Bishop Percy's

Folio Manuscript.

Loose and Humorous Songs.

EDITED BY

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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.1 Manners refine slowly, and speech as

1 “On referring, after an interval of many years, to those old Masques, we find ourselves somewhat staggered at the character of the jests, and the homely (not to say vulgar) allusions in which they abounded. 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 civilization must have failed in some respects, and to fear that the refined and graceful compliments which our author so frequently lavished upon the high ‘dames’ 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 so coarse 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–xiv.
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,¹ often come to very wrong conclusions. Water clear to one generation needs straining for the next. Even Percy, and be 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 Build-ings, Fryar and Boye, The Man that hath, Dulcina, Cooke Lawrell, 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.

¹ Cp. Punch: "But that indecent! 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; Lovers hearce alarum; O nay, O nay, not yet; I cannot be contented; Lillumwham; Last night I thought; A Dainty Duche* (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 buildinge, 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.*
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See the building.

[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 mistria lived in
Was pleasures absence,
See how it droopeth
And how nakedly it looketh
Without her presence:
2 Every creature
That appertaines to nature
'bout this house living,
Doth resemble,
If not dissemble,
due praises giving,²
Hark, 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 receive reward in
for my true love:
Behold those places
Where I receive those graces
the Gods might move,
2 The Queens of plenty
With all the fruits are dainty,
delights to please

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

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

¹ 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 Hemmings's

Jew's Tragedy, act 4, 4to, 1662.—N.B.
The marginal corrections are made from this Parody."—P.
²² 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 the building which whilst my Mistress lin'd 
was pleasures asseince!
see how it drooped, & how Nakedly it leoketh
without her presence!
heark'ne how the hollow winds doe blowe,
& how the Murmer in every corner
for her being absent, from whence they cheeefly grow!

the cause that I doe now this greefe & sorrow showe.

See the garden where oft I had reward in
for my trew lone!
see the places where I enjoyed those graces
they goddes might none!
oft in this arbour, whilest that shee
with melting kisses distilling blisses
through my frayle lipps, what Joy did ravish me!
the pretty Nightingale did sing Melodiouslee.

Haile to those groves where wee injoyed our lones
soe many daies!
May the trees be springing, & the pretty burds be singing
their Roundelayes!

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

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

[half a page missing.]
Walking in a Meadow green.

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 meadow green,  Walking
fayre flowers for to gather,  out,  where p[r]imrose rankes did stand on bankes
4 to welcome comers thither,
WALKING IN A MEADOW GREN.

I heard 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,
vtill I saw her vnder.
then off he came, & blusht for shame
do soe soon that he had endit;
yet still shee lyes, & to him cryes,
"Once More, & none can mend it."

His lookes were dull & verry sad,
his courage shee had tamed;
shee bad him play the lusty lad
or else he quite was shamed;
"then stifly thrust, bee hit me iust,
sfear not, but freely spend it,
& play about at in & out;
once more, & none can mend it."

And then he thought to enter her,
thinking the flitt was on him;
but when he came to enter her,
the poyn turnd1 backe vpon him.
Yet shee said, "stay! goe not away
although the point be bended! 
but too longe, & hit the vaine!
once more, & none can Mend it."

Then in her Armes shee did him fold,
& ofteymes shee kist him,
yett still his courage was but cold
for all the good shee wishd him;

1 There is a tag to the d like an s.—E.
WALKING IN A MEADOW GREEN.

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

"Adew, adew, sweet hart," quoeth hee,
"for in faith I must be gone."
"nay, then you doe me wronge," quoeth shee,
"to leaue me thus alone."
Away he went when all was spent,
wherat shee was offended;
Like a troian true she made a vow
shee wold have one shold mend it.¹

ffins.

¹ Qui n'en a qu'a, n'en a point: Prov. (Meant of Cocks, Bulls, &c., and sometimes alluded by lascivious women,) as good have none as have no more but one. Cotgrave.—F.
O Jolly Robin.¹

Robin.

"O Jolly Robin, hold thy hande!
I am not tyde in Cupids hande;
I pray thee leane thy foolinge, heyda!
by my faith & troth I cannot: heyda, fie!
what? doe you meane to be soe bold?
I must cry out! I cannot holde: heyda, fie! "
"what a deale of doe is here, is here, is here!"
"I begin to fainta!
heyda, fye! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!"
"what was that you sayd?
heyda! heyda! heyda! heyda! heyda!
you will nener leane till I be paide."

Robin, do your worst!

"O Jolly Robin, doe thy worst!
thon canst not make my belly burst.
I pray thee leane thy fooling: heyda!"
"by my faith & troth I cannot: heyda, fie!"
"what? doe you meane to vse me soe?
I pray thee Robin let me go: heyda, fye!"
"what a deale of doe is heere, is heere, is heere!"
"I begin to fainta. &c."

ffins.

¹ wretched stuff.—Percy.

² MS. iyldain.—F.
When Phæbus 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 Phæbus addrest himselfe to the west,

& set vp his rest below,

Cynthia agree’d in her glittering weede

4 her bewis on me to bestow;

& walking alone, attended by none,

by chance I hard one crye

"O doe not, doe not, kill me yet,

8 for I am not prepared to dye!"

By moon-light,

walking alone,

I heard a maid say

"Don’t kill me yet."

With that I drew neare to see & to heare,

& strange did appeare such a shoue;

the Moone it was bright, & gave such a light

12 as fitts not each wight to know:

a man & a Mayd together were Laid,

& ever the mayd shee did cry,

"O doe not, doe not, kill me yet, I,

16 for I am not resolved to dye!"
WHEN PHEBUS ADDREST.

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

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,
for I am not resolued to dye!"

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

But when they shold part, it went to her hart,
& gaue her more cause for to crye,
"O kill me, kill me, once againe,
for Now I am willing to dye!"
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 vinagar & gull,
bring vs out of balle,⁴
and gine them both good life & longe
which listen doe vnto my songe,
or tend vnto my tale!⁵

¹ The rhyme every where requires that it should be written or pronounced FREE, as in Chaucer.—P. In our earliest Rhyming Dictionary, Levius's 
² Collated with a copy in Pepys library, 
³ This song is very different and much superior to the common printed story book. 
⁴ End of note see st. 71 (l. 428, p. 25).—P. 
⁵ tale.—P. 
⁶ tale.—P.
there dwelt a man in my countrye
which in his life had wines,
a blessing full of joye!
By the first wife a sonne he had,
which was a prettie sturdy ladde,
a good unhappie boye.

His father loued him well,
but his stepmother neere a deale,—
I tell you as I thinke,—
All things shee thought lost, by the roode,
which to the boy did anye good,
as either meat or drinke;

And yet I-wis it was but badde,
or halfe enouge therof he hade,
but enermore the worst;
And therefore cuill might shee fare,
that did the little boy such care,
soe forth as shee durst.

Vnto the man the wiffe gun say,
"I wold you wold put this boy awaye,
& that right soone in haste;"
Trulie he is a cursed ladde!
I wold some other man him hade
that wold him better chast.

Then said the goodman, "dame, not soe,
I will not lett the yonge boy goe,
he is but tender of age;"

who.—P.  his father . . a child . .—P.  I wold ye put.—P.
" i.e. unlucky, full of waggyry.—P.  i.e. chasten, chastise.—P.
loved him very well.—P.  i.e. chaste, chastise.—P.
which might the boy do.—P.  i.e. chaste, chastise.—P.
that wrought.—P.  soe forth.—P.
soe forth.—P.  soe forth.—P.
HEE shall this yeere with me abyde
till he be growne more strong & tryde

"Wee hane a man, a sturdie loue,
which keepeth & our neate the feilds about,
& sleepe thall all the day,

"Hee shall come home, as god me sheeld,
and the Boy shall into the feild
to keepe them if hee may."

Then sayd the wife in verament,

"husband, there to I giee consent,
for that I thinke it neede."

On the Morrow when it was day,
the little boy went on his way

unto the feild with speed.

Off noe man hee tooke anye care,
bout song "hey ho! away the mare!"
much mirth he did pursue;

fforth hee went with might & maine

vntill he came vnto the plaine,
where he his dinner drow.

But when he saw it was soe bad,
full litte list thereto he had,
but put it from sight,
Saying he had noe list to tast,
but that his hunger still shold last

til hee came home att Night.

1 with me this yeer.—P.
2 who keepes.—P.
3 bids home.—P.
4 And Jack shall passe.—P.
5 towards the feild.—P.
6 took he . . . care.—P.
7 mure.—P.
8 with mirth.—P.
9 Forward he draw.—P.
10 amidst.—P.
11 And then his.—P.
12 it up from.—P.
13 no will to.—P.
14 And that.—P.
FRYAR AND BOYE.

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! !"
"now welcome, father, may you bee! !"
the little boy gan say.3
and asks for food.
The boy offers what he has.
68 The old man sayd, "I hunger sore;
then hast4 thou any meate in store
which thou mightest5 gue to me?"
The child 6 replied, "soc god me saue!
to such poore victualls as I haue,
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 gladlie."
76 The old man easie was to please,
he eate7 & made himselfe att ease,
saying, "sonne, god amereye 8 !
then bids the boy choose three presents.
80 & I will glie 3 things to thee,9
what ero thou wilt intreat."
Then sayd the boy, "tis best, I trow,10
that yee bestow on me12 a bowe
with which I burdes may gott."
The old man promises him a right good one,
"A bow, my sonne, I will thee gie,
the which shall Last while thou dost line,
was neuer bow more fitt !13

1 Who said my son now God thee see.
2 full welcome father . . . yo.—P.
* did say.—P.
* Jack, hyst.—P.
* mayest.—P.
* the boy.—P.
1 he ate.—P.
3 gremerya.—P.
4 And for the meate thou gave to me.
5 I will . . unto.—P.
6 The best . . know.—P.
7 ye give to me.—P.
8 Yea never bow nor break.—P.
Fryar and Boye.

88 for if thou shoot therin all day,
waking or winking, or any wyve,
the markes thou shalt hitt."

Now when the bowe in hand he felt,
92 & had the arrows under his belt,
hartilye he laught L-wiss,¹
And sayd, "I was pipe with-all,
the never litle or soe small,"²
96 I then had all my wish."³

"A pipe, sonne, thou shalt have alsoe,⁴
which in true Musick soe shall goe—
I put thee out of doubt—
100 As who that lines & shall it heare,
shall have noe power to forbear,
but laugh & leape about.

"Now tell me what the 3d shalbee ;
104 for 3 things I will give to thee
as I have sayd before."⁵
The boy then smiling, answere made,
"I have enough for my pore trade,
108 I will desire noe more."

The old man sayd, "my troth is pliget,
thee shalt have all I thee behight;⁶
say on now, let me see."

"Att home I haue," the boy replyd,
"a cruell step damme full of pride,
who is most curst to mee;"⁷

¹ walking: del. or.—P.
² [IAUERE] still.—P.
³ the, del.—P.
⁴ He merry was I, &c.—P.
⁵ Though ne'er so little.—P.
⁶ I had all that I wish.—P.
⁷ shall thou have.—P.
⁸ that whooe-ver.—P.
⁹ will I give.—P.
¹⁰ behight, printed copy, behett; behight, behote, promittere, vover, promissae, pollicitae.—P.
"when mente my father givis to me,  
and staries me in the face:

Now when shee gazeth on me soe,  
I wold shee might a rapp let goe

116 shee wishes poyson it might bie,  
and staries me in the face:

that might ring through the place."

The old man answered then anon,  
"when-ere shee lookes thy face vpom,
her tayle shal wind the horne

124 See lowdyly, that who shold it heare  
shall not be able to forbeare,
but laugh her vnto scorne.

and departs.  
"See, farwell sonne!" the old man cried;
"god kepe you, Sir!" the boy replyed,
"I take my leane of thee!

God, that best of all things, may  
keepe thee save both night & day!"

132 "gramecery, sonne!" sayd hee.

At nightfall  
When it grew neere vpom the night,

10 the night,
Jacke, well prepared, hied home full right;—

11 it was his ordinance;—

And as he went his pipe did blow,
the whilst his cattell on a row
about him gan to dance;

1 stareth in my.—P.  
2 fart.—P.

3 wynd.—P.
4 Compare Gloton in the Vision of
5 Pere Pommon, who
6 blew his rammes ruwet
7 At his ragg-bones ende,
8 That alle that heard that horn
9 Heide hir noses after,

10 and wished it had been wexed
11 With a wispe of fireses.

(col. Wright, v. 1, p. 98, l. 5171-6).—F.
12 shall.—P.
13 And he that best.—P.
14 protest.—P.
15 safe.—P.
16 drew . . . unto.—P.
17 advised.—P.
18 fast did.—P.
Thus to the town he pipp'd full trim, his skipping beasts did follow him into his father's close. He went up to them each one; which done, he homewards went anon; unto his father's hall he goes.

His father sat his supper sate, and little Jacko espied well that, and said to him anon.

"Father, all day I kept your neate, at night I pray you give me some meate, I am hungry, by Saint John!"

"Meateless I have lain all the day, kept your beasts, they did not stray; My dinner was but ill." His father took a Capon wing, and at the boy he did it fling, bidding him eat his fill.

This greezed his stepdame's hart full sore, who loathed the Ladd still more and more; shee stared him in the face; with that shoe let goe such a blast that made the people all against, it sounded through the place;

Each one laughed and made good game, but the curst wife grew red for shame and wishe shee had beene gone.

1 pipes.—P.
2 do.—P.
3 up each.—P.
4 Then went into the house anon.—P.
5 into the hall.—P.
6 del.—P.
7 I'm.—P.
8 meatless.—P.
9 capon's.—P.
10 at his son.—P.
11 leathes.—P.
12 grieves.—P.
13 And stares.—P.
14 As made.—P.
15 And sounded.—P.
16 did laugh & make.—P.
"Perdy," the boy sayd, "well I wott that gun was both well charged & shott, & might haue broke a stone."

flull curstlye shee lookt on him tho: that looke another cracke let goe which did a thunder rise.

Quoth the boy, "did ye euuer see a woman let her pelletts flee More thicke & more at ease ?

"flye!" said the boy vnto his dame,

"temper your telltale bumm, for shame!" which made her full of sorrow.

"Dame," said the goodman, "goe thy way, for why, I sweare, by night nor day 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 friar, & lay there all the night.

The wife this fryer loned as a Saint, & to him made a great complaint of Jackes most vile despiught.

"We have," quoth shee, "within, I-wis, a wiced boy,—none shrewder is,— which doth me mighty care; I dare not looke vpon his face, or hardly tell my shamefull case, soe filthylie I fare;

1 well, not in P. C.—P.
2 Cp. Cotgrave’s "Procus, cruelle, fierce, curt, hard-hearted, sterne, austere:" "the austerae Romanae... veet to v a wispe of Hay about the one horne of a shrewd or curt Beast," (w. fos). "Belle femme mauvaixe teste: Pro. Faire women either curt or cruel be."—P.
3 And then another fact.—P.
4 Which part the Thunder.—P.
5 Quoth Jack, Sir, did.—P.
6 thy.—P.
7 good maid.—P.
8 and day.—P.
9 This wife did love him as a saint.—P.
10 Nor... shew.—P.
FRYAR AND BOYE.

"for gods lone meet this boy\(^1\) to-morrow,
beat him well, & give him sorrow,
& make\(^2\) him blind or lame."

The frayer swore he wold him beat,
the wife praye him\(^3\) not to forgett,
the boy did her much shame:

"Some whiche is," quoth\(^4\) shee, "I smell."

"but," quoth the frayer, "Ile beat him well!
of that take you noe care;
Ile teach him witchcraft, if I may."

"O," quoth the wife, "doe soe, I pray,
lay on & doe not spare."

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

The frayer then\(^5\) vp as early gatt,
he was afraide to come to\(^6\) late,
he ran\(^7\) full fast & blythe.

But when he came vnto the land,\(^8\)
he found where little Jacke did stand,
keeping his beasts alone.

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

tell me forthwith anon!

"And if thou canst not quitt\(^9\) thee well,
Ile beate thee till thy body swell,
I will not longer\(^10\) byde."

---

\(^1\) For my sako meet him.—P.
\(^2\) Yes, make.—P.
\(^3\) She prayd him.—P.
\(^4\) He is a witch, qth.—P.
\(^5\) dele then.—P.
\(^6\) he came too.—P.
\(^7\) And ran.—P.
\(^8\) upon the land.—P.
\(^9\) quite.—P.
\(^10\) no longer.—P.
The boy replied, "what ayleth thee? my stepdame is as well as thee; what needs you thus to Cryde?"

"Come, will you seemy arrow flye & hitt you small bird in the eye, & other things withall? Sir fryer, tho I haue little wit, yett yonder bird I meant to hitt, & giue her you I shall."

There sate a small birde in a bryar: "Shoot, shoot, you wagg," then sayd the fryer, "for that I long to see."

Jacke hitt the bird vpon the head soe right that shee fell downe for dead, noe further cold shee flee.

ffast to the bush the fryar went, & vp the bird in hand hee hent, much wondering at the chance.

Meane while Jacke tooke his pipe & playd soe lowd, the fryar grew mad apaid, & fell to skip & dance;

Now sooner was the pipes sound heard, but Bedlam like he bon[n]set & fared, & leapt the bush about;

The sharpe bryars caeth him by the face, & by the breech & other place, that fast the blood ran out; capere, assemble,prehendere, arripère.

\[1\] Clyde in MS.—P.
\[2\] Sir, will . . . mine.—P.
\[3\] you . . . on.—P.
\[4\] Good Sir, if I.—P.
\[5\] on a.—P.
\[6\] that faile I see.—P.
\[7\] hands.—P.
\[8\] hurt, ezied, laid hold on. Johnson: mean time.—P.
\[9\] perhaps mal-apaid. Id est ill-apaid. See p. 363, lin. 23 [of MS.].—P.
\[10\] And gan to.—P.
\[11\] no . . . he.—P.
\[12\] madman-like.—P. 11 scratcht.—P.
It tore his clothes down to the skirt,
248 his cope, his coole, his linen shirt,
& every other weed. The thornes this while were rough & thicke,
& did his priy members pricke, that fast they gan to bleed.
252
Jack laughe.

Jacke, as he piped, laught amonge;
the fryar with bryars was vildyke stunghe,
he hopped wonderous hye.
256 Att last the fryar held vp his hand,
& said, "I can noe longer stand!"
Oh! I shall dancing dye!

"Gentle Jacke, thy pipe hold still,
& here I vow for goode nor ill
to doe thee any woe!"
Jacke laug[h]ing, to him thus replied,
"fryer, skipp out on the7 other side,
thou hast free leane to goe."
264
The friar
begs for mercy.

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

The thornes had scratcht him by the face,
272 the hands, the thigges, & euerie place,
he was all bathed in bloode

1 He tore.—P.
2 His cap.—P.
3 cowle, a monks hood.—P.
4 garment, A.S. weel, wld.—F.
5 the while.—P.
6 at intervals.—P.
7 at the.—P.
8 So, the French martiried, tormented, put to great pain, torture. So martyr'd.
9 Scot. is martir'd, murder'd, kill'd. Item, sore wounded or bruised.—Gloss. to G[aun] D[ouglass].—P.
10 ragged.—P.
11 on hands & thighs.—P.
FRYAR AND BOYTE.

Soe much, that who the fryar did see,
for feare of him was faine \(^{1}\) to flee,
thinking he had beene woode.

276

When to the good wife home \(^{2}\) he came,
he made noe braggas for verrry shame
to see his clothes rent all;

Much sorrow in his hart he had,
& every man did guess he made \(^{3}\)
when he was in the hall.

The goodwiffe said, "where hast thou beene?
sure in some evil place, I weene,
by sight of thine array."

and recountes
his woras.

"Dame," said he, "I came from thy sonne;
the devill & he hath me vndone,
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,\(^{4}\)
cryed, "heeres a foule array!

thy sonne, that is thy liffe & deere,
hath almost slaine the holy fryar,\(^{5}\)
alah & welaway!"

who inquires
into the
case,

The goodman said, "Benedicite!
what hath the vile boy done to thee?
now tell me without let."

"The devill him take!" \(^{7}\) the fryar he sayd,
"he made me dance, despite my head,\(^{8}\)
among the thornes the hey-to-bee.\(^{9}\)"

---

\(^{1}\) were fain.—P.
\(^{2}\) MS. hone.—F.
\(^{3}\) mad.—P.
\(^{4}\) See note \(^{2}\) to 1. 484, p. 28.—F.
\(^{5}\) here is.—P.
\(^{6}\) frere.—P.
\(^{7}\) take him . . . then.—P.
\(^{8}\) mines head.—P.
\(^{9}\) hey-go-beat.—P. Hey, to sport, play or gambol; to kick about. Halliwell.—F
The goodman said vnto him thoe,
"father ! hadst thou bene murdered soe,
it had bene1 deadly sine,2"
304 The fryar to him made this replye,
"the pipe did sound soe Merrily
that I cold never blin,3"

Now when it grew to almost night,
308 lacke the boy came home full right
as he was wont to doo ;
But when he came into4 the hall,
full soone his father did him call,
& bad him come him too :
312 "Boy," he said, "come tell me heare,5
what hast thou done vnto this fryer ?
lye not in any thing."
316 "father," he said, "now by my birthe,
I plaide him but a fitt of Mirth
& pipet him vp a6 spring."

"That pipe," said his father, "wold I heare,"8
320 "now god forbid !" cryed out the fryar9;
his hands he then did10 wringe.
"You shall," the boy said, "by gods grace."
the fryar replied, "woe & alas!"
324 making his sorrowes ringe.

"flor gods lone !" said the warched fryar,11
"& if you will that strange pipe heare,
binde me fast to a post !

1 It shd be.—It had been no deadly
sin.—P.
2 sin, pr. copy.—P.
3 sin, cossne, desinere, desistera.—
Lyce.—P.
4 vnto.—P.
5 let me hear.—P.
6 piped him a.—P.
7 There is a tag to the e as if for a.—F.
8 Pype . . . I would.—P.
9 frece.—P.
10 then did he.—P.
11 frece.—P.
328 for sure my fortune thus I reade,
if dance I doe, I am but deade,
my woo-full life is lost!"

is bound
to a
post.

Strong ropes they tooke, both sharpe & round,
& to the post the fryer bounde
in the middest of the hall.
All they which att the table sate,
laughed & made good sport theratt,
sayinge, "fryer, thou canst not fall!"

Then sayd the goodman to the boy,
"Jacke, pipe me vp a merry toye,
pipe freedly when thou will!"

"father," the boy saide, "verelye
you shall haue mirth enoughe & glee
till you bidd me bee still."

Jack pipes, and every creature dances,
With that his pipe he quickelye sent,
& pipt, the whiloste in verament
each creature gan to dance;
Lightly the sciket & leapt about,
yarking in their legs, now in, now out,
striuing aloft to prance.

the goodman
The good man, as in sad dispaire,
leapt out & through & ore his chayre,
noe man cold caper hyer;
Some others leapt quite ore the stockes,
some start att strawes & fell att blockes,
some wallowed in the fryer.

1 they bound.—P.
2 middle.—P.
3 that at.
4 hent.—P.
5 yerking their Legs. To yerk is to
6 throw out or move with a spring.—
7 Johnson.—P.
8 caper higher.—P. * o'er blocks.—P.
9 MS. sone, with a mark of contraction
10 over the n.—F.
The goodman made himselfe good sportt to see them dance\(^1\) in this madd sortt; the goodwife sate not still, but as shee dancest shee\(^2\) looket on Jace, & fast her tayle did double each cracke, lowd as a water Mill.

The frier this while was almost lost, he knocket\(^3\) his pate against the post, it was his dancing grace;

\[364\] The rope rubd him vnder the chinn\(^4\), that the blood ran from his tattered sekyn in many a Naked place.

Jace, piping, ran into the street;

\[368\] they followed him with nimble fleet, hauing noe power to stay, And in their hast they\(^5\) dove did cracke, ech tumbling over his fellois backe vnmindfull of their way.

The Neighbors that were dwelling by, hearing the pipe seo Merrilye, came dancing to the gate;

\[376\] Some leapt oore dores, some oer the hatch,\(^6\) Noe man wold stay to draw the latch but thought they came to Late;

Some sick or sleeping in their bodd, as th\(\grave{e}\)\(^7\) by chance lift vp their heade, were with the pipe awaked;

---

\(^{1}\) the dance.—P.
\(^{2}\) But dancing still she.—P.
\(^{3}\) knockt.—P.
\(^{4}\) chim. M3.—F. his chin.—P.
\(^{5}\) the.—P.
\(^{6}\) A wicket, or half-door. Halliwell's Gloss.—F.
\(^{7}\) they.—P.
Fryar and Boye.

Straight forth<br> the start thorrow dores & kockes,<br> some in their shirts, some in their smockes,<br> & some stark belly naked.

When all were gathered round about,<br> there was a vild vrarlye rout<br> that dancing in the street,<br> Of which, some lame that cold not goe,<br> struing to leape, did tumble soo<br> they dancet on hands & feet.

Jacke tyred with the sport said, "now Ile rest."

"doo," quothis his father, "I hold it best,<br> thou closest me with this cheere;
I pray thee, boy, now quiet sitt;<br> in faith this was the Merryest fitt
I heard this 7 yeere."

All those that dancing thither came,<br> laught heartilye & made good game,<br> yet some got many a fall.

"Thou cursed boy!" cryed out the fryar,<br> "here I doe summon thee to appear before the Officell!

"Looke thou be there on fryday next;
Ile meet thee then, thou now perplext,<br> for to ordaine thee sorrow."

The boy replyed, "I make avowe, fryer, Ile appeare as soone as thou,
if fryday were to Morrow."
FRYAR AND BOYR.

But fryday came, as you shall heare;  
Jackes stepdam & the dancing fryar,¹  
gether they were mett,  
al the world  
flcke to the court.

412 And other people a great pace  
flcke to the court to heare eche case:  
the Officall ² was sett.

Much ³[1]ull matters were to doo,  
more libells read then one o tow³  
both [against priest & clarko: ]; ⁴  
Some there had testaments to proune,  
some women there through wanton lone,  
which gott strokes in the darks.

420 Each Proctor ⁵ there did plead his case;  
when forth did stepp fryer Topias⁶  
& Jackes stepdam alsoe:

424 "Sir Officall," a-lowd said hee,  
"I have brought a wicked boy to thee,  
hath done me mightye woo;  
"He is a wiche, as I doe feare,  
and accuses  
this of my troth ⁸ I know."  
in Orlance he can find noo peere,

¹ for:—P.  
² Phillips 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." Chancer, in his Forces Tale, tells us the offences that an Archdeacon tried, and we quote his words to illustrate the next stanza above—

Whilem there was dwelling in my countre  
An erchelken, a man of grete dedre,  
That boldely did excencion  
In punschying of fornication,  
Of whicke froth, and eek of barbery,  
Of diffamacion, and avoerie,  
Of chirche-reves, and of testamens,  
Of contracts, and of laks of sacraments,  
And eek of many another [maner] cryme  
Which nedeth not to reheare at this tyme.  
Canterbury Tales, ed. Morris, v. 2, p. 246, l. 1-10; ed. Wright, p. 78, col. 2, l. 6883-90.—F.  
² one or two.—P.

³ MS. cut away. "Both with prest and clerke," ed. Hazlitt; but the bits of letters left in the folio require against and priest.—F.  
⁴ Proctor, an Advocate who, for his Fee, undertakes to manage another Man's Cause in any Court of the Civil or Ecclesiastical Law: Phillips.—F.  
⁵ Tobins.—P.  
⁶ alluding to the Peuelle d'Orleans, accounted a witch by the English.—P.  
⁷ of my ruth.—P.
and so does the step-mother,

"He is a Devill," quoth the wife,
"& almost hath bereaued my life!"

432 at that her tale did blow

Soe loud, the assembly laught theratt,
& said 'her pistolls cracke was flatt,
the charge was all amisse.'

436 "Dame," quoth the gentle Oficiall,
"proceed & tell me forth thy tale,
& doe not let for this."

but is abruptly
made ashamed and
dumb.

The wife that feared another cracke,
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 thee;
now cuill mayst thou speed!"

440 444

The friar tells of Jack's pipe,

The fryer said, "Sir Oficiall!
this wicked boy will vexe vs all
vlesse you doe him chast.

448 Sir, he hath yett a pipe trulye
will make you dance & leape ful hie
& breake your hart at last."

and raises the official's curiosity,

The Officiall replyd, "perdee!
such a pipe faine wold I see,
& what mirth it can make."

"Now god forbidd!" replyd the fryer,
"that ere wee shold that vild pipe heare
ere I my way hence take."

1 almost bor! me of my.—P. 3 all still long of.—P. 5 sill, beam.
2 Compare Russell's Buke of Nurture, 4 mote.—P. 6 I fain would.—P. 4 free.—P.
1. 304 ——
And ever beware of gunnes with thy hynder ende blastyng.—F.
"Pipe on, Jacke!" sayd the officall,
"& let me heare thy cunning\(^1\) all."
Jacke blew his pipe full lowde
That every man start vp & dancke;
Proctors & preists, & somners\(^2\) pranet,
& all in that great crowde;

Over the doske the officall ran,
& hopt upon the table, then
straight Impt vnto\(^3\) the flore.
The fryer that danet\(^4\) as fast as hee,
mett him midway, & dangerouslye
broke eithers\(^5\) face full sore.

The register leapt from his pen,
& hopt into the throng of men,
his inkhorne in his hande;
with swinging round about his head,
some he strucke\(^6\) blind, some almost dead,
some they cold hardly stand.

The proctors flung their bills\(^7\) about,
the goodwives tyle gane many a shout,
perfuming all the Mirth:
The Somners, as they had beene woode,
leapt ove the formes & setes a goode,\(^8\)
& wallowed on the earth.

Wenches that for their pennance came,
& other Meeds of wordly\(^9\) shame,
danet\(^10\) every one as fast;

---

\(^1\) cunning.—P.  \(^6\) strake.—P.  \(^7\) the bills.—P.  \(^8\) i.e. at a good rate.—P.  
\(^2\) somners or somners, i.e. summoners, \(\text{Cp. our "a good man,"—F.}\)
\(^3\) vnto.—F.  \(^9\) worldly.—P.  \(^4\) daunt.—P.  \(\text{daunst.—P.}\)  
\(^5\) eithers.—F.  

---
Each sett on 1 a merry pin,²
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,

Half sevnt ³ with sweat, & almost spoyld,

cryed to the wanton childe

'To pipe noe more within that place,
but stay the sound, even for gods grace,

& lone of Mary Milde.'

Jack sayd, "as you will, it shalbe,
provided I may hence goe free,
& no man doe me wrong,⁴

Neither this woman nor this fryer,⁵
nor any other creature heere."

he answered him anon,

"Jacke, I to thee my promise plight,
in thy defence I mean to fight,
& will oppose thy fone."⁶

Jack stops his pipe.

Jacke ceast ⁷ his pipes; then all still stood;
some laughing hard, some raging woode.

so parted at that tide

The Official & the Somner,
the stepdame & the wicked fryer,⁸
with much joy, mirth, & pride.

flins.

1 sat upon.—P.
2 On the pin, on the qui vive. In a merry pin, i.e. a merry humour, half intoxicated. Halliwell's Gloss.—P.
3 see Mr. C. H. Clerta's Fort单车 for the edition of P.Armst.—P.
4 fryer.—P.
5 MS. pored away, read by Percy.—P.
6 ⁷ cast.—P.
⁸ fere.—P.
As I was ridinge by the way.

[Page 104 of MS.]

As I was ryding by the way,
a woman profered me a bagge,
& 40\(^{\text{th}}\) cattell more, to stay
& gave her belly but a swagge.

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

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

"I see the Ball dothe Ball the cow;
& shall I lise a maidens still?"
I see the boore doth brim the sow;
& yet there is never a lacket for gill."

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 aree,"
quoth she, "for to keepe out the winde."

Shee ryde vpon a tyred mare,
& to renenge noe time withstoode,
I blantly asked vpo to occupye her;
but first shee wold know wherfore that was good.

A loose but humorous song.—P.

x 2
AS I WAS RIDING BY THE WAY.

"It will make thee linelye," I did say,
"put joy and spirit in stead of woe,"
then occupy my mare, I pray,
good Sir, for shee can hardlye goe."

I asked to kiss her,
I milder grew, & wold but feele:
She said she was nener felt, but kist;
I was content, & shee said, "wecle,
youst kisse my bum & fcede my fist."

but was sold again.

I was red & pale with shame & spight
to be soo answered of the drabb,
that I swore, & spurrd, & away did ride,
& of my wooinge was noe blabee.
flins.
The Man that hath.

[Page 104 of MS.]

THE man that hath a hanesome wiffe
& keepes her as a treasure,
it is my cheepest joy of liffe

to haue her to my pleasure;

But if that man regardless were
as tho' he carde not for her,
the shee were like to venus fayre,
in faith I wold abhor her.

If to doe good I were restrained,
& to doe eniill hidden,
I wold be puritan, I sweare,

for I love the thing forbidden.

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

Shee dulle that is too forwards bent;
not good, but want, is reason;
fish at a feast, & flesh in lent,

are never out of season.

\[ MS. has a mark between e and a.—F. \]

\[ ? for is that's.—F. \]
Dulcina.¹

[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 Dulcina, to the tune of Forgyue 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 'Dulcina,' 'As at noon Dulcina rested,' 'From Oberon in Fairy-land,' and 'Robin Goodfellow.' . . . The ballad of 'As at noon Dulcina 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 Dulcina 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 "Dulcina is one of the tunes to the Psalms and Songs of Zion, turned into the language and set to the tunes of a strange land," 1642.

A s att noone Dulc[ina] rested
in her sweete & shady bower,
there came a shepearde, & requested
in her lapp to sleepe and howre ³;

¹ This song is printed in many collections of songs.—P.
² shady.—P.
³ an hour.—P.
DULCINA.

but from her looke a wound he tooke
soe deepe, that for a further boone
the Nymph he prayers; wherto shee says

8 "forsowe me now, come to me soone."  "Go away."

But in vayne shee did coniure him
to depart her presence soe,
hauing thousand tongue's to allure him,

12 & but one to say him noe.
where lips invite, & eyes deligght,
& cheeks as red as rose in lone
perswade delay, what boots shee say

16 "forsowe me &c."  "What? go,
when your
lengue says
No, but your
eyes say
Yea!"

Words whose hopes might have enioyed
him to lett DULCINA sleepe.

Can a mans love be confined,

20 or a mayd her promise keeps?
But hes her wast still held as fast
as shee was constant to her tune,
though neere soe fayre her speechers were,

24 "forsowe me &c."

He demands, "what time or pleasure
can there be more soone then now?"
shew says, "night gies sole that leasure

28 that the day cannott allow."
"the said kind sight forgiues delight,"
quoth hee, "more easiely then the moone."
"In Venus playes be bold," shee says,

32 "forsowe me &c."  "What
better time
then now?"

1 to say.—P.
2 The e has a flourishe at the end like
another e.—F.
3 for, qu.—P.
4 apt, meet, or ift.—P. ? MS. same.—F.
5 which.—P.
DULCINA.

What was the result?

I'll not tell it.

But who knowes how agreed these loues?
Shee was fayre, & he was younge;
tounge ¹ may tell what eyes discover;

Ioyes vnseene are nener songe.
did shee consent or he relent?
accepts he night, or grants shee none?
left hee her Mayd or not? shee sayd

She said, "Go away!" ⁴⁰ "forgoe me now, come to me soone."

¹ tongues.—F.
Off 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.

It was a puritanicall ladd
that was called Mathyas,
& 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,
& merylye hee kist her.

"Alas! what wold they wicked say?"
quoth shee, "if they had scene it!
my Buttocckes the lye to lowe: I wisht
appocrpypha were in it!"
"but peace, Sweet hart, or ere wee part,—
I speake itt out of pure devotion,—
by yee & may Ile not away
12
till thou feele my spiritts motion."

The huf & puff with many leaues,
till that the both were tyred,
"alas!" quoth shee, "yole spoyle the leaues;
20
my peticoates all Myred!"
OFF A PURITANE.

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

" But since it is, that part wee must,
 tho I am much vnwilling,
good brother, lets have the tother thrust,
 & take thee this fine shilling
to beare thy charges as thou goes,
 & passage ore the ocean."
then done shee Layd, & since tis sayd,
shee quencht his spiritts motion.
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 to

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1 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 Roxburgh Collection, ii. 445. Percy’s reference to Dryden’s Miscellanies is to the fourth edition of 1716, where Cook Laurel is called "A Song on the Devil’s Arie of the Peak. By Ben Jonson." It is reprinted from the folio edition, as it has the three extra verses at the end, and altered for alteration in the stanzas before them. This poem is not in the original edition of the Miscellanies, Part II., in 1685. — P.
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 poetical excellence, ingenious flattery, or adroit satire."—Ben Jonson's Works (ed. Gifford, 1810), vol. vii. p. 366.

On the text of this Metamorphosed Gipsies 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. Otes, 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 lacunae and, in one 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 Gipsies 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..."
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 Marikhall, 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 Lorrel, the most notorious knave that ever lived.'...By trade he was a tinker, often carrying a pan and hammer for show; but when he came to a good booty, he would cast his profession into a ditch, and play the paddler.” Gifford, who quotes the same treatise from Beloe's Anecdotes, adds that Cock Lorrell as he “past through the town would cry, Ha' ye any workes for a tinker? To write of his knaveries, it would ask a long time. This was he that reduced in forme the Catalogue of Vagabonds or Quarterin of Knaves, called the Five and twenty Orders of Knaves. This Cock Lorell continued among them longer than any of his predecessors; for he ruled almost two and twenty 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 Fraternity of Vagabondes; whereunto also is adjoinned the twenty-five orders of knaves: confirmed for ever by Cooke Lorell.

Cooke 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.
Cook Laurell wold needs have the devill his guest,
who came in his hole to the Peake to dinner,
Where neither friend had such a feast
provided him yet att the charge of a sinner.

His stomacke was quasie, he came thither coachet,
the logging it made some crudities yse;
to help it he Called for a puritan pochet
that used to turne up the eggs of his eyes.

And so recovered to his wish,
he set him downe & fell to Meste;
Promooters in plum brough, was his first dish,
his owne privye kitchen had noe such meate.

Sixe pickeld taylors slaught & cutt,
With Semsters & tire women flitt for his paltatt,
With feathermen & perfumers put
Some 12 in a charger, to make a grane sallett.

Yett thewe with this hee much was taken,
Upon a sudden hee shifted his trencher,
& soone he spayed the Baud & Bacon
by which you may know the devill is a wencher.

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1 to his hole in the eye.—P. And bade him in.—W. (or Works, ed. Procter, after Grifed.)
2 beached.—P. 
3 had.—P. 
4 poached.—P. 
6 unto.—P. 
8 straight.—P. 
9 his.—P. 
* A Promoter: s. An informer; from promoting causes or prosecutions. 
* "There goes but a pair of sheares between a promoter and a knife." (Match at Midna. Old Plays, vii. 567) in Nares.—F. 
5 plumt 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. 
10 priye.—P. The first e has been changed into y.—F. 
11 never.—P. 
12 W. transposes this and the next stanza.—F. 
13 slashed, sliced.—P. 
14 pate.—P. 
15 See Randolph's Muses Looking Glass. —P. 
16 grand.—P. 
17 as soon as.—W. 
18 Boul's fat bacon.—P. 
19 note.—P. 
20 "Wench or Wenching-Men, 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 greene sawce, both which his belly tooke in Like a barrowe. As if tell then he had neuer scene sawce.

Then, Carbonadoed & cooke with paynes, was sett on a cloven sergeant's face; the sawce was made of his yeaman's braynes, that had beene beaten out with his owne mace.

Tow roasted sherrifles came whole to the bordo,—the feast had beene nothing without them;—both living & dead they were foxed & furred, their chainges like sawinges hang about them.

The next dish was a Mayor of a towne, with a pudding of Maintenance [thrust] in his bellye, like a goose in his fethers drest in his gowne, & his couple of hinch boyes boyled to 20 Iellye.
COOKE LAUREL.

A London Cuckold \(^1\) hott from the spitt:

but \(^2\) when the Carver vpp had broke \(^3\) him,
the devill chopt up his head att a bitt, \(^{[\text{him.}]}\)

but the hornes were verry neere like to have choak\(^4\).

The chine of a leacher too there was roasted,
with a plneme \(^5\) harlotts haunch & garlike;
a Panders pettines \(^6\) that had boasted
himselfe for a Captaine, yet never was warlike.

A long \(^6\) flatt pasty of a Midwiffe hot:
& for a cold baket meat \(^7\) into the storye,
a reverence painted Lady was brought,
had beene \(^8\) confinid in crust till \(^9\) she was hoonary.

To these an ouer worne\(^10\) justice of peace,
With a clarke like a gisarme \(^11\) trust vnder ech arme;
& warrants for sippitts laid in his owne grace,\(^12\)
Seitt ore \(^13\) a chaffing dish to be kept warme.

Then broyled and broach\(^14\) on a buchers pricke,
the kidney came in of a holy sister;
this bitt had almost made his devillship sickse,
that his doctor did feare he wold need a glister.

"for harke," quoth hee, "how his bellye rumbles!"
& then with his pawe, \(^{[\text{that}}\) was a reacher,
hee puld to a pye of a traitors mumbles,\(^16\)
& the gibletts \(^17\) of a silent teacher.

\(^1\) came hot.—P.  \(^2\) and.—P.  \(^3\) Termes of a Herne. Breke that
dere, ’(Wynkyn de Worde’s Boke of
carpynge); the right name therefore for
a horned biped.—E.

\(^4\) to chocke.
\(^5\) plunpe in MS.—E.  \(^6\) large.—W.  \(^7\) meet pin.—E.  \(^8\) And.—W.
\(^9\) until she.—P.  \(^10\) overgrown.—W.
\(^11\) gizard.—P.  Gyserne (of fowles)
ides quod Garbage super : Garbage of
fowls (or gyserne infras). Lutens, et al
enteria, vel exta. Promptorium, p. 194,
p. 189. Gist, m. the gyserne of birds.
Cotgravia.—E.

\(^12\) grease.—P.  \(^13\) over.—W.
\(^14\) W. omits this stanza and the next
one.—E.
\(^15\) h.e. rooted.—E.
\(^16\) Humbles. The humbles of a deer
are the Liver, &c.—P. "Numbles of
a dore, or best, entailles. Palgrave,
Pescordia, the humbles, as the hart, the
spene, the lunges, and lyver. Elyot.
... Skinner writes the word the ‘humble-
ness’ of a stag, and rightly considers it
as derived from umbilicus." Way in
Promptorium, p. 366, note.—E.
\(^17\) Gybelet, ideum quod Garbage (see
note \(^{[\text{14}}\), above). Gybelet of fowlye. Pre-
fectum. Promptorium.—E.
The lowe of a laylor was 1 served for a fish,
with viniger 2 pist by the deane of Dustable 3;
tow aldermen lobsters a-sleepe in a dish,
with a dryed depuyte & 4 a sowcet 5 constable. 6

These got him so fierce a stomacke againe,
that now he wants meate wher is to fceda. 8
he called for the victualls were drest for his
traine,
and they brought him vp an alepotrida. 9

Wherin were 10 mingled courtier, 11 clowne,
tradesmen, 12 marchants, 12 banqueroouts store,
Churchmen, 12 Lawyers of either gowne,—
of civill, commen, 13—player & whose,
Countess, 14 servant, Ladys, 14 woman,
mistris, 14 chambermaid, coachman, 14 knight,
Loyd & visher, groome 15 & yeaman;
where first the fced with his forke did light.

All which devoured, he now for to close
doeth for a 16 draught of Derby ale call.
he heaned the huge vessell vp to his nose,
& left not till he had drunk 17 vp all.

1 W. omits was.—F.
2 Vinegar is good to salt purpose &
tormentyns. Salt sturgeon, salt swaund-
fyshche, savery & fyne. John Russell.
3 Poke of Nurtur. Sawes for Fische.—F.
4 A constable soused with vinegar by.
—W.
5 Deputy dried and.—P.
6 sowced.—P. Cooked in vinegar,
&c. “Sowc, a sort of Pickle for a Collar
of Brawn, Pork, &c.” Phillips.—F.
7 W. omits this and the next two
stanzas.—F.
8 feed-u.—P.
9 Olla Potrida.—P. Olla Podrida
(Span.) a Hotch-pot, or a Dish of Meat
made of several Ingredients, the chief of
which is Bacon. Phillips.—F.
10 The first e is made over an i.—F.
11 &—.—P.
12 and — and — —.—P.
13 of civil and common Law.—P.
14 and — and — and — —.—P.
15 groome in MS.—F.
16 he then for a close Did for a full.
—W.
17 it.—P.
Then from the table hee gave a start,
where banquett & wine were nothing scarce;
all which hee blew away with a flart,
from wence it was called the Devills arse.

2 And there he made such a breach with the winde,
the hole yett standing open the while,
the sente of the vay[pour] hee left behind
hath since infected most part of the Ile.

And this was tobbacco, the learned suppose,
which both in country, court and towne,
in the devills glister pipe smokes att the nose
of punke & Madam, gallant & clowne;

s from which wicked perfume, swines flesh,
11 and linge, or anything else he doth not lone,
preserv & send our gracious king
such meate as he lones, I beseeche god alone!
flins.

1 flirted.—W. slirted.—Folio ed.
2 W. omits these last three stanzas.—F.
3 too.—Folio.
4 Scout of the Vapour which he left.—P.
5 That the sent of the vapore, before and.—Folio.
6 foully perfumes.—Folio.
7 since.—Folio.
8 in Court and in towne.—P.
9 Pollcat.—Folio.
10 of Gallant.—Folio.
11 Cp. the 2nd Gipsy’s speech, p. 51 of
Moopies, in the Folio edition of 1640.
Where the Cucklers, but no Groovers,
Shall never be for the Hunger.
On which Gifford, viii. 372, says: “a side
compliment to the King, who hated pork
in all its varieties.”—F.
12 Lota volva (Cuvier) or Gadus molaer
(Linnæus). The King, Asinus longus:
Way. Lenge, fysho, Lucius marianus:
Promptorium. Norse lunge, Dan. lange,
Du. linpe, lange, a kind of edible: Wedgwood.—F.
13 Or any thing else that’s feast for the
Fieud.
Our Capitaine, and wee, cry God save the
King,
And send him good meate, and mirth
without end.—p. 72 of Moopies,
Folio ed. 1610.
14 It should seem to mean James I.
whose averse to Tobacco is well known,
as also to Pork—being a Scotchman.—F.
15 which he doth.—P.
16 James Ls Counterblat 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.

Will you heare the Mode of France
to stopp the mouthe of those that done you? neatly Leade them in a dance,
because wee are behind in mony.

If your Landlord chance to call
either for dyett or for rayment,
Leade him in a dance withall,
& forgett it in your payment.

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

If your Shoemaker come on
with his last, & neatly lead it;
let [t]his euerlastning done
see his owne boots neatly tread it.

If your Landlady doe call,
needs must satisfye her pleasure;
shee despises your currant,
sheele be payd with standing measure.

1. dun ye.—P. 2. Let this everlasting Dun.—P. 3. Boots were formerly worn at Halls as Pumps now.—P. 4. currante.—P. current coin.—F.
THE MODE OF FRANCE.

If your Lawyer finds you out
for fees for this devise or tother,
let him dance for all his goute,
& pay one Motion with another.

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

1 Lawyer.—P.
Be not afraid.

[Page 194 of MS.]

"BEE not afraid thou fayrest, thou rarest
that ever was made! deny me not a kisse;
then thou shalt see the Measure of pleasure
that I will have from thee. what hurts there in
this?
Then lets imbrace, & lett pleasure be free,
the world shall neere take notice how delightfull
[we be.1]

"I see that spyes, both peeping & creeping,
in eche corner lyes to hinder all our Joyes;
but Cupidd shall see, & find them, & blind them
thatt hindrance wilbe to the getting of Boyes.
Then lets, &c.;/

12 "Venus, Jupiter, faire nature, Dame creature,2
Made thee for delight, but yett for none but I;
Then lets imbrace, & rifle & trifle,
leave a Jewell in the place, but keept till you
d[ye.3]

16 Then Lets, &c."

"Nay pish! nay fye! youle venter to enter!
a trespas soe high, youle wist were 4 vndone;
should any spic, theyle wonder, looke yonder;
but youle not fly the place youe have begunn.
Then Lets, &c.

1 Added by Percy.—F.
2 Dame Nature, faire creature.—P.
3 dye.—P.
4 wish "twere.—F.
“Now you have enjoyed the Measure of pleasure, indeed I'[m] destroyed if you speake of it againe; for women doe proue neglected, reiected, when freedome of love is known to other men. Now you have enjoyed me, & all things be free, in faith youle vn doe me if a teltale you bee.

But I love you, and that's why I err:

32 “Then heeres my hart! Ile ever endure that we will never part till death assigns the time.

were it not you, beleene me it wold greene m[e] to doo what I doo; that lone shold be a crime; but it is a fault of soe sweet a degree, that sure I am perswaded, court nor country be fr[ee].”

fins:
Doe you meane.

[Page 197 of MS.]

DOE you meane to onerthrow me?  
out! alas! I am betraied!  
what! is this the lone you show mee?  
to vndo a sillye Maide.  
alas! I dye! my hart doth breaks!  
I dare not crye, I cannot speake!  
what! all alone? may then I finde  
men are to strong for women kind.

Out vpon the maid that put mee  
in this roome to be alone!  
yett she was noe foole to shut mee  
where I shold be seen of None.  
harke! harke! alas! what Noyce is that?  
o, now I see it is the Catt.  
come gentle ps, thou wilt not tell;  
if all doe soe thou shalt not tell.

Seely foole! why doubts thou tellinge  
where thou didst not doubt to trust?  
if thy belly fall a swellinge,  
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,  
I am not first nor shalbe last.

'cannet in MS.—F.
DOE YOU MEANE.

Once againe to try your forces,
 thus I dare thee to the field;
time is lost that time divorces
 from the pleasures lone doth yeeld.
Ah ha! fye, 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?
flins.
A maid & a younge man.

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

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

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,
he tickeled her, & shee opened her thyhes,
yett s[t]ill shee, &c.

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

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

"My Billy, my pillie! how now?" quoth shee;
"gett vp againe, Billy, if that thou louest me;"
yett still he Lay, &c.
A MAID AND A YOUNGE MAN.

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,
& every leafe began to showte,
& there was such, &c.

24 28
A creature for feature.

A creature, for feature I never saw a fairer,
soo witty, soo pretty, I never knew a rarer;
soo kind, & I soo blynd,

that I may say another day

"I did complaine, & I mett a swaine,
but [he] know not how to woove me nor doe mee,
he was soo dull conceipted.

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 farther pleasure, whose treasure

needs not to be Expected.

"I stayd him, & praide him, & proffered him a favour;
he kisst mee, & wisst mee to beare with his be-
havior;
but hee tro lolly lolly, le silly willy cold not doe.

all content with him was spent
when he had clipt & kisst mee, & mist mee,
& cold not . . . kisse . . . [line cut off by the binder]
then thought I, & thought noe lye,
perhaps his pipe is not yett ripe;

yet an hower may haue the power
to make itt grow in full Lenght & full strenght;
butfooles are led in blindnesse.

1 she.—E.

n 2
"But woe mee, & woe mee! alas, I cold not raise!

But I didn't,
or couldn't.

But wold not, nor cold not, doe all I cold to please. ¹

Itt wold not, his inke was run, his pen was done.

Iacke! art thou dead? hold vp thy² head!

Iacke! art thou dead? hold vp thy² head!

I will litter thee & water thee,

I will litter thee & water thee,

& feed thee with my neet,

& feed thee with my neet,

& better, if thou wilt lye besyd me.

& better, if thou wilt lye besyd me.

but all in vaine I did complaine,

but all in vaine I did complaine,

his lacke was tyrd, heed not be hyred

his lacke was tyrd, heed not be hyred

and was not

and was not

moved.

moved.

³ for all my prayers & all my teares." ³

³ for all my prayers & all my teares." ³

³ One stroke of a word, pared off by

³ One stroke of a word, pared off by

the binder, follows.—F.

³ One stroke of a word, pared off by

³ One stroke of a word, pared off by

the binder, follows.—F.

² MS. my.—F.
Lyr: alone: 1

[Page 200 of MS.]

Can any one tell what I ayle? 2

3 that I looke soe lean, soe wan, soe pale.
4 If I may be there Judge, I thinke there is none
5 that can any longer ly alone. 6

Was ever woman's case like mine?
6 att 15 yeeres [1] began to pine;
7 soe vnto this plight now I am growne,
8 I can, nor will, noe longer Lye alone. 8

9 If dreames be true, then Ride I can;
10 I lacke nothing but a man,
11 for tis onely hee can ease my moane.
12 I can, nor &c.

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

1 The Maidens Complaint. To the
2 tune of, I can nor will, &c. The Readings in Red Ink are from the Golden
3 Garlands. See Chappell's Popular
4 Music, ii. 462, for a different "Maiden's
5 sad Complaint for want of a Husband."
6 —P.
7 maidens all.—P.
8 I am grown so weak, &c. [G.G.]
9 —P.
10 That they.—P.
11 If I may judge.—P.
12 Unto that plight, alas! I'm growne,
13 Thats I can, nor will, no longer lye
14 alone. [G.G.]—P.
15 Maiden's. [G.G.]—P.
16 Thus at 15 years to pine;
17 Were I the judge I'm sure there's none
18 That would any longer, &c. [G.G.]—P.
19 —P.
20 [This & the 4th stanza are transposed
21 in the Gold. Garl.]—P.
22 All that I want is but a man;
23 Only I for one do make this moan.
24 For I can, &c. [G.G.]—P.
25 When it is day, I wish. [G.G.]—P.
26 [There is a tag, as for e., to the e.—P.
27 And when it is dark. [G.G.]—P.
28 All the night long I, &c. [G.G.]—P.
29 Because that I too long have lain,
30 &c. [G.G.]—P.
To woe the first, ashamed am I;
2 for & if he ask I will not deny;
3 for the case is such I must needs have one.
4 I can noe &c.

Therfore my prayer, itt shalbe still
that I may have one that will worke my will;
for itt is only hee can ease me anon,
& therfore Ile noe longer ly alone.

1 Woot him first, [G.G.]—P.
2 But if, [G.G.]—P.
3 Such is my case, I must have one.
   [G.G.]—P.
4 For that I, &c. [G.G.]—P.
5 For all my wishing's, I'll have none
   But him I love, & love but one;
   And if he love not me, then
   I'll have none,
   But ever till I dye I'll ly alone.
   [G.G.]—P.
Downe: sate the shepard.

[Page 201 of MS.]

Downe: sate the shepard swaine
soe sober & demure,
wishing for his wench againe
soe bonny & soe pure,
with his head on hillcocke lowe,
& his armes a Cimbo,
And all for the losse of his hinonino!

A swain longed for
his wench.

and wept

The leaves the fell as thin
as water from a still;
the heire vpon his head did growe
as time vpon a hill;
his cherry cheeche as pale as snowe
to testifie his mickle woe;
& all was for the lone of his hy &c.

became he
had lost her.

flayre shee was to lone, as enor liked swaine;
never such a dainty one
shall none enjoy againe;
sett a thousand on a rowe,
time forbids that any showe
euer the like to her hy &c.

She was one
in a thousand.

faire shee was, [of] comly hew,
her bosome like a swan;
backe shee had of bending yew,
her wast was but a span;

Her bosom
swan-swelling.

1 qu. MS.—P.  2 thyme.—P.  3 of comelye.—P.
her hair black
all over.

She was so tempting.
all men were mad for her.

and the swain hoped to find her on the grass.

**DOWNE SATE THE SHEPARD.**

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

with her Mantle tucked vp
shee fothered her flocke,
soe *that* they *that* doe her see
may then behold her smocke,
soe finely doth shee vse to goe,
& neatly dance on tripp on 1 toe,
*that* all men run madd for her hy &c.

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;
Cupid bidds itt shold bee soe,
because all men were made for her hy &c.

1 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 yard¹ northc church
are oft enwined,
take young mayds now & then att lurch
to try their mind;
But younge maids now adayes are soe coy, the will not show
when they are in love,
But for feare ² oft say noe, when perhaps they wold
fayne doe if itt wold not proue.

If for a time for feare they bee wyllye
and seeme coy,
there is one that perhaps may beguile yec,
the blind boy;

¹ ? MS. yerd.—F. ² for they.—F.

Yet Cupid will pierce their hearts.
MEN THAT MORE.

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
    cannot say Nay.

16

The small fly that playeth with the candle oft doth burne;
such young maids as doe love for to dandle once, may mourne.

20

leth 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
    though thoe seeme holy.

24

ffins.
Panche.  

Page 238 of MS.

It was a young man that dwelt in a towne,  
a lollye husband was hee,  
but he wold eate more at one sett dinner  
the[n] 20 wold att three.  
soe great a stomacke had hee,  
his wiffe did him provide  
ten mesales a day, his hungar to lay,  
yet was he not satisfied.  
take heed of hott furnitree!

His wiffe had a sister neere at hand,  
decket vp in a gowne of gray;  
shee looned a young man, & marrie\(d\) the weere  
ypon St. Iames his day;  
& to the wedding went they,  
her brothers & sisters each one.

Shee vowed to bring her to  
with birds the sids ypon.  
take heed &c.

But yet the good wiffe, tho little she sayd,  
in mind & hart was woo  
because her husband, the glutton, wold  
unto the wedding goe.

1 A Droll old Song, rather vulgar.—P.  
3 There is a tag like an s at the end.—F.  
5 One stroke too few in the first syllable.—F.  
6 two.—P.  
7 dinner in the MS.—F.
PANCHE.

"good husband," then sayd shee,
24 "at the wedding there will bee
my vuckle John, & my cozen Gylee,¹
& others of good degree;
not to go to
bis then stay you at home, my dere,
the wed-
ging,
28 [then stay you at home, my dere,]
as he'll
shame her
and all his
kindred
32 the Bridgrome & the bryde,
by his mon-
strous
eating.
for you devoure more mene at a meale
36 then 40 will doe at ten."
take heede &c.

Panche got
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 knane & thee
to cuckold
him.
To the wed-
ding he will
go.
to make me a scorne, my head for to horne!
I smell out thy knauerye!
to the wedding that I will goe!"

"Good husband," quoth shee, "Misdoubt not of me!
48 I speake it for the best!
yet doe as you will, your mind to fulfill;
but let me this request,
that when vnorderly²
he must stop
eating when
she winkes at
him.
I see you feeding there,
when I doe winke, I wold haue you thinke
its time for to forbearc."
take heed &c.

¹ Giles.—P.
² i.e. disorderly.—P.
The man was content; to the wedding he went;
great cheare was there prepared;
the Bridegroome father & mother both
sate there with good regard.

first to the table was brough[c]
a course of furmitree,
& Panche had a dish, a galland I-wiss,
* that fitted his appetye*;

quicklye he slapt vp all.

He learned* on his wife, & drew out his kniffe;
to a legg of Mutton fell hee;
he slapt it vp breefe, with a surloyn of beece,
& mincet pyes 2 or three:

he never looked about,
but fed with such a courage,
he left for his share the bord almost bare,
or the rest were out of their porrage.
take heed &c.

Then did he spye his wife for to wink*;
therefore he, to mend the matter,
he cast vp againe the Meate he had eaten,*
before them in a platter:
"take heere your victuals," hee sayd,
"& grudge not me my meate;
& where I thinke that welcome I am,
I cannot forbear to eate."
take heed &c.

The time drew on when euerye man
into his rest did goe;
but Paunch lay grunting by his wife,
which made her wonderous woe.

---

1 Gallon.—P. 2 appetee.—P. 3 A long upright stroke is between these words in the MS.—F. 4 wink her eye.—P. 5 Lane.
"what ayle you man?" quoth she.
88 Quoth hee, "my hart is dry,
I am soe hungry, that for meat
I ready am to dye."
take heed &c.

His wife
says he
meat 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 gine you meate any way."

Tush! says
he;
96 "tush! tell not me of that!
my belly must be fodd!"
& with that word he Nimbly leapt
out of his naked bed,

100 & into the kitchen did goe.

To the Furmitree pott he quickely gott,
& there, without delay,
he slapt vp the furmitree enerye whitt
or he departed away,
saue a ladell-ful att the last
he kept to carry his wife.

Then he mistaking the chamber, he went unto another mans wife.
take heed [&c.]

and slape up
all the fur-
mity
except a
ladellfull
that he
means to
take to his
wife;
but he goes
to another
man's,

108 the bride-
grooms mother.
Pancha
take her
buttocks

112 The Bridgrooms father & mother both
did at that time lye there;
the woman had tumbled the clothes soe
that her buttocks all lay bare,
which by a glimering light
that was in that same place,

for his wife's
face,
Panchs soone espied, & tooke the same
to be his wives sweet face.

3 Rumsey or Rumley, a kind of
Potage made of prepared Wheate, Milk,
Sugar, Spices, &c. Phillips. "Still a
favorite dish in the north, consisting of
bulled wheate boiled in milk and sea-
soned. It was especially a Christmas
dish." Narce, ed. 1699. See the recipe
and extracts there.—P
PANCHE.

Then softly he sayd, "sweet wif, I haue brought some furnitree for thee!"

120 the woman fisled: "nay, blow not," quothishee,
   "for cold enough they bee."

with that shee puffd 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.

128 The woman was windye, & fisled againe within a little space,
   which made him to sweare, if shee blew any more,
      to fling all in her face.

132 but shee, being fast asleepe,
    did fisle without regard.

136 then flung he the furnitree in her tayle,
   saying, "there is for thy reward!"

140 take heed

144 With that the woman suddenly waked,
   & clapt her hand behind;
      "ahs!" quothishee, "how am I shamed,
   being soe full of wind!"

148 " what ayles thee?" her husband sayd.
   "I haue rayed the bedd," quothishee.
   "that comes with thy craming, thou egar queuean!
   a Marraine take thee for me!"

152 take heed &c.

But Panche, perceiving how the matter went,
   he closly got away,
   & into the milkhouse hyed with hast,
   wheres without delay

1 2 MS. fisled. Fydstyn (fven, W.)
   Caco C. E. livido; Fyyst, styknk, Livida;
   Fryystynge, Lividacme. Promptorium.—
   F.

"wrayed.—P. I be-ray, I syle ones clothes with sptses of myer, properly about the skyrtes; Icrota, Palegrave.
   Embonner, to beamy or beshite. Cotgrave.
PANCHE.

he clenched the Milke Basons all,

tho there were plenty store;

& like a lout, he groped about,

to see if hee cold find any more.

tak heede &c.

Vpon a narrowe mouthd hony pott

he lighted on at last;

& when he had thrust his hand therein,

there stucke it wonderous fast.

now hee must breake the same

or he cold gett it out;

& for a flitt place to breake it on,

he seeketh round about.

tak heede &c.

Two silly fryers, on the kitchin flore

... all night asleepe dyd lye;

whose shanen crownes, by the Moonelight then,

SIR Panch he did there espye.

to one of them he comes,

supposing his pate a stone;

& there burst the earthen pott,

which made the fryer to grone.

tak heede &c.

The silly fryer, being hurt full sore,

did thinke his fellow had

vpon some spite abused him soe;

therefore, as he were madd,

he laid him soundlye on,

& caught him by the eares;

whose rumbled waked the folkes in the house,

& fed them full of feares.

take heede of hott furmitree!

---

1 MS. slore.—F. floor.—P.  
2 rumbling.—P.  
3 fed, perhaps fill'd.—P.
PANCHE.

When they came downe, thé found the fryers \[p.241\] brings all
well buffeting one another; the people
down stairs;
by his religious brother. Panche
but when Sir Panch they spyed, is discovered
with honnye besmeared soo, all over
& daubed about with Milke & cream;
thé knew how all things did goe. cerco;
take heede

for well they did see that it was he Panche
that did the old man wronge, is discovered
& bee that brake the poore fryers head and they see
as he did lye alonge, who the
culprit is,
that eate the Milke & creame but don't
& the pott of farmtree; know how
yett, for to be renenged of him, to punish
they knew noe remedye. him.
take heede

God keepe, I say, such guests away God keep
both from my monte & mee! such guests
if I had 20 weddings to make, away from
neuer bidden shold he bee! me?
& thus I make an end
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 farmtree! take heede of hot farmtree!
flins.

\[p.241\]

1 the fryers they found.—P.
When as I doe record.

Oh the pleasures
I've had
with Issass!

Oh that Jenny
were born
again!

When as I doe record
the pleasures I have had
att this side sleepy board,

With many a lusty lasse
my pleasure I have tane:

I wold give mine old white Iade
that Lynye were here againe!

She brewe & bakes to sell
for such as doe passe by;
good followes lone her well;

infaith & soo doe I!

for ever when I was drye,
of drinke I wold have tane,
I wold tread both shooes awrye,

that Lynye &c.

I've often played at traytrippe
with her.

full oft shee & I
within the battery playd
att tray trippe of a dye,

& sent away the mayd.

for shee is of the dealing trade,
shee will give you 3 for one;
shee is noe sallen Iade;

giff Lynye &c.

1 mind in the MS.—F.
2 One stroke too few for is in the MS.—F.
A man might for a penny
haue had a pott of ale,
& tasted of a Caney¹
of either legg or tayle;
for shee wold neuer sayle
if shee were in the vaine.
alas, all flesh² were frayle
giff Iynye³ &c.

flare oft I haue beene her man,
her markett for to make;
& after I haue rydden
a Journey for her sake,
Her pannel I cold take,
& gallopp all amaine;
Ide make both bedsides cracke
that Iynye &c.

You hostises that meane
for to liue by your trade,
if you scorne to kisse,
then keepe a pretty mayd!
for drinke is not worth a lowse
if lasses there be none!
I wold drinke a whole carrownse
that Iynye were here agayne!
flims.

¹ ? Cony.—F.  ² MS. flesh.—F.  ³ An as in the MS. for un.—F.
When Scorching Phæbus.¹

[Page 313 of MS.]

When scorching Phæbus he did mount,—

to Iaur bonne tance,²—

then Lady Venus went to hunt,

par melio shance;³

to whom diana ⁴ did resort,

with [a]ll the Ladyes ⁵ of hills & valleys,

of springs & floodes,

to shew where ⁶ all the princely sport,

with hound imbued, & harts pursued,

through groues & woodes.

But Venus

This tender harted loners Queene,—

to iour bonne tance,—

such wandring sports had seldome scene,

par melio shance.

saw no fun

in dogs

worrying poor stag:

she liked

better

love's game.

She was dry,

and went to

Bacchus

They aire was hott, & shee was drye,—

to iour bonne tance;—

to Bacchus court shee fast did bye—

par melio shance—

¹ The Birth of Priapus. a little loose. Qu.—P. Evidently parmi les champs.—

—P. W. L. B. —P. The old English word for Nymphs.

² Tous-jours bon temps, or been temps. ³ With all the Dr.—P. ⁴ her.—P.
WHEN SCORCHING PHOEBUS.

her faint & weary hart [to] churish,
which was soe fyered, that shee descryed to

28 to quench her thirst,
& cryed, "helpe Bacchus, or else I perish!"
who still did hold her, & plainly told her
he wold kiss her first.

Then Bacchus with a power divine,—
to-iour bone tance,—
himselfe turned4 to a butt of wine,—
par melio shance,—

32 and bade this Ladye drinke her fill,
& take her pleasure in any measure,
& make noe waste;

36 & gave her leane to sucke the quill,
which was spritefull and delightfull
vnto her tast.6

Att last this butt did run a tilte—
to-iour bonne tance.—
quoth shee, "one drop shall not be spilt,
par melio shance,
for it doth pleasing tast soe well,
my hart doth will me for to fill me
of this sweete Vine;

44 I wold that I might alaways dwell
in this faire Arbor! heeres soe good harbor,
& pleasant wine."

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

---

1 to.—P. 2 desyer.—P. 3 he'd.—P. 4 Turn'd himself.—P. 5 Which was so sp.—P. 6 taste.—P.
Att last she fell in pieces twaine;
& being assumder, appeard a wonder,
God pryapus!
yet thyne shee wold haue dranke againe;
& oft did visit, & much solicipe
God Diocchus.

His emptye caske wold yeeld noe more,—
to-iour bonne tannce,—
for shee had sucked it full sore,
pard melio shance.
quoth she 1 "god Bacchus, change thy shape;
for now thy rigour, & all thy vigour,
is cleane decayd.

behold [thou] here this new borne babe,
who when he is proned, heele 2 be belonned
of wiffe & maide."

This bellye god that wold be dranke—
to-iour bonne tannce,—
and being a goddesse, proned a punke, 3
pard melio shance,
her laste bastarde stiffe & stronge,
was made & framed, & alsoe named,
god Bacchus heyre.
he had a nose 3 handfall Long,
with one eye bleared, & all besmeard
about with hayre.

He is the god of rich & poore—
to-iour bonne tannce;—
he openeth every woomans doore,
pard melio shance;

1 MS. the.—E. Quoth she, God.—P. 2 Thus of a Goddess made a punk.—P.

2 will.—P.
he ceaseth all debate & strife,
& gently peaseeth,1 & sweetly pleaseth
the hungry wombe.

he is the joy twixt man & wife;
her pleasure lasteth, & sweeter tasteth
then hony combe.

Now all you nice & dainty dames,—
to your bonne tance,—
to vse this god, thinke it no2 shame,
par melio shance.
then let my speeches not offend,

tho you be gaudye, & I be baudye
& want a rodd!
good deeds shall speeches fault amend
when you are willing for to be billing

with this sweet god.


1 he seeks appeaseth. Qn.—P.
2 you think no.—P.
In a May morninge.

[Page 383 of MS.]

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!
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;
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,
for all that lay with mee refuseth me now
from one to the other; still I wold be rid ont."

I offered to
father it.

"but whosoever 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,
& euery one that comes by shall have a glegge 1 ont,
vntill I have fround out a man, the right dad ont."

There came a kind Scotchman 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 ont;
for whosoever gott the child, Ile be the dad ont."

A glance, a sly look—a word still used in Northamptonshire.—P.
"Now, nay! now, nay!" shee says, "soe itt may not bee!
your looke & his countenance doe not agree;
for had hee bee ne sike a swayne, I had neere been
great ont;
for hee was a blythe young man that was the right
dad ont.

"his lippes like the rubye, his cheakes like the rose,
he tempteth all flayre mayds where-uer he goes:
first he did salute mee; then was I right glad ont;
O hee was a blythe younge man that was the right
dad ont.

"Ie tranell through England & Scotland soo wyde,
& a-foote I will follow him to be his bryde;
Ile bind itt vpon my backe, Ile not be ryd ont
tvntill I have found out the man thats the right
dad ont.

"Ile hussit, itt, Ile husse itt, Ile lapp itt in say?;
Ile rocke itt, Ile lull itt, by night & by day;
Ile bind itt vpon my backe, Ile not be ridde ont
tvntill I have found out the man thats the right
dad ont.

"And thus to conclude, thoe itt shall to my Lott
to find a dad for my barne 3 that I cannott;
if an englisman gett a child, & wold be ridd ont,
let him bring it to Scot[c]hman, & heele be the dad
ont."

1 hush.—F. 2 silk.—F. 3 bairn, child.—P.
The Turk in Linen.

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 loose his ancient slop,
The Lumberd, his Venetian;¹
And some, like breech-lose women go:
The Russe, Turke, Iow, and Grecian;
The thrifty² Frenchman weares small waist,
The Dutch his belly bonetk;
The Englishman is for them all,
And for each fashion comesth.

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

¹ A kind of hose or breeches described by Stubbis. See the word in Norway.—F.
² thrifty.—Fairholt. The fourth and fifth editions both read thrifty. ² from A.-S. þræc, a hem, fringe—Bohnur. Or þræc, rotteness—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 (unknownne to me, and without any of my direc-
tion) accidentally come into the Printers hands, and therefore so corrupt and
mangled (coupled only by the care) 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 native habit: first being by consent, next because the rest haue
been so wronged in being publisht in such snaude and ragged garments:
accept it courtesous Gentlemen, and proove as favorable Readers as we haue
found you gracious Auditors.

Yours T. H."

THE: turke in Linen\(^1\) wrapps his head,
the persian his in\(^2\) lawne tooe,
the rushe\(^3\) with sables flurres his cappe,
& change will not be drawn tooe.
the Spaynyards constant to his blocke,
the french inconstant euer;
but of all flelts\(^4\) that may be flelt,
give me the English beuer.\(^5\)

1 Linem in the MS.—F.
2 MS. in his ;—his in, B.M.—F.
3 Russe.—B.M.
4 Fauts.—B.M.
5 Fairholt says that beaver hats ap-
pear to have been first imported from
Flanders. Cost. in England, p. 490,
Stubbes, 1588, that they "were fetched
from beyond the seas, from whence a
great sort of other vanities do come be-
sides." In a satire ballad on the knights
of £40 per annum made by James I. (in
We and Wisdom, Shaksp. Soc. 1846, p.
146-7) the shepherds are jestingly told
to

Cost of fo r ever your twoe shillings *
bonnets,
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:
'Paid for a beaver hat, £4 10s.'; the
fashion of it may be seen in Holier's
print of that distinguished antiquary.
Pepys records (under June 27 in the
same year):—'This day Mr. Holden
sent me a beaver, which cost me £4 5s.'"—
ib. p. 503.

* Mr. Hunter's copy reads tenpenny.—Halli-
well.
The Turk in Linen.

The German lothes his connye well, 1
the Irishman his shagg too; 2
the welch his Monmouth 3 lothes to weare,
& of the same will bragge too.

some lone the rough, & some the smooth,
some great, & other small things 4;
but oh, your English Licorish man, 5
he lothes to deale in all thinges!

The Rush drinkes Quash; 6 Duche, lubickes beere, 7
& that is strong 8 and mightyre;
the Britaine, he Methoglin Quaffes,
the Irish, Aqua vita 9;
the french effects his oreance 10 grape,
the spanyard tastes his sherrye;
the English none of these escapes, 11
but with them 12 all makes merry.

With all drinks too
he makes merry;

1 conny-wool.—B.M. In another poem
in the same volume, at p. 162, we read—
Here is an English conny furr !
Rushes hath no such stuff,
Which, for to keep your fingers warme,
Excoils your sable muffe.

The Burse of Remeption.
7 For the double extende of the black beaver, compare L. 32 of Off alle the soace
below.—F.
8 Shaggo too.—B.M.
9 Monmouth.—B.M. A cut of the
Monmouth cap is given on p. 502 of
Fairholts Costume in England, 1866,
and on p. 115 of the Percy Society's Su-
ticular Songs and Poems on Costume, and
it is mentioned twice in the Ballad of
the Cape, which Mr. Fairholts places at
the end of the reign of Elizabeth, and
which is found in Spovte W't, 1656;
D'Urfey's Wit and Mirth, 1719-20, &c.
The Monmouth-cap, the saylors thrum . . .
The southerns that the Monmouth wear.
From Cleveland's Square Cap for me,
the cap seems to have been made of plash—
And first, for the plush-sake, the Mon-
mouth-cap comes.

(Sat. Songs, 134.)

It was worn by sailors, as Mr. Fairholts
shews by quoting A Satyre on Sea Officers,
by Sir H. S. published with the Duke of
Buckingham's Miscellany (Costume, p. 553).
A second g appears to be crossed
out in the MS.—F.
your lecherish Englishman.—B.M.
quaffes, B.M.; quaffes, 4th ed. 1630;
quasses, 6th ed. 1638. "Quasse, men-
tioned as a humble kind of liquor, used
by rustics.
As made ofane, and made chearnek.
And the base quasse by peanuts drunk,"
Pinnacy, or Repose Rid-Cap, 1699, in
Nares.—F.
Lubeck. The boer of Lubeck was
celebrated, and appears to have been very
strong.

I think you are drunk
With Lubeck beer or Brunswick rum.
Albertus Wallenstein, 1639. Modern
editors of Nares.—F.
strong in the MS.—F.
aqua Vite, (i.e. Water of Life),
a sort of Cordial Water made of brew'd
Beer strongly hoppy'd and well ferment-
ed." Phillips.
the Orleane.—B.M.
can scape.—B.M.
But he with.—B.M.
THE TURK IN LINEN.

The Italyan, in her hye shapines, 1
got[c]h lasse, & lonely froce 2 toce;
the Spanish don-a, 3 French Madam, 4
he will not fleare to goe too:
nothing soe full of hazards 5 dread, 6
nought lies abone the center,
noe health, noe fashion, wine, nor wench,
your English dare not venter.” 6

flins.

1 Chapene.—B.M. Choppines.—P.
Chapin de maupe, a woman's shoes, such as they vse in Spaine, mules, or
high cork shoes." Percivalis, by Minshem.
Choppines, says Mr. Fairbott, were shoes
elevated "as high as a man's leg." Raymond's
Voyage through Italy, 1648.
They are mentioned by Shaksper (Hamlet, act ii. scene 2), and were
occasionally worn in England, but not of
so great an altitude. See Douce's Illustrations of Shaksper. — F.

2 Frea-toe.—B.M. frow.—P.
8 Bonna, B.M. Bonna, 4th edition.
Donna, 8th ed.— F.
4 ? Referring to "Laeu Venereae, or Morbus
Gallicanus, the French Pox, a malign
ant and infectious Distemper." Phillips.
—F.
5 hazard.—B.M.
6 No Fashion, Health, no Wine, nor
Wench.
On which hee dare not venter.—
B.M.
Come wanton wenches.

[Page 404 of MS.]

An old courtezans advice to younger ones to grant their favours coyly; not to be forward, except at first, and so whet their hirers’ desire.

COME: all you wanton wenches
that longs to be in tradinge,
COME: all you wanton wenches
that longs to be in tradinge,
come learne of me, loues Mistris,
come learne of me, loues Mistris,
to kepe your selues from Iadeinge!
to kepe your selues from Iadeinge!
when you expose your fices,
when you expose your fices,
all bytes for to entrapp men,
all bytes for to entrapp men,
then haue a care to husband your ware,
then haue a care to husband your ware,
that you prove not bankrout chapmen.
that you prove not bankrout chapmen.
be not att first to nice nor coye
be not att first to nice nor coye
when gamsters you are courtege,
when gamsters you are courtege,
nor fforward to be sportinge;
nor fforward to be sportinge;
in speeches free, not in action bee,
in speeches free, not in action bee,
for feare of lesse resortinge.
for feare of lesse resortinge.

Let not your outward iosture
Let not your outward iosture
b[n]rawy your inward passyon;
b[n]rawy your inward passyon;
buts seeme to neglect, when most you doe affect,
buts seeme to neglect, when most you doe affect,
in a cunning scornefull flashyon.
in a cunning scornefull flashyon.
be sparing of your favours
be sparing of your favours
when mens loue grow most Eragre;
when mens loue grow most Eragre;
yett keepe good guard, or else all is mared.
yett keepe good guard, or else all is mared.
when they your flort belongar;
when they your flort belongar;
grant but a touch or a kisse for a tast,
COME WANTON WENCHES.

& seeme not to bee willinge

24 1 allwayes ffor to be billinge.  
with a tach or a pinch, or a nipp or a wrenche, 
disapont their hopes ffullfillinge.

Don't be always bill-
ing.

If once you growe to lanish,  

28 and all your wealth discouer,  
you cast of hope; for then with too much scope  
you doe dull your Egars lourer. 
then order soe your treasure,

32 & soe dispand your store,  
that the men do tast, their lones may nener wast,  
but they still may hope for more.  
& if by chance, beinge wrapt in a trance,  
you yeeld them full fruityon  
won by strong opposityon, 
yett nipp & teare, & with pontinge sweare  
'twas against your disposityon.

Let men 
taste and  
hope for 
more.

If you yield.  
struggle and 
ay you 
didn't mean  
it.

40 Thus seeminge much displeased

with that2 did most content,  
you whett desire, & daylye add fire  
to a spirit almost spent.

44 be sure att the next encounter  
you put your lone to striue;  
yett be not rude, if need he will intrude,  
soe shall your trading thrue,  
soe shall you still be ffreshlye wood,  
like to a perfect mayd.  
& doe as I have sayd,  
your flaininge seemes true,

48 & like venus euer new,  
and your trading is not betrayd.

ffinis.

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

2 that which, what.—F.
As it befall on a Day:

[Page 443 of Ms.]

As; it befall on a sumers day,
when Phebus in his glory,
he was suited in his best array,—

4

as here records my story,—

2 London damsell s forth they wold ryde,
they were decked in their pompe & their pryde,
they said they wold goo sflar & wyde

but they wold goo gather Codlyngs.

They were very beautifull

Sisters they were, exceeding fine,

& macheless in their bewyte;
happy was the wight cold giue them wine
to expresse his lone and dutye.

and sweet;

soe fine, soe ficate, soe sweet, soe neate, soe delicate;
O, itt wold doe you good for to heare them prate!
but yettruth they have a fault,
to fill their belly full of Codlings.

Then to an orchard straight they went,
intending for to enter.
the younger with a bold attempt

first did intend to enter:
"nay, softly!" quoth the Elder wench,
"I pray thee lett vs goe from hence;
for here I am in some suspence

that heare I shall not gett no Codlings."

One sum-

mer's day

two London
damson went out to
gather clo-

dlings.

but their
one fault
was these
codlings.

The young
one wants
to go into
an orchard,
but the
ever doubts
whether
she'll get
any codlings
there.
"Art thou se fand? canst thou not see
what good Lucke doth abode vs?
yonder lyes a youngman vnder a tree
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
heele still our belly full of codlings."

Then shee did leape ouer the ditch
as light as any fflether;
hersister after her did Leape,
now begins to f disagree no whether.
with a merry hart & a joyfull cheere,
setting aside all care & ffare,
seeing her sister scape soe cleere,
shee wold not Loose her share o Codlings;

Then shee did leape ouer the ditch
as light as any arrow;
& in her leape, "ah! ah!" shee cryes,
shewing her smocke was narrow,
as maydens doe that newly wedd
being taken from her true loners bold;
& with a sigh her mayden-head
were wore away with eating 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;
with that a nettle stonge her by the knee;
"a pox of all strait smockes!" quoth shee.
seeing it wold no better bee,
shee Layd her downe to gether Codlings.
Blame not a woman.

[Page 446 of MS.]

Don't blame women

BLAME: not a woman although she be Lewd,

& that her faults they have been knowne,

although she doe offend, yet in time she may amend;

then blame her not for using of her owne,

But rather give them praise, as they deserve,

when vice is banished, & virtue in them grown, should their only treasure, & for to fly vain pleasure.

then blame them not for using 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 drunken humor when as their wits are flowne,

out of an idle braine, with speeches Lewd & vainly they blame them still for using of her owne.

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

if women all were wise, what seed should then be sowne?

if women all were coy, they would breed mens annoyce; then blame them not for using of their owne.

If any take offence at this my songe,

I think that no good manes he hath knowne.

wee all from women came: why should wee women blame,

& for a little using of their owne? finis.

1 MS. has a tag like s to the d.—E.
Off: alle the seases.

[Page 455 of MS.]

OFF: all the seas that's cominge,
of all the woods that's risinge,
of all the fishes in the sea,

give me a womans swininge.

flor shee hath pretty fancies

to passe away the night;
& shee hath pretty pleasures
to coniure downe a spritt.

My father gave me Land,
my mother gave me mony,
& I hae spent itt every whitt

in hunting of a Coney.

I hunted vp a hill,
a Coney did espie;
my ferrett seeing that,

into her hole did bye;

my ferret seeing that,
into her hole did runn;
but when he came into her hole,

noe Coney cold be found.

I put itt in againe;
it found her out att Last;
the Coney then betwixt her legs
did hold my ferrett flast,
OFF ALLE THE SEASES.

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

All you that be good fellowes,
giue hearing vnto me;
& if you wold a Coney hunt,
a blakke one lett itt bee;

they're the best.

for blakke ones are they best,
their Sokins will yeeld most money.
I wold to god that hee were hanged
that does not lune a Coney!  ffinis.
LOUERS bea[r]ke alarum.

[Page 459 of MS.]

LOUERS: harke! an alarum is sounding: now lone Louers, cries;
who-soe feares, or in shantnesse abounding, will surprise.
O then, on! charge them home! if you delay your time,
your hopes will fail;
these fflair ffoes yeelding lookes doe bewray their harts
as yours, more then their owne.

If they strike, itt a tricke for a triull who is most bold.

8 No braue man fflor a silly denyall will grow cold;
None but ffooles flinch fflor noe when a I by nois
ment
in louing scance;
On then, & charge them home! perchance you may see put them from their fence.

Downe, Downe with them! o, how the tremble for the crye!
what, for feare? no! no! no! they dissemble; they know why.

1 Only half the w in the MS.—F.
2 ? MS. whmas.—F.
3 ?nois. I can make no sense of it.—F.
4 There's a tag at the end like an s.—F.
Quickly woone, Quickly lost, the delight of life is lost, procured with paines.

They'll fight again. These respects makes them bold to fight, to Cry, to dye, to live again.

finis.
A freinde of mine.

[Page 459 of MS.]

A: freinde of mine not long agoe
desired att my hands
some pretty toy to mones delight
4 to those that hearers stand.
the which I meane to gratifye
by all the meanes I may,
& mones delight in every wight
that with affection stay.

Some thought to prowe wherin I shold
these severall humors please,
the which to doe, reason forbidds,
12 lest I shold some displease;
but sith my muse doth plesure Chuse,
& thron bends her skill,
wherby I may drive time away,
& sorrowes quite beguile.

It was my Chance, not long agoe,
by a pleasant wood to walke,
where I vsene of any one
20 did heare tow louers talke;
& as these louers forth did passe,
hard by a pleasant shade,
hard by a mighty Pine tree there,
24 their resting place they made.
A FREINDE OF MINE.

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 young man say,
"I think this fragrant place was only made for lovers true,
echo others to inbrace."
hee took her by the middle small,—
good sooth I doe not mocke,—
not meaning to doe any thing
but to pull vpp her: smo:¹ blocke
wheron shee sate, poore silly soule,
to rest her weary bones.
this maid shee was noe whitt affrayd,
but shee caught him fast by the : stones :
thumbes;
wheratt he vext & greined was,
soe that his flesh did wrinkle;
this maid shee was noe whitt affrayd,
but caught him fast hold by the : pintle :
pimple
which hee had on his chin likewise ;—
but lett the pimple passe ;—
there is no man heare but he may suppose
shee were a merry lasse.
he boldly ventured, being tall,
yet in his speech bu[t] blunt,
hee neuer ceast, but tooke vpp all,
& cacht her by the Cun : plume.
And red rose lipps he kisst full sweete : quoth shee, "I crave no succour."
which made him to haue a mighty mind
to clipp, kisse, & to : fluck : plucke her into his armes. "nay! soft!" quoth shee,
"what needeth all this doing?"
sfor if you wilbe ruled by me,
you shall see small time in wooinge.

¹ These and the similar colors following are those of the MS.—F.
A FRINDE OF MINE.

"ffor I will lay me downe," quoth shee,
"vpon the slippery seggs,
& all my clothes Ie 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 fine & brane,
64 most ready to be : fuct : ducket

"vnto some pleasant springing well ;
ffor now itts time of the yeere
to decke, & bath, & trim ourselves
68 both head, hands, fleet & geere."

ffinis.
O nay! O nay! not yet.

[A young man met a maiden, and offered her 40 crowns to enjoy her.

A: young man walking alone, abroad to take the ayre, itt was his chanc[e] ffor him to meete a maiden pasing ffaire. desiring her of curt esiye awhile with him downe sitt; shee answered him most modestly, "O nay! O nay! not yet!"

"Forty crownes I will giue thee, sweete hart, in good red gold, if that I may thy flauour haue, thy bewtye to behold."

& then she spoke now readily & with a ready witt,

"I will not sell my honestye!

O nay! O nay! not yet!

"Gold & mony is but drosse, & worldly vanitty; I doe esteeme more of the losse of my virginity! but dost thou thinke I am soe madd, or of soe little witt as ffor to sell my honestye?

O nay! O nay! not yet!"

1 vanity.—P.
O NAY, O NAY, NOT YEET.

They way to win a womans hart,
is quicklye to be breiffe,
& gine her that with-in few words
that will soone ease her greiffe.

"O flye! O flye! away!" sheele crye,
that lones a dainty bitt,
"I will not yeelde to Cupids lawes!
O nay! O nay! not yet!"

finish.
X Cannott Bee Contented.

I cannot be contented
from love to be absented,
although I were presented, ¹

I have another bout;
I know she is unwilling
to hear of all the skillings; ²
she rather had been illing; ³

if I could find her out.

but if that time & leisure serve,
in faith she shall not neede to sterue;
she well I know she doth deserve

to tast upon sweet Nechaer,
the flood whereon the gods do fleece,
& all they gods they have decreede.
but she shall have it at her neede!

hey loo! my hartie is weary!

Some say, 'if I come nye her,
my life must be the hyer;'
but if I scape from flyer,
then let them doo their worst;

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

¹ To present, to bring an Information against. Phillips.—F.
² F Reasoning.—F.
³ Lill.(1)To pant; to lollo out the tongue. Wisbe. "I lyde out the tonge as a best dothe that is chaced [chased]." Palegrave. "To pant and be out of breath, or till out the tongue, as a dog that is weary." Florio, p. 16; in Halliwell's Gloss.—F.
I CANNOT BEE CONTENTED.

looke in the dam, & you may spye
heere is soe much that some runs by;
there never came a yeere soe drye
cold kepe this Mill from grindeinge.
yett shee no common Miller is;
shee does not grind eche plowmans gris
she needs not, vnless shee list,
but for sweet recreation.

finis.

1 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 Reliquiae Antiquae, 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 Mirror of the World, or th' omage of the same, fol. Lond. 1481, in the King's Library in the British Museum, fol. ult. v°., written by some owner of the book in the year 1520."

A maid went to the well to washe,
   Lillumwham, Lillumwham!
   the maide shee went to the well to washe,
   whatt then? what then?
   the maid shee went to the well to washe;
   dwv full of her lily white fleshe;
   Grandam boy, Grandam boy, heyde!
   Leg a derry, Leg a merry, met, mer, whoope, whir!
   dринance, lrunben, Grandam boy, heyde!

and as shee washed her clothes,

White shee washee, & white shee ronge,
   Lillumwham &c:
   white shee hanged o the hazle wand,
   Grandam boy, heyde &c.

1 Is this white for while? There is no loop to the letter, and that makes the difference between the l and i in this MS. The white of line 6, and of lines 10 and 12, is exactly the same.—F.
LILUMWHAM.

There came an old Palmer by the way,
Lilumwham &c.

16 said, "God speed thee well thou faire maid!"
Grandam boy, hey &c.

"Hast either Cupp or can—
Lilumwham &c.—
20 to give an old Palmer drinke therin?"
Grandam boy, hey &c.

says, "I haue neither cupp nor Cann—
Lilumwham &c.—
24 to give an old Palmer drinke therin."
Grandam boy, hey &c.

"But an thy Lemman came from Roome,
Lilumwham &c.,
28 Cupps & canns thou wold find soone."
Grandam boy, hey &c.

Shee sware by god & good St. John,
Lilumwham &c.

32 Lemman had shee never none;
Grandam boy, hey &c.

Saies, "peace, faire mayd! you are fowrsworne!
Lilumwham &c.

36 Nine Children you haue borne;
Grandam boy, hey &c.—

"They were buryed under thy beds head;—
Lilumwham &c.—
40 other three under thy brewing leade?;
Grandam boy, hey &c.

1 Three.—P.
2 Lead, a vat for dyeing, &c., Northern; a kitchen copper is sometimes so called.
Chaucer, Cant. T. Prok. I. 202.—E.
LILUMWHAM.

Other three on won play greene,
Lillumwham &c.

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

"Well, I
48 hope you're
Christ,

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

52 That all the world belevenes upon ;
Grandam boy, hey &c.

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

and will set
56 me pen-
ance."

"Penance that thou wilt give to me."
Grandam boy, hey &c.

"I will:

be 7 years a
50 stepping
stone,

"Penance I can give thee none,—
Lillumwham &c.—

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.

"Other 7 to lead an ape in hell."
Grandam boy, hey &c.

And when

your
penance
is done,

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

when thou hast thy penance done,
whatt then ? what then ?
when thou hast thy penance done,
then thoust come a mayden home."
Grandam boy, Grandam boy, hey !

you’ll come
home a
maid.

Leg a derry, Leg a merry, met, mer, whoop, whirr !
driuance, Laramben, Grandam boy, heye !

flinis.

1 See Mr. Dyce's note in the "Ballads and Romances of the Folio, ii. 46.—F.
The sea Crabb.

[Page 402 of MS.]

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."

A wife who was

That ever I saw the days of my life:
with a ging, boyes, ging & ging, boyes, ging!

This goodwife was bigbellyed, & with a lad,
& ever she longed for a sea crab.
ging &c.

The goodman rise in the morning, & put on his hose,
he went to the sea syde, & followed his nose.
ging &c.

Says, "God speed, fisherman, sayling on the sea,
hast thou any crabbis in thy bote for to sell mee?"
ging &c.

"I have Crabbis in my bote, one, tow, or three;
I have Crabbis in my bote for to sell thee."
ging &c.

1 MS. fisherman.—F.
The good man went home, & ere he wist, & put the Crabb in the Chamber pot where his wife pist. ging &c.

It caught. head of his wife.

20 The good wife, she went to doe as shee was wont; vp start the Crabfish, & catcht her by the Cunt. ging &c.

"Alas!" quoth the goodwife, "that ever I was borne, the devill is in the pispsott, & has me on his horne." ging &c.

"If thou be a crabb or crabish by kind, thonle let thy hold goe with a blast of cold wind." ging &c.

He blew on it to make it let go,

32 "Alas!" quoth the good man, "that ever I came hither, he has joyned my wifes tayle & my nose together!" ging &c.

and it pined his nose to his wife.

So he called the neighbors in to pert them.

36 They good man called his neighbors in with great wonder, to pert his wives tayle & his nose assunder. ging &c. finis.
Last night I thought.

[Page 463 of MS.]

LAST: night I thought my true love I caught;
when I wak’st, in my arms I mist her;
my sleep I renued, & my dreame I pursued;
till I found out my love, & I kist her.
but if such delights belong to the nights,
when the head hath Phoebus in keepinge,
how is he blest with content in his rest
that can find but his Mistress sleeping?

If shadowes can make the braines for to ake,
when the spirrits have their repose,
the substance hath power to prone & procure
all the pleasures that loves incloses.

Nights sable shroud, with her bonny cloude,
will defend thee from Tytauns peeping,
& helpe thee to shade all the shifts thou hast made
for to find out thy Mistress sleeping.

Then since the aid of the Cynthia mayd
doeth assist vs with her endeavour;
light to the moone till the suffering be done;

shees a freind to the faithfull enuer.
though shee denyes, shee pisthes & shee cryes,
leave not thou of for her weeping;

for if shee find that affectyon be kinde,
shees thine owne, boy, awake or sleeping!

finis.

1 Thetis, &c.—P.
I Dreamed my Love.

[Page 480 of MS.]

I dreamt that I saw my love in bed;

I dreamed my love lay in her bed;

itt was my Chance to take her;

her legs & armes abroad were spreadd;

shes slept; I durst not awake her.

O pity itt were, that one so faire

shold Crowne her love with willowe;

the tresses of her golden haire

did kiss her] lonely pillow.

that her belly was a hill

Methought her belly was a hill

much like a mount of pleasure,

under whose height there growes a well;

the depth no man can measure.

about the pleasant mountaines topp

where my two bagles trambled,

& raised a lively prickett.

hunted.

They hunted there with pleasant noyce

about the pleasant mountaine,

till bee by heat was flored to fly,

& skipp into the fountaine.

1 “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,
Worship with young men and maidens distrest,
And left of love, are crown’d.

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

For their love lost, their only gaines
Is but a wreath from thee.”

Bront’s Pop. Astig. 1. 72, ed. 1861.—F.

2 The MS. has two strokes for the i,
but only one dotted.—F.

3 Pryket, beast (prick, S.) Capricius.

Pomptorium. Pricket, the buck in his
second year. Haliwell.—F.
I DREAMED MY LOUE.

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

Then forth he Came as one halfe lame,
were weary, faint, & tyred;
& layd him downe betwixt her leggs,
28 as helpe he had required.
the beagles being refreashd againe,
my Lune frorn sleepe berewed;
shee dreamed shee had me in her armes,
32 & shee was not deceived.

finis.
Panders come away.

[Page 486 of MS.]

PANDERS, come away!
bring forth your whores by Clusters
alongst the Lane, by Gray,¹
where Cupid keepes his musters
now to-day!

²whences, doe you heare? I tell you not a flable;
all you that doe appeare, & be not warrantable,
heele Cashoore!

As for Nan: wright, though her dealings may compare h[er];
yett, for her parts below, theres not a woman fairer
to the showe.

Little Ales is found 7 yeeres to have been a trader;
yett Tom Todd wilbe bound, whom as they say did
spade h[er,] that shees sound.

Gardens neere the wors, though shee hath made her
Co[ney]
as common as the Bursse; yett still shee hath they
money
in her pursse.

¹? MS. Pray.—F. ²The MS. has 4 lines in 2 henceforth.—F.
PANDERS COME AWAIE.

Boulton is put by, & Luce, among the infected; & fine Thorpe goeth a-wry, being before detected to be drye.

Pitts is to forbear the trade, & soe is likewise Pearson: for Cupid in his care is told that they have had it to a hair.

True it is that Bade for yeeres may be a virgin; yet Cupid finds the drabb, al ready for a surgeon for the scabb.

Soutewells! beare in mind, althoug they are false doers, they say that you are blind, & soe perhapps more than ever.

Winlowe is to young to know the fruets of woowing till natt have made her strong, to know the fruets as doe[inge] to to Longe.

Gallants, come not neare to brave Venetia Stanley! her Lord hath placed her there, that will maintaine her ma[nly] without feare.

Hayeys, stompe soe long, to Cupid for aquittance, till evidence soe strong, will speake for your inditmen[ten].

1 MS. be before.—F.
2 ? Pearint.—F.
3 MS. already.—F.
4 MS. frits.—F.
5 Venedia, Daughter of Sir Edw.*

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

1. . . . ce & Iames, Cupid will hane you armed;
   for with his hottest flames he hath them soundlye warmed;
   marke their names!


40 Nan: Iames is growne soe Coy, that no man can endure her;
yett I have heard some say, a barbers boy did cure her of a toye.

15. Besse Broughton.

44 But with the wicked sire, that yett was neuer thought on,
by quenching of loues fire, hath tane away Besse Broughton
    one desire.


48 Its ill that simixe rydes, Iane selbe doth oppresse her;
    with other more besides, vnlesse there were a dresser of their hydes.

17. Buncards.

48 Buncards, how yee speed, tis shrewdly to be seared;
yee cannot ask to reade, soe oft you have beene seared
    for the deede.

18. Foulgam (with her holy father).

52 Foulgam will appeale, from Cupid, as men gather,
    for in her wandring taile, hath beene her holy father;
    hees her byle.

19. Dodson.

56 Dodson is not ill, yevet hath shee beene a deale her;
    the falt was in his skill, who knew not how to appease her
    with his quill.

1 Part of the line has been cut away from the MS. by the binder.—F.
2? MS. Itt.—F.
3? MS.: the e is oddly made; it may be Buncards, the i not dotted.—F.
4 One stroke too few in the MS.—F.
her husband saies she[s] nought, I thinke an honest
woman
by Lewdnesse may be brought, to be like others,
common,
being sought.

Ales Bradshaw is forgott, the Cittye that ingrost her;
but happy is his lott, that never did arrest her,
for shee is hott.

Cittye wines, they say, doe occupy by Charter;
but Cupid grant they may, that were for-ware the
barter
without pay.

Ladies name wee none, nor yet no Ladies' women
your honors may begone; for Cesars lone will
summon
you alone.

But because that some will not allow the order,
to morefeelds see you Come, your Maiour & your
recorder
with a drum.

Thus farwell, yee whores, yee hackneys & yee harlottes!
farewell, harlots!
come neare my walke no more, but get you to your
varletts
as before!

My hart shall ay disdain, to thinke of such pore kisses;
my lips shall eke the same, to touch with breathing
kisses
yours againe.

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

If I offend in tyong, in hart I shalbe sorry
for the wrong.

flinis.
A Dainty: Ducke.

[Page 487 of MS.]

I met a dainty duck,  
shew wondered what I wold doe,  
& curteously shee did mee greete  
as an honest woman shold doe.

A: dainty ducke I Chanced to meete  
I asked her if shee wold drinke;  
shew wondered &c.  
and asked  
her to drink.  
She gave me  
a wink.  
I tooke

4

8

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

1 Written at the lower corner: the first words of the next page.—F.
Now sith on Dreames.

[Page 499 of MS.]

Now sith on dreames, & fond delights
that occupye the minde;

then occupye by kind!

for if Cupid thy hart doth stryke
with lead or golden flight,
O then, O then, O then, in dreames
thy thoughts strange things doe write!

Methought it was my Chance to Clipp
thee Creature I loned best,
& all alonge the fields to tripp,
to move some sport or Iest,
& then & then, my [suite] I gan to pleade
unto that fairest mayd;
But shee, but shee, would nought beleue,
which made me sore affrayd.

But yett by prayer & earnest suite
I moved her att the Last;
yett cold I not injoie the sritte
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
ere I loose my maiden-head!"

1 dreames in the MS.—F.
2 minde in the MS.—F.  
3 Only half an a in the MS.—F.
she let me touch her;

Yett did shee give me leave to touch
her floote, her legg, her knee;
a little further was not much,
they way I went was free.

"O flye! O flye! your are to blame!" shee sayd,
"thus to vnnde a maid;
but yett, but yett, the time is so meete,
[This cut away here by the binder.]

and neither Jove
nor Hercules had more delight
than I when I scolded her fort.

Not Ioue himselfe more Iouyall was when hee bright dyana wonn;
Nor Hercules, that all men did passe, when hee with distaffe spann,
than I, then I, all sheares when I had past, & scalled the flort att Last, & on, & on, & on the same my signes of victory placet.

But alas! But when Aurora, goddesse bright,
appeared from the east, & Morpheus, that drowsye wight, withdrawn him to his rest;
O then, O then, my joyes were altered cleane! which makes me still Complaine;
when I woke, for I awaked, for I awaked, for I awaked; and I
it was all a dream! all this was but a dreeame!

ffinis.
A Mayden heade.

COME, sitt thee downe by these Coole streams ever yet warmed by Tytans beames! my tender youth thy wast shall clippe, & fix vp on thy Cherry lipp; & lay thee downe on this greene bed, where thou shalt loose thy mayden-head.

See how the little Philipp Sparrow, whose ioynts doe one-flowl with marrow, on yonder bough how he doth proue with his make the ioyes of lone, & doth instruct thee, as hee doth tread, how thou shalt loose thy maidenhead.

O you younglings, be not nice! coines in mayds is such a vice, that if in youth you doe not marry, in age young men will let you tarrye. by my peswasyon then be led, & loose in time thy maidenhead.

Clothes that imbrothered be with gold, if never worne, will quicklye molde; if in time you doe not plucke the damisine or the Apricocke, in pinching Autune theyle be dead; then loose in time thy maidenhead!

ffinis.

1 cold—P. 2 A-S. moue, a wife.—F. 3 coyney—F.
Tom Longe.

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 Sheppard, for his lycense for pryntinge of a ballad intituled, *Tom Longe, ye Carrier*. . . . . . . . . . ilijd.

Rd. of Thomas Hackett, for his fyne, for that he prynted a ballad of *Tom longe the Carrier*. . . . . . . . . . ij.s. vjd.

["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 in, Tom longtayle, come short hose & round,
Come flitt guts & slender, & all to be fround,
Come flitt Capp and flother, & all to be found,
Strike home thy pipe, Tom Longe.

Come lowcy, come laced shirt, come damme me, come
[ruffe!]
Come holy genena, a thing with-out Cufse,
Come doughtye dominigo, with Linens enough,
Strike &c.

and bring each a bit of a girl

Bring a fface out of England, a backe out of Fran[ce],
A belly from flanders, come all in a dance!
pinne buttockes of Spayne, advaunce! advaunce!
Strike &c.

1 ruffe.—P.
TOM LONGE.

Come bring in a wench shall fit every natyon, to make one
for shape & flor making, a Taylors creatyon, to fit every
& now made againe to fit every natyon.

16 Strike &c.

Come tricke itt, and tire itt, in antique array! and then
come trim itt, and trosse itt, and make vp the day,
dress her vp.

for Tom & noll, nicke & Gill, make vp the bay!

20 Strike &c.

A health to all Captaines that never was in warres,
Here's a health to all cowards

that's knowne by their Scarlettes, & not by their scarres!

a health to all Ladyes that never used Merkin,²

yet their stuffe ruffles like Buff lether jerkin!

24 Str[ike &c.]

A health to all Courtiers that never bend knees!

and honest courters.

& a health to all schollers that scorns their degrees!

and liars.

a health to all Lawyers that never tooke fieses!

28 & a health to all welchemen that loves tosted Cheese!

Strike home the pipe, Tom Long!  finis.

¹ MS.—F.

² 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 lamenting that she had lived a maid so long.

ALL: in a greene meadow, a riner running by,
I hard a proper maiden both waile, weeppe, and crye,
the teares from her eyes as clere as any pearle;

much did I lament the mourning of the girle:
shее sighed and sobbed, & to her selfe sayd,
"alas! what hap had I to line see long a maid?"

"Now in this world no Curtseye is knowne,
& young men are hard harted, which makes me line alone;
the day & time hath beene, if I had still beene wise,
I might have enjoyed my true love had I not beene so unwise!

but Coyishness, & toyishness, & peneishness such store
hath brought me to this pensiveness, and many maidens [more?].

"Some dames that are precise, & heare me thus Complaine,
theyle thinke me fond & Idle, my Credit much wold sta[ine.]
but lett me answere them; the Case might be their owne;
the wisest on the earth, by lune may be oerthrown;
for Cupid is blinded, & cometh in a Cloud,
& aimeth att a ragg as soone as att a robe.

¹ nice.—P. ² more.—P.
ALL IN A GREENE MEADOWE.

"Sith goddesses come downe to iest with such a boy,
then hapily poore maidens may tread their shoes
awrye.\(^1\)

Hellen of greece for bewty was the rarest,
a wonder of the world, & certeinlye the fairest;
yett wold shee, nor Cold shee, line a maiden still.

24 
. . . . . . . few or none can carrye [page 115]
. . . . . . . others all did marry
. . . . . . . oftine that they haue vsed before

[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.

MS. tom away.

[Tho silly m]aidens nicely deny itt when its offered,
[yet I wi]sh them wisely to take itt when its proffered;

32 [If they be li]ke to Cressus to scorne soo true a freind,
[They be] glad to recieve poore Charityne in the end.
[4]me gone & time past is not recalld againe;
[t]herefore I wish all maidys make hast, lest with me
tho Complaine.

\(^1\) Compare the French Charier droit, uprightly; or discreetly, warily, ad-
to tread straight, to take a right course;
to behave 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: vntyed his points

& kindly hee besecche

that shee wold giue him time & space

for to vntye his breeches.

"Content, Content, Content!" shee cryes.

he downe with his breeches imedyatlye,

& ouer her belly he Cast his thye.

But then shee Crys "Thomas! you Cannott, you

Cannott!

O Thomas, O Thomas, you Canott!"

Thomas, like a liuely ladd,

lay close downe by her side:

he had the worst Courage that ever had man;

in conscience, the pore ffoole Cryed.

1 Point, a tagged lace, used in tying any part of the dress. Nave.—E.
2 The e has a tag as if for a.—E.
3 MS. canet.—E.
4 ? man had.—W. C.
THOMAS YOU CANNOT.

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

This maid was discontented in mind,
& angry was with Thomas,
that he the time soe long had space,¹
& cold not performe his promise.
he promised her a thing, 2 handfull att least,
which made this maid glad of such a feast;
but shee Cold not gott an Inch for a tast,
which made her cry &c.

Thomas went to Venus, the goddess of love,
& hartily he did pray,
that this faire maid might constant prove
 till he performed what he did say.
in hart & mind they both wee[r]e content;
but ere he came at her, his courage was spent,
which made this maid grow discontent,
& angry was with Thomas, with Thomas,
& angry was with Thomas.

Vulcan & venus, with Mars & Apollo,
they all 4 swore they wold ayd him;
Mars lent him his buckler & vulcan h[is hammer,²]
& downe by her side he laid him.³

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

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

¹ so long had time and space.—W. C.
² End of MS. page 521.—F.
³ MS. torn away.—F.
THOMAS YOU CANNOT.

to the girl's content.

This mayd wa.

that effortune had lent hi.

sfull oft he had beene.

yet nner cold stop.

he tickled her tuch.

he made her to tr.

& Thomas was glad he.

& then shee cryes "toot.

& then shee cryes "toot.
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[These two songs, having unsuspicious 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.]

O Watt where art thou.¹

IFF: mourn may in tyme soo glad, ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹
or mingie lowy with ditty sadd,
 lend me your cares, lend watt your eyes,
 & see you where shee tombed lyyes.
 too simple fłoote,² alas, contains
 the Lasse that Late on downes & plaines
 made horsse & hound & borne to blowe.

O watt! where art thow? who, ho, ho!
O where is now thy flight so fłoote,³
thy jealous brow & shəfall fłoote,
thy suttle traine & courses stronge,
who seess thee now in courst creçpe,
to stand & harke, or sitt & weepę,
to Coołe thy flet, to fiyłe thy fłoé?
O watt! where art thou? who, ho, ho!

where is thy vew & sweating sent⁴
that soo much blood & breath hath spent?
thy magickē friaκe & cirkelles⁵ round,
thy ingling fletes to mocke the hound?

¹ A hunting song on The death of the Hare.—F. See the curious burlesque "Ode sung in the worship of the hare," containing his 78 names, in Relig. Antiq. i. 133.—F. ² Two simple foot.—P. ³ MS. fłoote so flight.—F. flightho flet.—P. ⁴ view. 1. The footing of a beast. 2. The discovery of an animal. Hall.—F. ⁵ view, scent.—P. ⁶ circles.—P.
O WATT WHERE ART THO.

why dist thou not, this doom to scape,
upon thee take some witches shape,
& shrowd thy selve in cottage Lowe?

Oh where?

24 O watt! where &c.

Though one

could not

escape so

many dogs,

yet I'll

praise the

royal sport

he gave us.

28 Why didn't

he turn his

wife out

and let her
die (cost) of him?

Why didn't

thou not then fly this state?

from forth her? fforme put forth thy make?

as some good wiffe, when deathes att doore,

36 will put her goodman forth before.

thy envious leaves, & thy muse,

as perfect once as maidens sense;

thy tracke in snow, like widowes woe.

O watt &c.

Once cold thou strangely see behind;

now art thou round about thee blind,

both Male & female once wert thou;

40 O neither Male nor female now!

1 nose, qu.—P.  2 cyes, qu.—P.  3 poor, qu.—P.  4 Percy puts two red brackets round

on, for omission; but it means one.—F.  5 many.—P. One stroke too few in the

MS.—F.  6 most guiltless game, sic liger—P.  7 And from her.—P.  8 mate.—P. A.S. moor, a husband;

moor, a wife.—F.  9 One stroke too few in the MS.—F.  10 menow.—P. Moose. A hole in a

hedge through which game passes. "But the good and approved 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 tail,

winding to the hares sense, never give

over prosecution with a gullant noise,

so not returning to their leaders, least

they loose advantage." Topell's Four-

footed Beasts, 1607, p. 162. Halli-

well's Gloss.—F.  11 ? pudendum.—F. Read close, sluice.

Dyce.

12 Cold's.—P.  13 Now wythe we begynne atte hare,

and why she is most merveulous best of
O watt where art thou.

thy hermits life, thy dreadfull crosse,
thy sweating strife & clickett close,
when once thou wert both Bucke & doe.

O watt &c.

O, had the sfaire young sonne of Mirrh
sforsooke the bore, & sfollow[ed] her;
or had Acteon hunted watt
when he saw Cythinas you know whatt;
or that young man knowne that life
that slow flor deere his deares[w] wiffe,
they all had knowne no other woe,
but watt doe.

Shrill sounding horses & silver bells
shall sound thy mortts, & ring thy knell:
young shepards shall thy storry tell,
& bonny Nymphes sing thy flarwell,
& hunters alltogether Ioyne
to drowned both woe & watt in wiu,
whiles I conclude my song even soe:
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
beest, that is to say, at berte, at boor,
and at wolf. Tytly in Rel. Ant. i. 150-1.
Niphon 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.
Bondeles 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, whereof 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. Topel's Four-footed Beasts,
ed. Rowland, 1698. p. 209.—P.

1. Cickett close.—P. Cicket, a term
applied to a fox when maria oppeteas.
Gen. Rec. ii. 76. Halliwell.—P.
2. myrrh (of Adonis).—P.
3. instead of Deer (alluding to ry
story of Cephalus & Procris).—P.
4. Morte. sc. the death of the Hare.
—P. and when the hare is take, and
your honmedes have romme well to hym,
ye shal blowe afterward, and ye shal yif
to your honmes the howl, and that is
the syde, the shubdes, the nkke, and
the hed; and the lyme shal to kechenne.
—Tytly in Rel. Ant. i. 155.—P.
Old Simon the Kinge.

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 sickes
and persons ill at ease,
But serving men are drunkes
And all have one disease.”

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

Mine oste was sick of the mumpes,
her mayd was ill att ease,
Mine host lay drunk 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 sicko,
And Fryers are ill at ease,
But poor men they are drunko,
And all is one disease.

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

IN: an humor I was of late,¹
as many good fellows bee
that² thinks of no matter of state,
but thc keepe³ merry Companye:

¹ was late.—P.M. (Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1719, vol. iii. p. 143.) ² to.—P.M. ³ seek for.—P.M.
OLD SIMON THE KINDE. 125

that best might please my mind, 1
soe I walket vp & downe the towne, 2
but company none cold I 3 find
8
till I came to the signe 4 of the crowne,
mine ostes 5 was sick of the mumpes,
her mayd was flase 6 att ease,
mene host lay 7 drunke in his dumpes;
12 "they all had but one disease,"
sayes old simon the King, 8 says 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. . . . 10

16 11 [When I beheld this sight,]
I straight began [to say,]
"if a man be flull [o’er-night] 12
he cannot get d[rank to-day;]
20 & if his drinke w[ill not downe]
he may hang him[elf for shame]
soe may he mine h[ost of the 12 Crowne.] 13
therfore 13 this reason I [frame ;]
24 for drinke 14 will ma[ke a man drunke,] 15
c & drunke will make [a man dry,]
& dry will make a man [sicko,] 16
& sicke will make a man dye," 17

28 says old Simon &c. 18

1 best contented me.—P.M.
2 I travell’d up and down—P.M.
3 No company I could.—P.M.
4 sight.—P.M.
5 My Hostess.—P.M.
6 Stailing, breaking wind, see p. 65,
l. 129, 127, 122—F. The maid was
ill.—P.M.
7 The Tapster was.—P.M.
8 were all of.—P.M.
9 P.M. ends here.—F.
10 The line is nearly all pared away.—F.
11 Supplied from Payce. 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,
12 may the Tapster at.—P.M.
13 Whereupon.—P.M.
14 Drink.—P.M.
15 St. 2 (before some of the words
Yet, if a man's drunk one day and died 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.

If a puritan skinke crye, "deere brother, it is a sinne to drinke vnlesse you be drye;" this tale I straight begin: "a puritan left his cann, & tooke him to his ingge, & there he playde the man so long as he cold tugg;"

"But when a man is drunke to-day, & laid in his grave to-morrow; will any man dare to say that he dyed for Care or sorrow? but hang vp all sorrow & care! itt's able to kill a cat, & he that will drinke till he stare, is never a-fear'd of that; for drinking will make a man quaffe, & quaffing will make a man sing, & singinge will make a man laffe, & laughing long life will bringe," sais old Simon &c.

were lost & supplied by conjecture I transcribed what is not in brackets.—P. supplied from Durfey's Pills to purge Melancholy. 1719, vol. 3d. p. 145.—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.—P.

1 If a Man should be drunk to night.

—P.M. 2 you or any man.—P.M. 3 of.—P.M. 4 Then hang up.—P.M. 5 Tis.—P.M. 6 all right.—P.M. 7 afraid.—P.M. 8 There is no ' &' in P.M.—E. 9 death.—P.M. 10 Then straight this Tale I.—P.M. 11 took him to his Jugg.—P.M.

N.B.—The defective Stanza may be a that.—P.
but when that he was spyd
when he did swear or rayle,²
52 'my only deere brother,' he sayd,³
'truly 'all flesh is frail,'''
sais old Simon &c.

Soe followes, if you be drunke,⁵
of frailtye itt is a sinne,
56 as itt is⁶ to keepe a puncke,
or play att in and in⁷;
for drinke, & dice, & drabbis,
are⁸ all of this condityon,
60 they⁹ will breed want & scabbis
in spite of they⁴ Phisityan.
but who feare[s] euer grasses,
must never piase in a meadow,
64 & who¹¹ lones a pott & a lase
must not cry "oh my head, oh!"
sais old Simon the King &c.

finis.

¹ should.—P.
² He did not swear, or
He did neither swear nor mile.—P.
What did he swear or null.—P.M.
³ cryed.—P. No, no truly, dear
Brother, he cry'd.—P.
⁴ Indeed.—P.M.
⁵ you' ll.—P.M.
⁶ Or for.—P.M.
⁷ A common diversion at ordinaries,
with 4 dice.—Percy.
⁸ MS. ace.—P.
⁹ And.—P.M.
¹⁰ the.—P.M.
¹¹ he that.—P.M.
NOTE to p. 59.

Line 1, for norths read nor the second than the. Line 7, is fear redoundant, and I say.
—Alfred Wright.

NOTE to Panche, p. 61.

Mr. Gußmande Vigfusson says: "Sir Panche is an old acquaintance, and is a story told in Icelandic; but there it is one of the tales that are meant to ridicule clownish and unhappy wooers. It is his mother that is to tread on his toe under the table if he eats too much, and the bald head is that of the father of the bride-to-be. Our story is in verse; it is funny, but not dirty; the English is rather worse. When the Icelandic Popular Tales were published in Leipzig some years ago, the MSS. went through my hands, and, among others, this story. But it was badly told, without sense and humour, and not as I had heard it when a boy. I therefore suppressed it. So it waits still for publication."

NOTE to p. 78, l. 17.

Quass is a genuine Russian word and drink; in Russian KRECE, i.e. Kvas or Kvas, 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 handspoon of rye-malt, and the same of unslipped 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 cat-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 144 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 (Dutch), 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" (1866), 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 the 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 fowles fliehen for Noe, when a I (that is, an Age) by No is meant.—Dr. Robinson.
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DIRECTION TO THE BINDER.

In binding, add the Second Notice and Contents after the first Notice, and cancel Contents of Part I.
Bishop Percy's

Folio Manuscript.

Ballads and Romances.

EDITED BY

JOHN W. HALES, M.A.
FELLOW AND LATE ASSISTANT-TUTOR OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

AND

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, M.A.
OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

(ASSISTED BY PROF. CHILD, OF HARVARD UNIV., U.S.; W. CHAPPELL, ESQ. &c. &c.)

Vol. II.—Part I.

LONDON:
N. TRÜBNER & CO., 60 PATERNOSTER ROW.
1867.
TEMPORARY NOTICE

TO

VOL. II., PART I.

---

The many pressing engagements—literary, scholastic, and domestic—of Mr. Hales, are the cause of Part I. only of this second volume appearing instead of the whole volume, and also of the Introductions being lighter than before. On Mr. Hales’s return from the Continent, Part II. of Vol. II. (the text of which is in type), and Vol. III. (with a Life of Bishop Percy by the Rev. John Pickford of Alvecurch) will be produced as quickly as possible. The owners of the Manuscript have kindly extended again the term for the return of it to them. October 1 is the date now fixed, and by that time the whole of the text must be ready. We hope the work will be finished then too.

Mr. Hales has written for this volume an Essay on the Revival of Ballad Poetry in England in the Eighteenth Century, and all the Introductions, except those to Cales Voyage,—for which the Editors are indebted to Mr. John Bruce, the Director of the Camden Society,—to Come, Come; Conscience; and Agincourte Battall, which are by Mr. Furnivall; and to Earle Bodwell, which is reprinted from the first edition of Bishop Percy’s Reliques.

For the text Mr. Furnivall is, as before, mainly responsible, and has to thank Mr. W. A. Dalziel for his help in reading the copy and proofs with the MS.

To Mr. Chappell, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Planché, Mr. Jones, the Rev. W. W. Skeat, and the Rev. Alexander Dyce, the Editors tender their thanks for help of divers kinds.

August 11, 1857.
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