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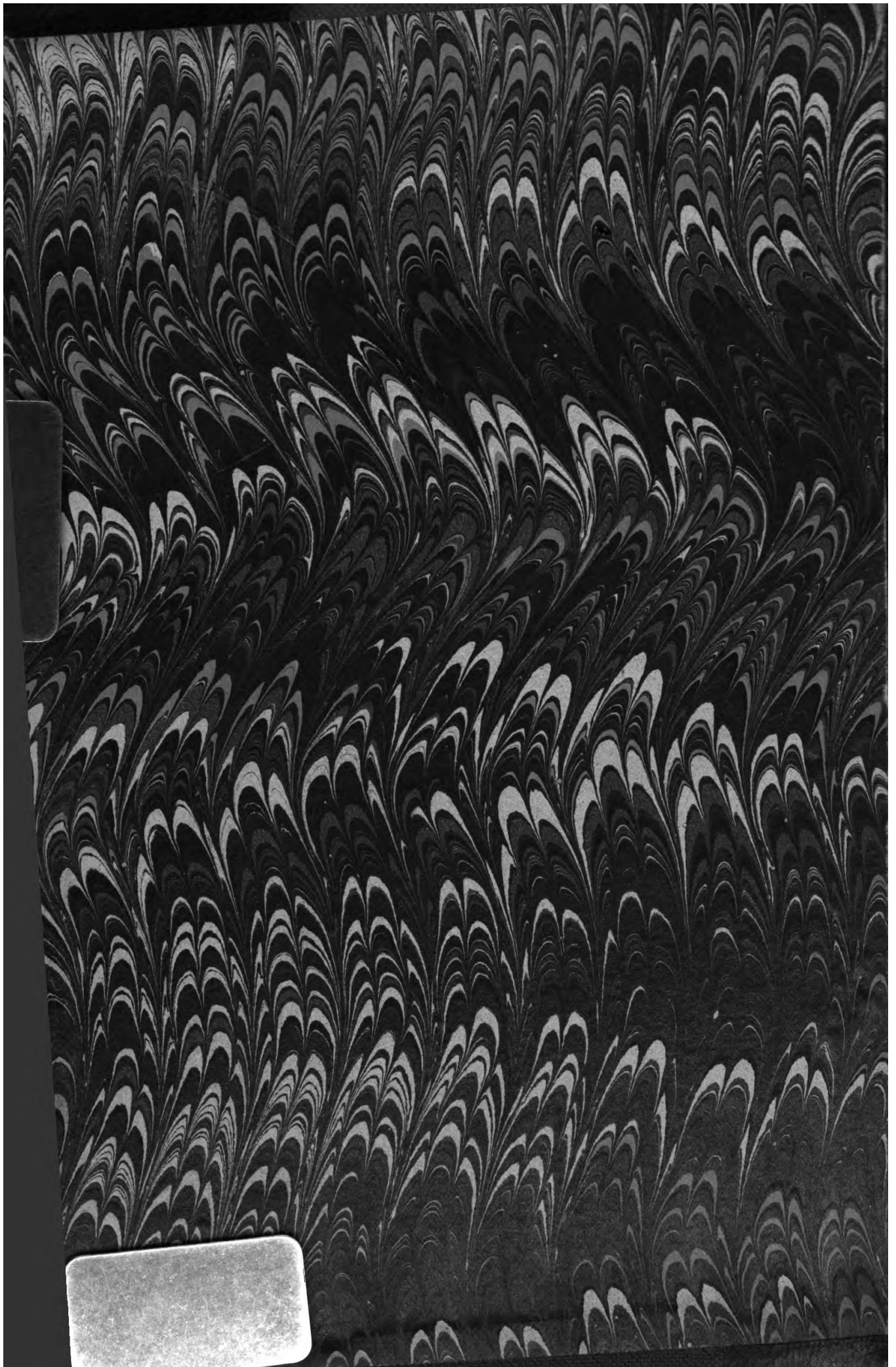
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For Subscribers only.]

Bishop Percy's
Folio Manuscript.

Loose and Humorous Songs.

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 W. CHAPPELL, Esq., &c. &c.)

Part I.

LONDON :

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NEW-STREET SQUARE

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

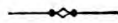
¹ "On referring, after an interval of many years, to these old Masques, we find ourselves somewhat staggered at the character of the jests, and the homely (not to say vulgar) allusions in which they abound. The taste of the times was, indeed, rude enough; and we can easily understand that jests of this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

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

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

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

SECOND NOTICE.



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

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

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

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

We had not at first intended to have side-notes added to this volume, but *See the bwildinge, 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 bbuildinge.

[Page 56 of MS.]

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

A WELL-WISHING TO A PLACE OF PLEASURE.

To an excellent new Tune.

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

See the garden
Where I receivde reward in
for my true love :
Behold those places
Where I receivde those graces
the Gods might move.
² The Queene 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 selfe
with joy did ravish me.
The pretty nightingale
did sing melodiously.

Haile to those groves
Where I injoyde those loves
so many dayes.
Let the flowers be springing,
And sweet birds ever singing
their Roundelays,
² Many Cupids measures
And cause for true Loves pleasures,
Be dancd around,
Let all contentment
For mirth's presentment
this day be found² :
And may the grass grow ever green
where we two lying
have oft been trying
More severall wayes
than beauties lovely Queen
When she in bed with Mars
by all the gods was seen.

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 Hemming's

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

² ² Not in the Percy Folio copy.—F.

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

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

SEE the building *which* whilest¹ my *Mistress* liued in
was pleasures asseince²!
see how it droopeth, & how Nakedly it looketh
4 *with-out* her *presence*!
heearke how the hollow winds doe blowe,
& how thé³ Murmer in every corner
for her being absent, from whence they cheefly⁴ grow!
8 the cause *that* I doe now this greeffe & sorrow showe.

See the
garden
where we
have loved,

See the garden where oft I had reward in
for my trew loue!
see the places where I enioyed those graces
12 they⁵ goddes might moue!
oft in this arbour, whiles that shee
with melting kisses distilling blisses
through my frayle lipps, what Ioy did ravish me!
16 the pretty Nightingale did sing Melodiouslee.

and the
groves!
Blessings on
them;

Haile to those groves where wee inioyed our loues
soe many daies!
May *the* trees be springing, & the pretty burds be
singing
20 their Roundelayes!
Oh! may the grasse be euer greene
wheron wee, lying, haue oft beene tryinge
More seuerall wayes of pleasure then loues queene,
24 *which* once in bedd with Mars by all the godds was
seene.

. . . lling

[*half a page missing.*]

¹ where once.—P.

² With pleasure's essence.—P.

³ they.—P.

⁴ MS. cheesly.—F.

⁵ the.—P.

Walking in a Meadow green.

[Page 93 of MS.]

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

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

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

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

Walking
out,

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

They lay soe close together,
 they made me much to wonder ;
 I knew not *which* was wether,
 vntill I saw her vnder.
 She was 12
 under a lad,
 then off he came, & blusht for shame
 soe soone *that* he had endit ;
 and cried
 yet still shee lyes, & to him cryes,
 " Once 16
 more." More, & none can mend it."

He was dull,
 His lookes were dull & verry sadd,
 his courage shee had tamed ;
 but still
 she said 20
 shee bad him play the lusty lad
 or else he quite was shamed ;
 " then stifly thrust, hee hit me iust,
 ffear not, but freely spend it,
 & play about at in & out ;
 " Once 24
 more." once more, & none can mend it."

He tried
 and failed, 28
 the poynt turnd¹ backe vpon him.
 Yet shee said, " stay ! goe not away
 although the point be bended !
 but toot againe, & hit the vaine !
 " Once 32
 more." once more, & none can Mend it."

She helped
 him
 Then in her Armes shee did him fold,
 & oftentimes shee kist him,
 yett still his courage was but cold
 for all the good shee wisht him ;
 36

¹ There is a tag to the *d* like an *s*.—F.

Ⓞ Jolly Robin.¹

[Page 95 of MS.]

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

ffins.

¹ wretched stuff.—Percy.

² MS. lydain.—F.

When Phebus addrest.

[Page 96 of MS.]

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

<p style="text-align: center;">WHEN Phebus addrest himselfe to the west, & set vp his rest below, Cynthia agreed in her glitteringe weede 4 her bewtie on me to bestow ; & walking alone, attended by none, by chance I hard one crye " O doe not, doe not, kill me yett, 8 for I am not prepared to dye !"</p>	<p>By moon- light,</p> <p>walking alone, I heard a maid say " Don't kill me yet."</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">With that I drew neare to see & to heare, & strange did appeare such a showe ; the Moone it was bright, & gaue such a light 12 as ffitts not each wight to know : a man & a Mayd together were Laid, & euer the mayd shee did cry, " O doe not, doe not, kill me yet, I, 16 for I am not resolved to dye !"</p>	<p>I saw a strange show,</p> <p>and still the maid cried " Don't kill me yet."</p>

The game
was blind-
man's buff,

20 The youth was rough, he tooke vp her stuffe,
& 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,
and at the
end she
cried
" Don't kill
me yet!"

24 " O doe not, doe not, kill me yett,
for I am not resolved to dye !"

The yong
man pro-
mised
not to.

28 with that he gaue ore, & solemplye swore
he wold kill her noe more *that* night,
but badd her adew : full litle he knew
shee wold tempt him to more delight.
Then she
said,
" O kill me
once again."

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

ffins.

¹ *fryar* : and *Boye*.²

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

THAT god that dyed for vs all
 & dranke both vinigar & gall,
 bringe vs out of balle,³
 4 and giue them both good life & longe
 which listen doe vnto my songe,
 or tend vnto my talle⁴!

[page 97.] May God
 bless us!

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

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

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

³ bale.—P. ⁴ tale.—P.

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

there dwelt a man in my countrye
8 *which*¹ in his life had wiues 3,
a blessing full of Ioye!
By the first wife a sonne he had,²
which was a prettye sturdye ladde,
12 a good vnhappy³ boye.

whom he
loves well,
but the
stepmother
spites.

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

The boy
fares ill.

And yet I-wis it was but badde,
20 nor halfe enouge therof he hade,
but euermore the worst;
And therefore euill might shee fare,
that did⁶ the litle boy such care,
24 soe forth⁷ as shee durst.

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

Vnto the man the wiffe gan say,
“ I wold you wold put⁸ this boy awaye,
& that right soone in haste;
28 Trulie he is a cursed ladde⁹!
I wold some other man him hade
that wold him better chast.¹⁰”

The husband
will not,

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

¹ who.—P.

² his first . . . a child . . .—P.

³ *i. e.* unlucky, full of waggery.—P.

⁴ loved him very well.—P.

⁵ *which* might the boy do.—P.

⁶ that wrought.—P.

⁷ so far forth.—P.

⁸ I would ye put.—P.

⁹ wicked lad.—P.

¹⁰ *i. e.* chasten, chastise.—P.

¹¹ dane in MS.—F.

¹² He's but of tender age.—P.

Hee shall this yeere with me¹ abyde
till he be growne more strong & tryde
36 ffor to win better wage :

“ Wee haue a man, a sturdie lout,
which keepeth² our neate the feilds about,
& sleepeth all the day,
40 Hee shall come home,³ as god me sheeld,
and the Boy shall⁴ into the feild
to keepe them if hee may.”

but proposes
he shall take
the
neatherd's
place.

Then sayd the wiffe in verament,
44 “ husband, therto I giue consent,
for *that* I thinke it neede.”
On the Morrow when it was day,
the litle boy went on his way
48 vnto the feild⁵ with speede.

Next day
the boy does
so,

Off noe man hee tooke anye care,⁶
but song “ hey ho ! away the Mare⁷ ! ”
much mirth⁸ he did pursue ;
52 fforth hee went⁹ with might & maine
vntill he came vnto¹⁰ the plaine,
where he his¹¹ dinner drew.

singing as
he goes.

But when he saw it was soe bad,
56 full litle list therto he had,
but put it from¹² sight,
Saying he had noe list to¹³ tast,
but *that*¹⁴ his hunger still shold last
60 till hee came home att Night.

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

¹ with me this year.—P.

² who keeps.—P.

³ bide home.—P.

⁴ And Jack shall pass.—P.

⁵ towards the field.—P.

⁶ took he . . . cure.—P.

⁷ mure.—P.

⁸ with mirth.—P.

⁹ Forward he drew.—P.

¹⁰ amidst.—P.

¹¹ And then his.—P.

¹² it up from.—P.

¹³ no will to.—P.

¹⁴ And that.—P.

An old man
comes his
way,

And as the boy sate on a hill,
there came an old man him vntill,
was walking by the way ;
64 " Sonne," he said, " god thee see¹ ! "
" now welcome, father, may you bee² ! "
the litle boy gan say.³

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

The old man sayd, " I hunger sore ;
68 then hast⁴ thou any meate in store
which thou mightest⁵ giue to me ? "
The child⁶ replyed, " soe god me saue !
to such poore victualls as I haue,
72 right welcome shall you be."

The old man
eats and is
happy,

Of this the old man was full gladd,
the boy drew forth such as he hadd,
& sayd " goe to gladlie."
76 The old man easie was to please,
he eate⁷ & made himselfe att ease,
saying, " sonne, god amercye⁸ !

[page 98.]

then bids
the boy
choose three
presents.

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

He chooses
1. a bow.

Then sayd the boy, " tis best, I trow,¹¹
that yee bestow on me¹² a bowe
84 with which I burds may gett."

The old
man
promises
him a right
good one,

" A bow, my sonnē, I will thee giue,
the which shall Last while thou dost liue,
was neuer bow more fitt !¹³

¹ Who said my son now God thee see.
—P.

² full welcome father ye.—P.

³ did say.—P.

⁴ Jack, hast.—P.

⁵ mayest.—P.

⁶ the boy.—P.

⁷ he ate.—P.

⁸ gramercye.—P.

⁹ And for *the* meate thou gave to me.
—P.

¹⁰ I will . . unto.—P.

¹¹ The best . . know.—P.

¹² ye give to me.—P.

¹³ Yea never bow nor break.—P.

88 ffor if thou shoot therin all day,
waking or winking, or¹ anye waye,
the marke² thou shalt hitt."

Now when the bowe in hand he felt,
92 & had the³ arrowes vnder his belt,
hartilye he laught I-wiss,⁴
And sayd, "had I a pipe with-all,
tho neuer litle or soe small,⁵
96 I then had all my wishe."⁶

and gives it
him.

He chooses
2. a pipe.

"A pipe, sonne, thou shalt haue alsoe,⁷
which in true Musicke soe shall goe—
I put thee out of doubt—
100 As who *that* liues⁸ & shall it heare,
shall haue noe power to forbear,
but laugh & leape about.

The old man
promises
him a very
charming
one.

"Now tell me what the 3^d shalbee ;
104 for 3 things I will giue⁹ to thee
as I haue sayd before."
The boy then smiling, answere made,
"I haue enough for my pore trade,
108 I will desire noe more."

The boy is
content.

The old man sayd, "my troth is plight,
thou shalt haue all I thee behight¹⁰ ;
say on now, let me see."
112 "Att home I haue," the boy replyde,
"a cruell step dame full of pride,
who is most curst to mee ;

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

¹ walking: *del.* or.—P.

² [insert] 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 shalt thou have.—P.

⁸ that whoso-ever.—P.

⁹ will I give.—P.

¹⁰ *behight*, printed copy, *behett*; *behight*, *behote*, *promittere*, *vovere*, *promissus*, *pollicitus*.—P.

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

“ when meate my father giues to mee,
116 shee wishes poyson it might bee,
and stares me in the¹ face :
Now when shee gazeth on me soe,
I wold shee might a rapp² let goe
120 *that* might ring through the place.”

The old man
agrees,

The old man answered then anon,
“ when-ere³ shee lookes thy face vpon,
her tayle shall wind⁴ the horne⁵
124 Soe Lowdlye, *that* who shold⁶ it heare
shall not be able to forbear,
but laugh her vnto scorne.

and departs.

“ Soe, farwell sonne ! ” the old man cryed ;
128 “ god keepe you, Sir ! ” the boy replied,
“ I take my leaue of thee !
God, *that* blest⁷ of all things, may
keepe⁸ thee save⁹ both night & day ! ”
132 “ gramercy, sonne ! ” sayd hee.

At nightfall
Jack pipes
his cattell
home,

When it grew neere vpon¹⁰ the night,
Iacke, well prepared,¹¹ hied home full right ;—
itt was his ordinance ;—
136 And as he went his pipe did blow,
the whilest his cattell on a row
about him gan to¹² dance ;

¹ stareth in my.—P.

² fart.—P.

³ that.—P.

⁴ wynd.—P.

⁵ Compare Gloton in the *Vision of Piers Plowman*, who

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

And wissed it had been wexed
With a wispe of firses.

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

⁶ shall.—P.

⁷ And he that best.—P.

⁸ protect.—P.

⁹ safe.—P.

¹⁰ drew . . . unto.—P.

¹¹ advised.—P.

¹² fast did.—P.

Thus to the towne he pipt¹ full trim, [page 99.]
 140 his skipping beasts did² ffollow him
 into his ffathers close.
 He went & put them [up] each³ one;
 which done, he homewards went anon;⁴
 144 vnto his fathers hall⁵ he gooes.

His ffather att his supper sate,
 & litle lacke espyed well thatt,
 and said to him anon,
 148 "father, all day I kept your neate,
 at night I pray you giue me some⁶ meate,
 I am⁷ hungrye, by *Saint Iohn*!

finds his
 father
 supping, and
 asks for a
 help.

"Meateless⁸ I haue lyen all the day,
 152 & kept your beasts, they did not stray;
 My dinner was but ill."

His ffather tooke a Capon⁹ winge,
 & at the boy¹⁰ he did it fling,
 156 bidding him eate his fill.

His father
 throws him
 a capon's
 wing.

This greued¹¹ his stepdames hart full sore,
 who lothed¹² the Ladd still more & more;
 shee stared¹³ him in the face:
 160 with *that* shee let goe such a blast
that made¹⁴ the people all agast,
 itt sounded¹⁵ through *the* place;

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

Each one laught & made¹⁶ good game,
 164 but the curst wife grew red for shame
 & wisht shee had beene gone.

and is
 laughed at

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 loathes.—P.

¹² grieues.—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 charged¹ & shott,
 168 & might haue broke a stone.”

She stares
 again, with
 the same
 result.

ffull curstlye² shee lookt on him tho :
that looke another cracke³ lett goe
 which did a thunder⁴ rise.
 172 Quoth the boy, “did⁵ you euer see
 a woman let her pelletts flee
 More thicke & more at ease ?

The boy
 triumphs.

“ffye!” said the boy vnto his dame,
 176 “temper your⁶ teltale *bumm*, for shame !”
 which made her full of sorrow.
 “Dame,”⁷ said the goodman, “goe thy way,
 for why, I sweare, by night nor day⁸
 180 thy geere is not to borrow.”

She tells her
 wrongs to a
 friar,

Now afterwards, as you shall heare,
 Vnto the house there came a fryar,
 & lay there all the night.
 184 The wiffe this fryer loued as a *Saint*,⁹
 & to him made a great complaint
 of Iackes most vile despight.

“We haue,” quoth shee, “within, I-wis,
 188 a wiced boy,—none shrewder is,—
 which doth me mighty care ;
 I dare not looke vpon his face,
 or hardly tell¹⁰ my shamefull case,
 192 soe filthylie I fare ;

¹ well, not in P. C.—P.

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

³ And then another fart.—P.

⁴ Which gart 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.

“ for gods loue meet this boy¹ to-morrow,
 beat him well, & giue him sorrow,
 & make² him blind or lame.”

196 The fryar swore he wold him beat,
 the wiffe prayd him³ not to forgett,
 the boy did her much shame :

“ Some wiche he is,” quoth⁴ shee, “ I smell.”

200 “ but,” quoth the fryar, “ Ile beat him well !
 of *that* take you noe care ;
 Ile teach him witchcraft, if I may.”

“ O,” quoth the wiffe, “ doe soe, I pray,
 204 lay on & doe not spare.”

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

208 The fryer then⁵ vp as early gatt,
 he was afrayd to come to⁶ late,
 he ran⁷ full fast & blythe.

But when he came vnto the land,⁸

212 he found where litle Iacke did stand,
 keeping his beasts alone.

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

216 tell me forthwith anon !

“ And if thou canst not quitt⁹ thee well,
 Ile beate thee till thy body swell,
 I will not longer¹⁰ byde.”

and asks him
 to beat the
 boy soundly.

The friar
 agrees.

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

[page 100.]

who asks
 him to
 explain his
 conduct.

¹ For my sake meet him.—P.

² Yea, make.—P.

³ She prayed 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.

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

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

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

Shoots it.

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

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

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

The bryars
scratch and
tear him.

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

¹ Clyde in MS.—F.

² Sir, will . . . mine.—P.

³ yon . . . on.—P.

⁴ Good Sir, if I.—P.

⁵ on a.—P.

⁶ that fain w^d I see.—P.

⁷ hands.—P.

⁸ hent, seized, laid hold on. Johnson :

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

⁹ mean time.—P.

¹⁰ perhaps *mal-apaide*. Id est ill-apaide.
See p. 363, lin. 23 [of MS.].—P.

¹¹ And gan to.—P.

¹² no . . . he.—P.

¹³ madman-like.—P. ¹⁴ scratcht.—P.

It tare ¹ his clothes downe to the skirt,
 248 his cope,² his coole,³ his linen shirt,
 & euery other weede.⁴
 The thornes this while⁵ were rough & thicke,
 & did his priuy members pricke,
 252 *that* fast they gan to bleede.

Iacke, as he piped, laught amonge ⁶;
 the fryar *with* bryars was vildlye stunge,
 he hopped wonderous hye.

Jack laughs.

256 Att last the fryar held vp his hand,
 & said, "I can noe longer stand!
 Oh! I shall daucing dye!"

The friar
begs for
mercy.

"Gentle Iacke, thy pipe hold still,
 260 & here I vow for goode nor ill
 to doe thee any woe!"
 Iacke laug[h]ing, to him thus replyed,
 "fryer, sckillp out on the⁷ other side,
 264 thou hast free leaue to goe."

Jack lets
him go.

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

The friar
goes away
ragged and
lacerated,

The thornes had scratcht him by the face,
 272 the handes, the thighes,¹⁰ & euery place,
 he was all bathed in bloode

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

Soe much, *that* who the fryar did see,
for feare of him was faine¹ to flee,
276 thinking he had beene woode.

to the step-
dame,

When to the good wife home² he came, [page 101.]
he made noe bragge for verry shame
to see his clothes rent all ;
280 Much sorrow in his hart he had,
& euery man did guesse him made³
when he was in the hall.

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

and recounts
his woes.

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

She
complains
of the boy
to the
goodman,

with *that* the goodman he came in,
the wiffe sett on her madding pin,⁴
cryed, " heeres⁵ a foule array !
292 thy sonne, *that* is thy liffe & deere,
hath almost slaine the holy fryar,⁶
alas & welaway !"

who inquires
into the
case,

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

" The devill him take ! " ⁷ the fryar he sayd,
" he made me dance, despite my head,⁸
300 among the thornes the hey-to-bee.⁹"

¹ were fain.—P.

² MS. hone.—F.

³ mad.—P.

⁴ See note ² to l. 484, p. 28.—F.

⁵ here is.—P.

⁶ frere.—P.

⁷ take him . . . then.—P.

⁸ mine 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 beene murdered soe,
 it had beene¹ deadly sine.²"
- 304 The fryar to him made this repleye,
 "the pipe did sound soe Merrilye
that I cold never blin.³"
- Now when it grew to almost night,
 308 Iacke the boy came home full right
 as he was wont to doo ;
 But when he came into⁴ the hall,
 full soone his father did him call,
 312 & bad him come him too :
- "Boy," he said, "come tell me heare,⁵
 what hast thou done vnto this fryer ?
 lye not in any thing."
- 316 "ffather," he said, "now by my birthe,
 I plaide him but a fitt of Mirth
 & pipet him vp a⁶ spring."
- "That pipe,"⁷ said his father, "wold I heare."⁸
 320 "now god forbidd!" cryed out the fryar⁹ ;
 his hands he then did¹⁰ wringe.
 "You shall," the boy said, "by gods grace."
 the ffryar replied, "woe & alas!"
 324 making his sorrowes ringe.
- "ffor gods loue!" said the warched fryar,¹¹
 "& if you will *that* strange pipe heare,
 binde me fast to a post!
- and, when
Jack comes
home,
- calls him
to account
for his
doings.
- Wishes
himself to
hear the
pipe.
- At his own
request the
friar

¹ It sh^d be:—It had been no deadly sin.—P.

² sin, pr. copy.—P.

³ *blin*, cessare, desinere, desistere.—Lye.—P.

⁴ unto.—P.

⁵ let me hear.—P.

⁶ piped him a.—P.

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

⁸ Pype . . . I would.—P.

⁹ frere.—P.

¹⁰ then did he.—P.

¹¹ frere.—P.

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

is bound
fast to a
post.

Strong ropes they tooke, both sharpe & round,
332 & to the post the fryer bounde¹
in the midst² of the hall.
All they *which* att³ the table sate,
laughed & made good sport theratt,
336 sayinge, “ fryer, thou canst not fall ! ”

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

Jack pipes,
and every
creature
dances,

With *that* his pipe he quicklye sent,⁴
344 & pipt, the whilest in verament
each creature gan to dance ;
Lightly thé scikipt & leapt about,
yarking⁵ in their leggs, now in, now out,
348 striuing aloft to prance.

the goodman

The good man, as in sad dispaire,
leapt out & through & ore his chayre,
noe man cold caper hyer⁶ ;
352 Some others leapt quite ore the stockes,
some start att strawes & fell att blockes,⁷
some⁸ wallowed in the fyer.

[page 102.]

¹ they bound.—P.

² middle.—P.

³ that at.

⁴ hent.—P.

⁵ yerking their Legs. To *yerk* is to

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

⁶ caper higher.—P. ⁷ o'er blocks.—P.

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

The goodman made himselfe good sportt
 356 to see them dance¹ in this madd sortt ;
 the goodwiffe sate not still,
 But as shee dancet shee² looket on Iacke,
 & fast her tayle did double each cracke,
 360 lowd as a water Mill.

and his wife.

The fryer this while was almost lost,
 he knocket³ his pate against the post,
 it was his dancing grace ;
 364 The rope rubd him vnder the chinn⁴
 that the blood ran from his tattered sckin
 in many a Naked place.

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

Iacke, piping, ran into the street ;
 368 they followed him with nimble ffeet,
 hauing noe power to stay,
 And in their hast they⁵ dore did cracke,
 eche tumbling over his ffellows backe
 372 vnmindfull of their way.

Jack passes
 into the
 street with
 his dancers.

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

The
 neighbours
 join the
 rout,

Some sicke or sleeping in their bedd,
 380 as thé⁷ by chance lift vp their heade,
 were with the pipe awaked ;

even sick
 folks, and
 undressed,

¹ the dance.—P.

² But dancing still she.—P.

³ knockt.—P.

⁴ chim, MS.—F. his chin.—P.

⁵ the.—P.

⁶ A wicket, or half-door. Halliwell's
 Gloss.—F.

⁷ they.—P.

- Straight forth¹ *thé*² start thorrow dores & kockes,³
 some in their shirts, some in their smockes,
 384 & some starke belly naked.
- and lame. When all were gathered round about,
 there was a vild vnruleye rout
*that dancing*⁴ in the street,
 388 Of *which*, some lame *that* cold not goe,
 striuing to leape, did tumble soe
 they dancet on hands & feet.
- At last Jack,
 tired, rests. 392 Lacke tyred with the sport⁵ said, "now Ile rest."
 "doe," *quoth* his father, "I hold it best,
 thou cloyest me with this cheere⁶;
 I pray thee, boy, now⁷ quiett sitt;
 in faith⁸ this was the Merryest fitt
 396 I heard this 7 yeere."
- The friar
 summons
 Jack to
 appear
 before the
 official. All those⁹ *that* dancing thither came,
 laught heartilye & made good game,
 yett some gott many a fall.
 400 "Thou cursed boy!" cryed out the¹⁰ fryar,¹¹
 "heere I doe summon thee to appeare¹²
 beffore the Official!
 "Looke thou be there on fryday next;
 404 Ile meet thee then, thou¹³ now *perplex*t,
 for to ordaine thee sorrow.¹⁴"
 The boy replied, "I make¹⁵ avowe,
 fryer, Ile appeare as soone as thou,
 408 if fryday were to Morrowe."
- ¹ out.—P.
² MS. *y*.—F.
³ ? small openings; cf. Phillips.
 "Among Sea-men *Cocks* are little square
 pieces of Brass, with Holes in them, put
 into the middle of great Wooden Shivers,
 to keep them from splitting and galling
 by the Pin of the Block or Pulley on
 which they turn."—F.
⁴ danced.—P. ⁵ with sport.—P.
⁶ this not in P[rinted] C[opy].—P.
⁷ thou.—P.
⁸ In truth.—P.
⁹ these.—P.
¹⁰ MS. *thy*.—F.
¹¹ frere.—P.
¹² thee appear.—P.
¹³ though.—P.
¹⁴ they sorrow.—P.
¹⁵ I'll make.—P.

- But fryday came, as you shall heare ;
 Iackes stepdam & the dancing fryar,¹
 together they were mett,
 412 And other people a great pace
 flockt to the court to heare eche case :
 the Officiall² was sett.
- Much c[i]uill matters were to doo,
 416 more libells read then one o tow³
 both [against priest & clarke ;]⁴
 Some there had testaments to proue, [page 103.]
 some women there through wanton loue,
 420 which gott strokes in the darke.
- Each Proctor⁵ there did plead his case ;
 when forth did stepp fryer Topias⁶
 & Iackes stepdame alsoe :
 424 " Sir Officiall," a-lowd said hee,
 " I haue brought a wicked boy to thee,
 hath done me mightye woe ;
- " He is a wiche, as I doe feare,
 428 in Orleance⁷ he can find noe peere,
 this of my troth⁸ I know."

On Friday
 all the world
 flockt to the
 court.

Other
 business
 disposed of,

the friar
 steps
 forward,

and accuses
 Jack of
 witchcraft ;

¹ frere.—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." Chaucer, in his *Freres Tale*, tells us the offences that an Archdeacon tried, and we quote his words to illustrate the next stanza above—

Whilom there was dwellyng in my
 countre
 An erchedeken, a man of gret degre,
 That boldely did execucioun
 In punyschyng of *fornicacioun*,
 Of *wicheckcraft*, and eek of bauderye,
 Of diffamacacioun, and avoutrie,
 Of chirche-reves, and of *testamentes*,

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

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

³ one or two.—P.

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

⁵ *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.

⁶ Tobias.—P.

⁷ alluding to the Pucelle d'Orleans, accounted a witch by the English.—P.

⁸ of my ruth.—P.

and so does
the step-
mother,

“ He is a Devill,” quoth the wiffe,
“ & almost hath bereaued my¹ liffe ! ”
432 at *that* her taile did blow

Soe lowd, the assembly laught theratt,
& said ‘ her pistolls cracke² was flatt,
the charge was all amisse.’

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

but is
abruptly
made
ashamed and
dumb.

The wiffe *that* feared another cracke,
440 stood mute, & neere a word shee spake ;
shame put her in such dread.
“ Ha ! ” said the fryer right angerlye,
“ knaue ! this is all along sill of³ thee ;
444 now euill mayst⁴ thou speed ! ”

The friar
tells of
Jack’s pipe,

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

and raises
the official’s
curiosity,

The Officiall replyd, “ perdee !
452 such a pipe faine wold⁵ I see,
& what mirth it can make.”
“ Now god forbidd ! ” replyd the fryar,⁶
“ *that* ere wee shold *that* vild pipe heare
456 ere I my way hence take.”

¹ almost ber^d me of my.—P.

² Compare Russell’s *Boke of Nurture*,
l. 304 :—

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

³ all still long of.—P. ? *sill*, beam.
—F.

⁴ mote.—P.

⁵ I fain would.—P. ⁶ frere.—P.

- " Pipe on, lacke ! " sayd the officiall,
 "& let me heare thy cuning¹ all."
 Lacke blew his pipe full lowde
 460 That euery man start vp & dancte ;
 Proctors & preists, & somners² pranct,
 & all in *that* great crowde ;
- Over the deske the officiall ran,
 464 & hopt vpon the table, then
 straight Iumpt vnto³ the flore.
 The fryer *that* danct⁴ as fast as hee,
 mett him midway, & dangerouslye
 468 broke eithers⁵ face full sore.
- The register leapt from his pen,
 & hopt into the throng of men,
 his inkhorne in his hande ;
 472 with swinging round about his head,
 some he strucke⁶ blind, some almost dead,
 some they cold hardly stand.
- The proctors flung their bills⁷ about,
 476 the goodwiues tayle gaue many a shout,
 perfuming all the Mirthe ;
 The Somners, as they had beene woode,
 leapt ore the formes & seates a goode,⁸
 480 & wallowed on the earth.
- Wenches *that* for their pennance came,
 & other Meeds of wordlye⁹ shame,
 danct¹⁰ euery one as fast ;

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

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

The Register's ink-horn swings about banefully.

Proctors and somners hop madly.

¹ cunning.—P.

² sompnors or somners, *i.e.* summoners, they who cited to *the* court.—P.

³ into.—P.

⁴ dauns't.—P.

⁵ others.—P.

⁶ strake.—P.

⁷ the bills.—P.

⁸ *i.e.* at a good rate.—P. Cp. our "a good 'un."—F.

⁹ worldly.—P.

¹⁰ daunst.—P.

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

[page 104.]

Jack will
 do so on
 condition of
 an amnesty.

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

The
 condition
 agreed to,

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

Jack stops
 his pipe.

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

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.—F.

³ MS. pared away, read by Percy.—F.

⁴ Half a stanza seems wanting here and in Pr. Copy.—P.

⁵ frere.—P.

⁶ fone, *i. e.* foes.—P.

⁷ cast.—P.

⁸ frere.—P.

As I was ridinge by the way.¹

[Page 104 of MS.]

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>AS I was ryding by the way,
 a woman profered me a bagge,
 & 40th. cattell more, to stay
 4 & giue her belly but a swagge.</p> <p>A pox on the whore, they were but scrapps
 that I supposed was single monye ;
 the cattell had lice, or else <i>perhapp</i>s
 8 I had light and tooke her by the coney.</p> <p>I had not further rydd a Myle
 but I mett with a market Maide
 who sunge, the way for to beguile,
 12 in these same words, and thus shee said :</p> <p>“ I see the Bull dothe Bull the cow ;
 & shall I line a maiden still ?
 I see the bore doth brim the sow ;
 16 & yet there is neuer a Iacke for gill.”</p> <p>I had some hope, & to her spoke,
 “ sweet hart, shall I put my flesh in thine ? ”
 “ with all my hart, Sir ! your nose in my arse,”
 20 quoth she, “ for to keepe out the winde.”</p> <p>Shee ryde vpon a tyred mare,
 & to reunge noe time withstoode,
 I bluntlye asket <i>pro</i> to occupye her ;
 24 but first shee wold know wherfore <i>that</i> was good.</p> | <p>First I met
 a woman
 who wanted
 me.</p> <p>Then I met
 a market
 maid who
 sang</p> <p>that she
 wanted a
 lover.</p> <p>I offered
 myself,
 and she
 sold me.</p> <p>I asked to
 occupy her.</p> |
|---|--|

¹ A loose but humorous song.—P.

“ Occupy
my mare,”
said she.

28 “ It will make thee liuely,” I did say,
“ put Ioy and spiritt in stead of woee.”
“ 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 neuer felt, but kist ;
I was content, & shee said, “ weele,
32 youst kisse my bum & feele my fist.”

but was
sold again.

So I rode
away,
and told
nobody.

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

ffins.

The Man that hath.

[Page 104 of MS.]

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

Stolen
waters are
sweet ;

But if *that* man regardless were
-as tho¹ he carde not for her,
tho shee were like to venus fayre,
8 in faith I wold abhor her.

[page 105.]

unwatched,
are nought.

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

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

Care tempts
the theft.

Shee dulle *that* is² too forwards bent ;
not good, but want, is reason ;
fish at a feast, & flesh in lent,
20 are never out of season.

ffins.

¹ MS. has a mark between *o* and *h*.—F.

² ? *for* is *that's*.—F.

Dulcína.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 *Forgoe me nowe, come to me soone,*' the burden of the present ballad: ("Pop. Music," v. 2. p. 771). At v. 1. p. 143 the tune is given; it is to be played "cheerfully." The earlier title of the tune seems to have soon disappeared; for, says Mr. Chappell, v. 1. p. 142, "this tune is referred to under the names of '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 Sion, turned into the language and set to the tunes of a strange land," 1642.

AS att noone Dulc[i]na rested
 in her sweete & shadé² bower,
 there came a shepeard, & requested
 4 in her lapp to sleepe and hower³;

"Let me
 sleep in thy
 lap."

¹ This song is printed in many collections of songs.—P.

² shady.—P.
³ an hour.—P.

- but from her looke a wound he tooke
 soe deepe, *that* for a further boone
 the Nimph he prayes ; wherto shee sayes
 8 “ forgoe me now, come to me soone.” “ Go away.”
- But in vayne shee did coniure him
 to *depart* her *presence* soe,
 hauing thousand touniges to allure him,
 12 & but one to say him noe.
 where lipps invite, & eyes delyght,
 & cheekes as red as rose in Iune
perswade delay, what boots shee say¹
 16 “ forgoe me &c.”
- Words whose hopes might have enioyned
 him to lett DULCINA sleepe.²
 Can a mans loue be confined,
 20 or a mayd her *promise* keepe ?
 But hee her wast still held as ffast
 as shee was constant to her tune,
 though neere soe fayre her speechers were,
 24 “ forgoe me &c.”
- He demands, “ what time or³ pleasure
 can there be more soone⁴ then now ? ”
 shee sayes, “ night giues loue *that* leysure
 28 that⁵ the day cannott allow.”
 “ the said kind sight forgiues delight,”
 quoth hee, “ more easilye then the moone.”
 “ In Venus playes be bold,” shee sayes,
 32 “ fforgoe me &c.” “ Be bold,”
 she says.

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

What was
the result ?

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

I'll not tell
it.

36 Ioyes vnseene are neuer songe.
did shee consent or he relent ?
accepts he night, or grants shee none ?

She said,
"Go away !"

left hee her Mayd or not ? shee sayd
40 "forgoe me now, come to me soone."

¹ tongues.—P.

Of a Puritane.

[Page 182 of MS.]

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

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

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

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

She gives
 him a
 shilling, 28

and
 quenches
 his motion. 32

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

Cooke Laurell.¹

[Page 182 of MS.]

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

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

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 Roxburghe *Collection*, ii. 445. Percy's reference to Dryden's *Miscellanies* is to the fourth edi-

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

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

On the text of this *Metamorphosed 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. Okes, in 12mo.

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

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

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

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

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

Cooke
Laurell asks
the Devil
to dinner.

COOKE Laurell wold needs have the devill his guest,
who came in his hole¹ to the Peake to dinner,
Where neuer ffeend had such a feast
4 provided him yett att the charge of a sinner.

The Devil
asks for a
poached
Puritan;

His stomacke was queasie, he came thither coachet,²
the Iogging itt³ made some crudityes ryse;
to helpe itt hee Called for a puritan pouchet⁴
8 that vsed to turne up the eggs of his eyes.

then, Pro-
moters in
plum broth,

And soe recovered to⁵ his wish,
he sett him downe⁶ & fell to⁷ Meate;
Promooters⁸ in plumbe⁹ broth was his first dish,
12 his owne priuie¹⁰ kitchen had noe¹¹ such meate.

6 pickled
Tailors,

¹² Sixe pickeld taylors slasht¹³ & cutt,
With Sempsters & tire women fitt for his pallatt,¹⁴

and a salad
of Perfumers.

With ffeathermen¹⁵ & perfumers put
16 Some 12 in a charger, to make a graue¹⁶ sallett.

Next a
Bawd and
Bacon,

Yett thoe with this hee much was taken,
Upon a sudden hee shifted his trencher,
& soone¹⁷ he spyed the Baude & Bacon¹⁸
20 by which you may know¹⁹ the devill is a wencher.²⁰

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

² coached.—P.

³ had.—P.

⁴ poached.—P.

⁵ unto.—P.

⁶ straight.—P.

⁷ his.—P.

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

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

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

¹⁰ privy.—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 palate.—P.

¹⁵ See Randolph's *Muses Looking Glass*.—P.

¹⁶ grand.—P. ¹⁷ as soon as.—W.

¹⁸ a Baud's fat bacon.—P. ¹⁹ note.—P.

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

A rich flatt vserer stewed in his Marrowe,
 & by him a lawyers head in ¹ greene sawce,²
 both which his belly tooke in Like a barrowe
 24 As if tell ³ then he had neuer seene sowce.⁴

Then, Carbonadoed ⁵ & cooket ⁶ with paynes,⁷
 was sett on ⁸ a clouen sergeants ⁹ face;
 the sawce was made of his yeamans ¹⁰ braynes,
 28 that had beene beaten out with his owne mace.

Tow roasted sherriffes came whole to the borde,—
 the feast ¹¹ had beene nothing without them;—
 both lining & dead they were foxed ¹² & furred,
 32 theire chaines like sawsinges ¹³ hang about them.

The next ¹⁴ dish was a Maior of a towne,
 with a pudding of Maintenance ¹⁵ [thrust ¹⁶] in his
 bellye,
 like a goose in his ¹⁷ fethers drest in his gowne,
 36 & his couple ¹⁸ of hinch boyes ¹⁹ boyled to ²⁰ Iellye. 2 boiled Pages,

¹ and.—W.
² See the Recipes for "Pur verde sawce," in *Liber Cure Cocorum*, p. 27, & "Vert Sause" (herbs, bread-crumbs, vinegar, pepper, ginger, &c.), in *Household Ordinances*, p. 441. "Grene sawce is good with grene fische." John Russell's *Boke of Nurture*, Sawce for Fische.—F.
³ till.—P.
⁴ sauce.—W. *Souse* means pickle.—F.
⁵ *Carbonado*, meat broil'd on the Coals.—Phillips. And see Markham's *Housewife*.—F.
⁶ cooked.—P.
⁷ ? pains, care. "In Cookery *Pains* signifie certain Messes proper for Side-dishes, so call'd as being made of Bread, stuff'd with several sorts of Farces and Ragoos." Phillips.—F.
⁸ brought up.—W.
⁹ grave face.—P.
¹⁰ yeoman's.—P.
¹¹ in truth had.—P.
¹² ? wore foxes skins as fur.—F.

¹³ Sausages hanging.—P.
¹⁴ very next.—P.
¹⁵ Cap of *Maintenance*, one of the *Regalia*, or Ornaments of State, belonging to the King of England, before whom it is carry'd at the Coronation, and other great solemnities. Caps of *Maintenance* also are carry'd before the Mayors of several Cities of England. Phillips.—F.
¹⁶ thrust.—P.
¹⁷ the.—P.
¹⁸ An *l* has been altered into *p* in the MS.—F.
¹⁹ i. e. pages.—P. A hench-man or hench-boy, *page d'honneur qui marche devant quelque Seigneur de grande auctorité*.—Sherwood (in Cotgrave). See Mr. Way's note¹, *Promptorium*, p. 293, and *Household Ordinances* as there referred to. *Henchman* or *Heinsmen*, a German Word signifying a Household-Servant; and formerly taken amongst us for a Page of Honour or Footman. Phillips.—F. ²⁰ to a.—W.

- a roast
Cuckold,
- A London Cuckold¹ hott from the spitt:
but² when the Carver vpp had broke³ him,
the devill chopt up his head att a bitt, [him.
40 but the hornes were verry neere like to haue choakt⁴
- a Lecher's
back,
a Harlot's
haunch,
- The chine of a leacher too there was roasted,
with a plumpe⁵ harlotts haunche & garlike;
a Panders petitoes *that* had boasted
44 himselfe for a Captaine, yet neuer was warlike.
- a Midwife
pasty,
- A long⁶ ffatt pasty of a Midwiffe hot:
& for a cold baket meat⁷ into the storye,
a reuerend painted Lady was brought,
48 had beene⁸ confined in crust till⁹ shee was hooary.
- an old
Justice of
the Peace,
- To these an ouer worne¹⁰ justice of peace,
With a clarke like a gisarne¹¹ trust vnder eche arme;
& warrants for sippitts laid in his owne grace,¹²
52 Sett ore¹³ a chaffing dish to be kept warme.
- and a Holy
Sister's
kidney,
which
nearly made
the Devil
sick,
- ¹⁴ Then broyled and broacht¹⁵ on a buchers pricke,
the kidney came in of a holy sister;
this bitt had almost made his devillshipp sicke,
56 *that* his doctor did feare he wold need a glister.
- a traitor's-
guts' pie,
- "ffor harke," quoth hee, "how his bellye rumbles!"
& then with his pawe, *that* was a reacher,
hee puld to a pye of a traitors numbles,¹⁶
60 & the gibblets¹⁷ of a silent teacher.

¹ came hot.—P. ² and.—P.

³ "Termes of a Keruer. *Breke* that dere," (Wynkyn de Worde's Boke of Keruyng): the right name therefore for a horned biped.—F.

⁴ to choake.

⁵ plumpe in MS.—F. ⁶ large.—W.

⁷ meat pie.—F. ⁸ And.—W.

⁹ until shee.—P. ¹⁰ overgrown.—W.

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

¹² grease.—P.

¹³ over.—W.

¹⁴ W. omits this stanza and the next one.—F.

¹⁵ i. e. rosted.—F.

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

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

<p>The lowle of a Taylor was ¹ serued for a ffish, with vinigar² pist by the deane of Dustable³; tow aldermen lobsters a-sleepe in a dish, 64 with a dryed deputye & ⁴ a sowcet ⁵ constable.⁶</p>	<p>2 Aldermen lobsters.</p>
<p>⁷ These gott him soe feirce a stomacke againe, that now he wants meate wheron to ffeeda:⁸ he called for the victualls were drest for his traine, 68 and they brought him vp an alepotrida,⁹</p>	<p>The Devil asks for more food.</p> <p>They give him an Olla Podrida</p>
<p>Wherin were¹⁰ mingled courtier,¹¹ clowne, tradsmen,¹² marchants,¹² banquerouts store, Churchmen,¹² Lawyers of either gowne,— 72 of civill, commen,¹³—player & whore,</p>	<p>of Bank- rupts, Lawyers,</p>
<p>Countess,¹⁴ servant, Ladyes,¹⁴ woman, mistris,¹⁴ chambermaid, coachman,¹⁴ knight, Lord & visher, groome¹⁵ & yeaman; 76 where first the ffeend with his forke did light.</p>	<p>Ladies, Chamber- maids, &c.</p> <p>He eats it all,</p>
<p>All which devowred, he now for to close doth for a¹⁶ draught of Derbye ale call. he heaued the huge vessell vp to his nose, 80 & left not till hee had drunk¹⁷ vp all.</p>	<p>asks for some Derby ale, and drinks it up.</p>

¹ W. omits was.—F.

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

³ A constable sous'd with vinegar by.—W.

⁴ Deputy dried and.—P.

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

⁶ A deputy tart, a churchwarden pye.—W.

⁷ W. omits this and the next two stanzas.—F.

⁸ feed-a.—P.

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

¹⁰ The first e is made over an h.—F.

¹¹ and.—P.

¹² and—and—and.—P.

¹³ of civil and common Law.—P.

¹⁴ and—and—and—and.—P.

¹⁵ groone in MS.—F.

¹⁶ he then for a close Did for a full.—W.

¹⁷ it.—P.

Then from the table hee gaue a start,
 where banquet & wine were nothing scarce ;
 all which hee blew¹ away with a ffartt,
 from wence itt was called the Devills arse.

²And there he made such a breach with the winde,
 the hole yett³ standing open the while,
 the sente of the vay[pour⁴] hee left⁵ behind
 hath since infected⁶ most part of the Ile.

And this was tobbaeco, the learned suppose,
 which both⁷ in countrye, court and towne,⁸
 in the devills glister pipe smokes att the nose
 of punke⁹ & Madam, gallant¹⁰ & clowne ;

ffrom which wicked perfume, swines flesh,¹¹ and linge,¹²
¹³ or any thing else he¹⁴ doth¹⁵ not loue,
 preserue & send our gracious king¹⁶
 such meate as he loues, I beseeche god aboute !¹³
 ffins.

Then the
Devil breaks
wind,

84

and the
stink of
that

88

is the
Tobacco
which
Punks
smoke ;

92

from
which may
God keep
King James!

96

¹ flirted.—W. slirted.—Folio ed.
² W. omits these last three stanzas.—F.
³ too.—Folio.
⁴ Scent of the Vapour which he left.—P.
⁵ That the sent of the vapour, before
and.—Folio.
⁶ foully perfumed.—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
Masques, in the Folio edition of 1640 :
Where the Cacklers, but no *Grunters*,
Shall uncas'd be for the *Hunters*.
On which Gifford, vii. 372, says : " a side
compliment to the King, who hated pork
in all its varieties."—F.
¹² *Lota molva* (Cuvier) or *Gadus molva*
(Linnæus). The *ling*, *Asellus longus* :

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

¹³⁻¹⁵ Or any thing else thats feast for the
Fiend :

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

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

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

¹⁵ which he doth.—P.

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

The Mode of france.

[Page 193 of MS.]

- WILL you heare the Mode of france
 to stopp the mouthe of those *that* done you¹ ?
 neatly Leade them in a dance,
 4 because wee are behind in mony.
- If *your* Lanlord chance to call
 either for dyett or for rayment,
 Leade him in a dance *withall*,
 8 & forgett itt in *your* payment.
- If *your* taylor chance to strike you
 with his bill, & stay noe Leasure ;
 Lead him in a dance that likes you,
 12 & in-*stead* of coyne take measure.
- If *your* shoemaker come on
 with his last, & neatly Lead itt ;
 lett [t]his euerlasting done²
 16 see his owne boots³ neatly tread itt.
- If *your* Landlady doe call,
 needs must satisfye her pleasure ;
 shee despises *your* carrant,⁴
 20 sheele be payd with standing measure.

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

your Land-
lord,

your Tailor,

[page 194.] your Shoe-
maker,

your Land-
lady,

¹ dun ye.—P.

² Let this everlasting Dun.—P.

³ Boots were formerly worn at Balls
as Pumps now.—P.

⁴ currante.—P. current coin.—F.

and your
Lawyer.

If *your* Lawyer¹ finds you out
for fees for this devise or tother,
let him dance for all his goute,
24 & pay one Motion with another.

This way
gets you out
of all
troubles.

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

ffins.

¹ Lawyer.—P.

Be not afrayd.

[Page 194 of MS.]

- “BEE not affrayd thou fayrest, thou rarest
that euer was made! deny me not a kisse;
 then thou shalt see the Measure of pleasure
 4 *that I will haue 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]
- O fairest!
deny me not;
- “I see *that* spyes, both peeping & creeping,
 8 *in eche corner lyes to hinder all our Ioyes;*
but Cupidd shall see, & find them, & blind them
thatt hindrance wilbe to the getting of Boyes.
 Then lets, &c :/
- let me en-
joy thee!
- 12 “Venus, Iupiter, faire nature, Dame creature,²
Made thee for delight, but yett for none but I;
 Then lets imbrace, & ruffle & trifle,
leaue a Iewell in the place, but keptt till you
d[ye.³]
- Cupid will
blind all
spies.
- 16 Then Lets, &c.”
- You were
made for me
alone.
- “Nay pish! nay fye! youle venter to enter!
a trespas soe high, youle wist were⁴ vndone;
should any spie, theyle wonder, looke yonder;
 20 *but youle not fly the place you haue begunn.*
 Then Lets, &c.
- Let us em-
brace!
- Man, you
will enter
me.
- What will
spies say?

¹ Added by Percy.—F.

² Dame Nature, faire creature.—P.

³ dye.—P.

⁴ wish 'twere.—F.

If you tell
any one, I'm
undone.

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

But I love
you, and

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

that's why I
err ;

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

the fault is
so sweet.

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

ffins :

Doe you meane.

[Page 197 of MS.]

<p>DOE you meane to ouerthrow me ? out ! alas ! I am betraid ! what ! is this the loue you show mee ? 4 to vndo a silly Maide. alas ! I dye ! my hart doth breake ! I dare not crye, I cannot ¹ speake ! what ! all alone ? nay then I finde 8 men are to strong for women kind.</p>	<p>Is this your love ? to undo a silly maid ?</p>
<p>Out vpon the maid <i>that</i> put mee in this roome to be alone ! yett she was noe foole to shut mee 12 where I shold be seen of None. harke ! harke ! alac ! what Noyce is that ? o, now I see itt is the Catt. come gentle pus, thow wilt not tell ; 16 if all doe soe thou shalt not tell.</p>	<p>How wrong of that woman to put me in here !</p> <p>What noise is that ?</p>
<p>Seely foole ! why doubts thou tellinge where thou didst not doubt to trust ? if thy belly fall a swellinge, 20 theres noe helpe, but out itt must. alas the spite ! alas the shame ! for then I quite Loose my good name ; but yett the worst of Maids disgract, 24 I am not first nor shalbe last.</p>	<p>No matter. Babie tell their own stories.</p>

¹ camot in MS.—F.

Never mind.
Come on
again.

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

A maid & a younge man.

[Page 197 of MS.]

- A MAN & a younge maid *that* loued a long time
 were tane in a frenzye 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 thé came to a place
 Inuironed about with trees & with grasse,
 The maid shee, &c.
- 8 He shifted his hand wheras he had placet,
 hee handled her knees instead of her wast,
 The Maid, &c.
- He shifted his hand till hee came to her knees,
 12 he 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 ;
 16 yett still shee, &c.
- He light in a hole ere he was aware !
 the lane itt was streat ; he had not gone farr,
 but shee fell a kissing, hye !
 20 & he lay drooping, hoe, & he lay drooping, hoe.
- “ My Billy, my pilly ! how now ? ” quoth shee ;
 “ gett vp againe, Billy, if *that* thou louest me ; ”
 yett still he Lay, &c.

A man and
a maid

came to a
shady place.

He tickled
her,

she kissed
him,

a second
time as well
as the first.

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

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

A creature ffor ffeature.

[Page 199 of MS.]

<p>A creature, for feature I neuer saw a fairer, soe witty, soe prettye, I neuer knew a rarer ; shee soe kind, & I soe blynd,</p> <p>4 <i>that</i> I¹ may say another day “I did complaine, & I mett a swaine, but [he] knew not how to wooe me nor doe mee, he was soe dull conceipted.</p> <p>8 I gaue a smile him to beguile, I made a show to make him know, I pincht his cheeke to make him seeke & find some further pleasure, whose treasure</p> <p>12 needs not to be Expected.</p> <p style="margin-top: 20px;">“I stayd him, & praide him, & proffered him a favour ; he kist mee, & wisht me to beare with his be- hauior ; but hie tro lolly lolly, le silly willy cold not doe.</p> <p>16 all content <i>with</i> him was spent when he had clipt & kist me, & mist me, & cold not . . kisse . . . [<i>line cut off by the binder</i>] then thought I, & thought noe lye, <i>perhapps</i> his pipe is not yett ripe ;</p> <p>20 yett an hower may haue the power to make itt grow in full Lenght & full strenght ; but fooles are led in blindnesse.</p>	<p>I met a lass so pretty and kind.</p> <p>But I was dull.</p> <p>She may tell</p> <p>how she tempted me,</p> <p>and I only kist her.</p> <p>She waited for me to serve her,</p>
---	---

¹ ? she.—F.

but I didn't
 or couldn't,

24 "But woe mee, & woe mee! alas, I cold not raise!
 itt wold not, nor cold not, doe all I cold to please.¹
 his inke was run, his pen was done.
 Iacke! art thou dead? hold vp thy² head!
 I will litter thee & water thee,

28 & feed thee with my neet,
 & better, if thou wilt lye besyd me.
 but all in vaine I did complaine,
 his Iacke was tyrd, heed not be hyred

and was not
 moved.

32 for all my prayers & all my teares."

ffins.

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

² MS. my.—F.

Lye : alone : ¹

[Page 200 of MS.]

- CAN any one tell what I ayle ² ?
³ that I ⁴ looke soe leane, soe wan, soe pale. What do I
 ail?
⁵ if I may be there Iudge, I thinke there is none
 4 that can any longer lye alone.⁶ Why, I can't
 lie alone,
 Was euer womans ⁷ case like mine ?
 att 15 yeeres [I] began to pine ;
 soe vnto this plight now I am growne,
 8 I can, nor will, noe longer Lye alone.⁸ and I won't.
⁹ If dreames be true, then Ride I can ;
 I lacke nothing but a man,
 for tis onlye hee can ease my moane. I want a
 man,
 12 I can, nor &c.
¹⁰ When daye¹¹ is come, I wish for night ;
¹² When night is come, I wish for light ;
¹³ thus all my time I sighe & moane.
 16 ¹⁴ I can, nor &c.

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

² maidens ail.—P.

³ I am grown so weak, &c. [G.G.]—P.

⁴ That they.—P.

⁵ If I may judge.—P.

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

⁷ Maiden's. [G.G.]—P.

⁸ Thus at 15 years to pine;

Were I *the* judge I'm sure there's none
 That would any longer, &c. [G.G.]—P.

⁹ [This & the 4th stanza are transposed in *the* Gold. Garl^d.]—P.

All that I want is but a man;

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

¹⁰ When it is day, I wish. [G.G.]—P.

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

¹² And when it is dark. [G.G.]—P.

¹³ All the night long I, &c. [G.G.]—P.

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

and I'll take
the first that
comes.

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

I will not
lie alone.

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

¹ Wooe 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 lye alone.

[G.G.]—P.

Downe : sate the shepard.

[Page 201 of MS.]

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

¹ qu. MS.—F.

² thyme.—P.

³ of comely.—P.

her hair
black

all over.

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

28

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

She was so
tempting,

32

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

all men
were mad
for her,

36

In a Meadow fayre & greene
the shepard layeth him downe,
thinking there his loue to find
sporting on a round,

and the
swain hoped
to find her
on the grass.

40

A round which Maidens vse to go;
Cupid bids itt shold bee soe,
because all men were made for her h̄y &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.

<p>MEN that more to the yard¹ northe church are oft enclined, take young mayds now & then att lurch 4 to try their mind ; But younge maids now adayes are soe coy, <i>thé</i> will not show when they are in loue, But for feare I² oft say noe, when <i>perhapps</i> they wold 8 fayne doe if itt wold not proue.</p> <p>If for a time for feare they bee wyllye and seeme coy, there is one <i>that</i> <i>perhapps</i> may beguile yee, 12 the blind boy ;</p>	<p>Men some- times pro- pose to girls,</p> <p>but they're so coy they say no.</p> <p>Yet Cupid will pierce their hearts.</p>
---	--

¹ ? MS. yord.—F.

² *for* they.—F.

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

his shaft *without* delay ;
then theyle sigh & lament when, alas, their owne
kind hart

16 cannott say Nay.

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

Young
maids may
get burnt
like flies in a
candle.

20 such young maids as doe loue for to dandle
once, may mourne.

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

them from their folly ;
Nature binds all their kinds now & then to play the
waggs

24 though thé seeme holy.

ffins.

Panche.¹

[Page 238 of MS.]

- IT was a younge man *that* dwelt in a towne,
 a lollye husband² was hee,
 but he wold eate more at one sett dinner³
 4 the[n] 20 wold att three.
 soe great a stomacke had hee,
 his wiffe did him *provide*
 ten meales a day, his hungar⁴ to lay,
 8 yet was he not satisfied.
 take heed of hott furmitree !
- His wiffe had a sister neere at hand,
 decket vp in a gowne of gray ;
 12 shee loued a young man, & marryed thé weere
 vpon St. Iames his day ;
 & to the wedding went they,
 her brothers & sisters each one.
 16 shee vowed to bring her to⁵ capon pyes,
 with birds the sids vpon.
 take heed &c.
- But yet the good wiffe, tho litle shee sayd,
 20 in mind & hart was woe
 because her husband, the glutton, wold
 vnto the wedding goe.

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

Her sister

marries,

and she
promises her
two capon
pies for her
wedding-
feast.Panche's
wife

¹ A Droll old Song, rather vulgar.—P.
² There is a tag like an s at the end.
 —F.

³ dimer in the MS.—F.

⁴ One stroke too few in the first syl-
 lable.—F.

⁵ two.—P.

- tries to persuade him
 24 “ good husband,” then sayd shee,
 “ at the wedding there will bee
 my vnckle Iohn, & my cozen Gylee,¹
 & others of good degree ;
- not to go to the wedding,
 bis then stay you at home, my dere,
 28 [then stay you at home, my dere,]
- as he'll shame her
 and all his kindred
 32 “ ffor if yo[u] come there, you vtterlye shame [page 239]
 yor selfe & me besides,
 & all *your* kinred euery one,
 the Bridgrome & the bryde,
 you feed soe Monst[r]ouslye
 aboute all other men,
 for you deuoure more meate at a meale
 36 then 40 will doe at ten.”
 take heede &c.
- by his monstrous eating.
 Panche gets angry, says his wife has some plot
 40 When *that* he heard his wiffe say soe,
 his anger waxed hotte :
 Quoth he, “ thou drabb! thou filthy Queane!
 thy councell likes me not!
 belike some match is made
 betwixt some knaue & thee
- to cuckold him.
 To the wedding he *will* go.
 44 to make me a scorne, my head for to horne!
 I smell out thy knauerye!
 to the wedding *that* I will goe!”
- His wife says, then
 48 “ Good husband,” quoth shee, “ Misdoubt not of me!
 I speake it for the best!
 yet doe as you will, *your* mind to fulfill;
 but let me this request,
that when vnorderlye²
- he must stop eating when he winks at him.
 52 I see you feeding there,
 when I doe winke, I wold haue you thinke
 its time for to forbear.”
 take heed &c.

¹ Giles.—P.² i.e. disorderly.—P.

- 56 The man was content ; to the wedding he went ;
 great cheare was there prepared ;
 the Bridsgroome father & mother both
 sate there with good regard.
- 60 furst to the table was brough[t]
 a course of furnitree,
 & Panche had a dish, a galland ¹ I-wiss,
that fitted his appetye ²;
- 64 & quicklye he slapt vp all.
- Hee learned ³ on his wiffe, & drew out his kniffe ;
 to a legg of Mutton fell hee ;
 he slapt it vp breefe, with a surloyne of beefe,
 68 & mincte pyes 2 or three :
 he neuer looked about,
 but fed with such a courage,
 he left for his share the bord almost bare,
 72 or the rest were out of their porrage.
 take heede &c.
- Then did he spye his wiffe for to winke ⁴ ;
 therefore he, to ⁵ mend the matter,
 76 he cast vp againe the Meate he had eaten, ⁶
 before them in a platter :
 “ take heere *your* victualls,” hee sayd,
 “ & grudg not me my meate ;
 80 & where I thinke *that* welcome I am,
 I cannott forbear to eate.”
 take heede &c.
- The time drew on when euerye man
 84 vnto his rest did goe ;
 but Paunch lay grunting by his wiffe,
 which made her wonderous woe.
- Panche
 agrees ; goes
 to the wed-
 ding ;
- eats,
 1. a gallon
 of furnity,
 2. a leg of
 mutton ;
 3. a surloin
 of beef ;
 4. some
 mince pies,
- and nearly
 clears the
 table.
- Seeing his
 wife wink at
 him,
- he spews up
 the food,
 and says,
 “ here’s your
 victualls!”
- When in
 bed,
- Panche
 grunts,

¹ Gallon.—P.² appetée.—P.³ A long upright stroke is between these words in the MS.—F.⁴ leer’d.—P.⁵ wink her eye.—P.⁶ tane.

- and says
he's ready
to die for
hunger.
- 88 " what ayle you mān ? " quoth shee.
Quoth hee, " my hart is dry,
I am soe hungry, *that* for meat
I readye am to dye."
take heede &c.
- His wife
says he
must wait
till break-
fast.
- 92 " Alas ! " quoth shee, " content you must bee
till breakfast time to stay ;
for none in the house is risen, you see,
to giue you meate any way."
- Tush! says
he;
- 96 " tush ! tell not me of *that* !
my belly must be fedd !"
& with *that* word he Nimbly leapt
out of his naked bed,
- jumps out of
bed,
- 100 & into the kitchin did goe.
- goes to the
kitchen,
- To the ffurmitree¹ pott he quicklye gott,
& there, without delay,
he slapt vp the furmitree euerye whitt
- and slaps up
all the fur-
mity
- 104 or he departed away,
saue a ladel-full att the last
he kept to carry his wiffe.
- except a
ladlefull
that he
means to
take to his
wife ;
but he goes
to another
man's,
- 108 Then he mistaking the chamber, he went [page 240]
vnto another mans wiffe.
take heede [&c.]
- the bride-
groom's
mother.
- Panche
takes her
buttocks
- 112 The Bridgroomes ffather & mother both
did at *that* time lye there ;
the woman had tumbled the clothes soe
that her buttockes all lay bare,
which by a glimerring light
that was in *that* same place,
- 116 Panch soone espyed, & tooke the same
to be his wiues sweet face.
- for his wife's
face,

¹ Frumenty or Furmety, a kind of hulled wheat boiled in milk and seasoned. It was especially a Christmas Potage made of prepared Wheat, Milk, Sugar, Spice, &c. Phillipps. " Still a favorite dish in the north, consisting of dish." *Nares*, ed. 1859. See the recipe and extracts there.—F.

- Then softly he sayd, "sweet wiff, I haue brought
some furmitree for thee!"
- 120 the woman ffisled¹: "nay, blow not," *quoth* hee,
"for cold enough they bee."
with *that* shee puffed againe,
& made him angrye bee:
- 124 "I tell thee, thou need not to blow them att all,
but supp them vp *presentlye*."
take heed &c.
- The woman was windye, & fisled againe
- 128 within a litle space,
which made him to sweare, if shee blew any more,
to fling all in her face.
but shee, being fast asleepe,
- 132 did ffisle without regard.
then flung he the furmitree in her tayle,
saying, "there is for thy reward!"
take heede
- 136 With *that* the woman suddenly waked,
& clapt her hand behind;
"alas!" *quoth* shee, "how am I shamed,
being soe full of wind!"
- 140 "what ayles thee?" her husband sayd.
"I haue rayed² the bedd," *quoth* shee.
"*that* comes with thy craming, thou egar queane!
a Murraine take thee for me!"
- 144 take heede &c.
- But Panche, *perceuing* how the matter went,
he closly got away,
& into the milkehouse hyed with hast,
- 148 wheras without delay

and offers
her the
furmity.

She breaks
wind

three times,

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

he flings the
furmity at
her;

she puts her
hand be-
hind,

and thinks
she has
dirtied the
bed.

Panche
steals off

to the dairy,

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

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

clears the
milk-basins ;

he clensed the Milke Basons all,
tho there were plenty store ;
& like a lout, he groped about,
152 to see if hee cold find any more.
tak heede &c.

puts his
hand in a
honey-pot,

Vpon a narrowe mouthd hony pott
he lighted on at last ;
156 & when he had thrust his hand therin,
there stucke it wonderous fast.
now hee must breake the same
or he cold gett it out ;

and it sticks
there.

160 & for a fitt place to breake it on,
he seeketh round about.
take heede &c.

Two friars
lie on the
kitchen
floor.

Tow silly fryers, on the kitchin flore¹ |
164 all night asleepe dyd lye ;
whose shauen crownes, by the Moonlight then,
Sir Panch he did there espye.

Panche
cracks the

to one of them he comes,
168 supposing his pate a stone ;
& there burst the earthen pott,
which made the fryer to grone.
tak heed &c.

pot on one
friar's head ;

he thinks
his com-
panion did
it,

172 The silly ffryer, being hurt full sore,
did thinke his fellow had
vpon some spite abused him soe ;
therefore, as he were madd,

and thrashes
him for it.

176 he laid him soundlye on,
& caught him by the eares ;
whose rumbled² waked the folkes in the house,
& fedd³ them full of feares.

The noise

180 take heed of hott furmitree !

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

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

¹ *the fryers they found.*—P.

When as I doe record.

[Page 287 of MS.]

Oh the
pleasures
I've had
with lasses!

WHEN as I doe record
the pleasures I haue had
att this side slippery board,
4 my mind¹ is merry & glad.
with many a lusty lasse
my pleasure I haue tane :
I wold giue mine² old white Iade
8 *that* Iynye were here againe !

Oh that
Jenny
were here
again!

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

I've often
played at
traytrippe
with her.

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

¹ mimd in the MS.—F.

² One stroke too few for *in* in the MS.—F.

A man might for a penny
 haue had a pott of ale,
 & tasted of a Caney ¹
 28 of either legg or tayle ;
 for shee wold neuer fayle
 if shee were in the vaine.
 alas, all fflesh² were frayle
 32 giff linnye³ &c.

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

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

ffins.

She would
never fail
you.

I've offer.
been her
man.

[page 288]

Hostesses !

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

Oh that
Jenny were
here again !

¹ ? Coney.—F.

² MS. ffresh.—F.

³ An *m* in the MS. for *nn*.—F.

When Scorching Phœbus.¹

[Page 313 of MS.]

WHEN scorching Phœbus he did mount,—
to-Iaur bonne tannce,²—

Venus went
to hunt,
4 then Lady Venus went to hunt,
par melio shannce ;³

and Diana
went to
to whom diana⁴ did resort,
with [a]ll the Ladyes⁵ of hills & valleys,
of springs & fflodes,

show her
the sport.
8 to shew where⁶ all the princely sport,
with hound imbrued, & harts pursued,
throughe groues & woodes.

But Venus
12 This tender harted louers Queene,—
to-iour bonne tannce,—
such wandring sports had seldome seene,
par melio shance.

saw no fun
in dogs
worrying
poor stags :
16 shee tooke noe pleasure in the same,
to see hounds merry, & pore harts werrye
ffor want of breath.

she liked
better
quoth shee, “ I like better *that* game
where ladyes bewtyes do pay their dutyes

love's game.
20 to loues sweete death.”

She was dry,
They aire was hott, & shee was drye,—
to-iour bonne tannce ;—

and went to
Bacchus
24 to Bacchus court shee fast did hye—
par melio shance—

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

² Tous-jours bon temps, or beau temps. —P. ⁴ The old English word for Nymphs.

³ Par meilleur Chance or Champs. —P. ⁵ With all the L.—P. ⁶ her.—P.

- her ffaint & weary hart [to¹] cheirsh,
 which was soe fyled, *that* shee descryed ²
 to quench her thirst,
 28 & cryed, “ helpe Bacchus, or else I *perish!* ”
 who still did hold her, & plainly told her
 he wold ³ kisse her ffirst.
- Then Bacchus with a power divine,—
 32 to-iour bone tance,—
 himselfe turned⁴ to a butt of wine,—
par melio shance,—
 and bade this Ladye drinke her fill,
 36 & take her pleasure in any measure,
 & make noe waste ;
 & gaue her leaue to sucke the quill,
 which was ⁵ spriteffull and delightffull
 40 vnto her tast.⁶
- Att last this butte did run a tilte—
 to-iour bonne tance.—
 44 *quoth* shee, “ one drop shall not be spilt,
par melio shance,
 ffor itt doth pleasing tast soe well,
 my hart doth will me ffor to fill me
 of this sweete Vine ;
 48 I wold *that* I might alwayes dwell
 in this ffaire Arbor ! heeres soe good harbor,
 & pleasant wine.”
- Shee drunke soe long, ere shee had done,—
 52 to-iour bonne tance,—
 her belly swelled like a tunn,
par melio shance.

to quench
her thirst.

He turned
himself

into a butt
of wine,

and bade her

suck the
quill.

She did,

and drank

¹ to.—P.

² desyred.—P.

³ he'd.—P.

⁴ Turn'd himself.—P.

⁵ Which was so sp.—P.

⁶ taste.—P.

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

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

His emptye caske wold yeeld noe more,—
to-iour bonne tannce,—
ffor shee had sucked itt ffull sore,
64 *par melio shance.*

who she

quoth she ¹ “ god Bacchus, change thy shape ;
ffor now thy rigour, & all thy vigour,
Is cleane decayd.

[page 314]

prophesied
would be
the delight

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

of wiffe and
maid,

This bellye god *that* wold be drunke—
72 to-iour bonne tannce,—
and being a goddessse, *proued* a punke,³
par melyo shance,

(and be
called
Bacchus's
heir,)

her lusty bastarde stiffe & stronge,
76 was made & framed, & alsoe named,
god Bacchus heyre.
he had a nose ³ handfull Long,
with one eye bleared, & all besmeard
80 about *with* hayre.

the god of
rich and
poor,

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

¹ MS. the.—F. Quoth she, God.—P. ³ Thus of a Goddess made a punk.—P.

² will.—P.

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

the stiller
of strife,

wives' joy.

My dainty
dames,

don't be
offended
with me!

¹ he feuds appeaseth. Qu.—P.

² you think no.—P.

In a May morninge.

[Page 383 of MS.]

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

¹ A glance, a sly look—a word still used in Northamptonshire.—P.

- “Now, nay! now, nay!” shee sayes, “soe itt may
 not bee!
 your looke & his countenance doe not agree;
 for had hee beene sike a swayne, I had neere been
 great ont;
 24 for hee was a blythe young man *that* was the right
 dad ont.
- “his lippes like the rubye, his cheekes like the rose,
 he tempteth all ffayre mayds where-euer he goes:
 first he did salute mee; then was I right glad ont;
 28 O hee was a blythe younge man *that* was the right
 dad ont.
- “Ile trauell through England & Scotland soe wyde,
 & a-ffoote I will ffollow him to be his bryde;
 Ile bind itt vpon my backe, Ile not be ryd ont
 32 vntill I haue found out the man *thats* the right
 dad ont.
- “Ile husse¹ itt, Ile busse itt, Ile lapp itt in say²;
 Ile rocke itt, Ile lull itt, by night & by day;
 Ile bind itt vpon my backe, Ile not be ridde ont
 36 vntill I haue found out the man *thats* the right
 dad ont.
- “And thus to conclude, thoe itt ffall to my Lott
 to ffind a dad ffor my barne³ *that* I cannott;
 if an englishman gett a child, & wold be ridd ont,
 40 let him bring it to Scot[c]hman, & heele be the dad
 ont.”

The girl
refused
him: he
never got it.

A ruby-
lipped young
man was the
true father,

and she'd
tramp over
England and
Scotland

to find him
and marry
him.

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

¹ hush.—F.

² silk.—F.

³ bairn, child.—P.

The Turk in Linen.

[Page 383 of MS.]

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

*The Spaniard loues his ancient slop,
The Lumbard, his Venetian,¹
And some, like breech-lesse women goe :
The Russe, Turke, Iew, and Grecian ;
The threysly² Frenchman weares small wast,
The Dutch his belly boasteth ;
The Englishman is for them all,
And for each fashion coasteth.*

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

¹ A kind of hose or breeches described by Stubbes. See the word in *Nares*.—F. fifth editions both read *threysly*. ? from A.-S. *þræs*, a hem, fringe—Somner. Or *þreahs*, rottenness—Lye.—F.

² thrifty.—Fairholt. The fourth and

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

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

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

Yours T. H."

<p>THE: turke in Linen¹ wrapps his head, the persian his in² lawne tooe, the rushe³ with sables ffurres his cappe, 4 & change will not be drawn tooe. the Spaynyards constant to his blocke, the ffrench inconstant euer; but of all ffelts⁴ that may be ffelt, 8 giue me the English beuer.⁵</p>	<p>Above all other felts, Russian, Spanish, French, give me the English beaver!</p>
---	--

¹ Linen in the MS.—F.

² MS. in his;—his in, B.M.—F.

³ Russe.—B.M.

⁴ Fealts.—B.M.

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

Cast of for ever your twoe 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: 'Payd for a *bever* hatte, £4 10s.'; the fashion of it may be seen in Hollar's print of that distinguished antiquary. Pepys records (under June 27 in the same year):—'This day Mr. Holden sent me a *bever*, which cost me £4 5s.'"—*ib.* p. 503.

* Mr. Hunter's copy reads *tenpenny*.—Halliwell.

The German loues his connye well,¹
 the Irishman his shagg tooe²;
 the welch his Monmouth³ loues to weare,
 12 & of the same will bragg tooe.
 some loue the rough, & some the smooth,
 some great, & other small thinge⁴;
 but oh, your English Licorish man,⁵
 16 he loues to deale in all thinges !

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

The Rush drinckes Quash⁶; Duche, lubickes beere,⁷
 & that is strong⁸ and mightye;
 the Brittain, he Metheglin Quaffes,
 20 the Irish, Aqua vitæ⁹;
 the ffrench affects his orleance¹⁰ grape,
 the spanyard tasts his sherrye ;
 the English none of these escapes,¹¹
 24 but with them¹² all makes merrye.

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* !

Rushia hath no such stuffe,
 Which, for to keep your fingers warme,
 Excells your sable muffle.

The Burse of Reformation.

? For the *double entendre* of the black beaver, compare l. 32 of *Off alle the seas* below.—F.

² Shagge-too.—B.M.

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

From Cleveland's *Square-Cap for me*, the cap seems to have been made of plush—

And first, for the plush-sake, the *Monmouth-cap* comes.

(*Sat. Songs*, 134.)

It was worn by sailors, as Mr. Fairholt

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

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

⁵ your lecherish Englishman.—B.M.

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

As meade obarne, and meade cherunk,
 And the base *quasse* by pesants drunk."
Pimlyco, or Runne Red-Cap, 1609, in Nares.—F.

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

I think you're drunk
 With *Lubeck beer* or Brunswick mum.
Albertus Wallenstein, 1639. Modern editors of Nares.—F.

⁸ strong in the MS.—F.

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

¹⁰ the Orleane.—B.M.

¹¹ can scape.—B.M.

¹² But he with.—B.M.

The Italyan, in her hye shapines,¹
 Scot[c]h lasse, & louely ffroe² tooe;
 the Spanish don-a,³ ffrench Madam,⁴
 28 he will not ffeare to goe too :
 nothing soe ffull of hazards⁵ dread,⁴
 nought lues aboue the center,
 noe health, noe ffashyon, wine, nor wench,
 32 your English dare not venter.”⁶

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

ffins.

¹ Chapeene.—B.M. Choppines.—P.
 “A high sooled Shoe, v. *Chapin*. Sp.
Chapin de mugér, a woman's shoes,
 such as they vse in Spaine, mules, or
 high cork shooes.” *Percivale*, by *Minsheu*.
 Chopines, says Mr. Fairholt, were shoes
 elevated “as high as a man's leg.”
Raymond's Voyage through Italy, 1648.
 They are mentioned by Shakspeare
 (*Hamlet*, act ii. scene 2), and were
 occasionally worn in England, but not of
 so great an altitude. See *Douce's Illus-*
trations of Shakspeare.—F.

² Froa-too.—B.M. frow.—P.

³ Bonna, B.M. Bonna, 4th edition.
 Donna, 5th ed.—F.

⁴ ? Referring to “*Lues Venerea*, or *Mor-*
bus Gallicus, 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.

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

[Page 404 of MS.]

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

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

ffinis.

¹ A note of Percy's here, of five lines, rubbed or scratched out.—F.² that which, what.—F.

As it beffell on a Day :

[Page 443 of MS.]

One sum-
mer's day

AS : itt beffell on a sumers day,
when Phebus in his glorye,
he was suited in his best array,—

4 as heere records my storye,—

two London
damsels
went out to

2 London damsells fforth they wold ryde,
they were decked in their pompe & their pryde,
they said they wold goe ffarr & wyde

gather cod-
lings.

8 but they wold goe gather Codlyngs.

They were
very beauti-
ful

Sisters they were, exceeding ffine,
& macheless in their bewtye ;
happy was the wight cold giue them wine

12 to expresse his loue and dutye.

and sweet ;

soe ffine, soe ffate, soe sweet, soe neate, soe delicate ;
O, itt wold doe you good ffor to heare them prate !

but their
one fault
was these
codlings.

16 but yett intruth they haue a ffault,
to fill their belly ffull of Codlings.

Then to an orchard straight they went,
intending ffor to enter.

The young
one wants
to go into
an orchard,
but the
elder doubts
whether
she'll get
any codlings
there.

the younger *with* a bold attempt
20 ffirst did intend to enter :

“ nay, softly ! ” quoth the Elder wench,

“ I pray thee lett vs goe ffrom hence ;

ffor heare I am in some suspence

24 *that* heare I shall not gett no Codlings.”

Blame : not a woman.

[Page 446 of MS.]

Don't blame women		<p>BLAME : not a woman although shee bee Lewd, & <i>that</i> her ffaults they haue been knowne. although shee doe offend, yett in time shee may amend;</p>
for using their own, but praise them when they are good.	4	<p>then blame her not ffor vsing of her owne, But rather giue them praise, as they deserue, when vice is banisht quite, & virtue in them growne, ffor <i>thats</i> their only tresure, & ffor to ffly vaine pleasure.</p>
	8	<p>then blame them not ffor vsing of their owne.</p>
Men now, out of their idle brain, abuse women ;		<p>There is many now a dayes <i>that</i> women will dispraise: out of a dru[n]ken humor when as their witts are fflowne, out of an Idle braine, with speeches Lewd¹ & vaine</p>
	12	<p>theile blame them still ffor vsinge of her owne. But if woman shold not trade, how shold the world increase ? if women all were nise, what seede shold then be sowne ?</p>
but if they were all virgins, men would be badly off.	16	<p>if women all were coy, they wold breede mens annoye ; then blame them not ffor vsing of their owne.</p>
Why then should we blame them?	20	<p>If any take offence att this my songe, I thinke <i>that</i> no good maners he hath knowne. wee all ffrom women came: why shold wee women blame, & ffor a litle vsing of their owne ?</p>

ffinis.

¹ MS. has a tag like *s* to the *d*.—F.

Off: alle the seaes.

[Page 455 of MS.]

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

OFF ALLE THE SEAES.

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

Choose dark
 ones;

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

they're the
 best.

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

ffinis.

Louers hea[r]ke alarum.

[Page 459 of MS.]

- LOUERS: harke! an alarum is sounding: now loue Lovers,
 cryes;
 who-soe feares, or in ffaintnesse abounding,¹ will
 surprise.
 O then, on! charge them home! if you delay *your* charge your
 girls home;
 time,
 4 *your* hopes will ffaile;
 these ffair• ffoes yeelding lookes doe bewray their their hearts
 are more
 yours than
 theirs.
 harts
 as yours, more then their owne.
- If they striue, itt's a tricke ffor a triull who is most
 bold.
- 8 No braue man ffor a silly denyall will grow cold; Take no
 denial;
 None but ffooles fflinch ffor noe when² a I by nois³
 ment
 in louing scance;
 On then, & charge them home! perchance you may charge
 home!
 soe put them
 12 ffrom their ffence.
- Downe, Downe *with* them! o, how thé tremble for *the* Down with
 them!
 crye!
 what, for feare? no! no! no! they dissembel⁴;
 they know why.

¹ Only half the *u* in the MS.—F.

² ? MS. whema.—F.

³ ? uois I can make no sense of it.—F.

⁴ There's a tag at the end like an *s*.—F.

[page 460]

16

They'll fight
again.

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

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

to liue againe.

ffinis.

A freinde of mine.

[Page 459 of MS.]

<p>A : freind of mine not long agoe desired att my hands some pretty toy to moue delight 4 to those <i>that</i> hearers stand. the <i>which</i> I meane to gratiffye by all the meanes I may, & moue delight in euery wight 8 <i>that</i> with affection stay.</p>	<p>A friend has asked me for a story to delight all hearers. I'll tell you one</p>
<p>Some thought to proue wherin I shold these seuerall humors please, the <i>which</i> to doe, reason fforbids, 12 lest I shold some displease ; but sith my muse doth plesure Chuse, & theron bends her skill, wherby I may driue time away, 16 & sorrowes quite beguile.</p>	<p>that will drive away all sorrow.</p>
<p>It was my Chance, not long agoe, by a pleasant wood to walke, wheere I vnseene 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.</p>	<p>I walked in a wood and saw two lovers rest under a pine.</p>

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

and took
his girl by
the middle.

She caught
hold of him,

for she was
a merry lass.

He delayed,

so she
offered to
arrange
herself

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

¹ These and the similar colons following are those of the MS.—F.

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

and ge
ready.

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

ffinis.

Ⓢ nay : Ⓢ nay : not : yett.

[Page 460 of MS.]

A young
man

met a
maiden,

and offered
her 40
crowns
to enjoy her.

She said,
"Not yett."

Gold is dross
to my
virginity."

A: yong man walking alone,
abroad to take the ayre,
itt was his chance ffor him to meete
4 a maiden pasing ffaire.
desiring her of curtesiye
awhile with him downe sitt ;
shee answered him most modestlye,
8 "O nay ! O nay ! not yett !"

"Forty crownes I will giue thee,
sweete hart, in good red gold,
if *that* I may thy ffaour haue,
12 thy bewtye to behold."
& then she spoke now readilye
& with a ready witt,
"I will not sell my honestye !
16 O nay ! O nay ! not yett !"

"Gold & mony is but drosse,
& worldly vanitty¹ ;
I doe esteeme more of the losse
20 of my virginitye !
but dost thou thinke I am soe madd,
or of soe litle witt
as ffor to sell my honestye ?
24 O nay ! O nay ! not yett !"

¹ vanity.—P.

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

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

and don't
mind her
refusal.

ffinis.

I Cannott Bee Contented.

[Page 460 of MS.]

I can't give
up my love,

I: Cannot be contented
ffrom loue to be absented.
although I were *presented*,¹

4 He haue another bout ;
I know shee is vnwilling
to heare of all the skillinge² ;
shee rather had bee lilling,³
8 if I I could ffind her out.

and wish I
could find
her.

but if *that* time & lesure serue,
infaith shee shall not neede to sterue ;
ffor well I know shee doth deserue

[page 461]

I'd give her
some nectar.

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

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

Some say, 'if I come nye her,
my liffe must pay the hyer ;'
but if I scape ffrom ffyer,

20 then let them doe their worst ;
for water, I am sure,
while grinding doth endure,
will come like hawke to lure,
24 or else the Miller is curst.

But I'm not
afraid of
that.

¹ To present, to bring an Information
against. Phillips.—F.

² ? Reasoning.—F.

³ Lill. (1) To pant; to loll out the tongue.
Wilts. "I lylle out the tonge as a

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

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

Her mill has
plenty of
water.

ffinis.

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 *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, i. 250, "A good medesyn, yff a mayd have lost her madened, to make her a mayd ageyn," which is taken, says Mr. Halliwell, "from a copy of Caxton's *Mirroure of the World, or th' ymage of the same*, fol. Lond. 1481, in the King's Library in the British Museum, fol. ult. v^o., written by some owner of the book in the year 1520."

A maid
went to the
well to wash,

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

and as she
washed
her clothes,

White¹ shee washee, & white¹ shee ronge,
Lillumwham &c:
12 white¹ shee hangd o the hazle wand,
Grandam boy, heye &c.

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

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

- There came an old Palmer by the way,
Lillumwham &c.
- 16 sais, "god speed thee well thou faire maid!"
Grandam boy, hey &c.
- "Hast either Cupp or can—
Lillumwham &c.—
- 20 to giue an old palmer drinke therin?"
Grandam boy, heye &c.
- sayes, "I haue neither cupp nor Cann—
Lillumwham &c.—
- 24 to giue an old Palmer drinke therin."
Grandam boy, heye &c.
- "But an thy Lemman came from Roome,
Lillumwham &c.,
- 28 Cupps & canns thou wold ffind soone."
Grandam boy, heye &c.
- Shee sware by god & good St. Iohn,
Lillumwham &c.
- 32 Lemman had shee neuer none;
Grandam boy, heye &c.
- Saies, "peace, faire mayd! you are fforsworne!
Lillumwham &c.
- 36 Nine Children you haue borne;
Grandam boy, heye &c.—
- "They¹ were buryed vnder thy beds head;—
Lillumwham &c :—
- 40 other three vnder thy brewing leade²;
Grandam boy, hey &c.

a palmer
asked her

for a cup

to drink out
of.

She said
she hadn't
one.

"If your
lover
came you'd
soon find
some."

"I never
had a lover."

"That's a
story!

You've had
9 children,

and mur-
dered them
all!"

¹ Three.—P.

² Lead, a vat for dyeing, &c., *Northern*;
a kitchen copper is sometimes so called.

Halliwell's Gloss. "A forneys of a *leed*."
Chaucer, Cant. T. Prol. l. 202.—F.

- Other three on won play greene,
Lillumwham &c.
- 44 Count, maids, & there be 9.”
Grandam boy, hey &c.
- “ Well, I
hope you’re
Christ,
48 “ But I hope you are the good old man—
Lillumwham &c.—
That all the world beleeuēs vpon ;
Grandam boy, hey &c.
- and will set
me pen-
ance.”
52 “ Old Palmer, I pray thee,—
Lillumwham &c.—
Pennaunce *that* thou wilt giue to me.”
Grandam boy, hey &c.
- “ I will :
be 7 year
stepping
stone,
56 “ Penance I can giue thee none,—
Lillumwham &c.—
but 7 yeere to be a stepping stone ;
Grandam boy, hey &c.
- 7 a clapper
in a bell,
for 7 lead an
ape in hell.
60 “ Other seauen a clapper in a bell,—
Lillumwham &c.—
Other 7 to lead an ape in hell.¹
Grandam boy, hey &c.
- And when
your
penance
is done,
64 “ 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.”
68 Grandam boy, Grandam boy, hey !
Leg a derry, Leg a merry, met, mer, whoop, whirr !
driuance, Larumben, Grandam boy, heye !
- you’ll come
home a
maid.”
ffinis.

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

The sea Crabb.

[Page 462 of MS.]

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

A wife who
was

pregnant
wanted a
crab.

Her good-
man

bought one

and put it
in the
jordan.

It caught
hold of his
wife.

¹ MS. ffishernan.—F.

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

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

He blew on
 it to make
 it let go,

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

and it
 pinned his
 nose to his
 wife.

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

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

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

ffinis.

Last night I thought.

[Page 463 of MS.]

<p>LAST : night I thought my true loue I caught; when I waket, in my armes I mist her ; my sleepe I renued, & my dreame I pursued ; 4 till I ffound out my loue, & I kist her. but if such delights belong to the nights, when the head¹ hath Phebus in keepinge, how is he blest with content in his rest 8 that can ffind but his <i>Mistress</i> sleepinge ?</p>	<p>I dreamt last night</p> <p>that I kist my love.</p>
<p>If shadowes can make the braines for to ake, when the spirritts haue their reposes, the substance hath power to proue & procure 12 all the pleasures <i>that</i> loues incloses. Nights sable shroud, with her bonny cloude, will defend thee from Tytanus peepinge, & helpe thee to shade all the shifts thou hast made 16 ffor to find out thy <i>Mistress</i> sleepinge.</p>	<p>If I enjoyed that,</p> <p>what must the real thing be ?</p>
<p>Then since the aid of the Cynthian mayd doth assist vs with her endeauour ; light to the moone till the suffering be done ; 20 shees a ffreind to the ffaithfful euer. though shee denyes, shee pishes & shee cryes, leaue not thou of ffor her weepinge ; ffor if shee ffind <i>that</i> affectyon be kinde, 24 shees thine owne, boy, awake or sleepinge!</p>	<p>I since found her sleeping,</p> <p>and didn't leave her for her weeping.</p> <p>She was my own.</p>

ffinis.

¹ Thetis, q.—P.

I Dreamed my Loue.

[Page 480 of MS.]

I dreamt
that I saw
my love in
bed;

I dreamed my loue lay in her bedd :
itt was my Chance to take her :
her leggs & armes abroad were spredd ;
4 shee slept ; I durst not awake her.
O pittie itt were, *that* one soe faire
shold Crowne her loue with willowe¹ ;
the tresses of her golden haire²
8 did kisse he[r] louely pillowe.

that her
belly was a
hill

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

where my
two beagles

hunted,

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

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,
Wherewith young men and maids distrest,
And left of love, are crown'd.

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

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

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

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

³ Pryket, beest (prik, S.) *Capriolus*.
Promptorium. Pricket, the buck in his
second year. Halliwell.—F.

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

and barked.

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

She woke,
and found me
in her arms.

ffinis.

Panders come awaye.

[Page 486 of MS.]

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

¹ ? MS. Pray.—F.

² The MS. has 4 lines in 2 henceforth.—F.

- 20 Boulton is put by, & Luce, among the infected ;
& ffranke Todd goeth a-wry, being before ¹ detected
to be drye. 4. Boulton.
5. Luce
(with Frank
Todd).
- Pitts is to forbear the trade, & soe is likewise 6. Pitts.
Pearnit²; 7. Pearint.
for Cupid in his eare, is told *that* they haue had itt
to a haire.
- 24 True itt is *that* Babe for yeeres may be a virgin ; 8. Babe.
yett Cupid ffinds the drabb, al ready ³ for a surgyon
for the scabb.
- Southewells ! beare in mind, although they are ffalse 9. South-
doers, wells.
they say *that* you are blind, & soe *perhapps* more
ffauors
28 you doe ffind.
- winlowe is to young, to know the ffruits of wooinge 10. Winlowe
till nott haue made her strong, to know the ffruits ⁴ as (with Nott).
doei[nge]
to to Longe.
- 32 Gallants, come not neare to braue VENETIA stanley ⁵ ! 11. Venetia
her Lord hath placed her there, *that* will maintaine Stanley.
her ma[nly]
without ffeare.
- 36 Hayseys, stoupe soe long, to Cupid for aquittance, 12. Hayseys.
till evidence soe strong, will speake for *your* indit-
men[t.]

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

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

[page 487]
13.....

1 ce & Iames, Cupid will haue you
armed ;
for with his hottest fflames he hath them soundlye ²
warmed ;
marke their names !

14. Nan
James
(with her
barber's
boy).

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

15. Besse
Broughton.

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

16. Jane
Selbe.

Its³ ill *that* simix rydes, Iane selbe doth oppresse her ;
with other more besides, vnlesse there were a dresser
48 of their hyds.

17. Beun-
kards.

Beunkards,⁴ how yee speed, tis shrewdly to be ffear'd ;
yee cannott aske to reade, soe oft you haue beene
seared
ffor the deede.

18. Foulgam
(with her
holy father)

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

19. Dodson.

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

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

² One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

³ ? MS. Itt.—F.

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

A Dainty : Ducke.

[Page 487 of MS.]

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

[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 ffe on Dreames.

[Page 499 of MS.]

<p>NOW ffe on dreames¹ & ffond delights <i>that occupye the minde</i>² ! tis worser ffor to dreame by nights 4 then occupye by kind ! ffor if Cupid thy hart doth stryke with lead or golden fflight, O then, O then, O then, in dreames 8 thy thoughts strange³ things doe write !</p> <p>Methought itt was my Chance to Clipp thee Creature I loued best, & all alonge the ffeilds to tripp, 12 to moue some sport or Iest, & then & then, my [suite] I gan to pleade vnto <i>that</i> ffairest mayd ; But shee, but shee, would nought beleeeue, 16 <i>which</i> made me sore affrayd.</p> <p>But yett by prayer & earnest suite I moued her att the Last ; yett cold I not inioye the ffruite 20 <i>that</i> hath soe pleasing tast. but when, but when, <i>that</i> motyon I bewrayd ; shee still this answer said, “ O no ! O no ! O no ! I will dye 24 ere I loose my maiden-head ! ”</p>	<p>Fie on dreams !</p> <p>For when you're in love</p> <p>you dream strange things.</p> <p>I lately thought</p> <p>I was trip- ping along with my love,</p> <p>and praying her to grant me her favors.</p>
--	---

¹ dreanes in the MS.—F.

² ninde in the MS.—F.

³ Only half an *n* in the MS.—F.

She let me
touch her,

Yett did shee giue me leaue to tuch
her ffoote, her legg, her knee ;
a litle ffurther was not much,

28 they way I went was ffree.

“ O ffye ! O ffye ! *your* are to blame ! ” shee sayd,
“ thus to vndoe a maid ;

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

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

and neither
Jove

32 Not Ioue himselfe more Iouyall was

[page 500]

when he bright dyana wonn ;

nor Hercules
had more
delight

Nor Hercules, *that* all men did passe,

when hee with distaffe spunn,

than I
when I
scaled her
fort.

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

& scalled the ffort att Last,

& on, & on, & on the same

my signes of victory placet.

But alas!

40 But when Aurora, goddesse bright,

appeared ffrom the east,

& Morpheus, *that*, drowsye wight,

withdrawen him to his rest ;

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

which makes me still Complaine ;

when I
woke,

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

ffo[und]

it was all a
dream !

all this was but a dreame !

ffinis.

A Mayden heade.

[Page 508 of MS.]

<p>COME, sitt thee downe by these Coole¹ streames neuer yet warmed by Tytans beames ! my tender youth thy wast shall clippe, 4 & ffix vpon thy Cherry lipp ; & lay thee downe on this greene bed, where thou shalt loose thy mayden-head.</p> <p>See how the litle Phillipp Sparrow, 8 whose ioynts doe ouer-fflow with marrow, on yonder bough how he doth proue with his make² the ioyes of loue, & doth instruct thee, as hee doth tread, 12 how thou shalt loose thy maidenhead.</p> <p>O you younglings, be not nice ! coines³ in mayds is such a vice, that if in youth you doe not marry, 16 in age young men will lett you tarrye. by my perswasyon then be led, & loose in time thy maidenhead.</p> <p>Clothes that imbrothered be with gold, 20 if neuer worne, will quickley molde ; if in time you doe not plucke the damisine or the Apricocke, in pinching Autume theyle be dead ; 24 then loose in time thy maidenhead !</p>	<p>Sit down,</p> <p>and lose thy maidenhead,</p> <p>as the sparrow</p> <p>teaches thee to do.</p> <p>Young maids,</p> <p>marry in youth, or you'll be left in age.</p> <p>Then lose your maidenheads soon.</p>
--	--

ffinis.

¹ colde.—P.² A.-S. *mace*, a wife.—F.³ coyness.—F.

Tom Longe.

[Page 508 of MS.]

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

"Rd. of William Shepparde, for his lycense for pryntinge of a ballad intituled, *Tom Longe, yf Caryer* iiij*d.*

Rd. of Thomas Hackett, for his fyne, for that he prynted a ballett of *Tom longe the Carryer* ijs. 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 all you
men of every
kind,

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

Come lowey, come laced shirt, come damm me, come
[ruffe !¹]

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

and bring
each a bit of
a girl

Bring a fface out of England, a backe out of fran[ce,]
A belly ffrom fflanders, come all in a dance !
pinn buttockes of Spayne, aduance ! aduance !
12 Strike &c.

¹ ruffe.—P.

- Come bring in a wench shall fitt euery natyon,
ffor shape & ffor makeing, a Taylors creatyon,
& new made againe to ffitt euery natyon.
- 16 Strike &c. to make one
to fit every
nation,
- Come tricke itt, and tire itt, in anticke array !
Come trim itt, and trosse¹ itt, and make vp the day,
for Tom & nell, nicke & Gill, make vp the hay !
- 20 Strike &c. and then
dress her up.
- A health to all Captaines *that* neuer was in warres,
thats knowne by their Scarletts, & not by their scarres !
a health to all Ladyes that neuer used Merkin,²
yett their stufte ruffles like Buff lether ierkin !
- 24 Str[ike &c.] Here's a
health to all
cowards
- A health to all Courtiers *that* neuer bend knees !
& a health to all schollers *that* scornes their degrees !
a health to all Lawyers *that* neuer tooke ffees !
- 28 & a health to all welchemen *that* loues tosted Cheese!
Strike home the pipe, Tom Long ! ffinis. and honest
courtiers,
and idlers !

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.

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

which she
might have
done with-
out blame;

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

“ Now in this world no Curteſye is knowen,
8 & young men are hard harted, *which* makes me liue
alone ;
the day & time hath beene, if I had ſtill beene wiſe,
I might haue enjoyed my true loue had I not beene ſo
n[ise¹] ;
but Coyiſhneſſe, & toyiſhneſſe, & peeniſhneſſe ſuch ſtore
12 hath brought me to this penſiueneneſſe, and many mai-
dens [more²].

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

¹ nice.—P.

² more.—P.

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

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

for Helen
 did it.

24 few or none can carrye [page 519]
 others all did marry
 oftime *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,
 [He let him hit] the marke, if he haue witt but for to
 thinke.

She resolves
 to refuse no
 more,

MS. torn away.

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

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

¹ Compare the French *Charier droit*, vprightly; or discreetly, warily, ad-
 to tread straight, to take a right course; uisedly.—Cot.
 to behaue himself honestly, sincerely,

Thomas you cannott.

[Page 521 of MS.]

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

Thomas THOMAS: vntyed his points¹ apace,
 & kindly hee beseeches
 that shee wold giue him time & space
 4 ffor to vnty² his breeches.
 "Content, Content, Content!" shee cryes.
 he downe with his breeches imedyatlye,
 lay on a girl, & ouer her belly he Cast his thye.
 8 But then shee Cryes "Thomas! you Cannott, you
 ³ Cannott!
 O Thomas, O Thomas, you Canott!"

 Thomas, like a liuely ladd,
 lay close downe by her side:
 but couldn't 12 he had the worst Courage that euer had man⁴;
 serve her. in conscience, the pore ffoole Cryed.

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

² The *e* has a tag as if for *s*.—F.

³ MS. *camot*.—F.

⁴ ? man had.—W. C.

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

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

She got
 angry.

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

He prayed to
 Venus for
 help.

Vulcan & venus, with Mars & Apollo,
 36 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

She and 3
 Gods
 promised
 to aid him,

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

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

and did so
 effectually,

¹ so long had time and space.—W. C.

³ End of MS. page 521.—F.

² MS. torn away.—F.

to the girl's
content.

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

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Wapner 9

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