,  
Until they have consum'd their whole estate,  
And ne'r repent before it be too late.

**O**thers there be, likewise, doth rob and kill,  
And many a man and woman's blood do spill,  
For money to maintain their grievous sin ;  
And think not on the errors they run in. 56

**P**ity it is they have no better care,  
But bring their souls and bodies in a snare :  
Their bodies here to dye in woful shame,  
Their souls to suffer in eternal flame.

**Q**uire thou after God's word, which is so pure,  
Also the Gospel which will still endure ;  
Seek thou the place whereas thy Soul may rest  
Amongst the Angels whom the Lord hath blest. 64

**R**egard not thou the sin of covetousness,  
Seek for to right the widow and the fatherless :  
Help to relieve those that in prison lye :  
Also remember, man, that thou must dye.

**S**et not thy mind on Adultery,  
But from the beauty of lewd women flye ;  
We find in Scripture that it is forbid,  
Then mind it well, when as you do it read. 72

**T**ake heed that [th]ou do not false measures use,  
 With such deceit do not thyself abuse ;  
 Too many use it now, the more is the pity,  
 In every place, in country, town, and city.

**U**ndone are many by this false deceit,  
 Let me advise such people, and entreat  
 To leave it off, and mark what I shall say,  
 'Twill rise against them at the Judgment Day. 80

**W**hen thou before thy Maker shall appear,  
 To give account, and eke thy self to clear,  
 If well thou'st done, then happy shalt thou be,  
 And live with Christ in joy eternally.

**X**ample take I pray, both old and young,  
 By these few lines that's penned in this song :  
 Bear it in your mind, I pray now, every one,  
 And think on it when I am dead and gone. 88

**Y**oung men and maidens, love your parents dear,  
 Honour them still, and seek the Lord to fear,  
 O mind your Bibles more than all your pride,  
 And then be sure the Lord will be your guide.

**Z**ealous and faithful to each other prove,  
 Live not in hatred, but in perfect love.  
 Peace is a virtue passeth gold so pure,  
 Lord grant it may amongst us still endure. 96

**&** Now at last for to conclude and end,  
 These lines to all true Christians I do send,  
 To read them o're, and of them take a view,  
 What here is pen'd you'l find for to be true.

[Supposed to be by **John Cart.**]

*London* : Printed by and for *A. M.*, and sold by the Booksellers of  
*Pye-Corner* and *London*.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts : the chief is on p. 800, L., a man standing on a  
 Scull ; the other two are kneeling, woman and man. *A. M.* the printer is  
*Alex. Milbourne* ; there had been earlier editions. The title is mentioned  
*circa* 1663 : *vide ante*, p. 694. *The Letter for a Christian Family* is on p. 811.]

Here Ends the  
**Group of Christmas Carols.**

## Appendix: Corrigenda et Addenda

*Note.*—For convenience of discrimination, the Preparatory matter at beginning of the volume, 1893, bears small dotted Roman numerals, without any asterisk; 2nd, the Special Introduction to Part xx (pp. 1-240), is marked in Roman numerals with single asterisk; and the third Introduction has two asterisks added to the Roman numerals. See p. 16\* for early *Corrigenda*.

*Of the woodcuts*, one on p. xiii\*, belonging to pp. 164, 189, is reproduced on p. 275.

P. 21.—The third cut is now on p. 380. P. 23.—Woodcuts mentioned are now on p. 133. Pp. 28, 43.—The Milkmaid is on p. 168, Left. P. 38.—Cuts on p. 497. P. 45.—The couple of figures now on p. 148. P. 56.—The three men are on p. 558. P. 66.—The second cut appears in Seaman's Renown, p. 561. Pp. 85, 234.—The 'Virgin Race' incongruous cut is on p. 376. P. 105.—Stout woman is on p. 311, R. P. 110.—Fourth cut is on p. 406. P. 135.—The fourth cut is on p. 316. P. 290.—Rope-maker cut is on p. 835.

P. 26.—The Ploughman's Answer to the Merry Milkmaid is given on p. 288; 'Will the weaver' on p. 238; "Now I am bound to the Seas," p. 536.

P. 29.—'Howing' means 'Hoing,' of course.

P. 31.—'My child must have a father:' See pp. 99 and 161, for identification.

P. 39.—James Stock Mitchell, one of the two lonely students at Cornwall, ever afterwards firm friends, was buried in presence of the survivor, 12 January, 1893, at Abney Park, the Park Head Cemetery. His eldest daughter Rachel, who predeceased J. S. M., preserved the sole MS. of the Trowbesh Sonnet, printed here as motto.

P. 41.—This 'Earnest Petition of the Clerk at Bodman,' *vel* Bodmin, was of earlier date than 1624, when it was registered as a Transfer. The Pepysian exemplar, II. 41, antecedent to Roxb., has the excellent cut of *The Four Lepers of Samaria* which is now on our p. 778.

P. 42.—Bottom line of 3rd stanza should read *She's virtuous*, etc.

P. 55.—*Hippophagi*, discouraging. On next p. 'hartychokes' = artichokes.

P. 59.—See T. Wobblers' *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, vol. ii. p. 95, the 1880 edition. T. B. M., in July, 1871, held a copy of this ballad 'The Three Butchers,' and drew more inspiration and knowledge from such broadsides than any other historian; some of whom despise ballads.

P. 68.—Murderach *alias* Murdoch, a reiver or cateran.

P. 69.—An ugly blunder; read 'William Motherwell,' not 'Robert.'

P. 77.—Line 3 of ballad, read 'for to sell'; and at bottom, 'before 1674,' when it was entered as a *Transfer*. A. B. Grosart says that 'think on' is still a common phrase in Lancashire, for *Remember*.

P. 86.—Read 'R. C., II, 218'; not IV. 76; and see p. 557, for 'Huntsman's Delight.'

P. 92.—Nevertheless, "You Gallants" is not longer delayed than p. 681.

P. 94.—Line 78, a 'Stall' appears to be = the *staleing* of the two horses.

P. 99.—For mention of tune, 'Must the absence,' as if on p. 77; read 78.

P. 110.—The first 'Fairing' mentioned in *Trois Etoilles note*, is probably (Pepys Coll., I. 250), "My Love she is faire:" printed for John Trundle.

P. 112.—Compare p. 429, 432, later notes on *Aye, marry, and thank you too!*

P. 141.—Lines 19-20 = "to mean that I am not all so green," *i.e.* immature.

P. 143.—The ballad, "I was a harmless maid," follows on p. 435.

P. 161.—Crimsall, Richard, is the spelling on his '*Solicitor of Love*,' B.L.

P. 194.—The gu'ss confirmed, see p. 429: tune is *Ay, marry, and thank ye too*.

P. 237.—*Cancel bottom line*: see pp. 524, 732, 818, '*Country Maid's Delight*.'

[Wood's Collection, E. 25, fol. 18. Apparently Unique.]

**The Country-Maid's Delight; Or,  
The Husband-man's Honour made known: Being a Delightful  
Song in praise of a Plow-man.**

You Husbandmen that in Country doth dwell,

I pray observe, and mark my Ditty well;

[My] praise of you I will set forth aright [text, 'In.']

In this song call'd '*The Country Maid's Delight.*'

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Souldier's Delight*; or, *The Seaman's Adieu to his Dear*  
[pp. 237, 732].

**Y**ou young Men and Maids that in Country doth dwell, lend attention, if time  
spare you can,

I'll sing you a Song that will please you full well, in praise of the honest Plow-man.

*Then hey for the Plowman! that's valiant and stout, I love him as dear as my life;*

*For if e'er I be wed, or lose my Maidenhead, I will be a Husbandman's Wife.*

Then mark well, I pray, what to you I shall say, I'll shew you, if you'll understand,  
How a Plow-man is him that in honour shall swim, for he is the main staff of  
the land. [Then hey, etc., *passim.*]

In the first place he worketh and labours full hard, and takes great pains every day,  
In tilling & sowing, in reaping & mowing; for he has but small time for to play.  
And when his day's work it is ended and done, he's as merry as a Bird in a Cage,  
Then with Bacon & Beef, the which is of the chief, his hunger it soon doth assuage.  
Then to bed he doth go, his night's rest for to take; in the morning betimes riseth he,  
His business to ply, whether 't be wet or dry; for such things neglected must not be.  
And thus you may see that a Plowman is a man, that bad Husbandry doth abhor;  
But he takes pains, yet he getteth good gains, whilst many Trades-men live but poor.

*Then hey! for the Plow-man, that's valiant & stout, I love him as dear as my life:*

*For if e'er I be wed, or lose my Maidenhead, I'll be a Husbandman's Wife.*

THE SECOND PART, to the same Tune.

I'll not have a Taylor to measure my wa'i'ste, for he is false in every way,  
He loves Cabbage so dear, that he cannot forbear, but he the Thief often must play.  
Also the stout Miller, with his Tole-dish, he never shall grind in my Mill;  
For he is a Knave, though he bears it out brave; and so he will ever be still.  
There's the Weaver, the Blacksmith, and the Shoe-maker, most of them are  
deceitful also;

But a Plow-man is he that my true Love must be, in spite of all them that say no.  
For if it were not for the honest Plow-man, what should we do for Beer or Bread?  
The Baker and the Maultman themselves might go hang, for trading with them  
would be dead.

Young fine Citizens, also, the which doth go so gallant, so trim, and so neat;  
The dainties they have that's both pleasant and brave, yet without Bread they  
cannot them eat.

And if 't e'er be my fortune to have a Plow-man, with him I'll go through thick  
and thin; [me win.]

'Tis not Lord nor Earl, that hath got gold or pearl, that shall my true love from  
Then let Country Lasses be all of my mind, the honest Plow-man for to love;  
He is constant and true, he'll not turn with the wind, but he's as true as the  
Turtle-Dove.

And so to conclude my new Ditty here penn'd, God bless the brave Plow-man, I say,  
I wish him prosperity unto the end, for 'tis he that doth carry the day.

*Then hey for the Plow-man, that's honest and stout! I love him as dear as my life;*

*If e'er I be wed, and lose my Maiden-head, I'll be a Husband-man's Wife.*

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

[Black-letter. Two cuts: 1st, Lady of vol. i. p. 24; 2nd, man, p. 31 *ante.*]



Pages 312, et seq.—*Arthur O'Bradley*. We have got additional evidence to prove the correctness of our guess about the localities lying in the district between Great Bradley, Newmarket, and Madingley, near Cambridge; in an oral-traditional version, sung by Nurse Raynor, of Norfolk (obtained by the Hon. Catherine Spring-Rice, and given to Mr. Walter Rye, of Frognal House, Hampstead, who has kindly shown it to the Editor). As an attempt to introduce local names of Norfolk it is an example, more or less corruptly reproducing the interminable ballad; no two versions of which coincide. It is of no authority in determining the text, being evidently of late date, but it supplies a few lines beyond where both the Trowbesh 1778 exemplar and the Roxb. Coll., III. 283 (our p. 321), abruptly ended. The seventh portion of the *Norfolk version* is:—

“ We'll invite the neighbours round,  
We'll have one out of every town,  
There's old Mother *Stubbs*, of *Holt*,  
*Henry Hare*, of *Wickwood Wold*,  
And old Mother *Gibbons*, of *Spawlan*,  
Little *Tom Capson*, of [*Walden*?]  
*Miles'* black wife of *Lessingham*,  
Old *Diek Gooch*, of *Hingham*, [qu. our *Eveningham*!]  
[*Babbling*] *Grey*, of *Sutterton*, and *Ralph Swill*, of *Dutton*.

“ When the guests were all complete, they carried up the meat,  
First came *Nicholas Trigg*, and away ran he with a pig;  
*Frank* he ran with the mustard, and then came *Jane* with the custard;  
And forth came Mistress *Moore*, with ale and beer in good store,  
At the wedding of *Arthur O'Bradley*, etc.”

*Spawlan* is as probably meant for *Sparham*, as for *Spalding*; *Lessingham* is near *Cromer*; *Bradley* possibly corruption of *Bradfield*, Norfolk, but doubtful.

“ The Bride she had but one eye, and her nose it was all awry,  
She'd a hump upon her back.” . . . [Here it stops abruptly. See p. 320.]

It is noticeable that the grotesque vulgarity about the bride belongs to modern perversions. *Frail*, on p. 321, may be misprint for '*Flail*.' Traditional variations took liberties, changing names of persons and places, to suit the fancy of singer and auditors. But *Spawlan*, for *Spalding*, *Grey* of *Sutterton*, for *Grey* of *Sutton*, and *Hingham* for *Evingham*, are traces of the original foundation.

P. 378.—This ballad was transfer-property, registered in 1674.

P. 396.—Misprints are rare in our pages, but here is the saddest we have known: in '*Cromlet's Lilt*,' read “ O cruel Fair!”—not ‘Fate.’

P. 436.—Likewise another ballad signed by L. W., ‘The Bad Husband's Experience,’ which we give here on p. 820, because it clears up every difficulty concerning *How many crowns and pounds have I spent*. But probably it was *John Wade's* and not *Lawrence White's*.

There are ballads entitled ‘The Bad-Husband's Information of Ill-Husbandry,’ beginning “ You bonny boon blades, that are company keepers,” to the tune of *Digby*; and ‘The Bad-Husband's Reformation; or the Ale-wife's daily Deceit,’ which commences “ I was a bad-husband, that had a good trade, But I of the same such ill profit have made; ” to the tune of *My life and my death*, or *The Poor Man's Counsellor*. Burden, *Now I'm resolv'd to lead a new life*, etc. Licensed by R. Pocock, and printed for P. Brooksby. Others tell of ‘The Bad-Husband's Amendment’ (vi. 3, 40); his Recantation (vi. 499); his Repentance (vi. 480); his Return (vi. 343); also ‘A Looking-Glass for a Bad-Husband; or, a Caveat for a Spendthrift’ (by Thom. Lanfiere = “ You that are bad-husbands, I pray you draw near ”); ‘Bad Husband's Folly’ (vi. 493); and ‘The Bad Husband turned Thrifty’ (iii. 518: also a different ballad has this for a sub-title, vi. 483).

[Rawlinson Collection, 4to. 566, fol. 132. Apparently Unique.]

## The Bad-Husband's Experience of Ill-Husbandry ; Or, A New Lesson for Ale-Wives.

Stay, do not turn your backs to save a Penny,  
But buy it, and read it you, I say, it is worth your Money.

TO A PLEASANT TUNE, CALLED, *Many Pounds and Crowns I have spent* [p. 515].

ALL you that are counted Good-Fellows to be,  
If your Hostess and you are [at] variance  
If you please to stay, I'll teach you a way,  
By this same, how you may gain experience,  
*Many Crowns and Pounds I have spent,* [N.B. tune-name.  
*Where my money was still their upholder ;*  
*But I'll do so no more, but lay money in store,*  
*For to keep me when as I grow older.* 8

It is not to Gallants these lines I direct,  
But to Porters and Brick-layers and Sawyers,  
And likewise the Seamen on shoar or on deck,  
They'll spend Money more free than the Lawyers.  
*Which makes me to sweare, I'll come no more there,*  
*My money to spend in such manner,*  
*What need I to care ? I have money to spare,*  
*Without borrowing of any thing on her.* 16

For many Crowns and Pounds I have spent,  
At a Tavern that stands in *New-market,*  
And all was to give my Hostess content, [passim.  
But now she and I are quite parted. *Which makes, &c.* 24

My Hostess she [would] sit on my knee,  
And would call me her dear and her honey,  
And would me embrace before her husband's face,  
And all for the love of my money. 32

When I had money, how welcome was I !  
When her daughter on my back was rising ;  
But when money I had none, " Pack out, and begone !"  
For in faith, good sir, here is no hiding." 40

Their pinching Jugs, and Flaggons half-fill'd,  
Is the cause that so many lies pining ;  
For Hostesses they with good fellows can play,  
To make hay while the Sun is a shining.  
*And thus many Crowns and Pounds I have spent,*  
*Where my money was still their upholder, &c.* 48

Good-fellows of late ha[ve] made them so fat,  
Like a sow in the mire they wallow ;  
Yet they can rail, [I wot,] and call ' drunken sot !'  
And again they can call him ' good fellow !' 56

Many Crowns and Pounds have I spent,  
And more if I could have procur'd it ;  
And all was to give my Hostess content :  
For to wrong her I could not endure it. 64

I asked for no Pounds, nor yet for no Crowns,  
 But a Shilling, if she please to lend it ;  
 She turns her about, and gives me the flout,  
 And told me she did not intend it. 72

Don't you see how thread-bare good fellows they go !  
 When their money is spent, they're flouted ;  
 And can have no drink without ready chink,  
 But [are] thrust out of doors without it. 80

You fat burley Hostess, that can with ease  
 Sit spunging men's drink at your pleasure !  
 And we silly fools must lye against stools,  
 When you have got all our treasure. 88

If all Good-fellows were rul'd by me,  
 They should go to such work as there's few to ;  
 If they had their desert, they would drive Plow and Cart,  
 They deserve to work harder than we do.  
*For many Crowns and Pounds have I spent,  
 Where my money was still their upholder,  
 But I'll do so no more, but lay money in store,  
 For to keep me when as I grow older.* 96

By L. W[white or John Wade.]

*London* : Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere (sic), T. Wright, and J. Clarke.

[B.L. Two cuts: 1st, Revellers, p. 558 ; 2nd, Rope-maker, p. 835. *Circa* 1674.]

'A Bad-Husband' did not 'husband' his resources ; e.g. 'The Ale-Wives' Invitation to Married-Men and Batchelors,' tune of *Digby's Farewell*, begins :—

" Good-fellows come hither, tis to you I speak,  
 Good counsel here's for you, if you will it take," etc.

Burden is, "*For so long as I had money, my kind Hostess she  
 Would cry, 'Come when thou wilt, boy, thou art welcome to me.'*"

In connection with this subject there had been a ditty, *circa* 1606 (not known in print, but preserved in the Shirburn MS., North Lib., 119, D. 44, fol. 165), 'A merry new ballad intituled The Beggar comes, The Beggar comes, etc. To a pleasant new tune.' Fourteen stanzas in the first part, beginning thus :—

SO long have I followed the Alewives' cannes,  
 And so often gone in at the Alewives' doore,  
 It hath caused me for to spend my laudes,  
 And now, alasse ! I am growne poore.

*The beggar comes, the beggar comes ! loe, where the beggar doth me watch,  
 An' I doe not leave the alchouse off, the beggar soone he will me catch.*

The Second Part of 'The Beggar comes.' To the Tune of, *Watton Towne's End*.

ALL you that now have heard me syng  
 'The beggar doth come' [and the Ale-wives' game],  
 Shall heare me sing another part  
 Agreeing [well un]to the same.

*The beggar, the beggar [you plain may see], the beggar he was come,  
 And almost [was he] like to catch me : 'twas time for me to run.*

[The tune of *Watton-Town-End* was *London is a fine town*. The ballad begins :

"As I came up by *Arpendown*, and straight to *Watton Town*,  
 And there I met a pretty wench, that looked like Lay me down.  
*At Watton-Town's-End, at Watton-town's-end,  
 At every door there stands a where, at Watton town's-end.*" ]

P. 528.—2nd line of 2nd par. Read “September, 1680, Consult the ‘*Tangier Rescue*,’ by John Ross, 1681.” Also the late James Grant’s account of the Tangier exploits, in Cassells’ *British Battles on Sea and Land*, vol. i, pp. 360 to 364. ‘Hacket,’ of our p. 533, is Major (Sir James) Halkett; ‘Hodge’ is properly Capt. Hodges. Here is the remainder of ‘The Courageous Seamen’s Loyal Health; or, An Answer to *Dub a dub a dub*.’ To the tune of, ‘*The Granadeers’ Loyal Health*.’ Licensed by R. P., 1685. After 1st stanza, ends “oppose his right:”—

“Once more our Enemies’ bold extreames was conquer’d by our Princely  
Royal *James*,

He roused them up from their drowsie dreams, then with many a fair broadside,  
Making a thund’ring noble noise, a harmony for your warlike boys,  
Lifted them up with a thousand joys, when we vanquish’d all their pride.  
Our Enemies did then look pale, we through and through their Fleet did sail,  
Our bullets flew as thick as hail, which proved their fatal bane;  
We gave them many a heavy stroak, and fill’d their Fleet with flame and smoak,  
Sure, sure, they never will provoke him to anger now again.

“Now a Bowl of Punch, boys, we’ll make, to drink for Royal *James* his sake,  
Who never feared to make them quake, that dare to invade the Land;  
He was the glory of all our Pride, in battel upon the Main Ocean wide,  
With whom our courage and valour was try’d, and under his great command;  
Now since our gracious Prince is crown’d, Boys, let his Royal Health go round,  
With bended knees upon the ground, and to all his Princely train.  
Courageous Seamen, bold and stout, we’ll drink his Royal Health about,  
And when the liquor is all out, Boys, wash then, and fill again!

“When our Captain he call us, then, we’ll quit ourselves like most undaunted men,  
Never, never is there one in ten, but what will express their joy.  
Let the *Granadeers* guard at home, while we on the marbel Main do roam,  
Where *Neptune* himself doth fret and fume, we value not the annoy:  
With more than ordinary delight, we plow the Ocean day and night,  
To bring home *Bacchus* here to fight, he’s worthy to be preferred:  
For why? most noble Hearts of Gold, he’ll make them scorn to be controul’d,  
And when they are both faint and cold, he’ll cheer them upon their guard.”

Printed for *J. Baek*, at the *Black Boy*, on *London Bridge*.

[In Black-letter. Two half-blocks (‘Melancholy Cavalier,’ vol. vi., p. 319, and cup-bearer, *ante* p. 387); a Ship. Date, 1685, after Coronation of James II.]

Tangier was lost, “lest it should grow to be a nursery for the Popish soldiers.” It then became “a nest for pirates and corsairs.” The loss we bitterly regret.

Among the troops under command of John, Earl of Middleton, who died at Tangier in 1673 (having succeeded General Andrew Rutherford, Earl of Teviot, killed in action by an ambuscade of the Moors in 1664), were “those regiments afterwards numbered 2nd and 4th of the Line; the former being specially named ‘*The Old Tangiers*,’ or ‘Queen Catherine’s Own Regiment’ [Tangier having been her dowry from Portugal], and having borne since those days the Paschal Lamb on its colours and appointments.” Hence the malicious jest of styling them ‘Kirke’s Lambs,’ when they succeeded in crushing Monmouth’s rebellion at Sedgemoor, in 1685. Four companies of the ‘Scots Royals, or Regiment of Dumbarton,’ were sent to reinforce the garrison of Tangier, embarking at Kinsale on the 4th of April, 1680, on board the *James* and the *Swan* frigates; and followed in July by strong detachments of the Coldstream and English Guards, and other corps, the whole known as the King’s Battalion, under command of John, Earl of Mulgrave, author of ‘*The Vision*,’ which he wrote

during the voyage. It was on the 12th of May, 1680, at 8 A.M., that to relieve the endangered garrison of Fort Hamilton, and enable them to blow up the tower under cover of a sally from the Castle of Tangiers made by volunteers, our Captain Hume, Lieutenants Peirson and Bayley, four sergeants, and eighty rank and file, set out. Forty-four of the Fort troops succeeded in joining them, amidst the slaughter, but Hume retired in good order into safety, under the guns of Tangier. Twelve additional companies of the Royals, commanded by Major Sir James Halkett (the 'Hackett' of our spirited *Roxb. Ballad*), landed a few days later. On 20th and 22nd September, two sharp conflicts took place "when the moorish vintage was past, and where the Granadiers, under *Captain Hodges*, behaved with remarkable bravery, encountering the dusky sons of Africa both on foot and horseback, and using their hatchets, *grenades*, and broadswords with wonderful rapidity" (Grant, i. 362). This is the '*Hodge*' of our ballad, p. 528. He led the Scots Royals, to whom were assigned the van, on the 27th, in a magnificent sally on the Moorish lines. Taking the enemy in their entrenchments in the dark, "the mighty rush of many thousand feet was heard, and loud and reiterated huzzas, as *Hodges*' company blew their fuses and cast their grenades—the special terror of the Moors—in bursting showers among them, and then, falling on with sword or hammer-hatchet, his 'lads in the looped-up clothes' did dreadful execution on every hand" (*Ibid.*, i. 363). Truly, the fight was won. It had been savagely contested, the Moors were subdued; they raised the siege, and were glad to make a six months' truce. We lost 35 officers, 434 men, and 63 horses: "it was a glorious victory."

Land-soldiers and sea-warriors were not maintained distinctly apart in practice, of old, but were ready for either service, as the ballads help to show.

Page 592.—There was entered to William Barley, on 6 July, 1612, 'for his copy vnder the handes of the wardens, a ballad of the Lord SANQUIRE, called *Bloodshed revenged.*' (*Registers Stat. Comp.*, C., 222*b*; *Transcript*, III. 490.)

Page 780.—Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, act ii. sc. 4, 1614, makes Nightingale the ballad-singer announce for sale the following wares,

"*A Dozen of Divine Points*, and *The Godly Garters*,  
*The Fairing of Good Counsel*, of an ell and three quarters:"

Full measure in quantity, more than in quality, being in request. In Sloane MS. No. 1896, is a poem or ballad entitled 'A DOSSEN OF POINTS, sent by a Gentlewoman to her Lover for a *Newe Yeare's Gifte.*' (Percy Society's No. 71, vol. xxviii., *Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume.*)

"**A**S I on a New Yeare's day did walk amidst the street,  
My restless eyes for you, my heart, did seek a *Fairing* meet. [*Cf.* p. 110.  
I search'd throughout the Fair, but nothing could I find:  
No, no, of all was there, not one that would content my mind.

"But all the booths were filled with *Fancy's* fond attire,  
And trifling toys were set to sale, for them that would require.  
Then to my self quoth I, 'What means these childish knacks?  
Is all the Fair for Children made, or Fools that baubles lacks.

"Are these the goodly gifts, the New Year to begin,  
Which friends present unto their friends, their faith and love to win?  
I see I came in vain, my labour all is lost;  
'I will depart and keep my purse from making any cost.' "

But "Dame *Virtue* doth display her booth," his hasty feet to stay, and soon, he says, "I found a knot of peerless Points, beset with posies neat: these Points in number twelve." They, enumerated *seriatim*, are rules for good behaviour; as to temperance in food, sobriety of talk at table, honest agreement of word with thought and deed, help to the poor, resistance of invaders, truthfulness,

constancy in friendship, shamefacedness when shameful deeds are proffered, avoidance of costly attire beyond one's station, an impartiality in judgment, mannerliness in audience; twelfthly, peacemaking to the abatement of strife.

“ With these *Twelve Virtuous Points* see thou do tie thee round,  
And like and love this simple gift, till better may be found.  
Yet one point thou dost lack, to tie thy hose before,  
' *Love me as I love thee,*' and shall, from hence for evermore.  
*Farewell.*”

The 'Godly Garters' were embroidered with pious sentences in needlework like book-marks, or our 'moral pocket-handkerchiefs' for missionary use, combining orthodoxy with the latest sweet thing in fast colours, warranted to run speedily.

Page 791.—To this same tune of *Triumph and Joy* (possibly originating the tune-name) is preserved in Shirborn MS., fol. 253 verso (for which, with much more, we owe gratitude to the Rev. Andrew Clark, M.A., fellow of Lincoln Coll., Oxon.), 'A new ballade of y<sup>e</sup> Tryumphes kept in *Ireland* uppon St. *George's* day last [1599], by y<sup>e</sup> noble earle of *Essex* and his followers, with y<sup>e</sup> irresolution againe there. To y<sup>e</sup> tune of, *Tryumph and Joy.*' Twelve stanzas, beginning,

“ Of joyful triumphs I must speake, w<sup>ch</sup> our English friends did make,  
For that renowned mayden's sake, that weares the Crowne of *England*.  
In *Ireland* on St. *George's* day, was honored bravelye every waye,  
By lords and knights in rich array, as tho' they had been in *England*.  
*Therefore let all trew Englishmen, with other faythful subjects then,  
Unto my prayers say Amen, now God and Set. George for England.*”

Page 798.—The ballad beginning "When faire *Jerusalem* did stand" (a *transfer* in 1624) is not only preserved in Shirburn MS., fol. 108, but in a B. L. broadside, containing on the other half-sheet a unique exemplar of *Coles, Vere, Wright, and Gilbertson's* reprint of another ballad, entitled, 'Of the horrible and woful destruction of *Jerusalem*, and the signes and tokens that were seen before it was destroyed, which destruction was after Christ's Ascention, xlii years. To the Tune of, *The Queen's Almaine.*' Ballad begins thus:

“ AN Emperor *Vespasian* sometime in *Rome* there was,  
Through whom much dolors then began of mortall warrs, alas!  
Within two years that he did raign, he put the *Jewes* to nickle pain,  
With fire and sword both took and slain, his power so brought to passe:  
His son *Titus*, having no dread, his Army over *Judea* spread,  
The people to the City fled, hoping to have redresse.”—(*Fourteen stanzas.*)

Page 804. Tune of *Bragandary*.—The connection between Humphrey Crouch's 'Downfall of *Pride*' and 'Bagnall's Ballet' (p. 826) belongs to the history of Satire and Costume. Similarly there may be hidden in private collections other connecting links, hitherto unprinted. *This B. L. exemplar is unique.*

Will Bagnall is supposed to be Will. Bagwell, celebrated in Edmund Gayton's song, 'Bagnall's Ghost,' 1655. (See our *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 429, 430, 633.)

Page 813.—There had been a brisk tournament among ballad-writers, in 1621-32, celebrating the Golden Age, the Silver Age, the Brazen Age (both in 1621), the Honest Age (24 May, 1632), the Cheating Cozening Age, and 'The Fantastic Age' (registered January 11, 1633); the last-named, beginning "Audience, audience, gallants all," reprinted in vol. iii. p. 117, has a burden, 'O monsters, ventrall monsters! leave these foolish toys!' and in the unique exemplar, Roxb. Coll., I. 476, it is appointed to be sung 'to the tune of *O Women, monstrous women.*' Whether by Will Bagnall or another, the original of *Monstrous Women* must have been earlier than 1632. We bring together other closely-connected ballads, all of the same tune and subject. Such are the 'Downfall of *Pride,*' 'Prospective Glass,' and 'The Poet's Dream' (pp. 825, 827, 828).

[Trowbesh Collection, original endorsed 'A most proper new Ballad.']

## The Downfall of Pride :

Riband-Cod-pieces, Black-Patches, and whatsoever is Antick,  
apish, fantastick, and dishonourable to a Civil Government.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Bragandary* [vide pp. 824, 826. Woodcut as on p. 11.]

**A** Ballad, a Ballad, let's make in haste,  
A Ballad let's make with speed,  
Let every Poet make a verse, for there never was more need.  
Men and Women are out of their wits,  
Possessed with strange frantick fits.  
*O people, monstrous people ! What do you mean to do ?* 6

Some carry about them, every day, a Haberdasher's shop,  
Like Puppets in a Puppet-Play, about the streets they hop ;  
Just against the place of lust,  
With gaudy Ribbons they are truss'd :  
*O men, monstrous men ! What do you mean to do ?* 12

Some women sometimes use to wear black Patches on their face ;  
Whatever of themselves they think, 'tis but to their disgrace :  
They make themselves with these fond toys  
A laughing-stock to girls and boyes :  
*O women, monstrous women ! What do you mean to do ?* 18

The civill Souldiers laugh at ye, to see you so disguis'd,  
And I do hope to live to see Pride not so highly priz'd.  
Costly Baubles you have store,  
But never a penny for the poore.  
*O people, monstrous people ! What do you mean to do ?* 24

If that the fashion shall be now, great Garlands for to wear,  
As *Paris-Garden* Bulls have done, our people would not forbear.  
They would wear them about their necks,  
To Pride they give such great respects :  
*O people, monstrous people ! What do you mean to do ?* 30

Or, if the fashion should be now, as I may well suppose,  
That points and ribbons should be woru in men and women's nose,  
Pride would quickly have it so,  
That they like Anticks thus might go :  
*O people, monstrous people ! What do you mean to do ?* 36

### The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

**O**R if the fashion should be now, on shooes to wear great beads,  
Or, if some people should but wear hand-baskets on their heads :  
The rest will follow them I know,  
That they like Coxcombs thus might go.  
*O people, monstrous people ! What do you mean to do ?* 42

Or if the fashion should be thus, to wear the ears of Pigs,  
In women's breasts or on their heads, as men wear Perrywigs :  
Pride will give that fashion place,  
The Pigs should go to wrack a-pace :  
*O people, monstrous people ! What do you mean to do ?* 48

- Curled locks are daily sold, to women for to wear ;  
 An ugly sight for to behold, to see them wear false hair.  
 Women and men, fantastick Elves,  
 Know not what to wear themselves.  
*O people, monstrous people ! What do you mean to do ?* 54
- Men, with white Powder, Powder their hair, they look like Millers right :  
 What colour soever their clothes are, the Powder makes them white :  
 Boots they wear with a picket-toe,  
 Stradling through the streets they go.  
*O men, monstrous men ! What do you mean to do ?* 60
- Our Ancestors were civill men, as we may read and hear ;  
 Though they were men of good account, would leather shoo-strings wear :  
 Their hands unto their skirts were sown,  
 But now we are more gallant grown :  
*O people, monstrous people ! What do you mean to do ?* 66
- A Leathern-Girdle about their waste, as plain as plain may be,  
 An honest heart within their breast, from guile and falshood free.  
 No Bills nor Bonds betwixt them then,  
 But now we live more like Devils than men :  
*O people, monstrous people ! What do you mean to do ?* 72
- What I have said, good people all, is nearly out of love ;  
 I do desire that great and small may fear the Lord above :  
 That cruelty and pride may cease,  
 And that we may enjoy true peace.  
*That Pride may be o'erthrown, and Charity take place.* 78

Finis.      H. C. [=Humphrey Crouch.]

*London, Printed for Francis Grove on Snow-hill. [Black-letter. Date, circa 1642.]*

\* \* The tune called *Bragandary* has been often mentioned, e.g. pp. 725, 789, and in vol. iii. p. 588 (where it is named *Folly, desperate Folly*: see our present pp. 810, 827), with the varying burden of '*O Parson, delicate Parson ! how do you like the town ?*' An early name was *Monstrous Women*, so entitled from the burden in '*Will Bagnall's Ballet*,' circa 1642 (p. 259), beginning thus:—

" A Ballet, a Ballet ! let every Poet a ballet make with speed ;  
 And he that hath wit, now let him shew it, for never was greater need :  
 And I that never made ballet before,  
 Will make one now, though I never make more.  
*O Women, monstrous Women ! what do you mean to do ?*"

To this same tune, under its earlier name of *Bragandary*, Aug. 1597, had been printed the ballad beginning "'Of the Kind Widow of Watling-street'" (Roxb. Coll., III. 168), which belongs to our next "Group of Romantic Ballads." It has for refrain, in first part, '*Great misery, sorrow and misery, cometh for want of grace.*' To the second part (where the tune is unchanged but named *The Wanton Wife*), the burden is, '*Now fie upon falsehood and forgerie frail ! for great is the truth, and it will prevail.*' One unique ballad, '*A Description of Wanton Women*,' begins "You that in verses do delight:" with burden, '*O Women, Wanton Women ! what do you mean to do ?*' Fourth stanza runs,

" You paint your face, you curl your Locks, you let your Breasts go bare,  
 So that a man may almost see what underneath you wear :  
 And in the Church you make such a shew, we cannot serve God for looking at you.  
*O Women, wanton Women ! what do you mean to do ?*"



[Pepys Coll., II. 58; Jersey, I. 25; Huth, II. 61; C. 22, 16.]

## A Prospective Glass for Christians,

To behold the Reigning Sins of this AGE: Or,  
The Complaint of Truth and Conscience, against Pride, Envy,  
Hatred, and Malice, which is too much practised in this present Age.

TUNE OF, *Monstrous Women* [see p. 825]. Licensed according to Order.

AS in a Slumber I was laid, poor *Conscience* was making moan;  
“ I saw sweet *Truth* in rags array'd, dejected, and all alone.”  
I tell you, the Aged as well as the Youth,  
They slighted and hate you,” [says] *Conscience*, “ in truth,  
But Dissimulation there's thousands will sooth[e]:  
*O Folly, desperate Folly! what will this world come to?*”

Sweet *Truth* immediately reply'd, “ The Nation may well complain,  
The heart of Man is fill'd with Pride, and Malice does rule and reign.  
Ah, *Conscience*; I tell thee I find thou art poor,  
I see thou art naked and turn'd out of door,  
The world sure was never so wicked before:  
*O Folly, desperate Folly! what will this world come to?*”

Some men we find will rant and roar, and call it a merry life,  
And oftentimes embrace a whore, and ruin an honest wife:  
A drabble-tayl Drab they will cuddle and kiss,  
And call her sometimes ‘ the Perfection of Bliss,’  
For every Rascal must now have his Miss;  
*O Folly, desperate Folly! what will this world come to?*

Young Harlots do like Porters ply, at every turning down, [i.e. Alley.  
And when a cully do's draw nigh, their fare is but half a Crown;  
Then straight they into a Coach must be put,  
The huffing young Gallant, the drabble-tayl Slut,  
While good honest people do walk it on foot:  
*O Folly, desperate Folly! what will this world come to?*

The Pride of Women in this Land was never in *Eve* our mother,  
See how their *Top-knots* they do stand, one story above another!  
Their Necks are naked, their Breasts open wide, [Cf. p. 826.  
Black patches, now Powder'd and Painted beside,  
I think that the Devil's in Women for Pride:  
*O Folly! desperate Folly, etc.*

Some men will say ‘ the Crow's not Black!’ thus flatter before your face,  
Then cut your throat behind your back, and that in a little space;  
Their smiles shall be presently turn'd to a frown,  
They'll do what they can for to tumble you down,  
And ruin a Neighbour for less than a Crown:  
*O Malice, desperate Malice! what will this world come to?*

The down-right Man that cannot cog, nor flatter his Friend at all,  
Nor fawn like to a Spaniel dog, is often run down by all;  
But he that hath a smooth tongue to comply,  
Can complement, flatter, dissemble, and lye,  
“ Oh, this is an honest man!” straight they will cry:  
*O Folly, desperate Folly! what will this world come to?*

The Rich we find has many friends, the Poor they have few or none,  
 But when this painful Life it ends, we then shall be all as one:  
 The wealthy rich Miser, and crafty old Knave,  
 He shall with the Poor man lye down in the grave,  
 He shall have a shroud, or a winding-sheet have:  
*O Mortals, covetous Mortals! Death we must all come to!*

Then what's the Glory of this World, for which we so much contend,  
 When after Death we may be hurl'd, where Misery has no end?  
 Then while we are living and flourishing here,  
 O labour to keep your CONSCIENCES clear;  
 To part with this world, then, you need not fear:  
*Hate Folly desperate Folly! Death we must all come to.*

Printed for P[hilip] Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

[These were also the publishers of '*The Good Christian's Complaint*,' on our p. 807.]

[In Black-letter, with three cuts: a Puritan-divine, a miniature Cavalier, and the other end of the wood-carving frieze on our p. 209. Date, *circa* 1685-88.]

\*.\* Of such puritanic ballads, denouncing the 'reigning sins of the Age,' the most virulent assail the costly profusion and indecency of Women's dress. See (in next Part), '*Pride's Fall: A Warning to English Women*,' beginning, "England's fair dainty dames!" It describes a bicephalous female child, born at Geneva, 28 Feb., 1607. Ontry followed, '*O, Women, monstrous Women!*' 'The Poet's Dream: his Vision of Pride,' is unique (distinct from p. 11).

## The Poet's Dream

Containing his amazing and frightful Vision of Pride; wherein *Lucifer* seemed to be decked with a higher Topping than was ever yet seen, not doubting but *Proud Women* would endeavour to imitate him.

TO THE TUNE OF, *O Folly, desperate Folly*. [*Bragandary*: see pp. 804, 826, 827.]

AS I of late was in a Dream, it frighted me to the heart,  
 My thought old *Lucifer* did seem to act a proud Woman's part.  
 He entered my chamber with three or four more,  
 Who brought in black patches and Toppings great store,  
 To deck their old Devil, whom they did adore.  
*Now Women, insolent Women, what do you think of Pride?* 6

He never hid his Cloven-foot, but sat in a Chair of State,  
 While on his head a Dress they put, and every one did wait.  
 Their Box of Perfume then like sulphur did smell,  
 I wish'd them a thousand times over in Hell,  
 But they was as busie as *Bridget* and *Nell*: [*Cf Suckling's*.  
*Now Women, insolent Women, what do you think of Pride?* 12

The Devil call'd for his Commode, drest up with rich gaudy lace,  
 When it was on, methought it show'd to be of a *London* grace,  
 He look'd in the Glass, when the height he did see,  
 "I'll have it fully seven times higher," said he,  
 "That Ladies of *London* may imitate me:  
*Now Women, insolent Women, what do you think of Pride?* 18

Then like the May-pole in the *Strand*, or *Pudding-lane Monument*, [N.B.  
They brought a Topping out of hand, which gave the old spark content.

Since such a high Tower for him they did make,  
They danc'd, while I thought my whole lodging did shake ;  
I being affrighted, I strait did awake :

*Now Women, insolent Women, what do you think of Pride ?* 24

I on my Pillow sighing lay, with sorrow and grief of mind,  
And to myself did often say, " *Young Women are wilful Blind.*"

Thought I, if the truth of this Dream I should write,  
And tell them that Pride is the Devil's delight,  
They'd follow the Mode if it were but for spight :

*Now Women, insolent Women, why will you be so Proud ?* 30

Of this great Sin you have been told, a million of times at least,  
Besides, strange Monsters you behold in many a brutish beast ;

Tho' Heaven and Earth does your Folly degrade,  
Yet in the defiance of what can be said,  
Like Brutes and strange Anticks you will be array'd :

*Ah ! Women, insolent Women, how can you be so Proud ?* 36

The very Cook and Scullion-Maid, or Country home-bred Girl,  
When they in *London* are array'd, drest up in a fine Fallal,

I mean a rich Topping, high, proper, and tall,  
Altho' her mean station be never so small,  
She is 'Madam,' forsooth ! with the best of them all :

*O Lasses, insolent Lasses ! how can you be so Proud ?* 42

Those Topping Towers, they are grown most monstrous high of late,  
Both *Nancy, Bridget, Doll* and *Jone*, with *Margery, Prue*, and *Kate*,

Tho' each of them ha'nt a good Smock to their back,  
Before a high Tower and Topping they'll lack,  
They'll leave a good service, forsooth, and turn Crack: [r. Note.

*Oh ! Lasses, delicate Lasses, well may you blush for shame.* 48

Let but a Lass come from the North, and tarry a while in Town,  
She will despise her Russet-cloath, and covet a silken Gown ;

Likewise a high Topping she'll dearly adore,  
Tho' she had not seen it past two months before,  
For these are as proud as the Devil all o'er :

*Now Lasses, delicate Lasses, why will you be so Proud ?* 54

We have not seen brave happy days, in Country, Court, or Town,  
Since Women did their Topping raise, like Monuments on each Crown,

Young Women, why should you so obstinate stand ?  
Let a Reformation be made out of hand :  
Down, down, with your Toppings, the Pride of the Land !

*Young Women, excellent Women, then will you be indeed.* 60

Printed for C. Ba'es, at the *White-Hart* in *West Smithfield*.

[In Black-letter. Two curious woodcuts: 1st, *John Bunyan* sleeping near the City of Destruction; 2nd, a Top-knot woman looking in a glass, with a black devil leaping behind her. Compare *Bagford Ballads, Appendix*, p. 934, a similar woodcut, showing the 'Topping,' but no devil. "The London Ladies' Vindication of Top-knots," answers it, 'in spite of all Poets,' beginning, "Young Woman and Damsels that love to go fine." A *Topping* cut, p. 830.

Note.—Line 47. To 'turn Crack,' was to go on the town. Compare p. 285, and "As *Jenny Crack*," etc. Our small woodcut of a *Topping* is on p. 830.

On p. 694 we had shown the interconnection of the tunes: How the *Godly Man's Instructions* (i.e. "Good people, all I pray, hear what I read") was the antecedent to *The Letter for a Christian Family* (the name cited in 'A Lesson for all good Christians'); also, on p. 692, in 'Troubles of these Times.' It is expedient that the twain (Lesson and Letter) so interwoven should be included in this volume, not forgetting to mention the 'Young Man's Repentance' (Roxb. Coll., II. 562). Fortunately we possess in the Trowbesh MS. an exact transcript of the unique broadside, a Black-letter ballad entitled 'The Godly Man's Instructions; or, The Dying Man's Last Words to his Children.' It is appointed to be sung to the tune of, '*Aim not too high*' (see vol. i. p. 326), its most usual tune-name (following after '*Fortune my Foe*,' registered 1590). Of eighteen stanzas, beyond the motto-verse, we give stanzas 1, 2, 4, 6, 10, 14, and 18:—

We Sinners all, do see here what is penn'd,  
 Let's leave our sins, and strive our hearts to mend;  
 And call on God in time to give us Grace,      [t. 'of God.']  
 The Judg[em]ent day is coming on apace:  
     That Man is happy then, as I do say,  
     That hath his sins forgiven him at that day.



[A 'Topping.'] J.W.E.

“G**O**od People all, I pray, hear what I read; unto that same, I pray you give good heed:  
 It is no Fable that I do declare, which I will sing to you while I am here.

It is concerning of our wicked lives: God give us grace that we may always strive  
 And call to God, because we do offend, that we may strive our wicked lives to mend.

We do not know how soon it may appear: let us serve God, and then we need not  
 fear;  
 And tread our path, and make our way so even, that we may have a resting-place  
 in Heaven.

In many places of this Land, I say, they drink and swill in a most beastly way,  
 Which makes the Lord to be offended sore; God give us grace we may do so no  
 more.

And Children they are now so wicked grown, their Parents nowadays they scarcely  
 When they're grown up they are so proud, and say as that their parents they will  
 not obey.

Then while that we are in this world alive, let us fear God, and daily let us strive  
 To leave our sins that are so wicked grown, that Christ may take us all to be his own.

So all good people, now I end my Song; 'tis good for to repent and go along:  
 In serving God, and calling on him still, if we gain Heaven we shall [then] do well.

Printed for *Philip Brooksby*, in *West-Smith-field*. [In B.-l., 4 cuts, circa 1672.]

*Note.*—This is quite distinct from the (Roxb. Coll., II. 400) 'Religious Man's Exhortation,' given on p. 831, beginning:—"Both young and old, I pray attend," etc. Sung to the same tune but cited under other names, viz., *The Young Man's Legacy*, or, *The Sinner's Redemption* (a ballad dated 13 Dec., 1634: which is, "All you that are to mirth inclin'd," in *Roxb. Ballads*, ii. 486, to the tune of, *My Bleeding Heart*, another *alias*). We postpone to the next volume 'The Young Man's Repentance; or, The Sorrowful Sinner's Lamentation,' to the same tune, cited as *Aim not too high*, licensed by R. P., 1685-88, "You that have spent your time in wickedness, Now mind the dying words I shall express." It was printed for *J. Back*.

[Roxb. Coll., II. 400 ; Euimg, 297 ; Huth, II. 65 ; Jersey, II. 39 = Lind., 1191.]

## The Religious Man's Exhortation

to all Persons of what Degree soever, especially Youth; that they  
may fear God and Honour their Parents.

Reform thy Life, then, free from strife,  
Thou would'st be perfect free,  
When e're you Dye, assuredly, to true Felicity.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Young Man's Legacy*, or, *Sinner's Redemption* [v. p. 830.]

**B**OTH young and old I pray attend, unto the Counsel which I give,  
And learn your sinful Lives to mend : so may you here in comfort live.  
Sin is the cause of trouble here, as we by true experience find,  
But if the Lord we serve and fear, it will bring comfort to our mind. 8  
Let us our Lives begin anew, to God in true obedience stand,  
Let Envy now be turned to pure love and friendship through the Land.  
For where we find this bears the sway, in no ways will they disagree,  
But strive all anger to allay, and bear with any Injury. 16  
Young men and Maids to you, likewise, I have a word or two to say :  
See that these Lines you highly prize : 'twill be your own another day.  
First, God alone you ought to fear, and let not Satan you insnare ;  
Next, honour your kind Parents dear, who brought you up in tender care. 24  
Be sure you never do offend your loving Parents meek and mild ;  
For sure no blessing can attend a disobedient stubborn child.  
Respect to them you ought to show, you can't too much in duty do ;  
You are not able now to know what they in love have done for you. 32  
Let Reason be your rule and guide, to all your actions take good heed ;  
And mind Religion more than Pride, for it will stand you in more stead.  
Prize Virtue here far more than Vice, and think upon thy future state ;  
Let not strange fashions you intice, they are but as a Golden Bait, 40  
For to betray the mind of Youth : but in the end this sorrow brings :  
O hearken to the word of Truth, which soon will learn you better things,  
For should you spend your youthful prime in taking sinful Liberty,  
It is but as a moment's time, compared to Eternity. 48  
For when thy Glass of Life is run, and that thou must resign thy breath,  
Thou wilt be ruin'd and undone, if thou art not prepar'd for Death.  
The Lord our Person does protect, from Him why should you go astray ?  
No longer now your time neglect : repent while it is call'd to-day. 56  
Seek to the Lord thy Soul to save, Death neither old nor young will spare,  
For many drops into the Grave, while in their blooming years they are.  
Then to the Lord for mercy cry, who will His grace and favour give ;  
And then, being prepar'd to dye, we are the fitter than to Live. 64  
Consider well what I have said, then may you all be happy still ;  
And never in the least afraid of Death, let him come when he will.

*Finit.*

This may be Printed, R[ichard] P[ocock].

[Black-letter. Six small cuts, one given in vol. iv. p. 605. Date, 1685-88.]

*Note.*—In vol. vi. p. 224, we acknowledged the difficulty in distinguishing betwixt the various so-called 'Languishing Squires, or Languishing Swains'; of the latter were too many, of the Squires too few. The Languishing Swain for the tune which agreed with that of *Charon make haste!* is printed in vi. 29, "Down by the side of a fair chrystal fountain." (This Roxb. is duplicated in Lindes 321.) Another 'Languishing Swain' *whom we sought to find*, is confined to a single exemplar of each variation, we give it from the Osterley-Park Collection, III. 70. It is, also, in the Pepys Coll., III. 247; there designated 'The Languishing Swain made happy; or, The kind return of his *Clorinda*.' To an excellent new Tune. Printed for *W. Thackeray* at the *Angel*, etc., for *J. Millett* and *A. Milbourne*.

An Excellent New Song, call'd  
**The Languishing Swain;**  
 Or, The Hard-hearted Shepherdess.

**H**APPY'S the Man that's free from love, he'll range the Woods and shady Grove,  
 He'll neither mind the great nor small: but a good Condition's best of all.

My only care was how to keep from cruel Wolves my harmless sheep;  
 Although from wolves my Sheep I kept, none could my heart from love protect.

There's ne'er a one upon the Plain, that loves like me, poor harmless Swain!  
 But now I find unto my cost, *He that loves best, must suffer most.* 12

No Swain there is, sure, that can be, so wretched in their love as me;  
 For love I loose lambs, life, and [sk]jill; and yet can gain no love at all.

O cruel gods! what have I done, that I must be despised alone?  
 There is no Swain, that I can find, tormented thus by women-kind.

My love I made to her alone, yet did she never mind my moan:  
 I begg'd, I sigh'd, and often cry'd for pity, but she still deny'd. 24

When I beheld her on the Green, she seemed to me like Beauty's Queen;  
 My heart was wounded then with love, and I the pain cannot remove.

When I of love to her do speak, she flouts: this makes my heart to break;  
 One smile I beg, she turns her head, with frowns that strike me almost dead.

Till now I ne'er lov'd any one, yet by my love I am undone;  
 For though she is all charming fair, her coyness causes deep despair. 36

Can other Nymphs, as fair as she, show to their loves such Cruelty?  
 If so, why do I thus complain, since Modesty makes them disdain?

Once more I'll see her killing Eye, altho' ten thousand deaths I dye;  
 Praying her heart may softened be, that she may pity take on me.

But if she has no tender Heart, nor will not ease my bleeding smart,  
 Then will I sing out, to my cost, *He who loves best must suffer most.* 48

Printed for *J. Blare*, at the sign of the *Looking-Glass* on *London-Bridge*.

[In White-letter. No woodcuts. Three bars of Music. Date, circ'd 1596.]

These extra ballads were owing. New woodcuts are kept over to the Final Part.

**End of Appendix to Vol. VII.**

## Finale to Vol. VII.

“TIME FOR US TO GO!”

*(Announcing the Ultimate Voyage, of Roxburghe Ballads, in next Part, XXIII.)*

[‘*Time for us to go!*’—I knew it was a catch-word among Slavers and Pirates; and I had conjectured that its Spanish origin was in the old couplet which had served as a hint among the Knights of the Conquest :

‘*Tiempo es, el Caballero ;  
Tiempo es andar de aqui.*’

‘*Ware hawks!*’ was the word among the Buccaneers; and gipsies say, when the Constable is coming, *Avella gorgio!*—*Charles G. Leland, 1879.* See next Part of *Roxburghe Ballads, completing the Naval Ballads.* For the original Slaver-song of ‘*Time for us to go.*’]

*HO!* you, our gallant tars and friends! again we touch the land!  
Our Seventh Voyage safely ends, tho’ somewhat under-mann’d.  
We rode across the swelling waves, we felt the North wind blow,  
We skirted reefs and quicksand-graves; high time it was to go!

No Trade-wind favours, nought affrights; no Admiralty chart  
Lays down for us the danger-lights: alone we play our part.  
Sometimes our timber feels the strain, and leaks are sprung below,  
But still we dare to cross the Main: It is our time to go.

Year after year, we brought to shore our treasures from afar;  
We knew where ingots, costly store, lay hid beyond the Bar,  
With kegs of rum (‘*Good Fellow-ship*’ soon bade the punch-bowl flow):  
For these, and more, we made each trip: It was our time to go.

So now, your tried Commander says, “We need one Voyage more!  
Whether the world yield blame or praise, we’ll bring the Prize ashore.  
Our final cargo tempting ’waits, in sight of friend and foe:  
Such rich reward the Crew elates: ’Tis time for us to go!”

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*Prefatory Note.*—This List includes “First Lines,” indicated by their being within double commas, quotational. *Burdens, refrains, or choruses*, are all distinguished here by *Italic* type. Titles, Sub-titles, and tunes, are distinctly specified. Moreover, ballads are farther marked as *quoted*, or merely *mentioned*, when they are not given complete.—J. W. EBSWORTH, *Editor and Indexer*.

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## Welcome, Merry Christmas.

The Cobler's Song [in 'Make room for Christmas.']

The Tune is, *Behold the Man* [with a can in his hand. Cf. pp. 74, 476.]

I Am a Jovial Cobler, Sir, although I am but poor,  
 And always to relieve my friend I kept a groat in store;  
 According to my substance I am bountiful and free,  
*Then welcome, merry Christmas! come sit thee down by me!*

My Father and my Grand-father did love thee very dear,  
 And I myself have known thee well this six-and-forty year; [Nat., 1629.  
 Ever since I've been a 'Prentice, I have been in love with thee,  
*Then welcome, merry Christmas! thrice welcome unto me.*

The reason why and wherefore I do *Christmas* so adorn?  
 Because that Christ our Saviour on *Christmas*-day was born,  
 And this by ancient writers may well approved be:  
*Then welcome, merry Christmas! thrice welcome unto me.*

'Tis known I am no Quaker, nor yet no Papist bold,  
 Nor am I like to *Judas*, the which his Master sold;  
 But a true and honest Protestant I am, and mean to be:  
*Then welcome, merry Christmas! thrice welcome unto me.*

And now, kind Friend, I tell thee, whilst we do live together,  
 Come once a year and spare not, thou shalt be welcome hither;  
 Whilst Holly bears red berry, and Ivy grows on tree,  
*My loving kind friend, CHRISTMAS, I'll still make much of thee.*

By Laurence Price.

*London, 1675. Printed for Thomas Vere.*

\* \* Crowded out from position in the 'Group of Christmas Carols,' pp. 769 to 816, this ditty pleasantly ends our Seventh Volume of *Roxburghe Ballads*. Of those written by Laurence Price it contains twelve, and a few others will follow in Part XXIII. Most urgently it is needed to hasten the issue of this concluding portion. The responsibility ought to weigh on members of the Ballad Society, there being risk of incompleteness without the *General Index* to the entire work. Little more is required for the final effort, but these delays are dangerous.

J. W. EBSWORTH.

2nd September, 1893.



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\* \* *Also, and finally, Ready to go into the Printers' hands,*

The concluding Part XXIII of Roxburghe Ballads (concerning which see pp. vii to xvi of this present Vol.) This should include GENERAL INDEX to the completed work; making a thin VOL. VIII.















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