LYRA EBRIOSA
LYRA EBRIOSA

Being certain narrative ballads of a vulgar or popular character and illustrative of the manners of the times.

With An Appendix

MCMXXX
Adeste Sodales

Adeste, sodales, laeti et hilares,
Venite, venite ad convivium!
Pocula plena nobis praeparata
Venite ut bibamus,
Venite ut bibamus,
Venite ut bibamus, Bibuli!

Crapuli absint, atque Methodistae
Tristes qui hymnos ululant;
Sed nos potemus, et ad DEI gloriæm
Venite, etc.

Lumen de luna, Baccho consecratum,
Corda nunc nostra laetificat—
Felix qui vino possit oblivisci—
Venite, etc.

Cantet nunc "Io!" chorus potatorum,
Content nunc omnes hilariter!
Vinum jucundum, mortuis carendum,
Venite ut bibamus,
Venite ut bibamus,
Venite ut bibamus, Bibuli!
The Bastard King

O, Minstrel, sing of a British King
Of many a year ago,
How he ruled the land with an iron hand,
Though his mind was weak and low.

He loved to chase the bounding stag
Throughout the royal wood,
And he also was excessively fond
Of pulling the royal Pud!
God save the Bastard King of England!

He was wild and woolly and full of fleas
And his terrible tool hung down to his knees,
Kee-Roust, he was a sight to behold!

His only shirt was a dirty shirt,
A dirty, dirty shirt,
With which he tried to hide the hide,
But couldn’t hide the dirt.
God save, etc.

Now the Queen of Spain was a sprightly dame,
And a sprightly dame was she,
And she longed to fool with his Majesty’s tool
So far across the sea!

So she sent the King a message,
By a special messenger,
To ask his Majesty to come and spend
A week or two with her.
God save, etc.

When good King Philip heard this news
He shouted to his Court:
"O, she much prefers my rival
Because my horn is short!"
God save that noble British monarch!
So he sent the Duke of Syphantsap
To give the Queen a dose of clap,
Which didn’t do a thing for poor old England!

Now when the news of this fell deed
Had reached proud Windsor’s walls,
The King, he swore by the shirt he wore,
He’d have the Frenchman’s balls.

So he offered half his kingdom
And the hand of Queen Hortense
To any one of his subjects who
Would nut the King of France.
God save, etc.

The noble Duke of Suffolk
Betrooked himself to France,
And he swore he was a fruiter, and
The King let down his pants.

Over his dong he slipped a thong,
Mounted his horse and galloped along
And brought him to the Bastard King of England!

The King threw up his breakfast
And wallowed on the floor,
For in the ride his rival’s pride
Had stretched a yard or more!
God save, etc.

When all the ladies of the realm heard this
They came to London Town,
And they shouted ’round the Castle walls:
“Too Hell with the British Crown!”
God save, etc.

King Philip then usurped the throne;
His sceptre was his Royal Bone
With which he used to brow the Bastard King of England!
God save the Bastard King of England!
Lydia Pinkham

O, Mrs. Brown had Female Troubles,
    She couldn't have no children dear;
But she took one bottle of compound,
    And now she has them three times a year!

Chorus:
O we'll sing, we'll sing, we'll sing to Lydia Pinkham,
And her love for the Human Race;
How she invented a vegetable compound,
Now all the papers, they publish her face!

O, Mrs. Jones, she had no breastworks,
    She had nothing beneath her blouse;
But she took two bottles of compound,
    And now they milk her with the cows!
    Chorus:

O, Mr. Smith, he had no manhood.
    He couldn't hardly raise a stand;
But he took three bottles of compound,
    And now he comes with either hand!
    Chorus:
The Master

Air connu

Chorus of — off-stage:
O, we are jolly —, yes, every one!

The Master —, with them; basso profundo:
O, I'm the Master —, O, I'm the Master —!

Omnes, approaching:
To the Colleges we go,
Where we've never been before,
    And each one of us is here to do or die!
We succeed because we must,
And because we place our trust
    In the fellowship of — — —!

Cheer, cheer, cheer the jolly —!
    Brightly sparkles every eye!
We succeed because we must and because we place our trust
    In the fellowship of — — —!

A loud, but wealthy stranger appears, singing:
In Bohunkus, Tennessee,
Lived a bootblack that was me,
    And my father swept the shit from off the street!
But one day when I was young
He found diamonds in the dung,
    So he sent me here to give you boys a treat!

The —, now on-stage:
Cheer, cheer, cheer the Wealthy Stranger!
    Raise your loving-cups on high!
For whene'er the story's told of a piss-pot full of gold,
    We will drink a health to — — —!
Six months later, The Stranger, very conservatively clad, appears and sings:

I've a dozen suits of clothes
And I buy my shirts and hose
   Where I always pay the most but get the best.
Now, boys, don't you be surprised,
For it's just as you've surmised,
   There's a — diamond on my manly breast!

The —, frantic with admiration:

Cheer, cheer, cheer the MASTER —!
   Raise your thunder-mugs on high!
And we'll drink another glass to the latest horse's arse
   In the fellowship of — — —!
Belshazzar

I'll tell you the story of old King Belshazzar:
The King loved a maid and he wanted to jazz her;
So he sent her his servant his plan to unfold,
With a sweet billet-doux and a piss-pot of gold.  (Refrain)

The maiden lived out in the tall uncut timber,
Where backs they were strong and tools never limber,
So straightway she sent and inquired at the Hall,
And learned that his majesty had but one ball!  (Refr.)

Now the King with his riches and rank to protect him
Had never suspected the maid would reject him,
So when he grew tired of living alone
He sent for the maiden to sit on his throne.  (Refr.)

"Go to Hell," said the maid, "with your rank and your riches,
And all of your nobles, the damn sons of bitches,
I'd rather not ever be married at all,
Than the wife of a monarch with only one ball!"  (Refr.)

Then the King he grew wrothy and swore he'd arrest her,
He took down his breeches and shat on his jester,
He squirted his semen high up on the wall,
Just to prove he was potent with only one ball!  (Refr.)

The monarch still lives in his white marble palace
And living with him is a lady named Alice,
A pale, sickly maiden, anaemic and tall,
Worn out by the King who had only one ball!  (Refr.)

The maiden still lives in the tall uncut timber,
Her husband is feeble, his dingbat is limber.
She tells everybody she ruined it all
By refusing the monarch with only one ball!  (Refr.)
The Dancing Girl

(Air: The Bonnie Blue Flag)

I
Now, friends, if you will listen
And give me half a chance,
I'll tell you of a dancing girl
I knew in sunny France.
She was a nifty dancer,
But I will sing to you
Of how she screwed the regiment
And fucked the Colonel, too!

Chorus:
Hurrah, Hurrah, for Red and White and Blue,
We'll yell for the Regiment and cheer the Colonel, too!

II
They put us in the trenches
To stop the Hun's advance;
For seven months we had to keep
Our peckers in our pants;
But when the tide of battle turned
And we had held the Marne,
Each man began to seek a place
To sink his festive John.

Chorus:
Hurrah, Hurrah, for Wine and Woman and Song;
Hurrah for the Colonel with his hand upon his dong!

III
The whole damned outfit got a leave
And headed for Paree,
While every man was dreaming of
A chicken on his knee.
But when we reached the Boulevard,
It was so god-damn late
That every god-damn woman there
Had found herself a mate.

Chorus:
Hurrah, Hurrah, the Regiment's out of luck;
The Boulevard is empty and there's not a thing to fuck!

IV
It was a hopeless regiment
That looked about in vain,
When to our eager ears there came
An old familiar strain.

-[]-

-[]-
It was the Streets of Cairo,  
So we looked through a hole  
And saw a damsel pulling off  
The Turkish Belly-Roll.  

Chorus:  

Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah, for Sunny France.  
Hurrah for the girl who did the Hoochy-Koochy dance.  

V  

When she had finished writhing,  
The Colonel raised his voice:  
“Oh, won’t you screw just one or two  
Of these here horny boys?  
No matter if your price is high,  
We’ll pay it every cent—”  
“To Hell with two,” the maiden cried,  
“Bring on the Regiment!”  

Chorus:  

Hurrah, Hurrah, for Rum, Tobacco and Cunt;  
Hurrah for the maiden and her patriotic stunt!  

VI  

No time is lost in talking.  
An usher straightway brings  
An automatic folding-bed  
With double-action springs.  
The Colonel hollers: “Right by files!”  
And leads us in the charge,  
And then we stormed her trenches with  
A liquid fire barrage.  

Chorus:  

Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah, for Sunny France!  
Hurrah for the Corporal that went off in his pants!  

VII  

The smoke of battle cleared at last,  
When all our shots were fired:  
The Colonel had a broken back,  
The Major had expired.  
And only one in all the place  
Had fought the battle through—  
The girl who screwed the regiment  
And fucked the Colonel, too!  

Chorus:  

Hurrah, Hurrah, for Red, and White and Blue,  
We’ll yell for the Regiment and cheer the Colonel, too!
The Chippewa River

(Air: Reuben, Reuben, I’ve Been Thinking)
My first trip down the Chippewa River,
My first trip to the ’Merican shore,
I met a girl named Mrs. Flannagan,
Better known as the Winnipeg Whore.

She said to me: “I think I know you,
Sling your butt across my knee.
We’ll go over and do some friggin’;
Dollar and a half will pay your fee.”

Some were drunk and some were drinking,
Some were passed out on the floor;
But I was over in the corner
Putting the blocks to the Winnipeg Whore.

She kept fiddlin’, I kept diddlin’—
I didn’t know what ’twas all about,
Till she got my watch and pocket-book—
“Oh, you Bastard,” I cried out.

Up jumped the whores and the pimps and the bitches.
Must have been a score or more.
You would have laughed and shit in your breeches
To see my arse fly out of that door!
The farmer sat in his grandstand chair
   With dung in his pants and lice in his hair,
And he said, as he looked at the old gray mare:
   “She’ll win in a walk, by Jesus!

“For her legs are long and her joints are loose,
   And her jockey is light from self-abuse,
And she’ll go through that crowd like shit through a goose,
   And win in a walk, by Jesus!”

The race has started! She’s running third!
   She tries for second—and slips on a turd!
“The son of a bitch, she fell in the ditch,
   And lost the race, by Jesus!”
Siam

(Air connu)
First spoke the King of Siam:
"For women I don't give a damn.
I get all my joys
From fat juicy boys;
I'm a cocksucking monarch, I am!"

Then said the King of the Czechs:
"I, too, have a problem in sex.
The men of my nation
Prefer masturbation;
My women are physical wrecks."

Then arose King Alphonso of Spain,
A monarch both haughty and vain:
"When a woman comes nigh
I take Spanish Fly
And I jazz her again and again!"

Then said Prince — — —
"I know what marriage entails,
So I don’t want a girl
But a jolly young Earl
To solace my passion for males."

Next spoke the venerable Pope:
"In my youth I learned how to grope.
Now, though old and infirm,
I still seek for the worm
That hides 'neath the chorister's cope."

Then said the Prince Palatine:
"Of course fornication is fine;
But I entertain 'em
*Per os et per anum*,
A sport I consider divine!"

Last spoke the Bey of Algiers,
A potentate stricken in years:
"You may think it odd o' me,
But I deprecate sodomy;
In fact, prefer women—" *(Loud cheers).*
Frankie and Johnnie were lovers;
O, my God, how they loved!
They swore to be true to each other,
Just as true as the stars above,
   He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie, she lived in a crib-house,
Crib-house didn't have but two doors.
Johnnie took all of her money
Just to spend on them parlor-house whores!
   He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Johnnie went down to the bar-room,
He went down there for some beer.
Frankie went down in an hour or so,
And said, "Has my Johnnie been here?"
   He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the bar-room,
To get her a half pint o' beer;
She said to that gentle bartender,
"Have you seen my Johnnie 'round here?
   He was my man, but he done me wrong."

"I ain't goin' to tell you no story,
I ain't goin' to tell you no lie,
Johnnie left here 'bout an hour ago
With a parlor-house girl named McKye.
   He was your man, but he done you wrong."

Frankie went down to the parlor-house,
Didn't go there for fun.
Underneath her blue-pink kimono
She carried a great big forty-four gun
   To kill that man what done her wrong.

Frankie looked in at the window,
Looked in the window so high,
And there she saw her loving man Johnnie,
Just a-finger-fucking Sadie McKye!
   God damn his soul, he done her wrong!
Frankie stepped up to the parlor-house,
She rang that parlor-house bell;
"Stand back, all you pimps and whores,
Or I'll blow you straight to Hell.

*God damn his soul, he done me wrong!*

Johnnie saw Frankie coming;
Said, "Look out, Frankie, don't shoot;"
But Frankie put her finger on the trigger,
And that gun went rooty-toot-toot.

*He was her man, but he done her wrong.*

"Roll me over once, Doctor,
Roll me over so slow,
Roll me on to my right side,
The bullets do hurt me so."

*God damn his soul, he done her wrong.*

"Bring on your rubber-tired carriages,
Bring on your rubber-tired hack,
Take my man to the cemetery,
But bring his penis back;

*Best part of the man what done me wrong!"

"Lock me up in the dungeon,
Lock me up in the cell,
Where the northwest wind blows colder than shit
From the southeast corner of Hell."

*He was her man, but he done her wrong.*

Frankie said to the Judge,
"I'm sorry for the trouble come to pass,
I didn't go to shoot him in the first degree,
I aimed at his God damn arse."

*She killed the man what done her wrong.*

The sheriff came round in the morning,
He said it was all for the best,
He said her loving man, Johnnie,
Was nothing but a God damn pest.

*He was her man, but he done her wrong.*

This story ain't got no moral,
This story ain't got no end,
But take poor Frankie for a warning
And don't trust them God damn men!

*They'll do you wrong, they'll do you wrong!*
Lady Lill

Now what the Hell, boys, what the Hell?
Ain't you never heard tell of Lady Lill?
Lill was the best that camp produced,
And those that ain't humped Lill ain't had no humpin' and never will.
The powers above had Lady Lill
And when she humped she humped to kill,
And those she humped were humped for keeps;
She piled her victims up in heaps.

Refrain

The boys all around for many a mile
Sware no one could brown Lill in any style,
Till there come to town one Joy-Prong Pete
From a little village called Shufflin' Sheet.
When he laid out his dingbat across the bar
It made all the boys set up and star',
And they swore that Lill had met her mate,
And there warn't no backin' out at that late date.

Refr.

They arranged a meeting out on the hill
Next to the shit-house behind the mill,
Where every one could get a seat
And see the half-breed get his meat.

Refr.

Lill's start was like the gentle breeze
That whispers through the cypress trees.
She tried her side-slips and her bunts
And every movement known to cunts.
But Pete was on to every trick,
He kept on letting out his dick . . .
At last poor Lill she missed a shot
And Pete he nailed her on the spot!

Refr.

The leaves were red for miles around,
When Lill's fair arse had hit the ground.
But she died game, boys, I'm here to tell—
She had her boots on when she fell,
So what the Hell, boys, what the Hell!
Red Wing

There was a little Indian maid,
Who was so much afraid
That some buckaroo would monkey with her flue
While she lay sleeping in the shade.
So she put out her little brown hand
And filled up her box with sand,
And then she knew that no buckaroo
Would monkey with the promised land.

Chorus:
O! the moon shone down on little Red Wing,
As she lay sleeping—the cowboys creeping—
With one eye open, she lay peeping,
Keeping watch o'er the promised land!

Rule Britannia

Wasn't it a pity,
A young girl in the city—
The maiden's name was Kitty—
    And she had a wooden leg.
One of the committee,
Thinking to be witty,
Hit her on the titty
    With a hard-boiled egg!

Chorus:
Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never, never, shall be slaves.
One of the committee,
Thinking to be witty, etc., etc.
Bollocky Bill

1 Who's that knocking at my door? said the Fair Young Maiden.
   Nobody but me, nobody but me, said Bollocky Bill the Sailor.

2 Why do you want to come in now? said the Fair Young Maiden.
   Here's where I'm going to sleep tonight, said Bollocky Bill the Sailor.

3 You can sleep upon my mat, said the Fair Young Maiden.
   Bugger the mat, you can't fuck that, said Bollocky Bill the Sailor.

   *   *   *   *

6 What if a little child should be born? said the Fair Young Maiden.
   Drown the bastard as soon as it's born! said Bollocky Bill the Sailor.

7 What if an inquest come to pass? said the Fair Young Maiden.
   Jam that inquest up your arse! said Bollocky Bill the Sailor.

8 You're not going to leave me now? said the Fair Young Maiden.
   I'LL FUCK YOU NO MORE, YOU BLOODY OLD WHORE! said Bollocky Bill the Sailor.
In days of old there lived a maid—
   A prostitute of ill repute—
Who used to ply a thriving trade
   Around about Jerusalem.

Chorus:
Hi! Hi! Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Hi! Hi! Jerusalem, the Harlot of Jerusalem!

She had a most capacious crack;
   But 'twas a fact, she could contract
Her hole to fit most any pole
   That projecked round Jerusalem!

Chorus

Although of hair her hole was bare,
   That was because of Nature's laws,
"For grass won't grow on a thoroughfare,"
   Said the Harlot of Jerusalem.

Chorus

Nearby there lived a fuckster tall
   Who with his tool could raise a stool.
He had it in the maidens all
   Who dwelt about Jerusalem!

Chorus

At night when he was out for fun,
   A-squirting like a gatlin-gun,
He'd sow the seed of many a son
   Of a bitch about Jerusalem!

Chorus

He took her to his father's hall,
   He rammed it in her, balls and all,
He screwed her till she couldn't crawl,
   The Harlot of Jerusalem!

Chorus

Next morn she found she couldn't piss;
   She said, "My God, it's syphilis.
That puts an end to all of this!"
   Said the Harlot of Jerusalem!

Chorus

and so on, ad naus.
The Fisherman

Fisherman, Fisherman, I wish you mighty well . . .
    Hoom da dada, Hoom da da!
Fisherman, Fisherman, I wish you mighty well . . .
Have you any sea-crabs here for to sell?
    I one, I two, I die!
(and with refrains and repetition as before:)

Oh, yes, I have some, one, two and three . . .
And the best of the lot I'll sell to thee . . .

He took that sea-crab by the back-bone . . .
And he lugged and he tugged till he got the bastard home . . .

Now when he got home his wife was asleep . . .
So he put it in the piss-pot safe for to keep . . .

Now the old woman rose for to do a little do . . .
And the sea-crab grabbed her by the flue . . .

"Old man, old man, just as sure as you are born . . .
The devil's in the piss-pot sticking up his horn . . ."

The old man rose and he lifted up her clothes . . .
And the sea-crab caught him by the nose . . .

"Old woman, old woman, can't you let a fart? . . .
And blow us two damn fools apart? . . .

The old woman strained and she pooped a little bit,
    Hoom da dada, Hoom dada!
The old woman strained and she pooped a little bit,
And blew John Henry's face full of shit!
    I one, I two, I die!
When I Was Young and Handsome

When I was young and handsome
It was to my delight
To go to balls and dances
And stay up late at night.

'Twas at a ball I met him,
He asked me for a dance;
I knew he was a sailor
By the buttons on his pants.

His shoes were nicely polished,
His hair was neatly combed,
And when the dance was over
He asked to take me home.

It was on our way homeward
I heard some people say:
"There goes a nice young maiden
Who's being led astray."

'Twas in my mother's hallroom
Where I was forced to stay;
'Twas in my mother's bedroom,
Where I was forced to lay.

He laid me down so gently,
He raised my dress so high,
And now he says: "Dear Sister,
You'll either fuck or die!"

Now all you nice young maidens,
Just take a tip from me,
And never let a sailor
Get an inch above your knee.
He'll love you and caress you,
And swear that he'll be true;
But when he cops your cherry,
He'll say "To Hell with you!"

And in nine months or so,
Son or daughter it will be;
But if it is a daughter
Just rock it on your knee.

And if it is a boy,
Send the son of a bitch to sea
To climb up on the rigging
Where his father used to be.

There Was An Old Farmer

There was an old farmer who sat on a rock
Amusing the ladies by shaking

His stick at the ladies in front of a store,
When along came a lady who looked like

A perfect young lady. She sat on the grass
And then she turned over and showed all her

Flounces and ruffles and each little tuck
And said she was learning a new way to

Bring up her daughters to sew and to knit
While the boys in the stable were shoveling

The contents of the stable to spread on the sod,
And, if you don't think so, just smell it, by——!
Colombo

In-a fourteen hundred and ninety-two, a dago from I-taly
Was living on the streets in Spain and selling hot tamale.

Chorus:
He knew the world was round, O!
He knew it could be found, O!
That hypothetical, jesuitical
Son of a bitch, Colombo!

(or this:)

He knew the world was round, O!
His balls hung to the ground, O!
That fornicate, masturbate,
Son of a bitch, Colombo!

He said unto the Queen of Spain: "O, give me ships and cargo
And I'm a God-damn son of a bitch if I don't bring back Chicago!
The Queen she said to Ferdinand: "His scheme sounds like a daisy."
"To Hell with him," said Ferdinand, "The God-damn wop is crazy."

Chorus

Colombo had an old first mate, he loved him like a brother,
And every night at half-past eight they'd go down on each other.

Chorus

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two, clap doctors were not many;
The only one they had on board was a God damn Jew named Benny.
Colombo went to him one day, his face was calm and placid,
But the God damn fool filled up his tool with muriatic acid.

Chorus

For forty days and forty nights they sailed the broad Atlantic,
The crew demanded rum and cock, which drove Colombo frantic.

Chorus

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two, Colombo he got rooty;
He laid his dong upon the deck and said: "Ain't that a beauty?"
The first mate strode out on the deck and gazed up at the mast-pole.
Colombo gave his tool a flip and sent it up his arse-hole.

Chorus

In days of old the sailors bold, they all wore leathern breeches,
They knocked their cocks against the rocks and swore like sons of bitches.

Chorus

They anchored near San Salvador in search of gold and booty;
Upon the shore they spied a whore; great God, she was a beauty.
The sailors all swarmed o'er the deck; off came their coats and collars.
In fifteen minutes by the clock she'd made ten thousand dollars!

Chorus
Song

(Air: Maryland, My Maryland)

Mihi est propositum
   In tabernis mori;
Vinum sit appositum
   Morientis ori;
Ut dicant, cwm venerint
Angelorum chori:
"Deus sit propitius
   Huic potatori!"
Appendix
A.D. 1601

or

A Night at the Court of Queen Elizabeth

YESTERNIGHTE take her Maiestie ye Queene a Fantaisie such as shee sometimes hathe, and hadde toe her Closett certaine yt doe write Bokes, Plaies & soche like, ye same beynge Master Ben Ionson, ffrrancis Bacon, ye Worshipfulle sr Walter Rawleigh, & ye Childe ffrrancis Beaumonte, who beynge bute sixteene yeares of age yette hathe turned his heade to ye doynge of ye Lattin Masters into our Englyshe Tonge with greate Discretion & much Applause. Also there came with them ye Worshipfulle Master Shaxpur. A Righte strange Mixynge trulie of mightie Bloud & meane, ye more in especial sith ye Queene's Grace was there, as were ye followynge, to-wit: ye Ladie Margaret Boothby, aged sixtie, ye Lady Helen, her Daughtre, fiftene, & ye Countesse of Bilgewatere, aged twentie-two; as were also ye Followynge: ye Ladie Alyce Dilberrie, turned seventie, shee beynge two yeares ye Queene's Graces Elder, & ye Countesse of Essex.

I, beynge her Maiesties cuppe Bearer, hadde no Choice butte to remain & beholde, Ranke forgot, ye Highe hold Converse with ye Lowe, as upon equal Terms, & a greate Scandal didde ye World heare thereoffe. In ye Heate of ye Talke ytte didde befalle yt one of ye Companie didde breake Winde, yieldynge an excedyng mighty & distressfulle Stinke, whereat alle didde laughe full sore, & then:

YE QUEENE: Verilie in mine eighte and sixtie Yeares have I notte hearde ye fellow to this ffarte. Meseemeth from ye greate Sounde & Clamour of ytte, ytte were Male, ytte ye Bellie ytte didde lurke behinde shoule now falle flatte against ye Spine of him yt hathe been delivered of so vaste & statelie a Bulke, whereas ye Guttet of them yt doe Quyffe-Splitters beare stande comely stille & rounde. Prithyee, ye Authour confesse ye Offesprynge. Wille my Ladie Alyce testifie?

YE LADIE ALYCE: Goode youre Grace an hadde I contained soche a Thundre Guste within my auntient Bowels, 'tis notte in reason I couldie discharge ye same & live to thanke Godde for yt Hee hathe chosen Handmaiden so Humble wherewith to shewe his Powre. Nay, 'twas notte I yt have broughte forth this riche o'er-mastrynge ffogge, this fragrant Gloome, so Prithee seeke ye further.
YE LADIE MARGERIE: So please youre Highnesse Grace, my Limbs are feeble with ye Weighte & Drouthe of sixtie Yeares & ytte behooveth me yt I shoulde be Gentle with them. In Sothe, an hadde I contained this Miracle within mine auntient Loins, I woulde have given ye whole Evenyng of my sinkynge Life to ye dribbling of ytte forth with tremblynge & uneasie soule, notte launchynge ytte sudden in his matchlesse Might, takynge my Life with Violence, & rendynge my weake frame like rotten Ragges. 'Twas notte I, Youre Maistie.

YE QUEENE: O' Goddes Name, who hathie favoured us? Hathe ytte come too passe yt a ffarte shalle farte ytteselfe? Notte soche an one as this, I trowe. Yonge Master Beaumonte,—butte, nay, 'twoulde have wafted him toe Heavene Like Doune of Gooses Bodie. 'Twas notte ye lytle Ladie Helen,—nay, ne'er blush, Childe, thou'll tyckle thy tendre Maidenheade with manie a Mouse Squeake, e'er thou learnst toe blowe a Hurricane lyke this, I trowe. What saith my learned & ingenious Ionson?

IONSON: So felle a Blaste hathie ne'er mine Eare saluted, nor yette a Stenche so alle pervadynge & immortal. 'Twas no Novice didde ytte, Goode youre Maistie, else hadde hee failed of Confidence. In Sothe, ytte was notte I.

YE QUEENE: My Yord Verulam?

BACON: Notte from my leane Entrailes hathie this prodigie burste forth, so please youre Grace. Naughte doth besitte ye Greate lyke greate Performance, & Mayhap Thoult finde 'tis notte from Mediocritie this Miracle hathie Issue.

(Though ye Subject be but a ffarte, ytte will this tedious Sinke of Learnynge ponderouslie Philosophize. Meanetime yt foule & deadlie Stinke didde pervade alle Places to yt Degree yt never smelte I ye Lyke, ytte dared notte leave ye Presence, albeit I was lyke to suffocate.)

YE QUEENE: What saith my Worshippefulle goode Master Shaxpur?

SHAXPUR: In ye greate Hande of Godde I stande & so proclaime mine Innocence. Though ye Sinlesse Hoste of Heavene hadde foretolde ye comynge of this most Desolatynge Breath, his quakynge Thundres, his ffirmamente cloggynge Rottenesse, his own Aceivement in Due Course of Nature,—ytte hadde I notte believed ytte, butte hadde said ye pit ytteselfe hadde furnished forth ye Stinke & Heavenes Artillerie hadde shoke ye Globe in Admiration of ytte.

There was Silence & eache didde turne him to sr Walter Rawleigh, that Browne, Embattled, Bloudie, Swashbucklere, who risynge from his seate didde smile & simperynge say:

SR WALTER: Goode youre Grace, 'twas I yt didde ytte, butte in Sothe, ytte was soe poore & fraile a Note compared to such as I am wonte toe furnishe forth yt I was loathe to call ye Weakelynge
mine in so Auguste a Presence. 'Twas nothyng, lesse than Nothyng Madam; I didde butte cleare my nether Throate, butte hadde I come prepared, then hadde I delivered myselfe of somethyng Worthie. Beare with mee, so please your Grace, till I can make Amends.

Then delivered himselfe of soche a Goddelesse & Rockshiverynge Blaste yt alle were faine to stoppe there Eares & followyng yeffe didde come so foule & dense a stynke yt yt which wente before didde seeme a poore & triflynge thynge beside ytte. Then saith hee, feignyng to blushe & bee confused: I perceiue I am weake todaie & cunntotte doe Justice toe my powres, & satte him downe as one who woulde say: There, ytte is notte much, yette Hee who hath an Arse to spare, lette him followe that, an thynke he canne. By Godde, an were I ye Queene, I'd e'en tippe this swaggerynge Braggart out o' Court toe lette him aire his Grandeurs & breake his intolerable Winde before ye Deafe & soche as suffocationi pleaseth.

Then felle they to talk of ye Customes of manie Peoples & Master Shaxpur didde observe how in ye Boke of Sieur Michel de Montaigne was Mention made of ye Custome of ye Widowes of Perigord to weare uppon ye Headdresse, in Semblance of Widowehoode, a Iewel in ye Similitude of a manner Member, wilted & limber. At whiche ye Queene didde Laffe fulle sore & saide yt Widowes in Englande too doe weare Prickers, butte betweene ye Legges, & notte wilted neither untill Coitioun hath done yt Office for them. Master Shaxpur didde lykewise commente how ye Sieur de Montaigne didde mentiounne an Empereour of soche mightie Prowesse yt hee didde take tenne Maidenheads in ye Compasse of a single Night, ye while ye Emperesse didde entertaine two & twentie lustie Gallants betwixt her Sheets nor ytte was satisfied. Whereat ye merrie Countesse of Granbie saith a Ram is yette ye Empereurs Superiour, sith he willle tuppe o'er an Hundred Ewes 'twist Sunne & Sunne, & after it, hee can no more toe Shagge will Masturbate untill yt hee hath enrich a whole Acres with his Seede. Then spake ye Damned Windmille, Sr Walter, of ye People in ye Uttermoste Parts of America yt Copulate notte until they bee eighete & twentie, ye Women beynge sixteene, then doe ytte butte once in sixtie yearees.

YE QUEENE: How dost lyke that, my little Ladie Helen? Shalie Wee sende thee thither & so preserve thy Bellie?

YE LADIE HELEN: Nay, your Highenesse Grace, mine olde Nurse hath tolde mee yt there bee more waies of servyng Godde than by lockyng ye Thighes together. Yette I am willynge toe serve Him yt Waie too sith youre Highnesse Grace hath sette us ye Ensampl.

YE QUEENE: A goode Answer, Childe.

YE LADIE ALYCE: Mayhap 'twill weaken when ye Haire sproute belowe ye Navel.
YE LADIE HELEN: Nay, ytte sprouted two Yeares syne; I can scarce cover ytte with my Hande nowe.

YE QUEENE: Hearest thou that, my lytle Beaumont? Hast notte a lytle Birdie about thee yt stirs at hearynge telle of soe sweete a Neste?

——SEVEN

BEAUMONTE: 'Tis notte insensible, Illustrious Madam; butte mousynge Owles & Battes of Lowe Degree may notte aspire to ye downie Neste of ye Birde of Paradise, or Blisse soe whelmynge & estack.

YE QUEENE: By ye Gullette of Godde! 'Tis a neate Turned Complimente. With soche a Tonge as thine, Ladde, thoulth spreade ye ivorie Thighes of manie a willynge Maide in thy goode Tyme, an thy Cod-piece bee as Handie as thy Speech.

Then spake ye Queene of howe shee hadde mette olde Rabelais when shee was turned of Fifteene, & howe hee didde telle here of a Manne his Fathre Knewe yt hadde a double Paire of Bollocks. Whereon a Controversie arose as concernynge ye moste iuste waie to spelle ye Worde; ye Contentioune runnynge highe betwixt ye learned Ionson & ye ingenious Bacon, until ye Countesse of Granbie, wearynge of ytte alle, saith: Gentles, what mattereth ytte how ye spelle ye Worde? I warrant ye yt when ye shalle come to ye usynge of them, ye shalle notte thynke of ytte. And my Ladie Alyce, bee contente, lette ye Spellynge bee: thoul't enioie ye Beatynge of them on thy Buttocks iust ye Same, I trowe. Ere I hadde gained my Twelfth Yeare I leaned yt they who woulde a Cunte explore stoppe notte to considere ye Spellynge of ytte.

SR WALTER: In Sothe when yt a Shifte is turned uppe, Delaies are Meete for naughte butte Daliaunce. Boccacio hathe a Tale of an aged Monke yt didde beguile a lytle Maide intoe his Celle then knelte him downe in ye Cornere toe praie for Grace toe bee rightlie thankefulle for ye tendre Maidenheadde ye Lord hadde sente him. Butte ye Abbotte spyinge throughye ye keiehole didde see a Tuffe of Brownynge Haire with faire white Fleshe about ytte. Wherefore when ye Priestes Praiere was done His Chaunce was gone forasmuch as ye lytle Maide hadde but ye one Cunte & yt was alreadie occupied to her Heartes contente.

Then felle they to talke of Religion & of ye Mightie Workes ye olde deade Luther didde doe by ye Grace of Godde. And nexte of Poesie & Mastre Shaxpur didde rede a Portioun of his KYNGE HENRIE VIII which I deemed notte of the Value of an Arsefulle of Ashes, yette they didde praise ytte, one & Alle. Ye same didde rede a Portioun of his VENUS & ADON toe their Prodigious Admiratioune, whereat I, byinge Sleepie & fatigued withalle, was ye more Discomfitted in yt ye Bloudie Buccaneer hadde gottte his Winde againe & turned his Minde toe ffartynge with suche Vilaine Zeale yt presently I was lyke toe Choke once More. Godde Damne this
Windie Ruffian & alle his Breede; I woulde yt Helle mighte gette him.

They talked of ye wonderfulle Defense Sr Richard Throckmorton made for Himselfe in ye Time of Mary whiche was poore Mattre toe broache Forasmuche as ytte drewe from ye Queene a Pitie yt Hee, havynge soe muche Witte, ytte hadde notte Enoughe toe save his Daughteres Maidenheadde Sounde for her Marriage Bedde. And ye Queene didde give ye Damned Sr Walter a Looke yt didde make him Wince, for Shee hathe notte forgotten yt Hee was her Lover in ye olde Daies. There was silente Uncomfortablenesse nowe; 'twas notte a goode Turne for Talke toe take for since ye muste fine Offence in a lytle Harmlesse Debaucherie, when Yards are stiffe & Cuntes notte loathe toe take ye Stiffenesse out of them, which of this Companie was sinnelesse? Beholde, was notte ye Wife of Master Shaxpur foure Monthes gone with Childe when Shee stooide before ye Altar? Was notte ye Ladie Margerie rogued by foure Lordes before shee hadde a Husbande? Was notte ye lytle Ladie Helen born on her Mothers Weddynge Daie? & Beholde, were notte ye Ladie Alyce & ye Countesse Granbie there, mouthynge Religione, Whores from ye Cradle?

In Time they came toe discourse Cervantes & ye newe Painter Rubens yt is begynnynge toe bee talked of. Fine Wordes & Daintie Wroughte Phrases from ye Ladies nowe, some of them beynge Pupilles of ye olde Asse, Lilly himselfe, & I didde notice howe ye Master Shaxpur & ye Master Bacon didde fidgeete toe discharge some Venom of Sarcasme, yette dared notte in ye Presence, ye Queenes Grace beynge ye Flowre of ye Euphuistes ytteselie. Butte, Beholde, there bee they yt, havynge a Specialtie & admirnge ytte in themselves, bee jealous when a Neighebour dothe eassaie ytte nor can abide ytte in them longe. Wherefore 'twas Observable yt ye Queene waxed uncontente, butte ytte ye Grandiose Utterances from ye Mouthe of ye Ladie Alyce who manifestlie didde mightilie pride herselie thereon didde notte quyte exhauste her Patience, & shee listed untille ye Gaudie Speche was done, then lifted up her Eebrowes & with vaste Ironie didde mutter "O Shitte," whereat they alle didde laffe fulle sore butte notte ye Ladie Alyce, ye olde foolishe Biche.

Nowe was Sr Walter minded of a Tale yt he didde heare ye Ingenious Margarette of Navarre relate Concernynge a Maide, who beynge lyke to suffere Rape by an olde Arche-Bishoppe, didde smartlie contrive a Device, whereby shee didde save her Maidenheadde, saynyng untoe him: "First, I prithee my Lorde, take out thine Holie Toole & pisse, which doynge, Lo, his Membege felle, & would notte rise Againe.

NONNULLA DESUNT.