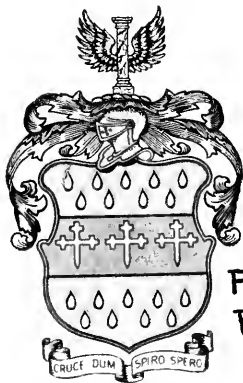




WILLIAM & MARY DARLINGTON  
MEMORIAL LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH



Day.  
PR1181  
P43b  
1868

Darlington Memorial Library









Bishop Percy's

Folio Manuscript.

---

Loose and Humorous Songs.

---

EDITED BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, M.A.

OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON :

Printed by and for the Editor.

1868.





## NOTICE.



*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*; but we make no excuse for putting forth these Loose and Humorous Songs. They are part of the Manuscript which we have undertaken to print entire, and as our Prospectus says, "to the student, these songs and the like are part of the evidence as to the character of a past age, and they should not be kept back from him." *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. They serve to show how some of the wonderful intellectual energy of Elizabeth's and James I.'s time ran riot somewhat, and how in the noblest period of England's literature a freedom of speech was allowed which Victorian ears would hardly tolerate. That this freedom dulled men's wits or tarnished their minds more than our restraint does ours, we do not believe. We cannot give in to Mr. Procter's opinion that because ladies of the Court liked Jonson's jokes, coarse to us, therefore they could not appreciate his fancy and the higher qualities of his mind.<sup>1</sup> Manners refine slowly, and speech as

<sup>1</sup> "On referring, after an interval of many years, to these old Masques, we find ourselves somewhat staggered at the character of the jests, and the homely (not to say vulgar) allusions in which they abound. The taste of the times was, indeed, rude enough; and we can easily understand that jests of this nature were tolerated or even relished by common audiences. But when we hear that the pieces which contain them were exhibited repeatedly, with applause, before the nobles and court ladies of the time (some of them young unmarried women), we are driven to

the conclusion that civilisation must have failed in some respects, and to fear that the refined and graceful compliments which our author so frequently lavished upon the high 'damas' of King James's court was a pure waste of his poetical bounty. It is scarcely possible that the ladies who could sit and hear jokes far coarser than Smollett's, uttered night after night, could ever have fully relished the delicate and sparkling verses which flowed from Jonson's pen."  
—*Introduction to Ben Jonson's Works*, ed. 1838, p. xxiii-iv.

well. 'Tis custom that prevents the ill effects of habits that seem likely to injure mental and moral health. Foreigners judging from the low dresses in our ball-rooms, English maids judging from French fishwomen's bare legs,<sup>1</sup> often come to very wrong conclusions. Water clear to one generation needs straining for the next. Even Percy, and he a bishop, has not marked with his three crosses (his marks of loose and humorous songs) a few which we, easy-going laymen, have now thought better to transfer to this volume. These are, *See the Bwild-inge, Fryar and Boye, The Man that hath, Dulcina, Cooke Laurell, The Mode of France, Lye alone, Downe sate the Shepard*. We have not written Introductions to every one of these pieces, as to the Ballads and Romances of the MS. Let it be enough that they are put in type.

<sup>1</sup> Cp. *Punch*: "But that indelicate! There! you might have knocked me down with a feather!"

## SECOND NOTICE.



SOME of these songs the Editors would have been glad had it not fallen to their lot to put forth. But, as was said before, they are part of the Manuscript which has to be printed entire, and must be therefore issued. They are also part of our Elizabethan and Jacobite times; and when you are drawing a noble old oak, you must sketch its scars and disfigurements as well as the glory of its bark, its fruit and leaves. Students must work from the nude, or they'll never draw.

Of the general character of Early English Literature enough has been said in the Introduction to *Conscience*, in vol. ii. of the Ballads and Romances; but no age, no man, has been without drawbacks, without sensual feelings or the expression of them. They are natural: improper delight in them alone is wrong. And from the expressions of this improper delight our Early Literature is singularly free. Plain speaking there is, broad humour there is; but of delight in sensuality for sensuality's sake, there is very little indeed. Some of it is here, but it's of our Middle Time, a time when the pressure of early wrongs, and perchance the earnestness of national feeling, had somewhat lessened, when luxury and indulgence more abounded. It is well for the student to see it, that he may be under no illusion as to that time; as it will be right for the student of Victorian England, two or three hundred years hence, to see productions

that we would not willingly circulate now. But still, let no one doubt that Professor Morley's words are true — that the spirit of our Early and Middle Times was noble and pure; that, notwithstanding prurient novels and review-articles, and Holywell Street filth, our Victorian time is, in the main, noble and pure too.

The Poems not marked with Percy's three crosses as loose, which we have transferred to these pages, are *Men that more; Panche; In a May Morninge; The Turk in Linen; Louers hearke alarum; O nay, O nay, not yet; I cannot be contented; Lillumwham; Last night I thought; A Dainty Ducke* (incomplete); *A mayden heade; Tom Longe; All in a greene meadowe.*

We had not at first intended to have side-notes added to this volume, but *See the bwillinge, the Fryar and Boye*, and some other poems, having been set with side-notes for the *Ballads and Romances* before they were turned into this volume, the rest of the pieces were side-noted for uniformity's sake. The italics in the text are extensions of the contractions of the Manuscript.

*August, 1867.*

# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
SEE THE BWILDINGE . . . . .	1
WALKING IN A MEADOW GREN . . . . .	3
O JOLLY ROBIN . . . . .	6
WHEN PHEBUS ADDREST . . . . .	7
FRYAR AND BOYE . . . . .	9
AS I WAS RIDINGE BY THE WAY . . . . .	29
THE MAN THAT HATH . . . . .	31
DULCINA . . . . .	32
OFF A PURITANE . . . . .	35
COOKE LAURELL . . . . .	37
THE MODE OF FRANCE . . . . .	45
BE NOT AFRAYD . . . . .	47
DOE YOU MEANE . . . . .	49
A MAID AND A YOUNGE MAN . . . . .	51
A CREATURE FOR FEATURE . . . . .	53
LYE ALONE . . . . .	55
DOWNE SATE THE SHEPARD . . . . .	57
MEN THAT MORE . . . . .	59
PANCHE . . . . .	61
WHEN AS I DOE RECCORD . . . . .	68
WHEN SCORTCHING PHEBUS . . . . .	70
IN A MAY MORNINGE . . . . .	74
THE TURK IN LINEN . . . . .	76
COME WANTON WENCHES . . . . .	80
AS IT BEFFELL ON A DAY . . . . .	82
BLAME NOT A WOMAN . . . . .	84
OFF ALLE THE SEAES . . . . .	85

	PAGE
LOUERS HEARKE ALARUM . . . . .	87
A FREINDE OF MINE . . . . .	89
O NAY: O NAY: NOT YETT . . . . .	92
I CANNOTT BEE CONTENTED . . . . .	94
LILLUMWHAM . . . . .	96
THE SEA CRABB . . . . .	99
LAST NIGHT I THOUGHT . . . . .	101
I DREAMED MY LOUE . . . . .	102
PANDERS COME AWAYE . . . . .	104
A DAINTY DUCKE . . . . .	108
NOW FYE ON DREAMES . . . . .	109
A MAYDEN HEADE . . . . .	111
TOM LONGE . . . . .	112
ALL IN A GREENE MEADOWE . . . . .	114
THOMAS YOU CANNOTT . . . . .	116

## See the bwiilding.

[Page 56 of MS.]

THIS song is to be found in the Roxburghe Collection of Black-letter Ballads, I. 454, with the title "A well-wishing to a place of pleasure. To an excellent new tune," and with six more lines in each stanza. We quote it here for contrast sake.

### A WELL-WISHING TO A PLACE OF PLEASURE.

*To an excellent new Tune.*

See the building  
Where whilst my mistris lived in  
Was pleasures essence,  
See how it droopeth  
And how nakedly it looketh  
Without her presence :  
<sup>2</sup> Every creature  
That appertaines to nature  
'bout this house living,  
Doth resemble,  
If not dissemble,  
due praises giving.<sup>2</sup>  
Harke, how the hollow  
Windes do blow  
And seem to murmur  
in every corner,  
for her long absence :  
The which doth plainly show  
The causes why I do now  
All this grief and sorrow show.

See the garden  
Where I receivde reward in  
for my true love :  
Behold those places  
Where I receivde those graces  
the Gods might move.  
<sup>2</sup> The Queene of plenty  
With all the fruits are dainty,  
delights to please

Flora springing  
Is ever bringing  
Dame Venus ease.<sup>2</sup>  
Oh see the Arbour where that she  
with melting kisses  
distilling blisses  
From her true selfe  
with joy did ravish me.  
The pretty nightingale  
did sing melodiously.

Haile to those groves  
Where I injoyde those loves  
so many dayes.  
Let the flowers be springing,  
And sweet birds ever singing  
their Roundelayes,  
<sup>2</sup> Many Cupids measures  
And cause for true Loves pleasures,  
Be daned around,  
Let all contentment  
For mirth's presentment  
this day be found<sup>2</sup> :  
And may the grass grow ever green  
where we two lying  
have oft been trying  
More severall wayes  
than beauties lovely Queen  
When she in bed with Mars  
by all the gods was seen.

<sup>1</sup> Not inelegant.—P. Note on a separate slip of paper:—  
"This was once a very popular song, as appears from a parody of it inserted (as a solemn piece of music) in Hemming's

Jew's Tragedy, act 4, 4to, 1662.—N. B. The marginal corrections are made from this Parody."—P.

<sup>2</sup> Not in the Percy Folio copy.—F.

Mr. W. Chappell says that the "excellent new tune of this song was adopted for other songs."

See my  
mistress's  
house!  
It is desolate  
in her  
absence.

4      SEE the building *which* whilst<sup>1</sup> my *Mistress* liued in  
          was pleasures asseince<sup>2</sup>!  
see how it droopeth, & how Nakedly it looketh  
          with-out her presence!

          heearke how the hollow winds doe blowe,  
          & how thé<sup>3</sup> Murmer in every corner  
for her being absent, from whence they cheefly<sup>4</sup> grow!

8      the cause *that* I doe now this greeffe & sorrow showe.

See the garden where oft I had reward in  
          for my trew loue!

12     see the places where I enioyed those graces  
          they<sup>5</sup> goddes might mone!

          oft in this arbour, whiles that shee  
          with melting kisses disstilling blisses  
through my frayle lipps, what Ioy did ravish me!

16     the pretty Nightingale did sing Melodiouslee.

Haile to those groves where wee inioyed our loues  
          soe many daies!

          May *the* trees be springing, & the pretty burds be  
          singing

20     their Roundelayes!

          Oh! may the grasse be euer greene  
          wheron wee, lying, haue oft beene tryinge  
More seuerall wayes of pleasure then loues queene,

24     which once in bedd with Mars by all the godds was  
          seenc.

          . . . lling . . . . .

[*half a page missing.*]

<sup>1</sup> where once.—P.

<sup>2</sup> With pleasure's essence.—P.

<sup>3</sup> they.—P.

<sup>4</sup> MS. cheesly.—F.

<sup>5</sup> the.—P.



## Walking in a Meadow green.

[Page 93 of MS.]

PERHAPS the following may have been suggested by the ballad of "The Two Leicestershire Lovers; to the tune of *And yet methinks I love thee*," a copy of which is in the Roxburghe Collection, I. 412. The subject of each is two lovers; both poems are in nearly the same metre, and begin with the same line. The difference is in the after-treatment. The "Two Leicestershire Lovers" begins thus:—

Walking in a meadow green  
 For recreation's sake,  
 To drive away some sad thoughts  
 That sorrowful did me make,  
 I spied two lovely lovers,  
 Did hear each other's woe,  
 To 'point a place of meeting  
 Upon the meadow brow.

This was printed by John Trundle, at the sign of "The Nobody," in Barbican—the ballad-publisher immortalized by Ben Jonson in his "Every Man in his Humour." ("Well, if he read this with patience, I'll go and troll ballads for Master John Trundle yonder, the rest of my mortality.") The printed copy is therefore as old as the manuscript.—W. C.

---

WALKING in a meadowe greene,  
 fayre flowers for to gather,  
 where p[r]imrose rankes did stand on bankes  
 to welcome comers thither,

Walking  
out,

I heard  
 a lass ask for  
 "Once  
 more." 8  
 I hard a voice *which* made a Noise,  
*which* caused me to attend it,  
 I heard a lasse say to a Ladd,  
 "once more, & none can mend it."

They lay soe close together,  
 they made me much to wonder ;  
 I knew not *which* was wether,  
 vntill I saw her vnder.  
 then off he came, & blusht for shame  
 soe soone *that* he had endit ;  
 yet still shee lyes, & to him cryes,  
 "Once More, & none can mend it."

12  
 She was  
 under a lad,  
 and cried  
 "Once  
 more." 16  
 His lookes were dull & verry sadd,  
 his courage shee had tamed ;  
 shee bad him play the lusty lad  
 or else he quite was shamed ;  
 "then stify thrust, hee hit me iust,  
 ffear not, but freely spend it,  
 & play about at in & out ;  
 once more, & none can mend it."

24  
 He was dull,  
 but still  
 she said 26  
 "Once  
 more." 24  
 And then he thought to venter her,  
 thinking the ffitt was on him ;  
 but when he came to enter her,  
 the poynt turnd<sup>1</sup> backe vpon him.  
 Yet shee said, "stay ! goe not away  
 although the point be bended !  
 but toot againe, & hit the vaine !  
 once more, & none can Mend it."

28  
 He tried  
 and failed,  
 but still  
 she cried 32  
 "Once  
 more." 32  
 Then in her Armes shee did him fold,  
 & oftentimes shee kist him,  
 yett still his courage was but cold  
 for all the good shee wisht him ;

36

<sup>1</sup> There is a tag to the *d* like an *s*.—F.

yett with her hand shee made it stand  
 soe stiffe shee cold not bend it,  
 & then anon shee eryes “ come on  
 40 once more, & none can mend it ! ”

and cried  
 still “ Once  
 more.”

“ Adew, adew, sweet hart,” quoth hee,  
 “ for in faith I must be gone.”

He declined

44 “ nay, then you doe me wronge,” quoth shee,  
 to leauē me thus alone.”

Away he went when all was spent,  
 wherat shee was offended ;

and went  
 away.

48 Like a troian true she made a vow  
 shee wold have one shold mend it.<sup>1</sup>

She declared  
 she'd get  
 some one  
 else.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> *Qui n'en a qu'un, n'en a point*: Prov.  
 (Meant of Cocks, Bulls, &c., and some-  
 times alledged by lascivious women,) as

good have none as have no more but one.  
 Cotgrave.—F.

## Ⓞ Jolly Robin.<sup>1</sup>

[Page 95 of MS.]

Robin,	“ O Iolly Robin, hold thy hande !
leave off !	I am not tyde in <sup>2</sup> Cupids bande ; I pray thee leane thy foolinge, heyda !
4	by my faith & troth I cannot : heyda, fie ! what ? doe you meane to be soe bold ?
I'll cry out,	I must cry out ! I cannot holde : heyda, fie ! ” “ what a deale of doe is here, is here, is here ! ”
8	“ I begin to fainta ! heyda, fye ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ” “ what was <i>that</i> you sayd ? heyda ! heyda ! heyda ! heyda !
12	you will neuer leane till I be paide.”
Robin, do your worst !	“ O Iolly Robin, doe thy worst ! thou canst not make my belly burst. I pray thee leaue thy fooling : heyda ! ”
16	“ by my faith & troth I cannot : heyda, fie ! ” “ what ? doe you meane to vse me soe ?
Let me go !	I pray thee Robin let me goe : heyda, fye ! ” “ what a deale of doe is heere, is heere, is heere ! ”
20	“ I begin to fainta. &c.”

ffms.

<sup>1</sup> wretched stuff.—Percy.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Iydain.—F.

## When Phebus addrest.

[Page 96 of MS.]

THIS song is printed in "Merry Drollery Complete," Part 2, 1661 and 1670, also in "Wit and Drollery, Jovial Poems," 1656, p. 35. The tune is printed under the title of the burden "O doe not, doe not kill me yet," in J. J. Starter's "Boertigheden," Amsterdam, 4to, 1634, with a Dutch song written to the tune. This proves that the popularity of the song had extended to Holland twenty-two years before the earliest English copy that I have hitherto found. If the date given for the Percy folio, about 1620, is right, it contains the earliest copy known.—W. C.

	WHEN Phebus addrest himsele to the west,	
	& set vp his rest below,	
	Cynthia agreed in her gliteringe weede	By moon-
4	her bewtie on me to bestow ;	light,
	& walking alone, attended by none,	walking
	by chance I hard one crye	alone,
	"O doe not, doe not, kill me yett,	I heard a
8	for I am not prepared to dye !"	maid say
		"Don't kill
		me yet."

	With that I drew neare to see & to heare,	
	& strange did appeare such a showe ;	I saw a
	the Moone it was bright, & gaue such a light	strange
12	as fitts not each wight to know :	show.
	a man & a Mayd together were Laid,	
	& euer the mayd shee did cry,	and still
	"O doe not, doe not, kill me yet, I,	the maid
16	for I am not resolved to dye !"	cried
		"Don't kill
		me yet."

The game  
was blind-  
man's buff,

The youth was rough, he tooke vp her stuffe,  
& to blindmans buffe they did goe ;  
hce kept such a coyle, he gaue her the foyle,  
20 soe great the broyle it did growe.

and at the  
end she  
cried  
" Don't kill  
me yet!"

but shee was soe yonge, & he was soe stronge,  
& he left her not till shee did crye,  
" O doe not, doe not, kill me yett,  
24 for I am not resolved to dye !"

The young  
man pro-  
mised  
not to.

with that he gaue ore, & solemplye swore  
he wold kill her noe more *that* night,  
but badd her adew : full litle he knew  
28 shee wold tempt him to more delight.

Then she  
said,  
" O kill me  
once again."

But when they shold part, it went to her hart,  
& gaue her more cause for to erye,  
" O kill me, kill me, once againe,  
32 ffor Now I am willing to dye !"

ffins.

## Fryar : and Boye.<sup>2</sup>

THE present is the completest copy known to us of this capital story. Wynkyn de Worde's, reprinted (with collations) by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt ("Early Popular Poetry," v. 3, p. 54-81), runs with it, though less smoothly, to l. 456, but there suddenly throws up its six-line stanzas, and ends the story with six four-line stanzas, a circumstance not noticed by Mr. Hazlitt. The present copy either wants half a stanza after l. 495, or a stanza of 9 lines is given at l. 493-501, as in stanzas of four lines one is often increased to six. Mr. Hazlitt's introduction gives all the bibliography of the poem, except a notice of Mr. Halliwell's print of it in the Warton Club "Early English Miscellanies," 1854, p. 46-62, from Mr. Ormsby Gore's Porkington MS. No. 10. This Porkington copy is in seventy-one six-line stanzas (426 lines), but does not contain the citation of the boy before the "official" and the scene in court. The tale ends at l. 402 (corresponding with l. 396 here, no doubt the end of the first version of the tale), the last four stanzas winding it up with a moral.

THAT god that dyed for vs all  
 & dranke both vinigar & gall,  
 bringe vs out of balle,<sup>3</sup>  
 4 and giue them both good life & longe  
 which listen doe vnto my songe,  
 or tend vnto my talle<sup>4</sup>!

[page 97.] May God  
 bless us!

<sup>1</sup> The rhyme every where requires that it should be written or pronounced FRERE, as in Chaucer.—P. In our earliest Rhyming Dictionary, Levins's *Manipulus*, 1570, under the words in *care*, are entered a Bryar, a Fryar, a Whyer, *chorus*, a Quear of paper, *liber*,

p. 209, col. 1. E. E. Text Soc. 1867.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Collated with a copy in Pepys library, 12<sup>o</sup>, Vol. N<sup>o</sup>. 358. Lettered, *Wallace*.—P. This song is very different and much superior to the common printed story book. For date see st. 71 [l. 428, p. 25].—P.

<sup>3</sup> bale.—P.

<sup>4</sup> tale.—P.

A man,  
thrice  
married,  
has a son by  
his first  
wife,

there dwelt a man in my countrye  
8 *which*<sup>1</sup> in his life had wines 3,  
a blessing full of Ioye!  
By the first wife a sonne he had,<sup>2</sup>  
*which* was a prettye sturdye ladde,  
12 a good vnhappy<sup>3</sup> boye.

whom he  
loves well,  
but the  
stepmother  
spites.

His father loued him well,<sup>4</sup>  
but his stepmother neue[r] a deale,—  
I tell you as I thinke,—  
16 All things shee thought lost, by the roode,  
*which* to the boy did anye good,<sup>5</sup>  
as either meate or drinke;

The boy  
fares ill.

And yet I-wis it was but badde,  
20 nor halfe enouge therof he bade,  
but enermore the worst;  
And therefore euill might shee fare,  
that did<sup>6</sup> the litle boy such care,  
24 soe forth<sup>7</sup> as shee durst.

The step-  
mother asks  
her husband  
to send him  
away.

Vnto the man the wiffe gan say,  
“ I wold you wold put<sup>8</sup> this boy awaye,  
& that right soone in haste;  
28 Trulie he is a cursed ladde<sup>9</sup>!  
I wold some other man him hade  
that wold him better chast.<sup>10</sup>”

The husband  
will not,

Then said the goodman, “ dame,<sup>11</sup> not soe,  
32 I will not lett the yonge boy goe,  
he is but tender of age;<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> who.—P.

<sup>2</sup> his first . . . a child . . .—P.

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.* unlucky, full of waggery.—P.

<sup>4</sup> loved him very well.—P.

<sup>5</sup> which might the boy do.—P.

<sup>6</sup> that wrought.—P.

<sup>7</sup> so far forth.—P.

<sup>8</sup> I would ye put.—P.

<sup>9</sup> wicked lad.—P.

<sup>10</sup> *i.e.* chasten, chastise.—P.

<sup>11</sup> dane in MS.—F.

<sup>12</sup> He's but of tender age.—P.



Hee shall this yeere with me<sup>1</sup> abyde  
till he be growne more strong & tryde  
36 ffor to win better wage :

“ Wee haue a man, a sturdie lout,  
which keepeth<sup>2</sup> our neate the feilds about,  
& sleepeth all the day,  
40 Hee shall come home,<sup>3</sup> as god me sheeld,  
and the Boy shall<sup>4</sup> into the feild  
to keepe them if hee may.”

but proposes  
he shall take  
the  
neatherd's  
place.

Then sayd the wiffe in verament,  
44 “ husband, therto I giue consent,  
for *that* I thinke it neede.”  
On the Morrow when it was day,  
the litle boy went on his way  
48 vnto the feild<sup>5</sup> with speede.

Next day  
the boy does  
so,

Off noe man hee tooke anye care,<sup>6</sup>  
but song “ hey ho ! away the Mare<sup>7</sup> ! ”  
much mirth<sup>8</sup> he did pursue ;  
52 fforth hee went<sup>9</sup> with might & maine  
vntill he came vnto<sup>10</sup> the plaine,  
where he his<sup>11</sup> dinner drew.

singing as  
he goes.

But when he saw it was soe bad,  
56 full litle list therto he had,  
but put it from<sup>12</sup> sight,  
Saying he had noe list to<sup>13</sup> tast,  
but *that*<sup>14</sup> his hunger still shold last  
60 till hee came home att Night.

The food  
given him  
is so  
untempting  
that he  
cannot eat  
it.

<sup>1</sup> with me this year.—P.

<sup>2</sup> who keeps.—P.

<sup>3</sup> bide home.—P.

<sup>4</sup> And Jack shall pass.—P.

<sup>5</sup> towards the field.—P.

<sup>6</sup> took he . . . cure.—P.

<sup>7</sup> mure.—P.

<sup>8</sup> with mirth.—P.

<sup>9</sup> Forward he drew.—P.

<sup>10</sup> amidst.—P.

<sup>11</sup> And then his.—P.

<sup>12</sup> it up from.—P.

<sup>13</sup> no will to.—P.

<sup>14</sup> And that.—P.

An old man  
comes his  
way,

And as the boy sate on a hill,  
there came an old man him vntill,  
was walking by the way ;  
64 " Sonne," he said, " god thee see<sup>1</sup> ! "  
" now welcome, father, may you bee<sup>2</sup> ! "  
the litle boy gan say.<sup>3</sup>

and asks for  
food.  
The boy  
offers what  
he has.

The old man sayd, " I hunger sore ;  
68 then hast<sup>4</sup> thou any meate in store  
*which* thou mightest<sup>5</sup> giue to me ? "  
The child<sup>6</sup> replyed, " soe god me saue !  
to such poore victualls as I haue,  
72 right welcome shall you be."

The old man  
eats and is  
happy,

Of this the old man was full gladd,  
the boy drew forth such as he hadd,  
& sayd " goe to gladdie."  
76 The old man easie was to please,  
he ate<sup>7</sup> & made himselfe att ease,  
saying, " sonne, god amercye<sup>8</sup> !

[page 98.]

then bids  
the boy  
choose three  
presents.

" Sonne," he sayd, " thou hast giuen meate to me,<sup>9</sup>  
80 & I will giue 3 things to thee,<sup>10</sup>  
what ere thou wilt intreat."

He chooses  
1. a bow.

Then sayd the boy, " tis best, I trow,<sup>11</sup>  
*that* yee bestow on me<sup>12</sup> a bowe  
84 with *which* I burds may gett."

The old  
man  
promises  
him a right  
good one,

" A bow, my sonne, I will thee giue,  
the *which* shall Last while thou dost liue,  
was neuer bow more fitt !<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Who said my son now God thee see.  
—P.

<sup>2</sup> full welcome father . . . ye.—P.

<sup>3</sup> did say.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Jack, hast.—P.

<sup>5</sup> mayest.—P.

<sup>6</sup> the boy.—P.

<sup>7</sup> he ate.—P.

<sup>8</sup> gramercye.—P.

<sup>9</sup> And for *the* meate thou gave to me.  
—P.

<sup>10</sup> I will . . unto.—P.

<sup>11</sup> The best . . know.—P.

<sup>12</sup> ye give to me.—P.

<sup>13</sup> Yea never bow nor break.—P.

88 ffor if thou shoot therin all day,  
waking or winking, or<sup>1</sup> anye waye,  
the marke<sup>2</sup> thou shalt hitt."

Now when the bowe in hand he felt,  
92 & had the<sup>3</sup> arrowes vnder his belt,  
hartilye he laught I-wiss,<sup>4</sup>  
And sayd, "had I a pipe with-all,  
tho neuer litle or soc small,<sup>5</sup>  
96 I then had all my wishe."<sup>6</sup>

and gives it  
him.

He chooses  
2. a pipe.

"A pipe, sonne, thou shalt haue alsoe,<sup>7</sup>  
which in true Musieke soc shall goe—  
I put thee out of doubt—  
100 As who *that* liues<sup>8</sup> & shall it heare,  
shall haue noe power to forbear,  
but laugh & leape about.

The old man  
promises  
him a very  
charming  
one.

"Now tell me what the 3<sup>d</sup> shalbee ;  
104 for 3 things I will giue<sup>9</sup> to thee  
as I haue sayd before."

The boy is  
content.

The boy then smiling, answeare made,  
"I haue enough for my pore trade,  
108 I will desire noe more."

The old man sayd, "my troth is plight,  
thou shalt haue all I thee behight<sup>10</sup> ;  
say on now, let me see."  
112 "Att home I haue," the boy replyde,  
"a cruell step dame full of pride,  
who is most curst to mee ;

The old man  
bids him  
choose his  
third pre-  
sent.

<sup>1</sup> walking: *del.* or.—P.

<sup>2</sup> [insert] still.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *the*, *del.*—P.

<sup>4</sup> He merry was I, &c.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Though ne'er so little.—P.

<sup>6</sup> I had all that I wish.—P.

<sup>7</sup> shalt thou have.—P.

<sup>8</sup> that whoso-ever.—P.

<sup>9</sup> will I give.—P.

<sup>10</sup> *behight*, *printed* copy, *behatt*; *be-*  
*hight*, *behote*, *promittere*, *vovere*, *pro-*  
*missus*, *pollicitus*.—P.

The boy  
wishes that  
whenever  
his step-  
mother  
stares  
spitefully at  
him she may  
"a rap let  
go."

- " when meate my father gines to mee,  
116 shee wishes poyson it might bee,  
and stares me in the<sup>1</sup> face :  
Now when shee gazeth on me soe,  
I wold shee might a rapp<sup>2</sup> let goe  
120 *that* might ring through the place."

The old man  
agrees,

- The old man answered then anon,  
" when-ere<sup>3</sup> shee lookes thy face vpon,  
her tayle shall wind<sup>4</sup> the horne<sup>5</sup>  
124 Soe Lowdlye, *that* who shold<sup>6</sup> it heare  
shall not be able to forbear, e,  
but laugh her vnto scorne.

and departs.

- " Soe, farwell sonne ! " the old man cryed ;  
128 " god keepe you, Sir ! " the boy replied,  
" I take my leaue of thee !  
God, *that* blest<sup>7</sup> of all things, may  
keepe<sup>8</sup> thee save<sup>9</sup> both night & day ! "  
132 " gramercy, sonne ! " sayd hee.

At nightfall  
Jack pipes  
his cattle  
home,

- When it grew neere vpon<sup>10</sup> the night,  
Iacke, well prepared,<sup>11</sup> hied home full right ;—  
itt was his ordinance ;—  
136 And as he went his pipe did blow,  
the whilest his cattell on a row  
about him gau to<sup>12</sup> dance ;

<sup>1</sup> stareth in my.—P.

<sup>2</sup> fart.—P.

And wished it had been waxed  
With a wispe of firses.

<sup>3</sup> that.—P.

(ed. Wright, v. 1, p. 98, l. 3171-6).—F.

<sup>4</sup> wynd.—P.

<sup>6</sup> shall.—P.

<sup>7</sup> And he that best.—P.

<sup>8</sup> protect.—P.

<sup>9</sup> safe.—P.

<sup>10</sup> drew . . . unto.—P.

<sup>11</sup> advised.—P.

<sup>12</sup> fast did.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Compare Gloton in the *Vision of Piers Plowman*, who

blew his rounde ruwet  
At his rugge-bones ende,  
That alle that heard that *horn*  
Helde hir noses after,

Thus to the towne he pipt<sup>1</sup> full trim, [page 99.]  
 140 his skipping beasts did<sup>2</sup> f'ollow him  
 into his ffathers close.  
 He went & put them [up] each<sup>3</sup> one ;  
 which done, he homewards went anon ;<sup>4</sup>  
 144 vnto his fathers hall<sup>5</sup> he gooes.

His ffather att his supper sate,  
 & litle Iacke espyed well thatt,  
 and said to him anon,  
 148 " father, all day I kept *your* neate,  
 at night I pray you gine me some<sup>6</sup> meate,  
 I am<sup>7</sup> hungrye, by *Saint* Iohn !

finds his  
father  
supping, and  
asks for a  
help.

" Meateless<sup>8</sup> I haue lyen all the day,  
 152 & kept *your* beasts, they did not stray ;  
 My dinner was but ill."

His ffather tooke a Capon<sup>9</sup> winge,  
 & at the boy<sup>10</sup> he did it fling,  
 156 bidding him eate his fill.

His father  
throws him  
a capon's  
wing.

This greeued<sup>11</sup> his stepdames hart full sore,  
 who lothed<sup>12</sup> the Ladd still more & more ;  
 shee stared<sup>13</sup> him in the face :  
 160 with *that* shee let goe such a blast  
*that* made<sup>14</sup> the people all agast,  
 itt sounded<sup>15</sup> through *the* place ;

The step-  
dame stares  
at him,  
fulfils the  
old man's  
promise,

Each one laught & made<sup>16</sup> good game,  
 164 but the curst wife grew red for shame  
 & wisht shee had beene gone.

and is  
laughed at

<sup>1</sup> pipes.—P.

<sup>2</sup> do.—P.

<sup>3</sup> up each.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Then went into the house anon.—P.

<sup>5</sup> into the hall.—P.

<sup>6</sup> del.—P.

<sup>7</sup> I'm.—P.

<sup>8</sup> meatless.—P.

<sup>9</sup> capon's.—P.

<sup>10</sup> at his son.—P.

<sup>11</sup> loathes.—P.

<sup>12</sup> grieues.—P.

<sup>13</sup> And stares.—P.

<sup>14</sup> As made.—P.

<sup>15</sup> And sounded.—P.

<sup>16</sup> did laugh & make.—P.

“Perdy,” the boy sayd, “well I wott  
*that* gun was both well charged<sup>1</sup> & shott,  
 168 & might haue broke a stone.”

She stares  
 again, with  
 the same  
 result.

ffull curstlye<sup>2</sup> shee lookt on him tho :  
*that* looke another cracke<sup>3</sup> lett goe  
 which did a thunder<sup>4</sup> rise.

172 Quoth the boy, “did<sup>5</sup> you euer see  
 a woman let her pelletts flee  
 More thicke & more at ease ?

The boy  
 triumphs.

“ffye !” said the boy vnto his dame,  
 176 “temper *your*<sup>6</sup> teltale bumm, for shame !”  
 which made her full of sorrow.

“Dame,”<sup>7</sup> said the goodman, “goe thy way,  
 for why, I sweare, by night nor day<sup>8</sup>  
 180 thy geere is not to borrow.”

She tells her  
 wrongs to a  
 friar,

Now afterwards, as you shall heare,  
 Vnto the house there came a fryar,  
 & lay there all the night.

184 The wiffe this fryer loued as a *Saint*,<sup>9</sup>  
 & to him made a great complaint  
 of Iackes most vile despight.

“We haue,” quoth shee, “within, I-wis,  
 188 a wiced boy,—none shrewder is,—  
 which doth me mighty care ;  
 I dare not looke vpon his faee,  
 or hardly tell<sup>10</sup> my shamefull case,  
 192 soe filthylic I fare ;

<sup>1</sup> well, not in P. C.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Cp. Cotgrave’s “*Feroce*, cruell, fierce,  
*curst*, hard-hearted, sterne, austere :”  
 “the auncient Romanes . . . vsed to ty a  
 wispe of Hay about the one horne of a  
 shrewd or *curst* Beast,” (w. *foin*). “*Belle*  
*femme mauvaise teste* : Pro. Faire women  
 either *curst* or cruell be.”—F.

<sup>3</sup> And then another fart.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Which gart the Thunder.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Quoth Jack, Sir, did.—P.

<sup>6</sup> thy.—P.

<sup>7</sup> good maid.—P.

<sup>8</sup> and day.—P.

<sup>9</sup> This wife did love him as a saint.  
 —P.

<sup>10</sup> Nor . . . shew.—P.

“ for gods loue meet this boy<sup>1</sup> to-morrow,  
beat him well, & giue him sorrow,  
& make<sup>2</sup> him blind or lame.”

and asks him  
to beat the  
boy soundly.

196 The fryar swore he wold him beat,  
the wiffe prayd him<sup>3</sup> not to forgett,  
the boy did her much shame :

“ Some wiche he is,” quoth<sup>4</sup> shée, “ I smell.”

200 “ but,” quoth the fryar, “ Ile beat him well !  
of *that* take you noe care ;  
Ile teach him witchcraft, if I may.”  
“ O,” quoth the wiffe, “ doe soe, I pray,  
204 lay on & doe not spare.”

The friar  
agrees.

Early next morne the boy arose,  
& to the field full soone he goes,  
his cattell for to drine.

Next day  
the boy  
goes afield  
as before,  
followed by  
the friar ;

208 The fryer then<sup>5</sup> vp as early gatt,  
he was afraid to come to<sup>6</sup> late,  
he ran<sup>7</sup> full fast & blythe.

[page 100.]

But when he came vnto the land,<sup>8</sup>  
212 he found where litle Iacke did stand,  
keeping his beasts alone.

who asks  
him to  
explain his  
conduct.

“ Now, boy,” he sayd, “ god giue thee shame !  
what hast thou done to thy stepdame ?

216 tell me forthwith anon !

“ And if thou canst not quitt<sup>9</sup> thee well,  
Ile beate thee till thy body swell,  
I will not longer<sup>10</sup> byde.”

<sup>1</sup> For my sake meet him.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Yea, make.—P.

<sup>3</sup> She prayed him.—P.

<sup>4</sup> He is a witch, q<sup>th</sup>.—P.

<sup>5</sup> dele *then*.—P.

<sup>6</sup> he came too.—P.

<sup>7</sup> And ran.—P.

<sup>8</sup> upon the land.—P.

<sup>9</sup> quite.—P.

<sup>10</sup> no longer.—P.

220 The boy replied, " what ayleth thee ?  
my stepdame is as well as thee ;  
what needs you thus to Chyde ? <sup>1</sup>

Jack  
changes the  
subject ;  
offers to  
shoot a bird,  
and give it  
to the friar.

" Come, will you seemy <sup>2</sup> arrow flye  
224 & hitt yon small bird in <sup>3</sup> the eye,  
& other things withall ?  
Sir fryer, tho I <sup>4</sup> haue litle witt,  
yett yonder bird I meane to hitt,  
228 & gine her you I shall."

Shoots it.

There sate a small birde in a <sup>5</sup> bryar :  
" Shoot, shoot, you wagg," then sayd the fryer,  
" for that I long to see." <sup>6</sup>  
232 Iacke hitt the bird vpon the head  
soe right *that* shee fell downe for dead,  
noe further cold shee flee.

The friar  
gone among  
the bushes  
to pick it up,  
Jack pipes  
and makes  
him dance.

ffast to the bush the fryar went,  
236 & vp the bird in hand <sup>7</sup> hee hent, <sup>8</sup>  
much wondering at the chance.  
Meane while <sup>9</sup> Iacke tooke his pipe & playd  
soe lowd, the fryar grew mad apaide, <sup>10</sup>  
240 & fell to <sup>11</sup> skip & dance ;

The briars  
scratch and  
tear him.

Now sooner was <sup>12</sup> the pipes sound heard,  
but Bedlam like <sup>13</sup> he bou[n]cet & fared,  
& leapt the bush about ;  
244 The sharpe bryars caeth <sup>14</sup> him by the face,  
& by the breech & other place,  
*that* fast the blood ran out ;

<sup>1</sup> Clyde in MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Sir, will . . . mine.—P.

<sup>3</sup> you . . . on.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Good Sir, if I.—P.

<sup>5</sup> on a.—P.

<sup>6</sup> that fain w<sup>d</sup> I see.—P.

<sup>7</sup> hands.—P.

<sup>8</sup> hent, seized, laid hold on. Johnson :

capere, assequi, prehendere, arripere.—  
Junius.—P.

<sup>9</sup> mean time.—P.

<sup>10</sup> perhaps *mad-apaide*. Id est ill-apaide.  
See p. 363, lin. 23 [of MS.].—P.

<sup>11</sup> And gan to.—P.

<sup>12</sup> no . . . he.—P.

<sup>13</sup> madman-like.—P. <sup>14</sup> scratcht.—P.



It tare <sup>1</sup> his clothes downe to the skirt,  
 248 his cope,<sup>2</sup> his coole,<sup>3</sup> his linen shirt,  
 & euery other weede.<sup>4</sup>  
 The thornes this while <sup>5</sup> were rough & thicke,  
 & did his priuy members pricke,  
 252 *that* fast they gan to bleede.

Iacke, as he piped, laught amonge <sup>6</sup> ;  
 the fryar with bryars was vildlye stunge,  
 he hopped wonderous hye.  
 256 Att last the fryar held vp his hand,  
 & said, " I can noe longer stand !  
 Oh ! I shall dancing dye !

Jack laughs.

The friar  
begs for  
mercy.

" Gentle Iacke, thy pipe hold still,  
 260 & here I vow for goode nor ill  
 to doe thee any woe ! "

Iacke laug[h]ing, to him thus replied,  
 " fryer, sekip out on the<sup>7</sup> other side,  
 264 thou hast free leaue to goe."

Jack lets  
him go.

Out of the bush the fryar then went,  
 all Martird,<sup>8</sup> raggd,<sup>9</sup> scratcht & rent,  
 & torne on euery side ;  
 268 Hardly on him was left a clout  
 to wrap his belly round about,  
 his harlotrye to hide.

The friar  
goes away  
ragged and  
lacerated,

The thornes had scratcht him by the face,  
 272 the hands, the thighes,<sup>10</sup> & euery place,  
 he was all bathed in bloode

<sup>1</sup> He tare.—P.<sup>2</sup> His cap.—P.<sup>3</sup> cowle, a monk's hood.—P.<sup>4</sup> garment, A.-S. *wæd*, *wid*.—F.<sup>5</sup> the while.—P.<sup>6</sup> at intervals.—F.<sup>7</sup> at the.—P.<sup>8</sup> So the French *martirisé*, tormented, put to great pain, torture. So *martyrit*, Scot., is martyr'd, murder'd, kill'd. Item, sore wounded or bruised.—Gloss. to G[awin] D[ouglas].—P.<sup>9</sup> ragged.—P.<sup>10</sup> on hands & thighes.—P.

Soe much, *that* who the fryar did see,  
 for feare of him was faine<sup>1</sup> to flee,  
 276 thinking he had beene woode.

to the step-  
 dame,

When to the good wife home<sup>2</sup> he came,  
 he made noe bragge for verry shame  
 to see his clothes rent all ;  
 280 Much sorrow in his hart he had,  
 & every man did guesse him made<sup>3</sup>  
 when he was in the hall.

[page 101.]

The goodwiffe said, “ where hast thou beene ?  
 284 sure in some evill place, I weene,  
 by sight of thine array.”

and recounts  
 his woes.

“ Dame,” said he, “ I came from thy sonne ;  
 the devill & he hath me vndone,  
 288 noe man him conquer may.”

She  
 complains  
 of the boy  
 to the  
 goodman,

with *that* the goodman he came in,  
 the wiffe sett on her madding pin,<sup>4</sup>  
 cryed, “ heeres<sup>5</sup> a foule array !  
 292 thy sonne, *that* is thy liffe & deere,  
 hath almost slaine the holy fryar,<sup>6</sup>  
 alas & welaway ! ”

who inquires  
 into the  
 case,

The goodman said, “ Benedicitee !  
 296 what hath the vile boy done to thee ?  
 now tell me *without* let.”  
 “ The devill him take ! ”<sup>7</sup> the fryar he sayd,  
 “ he made me dance, despite my head,<sup>8</sup>  
 300 among the thornes the hey-to-bee.<sup>9</sup> ”

<sup>1</sup> were fain.—P.

<sup>2</sup> MS. hone.—F.

<sup>3</sup> mad.—P.

<sup>4</sup> See note <sup>2</sup> to l. 484, p. 28.—F.

<sup>5</sup> here is.—P.

<sup>6</sup> frere.—P.

<sup>7</sup> take him . . . then.—P.

<sup>8</sup> mine head.—P.

<sup>9</sup> hey-go-beat.—P. Hey, to sport, play  
 or gambol ; to kick about. Halliwell.—F.

- The goodman said vnto him thoe,  
 “father! hadst thou beene murdered soe,  
 it had beene<sup>1</sup> deadly sine.<sup>2</sup>”
- 304 The fryar to him made this replye,  
 “the pipe did sound soe Merrilye  
*that* I cold never blin.<sup>3</sup>”

- Now when it grew to almost night,  
 308 Iacke the boy came home full right  
 as he was wont to doo ;  
 But when he came into<sup>4</sup> the hall,  
 full soone his father did him call,  
 312 & bad him come him too :

and, when  
 Jack comes  
 home,

- “Boy,” he said, “come tell me heare,<sup>5</sup>  
 what hast thou done vnto this fryer ?  
 lye not in any thing.”
- 316 “ffather,” he said, “now by my birthe,  
 I plaide him but a fitt of Mirth  
 & pipet him vp a<sup>6</sup> spring.”

calls him  
 to account  
 for his  
 doings.

- “That pipe,<sup>7</sup>” said his father, “wold I heare.”<sup>8</sup>
- 320 “now god forbidd !” cryed out the fryar<sup>9</sup> ;  
 his hands he then did<sup>10</sup> wringe.
- “You shall,” the boy said, “by gods grace.”  
 the ffryar replied, “woe & alas !”
- 324 making his sorrowes ringe.

Wishes  
 himself to  
 hear the  
 pipe.

- “ffor gods loue !” said the warched fryar,<sup>11</sup>  
 “& if you will *that* strange pipe heare,  
 binde me fast to a post !

At his own  
 request the  
 friar

<sup>1</sup> It sh<sup>d</sup> be:—It had been no deadly  
 sin.—P.

<sup>2</sup> sin, pr. copy.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *blin*, cessare, desinere, desistere.—  
 Lye.—P.

<sup>4</sup> unto.—P.

<sup>5</sup> let me hear.—P.

<sup>6</sup> piped him a.—P.

<sup>7</sup> There is a tag to the *e* as if for *s*.—F.

<sup>8</sup> Pype . . . I would.—P.

<sup>9</sup> frere.—P.

<sup>10</sup> then did he.—P.

<sup>11</sup> frere.—P.

328 for sure my fortune thus I reade,  
if dance I doe, I am but deade,  
my woe-full life is lost ! ”

is bound  
fast to a  
post.

Strong ropes they tooke, both sharpe & round,  
332 & to the post the fryer bounde<sup>1</sup>  
in the middest<sup>2</sup> of the hall.  
All they *which* att<sup>3</sup> the table sate,  
laughed & made good sport theratt,  
336 sayinge, “ fryer, thou canst not fall ! ”

Then sayd the goodman to the boy,  
“ Iacke, pipe me vp a merry toye,  
pipe freelye when thou will ! ”  
340 “ ffather,” the boy said, “ verelye  
you shall haue mirth enoughe & glee  
till you bidd me bee still.”

Jack pipes,  
and every  
creature  
dances,

With *that* his pipe he quicklye sent,<sup>4</sup>  
344 & pipt, the whilest in verament  
each creature gan to dance ;  
Lightly thé seikipt & leapt about,  
yarking<sup>5</sup> in their leggs, now in, now out,  
348 struing aloft to prance.

the goodman

The good man, as in sad dispaire,  
leapt out & through & ore his chayre,  
noe man cold caper hyer<sup>6</sup> ;  
352 Some others leapt quite ore the stockes,  
some start att strawes & fell att blockes,<sup>7</sup>  
some<sup>8</sup> wallowed in the fyer.

[page 102.]

<sup>1</sup> they bound.—P.

<sup>2</sup> middle.—P.

<sup>3</sup> that at.

<sup>4</sup> hent.—P.

<sup>5</sup> yerking their Legs. To *yerk* is to

throw out or move with a spring.—  
Johnson.—P.

<sup>6</sup> caper higher.—P. <sup>7</sup> o'er blocks.—P.

<sup>8</sup> MS. sone, with a mark of contraction  
over the *n*.—F.

The goodman made himselfe good sportt  
 356 to see them dance<sup>1</sup> in this madd sortt ;  
     the goodwiffe sate not still,  
 But as shee dancet shee<sup>2</sup> looket on Iacke,  
 & fast her tayle did double each cracke,  
 360 lowd as a water Mill.

and his wive.

The fryer this while was almost lost,  
 he knockt<sup>3</sup> his pate against the post,  
     it was his dancing grace ;  
 364 The rope rubd him vnder the chinn<sup>4</sup>  
*that* the blood ran from his tattered skin  
     in many a Naked place.

The friar,  
in spite of  
his pre-  
cautions, is  
much  
damaged.

Iacke, piping, ran into the street ;  
 368 they followed him with nimble ffeet,  
     hauing noe power to stay,  
 And in their hast they<sup>5</sup> dore did cracke,  
 eche tumbling over his ffellows backe  
 372 vnmindfull of their way.

Jack passes  
into the  
street with  
his dancers.

The Neighbors *that* were dwelling by,  
 hearing the pipe soe Merrilye,  
     came dancing to the gate ;  
 376 Some leapt ore dores, some oer the hatch,<sup>6</sup>  
 Noe man wold stay to draw the latch  
     but thought they came to Late ;

The  
neighbours  
join the  
rout,

Some sicke or sleeping in their bedd,  
 380 as thé<sup>7</sup> by chance lift vp their heade,  
     were with the pipe awaked ;

even sick  
folks, and  
undressed,<sup>1</sup> the dance.—P.<sup>2</sup> But dancing still she.—P.<sup>3</sup> knockt.—P.<sup>4</sup> chim, MS.—F. his chin.—P.<sup>5</sup> the.—P.<sup>6</sup> A wicket, or half-door. Halliwell's  
Gloss.—F.<sup>7</sup> they.—P.

Straight forth<sup>1</sup> *thé*<sup>2</sup> start thorrow dores & kockes,<sup>3</sup>  
 some in their shirts, some in their smockes,

384 & some starke belly naked.

and lame.

When all were gathered round about,  
 there was a vild unrulye rout  
*that* dancing<sup>4</sup> in the street,

388 Of *which*, some lame *that* cold not goe,  
 striuing to leape, did tumble soe  
 they dancet on hands & feet.

At last Jack,  
 tired, rests.

Iacke tyred with the sport<sup>5</sup> said, "now Ile rest."  
 392 "doe," quoth his father, "I hold it best,  
 thou cloyest me with this cheere<sup>6</sup>;  
 I pray thee, boy, now<sup>7</sup> quiett sitt;  
 in faith<sup>8</sup> this was the Merryest fitt  
 396 I heard this 7 yeere."

The friar  
 summons  
 Jack to  
 appear  
 before the  
 official.

All those<sup>9</sup> *that* dancing thither came,  
 laught heartilye & made good game,  
 yett some gott many a fall.

400 "Thou cursed boy!" cryed out the<sup>10</sup> fryar,<sup>11</sup>  
 "heere I doe summon thee to appeare<sup>12</sup>  
 beffore the Officiall!

"Looke thou be there on fryday next;  
 404 Ile meet thee then, thou<sup>13</sup> now *perplext*,  
 for to ordaine thee sorrow.<sup>14</sup>"

The boy replyed, "I make<sup>15</sup> avowe,  
 fryer, Ile appeare as soone as thou,  
 408 if fryday were to Morrowe."

<sup>1</sup> out.—P.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *y<sup>e</sup>*.—F.

<sup>3</sup> ? small openings; cf. Phillips.  
 "Among Sea-men *Cocks* are little square  
 pieces of Brass, with Holes in them, put  
 into the middle of great Wooden Shivers,  
 to keep them from splitting and galling  
 by the Pin of the Block or Pulley on  
 which they turn."—F.

<sup>4</sup> danced.—P. <sup>5</sup> with sport.—P.

<sup>6</sup> this not in P[rinted] C[opy].—P.

<sup>7</sup> thou.—P.

<sup>8</sup> In truth.—P.

<sup>9</sup> these.—P.

<sup>10</sup> MS. *thy*.—F.

<sup>11</sup> frere.—P.

<sup>12</sup> thee appear.—P.

<sup>13</sup> though.—P.

<sup>14</sup> they sorrow.—P.

<sup>15</sup> I'll make.—P.

But fryday came, as you shall heare ;  
Iackes stepdam & the dancing fryar,<sup>1</sup>  
together they were mett,

On Friday  
all the world  
flocks to the  
court.

412 And other people a great pace  
flockt to the court to heare eche case :  
the Officiall<sup>2</sup> was sett.

Much e[i]uill matters were to doo,  
416 more libells read then one o tow<sup>3</sup>

Other  
business  
disposed of,

both [against priest & clarke ; ]<sup>4</sup>

Some there had testaments to proue, [page 103.]  
some women there through wanton loue,

420 which gott strokes in the darke.

Each Proctor<sup>5</sup> there did plead his case ;  
when forth did stepp fryer Topias<sup>6</sup>  
& Iackes stepdame alsoe :

the friar  
steps  
forward,

424 " Sir Officiall," a-lowd said hee,  
" I haue brought a wicked boy to thee,  
hath done me mightye woe ;

" He is a wiche, as I doe feare,  
428 in Orleance<sup>7</sup> he can find noe peere,  
this of my troth<sup>8</sup> I know."

and accuses  
Jack of  
witchcraft ;

<sup>1</sup> frere.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Phillis defines an *Official*, " In the Canon Law, a Person to whom any Bishop commits the Charge of his Spiritual Jurisdiction ; the Chancellor or Judge of a Bishop's Court. In the Statute or Common Law, a Deputy whom an Archdeacon substitutes in the executing of his Jurisdiction." Chaucer, in his *Freres Tale*, tells us the offences that an Archdeacon tried, and we quote his words to illustrate the next stanza above—

Whilom there was dwellyng in my countre  
An erchedeken, a man of gret degre,  
That boldely did execuciou  
In punyschyng of *fornicioun*,  
Of *wicchcraft*, and eek of bauderye,  
Of diffamacioun, and avoutrie,  
Of chirche-reves, and of *testamentes*,

Of contractes, and of lak of sacraments,  
And eek of many another [maner] cryme  
Which needith not to reherse at this tyme.

*Canterbury Tales*, ed. Morris, v. 2, p. 246, l. 1-10 ; ed. Wright, p. 78, col. 2, l. 6883-90.—F.

<sup>3</sup> one or two.—P.

<sup>4</sup> MS. cut away. " Both with preest and clerke," ed. Hazlitt ; but the bits of letters left in the folio require *against* and *priest*.—F.

<sup>5</sup> *Proctor*, an Advocate who, for his Fee, undertakes to manage another Man's Cause in any Court of the Civil or Ecclesiastical Law : Phillis.—F.

<sup>6</sup> Tobias.—P.

<sup>7</sup> alluding to the Pucelle d'Orleaus, accounted a witch by the English.—P.

<sup>8</sup> of my ruth.—P.

and so does  
the step-  
mother,

“ He is a Devill,” quoth the wiffe,  
“ & almost hath bereaued my<sup>1</sup> liffe ! ”  
432 at *that* her taile did blow

Soe lowd, the assembly laught theratt,  
& said ‘ her pistolls craeke<sup>2</sup> was flatt,  
the charge was all amisse.’

436 “ Dame,” quoth the gentle Officiall,  
“ proceed & tell me forth thy tale,  
& doe not let for this.”

but is  
abruptly  
made  
ashamed and  
dumb.

The wiffe *that* feared another craeke,  
440 stood mute, & neere a word shee spake ;  
shame put her in such dread.

“ Ha ! ” said the fryer right angerlye,  
“ knaue ! this is all along sill of<sup>3</sup> thee ;  
444 now euill mayst<sup>4</sup> thou speed ! ”

The friar  
tells of  
Jack’s pipe,

The fryer said, “ Sir Officiall !  
this wicked boy will vexe vs all  
vnlesse you doe him chast.  
448 Sir, he hath yett a pipe trulye  
will make you dance & leape full hie  
& breake your hart at last.”

and raises  
the official’s  
curiosity,

The Officiall replyd, “ perdee !  
452 such a pipe faine wold<sup>5</sup> I see,  
& what mirth it can make.”  
“ Now god forbidd ! ” replyd the fryer,<sup>6</sup>  
“ *that* ere wee shold *that* vild pipe heare  
456 ere I my way hence take.”

<sup>1</sup> almost ber<sup>d</sup> me of my.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Russell’s *Boke of Nurture*,  
l. 304 :—

And euer beware of gunnes with thy  
hynder ende blastyng.—F.

<sup>3</sup> all still long of.—P. ? *sill*, beam.  
—F.

<sup>4</sup> mote.—P.

<sup>5</sup> I fain would.—P. <sup>6</sup> frere.—P.



“ Pipe on, Iacke ! ” sayd the officiall,  
 “ & let me heare thy cuning<sup>1</sup> all.”

at whose  
 bidding Jack  
 pipes away,  
 and all the  
 world begins  
 dancing,

Iacke blew his pipe full lowde  
 460 That euery man start vp & danete ;  
 Proctors & preists, & sommers<sup>2</sup> pranct,  
 & all in *that* great crowde ;

Over the deske the officiall ran,  
 464 & hopt vpon the table, then  
 straight Iumpt vnto<sup>3</sup> the flore.  
 The fryer *that* danct<sup>4</sup> as fast as hec,  
 mett him midway, & dangerouslye  
 468 broke eithers<sup>5</sup> face full sore.

even the  
 official,  
 who suffers  
 a collision  
 with the  
 friar.

The register leapt from his pen,  
 & hopt into the throng of men,  
 his inkhorne in his hande ;  
 472 with swinging round about his head,  
 some he strucke<sup>6</sup> blind, some almost dead,  
 some they cold hardly stand.

The  
 Register's  
 ink-born  
 swings  
 about  
 banefully.

The proctors flung their bills<sup>7</sup> about,  
 476 the goodwiues tayle gaue many a shout,  
 perfuming all the Mirthe ;  
 The Sommers, as they had beene woode,  
 leapt ore the formes & seates a goode,<sup>8</sup>  
 480 & wallowed on the earth.

Proctors and  
 sommers hop  
 madly.

Wenches *that* for their pennance came,  
 & other Meeds of wordlye<sup>9</sup> shame,  
 danct<sup>10</sup> euery one as fast ;

<sup>1</sup> cunning.—P.

<sup>2</sup> sompnors or sommers, *i.e.* summoners,  
 they who cited to *the* court.—P.

<sup>3</sup> into.—P.

<sup>4</sup> dauns't.—P.

<sup>5</sup> others.—P.

<sup>6</sup> strake.—P.

<sup>7</sup> the bills.—P.

<sup>8</sup> *i.e.* at a good rate.—P. Cp. our “ a  
 good 'un.”—F.

<sup>9</sup> worldly.—P.

<sup>10</sup> daunst.—P.

484 Each sett on <sup>1</sup> a merry pin,<sup>2</sup>  
 some broke their heads, & some their shin,  
 & some their noses brast.

At last the  
 official begs  
 the boy to  
 give over  
 playing.

The official thus sore turmayld,  
 488 Halfe swelt <sup>3</sup> *with* sweat, & almost spoyld,  
 cryed to the wanton childe  
 ‘To pipe noe more *within* that place,  
 but stay the sound, euen for gods grace,  
 492 & loue of Mary Milde.’

[page 104.]

Jack will  
 do so on  
 condition of  
 an amnesty.

Iacke sayd, “as you will, it shalbe,  
 provided I may hence goe free,  
 & no man doe me wrong,<sup>4</sup>  
 496 Neither this woman nor this fryer,<sup>5</sup>  
 nor any other creature heere.”

The  
 condition  
 agreed to,

he answered him anon,  
 “Iacke, I to thee my promise plight,  
 500 in thy defence I mean to fight,  
 & will oppose thy fone.<sup>6</sup>”

Jack stops  
 his pipe.

Iacke ceast <sup>7</sup> his pipes: then all still stood;  
 some laughing hard, some raging woode.  
 504 soe *parted* at *that* tide  
 The Officiall & the Somner,  
 the stepdame & the wicked fryer,<sup>8</sup>  
 with much Ioy, mirth, & pride.  
 ffins.

<sup>1</sup> sat upon.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *On the pin*, on the *qui vive*. In a merry pin, *i. e.* a merry humour, half intoxicated. Halliwell's Gloss.—F.

<sup>3</sup> MS. pared away, read by Percy.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Half a stanza seems wanting here and in Pr. Copy.—P.

<sup>5</sup> frere.—P.

<sup>6</sup> fone, *i. e.* foes.—P.

<sup>7</sup> cast.—P.

<sup>8</sup> frere.—P.

As I was ridinge by the way.<sup>1</sup>

[Page 104 of MS.]

AS I was ryding by the way,  
 a woman profered me a bagge,  
 & 40<sup>tye</sup>. cattell more, to stay  
 4 & giue her belly but a swagge.

First I met  
 a woman  
 who wanted  
 me.

A pox on the whore, they were but scrapps  
*that* I supposed was single monye ;  
 the cattell had lice, or else *perhapps*  
 8 I had light and tooke her by the coney.

I had not further rydd a Myle  
 but I mett *with* a market Maide  
 who sunge, the way for to beguile,  
 12 in these same words, and thus shee said :

Then I met  
 a market  
 maid who  
 sang

“ I see the Bull dothe Bull the cow ;  
 & shall I line a maiden still ?  
 I see the bore doth brim the sow ;  
 16 & yet there is neuer a Lacke for gill.”

that she  
 wanted a  
 lover.

I had some hope, & to her spoke,  
 “ sweet hart, shall I put my flesh in thine ? ”  
 “ *with* all my hart, Sir ! *your* nose in my arse,”  
 20 quoth she, “ for to keepe out the winde.”

I offered  
 myself,  
 and she  
 sold me.

Shee ryde vpon a tyred mare,  
 & to reuenge noe time *withstoode*,  
 I bluntlye asket *pro* to occupye her ;  
 24 but first shee wold know wherfore *that* was good.

I asked to  
 occupy her.

<sup>1</sup> A loose but humorous song.—P.

“ Occupy  
my mare,”  
said she.

“ It will make thee liuelye,” I did say,  
“ put Ioy and spiritt in stead of woee.”  
“ then occupy my mare, I pray,  
28 good Sir, for shee can hardlye goe.”

I asked to  
kiss her,

I milder grew, & wold but feele :  
She said she was neuer felt, but kist ;  
I was content, & shee said, “ weele,  
32 youst kisse my bum & feele my fist.”

but was  
sold again.

So I rode  
away,  
and told  
nobody.

I was red & pale with shame & spight  
to be soe answered of the drabb,  
*that* I swore, & spurrd, & away did ride,  
36 & of my wooinge was noe blabbe.

ffins.

## The Man that hath.

[Page 104 of MS.]

THE man *that* hath a hansome wiffe  
 & keeps her as a treasure,  
 it is my cheefest ioy of liffe  
 4 to haue her to my pleasure ;

Stolen  
waters are  
sweet ;

But if *that* man regardless were  
 as tho <sup>1</sup> he carde not for her,  
 tho shee were like to venus fayre,  
 8 in faith I wold abhor her.

[page 105.]

unwatched,  
are nought.

If to doe good I were restrained,  
 & to doe euill bidden,  
 I wold be puritan, I sweare,  
 12 ffor I loue the thing forbidden.

It is the care *that* makes the theft ;  
 none loues the thing forsaken ;  
 the bold & willinge whore is left  
 16 when the modest wench is taken.

Care tempts  
the theft.

Shee dulle *that* is <sup>2</sup> too forwards bent ;  
 not good, but want, is reason ;  
 fish at a feast, & flesh in lent,  
 20 are never out of season.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has a mark between *o* and *h*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? *for* is that's.—F.

## Dulcína.<sup>1</sup>

[Page 178 of MS.]

THE first notice of this ballad that Mr. Chappell has found is "in the registers of the Stationers' Company, under the date of May 22, 1615, [where] there is an entry transferring the right of publication from one printer to another, and it is described as 'A Ballett of Dulcína, to the tune of *Forgoe me nowe, come to me soone,*' the burden of the present ballad: ("Pop. Music," v. 2. p. 771). At v. 1. p. 143 the tune is given; it is to be played "cheerfully." The earlier title of the tune seems to have soon disappeared; for, says Mr. Chappell, v. 1. p. 142, "this tune is referred to under the names of 'Dulcína,' 'As at noon Dulcína rested,' 'From Oberon in Fairy-land,' and 'Robin Goodfellow.' . . The ballad of 'As at noon Dulcína rested' is said, upon the authority of Cayley and Ellis, to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh. The milk-woman in Walton's 'Angler' says, 'What song was it, I pray you? Was it, 'Come shepherds, deck your heads,' or 'As at noon Dulcína rested?' &c." Mr. Chappell gives a list of eight ballads and songs directed to be sung to this tune, and the last of them is one that shows an earlier person than Rowland Hill (?) didn't see why the devil should have all the good tunes to himself: for "Dulcína is one of the tunes to the Psalms and Songs of Sion, turned into the language and set to the tunes of a strange land," 1642.

---

AS att noone Dule[i]na rested  
 in her sweete & shadé<sup>2</sup> bower,  
 there came a shepeard, & requested  
 4 in her lapp to sleepe and hower<sup>3</sup>;

"Let me  
 sleep in thy  
 lap."

<sup>1</sup> This song is printed in many collections of songs.—P.

<sup>2</sup> shady.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> an hour.—P.

- but from her looke a wound he tooke  
 soe deepe, *that* for a further boone  
 the Nimph he prayes ; wherto shee sayes  
 8 “forgoe me now, come to me soone.” “Go away.”
- But in vayne shee did coniure him  
 to depart her presence soe,  
 hauing thousand tounge to allure him,  
 12 & but one to say him noe.  
 where lipps invite, & eyes delyght,  
 & cheekes as red as rose in Iune  
 perswade delay, what boots shee say<sup>1</sup>  
 16 “forgoe me &c.”
- Words whose hopes might have enioyned  
 him to lett DULCINA sleepe.<sup>2</sup>  
 Can a mans loue be confined,  
 20 or a mayd her promise keepe ?  
 But hee her wast still held as ffast  
 as shee was constant to her tune,  
 though neere soe fayre her speechers were,  
 24 “forgoe me &c.”
- He demands, “what time or<sup>3</sup> pleasure  
 can there be more soone<sup>4</sup> then now ? ”  
 shee sayes, “night giues loue *that* leysure  
 28 that<sup>5</sup> the day cannott allow.”  
 “the said kind sight forgiues delight,”  
 quoth hee, “more easilye then the moone.”  
 “In Venus playes be bold,” shee sayes,  
 32 “fforgoe me &c.” “Be bold,”  
 shee says.

<sup>1</sup> to say.—P.<sup>3</sup> for, qu.—P.<sup>2</sup> The *e* has a flourish at the end like another *e*.—F.<sup>4</sup> apt, meet, or fit.—P. ? MS. seene.—F.<sup>5</sup> which.—P.

But who knowes how agreed these loues ?  
 Shee was fayre, & he was younge ;  
 tounge <sup>1</sup> may tell what eyes discover ;  
 36 Ioyes vnseene are *neuer* songe.  
 did shee consent or he relent ?  
 accepts he night, or grants shee none ?  
 left hee her Mayd or not ? shee sayd  
 40 “ forgoe me now, come to me soone.”

<sup>1</sup> tongues.—P.



## Of a Puritane.

[Page 182 of MS.]

THERE are several other ballads of this kind extant, about Puritans and holy sisters. They were a favourite topic with the Cavaliers, more especially after the Puritans came into power.—W. C.

<p>IT was a puritanicall ladd  <i>that</i> was called Mathyas,            &amp; he wold goe to Amsterdam            4 to speake with Ananyas.            he had not gone past halfe a mile,            but he mett his holy sister ;            hee layd his bible vnder her breeche,            8 &amp; merylye hee kist her.</p>	<p>Mathias,            going to            Amsterdam,</p> <p>meets his            sister,</p> <p>and kisses            her.</p>
<p>“ Alas ! what wold they wicked say ? ”            quoth shee, “ if they had seene itt !            my Buttocckes thé lye to lowe : I wisht            12 appocrypha were in itt ! ”            “ but peace, Sweet hart, or ere wee part,—            I speake itt out of pure devotion,—            by yee &amp; nay Ile not away            16 till thou feele my spiritts motion.”</p>	<p>“ What            would the            wicked say            if they'd            seen it ? ”</p> <p>Before            we part,</p> <p>you must            feel my            spirit's            motion.</p>
<p>Thé huft &amp; pnft with many heaues,            till <i>that</i> thé both were tyred,            “ alas ! ” quoth shee, “ youle spoyle the leaues ;            20 my peticoates all Myred !</p>	<p>Shee does.</p>

if wee professors shold bee knowne  
 to the English congregation  
 eyther att Leyden or Amsterdam,  
 24           itt wold disgrace our nation ;

“ But since itt is, *that part* wee must,  
 tho I am much vnwilling,  
 good brother, lets haue the tother thrust,  
 & take thee this fine shilling  
 to beare thy charges as thou goes,  
 & passage ore the ocean.”

She gives  
 him a  
 shilling,   28

and  
 quenches  
 his motion.   32

then downe shee Layd, & since tis sayd,  
 shee quencht his spiritts motion.

Cooke Laurel.<sup>1</sup>

[Page 182 of MS.]

THIS song is from Ben Jonson's "Masque of the Metamorphosed Gipsies, as it was thrice presented to King James — first at Burleigh-on-the-Hill, next at Belvoir, and lastly at Windsor, August, 1621." (*Ben Jonson's Works*, ed. Procter (after Gifford), 1838, p. 618.) Puppy the Clown terms it "an excellent song," and of its singer says, "a sweet songster, and would have done rarely in a cage, with a dish of water and hemp-seed! a fine breast of his own!" Gifford also says: "This 'song' continued long in favour. It is mentioned with praise not only by the poets of Jonson's age, but by many of those who wrote after the Restoration." The present copy contains eight more stanzas than Jonson's own MS. printed by Gifford, and (after him) by Mr. Procter at p. 626 of his edition of Jonson's Works. The presence of these additional stanzas may be explained by Gifford's remarks on the Masque itself:

"This Masque, as the title tells us, was performed before James and his Court at three several places. As the actors, as well as the spectators, varied at each, it became necessary to vary the language; and Jonson, who always attended the presentation of his pieces, was called on for additions adapted to the performers and the place. These unfortunately are not very distinctly marked either in the MS. or the printed copies, though occasional notices of them appear in the former. As everything that was successively written for the new characters is not come down to us, the *Gipsies Metamorphosed*

<sup>1</sup> By Ben Jonson. See Dryden's *Misc.* vol. 2. page 142. See also Ben Jonson's Works, vol. 6. p. 103. See Pepys Collection, vol. 4. page 284.—P. See Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 160-1. Another copy of this Ballad is in the Roxburghe Collection, ii. 445. Percy's reference to Dryden's *Miscellanies* is to the fourth edi-

tion of 1716, where *Cook Laurel* is called "*A Song on the Devil's Arse of the Peak*. By Ben Jonson." It is reprinted from the folio edition, as it has the three extra verses at the end, and *slirted* for *flirted* in the stanza before them. This poem is not in the original edition of the *Miscellanies*, Part II., in 1685.—F.

appears of immoderate length; it must however have been highly relished by the Court; and the spirit and accuracy with which the male characters are drawn, and the delicacy and sweetness with which some of the female ones are depicted, though they cannot delight (as at the time) by the happiness of their application, may yet be perused with pleasure as specimens of poetic excellence, ingenious flattery, or adroit satire."—*Ben Jonson's Works* (ed. Gifford, 1816), vol. vii. p. 366.

On the text of this *Metamorphosed Gypsies* Gifford says in his Introduction :

"A MASQUE, &c.] From the folio 1641. But a copy of it had stolen abroad, and been printed the year before, together with a few of Jonson's minor poems, by J. Okes, in 12mo.

"The folio, never greatly to be trusted, is here grievously incorrect, and proves the miserable incapacity of those into whose hands the poet's papers fell. The surreptitious copy in 12mo. is somewhat less imperfect, but yet leaves many errors. These I have been enabled in some measure to remove, by the assistance of a MS. in the possession of my friend Richard Heber, Esq., to whose invaluable collection, as the reader is already apprised, I have so many obligations. This, which is in his own hand, and is perhaps the only MS. piece of Jonson's in existence, is more full and correct than either of the printed copies, the folio in particular, and is certainly prior to them both. It fills up many lacunæ and, in once instance, completes a stanza, by furnishing three lines, which no ingenuity could have supplied."

In speaking of Jonson's Masques, Mr. Procter says, "Jonson returned to London in May, 1619," and "speaks of his welcome by King James, who was pleased to see him. Towards the end of May our author went to Oxford, where he resided for some time at Christchurch, with Corbet, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, with whom he was on terms of friendship. During his stay at Oxford he composed several of his Masques and other works; quitting the place occasionally, however, to accompany the Court in its royal progresses, and probably visiting the gentry around. Amongst these Masques, the best were, *The Vision of Delight*, *Pleasure reconciled to Virtue*, and *The Gypsies Metamorphosed*. Although the dialogue in the Masques, generally, strikes us as being tedious and somewhat too pedantic, yet the contrast of the Masque with the Anti-Masque—the mixture of the elegant with the grotesque, the introduction of graceful dances, the ingenious machinery, and the music 'married' to the charming lyrics, of which these little dramas are full, must have rendered them in the main very delightful performances. . . . *The*

*Metamorphosed Gypsies* is a much longer and more elaborate performance than the others. It comprises, as its title will probably suggest, a considerable quantity of the gipsy cant or slang, and some rough and not over-delicate jesting; but several of the lyrics are, as usual, very delightful." (P. xxiii-iv.)

The present song is the answer to the following question of Puppy's to the gipsy Patrico:—"But I pray, sir, if a man might ask on you, how came your Captain's place first to be called 'the Devil's Arse?'" Mr. Chappell prints the tune of it at p. 161 of his *Popular Music*, and says that other copies of the song are in the Pepys Collection of Ballads, and, with music, in *Pills to purge Melancholy*. Also that "in S. Rowland's *Martin Markhall, his defence and answer to the Bellman of London, 1610*, is a list of rogues by profession, in which *Cock Lorrel* stands second. He is thus described:—"After him succeeded, by the general council, 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." Gifford, who quotes the same treatise from Beloe's *Anecdotes*, adds that *Cock Lorrell* as he "past through the town would crie, *Ha' ye any worke for a tinker?* To write of his knaveries, it would aske a long time. This was he that reduced in forme the Catalogue of Vagabonds or Quartern of Knaves, called the Five and twentie Orders of Knaves. This *Cock Lorell* continued among them longer than any of his predecessors; for he ruled almost two and twentie years until the year A.D. 1533, and about the five and twenty year of Hen. VIII." In 1565, says Mr. Chappell, a book was printed called *The Fraternitie of Vagabondes; whereunto also is adjoynd the twenty-five orders of knaves: confirmed for ever by Cocks Lorell*.

*Cocks Lorell's Bote*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, is, we hope, so well known by the Percy Society's edition of it, as to need no further mention.

Cooke  
Laurell asks  
the Devil  
to dinner.

COOKE Laurell wold needs have the devill his guest,  
who came in his hole<sup>1</sup> to the Peake to dinner,  
Where never ffeend had such a feast  
4 provided him yet att the charge of a sinner.

The Devil  
asks for a  
poached  
Puritan;

His stomacke was queasie, he came thither coachet,<sup>2</sup>  
the Logging itt<sup>3</sup> made some crudityes ryse;  
to helpe itt hee Called for a puritan pochet<sup>4</sup>  
8 that vsed to turne up the eggs of his eyes.

then, Pro-  
moters in  
plum broth,

And soe recovered to<sup>5</sup> his wish,  
he sett him downe<sup>6</sup> & fell to<sup>7</sup> Meate;  
Promooters<sup>8</sup> in plumbe<sup>9</sup> broth was his first dish,  
12 his owne priuie<sup>10</sup> kitchen had noe<sup>11</sup> such meate.

6 pickled  
Tailors,

<sup>12</sup> Sixe pickeld taylors slasht<sup>13</sup> & cutt,  
With Sempsters & tire women fitt for his pallatt,<sup>14</sup>

and a salad  
of Perfumers.

With ffeathermen<sup>15</sup> & perfumers put  
16 Some 12 in a charger, to make a graue<sup>16</sup> sallett.

Next a  
Bawd and  
Bacon,

Yett thoe with this hee much was taken,  
Upon a sudden hee shifted his trencher,  
& soone<sup>17</sup> he spyed the Baude & Bacon<sup>18</sup>  
20 by which you may know<sup>19</sup> the devill is a wench.<sup>20</sup>

<sup>1</sup> to his hole in the &c.—P. And bade him in.—W. (or Works, ed. Procter, after Gifford.)

<sup>2</sup> coached.—P. <sup>3</sup> had.—P.

<sup>4</sup> poached.—P. <sup>5</sup> unto.—P.

<sup>6</sup> straight.—P. <sup>7</sup> his.—P.

<sup>8</sup> A Promoter: s. An informer; from promoting causes or prosecutions. . . . "There goes but a pair of sheers between a promoter and a knave." (*Match at Midn.* Old Plays, vii, 367) in Nares.—F.

<sup>9</sup> plumb Pottage.—P. MS. *may be* plimke. "Plum-broth: an article in cookery which appears to have been formerly in great repute, and to have

been a favourite Christmas dish:" Nares. See the long recipe in Nares for making it.—F.

<sup>10</sup> privy.—P. The first *e* has been changed into *y*.—F. <sup>11</sup> never.—P.

<sup>12</sup> W. transposes this and the next stanza.—F. <sup>13</sup> slashed, sliced.—P.

<sup>14</sup> palate.—P.

<sup>15</sup> See Randolph's Muses Looking Glass.—P.

<sup>16</sup> grand.—P. <sup>17</sup> as soon as.—W.

<sup>18</sup> a Baul's fat bacon.—P. <sup>19</sup> note.—P.

<sup>20</sup> *Wencher* or *Wenching-Man*, one that keeps Wenches Company, or goes a whoring; a Whoremaster. Phillips.—F.

A rich flatt vserer stewed in his Marrowe,  
 & by him a lawyers head in <sup>1</sup> greene sawce,<sup>2</sup>  
 both which his belly tooke in Like a barrowe

a stewed  
 Usurer,

24 As if tell <sup>3</sup> then he had neuer seene sowce.<sup>4</sup>

Then, Carbonadoed <sup>5</sup> & cooket <sup>6</sup> with paynes,<sup>7</sup>  
 was sett on <sup>8</sup> a clouen sergeants <sup>9</sup> face;  
 the sawee was made of his yeamans <sup>10</sup> braynes,

a carbona-  
 doed Ser-  
 jeant's face,

28 that had beene beaten out with his owne mace.

Tow roasted sherriffes came whole to the borde,—  
 the ffeast <sup>11</sup> had beene nothing without them;—  
 both liuing & dead they were foxed <sup>12</sup> & furred,

2 roast  
 Sheriffs

32 their chaines like sawsinges <sup>13</sup> hang about them.

The next <sup>14</sup> dish was a Maior of a towne,  
 with a pudding of Maintenance <sup>15</sup> [thrust <sup>16</sup>] in his  
 bellye,

a Mayor,

like a goose in his <sup>17</sup> fethers drest in his gowne,

36 & his couple <sup>18</sup> of hinch boyes <sup>19</sup> boyled to <sup>20</sup> Iellye.

2 boiled  
 Pages,

<sup>1</sup> and.—W.

<sup>2</sup> See the Recipes for "Pur verde sawce," in *Liber Cure Cocorum*, p. 27, & "Vert Sause" (herbs, bread-crumbs, vinegar, pepper, ginger, &c.), in *Household Ordinances*, p. 441. "Grene sawce is good with grene fische." John Russell's *Boke of Nurture*, Sawce for Fische.—F.

<sup>3</sup> till.—P.

<sup>4</sup> sauce.—W. *Souse* means pickle.—F.

<sup>5</sup> *Carbonado*, meat broil'd on the Coals.—Phillips. And see Markham's *Housewife*.—F.

<sup>6</sup> cooked.—P.

<sup>7</sup> ? pains, care. "In Cookery Pains signifie certain Messes proper for Sidedishes, so call'd as being made of Bread, stuff'd with several sorts of Farces and Ragoos." Phillips.—F.

<sup>8</sup> brought up.—W.

<sup>9</sup> grave face.—P.

<sup>10</sup> yeoman's.—P.

<sup>11</sup> in truth had.—P.

<sup>12</sup> ? wore foxes skins as fur.—F.

<sup>13</sup> Sausages hanging.—P.

<sup>14</sup> very next.—P.

<sup>15</sup> Cap of *Maintenance*, one of the *Regalia*, or Ornaments of State, belonging to the King of England, before whom it is carry'd at the Coronation, and other great solemnities. Caps of Maintenance also are carry'd before the Mayors of several Cities of England. Phillips.—F.

<sup>16</sup> thrust.—P.

<sup>17</sup> the.—P.

<sup>18</sup> An *l* has been altered into *p* in the MS.—F.

<sup>19</sup> i. e. pages.—P. A hench-man or hench-boy, *page d'honneur qui marche devant quelque Seigneur de grande autorité*.—Sherwood (in Cotgrave). See Mr. Way's note <sup>1</sup>, *Promptorium*, p. 293, and *Household Ordinances* as there referred to. *Henchman* or *Heinsmen*, a German Word signifying a Household-Servant; and formerly taken amongst us for a Page of Honour or Footman. Phillips.—F. <sup>20</sup> to a.—W.

- a roast  
Cuckold,                   A London Cuckold <sup>1</sup> hott from the spitt:  
                                  but <sup>2</sup> when the Carver vpp had broke <sup>3</sup> him,  
                                  the devill chopt up his head att a bitt,                   [him,  
40                            but the hornes were verry neere like to haue choakt <sup>4</sup>
- a Lecher's  
back,  
a Harlot's  
haunch,                   The chine of a leacher too there was roasted,  
                                  with a plumpe <sup>5</sup> harlotts haunche & garlike ;  
a Panders petitoes *that* had boasted  
44                            himselne for a Captaine, yet neuer was warlike.
- a Midwife  
pasty,                    A long <sup>6</sup> ffatt pasty of a Midwiffe hot:  
                                  & for a cold baket meat <sup>7</sup> into the storye,  
a reuerend painted Lady was brought,  
48                            had beene <sup>8</sup> confined in crust till <sup>9</sup> shee was hooary.
- an old  
Justice of  
the Peace,                To these an ouer worne <sup>10</sup> justice of peace,  
                                  With a clarke like a gisarne <sup>11</sup> trust vnder eche arme ;  
                                  & warrants for sippitts laid in his owne grace, <sup>12</sup>  
52                            Sett ore <sup>13</sup> a chaffing dish to be kept warme.
- and a Holy  
Sister's  
kidney,  
which  
nearly made  
the Devil  
sick,                    <sup>14</sup> Then broyled and broacht <sup>15</sup> on a buchers pricke,  
                                  the kidney came in of a holy sister ;  
                                  this bitt had almost made his devillshipp sicke,  
56                            *that* his doctor did feare he wold need a glister.  
  
                                  “ffor harke,” quoth hee, “how his bellye rumbles !”  
                                  & then with his pawe, *that* was a reacher,  
                                  hee puld to a pye of a traitors numbles, <sup>16</sup>  
60                            & the gibblets <sup>17</sup> of a silent teacher.

<sup>1</sup> came hot.—P.                   <sup>2</sup> and.—P.

<sup>3</sup> “Termes of a Keruer. *Breke* that dere,” (Wynkyn de Worde’s Boke of Keruyng): the right name therefore for a horned biped.—F.

<sup>4</sup> to choake.

<sup>5</sup> plumpe in MS.—F.           <sup>6</sup> large.—W.

<sup>7</sup> meat pie.—F.               <sup>8</sup> And.—W.

<sup>9</sup> until shee.—P.           <sup>10</sup> overgrown.—W.

<sup>11</sup> gizzard.—P. Gyserne (of fowles) *idem quod* Garbage *supra*: Garbage of fowls (or gyserne *infra*), *Entera, vel enteria, vel exta*. Promptorium, p. 194, p. 186. *Gisiè*, m. the gyserne of birds. Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>12</sup> grease.—P.

<sup>13</sup> over.—W.

<sup>14</sup> W. omits this stanza and the next one.—F.

<sup>15</sup> i. e. roasted.—F.

<sup>16</sup> Humbles. The humbles of a deer are the Liver, &c.—P. “Nombres of a dere, or beest, *entrailles*. Palsgrave. *Præcordia*, the numbles, as the hart, the splene, the lunges, and lyver. Elyot. . . . Skinner writes the word the ‘humbles’ of a stag, and rightly considers it as derived from *umbilicus*.” Way in Promptorium, p. 360, note.—F.

<sup>17</sup> Gybelet, *idem quod* Garbage (see note <sup>11</sup>, above). Gybelet of fowlys. *Profectum*. Promptorium.—F.



The Iowle of a Iaylor was <sup>1</sup> serued for a ffish,  
 with vinigar<sup>2</sup> pist by the deane of Dustable <sup>3</sup>;  
 tow aldermen lobsters a-sleepe in a dish,  
 64 with a dryed deputye & <sup>4</sup> a sowcet <sup>5</sup> constable.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>7</sup> These gott him soe feirce a stomacke againe,  
 that now he wants meate wheron to ffeeda :<sup>8</sup>  
 he called for the victualls were drest for his  
 traine,  
 68 and they brought him vp an alepotrida,<sup>9</sup>

Wherin were <sup>10</sup> mingled courtier,<sup>11</sup> clowne,  
 tradsmen,<sup>12</sup> marchants,<sup>12</sup> banquerouts store,  
 Churchmen,<sup>12</sup> Lawyers of either gowne,—  
 72 of civill, commen,<sup>13</sup>—player & whore,  
 Countess,<sup>14</sup> servant, Ladyes,<sup>14</sup> woman,  
 mistris,<sup>14</sup> chambermaid, coachman,<sup>14</sup> knight,  
 Lord & visher, groome <sup>15</sup> & yeaman ;  
 76 where first the ffeend with his forke did light.

All which devowred, he now for to close  
 doth for a <sup>16</sup> draught of Derby ale call.  
 he heaued the huge vessell vp to his nose,  
 80 & left not till hee had drunk <sup>17</sup> vp all.

2 Aldermen  
lobsters.

The Devil  
asks for  
more food.

They give  
him an Olla  
Podrida

of Bank-  
rupts,  
Lawyers,

Ladies,  
Chamber-  
maids, &c.

He eats  
it all,

asks for  
some Derby  
ale,

and drinks  
it up.

<sup>1</sup> W. omits was.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Vynegur is good to salt purpose & torrentyne, Salt sturgeon, salt swyrd-fysche, savery & fyne. John Russell. *Boke of Nurture*. Sawce for Fische.—F.

<sup>3</sup> A constable sous'd with vinegar by.—W.

<sup>4</sup> Deputy dried and.—P.

<sup>5</sup> sowced.—P. Cooked in vinegar, &c. "*Souce*, a sort of Pickle for a Collar of Brawn, Pork, &c." Phillips.—F.

<sup>6</sup> A deputy tart, a churchwarden pye.—W.

<sup>7</sup> W. omits this and the next two stanzas.—F.

<sup>8</sup> feed-a.—P.

<sup>9</sup> Olla-podrida.—P. *Olla Podrida* (Span.) a Hotch-pot, or a Dish of Meat made of several Ingredients, the chief of which is Bacon. Phillips.—F.

<sup>10</sup> The first *e* is made over an *h*.—F.

<sup>11</sup> and.—P.

<sup>12</sup> and—and—and.—P.

<sup>13</sup> of civil and common Law.—P.

<sup>14</sup> and—and—and—and.—P.

<sup>15</sup> groone in MS.—F.

<sup>16</sup> he then for a close Did for a full.—W.

<sup>17</sup> it.—P.

- Then from the table hee gaue a start,  
 where banquet & wine were nothing scarce ;  
 all *which* hee blew<sup>1</sup> away with a fartt,  
 from wence itt was called the Devills arse.
- Then the  
 Devil breaks  
 wind, 84
- <sup>2</sup>And there he made such a breach *with* the winde,  
 the hole yett<sup>3</sup> standing open the while,  
 the sente of the vay[pour<sup>4</sup>] hee left<sup>5</sup> behind  
 hath since infected<sup>6</sup> most *part* of the Ile.
- and the  
 stink of  
 that 88
- And this was tobbaeco, the learned suppose,  
 which both<sup>7</sup> in countrye, court and towne,<sup>8</sup>  
 in the devills glister pipe smokes att the nose  
 of punke<sup>9</sup> & Madam, gallant<sup>10</sup> & clowne ;
- is the  
 Tobbaeco  
 which  
 Punks  
 smoke ; 92
- ffrom *which* wicked perfume, swines flesh,<sup>11</sup> and linge,<sup>12</sup>  
<sup>13</sup> or any thing else he<sup>14</sup> doth<sup>15</sup> not loue,  
 preserue & send our gracious king<sup>16</sup>
- from  
 which may  
 God keep  
 King James! 96
- such meate as he lounes, I beseeche god aboute !<sup>13</sup>  
 ffinns.

<sup>1</sup> flirted.—W. slirted.—Folio ed.

<sup>2</sup> W. omits these last three stanzas.—F.

<sup>3</sup> too.—Folio.

<sup>4</sup> Scent of the Vapour *which* he left.—P.

<sup>5</sup> That the sent of the vapour, before  
 and.—Folio.

<sup>6</sup> foully perfumed.—Folio.

<sup>7</sup> since.—Folio.

<sup>8</sup> in Court and in towne.—P.

<sup>9</sup> Polleat.—Folio.

<sup>10</sup> of Gallant.—Folio.

<sup>11</sup> Cp. the 2nd Gipsy's speech, p. 51 of  
*Masques*, in the Folio edition of 1640 :

Where the Cacklers, but no *Grunters*,  
 Shall uncas'd be for the *Hunters*.

On which Gifford, vii. 372, says : " a side  
 compliment to the King, who hated pork  
 in all its varieties."—F.

<sup>12</sup> *Lota molva* (Cuvier) or *Gadus molva*  
 (Linnaeus). The *ling*, *Asellus longus* :

Way. *Leenge*, fische, *Lucius marinus* :  
 Promptorium. Norse *luanga*, Dan. *lange*,  
 Du. *linge*, *lenge*, a kind of codfish : Wedg-  
 wood.—F.

<sup>13-13</sup> Or any thing else thats feast for the  
*Fiend* :

Our *Captaine*, and wee, cry God save  
 the *King*,

And send him good meate, and mirth  
 without end.—p. 72 of *Masques*,  
 Folio ed. 1640.

<sup>14</sup> It *should* seem to mean James I.  
 whose aversion to Tobacco is well known,  
 as also to Pork—being a Scotchman.—P.

<sup>15</sup> *which* he doth.—P.

<sup>16</sup> James I.'s *Counterblast to Tobacco*  
 was first printed in folio, as the King's  
 work, in 1616. Harris says there was  
 an earlier edition in quarto, without  
 name or date.—F.

## The Mode of France.

[Page 193 of MS.]

WILL you heare the Mode of France  
 to stopp the mouthe of those *that* done you<sup>1</sup> ?  
 neatly Leade them in a dance,  
 4 because wee are behind in mony.

I'll tell you  
 the French  
 way to put  
 off duns :

If *your* Lanlord chance to call  
 either for dyett or for rayment,  
 Leade him in a dance withall,  
 8 & forgett itt in *your* payment.

your Land-  
 lord,

If *your* taylor chance to strike you  
 with his bill, & stay noe Leasure ;  
 Lead him in a dance that likes you,  
 12 & in-stead of coyne take measure.

your Tailor,

If *your* shoemaker come on  
 with his last, & neatly Lead itt ;  
 lett [t]his euerlasting done<sup>2</sup>  
 16 see his owne boots<sup>3</sup> neatly tread itt.

[page 194.] your Shoe-  
 maker.

If *your* Landlady doe call,  
 needs must satisfye her pleasure ;  
 shee despises *your* carrant,<sup>4</sup>  
 20 sheele be payd with standing measure.

your Land-  
 lady,

<sup>1</sup> dun ye.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Let this everlasting Dun.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Boots were formerly worn at Balls  
 as Pumps now.—P.

<sup>4</sup> currante.—P. current coin.—F.

and your  
Lawyer.

If *your* Lawer<sup>1</sup> finds you out  
for fees for this devise or tother,  
let him dance for all his goute,  
24 & pay one Motion with another.

This way  
gets you out  
of all  
troubles.

Thus wee range the world about,  
thus wee scape then all disasters;  
then Let all the world declare  
28 *that* wee are nimble quicke paymasters.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> Lawyer.—P.

## Be not afraid.

[Page 194 of MS.]

“BEE not afraid thou fairest, thou rarest  
*that euer was made!* deny me not a kisse;

O fairest!  
 deny me not;

then thou shalt see the Measure of pleasure  
 4 *that I will haue from thee.* what hurts there in  
 this?

Then lets embrace, & lett pleasure be free,  
 the world shall neere take notice how delightfull  
 [we be.<sup>1</sup>]

let me en-  
 joy thee!

“I see *that* spies, both peeping & creeping,  
 8 in eche corner lyes to hinder all our Ioyes;  
 but Cupidd shall see, & find them, & blind them  
 thatt hindrance wilbe to the getting of Boyes.  
 Then lets, &c.:/

Cupid will  
 blind all  
 spies.

12 “Venus, Iupiter, faire nature, Dame creature,<sup>2</sup>  
 Made thee for delight, but yett for none but I;  
 Then lets embrace, & ruffle & trifle,  
 leaue a Iewell in the place, but keeptt till you  
 d[ye.<sup>3</sup>]

You were  
 made for me  
 alone.

Let us em-  
 brace!

16 Then Lets, &c.”

“Nay pish! nay fye! youle venter to enter!  
 a trespas soe high, youle wist were<sup>4</sup> vndone;  
 should any spie, theyle wonder, looke yonder;  
 20 but youle not fly the place you haue begunn.  
 Then Lets, &c.

Man, you  
 will enter  
 me.

What will  
 spies say?

<sup>1</sup> Added by Percy.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Dame Nature, faire creature.—P.

<sup>3</sup> dye.—P.

<sup>4</sup> wish 'twere.—F.

If you tell  
any one, I'm  
undone.

“ Now you haue enjoyed the Measure of pleasure,  
indeed I[m] destroyed if you speake of it againe ;  
24 for women doe proue neelected, reiected,  
when freedome of love is known to other men.  
Now you haue enjoyed me, & all things be free,  
in faith youle vndoe me if a tel tale you bee.

But I love  
you, and

28 “ Then heeres my hart ! Ile euer endeuer  
*that* wee will neuer part till death assignes the  
time.

that's why I  
err ;

were itt not you, beleue me it wold greene m[e]  
to doo what I doo ; *that* loue shold be a crime ;

the fault is  
so sweet.

32 but it is a fault of soe sweet a degree,  
*that* sure I am perswaded, court nor country be  
fr[ee.]”

ffins :

## Doe you meane.

[Page 197 of MS.]

DOE you meane to ouerthrow me ?

out ! alas ! I am betraid !

what ! is this the loue you show mee ?

4 to vndo a silly Maide.

alas ! I dye ! my hart doth breake !

I dare not crye, I cannot <sup>1</sup> speake !

what ! all alone ? nay then I finde

8 men are to strong for women kind.

Is this your  
love ? to  
undo a silly  
maid ?

Out vpon the maid *that* put mee

in this roome to be alone !

yett she was noe foole to shut mee

12 where I shold be seen of None.

harke ! harke ! alac ! what Noyce is that ?

o, now I see itt is the Catt.

come gentle pus, thow wilt not tell ;

16 if all doe see thou shalt not tell.

How wrong  
of that  
woman to  
put me in  
here !

What noise  
is that ?

Seely foole ! why doubts thou tellinge

where thou didst not doubt to trust ?

if thy belly fall a swellinge,

20 theres noe helpe, but out itt must.

alas the spite ! alas the shame !

for then I quite Loose my good name ;

but yett the worst of Maids disgract,

24 I am not first nor shalbe last.

No matter.  
Babies tell  
their own  
stories.

<sup>1</sup> cannot in MS.—F.

Never mind.  
Come on  
again.

Once againe to try *your* forces,  
 thus I dare thee to the feild ;  
 time is lost *that* time diuorces  
 28 from the pleasures loue doth yeeld.  
 Ah ha ! fyee, fye ! itt comes yett still !  
 itt comes, I, I ! doe what you will !  
 my breath doth passe, my blood doth trickle !  
 32 was euer lasse in such a pickle ?  
 ffins.



## A maid & a younge man.

[Page 197 of MS.]

A MAN & a younge maid *that* loued a long time  
 were tane in a frenzye i the Midsommer prime ;  
 the maid shee lay drooping, hye ;  
 4 the man he lay whopping, hey, the man he lay  
 whopping hoe.

A man and  
 a maid

came to a  
 shady place.

Thus talking & walking thé came to a place  
 Inuironed about *with* trees & *with* grasse,  
 The maid shee, &c.

8 He shifted his hand wheras he had placet,  
 hee handled her knees instead of her wast,  
 The Maid, &c.

He shifted his hand till hee came to her knees,  
 12 he ticked her, & shee opened her thyhes,  
 yett s[t]ill shee, &c.

He tickled  
 her,

He hottered & totered, & there was a line  
 that drew him on forward ; he went on amaine ;  
 16 yett still shee, &c.

He light in a hole ere he was aware !  
 the lane itt was streat ; he had not gone farr,  
 but shee fell a kissing, hye !  
 20 & he lay drooping, hoe, & he lay drooping, hoc.

shee kissed  
 him,

“My Billy, my pilly ! how now ?” quoth shee ;  
 “gett vp againe, Billy, if *that* thou louest me ;”  
 yett still he Lay, &c.

a second  
time as well  
as the first.

- 24 He thought Mickle shame to lye soe longe ;  
he gott vp againe & grew very strong ;  
the Mayd shee Lay, &c.

- The trees & the woods did wring about,  
28 & *enery* leafe began to showte,  
& there was such, &c.

## A creature for feature.

[Page 199 of MS.]

A creature, for feature I neuer saw a fairer,  
soe witty, soe prettye, I neuer knew a rarer ;  
shee soe kind, & I soe blynd,

4 *that* I<sup>1</sup> may say another day

“I did complaine, & I mett a swaine,  
but [he] knew not how to wooe me nor doe mee,  
he was soe dull conceipted.

8 I gaue a smile him to beguile,

I made a show to make him know,

I pincht his cheeke to make him seeke

& find some further pleasure, whose treasure

12 needs not to be Expected.

“I stayd him, & praide him, & proffered him a  
favour ;

he kist mee, & wisht me to beare with his be-  
hauior ;

but hie tro lolly lolly, le silly willy cold not doe.

16 all content with him was spent

when he had clipt & kist me, & mist me,

& cold not . . kisse . . [*line cut off by the binder*]

then thought I, & thought noe lye,

perhapps his pipe is not yett ripe ;

20 yett an hower may hane the power

to make itt grow in full Lenght & full strenght ;

but fooles are led in blindnesse.

I met a lass  
so pretty  
and kind.

But I was  
dull.

She may tell

how she  
tempted me,

and I only  
kist her.

She waited  
for me to  
serve her.

<sup>1</sup> ? she.—F.

but I didn't  
or couldn't, 24    " But woe mee, & woe mee ! alas, I cold not raise !  
 itt wold not, nor cold not, doe all I cold to please.<sup>1</sup>  
 his inke was run, his pen was done.  
 Iacke ! art thou dead ? hold vp thy<sup>2</sup> head !  
 I will litter thee & water thee,  
 28    & feed thee with my neet,  
 & better, if thou wilt lye besyd me.  
 but all in vaine I did complaine,  
 and was not  
moved.    his Iacke was tyrd, heed not be hyred  
 32    for all my prayers & all my teares."

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> One stroke of a word, pared off by the binder, follows.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. my.—F. \*

Lye : alone : <sup>1</sup>

[Page 200 of MS.]

CAN any one tell what I ayle <sup>2</sup> ?<sup>3</sup> that I <sup>4</sup> looke soe leane, soe wan, soe pale.What do I  
ail ?<sup>5</sup> if I may be there Iudge, I thinke there is none<sup>6</sup> that can any longer lye alone.Why, I can't  
lie alone,Was euer womans <sup>7</sup> case like mine ?

att 15 yeeres [I] began to pine ;

soe vnto this plight now I am growne,

and I won't.

I can, nor will, noe longer Lye alone. <sup>8</sup><sup>9</sup> If dreames be true, then Ride I can ;

I lacke nothing but a man,

for tis onlye hee can ease my moane.

I want a  
man,

I can, nor &amp;c.

<sup>10</sup> When daye <sup>11</sup> is come, I wish for night ;<sup>12</sup> When night is come, I wish for light ;<sup>13</sup> thus all my time I sighe & moane.<sup>14</sup> I can, nor &c.

<sup>1</sup> The Maidens Complaint. To the tune of, *I can nor will*, &c. The Readings in Red Ink are from The Golden Garland.—P. See Chappell's *Popular Music*, ii. 462, for a different "Maiden's sad Complaint for want of a Husband."—F.

<sup>2</sup> maidens ail.—P.

<sup>3</sup> I am grown so weak, &c. [G.G.]—P.

<sup>4</sup> That they.—P.

<sup>5</sup> If I may judge.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Unto that plight, alas! I'm grown, That I can, nor will, no longer lye alone. [G.G.]—P.

<sup>7</sup> Maiden's. [G.G.]—P.

<sup>8</sup> Thus at 15 years to pine ;

Were I *the* judge I'm sure there's none

That would any longer, &c. [G.G.]—P.

<sup>9</sup> [This & *the* 4<sup>th</sup> stanza are transposed in *the* Gold. Garl<sup>d</sup>.]—P.

All that I want is but a man ;

Only I for one do make this moan. For I can, &c. [G.G.]—P.

<sup>10</sup> When it is day, I wish. [G.G.]—P.

<sup>11</sup> There is a tag, as for *s*, to the *e*.—F.

<sup>12</sup> And when it is dark. [G.G.]—P.

<sup>13</sup> All the night long I, &c. [G.G.]—P.

<sup>14</sup> Because that I too long have lain, &c. [G.G.]—P.

and I'll take  
the first that  
comes.

<sup>1</sup> To woe the first, ashamed am I;  
<sup>2</sup> for & if he aske I will not denye;  
<sup>3</sup> for the case is such I must needs haue one.  
20 <sup>4</sup> I can noe &c.

I will not  
lie alone.

<sup>5</sup> Therefore my prayer, itt shalbe still  
*that* I may haue one *that* will worke my will;  
for itt is only hee can ease me anon,  
24 & therefore Ile noe longer lye alone.

<sup>1</sup> Wooe him first. [G.G.]—P.

<sup>2</sup> But if. [G.G.]—P.

<sup>3</sup> Such is my case, I must haue one.  
[G.G.]—P.

<sup>4</sup> For that I, &c. [G.G.]—P.

<sup>5</sup> For all my *wishing's*, I'll haue none

But him I love, & love but one;

And if he love not me, then

I'll haue none,

But ever till I dye I'll lye alone.

[G.G.]—P.

## Downe: sate the shepard.

[Page 201 of MS.]

- DOWNE: sate the shepard swaine A swain  
longed for  
his wench,  
 soe sober & demure,  
 wishing for his wench againe  
 4     soe bonny & soe pure,  
 with his head on hillocke lowe,  
 & his armes a Cimbo,  
 And all for the losse of his hinononino! and wept
- 8     The leaves thé fell as thin<sup>1</sup>  
       as water from a still;  
 the heire vpon his head did growe  
       as time<sup>2</sup> vpon a hill;  
 12    his cherry cheekes as pale as snowe  
 to testifye his mickle woe;  
       & all was for the loue of his hÿ &c. because he  
had lost her.
- ffayre shee was to loue, as euer liked swaine;  
 16     neuer such a dainty one  
 shall none enioy againe;  
       sett a thousand on a rowe,  
 time forbidds *that* any showe She was one  
in a thou-  
sand.  
 20    euer the like to her hÿ &c.
- faire shee was, [of] comly<sup>3</sup> hew,  
       her bosome like a swan;  
 backe shee had of bending yew,  
 24     her wast was but a span; Her bosom  
swan-swell-  
ing.

<sup>1</sup> qu. MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> thyme.—P.

<sup>3</sup> of comelye.—P.

her hair  
black

all over.

her hayre as blacke as any croe,  
from the top to the toe,  
all downe along to her h̄y &c.

28

with her Mantle tucked v̄p  
shee fothered her flocke,  
soe *that they that* doe her see

She was so  
tempting,

32

may then behold her smocke,  
soe finely doth shee vse to goe,  
& neatly dance on tripp on <sup>1</sup> toe,  
*that* all men run madd for her h̄y &c.

all men  
were mad  
for her,

36

In a Meadow fayre & greene  
the shepard layeth him downe,  
thinking there his lone to find  
sporting on a round,  
A round which Maidens vse to go ;  
40 Cupid bids itt shold bee soe,  
because all men were made for her h̄y &c.

and the  
swain hoped  
to find her  
on the grass.

<sup>1</sup> tripping.—P.



## Men that More :

[Page 201 of MS.]

WE have not been able to find anything about the origin of this song. Neither Mr. Chappell nor any other song-learned person we have referred to knows it. It seems a notice, on the one hand, to men that a girl's refusal does not always mean a real No, and on the other hand, a warning to girls to beware lest love or waggish inclination tempt them beyond the bounds of prudence. How oft, alas, are they but flies that *do* play with the candle, and perish, while that burns on its allotted space, with no lessening of its brilliance in the eyes of men!—F.

MEN that more to the yard<sup>1</sup> northe church  
are oft enclined,

Men some-  
times pro-  
pose to girls,

take young mayds now & then att lurch

4 to try their mind ;

But younge maids now adayes are soe coy, *thé* will not  
show

when they are in loue,

But for feare I<sup>2</sup> oft say noe, when *perhapps* they wold  
8 fayne doe if itt wold not proue.

but they're  
so coy they  
say no.

If for a time for feare they bee wyllye  
and seeme coy,

there is one *that perhapps* may beguile yec,  
12 . the blind boy ;

Yet Cupid  
will pierce  
their hearts.

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. yord.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *for* they.—F.

heele strike home when he please ; to the quicke heele  
shoot

his shaft without delay ;

then theyle sigh & lament when, alas, their owne  
kind hart

16 cannott say Nay.

The small fly *that* playeth with the candle  
oft doth burne ;

such young maids as doe loue for to dandle

20 once, may mourne.

lett flyes burne, & maids mourne, for in vaine you do  
*perswade*

them from their folly ;

Nature binds all their kinds now & then to play the  
waggs

24 though thé seeme holy.

ffins.

Young  
maids may  
get burnt  
like flies in a  
candle.

Panche.<sup>1</sup>

[Page 238 of MS.]

- IT was a younge man *that* dwelt in a towne,  
 a Iollye husband<sup>2</sup> was hee,  
 but he wold eate more at one sett dinner<sup>3</sup>  
 4 the[n] 20 wold att three.  
 soe great a stomacke had hee,  
 his wiffe did him provide  
 ten meales a day, his hungar<sup>4</sup> to lay,  
 8 yet was he not satisfied.  
 take heed of hott furmitree !
- His wiffe had a sister neere at hand,  
 decket vp in a gowne of gray ;  
 12 shee loued a young man, & marryed thé weere  
 vpon St. Iames his day ;  
 & to the wedding went they,  
 her brothers & sisters each one.  
 16 shee vowed to bring her to<sup>5</sup> capon pyes,  
 with birds the sids vpon.  
 take heed &c.
- But yet the good wiffe, tho litle shee sayd,  
 20 in mind & hart was woe  
 because her husband, the glutton, wold  
 vnto the wedding goe.

Panche is a  
great glut-  
ton,and his wife  
gives him  
ten meals a  
day.

Her sister

marries,

and she  
promises her  
two capon  
pies for her  
wedding-  
feast.Panche's  
wife<sup>1</sup> A Droll old Song, rather vulgar.—P.<sup>2</sup> There is a tag like an s at the end.  
—F.<sup>3</sup> dimer in the MS.—F.<sup>4</sup> One stroke too few in the first syl-  
lable.—F.<sup>5</sup> two.—P.

tries to per-  
suade him

24 “good husband,” then sayd shee,  
“at the wedding there will bee  
my vnekle Iohn, & my eozen Gylee,<sup>1</sup>  
& others of good degree;

not to go to  
the wed-  
ding,

bis then stay you at home, my dere,  
28 [then stay you at home, my dere,]

as he'll  
shame her

“ffor if yo[u] come there, you vtterlye shame [page 239]  
yor selfe & me besides,

and all his  
kindred

& all your kinred euery one,  
32 the Bridgrome & the bryde,

by his mon-  
strous  
eating.

you feed soe Monst[r]ouslye  
about all other men,  
for you deuoure more meate at a meale  
36 then 40 will doe at ten.”  
take heede &c.

Panche gets  
angry,  
says his wife  
has some  
plot

When *that* he heard his wiffe say soe,  
his anger waxed hotte:  
40 Quoth he, “thou drabb! thou filthy Queane!  
thy counsell likes me not!  
belike some match is made  
betwixt some knaue & thee

to cuckold  
him.  
To the wed-  
ding he *will*  
go.

44 to make me a scorne, my head for to horne!  
I smell out thy knauerye!  
to the wedding *that* I will goe!”

His wife  
says, then

48 “Good husband,” quoth shee, “Misdoubt not of me!  
I speake it for the best!  
yet doe as you will, your mind to fulfill;  
but let me this request,  
*that* when vnorderlye<sup>2</sup>

he must stop  
eating when  
she winks at  
him.

52 I see you feeding there,  
when I doe winke, I wold haue you thinke  
its time for to forbear.”  
take heed &c.

<sup>1</sup> Giles.—P.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. disorderly.—P.

- 56 The man was content; to the wedding he went;  
 great cheare was there prepared;  
 the Bridsgroome father & mother both  
 sate there with good regard.
- 60 first to the table was brough[t]  
 a course of furnitree,  
 & Panche had a dish, a galland <sup>1</sup> I-wiss,  
*that* fitted his appetye <sup>2</sup>;
- 64 & quicklye he slapt vp all.
- Hee learned <sup>3</sup> on his wiffe, & drew out his kniffe;  
 to a legg of Mutton fell hee;  
 he slapt it vp breefe, with a surloyne of beefe,
- 68 & mincte pyes 2 or three:  
 he neuer looked about,  
 but fed with such a courage,  
 he left for his share the bord almost bare,
- 72 or the rest were out of their porrage.  
 take heede &c.
- Then did he spye his wiffe for to winke <sup>4</sup>;  
 therfore he, to <sup>5</sup> mend the matter,
- 76 he cast vp againe the Meate he had eaten, <sup>6</sup>  
 before them in a platter:  
 “take heere your victualls,” hee sayd,  
 “& grudg not me my meate;
- 86 & where I thinke *that* welcome I am,  
 I cannott forbear to eate.”  
 take heede &c.
- The time drew on when euerye man
- 84 vnto his rest did goe;  
 but Paunch lay grunting by his wiffe,  
*which* made her wonderous woe.

Panche  
 agrees; goes  
 to the wed-  
 ding;

eats,  
 1. a gallon  
 of furnity,  
 2. a leg of  
 mutton;  
 3. a surloin  
 of beef;  
 4. some  
 mince pies,

and nearly  
 clears the  
 table.

Seeing his  
 wife wink at  
 him,

he spews up  
 the food,  
 and says,

“here’s your  
 victualls!”

When in  
 bed,

Panche  
 grunts,

<sup>1</sup> Gallon.—P.

<sup>2</sup> appetée.—P.

<sup>3</sup> A long upright stroke is between  
 these words in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> leer’d.—P.

<sup>5</sup> wink her eye.—P.

<sup>6</sup> tano.

- and says  
he's ready  
to die for  
hunger.
- 88     “ what ayle you man ? ” *quoth* shee.  
      *Quoth* hee, “ my hart is dry,  
I am soe hungry, *that* for meat  
      I readye am to dye.”  
take heede &c.
- His wife  
says he  
*must* wait  
till break-  
fast.
- 92     “ Alas ! ” *quoth* shee, “ content you must bee  
      till breakfast time to stay ;  
for none in the house is risen, you see,  
      to giue you meate any way.”
- Tush! says  
he ;
- 96     “ tush ! tell not me of *that* !  
      my belly must be fedd ! ”  
& with *that* word he Nimble leapt  
      out of his naked bed,  
100    & into the kitchin did goe.
- To the ffurmitree<sup>1</sup> pott he quicklye gott,  
      & there, without delay,  
      he slapt vp the furmitree euerye whitt  
and slaps up  
all the fur-  
mity
- 104    or he departed away,  
      saue a ladel-full att the last  
      he kept to carry his wiffe.
- Then he mistaking the chamber, he went     [page 240]  
108    vnto another mans wiffe.  
      take heede [&c.]
- except a  
laillefull  
that he  
means to  
take to his  
wife ;  
but he goes  
to another  
man's,
- the bride-  
groom's  
mother.
- Panche  
takes her  
buttocks
- 112    The Bridgroomes ffather & mother both  
      did at *that* time lye there ;  
the woman had tumbled the clothes soe  
      *that* her buttockes all lay bare,  
      *which* by a glimring light  
      *that* was in *that* same place,  
116    Panch soone espyed, & tooke the same  
      to be his wiues sweet face.
- for his wife's  
face,

<sup>1</sup> Frumenty or Furmety, a kind of Potage made of prepared Wheat, Milk, Sugar, Spice, &c. Phillipps. “ Still a favorite dish in the north, consisting of

hulled wheat boiled in milk and seasoned. It was especially a Christmas dish.” Nares, ed. 1859. See the recipe and extracts there.—F.

- Then softly he sayd, “ sweet wiff, I haue brought  
some furnitree for thee ! ”
- 120 the woman ffisled<sup>1</sup>: “ nay, blow not,” quoth hee,  
“ for cold enough they bee.”  
with *that* shee puffed againe,  
& made him angrye bee :
- 124 “ I tell thee, thou need not to blow them att all,  
but supp them vp presentlye.”  
take heed &c.
- The woman was windye, & fisled againe
- 128 within a litle space,  
which made him to sweare, if shee blew any more,  
to fling all in her face.  
but shee, being fast asleepe,
- 132 did ffisle without regard.  
then flung he the furnitree in her tayle,  
saying, “ there is for thy reward ! ”  
take heede
- 136 With *that* the woman suddenly waked,  
& clapt her hand behind ;  
“ alas ! ” quoth shee, “ how am I shamed,  
being soe full of wind ! ”
- 140 “ what ayles thee ? ” her husband sayd.  
“ I haue rayed<sup>2</sup> the bedd,” quoth shee.  
“ *that* comes with thy craming, thou egar queane !  
a Murraine take thee for me ! ”
- 144 take heede &c.
- But Panche, perceuing how the matter went,  
he closly got away,  
& into the milkehouse hyed with hast,
- 148 wheras without delay

and offers  
her the  
furnity.

Shee breaks  
wind

three times,

and Panche  
swears if she  
does it again  
he'll fling  
the furnity  
in her face.  
Shee does it ;

he flings the  
furnity at  
her ;

shee puts her  
hand be-  
hind,

and thinks  
shee has  
dirtied the  
bed.

Panche  
steals off

to the dairy,

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. ffisted. Fyistyn (fyen, W.)  
Cacco C. F. *lirido* ; Fyyst, stynk, *Lirida* ;  
Fyystynge, *Liridacio*. Promptorium.—  
F.

<sup>2</sup> wrayed.—P. I *be-ray*, I fyle ones  
clothes with spottes of myer, properly  
about the skyrtes ; *Je crotte*. Palsgrave.  
*Embreuer*, to beray or beshite. Cotgrave.

- clears the  
milk-basins ;
- he clensed the Milke Basons all,  
tho there were plenty store ;  
& like a lout, he groped about,  
152 to see if hee cold find any more.  
tak heede &c.
- puts his  
hand in a  
honey-pot,
- and it sticks  
there.
- Vpon a narrowe mouthd hony pott  
he lighted on at last ;  
156 & when he had thrust his hand therin,  
there stucke it wonderous fast.  
now hee must breake the same  
or he cold gett it out ;  
160 & for a fitt place to breake it on,  
he seeketh round about.  
take heede &c.
- Two friars  
lie on the  
kitchen  
floor.
- Panche  
cracks the
- pot on one  
friar's head ;
- Tow silly fryers, on the kitchin flore <sup>1</sup>  
164 all night asleepe dyd lye ;  
whose shauen crownes, by the Moonlight then,  
Sir Panch he did there espye.  
to one of them he comes,  
168 supposing his pate a stone ;  
& there burst the earthen pott,  
which made the fryer to grone.  
tak heed &c.
- he thinks  
his com-  
panion did  
it,
- and thrashes  
him for it.
- The noise
- 172 The silly ffryer, being hurt full sore,  
did thinke his fellow had  
vpon some spite abused him soe ;  
therfore, as he were madd,  
176 he laid him soundlye on,  
& caught him by the eares ;  
whose rumbled <sup>2</sup> waked the folkes in the house,  
& fedd <sup>3</sup> them full of feares.  
180 take heed of hott furnitree !

<sup>1</sup> MS. slore.—F. floor.—P.    <sup>2</sup> rumbling.—P.    <sup>3</sup> fed, perhaps fill'd.—P.



- When they came downe, thé found the fryers <sup>1</sup> [p. 241] brings all  
 well buffeting one another ; the people  
 the one did tell how he was serued down stairs ;
- 184 by his religious brother.
- but when Sir Panch they spyed, Panehe  
 with honnye besmeared soe, is discovered  
 & daubed about with Milke & creame, all over  
 188 thé knew how all things did goe. honey and  
 take heede cream ;
- for well they did see *that* it was he and they see  
*that* did the old man wronge, who the  
 192 & hee *that* brake the poore fryers head culprit is,  
 as he did lye alonge,  
*that* ate the Milke & creame  
 & the pott of ffurmitree ;
- 196 yett, for to be reuenged of him, but don't  
 they knew noe remedye. know how  
 take heede to punish  
 him.
- God keepe, I say, such guests away  
 200 both from my meate & mee ! God keep  
 if I had 20 weddings to make, such guests  
 neuer bidden shold he bee ! away from  
 & thus I make an end me !
- 204 of this my merry Iest, Here's the  
 wishing to euerye honest man end of my  
 all happinesse & rest. merry tale.
- take heede of hot furmitree !
- 208 take heed of hot furmitree !
- ffins.

<sup>1</sup> *the* fryers they found.—P.

## When as I doe record.

[Page 287 of MS.]

Oh the  
pleasures  
I've had  
with lasse!

WHEN as I doe record  
the pleasures I haue had  
att this side slippery board,  
4 my mind<sup>1</sup> is merry & glad.  
with many a lusty lasse

Oh th: t  
Jenny  
were here  
again!

my pleasure I haue tane :  
I wold giue mine<sup>2</sup> old white Iade  
8 *that* Iynye were here againe !

Shee brewes & bakes to sell  
for such as doe passe by ;  
good fellowes loue her well ;  
12 infaith & soe doe I !  
ffor euer when I was drye,  
of drinke I wold haue tane,  
I wold tread both shooes awrye,  
16 *that* Iynye &c.

I've often  
played at  
traytrippe  
with her.

ffull oft shee & I  
within the buttery playd  
att tray trippe of a dye,  
20 & sent away the mayd.  
ffor shee is of the dealing trade,  
shee will giue you 3 for one ;  
shee is noe sullen Iade ;  
24 giff Iynnye &c.

<sup>1</sup> mind in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> One stroke too few for *in* in the MS.—F.

A man might for a penny  
 haue had a pott of ale,  
 & tasted of a Caney <sup>1</sup>  
 28 of either legg or tayle ;  
 for shee wold neuer fayle  
 if shee were in the vaine.  
 alas, all flesh<sup>2</sup> were frayle  
 32 giff Linnye <sup>3</sup> &c.

She would  
 never fail  
 you.

ffull oft I haue beene her man,  
 her marktett for to make ;  
 & after I haue rydden  
 36 a Iourney for her sake,  
 Her pannell I cold take,  
 & gallopp all amaine ;  
 Ide make both bedsides cracke  
 40 that Lynnye &c.

I've often  
 been her  
 man.

[page 288]

You hostises that meane  
 for to liue by your trade,  
 if you scorne to kisse,  
 44 then keepe a pretty mayd !  
 for drinke is not worth a lowse  
 if lasses there be none !  
 I wold drinke a whole carrouse  
 48 that Lynnye were here againe !

Hostesses!

if you won't  
 kiss your-  
 selves, keep a  
 pretty maid.

Oh that  
 Jenny were  
 here again!

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> ? Coney.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. ffresh.—F.

<sup>3</sup> An *m* in the MS. for *nn*.—F.

## When Scorching Phœbus.<sup>1</sup>

[Page 313 of MS.]

		<p style="text-align: center;">WHEN scorching Phœbus he did mount,— to-Iaur bonne tancee,<sup>2</sup>—</p>
Venus went to hunt,	4	then Lady Venus went to hunt, <i>par melio shancee</i> ; <sup>3</sup>
and Diana went to		to whom diana <sup>4</sup> did resort, with [a]ll the Ladyes <sup>5</sup> of hills & valleys, of springs & floodes,
show her the sport.	8	to shew where <sup>6</sup> all the princely sport, with hound imbrued, & harts pursued, through the groues & woodes.
But Venus	12	This tender harted louers Queene,— to-iour bonne tancee,— such wandring sports had seldome seene, <i>par melio shancee.</i>
saw no fun in dogs worrying poor stags :	16	shee tooke noe pleasure in the same, to see hounds merry, & pore harts werrye ffor want of breath.
she liked better		<i>quoth</i> shee, “ I like better <i>that</i> game where ladyes bewtyes do pay their dutyes
love's game.	20	to loues sweete death.”
She was dry,		They aire was hott, & shee was drye,— to-iour bonne tancee ;—
and went to Bacchus	24	to Bacchus court shee fast did hye— <i>par melio shancee</i> —

<sup>1</sup> The Birth of Priapus. a little loose.  
—P.

<sup>2</sup> Tous-jours bon temps, or beau temps.  
Qu.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Par meilleur Chance or Champs.

Qu.—P. Evidently *parmi les champs*.—  
W. L. B.

<sup>4</sup> The old English word for Nymphs.  
—P.

<sup>5</sup> With all the L's.—P.      <sup>6</sup> her.—P.

her faint & weary hart [to<sup>1</sup>] cheirsh,  
 which was soe fyered, *that* shee desyred<sup>2</sup>  
 to quench her thirst,  
 28 & cryed, “ helpe Bacchus, or else I perish! ”  
 who still did hold her, & plainly told her  
 he wold<sup>3</sup> kisse her first.

to quench  
 her thirst.

Then Bacchus with a power divine,—  
 32 to-iour bone tance,—  
 himselfe turned<sup>4</sup> to a butt of wine,—  
*par melio* shance,—  
 and bade this Ladye drinke her fill,  
 36 & take her pleasure in any measure,  
 & make noe waste ;  
 & gaue her leaue to sucke the quill,  
 which was<sup>5</sup> spritefull and delightfull  
 40 vnto her tast.<sup>6</sup>

He turned  
 himself

into a butt  
 of wine,

and bade her

suck the  
 quill.

Att last this butte did run a tilte—  
 to-iour bonne tance.—  
 quoth shee, “ one drop shall not be spilt,  
 44 *par melio* shance,  
 ffor itt doth pleasing tast soe well,  
 my hart doth will me ffor to fill me  
 of this sweete Vine ;  
 48 I wold *that* I might alwayes dwell  
 in this ffaire Arbor ! heeres soe good harbor,  
 & pleasant wine.”

She did,

Shee drunke soe long, ere shee had done,—  
 52 to-iour bonne tance,—  
 her belly swelled like a tunn,  
*par melio* shance.

and drank

<sup>1</sup> to.—P.

<sup>2</sup> desyred.—P.

<sup>3</sup> he'd.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Turn'd himself.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Which was so sp.—P.

<sup>6</sup> taste.—P.

till she  
came to  
pieces,  
and pro-  
duced God  
Priapus,

Att last shee fell in peeces twaine ;  
56 & being assunder, appeared a wonder,  
God pryapus !  
yett ffaine shee wold haue drunke againe ;  
& oft did visitt, & much sollicite  
60 God Diacchus.

who she

His emptye caske wold yeeld noe more,—  
to-iour bonne tance,—  
ffor shee had sucked itt ffull sore,  
64 *par* melio shance.  
*quoth* she <sup>1</sup> “ god Bacchus, change thy shape ;  
ffor now thy rigour, & all thy vigour,  
Is cleane decayd. [page 314]

prophesied  
would be  
the delight

68 behold [thou] here this new borne babe,  
who when he is *proued*, heele <sup>2</sup> be beloned  
of wiffe & maide.”

of wiffe and  
maid,

(and he  
called  
Bacchus's  
heir,)

This bellye god *that* wold be drunke—  
72 to-iour bonne tance,—  
and being a goddesse, proued a punke,<sup>3</sup>  
*par* melyo shance,  
her lusty bastarde stiffe & stronge,  
76 was made & framed, & alsoe named,  
god Bacchus heyre.  
he had a nose <sup>3</sup> handfull Long,  
with one eye bleared, & all besmeard  
80 about *with* hayre.

the god of  
rich and  
poor,

He is the god of rich & poore—  
to-iour bonne tance ;—  
he openeth euery womans doore,  
84 *par* melio shance ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. the.—F. Quoth she, God.—P.

<sup>2</sup> will.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Thus of a Goddess made a punk.—P.

- he ceaseth all debate & strife,  
 & gently peaseth,<sup>1</sup> & sweetly pleaseth  
 the hungry wombe.  
 88 he is the ioy twixt man & wiffe;  
 her pleasure lasteth, & sweeter tasteth  
 then hony combe.
- Now all you nice & dainty dames,—  
 92 to-iour bonne taunce,—  
 to vse this god, thinke itt no <sup>2</sup> shame,  
 par melio shance.  
 then let my speeches not offend,  
 96 tho you be gaudye, & I be baudye  
 & want a rodd!  
 good deeds shall speeches ffault amend  
 when you are willing ffior to be billing  
 100 with this sweet god.
- ffins.

the stiller  
of strife,

wives' joy.

My dainty  
dames,

don't be  
offended  
with me!

<sup>1</sup> he feuds appeaseth. Qu.—P.

<sup>2</sup> you think no.—P.

## In a May morninge.

[Page 383 of MS.]

- I wished a  
babe in a  
nurse's arms  
was mine,
- IN a may morning I mett a sweet nurse  
with a babe in her armes, sweetly cold busse.  
I wold to god itt were mine ! I shold be glad ont !  
4 ffor it was a merry mumping thing, who ere was dad  
ont.
- and asked  
her who was  
the father  
of it.
- I saluted her kindlye, & to her I sayd,  
“ god morrow, sweet honye, and you be a mayd ;  
or if you wold shew to me, I shold be glad ont ;  
8 or if you wold tell me who is the right dad ont.”
- She didn't  
know.
- “ The dad of my child, Sir, I doe not well know,  
ffor all *that* lay with mee refuseth me now  
from one to the other ; still I wold be rid out.”
- I offered to  
father it.
- 12 “ but whosoener gott the Child, Ile be the dad ont.”
- “ Ile take itt in mine armes, & wislye Ile worke,  
Ile lay itt in the hye way as men come from kirke,  
& euerye one *that* comes by shall haue a glegge <sup>1</sup> ont,  
16 vntill I haue ffound out a man, the right dad ont.”
- A Scotch-  
man also
- There came a kind Scot[c]hman whose name is not  
knowne,  
sayes hee to this sweet hart, “ this babye is mine  
owne ;  
come bind it vpon my backe ; Ione shall be rid out ;  
20 for whosoener gott the child, Ile be the dad ont.”
- offered to be  
the child's  
dad.

<sup>1</sup> A glance, a sly look—a word still used in Northamptonshire.—P.



“Now, nay! now, nay!” shee sayes, “soe itt may  
not bee!

The girl  
refused  
him: he  
never got it.

*your* looke & his countenance doe not agree;  
for had hee beene sike a swayne, I had neere been  
great ont;

24 for hee was a blythe young man *that* was the right  
dad ont.

“his lippes like the rubye, his cheekes like the rose,  
he tempteth all ffayre mayds where-ener he goes:  
first he did salute mee; then was I right glad ont;

A ruby-  
lipped young  
man was the  
true father,

28 O hee was a blythe younge man *that* was the right  
dad ont.

“Ile trauell through England & Scotland soe wyde,  
& a-foote I will ffollow him to be his bryde;  
Ile bind itt vpon my backe, Ile not be ryd ont

and she'd  
tramp over  
England and  
Scotland

32 vntill I haue found out the man *thats* the right  
dad ont.

to find him  
and marry  
him.

“Ile husse<sup>1</sup> itt, Ile busse itt, Ile lapp itt in say<sup>2</sup>;  
Ile rocke itt, Ile lull itt, by night & by day;  
Ile bind itt vpon my backe, Ile not be ridde ont

36 vntill I haue found out the man *thats* the right  
dad ont.

“And thus to conclude, thoe itt ffall to my Lott  
to ffind a dad ffor my barne<sup>3</sup> *that* I cannott;  
if an englishman gett a child, & wold be ridd ont,  
40 let him bring it to Scot[c]hman, & heele be the dad  
out.”

But if she  
couldn't  
find him,  
why then  
she'd fall  
back on the  
Scotchman.

<sup>1</sup> hush.—F.

<sup>2</sup> silk.—F.

<sup>3</sup> bairn, child.—P.

## The Turk in Linen.

[Page 383 of MS.]

THIS is the eleventh song in Thomas Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1st ed. 1608. It was printed by Mr. Fairholt from the fifth edition, 1638, in his *Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume*, for the Percy Society, 1849, p. 141-2, but he modernised the spelling. "English Mutability in Dress" is the title that Mr. Fairholt gives the song, and he prints the first stanza of it, which our copy in the Folio omits. This stanza in the earliest and titleless copy of the play in the British Museum—which I suppose to be the edition of 1608, and the readings of which in the notes below are signed B.M.—runs thus :

*The Spaniard loues his ancient slop,  
The Lombard, his Venetian,<sup>1</sup>  
And some, like breech-lesse women goe :  
The Russe, Turke, Iew, and Grecian ;  
The threysly<sup>2</sup> Frenchman weares small wast,  
The Dutch his belly bousteth ;  
The Englishman is for them all,  
And for each fashion coasteth.*

In illustration of this Mr. Fairholt aptly quotes the well-known passages from Andrew Borde and Coryat about the Englishman's changeableness in dress. The latter says, "We weare more fantastical fashions than any nation under the sun, the French only excepted [see l. 6 of our poem] ; which hath

<sup>1</sup> A kind of hose or breeches described by Stubbes. See the word in *Nares*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> thrifty.—Fairholt. The fourth and

fifth editions both read *threysly*. ? from A.-S. *þræs*, a hem, fringe—Somner. Or *breaks*, rottenness—Lye.—F.

given occasion to the Venetian, and other Italians, to brand the Englishman with a notable mark of levity, by painting him stark naked, with a pair of shears in his hand, making his fashion of attire according to the vain conception of his brain-sick head, not to comeliness and decorum."

Possibly this copy in the Folio is from one of those of which Heywood complains in his *To the Reader* :—

".. some of my plaies haue (vnknowne to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the Printers hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled (coppied only by the eare) that I haue bin as vnable to know them as a-shamed to challenge them. This therefore I was the willinger to furnish out in his natiue habit: first being by consent, next because the rest haue been so wronged in being publisht in such sauadge and ragged garments: accept it courteous Gentlemen, and prooue as fauorable Readers as we haue found you gracious Auditors.

Yours T. H. "

<p>THE: turke in Linen<sup>1</sup> wrapps his head,  the persian his in<sup>2</sup> lawne tooe,  the rushe<sup>3</sup> with sables ffurres his cappe,  4 &amp; change will not be drawn tooe.  the Spaynyards constant to his blocke,  the ffrench inconstant euer;  but of all ffelts<sup>4</sup> that may be ffelt,  8 giue me the English beuer.<sup>5</sup></p>	<p>Above all other felts,  Russian,  Spanish, French,  give me the English beaver!</p>
---	--

<sup>1</sup> Linem in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. in his ;—his in, B.M.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Russe.—B.M.

<sup>4</sup> Fealts.—B.M.

<sup>5</sup> Fairholt says that beaver hats appear to have been first imported from Flanders. *Cost. in England*, p. 490. Stubbes, 1583, that they "were fetched from beyond the seas, from whence a great sort of other vanities do come besides." In a satiric ballad on the knights of £40 per annum made by James I. (in *Wit and Wisdom*, Shaksp. Soc. 1846, p. 146-7) the shepherds are jestingly told to

Cast of for ever your twoe shillinge\*  
bonnetts,

Cover your coxcombs with three-pound  
*beavers*.—*ib.* p. 498.

"Beaver hats were expensive articles of dress, as already noted. Dugdale, in his *Diary* (under April 13, 1661), notes: 'Payd for a *bever* hatte, £4 10s.:' the fashion of it may be seen in Hollar's print of that distinguished antiquary. Pepys records (under June 27 in the same year):—'This day Mr. Holden sent me a *bever*, which cost me £4 5s.'"—*ib.* p. 503.

\* M. Hunter's copy reads *tenpenny*.—Halliwell.

The German loues his connye well,<sup>1</sup>  
 the Irishman his shagg tooe<sup>2</sup>;  
 the welch his Monmouth<sup>3</sup> loues to weare,  
 12 & of the same will bragg tooe.  
 some loue the rough, & some the smooth,  
 some great, & other small thinge<sup>4</sup>;  
 but oh, your English Licorish man,<sup>5</sup>  
 16 he loues to deale in all thinges !

Some like  
 rough  
 things ;  
 some like  
 smooth ;  
 the English  
 lecher loves  
 all sorts.

The Rush drinkes Quash<sup>6</sup>; Duche, lubickes beere,<sup>7</sup>  
 & that is strong<sup>8</sup> and mightye;  
 the Brittain, he Metheglin Quaffes,  
 20 the Irish, Aqua vitæ<sup>9</sup>;  
 the ffrench affects his orleance<sup>10</sup> grape,  
 the spanyard tasts his sherrye ;  
 the English none of these escapes,<sup>11</sup>  
 24 but with them<sup>12</sup> all makes merrye.

With all  
 drinks too  
 he makes  
 merrye ;

<sup>1</sup> conny-wool.—B.M. In another poem in the same volume, at p. 162, we read—  
 Here is an English *conny furr!*  
 Russia hath no such stuffe,  
 Which, for to keep your fingers warme,  
 Excells your sable muffle.

*The Burse of Reformation.*  
 ? For the *double entendre* of the black beaver, compare l. 32 of *Off alle the scaws* below.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Shagge-too.—B.M.

<sup>3</sup> Munmouth.—B.M. A cut of the Monmouth cap is given on p. 502 of Fairholt's *Costume in England*, 1860, and on p. 115 of the Percy Society's *Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume*, and it is mentioned twice in the "Ballad of the Caps," which Mr. Fairholt places at the end of the reign of Elizabeth, and which is found in *Sportive Wit*, 1656; D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth*, 1719-20, &c. The Monmouth-cap, the saylorsthrum . . . The souldiers that the *Monmouth* wear.

From Cleveland's *Square-Cap for me*, the cap seems to have been made of plush—  
 And first, for the plush-sake, the *Monmouth-cap* comes.

(*Sat. Songs*, 134.)

It was worn by sailors, as Mr. Fairholt

shows by quoting *A Satyre on Sea Officers*, by Sir H. S. published with the Duke of Buckingham's Miscellanies (*Costume*, p. 533).

<sup>4</sup> A second *g* appears to be crossed out in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> your lecherish Englishman.—B.M.

<sup>6</sup> quaffes. B.M.; quaffes, 4th ed. 1630; quasses, 5th ed. 1638. "Quasse, mentioned as a humble kind of liquor, used by rusties.

As meade obarne, and meade chernuk,  
 And the base *quasse* by pesants drunk."

*Pindyco, or Runne Red-Cap*, 1609, in Nares.—F.

<sup>7</sup> *Lubeck*. The beer of Lubeck was celebrated, and appears to have been very strong.

I think you're drunk

With *Lubeck beer* or Brunswick mum.  
*Albertus Wallenstein*, 1639. Modern editors of Nares.—F.

<sup>8</sup> strong in the MS.—F.

<sup>9</sup> "*Aqua Vita*, (i.e. Water of Life), a sort of Cordial Water made of brew'd Beer strongly hopp'd and well ferment-ed." Phillips.

<sup>10</sup> the Orleane.—B.M.

<sup>11</sup> can scape.—B.M.

<sup>12</sup> But he with.—B.M.

The Italyan, in her hye shapines,<sup>1</sup>

Scot[c]h lasse, & louely ffroc<sup>2</sup> tooe;

the Spanish don-a,<sup>3</sup> ffrench Madam,<sup>4</sup>

28 he will not ffear to goe too :

nothing soe ffull of hazards<sup>5</sup> dread,<sup>4</sup>

nought liues aboue the center,

noe health, noe ffashyon, wine, nor wench,

32 your English dare not venter.”<sup>6</sup>

and there's  
no woman  
that he  
daren't try.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> Chapeene.—B.M. Choppines.—P.

“A high sooled Shoe, v. *Chapin*. Sp. *Chapin de mugér*, a woman's shoes, such as they vse in Spaine, mules, or high cork shoes.” *Percivale*, by *Minsheu*. Chopines, says Mr. Fairholt, were shoes elevated “as high as a man's leg.” *Raymond's Voyage through Italy*, 1648. They are mentioned by Shakspeare (*Hamlet*, act ii. scene 2), and were occasionally worn in England, but not of so great an altitude. See *Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Froa-too.—B.M. frow.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Bonna. B.M. Bonna, 4th edition. Donna, 5th ed.—F.

<sup>4</sup> ? Referring to “*Lues Venerea*, or *Morbus Gallicus*, the French Pox, a malignant and infectious Distemper.” Phillips.—F.

<sup>5</sup> hazard.—B.M.

<sup>6</sup> No Fashion, Health, no Wine, nor Wench,

On which hee dare not venter.—  
B.M.

## Come wanton wenches.

AN old courtezan's advice to younger ones to grant their favours coyly; not to be forward, except at first, and so whet their hirers' desire.

[Page 404 of MS.]

Wenches,	4	<p>COME: all you wanton wenches  <i>that</i> longs to be in tradinge,          come learne of me, loues Mistris,          to keepe <i>your</i> selues ffrom Iadeinge !          when you expose <i>your</i> ffaces,          all baytes ffor to entrapp men,          then haue a care to husband <i>your</i> ware,</p>
I'll tell you how to manage.	8	<p><i>that</i> you prone not bankront chapmen.          be not att ffirst to nice nor coye          when gamsters you are courtinge,          nor fforward to be sportinge ;</p>
Husband your ware.	12	<p>in speeches ffree, not in action bee,          for feare of lesse resortinge.</p>
Be freer of speech than act.	16	<p>Let not <i>your</i> outward iesture          b[e]rawy <i>your</i> inward passyon ;          but seeme to neglect, when most you doe affect,          in a cunning scornefull fflashyon.</p>
Conceal your passion ;	20	<p>be sparing of <i>your</i> ffavors          when mens loue grow most Eagare ;          yett keepe good guard, or else all is mared.          when they <i>your</i> ffort beleangar ;          grant but a touch or a kisse ffor a tast,</p>
spare your favours when men are eager.		

- & seeme not to bee willinge  
 24 <sup>1</sup> allwayes ffor to be billinge. Don't be  
always bill-  
ing.  
 with a tuch or a pinch, or a nipp or a wrenche,  
 disapont their hopes ffullfillinge.
- If once you growe to lauish,  
 28 and all *your* wealth discover,  
 you cast of hope ; for then *with* too much scope  
 you doe dull *your* Egar louer.  
 then order soe *your* treasure,  
 32 & soe dispend *your* store, Let men  
taste and  
*that* tho men do tast, their loues may neuer wast,  
 but they still may hope for more. hope for  
more.  
 & if by chance, beinge wrapt in a trance,  
 36 you yeeld them full ffruityon If you yeild,  
 won by strong opposityon,  
 yett nipp & teare, & *with* pontinge sweare struggle and  
say you  
didn't mean  
it,  
 'twas against *your* dispoityon.
- 40 Thus seeminge much displeas'd  
 with *that*<sup>2</sup> did most content,  
 you whett desire, & daylye add fire  
 to a spiritt almost spent.
- 44 be sure att the next encounter and next  
time, make  
more fuss  
over it ;  
but don't be  
too rude.  
 you put *your* loue to striue ;  
 yett be not rude, if need he will intrude,  
 soe shall *your* trading thriue,
- 48 soe shall you still be ffreshlye woe'd, Thus you'll  
always be  
woe'd like a  
maiden.  
 like to a *perfect* mayd.  
 & doe as I haue sayd,  
 your ffaininge seemes true,
- 52 & like venus euer new,  
 and *your* trading is not betrayd.
- ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> A note of Percy's here, of five lines,  
 rubbed or scratched out.—F.

<sup>2</sup> that which, what.—F.

## As it beffell on a Day :

[Page 443 of MS.]

- One sum-  
mer's day
- two London  
damsels  
went out to
- gather cod-  
lings.
- They were  
very beauti-  
ful
- and sweet ;
- but their  
one fault  
was these  
codlings.
- The young  
one wants  
to go into  
an orchard,  
but the  
elder doubts  
whether  
she'll get  
any codlings  
there.
- AS : itt beffell on a sumers day,  
when Phebus in his glorye,  
he was suited in his best array,—  
4 as heere records my storge,—  
2 London damsells fforth they wold ryde,  
they were decked in their pompe & their pryde,  
they said they wold goe ffarr & wyde  
8 but they wold goe gather Codlyngs.
- Sisters they were, exceeding fine,  
& macheless in their bewtye ;  
happy was the wight eold gine them wine  
12 to expresse his loue and dutye.  
soe fine, so ffeate, so sweet, soe neate, so delicate ;  
O, itt wold doe you good ffor to heare them prate !  
but yett intruth they haue a ffault,  
16 to fill their belly full of Codlings.
- Then to an orchard straight they went,  
intending ffor to enter.  
the younger with a bold attempt  
20 ffirst did intend to enter :  
“ nay, softly ! ” quoth the Elder wench,  
“ I pray thee lett vs goe ffrom hence ;  
ffor heare I am in some suspence  
24 *that* heare I shall not gett no Codlings.”



“ Art thou soe ffond ? canst thou not see [page 141] “ Can't you see a

what good Lneke doth abode vs ?

yonder lyes a youngman vnder a tree

young man  
there who'll  
load us ? ”

28 *that* with his ffruite can loade vs.

then to the Orchard straight wee will stray ;

weele devise with him to sport & to play ;

& then Ile warrant you without delay

32 heele fill our belly ffull of codlings.”

Then shee did leape over the ditch

as light as any ffether ;

her sister after her did Leape,

The young  
one then  
leaps the  
ditch,  
the elder  
follows,

36 now begins to ffeare no whether.

with a merry hart & a ioyffull cheere,

setting aside all care & ffeare,

seeing her sister scape soe cleere,

40 shee wold not Loose her share o CODLINGS ;

Then shee did leape over the dich

as light as any arrow ;

& in her leape, “ ah ! ah ! ” shee cryes,

cries Ah,

44 ffeeling her smocke was narrowe,

as maydens doe *that* newly wedd

being taken ffrom her true louers bedd ;

& with a sigh her mayden-head

48 were worne away with eating CODLINGS.

and gets her  
codlings.

Her sister, on the Other side where shee attended,

bidd her haue a care, her smocke was too wyde.

with what shee was offended ;

52 with *that* a nettle stonge her by the knee ;

“ a pox of all strait smockes ! ” quoth shee.

Then the  
young one  
lies down

seeing itt wold no better bee,

shee Layd her downe to gether CODLINGS.

and gets  
hers too.

ffinis.

## Blame : not a woman.

[Page 446 of MS.]

Don't blame  
women

BLAME : not a woman although shee bee Lewd,  
& *that* her ffaults they haue been knowne.  
although shee doe offend, yett in time shee may  
amend;

for vsing  
their own,

4 then blame her not ffor vsing of her owne,

but praise  
them  
when they  
are good.

But rather giue them praise, as they deserue,  
when vice is banisht quite, & virtue in them growne,  
ffor *thats* their only tresure, & ffor to ffly vaine  
pleasure.

8 then blame them not ffor vsing of their owne.

Men now,  
out of their  
idle brain,  
abuse  
women;

There is many now a dayes *that* women will dispraise:  
out of a dru[n]ken humor when as their witts are  
fflowne,

out of an Idle braine, with speeches Lewd<sup>1</sup> & vaine  
12 theile blame them still ffor vsinge of her owne.

But if woman shold not trade, how shold the world  
increase ?

if women all were nise, what seede shold then be  
sowne ?

but if they  
were all  
virgins, men  
would be  
badly off.

if women all were coy, they wold breede mens annoy;   
16 then blame them not ffor vsing of their owne.

If any take offence att this my songe,

I thinke *that* no good maners he hath knowne.

wee all ffrom women eame: why shold wee women  
blame,

Why then  
should we  
blame them? 20

& ffor a litle vsing of their owne ?

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> MS. has a tag like *s* to the *d*.—F.

Off: alle the seaes.

[Page 455 of MS.]

- OFF: all the seas *thats* cominge, Before all  
fish  
of all the woods *thats* risinge,  
of all the ffishes in the sea,  
4 giue me a womans swiuinge. give me a  
woman!
- ffor shee hath pretty ffancies  
to passe away the night ;  
& shee hath pretty pleasures  
8 to coniure downe a spritt.
- My ffather gaue me Land, I've spent  
all my  
money on  
one,  
my mother gaue me mony,  
& I haue spent itt euery whitt  
12 in hunting of a Coney.
- I hunted vp a hill, chasing her  
a Coney did espye ;  
my fferrett seeing *that*,  
16 into her hole did hye :
- my fferrett seeing *that*,  
into her hole did runn ;  
but when he came into her hole,  
20 noe Coney cold be ffound.
- I put itt in againe ; till I ran  
her to  
ground.  
itt ffound her out att Last ;  
the Coney then betwixt her leggs  
24 did hold my fferrett ffast,

Till *that* itt was soe weake,  
 alacke, itt cold not stand!  
 my fferrett then out of her hole  
 28 did come vnto my hand.

Choose dark  
 ones;

All you *that* be good ffellowes,  
 giue hearing vnto me;  
 & if you wold a Coney hunt,  
 32 a blacke one lett itt bee;

they're the  
 best.

ffor blacke ones are they best,  
 their Sckins will yeeld most money.  
 I wold to god *that* hee were hanged  
 36 *that* does not loue a Coney!

ffinis.

## Louers hea[r]ke alarum.

[Page 459 of MS.]

LOUERS: harke! an alarum is sounding: now loue Lovers,  
 cryes;  
 who-soe feares, or in ffaintnesse abounding,<sup>1</sup> will  
 surprise.  
 O then, on! charge them home! if you delay *your* charge your  
 time, girls home;  
 4 *your* hopes will ffaile;  
 these ffair ffoes yeelding lookes doe bewray their their hearts  
 harts are more  
 as *yours*, more then their owne. yours than  
theirs.

If they striue, itt is a tricke ffor a triull who is most  
 bold.

8 No braue man ffor a silly denyall will grow cold; Take no  
 None but ffooles fflinch ffor noe when<sup>2</sup> a I by nois<sup>3</sup> denial;  
 ment  
 in louing seance;  
 On then, & charge them home! *perchance* you may charge  
 soe put them home!  
 12 *ffrom* their ffence.

Downe, Downe *with* them! o, how thé tremble for *the* Down with  
 crye! them!  
 what, for feare? no! no! no! they dissemble<sup>4</sup>;  
 they know why.

<sup>1</sup> Only half the *u* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? MS. *whema*.—F.

<sup>3</sup> ? nois I can make no sense of it.—F.

<sup>4</sup> There's a tag at the end like an *s*.—F.

[page 460]

Quickly woone, Quickly lost, the delight of life is lost,  
*procured with paines.*

16

They'll fight  
again.

These respects makes them bold to fight, to Cry, to  
 dye,

to liue againe.

ffinis.

## A freinde of mine.

[Page 459 of MS.]

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>A: freind of mine not long agoe<br/>         desired att my hands<br/>         some pretty toy to moue delight<br/>         4 to those <i>that</i> hearers stand.<br/>         the <i>which</i> I meane to gratiffye<br/>         by all the meanes I may,<br/>         &amp; moue delight in euery wight<br/>         8 <i>that</i> with affection stay.</p>                  | <p>A friend has<br/>         asked me<br/>         for a story<br/> <br/>         to delight all<br/>         hearers.<br/> <br/>         I'll tell you<br/>         one</p> |
| <p>Some thought to proue wherin I shold<br/>         these seuerall humors please,<br/>         the <i>which</i> to doe, reason fforbids,<br/>         12 lest I shold some displease ;<br/>         but sith my muse doth plesure Chuse,<br/>         &amp; theron bends her skill,<br/>         wherby I may driue time away,<br/>         16 &amp; sorrowes quite beguile.</p> | <p>that will<br/>         drive away<br/>         all sorrow.</p>  |
| <p>It was my Chance, not long agoe,<br/>         by a pleasant wood to walke,<br/>         where I vnseene of any one<br/>         20 did heare tow louers talke ;<br/>         &amp; as these louers forth did passe,<br/>         hard by a pleasant shade,<br/>         hard by a mighty Pine tree there,<br/>         24 their resting place they made.</p>                   | <p>I walked in<br/>         a wood<br/> <br/> <br/> <br/> <br/> <br/>         and saw two<br/>         lovers<br/> <br/> <br/>         rest under<br/>         a pine.</p>   |

The man  
said the  
place was  
made only  
for lovers to  
embrace,

and took  
his girl by  
the middle.

She caught  
hold of him,

for she was  
a merry lass.

He delayed,

so she  
offered to  
arrange  
herself

“Insooth,” then did this youngman say,  
 “I thinke this ffragrant place  
 was only made for louers true  
 28 eche others to inbrace.”  
 hee tooke her by the middle small,—  
 good sooth I doe not mocke,—  
 not meaning to doe any thing  
 32 but to pull vpp her : smo :<sup>1</sup> blocke  
 wheron shee sate, poore silly soule,  
 to rest her weary bones.  
 this maid shee was noe whitt affrayd,  
 36 but shee caught him ffast by the : stones :  
 thumbes;  
 wheratt he vext & greined was,  
 soe *that* his fflesh did wrinkle ;  
 this maid shee was noe whitt affrayd,  
 40 but caught him fast hold by the : pintle :  
 pimple  
 which hee had on his chin likewise ;— [page 460]  
 but lett the pimple passe ;—  
 there is no man heare but he may supposse  
 44 shee weere a merry lasse.  
 he boldly ventured, being tall,  
 yet in his speech bu[t] blunt,  
 hee neuer ceast, but tooke vpp all,  
 48 & cacht her by the Cun : plumpe.  
 And red rose lipps he kisst full sweete :  
 quoth shee, “I craue no sucour.”  
 which made him to haue a mighty mind  
 52 to clipp, kisse, & to : ffuck : plucke her  
 into his armes. “nay! soft!” quoth shee,  
 “what needeth all this doing?  
 ffor if you wilbe ruled by me,  
 56 you shall vse small time in wooinge.

<sup>1</sup> These and the similar colons following are those of the MS.—F.



“ ffor I will lay me downe,” *quoth* shee,  
 “ vpon the slippery seggs,  
 & all my clothes He trusse vp round,  
 60 & spread abroad my : leggs : eggs,  
*which* I haue in my aperne heare  
 vnder my girdle tuckt ;  
 soe shall I be most ffine & braue,  
 64 most ready to be : fuckt : ducket

and ge  
ready.

“ vnto some pleasant springing well ;  
 ffor now itt's time of the yeere  
 to decke, & bath, & trim ourselues  
 68 both head, hands, ffeet & geere.”

ffinis.

Ⓞ nay : Ⓞ nay : not : yett.

[Page 460 of MS.]

A young  
man

met a  
maiden,

and offered  
her 40  
crowns  
to enjoy her.

She said,  
" Not yett.

Gold is dross  
to my  
virginity."

- A: yong man walking alone,  
abroad to take the ayre,  
itt was his chance ffor him to meete  
4 a maiden pasing ffaire.  
desiring her of curtesiy  
awhile with him downe sitt ;  
shee answered him most modestlye,  
8 " O nay ! O nay ! not yett !"
- " Forty crownes I will giue thee,  
sweete hart, in good red gold,  
if *that* I may thy ffauour haue,  
12 thy bewtye to behold."
- & then she spoke now readilye  
& with a ready witt,  
" I will not sell my honestye !  
16 O nay ! O nay ! not yett !"
- " Gold & mony is but drosse,  
& worldly vanitty<sup>1</sup> ;  
I doe esteeme more of the losse  
20 of my virginitye !  
but dost thou thinke I am soe madd,  
or of soe litle witt  
as ffor to sell my honestye ?  
24 O nay ! O nay ! not yett !"

<sup>1</sup> vanity.—P.

They way to win a womans hart,  
 is quicklye to be breiffe,  
 & giue her *that* with-in ffew words  
 28     *that* will soone ease her greiffe.  
 “O ffye! O ffye! away!” sheele crye,  
       *that* lones a dainty bitt,  
 “I will not yeele to Cupids lawes!  
 32     O nay! O nay! not yett!”

ffinis.

But if you'd  
 win a  
 woman, be  
 quick,

and don't  
 mind her  
 refusal.

## ¶ Cannott Bee Contented.

[Page 460 of MS.]

I can't give  
up my love,

I: Cannot be contented  
ffrom lone to be absented.  
although I were presented,<sup>1</sup>

4 He hane another bout ;  
I know shee is vnwilling  
to heare of all the skillinge<sup>2</sup> ;  
shee rather had bee killing,<sup>3</sup>  
8 if I I could ffind her out.

and wish I  
could find  
her.

bnt if *that* time & lesnre serue, [page 461]  
infaith shee shall not neede to sterue ;  
ffor well I know shee doth deserue

I'd give her  
some nectar.

12 to tast vpon sweet Nectair,  
the ffoode wheron the gods do ffeede,  
& all they gods they haue decreede.  
but shee shall haue itt att her neede !  
16 hey hoe ! my harte is wearye !

Some tell me  
I shall be  
burnt if I  
touch her.

Some say, 'if I come nye her,  
my liffe must pay the hyer ;'  
but if I scape ffrom ffyer,  
20 then let them doe their worst ;

But I'm not  
afraid of  
that.

for water, I am sure,  
while grinding doth endure,  
will come like hawke to lnre,  
24 or else the Miller is cnrst.

<sup>1</sup> To present, to bring an Information  
against. Phillips.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? Reasoning.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Lill. (1) To pant; to loll out the tongue.  
Wills. "I lylle out the tonge as a

beest dothe that is chafed [heated]."  
Palsgrave. "To pant and be out of  
breath, or *lill* out the tongue, as a dog  
that is weary." Florio, p. 15; in Halli-  
well's Gloss.—F.

looke in the dam, & you may spye  
 heere is soe much *that* some runs by ;  
 there *neuer* came a yeere soe drye  
 28      cold keepe this Mill ffrom grindinge.  
 yett shee no *common* Miller is ;  
 shee does not grind eche plowmans gris <sup>1</sup> ;  
 she needs not, vnless shee list,  
 32      but ffor sweet reereation.

Her mill has  
 plenty of  
 water.

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> Grist, Corn ground, or fit for grinding ; Meal, Flower. Phillips.—F.

## Lillumwham.

[Page 461 of MS.]

WITH this poem may be compared another “Burlesque Receipt” for the same purpose in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, i. 250, “A good medesyn, yff a mayd have lost her madened, to make her a mayd ageyn,” which is taken, says Mr. Halliwell, “from a copy of Caxton’s *Mirroure of the World, or th’ ymage of the same*, fol. Lond. 1481, in the King’s Library in the British Museum, fol. ult. v<sup>o</sup>., written by some owner of the book in the year 1520.”

A maid  
went to the  
well to wash,

THE: maid, shee went to the well to washe,  
Lillumwham, Lillumwham !  
the mayd shee went to the well to washe,  
4    whatt then ? what then ?  
the maid shee went to the well to washe ;  
dew fell of her lilly white fleshe ;  
Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heye !  
8 Leg a derry, Leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir !  
driuanee, larumben, Grandam boy, heye !

and as she  
washed  
her clothes,

White<sup>1</sup> shee washee, & white<sup>1</sup> shee ronge,  
Lillumwham &c :  
12 white<sup>1</sup> shee handg o the hazle wand,  
Grandam boy, heye &c.

<sup>1</sup> Is this *white* for *while*? There is no loop to the letter, and that makes the difference between the *l* and *t* in this

MS. The *white* of line 6, and of lines 10 and 12, is exactly the same.—F.

- There came an old Palmer by the way,  
Lillumwham &c. a palmer  
asked her
- 16 sais, "god speed thee well thou faire maid!"  
Grandam boy, hey &c.
- "Hast either Cupp or can— for a cup  
Lillumwham &c.—
- 20 to giue an old palmer drinke therin?" to drink out  
of.  
Grandam boy, heye &c.
- sayes, "I haue neither cupp nor Cann— She said  
she hadn't  
one.
- 24 to giue an old Palmer drinke therin."  
Grandam boy, heye &c.
- "But an thy Lemman came from Roome, " If your  
lover  
came you'd  
soon find  
some."  
Lillumwham &c.,
- 28 Cupps & canns thou wold find soone."  
Grandam boy, heye &c.
- Shee sware by god & good St. Iohn,  
Lillumwham &c.
- 32 Lemman had shee neuer none; " I never  
had a lover."  
Grandam boy, heye &c.
- Saies, "peace, faire mayd! you are fforsworne! "That's a  
story!
- 36 Nine Children you haue borne; You've had  
9 children,  
Grandam boy, heye &c.—
- "They<sup>1</sup> were buryed vnder thy beds head;— and mur-  
dered them  
all!"  
Lillumwham &c :—
- 40 other three vnder thy brewing leade<sup>2</sup>;  
Grandam boy, hey &c.

<sup>1</sup> Three.—P.Halliwell's Gloss. "A forneys of a *lead*."<sup>2</sup> Lead, a vat for dyeing, &c., *Northern*;  
a kitchen copper is sometimes so called.

Chaucer, Cant. T. Prol. l. 202.—F.

Other three on won play greene,  
Lillumwham &c.

44 Count, maids, & there be 9.”  
Grandam boy, hey &c.

“ Well, I  
hope you’re  
Christ,

“ But I hope you are the good old man—  
Lillumwham &c.—

48 That all the world beleuees vpon ;  
Grandam boy, hey &c.

“ Old Palmer, I pray thee,—  
Lillumwham &c.—

and will set  
me pen-  
ance.”

52 Pennaunce *that* thou wilt giue to me.”  
Grandam boy, hey &c.

“ I will :

“ Penance I can giue thee none,—  
Lillumwham &c.—

He 7 yea  
stepping  
stone,

56 but 7 yeere to be a stepping stone ;  
Grandam boy, hey &c.

7 a clapper  
in a bell,

“ Other seauen a clapper in a bell,—  
Lillumwham &c.—

for 7 lead an  
ape in hell.

60 Other 7 to lead an ape in hell.<sup>1</sup>  
Grandam boy, hey &c.

And when

“ When thou hast thy penance done,  
Lillumwham, Lillumwham,

your  
penance  
is done,

64 when thou hast thy penance done,  
whatt then ? what then ?

when thou hast thy penance done,  
then thoust come a mayden home.”

you’ll come  
home a  
maid.”

68 Grandam boy, Grandam boy, hey !

Leg a derry, Leg a merry, met, mer, whoop, whirr !  
drinance, Larumben, Grandam boy, hey !

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> See Mr. Dyce’s note in the *Ballads and Romances* of the Folio, ii. 46.—F.



## The sea Crabb.

[Page 462 of MS.]

- [TT: was a man of Affrica had a faire wiffe, A wife who was  
 fairest *that* euer I saw the dayes of my liffe :  
 with a ging, boyes, ginge ! ginge, boyes, ginge !  
 4 tarradidle, ffarradidle, ging, boyes, ging !
- This goodwiffe was bigbellyed, & with a lad, pregnant wanted a crab.  
 & euer shee longed ffor a sea crabbe.  
 ginge &c.
- 8 The goodman rise in the morning, & put on his hose, Her good-man  
 he went to the sea syde, & ffollowed his nose.  
 ginge &c.
- 12 Sais, “ god speed, ffisherman,<sup>1</sup> sayling on the sea,  
 hast thou any crabbs in thy bote for to sell mee ?”  
 ging &c.
- 16 “ I haue Crabbs in my bote, one, tow, or three; bought one  
 I haue Crabbs in my bote for to sell thee.”  
 ginge &c.
- The good man went home, & ere he wist, and put it in the jordan.  
 & put the Crabb in the Chamber pot where his wiffe  
 pist.  
 ging &c.
- 20 The good wiffe, she went to doe as shee was wont ; It caught hold of his wife.  
 vp start the Crabfish, & cateht her by the Cunt.  
 ging &c.

<sup>1</sup> MS. ffisherman.—F.

“Alas!” quoth the goodwiffe, “*that* euer I was borne,  
 24 the devill is in the pispott, & has me on his horne.”  
 ging &c.

“If thou be a crabb or crabfish by kind,  
 thoule let thy hold goe with a blast of cold wind.”  
 28 ging &c.

He blew on  
 it to make  
 it let go,

The good man laid to his mouth, & began to blowe,  
 thinkeing therby *that* they Crab wold lett goe.  
 ging &c.

and it  
 pinned his  
 nose to his  
 wife.

32 “Alas!” quoth the good man, “*that* euer I came  
 hither,  
 he has ioyned my wiffes tayle & my nose together!”  
 ging &c.

So he called  
 the neigh-  
 bours in to  
 part them.

They good man called his neighbors in with great  
 wonder,  
 36 to *part* his wiues tayle & his nose assunder.  
 ging &c.

ffinis.

## Last night & thought.

[Page 463 of MS.]

LAST : night I thought my true loue I caught;

I dreamt  
last night

when I waket, in my armes I mist her ;

my sleepe I renued, & my dreame I pursued ;

that I kist  
my love.

4 till I ffound out my loue, & I kist her.

but if such delights belong to the nights,

when the head<sup>1</sup> hath Phebus in keepinge,

how is he blest with content in his rest

8 *that* can ffind but his *Mistress* sleepinge ?

If shadowes can make the braines for to ake,

when the spiritts haue their reposes,

If I enjoyed  
that,

the substance hath power to proue & procure

all the pleasures *that* loues incloses.

what must  
the real  
thing be ?

12

Nights sable shroud, with her bonny cloude,

will defend thee from Tytanus peepinge,

& helpe thee to shade all the shifts thou hast made

16

ffor to find out thy *Mistress* sleepinge.

Then since the aid of the Cynthian mayd

doth assist vs with her endeauour ;

I since  
found her  
sleeping,

light to the moone till the suffering be done;

shees a ffreind to the ffaithfful euer.

20

though shee denyes, shee pishes & shee cryes,

leauē not thou of ffor her weepinge ;

ffor if shee ffind *that* affectyon be kinde,

and didn't  
leave her for  
her weeping.

24

shees thine owne, boy, awake or sleepinge!

She was my  
own.

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> Thetis, q.—P.

## I Dreamed my Loue.

[Page 480 of MS.]

I dreamt  
that I saw  
my love in  
bed;

I dreamd my lone lay in her bedd :  
itt was my Chance to take her :  
her leggs & armes abroad were spredd ;  
4 shee slept ; I durst not awake her.  
O pittie itt were, *that* one soe faire  
shold Crowne her loue with willowe<sup>1</sup> ;  
the tresses of her golden haire<sup>2</sup>  
8 did kisse he[r] louely pillowe.

that her  
belly was a  
hill

Methought her belly was a hill  
much like a mount of pleasure,  
vnder whose height there growes a well ;  
12 the depth no man Can measure.  
about the ple[s]ant mountaines topp  
there growes a lonely thickett,  
wherin 2 beagles trambled,  
16 & raised a liuely prickett.<sup>3</sup>

where my  
two beagles

hunted,

They hunted there with pleasant noyce  
about the pleasant mountaine,  
till hee by heat was fforet to ffly,  
20 & skipp into the ffountaine.

<sup>1</sup> "The following 'To the Willow-Tree,'  
is in Herrick's *Hesperides*, p. 120:—

Thou art to all lost love the best,  
The only true plant found,  
Wherewith young men and maids distrest,  
And left of love, are crown'd.

When with neglect (the lover's bane)  
Poor maids rewarded be,

For their love lost, their onely gaine  
Is but a wreathe from thee."

*Brand's Pop. Antiq.* i. 72, ed. 1861.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The MS. has two strokes for the *i*,  
but only one dotted.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Pryket, beast (prik, S.) *Capriolus*.  
Promptorium. Pricket, the buck in his  
second year. Halliwell.—F.

they beagles followed to the brinke,  
 & there att him they barked;  
 he plunged about, but wold not shrinke;  
 24 his Coming forth they wayted.

and barked.

Then forth he Came as one halfe lame,  
 weere weary, ffaint, & tyred;  
 & layd him downe betwixt her leggs,  
 28 as helpe he had required.  
 the beagles being reffresht againe,  
 my Loue ffrom sleepe bereued;  
 shee dreamed shee had me in her armes,  
 32 & shee was not deceiued.

Shee woke,  
 and found me  
 in her arms.

ffinis.

## Panders come away.

[Page 486 of MS.]

- Panders,  
bring your  
whores to
- Cupid's  
muster.
- He'll cashier  
all that can't  
be war-  
ranted.
- Prostitutes  
discussed ;  
1. Nan  
Wright.
2. Little  
Ales  
(with Tom  
Todd).
3. Garden.
- 4
- 8
- 12
- 16
- PANDERS, come away!  
bring forth *your* whores by Clusters  
alongst the Lane, by Gray,<sup>1</sup>  
where Cupid keeps his musters  
now to-day!
- <sup>2</sup>whences, doe you heare? I tell you not a fable ;  
all you *that* doe appeare, & be not warrantable,  
heelee Casheere !
- As for Nan: wright, though her dealings may com-  
pare h[er ;]  
yett, for her *parts* below, theres not a woman ffairer  
to the showe.
- Litle Ales is found 7 yeeres to haue been a trader ;  
yett Tom Todd wilbe bound, whom as they say did  
spade h[er,]  
that shees sound.
- Gardens neere the worss, though shee hath made her  
Co[ney]  
as common as the Bursse ; yett still shee hath they  
money  
in her pursse.

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. Pray.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The MS. has 4 lines in 2 henceforth.—F.

- 20 Boulton is put by, & Luce, among the infected ;  
& ffranke Todd gooth a-wry, being before <sup>1</sup> detected  
to be drye. 4. Boulton.  
5. Luce  
(with Frank  
Todd).
- Pitts is to forbear the trade, & soe is likewise 6. Pitts.  
Pearnit<sup>2</sup> ; 7. Pearint.  
for Cupid in his care, is told *that* they haue had itt  
to a haire.
- 24 True itt is *that* Babe for yeeres may be a virgin ; 8. Babe.  
yett Cupid ffinds the drabb, al ready <sup>3</sup> for a surgyon  
for the scabb.
- Southewells ! beare in mind, although they are ffalse 9. South-  
doers, wells.  
they say *that* you are blind, & soe perhapps more  
ffauors  
28 you doe ffind.
- winlowe is to young, to know the ffruits of wooinge 10. Winlowe  
till nott haue made her strong, to know the ffruits <sup>4</sup> as (with Nott).  
doei[nge]  
to to Longe.
- 32 Gallants, come not neare to braue VENETIA stanley <sup>5</sup> ! 11. Venetia  
her Lord hath placed her there, *that* will maintaine Stanley.  
her ma[nly]  
without ffeare.
- Hayseys, stoupe soe long, to Cupid for aquittance, 12. Hayseys.  
36 till euidence soe strong, will speake for *your* indit-  
men[t.]

<sup>1</sup> MS. be before.—F.<sup>2</sup> ? Pearint.—F.<sup>3</sup> MS. already.—F.<sup>4</sup> MS. ffruits.—F.<sup>5</sup> Venetia, Daughter of Sir Edw<sup>d</sup>.

Stanley, was the Wife of Sir Kenelm Digby: Her reputation was not very clear, as appears from Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.—P.

- [page 487]  
13. . . . .
- 1 . . . . . ce & Iames, Cupid will haue you  
armed ;  
for with his hottest fflames he hath them soundlye <sup>2</sup>  
warmed ;  
marke their names !
14. Nan James  
(with her  
barber's  
boy). 40 Nan: Iames is growne soe Coy, *that* no man can  
endure her ;  
yett I haue heard some say, a barbers boy did cure her  
of a toye.
15. Besse  
Broughton. But with the wicked sire, *that* yett was neuer thought  
on,  
44 by quenching of loues ffire, hath tane away Besse  
BROUGHTON  
one desire.
16. Jane  
Selbe. Its <sup>3</sup> ill *that* simix rydes, Iane selbe doth oppresse her ;  
with other more besides, vnlesse there were a dresser  
48 of their hyds.
17. Beun-  
kards. Beunkards, <sup>4</sup> how yee speed, tis shrewdly to be ffear'd ;  
yee cannott aske to reade, soe oft you haue beene  
seared  
ffor the deede.
18. Foulgam  
(with her  
holy father) 52 ffoulgam will appeale, from Cupid, as men gather,  
for in her wandring taile, hath beene her holy father ;  
hees her bayle.
19. Dodson. Dodson is not ill, yeett hath shee beene a deale-her ;  
56 the falt was in his skill, who knew not how to appease  
her  
with his quill.

<sup>1</sup> Part of the line has been cut away  
from the MS. by the binder.—F.

<sup>2</sup> One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> ? MS. Itt.—F.

<sup>4</sup> ? MS.: the *e* is oddly made ; it may  
be *Birmkards*, the *i* not dotted.—F.



her husband saies shee[s] nought, I thinke an honest  
woman

by Lewdnesse may be brought, to be like others,  
common,

60 being sought.

Ales Bradshaw is fforgott, the Cittye *that* ingrost her;  
but happy is his lott, *that* neuer did arrest her,  
for shee is hott.

20. Ales  
Bradshaw  
(of the city).

64 Cittye wiues, they say, doe occupye by Charter;  
but Cupid grant they may, *that* ware for-ware the  
barter

City-wives,  
don't in-  
dulge.

without pay.

68 Ladyes name wee none, nor yett no Ladyes women  
your honors may begone; ffor Cæsars loue will  
summon

Ladies, and  
Ladies'  
women,  
I don't name  
you.

you alone.

But because *that* some will not allow the order,  
to morefeelds see you Come, your Maiour & your  
recorder

72 with a drum.

Thus farwell, yee whores, yee hackneys & yee harlotts!  
come neare my walkes no more, but get you to your  
varletts

Farewell  
harlots!

as before!

76 My hart shall ay disdain, to thinke of such pore blisses;  
my lipps shall eke the same, to touch with breathing  
kisses

I shall have  
no more to  
do with you,

yours againe.

Thus here ends my song, made only to be merrye :

and I hope I  
don't offend.

80 If I offend in tounge, in hart I shalbe sorry  
ffor the wrong. ffinis.

## A Dainty : Ducke.

[Page 487 of MS.]

I met a dainty duck,	4	<p>A: dainty ducke I Chanced to meete ;  shee wondered what I wold doe,  &amp; curteouslye shee did mee greete  as an honest woman shold doe.</p>
and asked her to drink.		<p>I asked her if shee wold drinke ;  shee wondred &amp;c.</p>
She gave me a wink.	8	<p>shee answered me with sober winke,  as an honest &amp;c.</p>
		<p>I tooke<sup>1</sup> . . . . .</p>

*[A leaf is gone here in the MS., containing, among other things perhaps, the beginning of "The Spanish Lady."]*

<sup>1</sup> Written at the lower corner : the first words of the next page.--F.

## Now ffe on Dreames.

[Page 499 of MS.]

- NOW ffe on dreames<sup>1</sup> & ffond delights  
*that occupye the minde*<sup>2</sup> !  
 tis worser ffor to dreame by nights  
 4     then occupye by kind !  
 ffor if Cupid thy hart doth stryke  
       with lead or golden fflight,  
 O then, O then, O then, in dreames  
 8     thy thoughts strange<sup>3</sup> things doe write !
- Methought itt was my Chance to Clipp  
       thee Creature I loned best,  
 & all alonge the ffeilds to tripp,  
 12     to mone some sport or Iest,  
 & then & then, my [suite] I gan to pleade  
       vnto *that* fairest mayd ;  
 But shee, but shee, would nought beleeeue,  
 16     *which* made me sore affrayd.
- But yett by prayer & earnest suite  
       I moued her att the Last ;  
 yett cold I not inioye the ffruite  
 20     *that* hath soe pleasing tast.  
 but when, but when, *that* motyon I bewrayd ;  
       shee still this answer said,  
 “ O no ! O no ! O no ! I will dye  
 24     ere I loose my maiden-head ! ”

Fie on  
dreams !

For when  
you're in  
love

you dream  
strange  
things.

I lately  
thought

I was trip-  
ping along  
with my  
love,

and praying  
her to  
grant me  
her favors.

<sup>1</sup> dreanes in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Only half an *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ninde in the MS.—F.

She let me  
touch her,

Yett did shee giue me leaue to tuch

her ffoote, her legg, her knee ;

a litle ffurthier was not much,

28 they way I went was ffree.

“ O ffye ! O ffye ! *your* are to blame ! ” shee sayd,

“ thus to vndoe a maid ;

but yett, but yett, the time is so meete,

[*line cut away here by the binder.*]

and neither  
Joue

32 Not Ioue himselfe more Iouyall was

when he bright dyana woun ;

nor Hercules  
had more  
delight

Nor Hercules, *that* all men did passe,

when hee with distaffe spunn,

than I  
when I  
scaled her  
fort.

36 then I, then I, all ffeares when I had past,

& scalled the ffort att Last,

& on, & on, & on the same

my signes of victory placet.

[page 500]

But alas!

40 But when Aurora, goddesse bright,

appeared ffrom the east,

& Morpheus, *that* drowsye wight,

withdrawen him to his rest ;

44 O then, O then, my ioyes were altered cleane !

*which* makes me still Complaine ;

when I  
woke,

ffor I awaked, for I awaked, ffor I awaked ; and I

ffo[und]

it was all a  
dream !

all this was but a dreame !

ffinis.

## A Maiden heade.

[Page 508 of MS.]

<p>COME, sitt thee downe by these Coole<sup>1</sup> streames          neuer yet warmed by Tytans beames !          my tender youth thy wast shall clippe,          4 &amp; ffix vpon thy Cherry lipp ;          &amp; lay thee downe on this greene bed,          where thou shalt loose thy mayden-head.</p> <p>See how the litle Phillipp Sparrow,          8 whose ioynts doe ouer-flow with marrow,          on yonder bough how he doth prone          with his make<sup>2</sup> the ioyes of loue,          &amp; doth instruct thee, as hee doth tread,          12 how thou shalt loose thy maidenhead.</p> <p>O you younglings, be not nice !          coines<sup>3</sup> in mayds is such a vice,  <i>that</i> if in youth you doe not marry,          16 in age young men will lett you tarrye.          by my <i>perswasyon</i> then be led,          &amp; loose in time thy maidenhead.</p> <p>Clothes <i>that</i> imbrothered be with gold,          20 if neuer worne, will quicklye molde ;          if in time you doe not plucke          the damisine or the Apricocke,          in pinching Autume theyle be dead ;          24 then loose in time thy maidenhead !</p>	<p>Sit down,</p> <p>and lose thy maidenhead,</p> <p>as the sparrow</p> <p>teaches thee to do.</p> <p>Young maids,</p> <p>marry in youth, or you'll be left in age.</p> <p>Then lose your maidenheads soon.</p>
--	--

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> colde.—P.

<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *mace*, a wife.—F.

<sup>3</sup> coyness.—F.

## Tom Longe.

[Page 508 of MS.]

IN Mr. Payne Collier's *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company, 1557-70* (Shaksp. Soc. 1848) are two entries, on pages 46, 58, under the year 1561-2, which may relate to this song, but probably don't.

Rd. of William Shepparde, for his lycense for pryntinge of a ballad intituled, *Tom Longe, y<sup>e</sup> Caryer* . . . . . iij*d*.

Rd. of Thomas Hackett, for his fyne, for that he prynted a ballett of *Tom longe the Carryer* . . . . . ijs. vj*d*.

["Tom Long, the Carrier" had been licensed to William Shepparde (see p. 46), and Thomas Hackett must have invaded Shepparde's right. The fine was considerable for the time, comparing it with other impositions of the same kind.]"

Come all you  
men of every  
kind,

COME in, Tom longtayle, come short hose & round,  
Come flatt gutts & slender, & all to be ffound,  
Come flatt Capp and ffether, & all to be found,  
4 Strike home thy pipe, TOM Longe.

Come lowcey, come laced shirt, come damm me, come  
[ruffe !<sup>1</sup>]

Come holy geneua, a thing with-out Cuffe,  
Come dughtye dom diego, with LINENS enough,  
8 Strike &c.

and bring  
each a bit of  
a girl

Bring a fface out of England, a backe out of fran[ce,]  
A belly ffrom fllanders, come all in a dance !  
pinn buttockes of Spayne, aduance ! aduance !

12 Strike &c.

<sup>1</sup> ruffe.—P.

Come bring in a wench shall fitt euery natyon,  
 ffor shape & ffor makeing, a Taylors creatyon,  
 & new made againe to fitt euery natyon.

to make one  
 to fit every  
 nation,

16 Strike &c.

Come tricke itt, and tire itt, in anticke array !  
 Come trim itt, and trosse<sup>1</sup> itt, and make vp the day,  
 for Tom & nell, nicke & Gill, make vp the bay !

and then  
 dress her up.

20 Strike &c.

A health to all Captaines *that* neuer was in warres,  
*thats* knowne by their Scarletts, & not by their scarres !  
 a health to all Ladyes that neuer used Merkin,<sup>2</sup>  
 yett their stuffe ruffles like Buff lether ierkin !  
 Str[ike &c.]

Here's a  
 health to all  
 cowards

24

A health to all Courtiers *that* neuer bend knees !  
 & a health to all schollers *that* scornes their degrees !  
 a health to all Lawyers *that* neuer tooke ffees !  
 28 & a health to all welchemen *that* loues tosted Cheese !  
 Strike home the pipe, Tom Long !      **ffinis.**

and honest  
 courtiers.  
 and idlers !

<sup>1</sup> ? MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *Merkin*, counterfeit hair for a woman's privy parts. Phillips.—F.

## All in a greene meadowe.

[Page 518 of MS.]

I heard a  
nice girl

ALL: in a greene meadow, a riuer running by,  
I hard a *proper* maiden both waile, weepe, and crye,  
the teares ffrom her eyes as cleare as any pearle ;  
4 much did I lament the mourning of the girle :  
shee sighed and sobbed, & to her selfe sayd,  
“ alas ! what hap had I to liue soe long a maid ?

lamenting  
that she had  
liued a maid  
so long.

“ Now in this world no Curtesye is knowen,  
8 & young men are hard harted, *which* makes me liue  
alone ;  
the day & time hath beene, if I had still beene wise,  
I might haue enioyed my true loue had I not beene so  
n[ise<sup>1</sup>];  
but Coyishness, & toyishness, & peeuishness such store  
12 hath brought me to this pensiueness, and many mai-  
dens [more<sup>2</sup>].

Her coyness  
had pre-  
vented her  
enjoying her  
true love,

“ Some dames *that* are *precise*, & heare me thus Com-  
plaine,  
theyle thinke me fond & Idle, my Creditt much wold  
sta[ine.]  
but lett me ansewre them; the Case might be their  
owne ;  
16 the wisest on the earth, by loue may be orethrowen ;  
ffor Cupid is blinded, & cometh in a Cloud,  
& aimeth att a ragg as soone as att a robe.

which she  
might have  
done with-  
out blame ;

<sup>1</sup> nice.—P.

<sup>2</sup> more.—P.



“Sith goddesses come downe to iest with such a boy,  
 20 then hapily poore maidens may tread their shoes  
 awrye.<sup>1</sup>

Hellen of greece for bewty was the rarest,  
 a wonder of the world, & certainlye the ffairest ;  
 yett wold shee, nor Cold shee, liue a maiden still.

for Helen  
 did it.

MS. torn away.

24 . . . . . few or none can carrye  
 . . . . . others all did marry  
 . . . . . oftime *that* they haue vsed before

[page 519]

[Whoever it be] *that* come, I will deny no more,  
 [be itt light o]r be itt darke, doe he looke or winke,  
 [Ile let him hit] the marke, if he haue witt but for to  
 thinke.

She resolves  
 to refuse no  
 more,

[Tho silly m]aidens nicely deny itt when its offered,  
 [yet I wi]sh them wisely to take itt when itt's proffered;  
 32 [If they be li]ke to Cressus to scorne soe true a freind,  
 [Theyle be] glad to receiue poore Charitye in the end.  
 . [ti]me gone & time past is not recalld againe ;  
 [t]herfore I wish all mayds make hast, lest with me  
 thé Complaine.

and advises  
 all girls to  
 take it when  
 it's offered.

<sup>1</sup> Compare the French *Charier droit*, vprightly; or discreetly, warily, advisedly.—Cot.  
 to tread straight, to take a right course ;  
 to behaue himself honestly, sincerely,

## Thomas you cannott.

[Page 521 of MS.]

THE very attractive air to which the following ballad was sung is to be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, i. 337, but the words seem to exist only in this Manuscript. Their date cannot be much later than the commencement of James the First's reign, since one of the ballads against the Roman Catholics, written after the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, was to be sung "to the tune of *Thomas, you cannot*;" also because the air bears the same name in several collections of music for the virginals of corresponding, if not earlier, date.—W. C.

Thomas                    THOMAS: vntyed his points<sup>1</sup> apace,  
                                  & kindly hee beseeches  
                                  *that* shee wold giue him time & space  
 4                            ffor to vntye <sup>2</sup> his breeches.  
                                  "Content, Content, Content!" shee cryes.  
                                  he downe with his breeches imedyatlye,  
 lay on a girl,            & ouer her belly he Cast his thye.  
 8                            But then shee Cryes "*Thomas!* you Cannott, you  
                                  <sup>3</sup> Cannott!  
                                  O *Thomas*, O *Thomas*, you Canott!"

*Thomas*, like a liuely ladd,  
                                  lay close downe by her side :

but couldn't    12    he had the worst Courage *that* euer had man <sup>4</sup> ;  
 serve her.            in conscience, the pore floole Cryed.

<sup>1</sup> Point, a tagged lace, used in tying any part of the dress. Nares.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The *e* has a tag as if for *s*.—F.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *canot*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> ? man had.—W. C.

But then he gott some Courage againe,  
 & he crept vpon her belly amaine,  
 16 & thought to haue hitt her in the right vaine ;  
 But then shee &c.

This maid was discontented in mind,  
 & angry was with Thomas,  
 20 *that* he the time soe long had space,<sup>1</sup>  
 & cold nott performe his promise.

She got  
 angry.

he promised her a thing, 2 handfull att least,  
 which made this maid glad of such a feast ;  
 24 but shee Cold not gett an Inch for a tast,  
 which made her cry &c.

Thomas went to Venus, the goddessse of loue,  
 & hartily he did pray,

He prayed to  
 Venus for  
 help.

28 *that* this ffaire maid might constant proue  
 till he performed what he did say.  
 in hart & mind they both wee[r]e content ;  
 but ere he came att her, his courage was spent,  
 32 which made this maid grow discontent,  
 & angry was with Thomas, with Thomas,  
 & angry was with Thomas.

Vulcan & venus, with Mars & Apollo,

She and 3  
 Gods  
 promised  
 to aid him,

36 they all 4 swore they wold ayd him ;  
 Mars lent him his buckler & vulcan h[is hammer,<sup>2</sup>]  
 & downe by her side he laid him.<sup>3</sup>

[Page 522, a fragment apart from the MS.]

40 then . . . . .  
 but all her body qu (?) . . . . .  
 he tickled her, laid (?) . . . . .  
 & then shee Cryes . . . . .  
 44 & then shee Cryes f . . Tho[mas] . . . . .

and did so  
 effectually,

<sup>1</sup> so long had time and space.—W. C.  
<sup>2</sup> MS. torn away.—F.

<sup>3</sup> End of MS. page 521.—F.

to the girl's  
content.

This mayd wa . . . . .  
*that* ffortune had lent hi . . . . .  
 ffull oft he had beene . . . . .  
 48 yett neuer cold stop . . . . .  
 he tiekeled her tuch . . . . .  
 he made her to tr . . . . .  
 & *Thomas* was glad he . . . . .  
 52 & then shee cryes “toot . . . . .  
 & then shee cryes “toot . . . . .

## INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
A creature, for feature I neuer saw a fairer . . . . .	53
A dainty ducke I chanced to meete . . . . .	108
A ffreind of mine not long agoe . . . . .	89
A man & a younge maid that loued a long time . . . . .	51
A yong man walking alone . . . . .	92
All in a greene meadow, a riuer running by . . . . .	114
As att noone Dulcina rested . . . . .	32
As I was ridinge by the way . . . . .	29
As itt befell on a sumers day . . . . .	82
Bee not affrayd thou fayrest, thou rarest . . . . .	47
Blame not a woman although shee bee Lewd . . . . .	84
Can any one tell what I ayle ? . . . . .	55
Come all you wanton wenches . . . . .	80
Come in, Tom longtayle, come short hose & round . . . . .	112
Come, sitt thee downe by these Coole streames . . . . .	111
Cooke Laurell wold needs haue the devill his guest . . . . .	40
Doe you meane to ouerthrow me ? . . . . .	49
Downe sate the shepard swaine . . . . .	57
I cannot be contented . . . . .	94
I dreamed my loue lay in her bedd . . . . .	102
In a May morning I mett a sweet nurse . . . . .	74
It was a puritanicall ladd . . . . .	35
It was a younge man that dwelt in a towne . . . . .	61
Itt was a man of Affrica had a ffaire wiffe . . . . .	99

	PAGE
Last night I thought my true loue I caught . . . . .	101
Louers: harke! an alarum is sounding; nou loue cryes . . . . .	87
Men that more to the yard northe church . . . . .	59
Now ffye on dreames & ffond delights . . . . .	109
O lolly Robin, hold thy hande . . . . .	6
Off all the seas thats cominge . . . . .	85
Panders, come away . . . . .	104
See the building which whilest my Mistress liued in . . . . .	2
That god that dyed for vs all ( <i>Fryar and Boye</i> ) . . . . .	9
The maid, shee went to the well to washe . . . . .	96
The man that hath a hansome wiffe . . . . .	31
The turke in Linen wrapps his head . . . . .	77
Thomas vntyed his points apace . . . . .	116
Walking in a meadowe greene . . . . .	3
When as I doe record . . . . .	68
When Phebus addrest himselfe to the west . . . . .	7
When scorching Phœbus he did mount . . . . .	70
Will you heare the Mode of france . . . . .	45

[THESE two songs, having unsuspecting titles, were not examined in time for the former part of this volume. On preparing the third volume of the *Ballads and Romances* for press, it became clear that this couple could not go into it, and they are therefore added as a Supplement to the *Loose and Humorous Songs*.—F.]

Ⓢ **Watt where art tho.<sup>1</sup>**

<p>IFF: mourne I may in tyme soe glad,  or mingle ioyes with dytty sadd,  lend me your eares, lend watt your eyes,  4 &amp; see you where shee tombed lyes.  too simple ffoote,<sup>2</sup> alas, containes  the Lasse <i>that</i> Late on downes &amp; plaines  made horsse &amp; hound &amp; horne to blowe.  8 O watt! where art thou? who, ho, ho!</p>	<p>Come and  see where  the hare  lies buried</p> <p>who lately  gave us a  burst.</p>
<p>O where is now thy fflight so ffleete,<sup>3</sup>  thy iealous brow &amp; ffearfull ffeete,  thy suttile traine &amp; courses stronge,  12 thy capers hye &amp; dances Longe?  who sees thee now in couert creepe,  to stand &amp; harke, or sitt &amp; weepe,  to Coole thy ffeet, to ffoyle thy ffoe?  16 O watt! where art thou? who, ho, ho!</p>	<p>[page 448]</p> <p>Where are  now his  turns and  runs?</p> <p>Oh where?</p>
<p>where is thy vew<sup>4</sup> &amp; sweating sent<sup>5</sup>  <i>that</i> soe much blood &amp; breath hath spent?  thy magicke ffriske &amp; cirkelles<sup>6</sup> round,  20 thy iugling ffeates to mocke the hound?</p>	<p>Where are</p> <p>his frisks</p> <p>and tricks  to cheat the  hounds?</p>

<sup>1</sup> A hunting song on The death of the Hare.—P. See the curious burlesque "Oreison in the worshipe of the hare," containing his 78 names, in *Reliq. Antiq.* i. 133.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Two simple foot.—P.

<sup>3</sup> MS. ffleete so fflight.—F. flight so fleet.—P.

<sup>4</sup> view. 1. The footing of a beast. 2. The discovery of an animal. Hall<sup>1</sup>.—F.

<sup>5</sup> view, scent.—P. <sup>6</sup> circles.—P.

- why didst thou not, this doome to scape,  
vpon thee take some witches shape,  
& shrowd thy selfe in cottage Lowe ?
- Oh where ?      24    O watt ! where &c.
- Though one  
hare  
could not  
escape so  
many dogs,  
yet I'll  
praise the  
royal sport  
he gave us.
- 28    But why shold wee thinke watt soe wise  
as Ioulers noyse,<sup>1</sup> or Iumbells cryes,<sup>2</sup>  
or Ladyes Lipps<sup>3</sup> ? on<sup>4</sup> watt alone  
must needs by many<sup>5</sup> be ore-throwen.  
but as I moane thy liffe soe short,  
soe will I sing thy royall sport,  
& guiltesse gaine<sup>6</sup> of all I know.
- 32    O watt &c.
- Why didn't  
he turn his  
wife out  
and let her  
die instead  
of him ?
- 36    why didst thou not then fly this ffate ?  
ffrom fforth her <sup>7</sup> fforme put fforth thy make <sup>8</sup> ?  
as some good wiffe, when deathes att doore,  
will put her goodman fforth before.  
thy enniuous leaues,<sup>9</sup> & thy muse,<sup>10</sup>  
as perfect once as maidens seuse<sup>11</sup> ;  
thy tracke in snow, like widowes woe.
- 40    O watt &c.
- Though he  
could once  
see behind,  
he is blind  
now.
- 44    Once cold<sup>12</sup> thou strangly see behind ;  
now art thou round about thee blynd.  
both Male & ffemale once wert thou <sup>13</sup> ;  
O neither Male nor ffemall now !

<sup>1</sup> nose. qu.—P.

<sup>2</sup> eyes. qu.—P.

<sup>3</sup> poor. qu.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Percy puts two red brackets round *on*, for omission; but it means *one*.—F.

<sup>5</sup> many.—P. One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

<sup>6</sup> most guiltless game, *sic legerem*.—P.

<sup>7</sup> And from her.—P.

<sup>8</sup> mate.—P. A.-S. *maca*, a husband; *macr*, a wife.—F.

<sup>9</sup> One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

<sup>10</sup> mewse.—P. *Muse*. A hole in a hedge through which game passes. "But the good and aproved hounds on the

contrary, when they have found the hare, make shew therof to the hunter, by running more speedily, and with gesture of head, eyes, ears, and taile, winding to the hares *muse*, never give over prosecution with a gallant noise, no not returning to their leaders, least they loose advantage." *Topsell's Four-footed Beasts*, 1607, p. 152. Halliwell's Gloss.—F.

<sup>11</sup> ? pudendum.—F. Read *slusc*, sluice. Dyce.

<sup>12</sup> Colds't.—P.

<sup>13</sup> Now wylle we begynne atte hare, and why she is most merveyulous best of



thy hermitts liffe, thy dreadfull crosse,  
thy sweating striffe & clickett close,<sup>1</sup>  
when once thou wert both Bucke & doe.

48 O watt &c.

O, had the ffaire young sonne of Mirrh<sup>2</sup>  
fforsooke the bore, & ffollow[ed] her;  
or had Acteon hunted watt

52 when he saw Cynthias you know whatt;  
or *that* young man knowne *that* liffe  
*that* slew ffor deere<sup>3</sup> his deares[t] wiffe,  
they all had knowne no other woe,

56 but watt &c.

Shrill sounding hornes & siluer bells  
shall sound thy mortts,<sup>4</sup> & ring thy knell:

Silver bells  
shall ring  
his knell,

60 young shepards shall thy storry tell,  
& bonny Nymphes sing thy ffarwell,  
& hunters alltogether Ioyne

to drowned both woe & watt in wine,  
whiles I conclude my song euen soe:

and hunters  
forget him  
in their  
wine.

64 O watt! where art thou? who, ho, ho!

ffinis.

the world . . at one tyme he [is] male  
and another tyme female, and therefore  
may alle men blow at hyr as at other  
bestis, that is to say, at herte, at boor,  
and at wolf. *Twety* in *Rel. Ant.* i. 150-1.  
*Niphus* also affirmeth . . he saw a Hare  
which had stones and a yard, and yet  
was great with young, and also another  
which wanted stones and the males geni-  
tal, and also had young in her belly.  
*Rondelius* saith, that they are not stones,  
but certain little bladders filled with  
matter, which men finde in female Hares  
with young, such as are upon the belly  
of a Beaver, wherein also the vulgar sort  
are deceived, taking those bunches for  
stones, as they do these bladders. And  
the use of these parts both in Beavers  
and hares is this; that against rain both

one and other sex suck thereout a cer-  
tain humor, and anoint their bodies all  
over therewith, and so are defended in  
time of rain. *Topsel's Four-footed Beasts*,  
ed. Rowland, 1658, p. 209.—F.

<sup>1</sup> Clicket close.—P. *Clicket*, a term  
applied to a fox when *maris appetens*.  
*Gent. Rec.* ii. 76, Halliwell.—F.

<sup>2</sup> myrrh (*viz.* Adonis).—P.

<sup>3</sup> instead of Deer (alluding to y<sup>e</sup>  
story of Cephalus & Procris).—P.

<sup>4</sup> Morte, sc. the Death of the Hare.  
—P. and when the hare is take, and  
your houndes have ronne well to hym,  
ye shul blowe aftirward, and ye shul yif  
to your houndes the halow, and that is  
the syde, the shuldres, the nekke, and  
the hed; and the loyne shal to kechonne.  
—*Twety* in *Rel. Ant.* i. 153.—F.

## Old Simon the Kinge.

[Page 519 of MS.]

THIS is, in some respects, the best extant version of an old ballad of great and long-extended popularity. The burden is, for the first time, complete. The "Hey ding a ding" at the end identifies it as one of the "ancient" ballads mentioned in Laneham's *Letter from Kenilworth*, 1575. In *Hans Beer-pot his invisible Comedie*, 1618, Cornelius says that he has heard "an old fantastique rime :

Gentlemen are sicke  
and Parsons ill at ease,  
But serving men are drunke  
And all have one disease."

These lines are a paraphrase of the following in the ballad :

Mine ostes was sicke of the mumpes,  
her mayd was ill att ease,  
Mine host lay drunke in his dumpes ;  
They all had one disease.

Again, in *The famous Historie of Fryer Bacon*, which, according to Mr. Payne Collier, was printed soon after 1580, we find :

Lawyers they are sicke,  
And Fryers are ill at ease,  
But poor men they are drunke,  
And all is one disease.

Both the ballad and its tune retained popularity till the end of the last century.—W. C.

Seeking  
merry com-  
pany,

IN: an humor I was of late,<sup>1</sup>  
as many good fellowes bee  
*that*<sup>2</sup> thinke of no matter of state,  
4 but thé keepe<sup>3</sup> merry Companye :

<sup>1</sup> was late.—P.M. (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719, vol. iii. p. 143.)

<sup>2</sup> to.—P.M.

<sup>3</sup> seek for.—P.M.

that best might please my mind,<sup>1</sup>

soe I walket vp & downe the towne,<sup>2</sup>

but company none cold I<sup>3</sup> flind

I walked  
about, and

8 till I came to the signe<sup>4</sup> of the crowne.

found it at  
the Crowne,

mine ostes<sup>5</sup> was sicke of the mumpes,

where  
hostess,  
maid and  
host were  
all drunk.

her mayd was ffisle<sup>6</sup> att ease,

mine host lay<sup>7</sup> drunke in his dumpes;

12 "they all had but<sup>8</sup> one disease,"

sayes old simon the King,<sup>9</sup> sayes old Simon the  
King,

with his ale-dropt hose, & his malmesy nose,

with a hey ding, ding a ding, ding, with a hey  
&c.

with a hey ding [ding,] quoth Simon the  
king. . . .<sup>10</sup>

16 <sup>11</sup>[When I beheld this sight,]

[page 520]

I straight began [to say,]

"if a man be ffull [o'ernight]

he cannott get d[runk to-day ;]

On this I  
philoso-  
phized :

20 & if his drinke w[ill not downe]

he may hang hims[elf for shame ;]

soe may he mine h[ost of the <sup>12</sup> Crowne.]

therefore<sup>13</sup> this reason I [frame :]

24 ffor drinke<sup>14</sup> will ma[ke a man drunke,]

drink makes  
men drunk,

& drunke will make [a man dry,]

& dry will make a man [sicke,]

and  
drunken-  
ness makes  
men die.

& sicke will make a man dye,"

28 sayes old Simon &c.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>1</sup> best contented me.—P.M.

<sup>2</sup> I travell'd up and down.—P.M.

<sup>3</sup> No company I could.—P.M.

<sup>4</sup> sight.—P.M.

<sup>5</sup> My Hostess.—P.M.

<sup>6</sup> fizzling, breaking wind, see p. 65,  
l. 120, 127, 132.—F. The maid was  
ill.—P.M.

<sup>7</sup> The Tapster was.—P.M.

<sup>8</sup> were all of.—P.M.

<sup>9</sup> P.M. ends here.—F.

<sup>10</sup> The line is nearly all pared away.—F.

<sup>11</sup> Supplied from Percy. See note be-  
low. P.M. has :

Considering in my mind,  
And thus I began to think ;  
If a man be full to the Throat  
And cannot take off his drink.

<sup>12</sup> may the Tapster at.—P.M.

<sup>13</sup> Whereupon.—P.M.

<sup>14</sup> Drink.—P.M.

<sup>15</sup> St. 2 (before some of the words

Yet, if a  
man's drunk  
one day and  
dead the  
next,

who dare  
say he died  
for sorrow ?

No such  
thing.

Drink makes  
a man sing  
and laugh,

and brings  
him long  
life.

If a Puritan  
says it's a  
sin to drink

unless you're  
dry,  
I tell him

how a Puritan  
took to  
drinking,

“ But when a man is drunke to-day,<sup>1</sup>  
& laid in his graue to-morrow ;  
will any man dare to<sup>2</sup> say  
32 *that* hee dyed ffor<sup>3</sup> Care or sorrowe ?  
but hang vp all<sup>4</sup> sorrow & care !  
itts<sup>5</sup> able to kill a catt;  
& he *that* will drinke till he stare,<sup>6</sup>  
36 is neuer a-feard<sup>7</sup> of that ;  
ffor drinking will make a man quaffe,  
& <sup>8</sup> quaffing will make a man sing,  
& <sup>8</sup> singinge will make a man laffe,  
40 & laug[h]ing long liffe will<sup>9</sup> bringe,”  
sais old Simon &c.

If a puritane skinker crye,  
“ deere brother, itt is a sinne  
44 to drinke vnlesse you be drye ;”  
this tale I straight<sup>10</sup> begin:  
“ a puritan left his cann,  
& tookee him to his iugge,<sup>11</sup>  
48 & there he playde the man  
so long as he cold tugg ;

were lost & supplied by conjecture) I  
transcribed what is not in brackets.—P.

[When I beheld this sight,  
I straight began to say,  
“ If a Man be full [o'er night,  
He cannott get drunk to-day ;  
And if his drink [will not downe,  
He may hang himself [for shame ;]  
So may he mine host [of the Crowne]  
Therefore thus reason I [frame,  
For\* drink will make a man drunk ;  
And drunk will make a Man dry,  
And dry will make a Man sick,  
And siek will make a Man dye,  
Says old Simon the King, &c.

N.B.—The defective Stanza may be

\* that.—P.

supplied from Durfey's Pills to purge  
Melaucholy, 1719, vol. 3d. p. 143.—P.  
A volume from which many of the songs  
here printed may be more than matched.  
I had never seen it till looking out the  
Bishop's reference.—F.

<sup>1</sup> If a Man should be drunk to night.  
—P.M.

<sup>2</sup> you or any man.—P.M.

<sup>3</sup> of.—P.M.

<sup>4</sup> Then hang up.—P.M.

<sup>5</sup> 'Tis.—P.M.

<sup>6</sup> all right.—P.M.

<sup>7</sup> afraid.—P.M.

<sup>8</sup> There is no ' & ' in P.M.—F.

<sup>9</sup> doth.—P.M.

<sup>10</sup> Then straight this Tale I.—P.M.

<sup>11</sup> took him to his Jugg.—P.M.

but when *that* hee was spyed  
 when hee did<sup>1</sup> sweare or rayle,<sup>2</sup>  
 52 ‘ my only deere brother,’ hee sayd,<sup>3</sup>  
 ‘ truly<sup>4</sup> all fflesh is ffrayle,’ ”  
 sais old Simon &c.

and when  
 he was  
 found out,  
 said “ All  
 flesh is  
 frail.”

Soe fellowes, if you be drunke,<sup>5</sup>  
 of ffrailtye itt is a sinne,  
 56 as itt is<sup>6</sup> to keepe a puncke,  
 or play att in and in<sup>7</sup> ;  
 ffor drinke, & dice, & drabbs,  
 are<sup>8</sup> all of this condityon,  
 60 they<sup>9</sup> will breed want & scabbs  
 in spite of they<sup>10</sup> Phisityan.  
 but who feare[s] enery grasse,  
 must neuer pisse in a meadow,  
 64 & who<sup>11</sup> loues a pott & a lasse  
 must not cry “ oh my head, oh ! ”  
 sais old Simon the *King* &c.

So drunken-  
 ness is  
 frailty,

and so are  
 wenching  
 and gam-  
 bling :

they all  
 breed want  
 and scabs.

But for ex-  
 citement  
 you must  
 run risks.

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> *should*.—P.

<sup>2</sup> He did not swear, or

He did neither swear nor rail.—P.

What did he swear or rail.—P.M.

<sup>3</sup> cryed.—P. No, no truly, dear  
 Brother, he cry'd.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Indeed.—P.M.

<sup>5</sup> you'll.—P.M.

<sup>6</sup> Or for.—P.M.

<sup>7</sup> A common diversion at ordinaries,  
 with 4 dice.—Percy.

<sup>8</sup> MS. *ase*.—F.

<sup>9</sup> And.—P.M.

<sup>10</sup> the.—P.M.

<sup>11</sup> he that.—P.M.

NOTE to p. 78, l. 17.

*Quash* is a genuine Russian word and drink: in Russian КВАСЬ, i. e. Kvas or Kwas, called in Pavlovsky's Dictionary "ein säuerliches Getränk aus Roggenmehl und Malz." It is *the universal* drink of Russia, like a sour beer, and is I believe pronounced execrable by all foreigners. Meyer's "Grosses Conversationslexicon" gives the following elaborate recipe:

"Upon 35—37 pounds of barley-malt, with 3 handsfull of rye-malt, and the same of unsifted rye-meal, in earthen pots, pour boiling water till the water is one hand high above it; then stir till it becomes like a thin broth. Then shake over it oat-husks, about the height of a thumb. Then put the pots for twenty-four hours in the oven; and then fill them again with boiling water up to the brim. Then put it in wooden vessels with straw at the bottom and a tap below, pour tepid water over it, let it stand, and finally draw it off into barrels. Put in each barrel a piece of coarse rye-bread, to make it sour; and put the barrels for 24 hours in the cellar, after which it is ready for use."

The same article says there are better kinds, made of apples, raspberries, &c., which are used by the higher classes, and are more palatable.

The "Duche" in the same line, I presume, means *German* (Deutsch), or at least Low (i. e. North) German, in general, and not what we now call *Dutch*; this is very common in our old writers. Mr. W. B. Rye, in "England as seen by Foreigners" (1865), gives abundant instances of this usage; of which the following, from Sir Robert Dallington's "Method for Travell" (prefixed to his "View of France," 1598), is most to the point: "For the attaining of language it is convenient that he make choice of the best places—Orleans for the French, Florence for the Italian, and Lipsick for the Dutch [*i. e.* German] tongues, for in these places is the best language spoken."—RUSSELL MARTINEAU.

---

NOTE to p. 87, l. 9.

*For nois read no is.*—None but ffooles flinch ffor Noe, when a I (that is, *an Aye*) by No is ment.—DR. ROBSON.

---

NOTE to *The Sea Crabbe*, p. 99.

A correspondent says, "This was a very common old story, and I think it occurs in one of the early fabliaux, but the only reference I can think of at present is the celebrated *Moyen de Parvenir*, by Béroalle de Verville, where it is introduced in Chapter 49."











Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Nov. 2005

**Preservation Technologies**  
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111

