

Percy Society.

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,
BALLADS,
AND POPULAR LITERATURE
OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

EDITED FROM ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS
AND SCARCE PUBLICATIONS.

VOL. I.



LONDON.

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY T. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE

M.DCCC.XL.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

OLD BALLADS FROM EARLY PRINTED COPIES.

EDITED BY J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F.R.S.

SONGS AND BALLADS RELATIVE TO THE LONDON PRENTICES.

EDITED BY CHARLES MACKAY, ESQ.

HISTORICAL SONGS OF IRELAND.

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PAIN AND SORROW OF EVIL MARRIAGE.

EDITED BY J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F.R.S.

THE KING AND A POOR NORTHERN MAN.

EDITED BY J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F.R.S.

OLD BALLADS.

Old Ballads,

FROM

EARLY PRINTED COPIES

OF THE UTMOST RARITY.

Now for the first time collected.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F.S.A.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY C. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

MDCCCXI.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following Ballads are reprinted from the original broadsides, which were published at various dates between the middle of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries. Nearly all of them are from the only existing copies; and of the few which are not absolutely unique not more than two or three impressions are known.

It was thought that they would be a curious and valuable addition to the published specimens of our early popular literature, and therefore an appropriate commencement to the labours of THE PERCY SOCIETY.

The reader who has devoted attention to relics of this description, will not be surprised to observe

among the contributors to the present volume, such popular ballad-writers as William Elderton, Thomas Churchyard, and Thomas Deloney; but he will peruse with great interest the compositions of men like John Skelton, Richard Tarlton, William Fulwood, and Thomas Preston, now for the first time included among authors of this class; while the names of Stephen Peele, Ralph Norris, and Robert Seall, will be new to our most learned antiquaries.

The Ballads are reprinted precisely as they stand in the old copies, (including the titles and the imprints) with the exception of corrected punctuation. Such illustrative matter as was considered necessary, will be found to precede each separate production.

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SATIRICAL BALLAD ON THE TIMES.

Not only the initials at the end of the following ballad, "Finis J. S.," but internal evidence, assign it to the humorous and severe pen of the celebrated JOHN SKELTON. It is highly curious and amusing as a picture of the times when it was written, but it was not printed until after the death of the author, unless the copy from which our transcript was made (in the Collection of the late Mr. Heber) were itself a re-impression of some earlier edition. W. Copland printed between 1548 and 1561, at least none of the dated productions of his press are earlier or later; it is fair to infer, therefore, that the subsequent undated ballad appeared in the interval. Several temporary allusions, and the ridicule of particular fashions, may serve to ascertain pretty correctly the period when it was composed. It will be observed that towards the close the author changes his measure, and employs at last those short lines which obtained from him the appellation of "Skeltonic veræes," and does not even observe the form of stanza with which he had commenced. The complaint, that there are "so few buyers of books," came very naturally from one who was perhaps our first author by profession. It should be mentioned, that in the Register of the Abbey of Missenden (Sloane MSS. No. 747) is a ballad in the same metre as the succeeding, and evidently only a different and briefer version of it. It has no author's name, nor initials appended, and is in a hand-writing of the time of Henry VII. or VIII. It ends thus :

" God save our sovereign lord the kynge,
And all his ryall kepinge,
For so noble a prince reyninge,
Sawe I never."

THE MANER OF THE WORLD NOW A DAYES.

So many poynted caps,
 Lased with double flaps,
 And so gay felted hats,
 Sawe I never.

So many good lessons,
 So many good sermons,
 And so few devociions,
 Sawe I never.

So many gardes worne,
 Jagged and al to torne,
 And so many falsely forsworne,
 Sawe I never.

So few good polycies
 In townes and cytyes
 For kepinge of blinde hostries,
 Sawe I never.

So many good warkes,
 So few wel lerned clarkes,
 And so few that goodnes markes,
 Sawe I never :

Such pranked cotes and sleves,
 So few yonge men that preves,
 And such encrease of theves,
 Sawe I never.

So many garded hose,
 Such cornede shoes,
 And so many envious foes,
 Sawe I never :

So many questes sytte
With men of smale wit,
And so many falsely quitte,
Sawe I never.

So many gay swordes,
So many altered wordes,
And so few covered bordes,
Sawe I never :
So many empti purses,
So few good horses,
And so many curses,
Sawe I never.

Such bosters and braggers,
So newe fashyoned daggers,
And so many beggers,
Sawe I never :
So many propre knyves,
So well apparrelled wyves,
And so yll of theyr lyves,
Saw I never.

So many cockolde makers,
So many crakers,
And so many peace breakers,
Saw I never :
So much vayne clothing,
With cultyng and jagging,
And so much bragging,
Saw I never.

So many newes and knackes,
So many naughty packes,
And so many that mony lackes,

Saw I never :

So many maidens with child,
And wyfully begylde,
And so many places untildē,

Sawe I never.

So many women blamed,
And rightuously defaimed,
And so lytle ashamed,

Sawe I never :

Widowes so sone wed
After their husbandes be deade,
Having such hast to bed,

Sawe I never.

So much strivinge
For goodes and for wivinge,
And so lytle thryvyngē,

Sawe I never :

So many capacities,
Offices and pluralites,
And chaunging of dignities,

Sawe I never.

So many lawes to use
The truth to refuse,
Suchē falshead to excuse,

Sawe I never :

Executers havinge the ware,
Taking so littel care
Howe the soule doth fare,
Sawe I never.

Amonge them that are riche
No frendshyp is to kepe tuche,
And such fayre glosing speche,
Sawe I never :

So many pore
In every bordoure,
And so small soccoure,
Saw I never.

So proude and so gaye,
So riche in araye,
And so skant of money,
Saw I never :

So many bowyers,
So many fletchers,
And so few good archers,
Saw I never.

So many chepers,
So fewe biers,
And so many borowers,
Sawe I never :

So many alle sellers,
In baudy holes and sellers,
Of yonge folkes yll counsellors,
Sawe I never.

So many pinkers,
 So many thinkers,
 And so many good ale drinkers,
 Sawe I never :
 So many wronges,
 So few mery songes,
 And so many yll tonges,
 Sawe I never.

So many a vacabounde
 Through al this londe,
 And so many in pryson bonde,
 I sawe never :
 So many citacions,
 So fewe oblacions,
 And so many newe facions,
 Sawe I never.

So many fleyng tales,
 Pickers of purses and males,
 And so many sales,
 Saw I never :
 So much preachinge,
 Speaking fayre and teaching,
 And so ill belevinge,
 Saw I never.

So much wrath and envy,
 Covetous and glottony,
 And so litle charitie,
 Sawe I never :

So many carders,
Revelers and dicers,
And so many yl ticers,
Sawe I never.

So many lollers,
So few true tollers,
So many baudes and pollers,
Sawe I never :
Such treachery,
Simony and usury,
Poverty and lechery,
Saw I never.

So many avayles,
So many geales,
And so many fals baylies,
Sawe I never :
By fals and subtyll wayes
All England decayes,
For more envy and lyers
Sawe I never.

So new facioned jackes,
With brode flappes in the neckes,
And so gay new partlettes,
Sawe I never :
So many slutteshe cookes,
So new facioned tucking hookes,
And so few biers of bookes,
Saw I never.

Sometime we song of myrth and play,
 But now our joy is gone away,
 For so many fal in decay,

Sawe I never :

Whither is the welth of England gon ?
 The spiritual saith they have none,
 And so many wrongfully undone,

Saw I never.

It is great pitie that every day
 So many brybors go by the way,
 And so many extorcioners in eche cuntrey,

Sawe I never.

To the lord I make my mone,
 For thou maist healpe us everichone :

Alas, the people is so wo begone,

Worse was it never.

Amendment

Were convenient,

But it may not be ;

We have exiled veritie.

God is neither dead nor sicke,

He may amend al yet,

And trowe ye so in dede,

As ye beleve ye shal have mede.

After better I hope ever,

For worse was it never.

Finis. J. S.

MISRULE AND GOD'S WORD.

THE last stanza of the following ballad carries it back to the reign of Edward VI., when it most likely came from Singleton's press : none of his dated performances are, however, earlier than 1553, and he continued in the trade until 1592. The author, William Keth, was a zealous preacher and reformer, and such of his works as are known were intended to promote and confirm the change in religion, beginning with his ballad called "Tye thy mare Tom boye," which probably was only a "moralization" of an older tune. He translated some of the Psalms, and was a friend to John Knox, and added a version of the 94th Psalm to "the Appellation of John Knox," 1558. Ritson (Bibl. Poet. 262) quotes the title of the ballad inserted below with an important error, in which he is followed by Dr. Dibdin, who does not appear to have seen the original. Hugh Singleton also printed "William Keth his Seeing Glasse," which came out in the time of Queen Mary, while the writer was in exile at Frankfort.

OF MISRULES CONTENDING WITH GODS WORDE BY NAME,
AND THEN OF ONES JUDGMENT THAT HEARD OF THE SAME.

I HEARE saie, that some saie, ther chaused of late
Betwene one mad misrule and godde's word great hate ;
The cause of there out fall (as some saye) is this :
By here saye I harde it, now marke what it is.

This misrule was moved and madde in his mynde,
That goddes worde with great men such grace shuld
still finde,

Wherby as an outcaste he myght be rejecte :
Thys some say, and here saye to be the effecte.

But douting where all things whyche some saye were
ryght,

Sith some saye by here saye a lye spred be myght,
I sought, and harde some saye they did it beholde,
By whose wordes of credit my doutes were resolved.

But now to my purpose agayne for to come,
This misrule through madnes at last frynds had some,
Of whome he gat comforte, as it maye well seme,
His boldnes well wayed, who would not so deme?

And beyng in favor at laste well was he,
That could unto mysrule from good order flee,
Who lost not ther labor, as some saye, for that,
But were well estemed, and had, I harde what.

That gods worde mucche lothing could it not abyde,
But stepped fourth boldly and misrule defied,
Wyshing from misrule all men to refrayne,
As from a thing noysome, to vile and to vayne.

But misrule, that hearyng, beganne for to starte,
Lyke one that were vexed, and that to the harte,
As it well aperethe by his subtil shyft,
Who so well can ponder the truth of his dryft.

He knew well he could not godde's worde well withstond,
To mete him as men do that fyght hand to hand,
But sought his fetch farder, by couler to crave,
And so under couler godde's worde to deprave.

But now, if in conscience speake frely I maye,
 In mynde I digresse not from that whyche some saye :
 If mysrule mayntayned be, and seke to ascend,
 In this casse I doute muche, but marke well the ende.

What regyons to ruyn hath there not bene brought,
 Where misrule was chosen, and good rule unsought ;
 Weales publick full welthy to nought brought it hath,
 For mysrule to myschiefe must nedes be the path.

What caused god's wrath all fleshe to distroye,
 Save onely viii parsons with olde father Noye,
 But for that this misrule god's worde did deface,
 And moved that all men misrule shuld imbrace.

In Sodom and Gomor suche lyke stryffe began
 Betwene this madde mysrule and god's worde ; but than,
 Could god longe abide it, when he in his fume
 With sulphire and brimston mysrule dyd consume ?

His owne Jewish people, as ofte as they ranne
 A madding with mysrule, wyth plages God beganne ;
 To lerne us that mysrule he alwayes did hate,
 And yet (alas) se you how he plaith chek mate.

By misrule the subjectes be so far past grace,
 Theyr heddes and their rulers they know not in place ;
 But lyke to beastes brutall, with ungodly strife,
 As rebelles resyst wyll with losse of their lyfe.

What law is so strait made they feare not to breake?
 What threat can such tounge stoppe they feare not to
 speake?

What doctrine can dryve them to know what they be?
 What myschief may move them, that onely they se.

What nede mo examples then this our owne realme,
 To teach us that mysrule hath bene so extreame,
 In preasinge so proudly to noble welfare,
 As some saye so boldly as it were Jack Hare.

And so under couler of spare and beware,
 To taunt at god's preachers as muche as they dare,
 Sayeng such passe not, by here saye to go,
 And preach in ther pulpittes that thus some saye so.

Of some saye and here say this well tell I canne,
 That here say and some say the truth now and than,
 Of such as both some saye and here saye dysdayne,
 Bycause that both here saye and some saye so playne.

But be it that some saye by here say a misse,
 And saye not (through here say) the truth as it is,
 Doth it therfore folow for that thinge fourth brought,
 That al thinges whyche some say therfore shuld be
 nought?

If it be unlawfull by here say to wade,
 I mervell what Paull ment to use the same trade,
 Who speaking by here say belyve did the same,
 Which purgeth (as some saye) the rest from all blame.

But god's worde of one thing hath cause to rejoyse,
 For that this sharpe taunting is but mysrule's voyce,
 Who beinge accepted, to mucche thus I feare,
 Of ryght shuld leave courtinge, and not remayne there.

But who shall stand douting, when our noble Kyng
 Wyth his faythfull counsaill perceave shall the thinge,
 But that they wyll shortly mysrule so repress,
 That glad shal the good be to se suche redresse.

Finis. Quod Wylyyam Kethe.
 Dominus mihi adjutor.

Imprynted at London in Temestrate by Heugh Syngelton
 dwellynge overgaynst the Stiliardes.

BALTHORP'S BALLAD.

For what offence Nicholas Balthorp "suffered in Calais" in 1550 is no where mentioned, and the subsequent ballad contains only an obscure and general hint, where the writer thus accuses himself:

"Thou haste me caused to offende
 In folowing mucche thi fleshely wil ;
 But, God willing, now I shal amend,
 In token where of I do the kil," &c.

Which might lead us to suppose that he had committed suicide, did not the title of the ballad seem to contradict it. Ritson conjectures, no doubt rightly, that he was the same as Nycholas Baltroppe, who wrote "a ballet of mode," licensed to John Walley and the widow Toy in 1557 (Bibl. Poet. 124), of course after the author's death. The last dated book by Walley is in 1558, and it seems likely that the ensuing broad-side came out very soon after the event to which it refers.

A NEWE BALADE MADE BY NICHOLAS BALTHORP WHICH
SUFFERED IN CALYS THE XV DAIE OF MARCHE M.D.L.

WHEN raging death with extreme paine
Most cruelly assaultes my herte,
And when my fleshe, although in vaine,
Doth feare the felinge of that smarte ;
For when the swerde wil stop mi brethe,
Then am I at the poynt of death.

I call to minde the goodnes greate
The father promised to us al,
Howe that his sonne for us should sweat
Water and bloud, and drinke the gal,
And should lose the life he hathe
To pacifie his father's wrathe.

And how we shuld by his sonnes death
Knowe the father's mind and wil,
And to preserve us stil in faith
His commaundementes to fulfil ;
So that, before where we were slaine,
By his bloud we might live againe.

And where in thousand yeres ther were,
Before the comming of this childe,
Mani a man that came farre

For lacke of knowledge was begild ;
As Pharaoe's people, whiche did rebel
Againste Moses, deserving hel.

But when the child had shed his bloud,
He made us free wher we were bande ;
He after was to us so good
To put us in the promised lande,
And brought us from the lake so depe,
Wher he him selfe of us take kepe.

Then saide I streight unto my fleshe,
The vile carkas, why doest thou fret
That of this earthe art made so neshe,
And naught thou art but wormes meat ?
In the have I no delyght,
For al is vexed in sprite.

Thou haste me caused to offende
In folowing muche thi fleshely wil ;
But, God willing, now I shal amend,
In token where of I do the kil,
Because thou woldest not have him forgeve
Thi shameful fauts while thou might live.

Thou didest thi selfe so muche esteme
Thou madest thi spirite the to obeye ;
But thi rewarde is, as I deme,
Streight from the spirit now to decaie ;
And from the world thou shalt now turne,
And be a subjecte to the worme.

As for my spirite, I trust, he shal
 Amonge the auncient fathers slepe,
 Readie when the Lord doth cal
 His heavenlie deitie for to kepe:
 This is the chiefe grounde of my faithe,
 And ther upon I take my death.

What availeth anie princely power,
 Yf God agreeth not them tyl?
 For if the Lorde doth apointe the houre,
 Thei can not worke against his wil ;
 So that for me he doth prevente,
 For to agre I do consente.

Beare record now, ye Christian al,
 That seethe the ende of this mi life,
 For helpe to none of you I cal,
 But unto God for mercie rife ;
 But this to you I calle and crye,
 Witnes a christian do I die.

Forgeve me al in this worlde wide,
 And praie for me whiles I do live :
 For do [no] mans sake tarieth the tide,
 Therefore I do you al forgeve.
 In the Lordes handes I do commend
 My spirite, and here I make an ende.

Finis. Qd. Nicholas Balthorpe.

Imprinted at london in Foster lane by Jhon Waley.

EPITAPH UPON EDWARD VI.

THE following anonymous and undated production on the death of Edward VI. was not printed until after the marriage of Philip and Mary, in the second year of the reign of the latter, as the king and queen are expressly prayed for in a sort of postscript. Queen Mary only is mentioned in the body of the epitaph, and we may probably infer that it was written soon after the burial of the subject of it at Westminster, on the 10th of August, 1553. The author, whoever he might be, very carefully avoids the topic of religion, and adverts to the personal and chivalrous accomplishments of the king, as well as to his known partiality for Greenwich, where he died.

AN EPITAPH UPON THE DEATH OF KYNG EDWARD.

ADEWE pleasure,
 Gone is our treasure,
 Morning may be our mirth ;
 For Edward our king,
 That rose did spring,
 Is vaded and lyeth in earth.

Therefore morne we may
 Both night and day,
 And in hart we may be full sad :
 Sense Brute came in,
 Or at any time sence,
 The like treasure we never had.

But Death with his darte
 Hath pearced the harte
 Of that Prince most excellent.

The child new borne
 May lament and morne,
 And for the death of him repent.

Gone is our joy,
 Our sport and our play ;
 Our comfort is turned to care :
 To Englandes great cost
 This jewell we have lost,
 That with all Christendom might compare.

Of so noble birth,
 The godliest in earth,
 Our true king and eyre by right ;
 Edward by name,
 Borne of queene Jane,
 And son to king Henry the eighth.

At the age of sixteene yeres,
 As by Chronicles apperes,
 In the seventh yere of his raigne,
 God toke him away,
 Our comfort and joy,
 To Englands great dolour and payne.

In his tender age
 So grave and so sage,
 So well learned and wittie ;
 And now that sweete flower
 Hath builded his bower
 In the earth, the more is the pitie.

The whose losse and lacke
Is to England a wracke,
All faythfull hartes may morne,
To see that swete childe,
So meeke and so milde,
So soone subdued by wormes.

Out of Grenewiche he is gone,
And lieth under a stone,
That loveth both house and parke.
Thou shalt see him no more,
That set by thee such store,
For death hath pearced his harte.

Gone is our king
That could run at the ringe,
And ofttimes ride on Blackheath.
Ye noble men of chevalry,
And ye men of artilerie,
May all lament his death.

That swete childe is deade,
And lapped in leade,
And in Westminster lyeth full colde :
All hartes may rewe,
That ever they him knew,
Or that swete childe did beholde.

Farewell, Diamonde deare,
Farewell, Christall cleare,
Farewell, the flower of chevalry !

The Lorde hath taken him,
And for his peoples sinne,
A just plage for our iniquitie.

But now, ye noble peeres,
Marke well your yeares,
For you do not know your day ;
And this you may be bolde,
Both yonge and olde,
Ye shall die and hence away.

And for our royall kinge,
The noblest livinge,
No longer with us may tarie ;
But his soule we do commende
Unto the Lordes hande,
Who preserve our noble Quene Mary.

Longe with us to endure,
With mirth and pleasure,
To rule her realme aright,
And her enemies to withstande
By sea and by lande :
Lord preserve her both daye and nighte.

God save the Kinge and the Queene.

THE SERVING-MAN HUSBAND.

THIS "new merry ballad" has no date; but though it bears the name of Waley, or Walley, as the printer of it, it seems to have been licensed originally to him and the widow Toy, (Dibdin's *Typ. Ant.* III. p. 577,) about the first year of the reign of Elizabeth. Dr. Dibdin gives the entry thus:—"A mayde that wolde mary with a servynge man. Whan raging love," as if "whan raging love" were the first words of it, whereas, that was either a separate production, or the tune to which the ballad was sung. Thomas Emley is not known as the writer of anything but the subsequent ballad, and it is now for the first time re-printed, from a broadside. In Ritson's "Ancient Songs," (II. 7, edit. 1829) is a song, called "The Praise of Serving-men;" and at p. 145 of the same volume is, "The Famous Flower of Serving-men;" but the first is more ancient, and the second more modern than the following.

A NEW MERY BALAD OF A MAID THAT WOLD MARY
WYTH A SERVYNG MAN.

Nowe prudentlie to ponder proverbes of olde,
How that seldome or when commeth the better,
Wyth divers other tales as I have herd tolde,
That the nigher the bone, the flesh is much sweter;
Thus a lover of late sente me his letter;
Therefore let al my friendes saye what they can,
I wyl have to my husbände a serving man.

The sight of serving men doth my herte good
When I them beholde, and wot ye well why?

Bicause they be lustie and ful of yonge bloude,
 Stronge and nymble, and very quicke of eye,
 Clene, brave in apparel, and made properlye ;
 Wherefore let father and mother saye what they can,
 I wyl have to my husband a serving man.

My father and mother geveth me exhortacion,
 That if ever their good wylles I wyl have,
 To take a man of some good occupacion,
 Or els some ryche farmoures sonne, substaunce to
 save.

Thus upon me dayly they do crave,
 But let them bothe saye what they can,
 I wyl have to my husbände a serving man.

Serving men that be gentle and wyce,
 Can lacke no service, nor livyng at all,
 Though one of an hundred suche be geven to vyce,
 Shuld the residue of them be hated all ?
 No, by saint Marie ; come of it what shall,
 And let my friendes do and say what they can,
 I wyl have to my husbände a serving man.

Servyng men honeste are greatly commended
 Of Lordes and Ladies, and of gentelmen fyne ;
 Though loutes with serving men be offended,
 Yet wyl not I from their company declyne,
 For I trust and hope one of them to be myne ;
 Let my friends do and saye what they can,
 I wyl have to my husband a servyng man.

Serving men ever be jocunde and mery,
 Whether they have litle or muche in their purse,
 And of good companie they are never wearie,
 And a woman they love as a childe dothe the nurse ;
 One serving man I knowe that loveth me no worse ;
 Wherefore let all my friendes saye what they can,
 I wyl have to my husbände a servinge man.

Serving men finelie can colly and kysse,
 Serving men featlie can maidens imbrace,
 Fewe suche serving men of their purpose can mysse,
 Bicause of audacite, beautie or grace,
 And in some of them all three taketh place ;
 Wherefore let my friendes saye what they can,
 I wyl have the swete, loving, kynde serving man.

Oh Lorde, how the herte in my bealie doth hoppe,
 When I here that serving men be come to towne ;
 Streight some resortes to my mistres shoppe,
 There merelie talking, by me sitting downe ;
 Of lovers fame they maye well weare the crowne ;
 Wherefore let all the worlde saie what they can,
 I wyl have to my husband a servinge man.

What yonge men eyther in towne or citie
 With them in daliaunce maie compare ?
 In entertainment they be excellent wittie,
 God geve them longe lyfe and well to fare ;
 Thoughe my chaunce be to live in carpe and care,
 As my friendes saye, yet if that I can,
 I wyl have to my husband a serving man.

Shulde I marie with a boye, a loute, or a slymme,
 A dawcocke, an asse, a toyle or a jacke,
 That wyll not let me go tricke nor trimme.
 Nor yet he hym selfe, but lyke one in a sacke, [lacke ?
 And that with al mirth and solace wyl grudge and find
 I wyll no such dranes ; say my friendes what they can,
 But I wyl marrie with the merie good serving man.

A man is manlie, and to a woman comfortable,
 But a churle or a nygarde is to women greate woove ;
 A serving man, beinge grome or but page in the stable,
 With meate to his maisters owne borde maye go,
 When ten times his betters may not do so,
 And manie times be thriefftie ; to prove this I can,
 Wherfore shuld I not marie with a serving man ?

Some men growe ryche, although they do spend,
 And some men waxe pore, thoughe they do spare ;
 Then why may not a serving man to riches assend,
 As well in their myrthe as some with their care ?
 The world now a daies goth round and square,
 Wherfore I wyl do the best that I can,
 To have to my husbände a servynge man.

My mistres liveth a merye lyfe
 As most women doth for her degree,
 Although a serving man hath her to wyfe,
 And whie may not I do so as well as she ?
 No men on earth do better please me ;
 Ryche or unriche, saye all what you can,
 I wyll have to my husbände a servynge man.

And tyll that daye douteles be come and gone,
 That I quickly be married to my true love,
 My fleshe wyll pine awaye even to the bone,
 Bicause my herte from hym wyll not remove.
 Fare well, swete serving men, by God above ;
 And for my sake all you that tippel pot or canne,
 Drynke freely to the merie good serving man.

Finis. Quod Thomas Emley.

Imprinted at London in foster lane, by Jhon Waley.

THE PANGS AND FITS OF LOVE.

HERBERT (as quoted in Dibdin's *Typ. Ant.*, III. 583) mentions the license of a ballad to Richard Lant, under the title of "The Pangs of Love," but until very recently it was not known to have been published. It is precisely in the same measure, and with the same burden, as a song in the interlude of "The Trial of Treasure," (*Hist. of Dramatic Poetry, and the Stage*, II. 331) which was printed in 1567, while what follows came from the press of Lant in 1559, eleven years later than any dated performance by him yet discovered. The initials, W. E., at the end, are doubtless those of the celebrated William Elderton; and making allowances for misprints and clerical errors, (such as *Priamus* for *Piramus*, in the fifth stanza, &c.) it is a very favourable specimen of his skill as a poet.

THE PANGES OF LOVE AND LOVERS FITTES.

Was not good kyng Salamon
 Ravished in sondry wyse,
 With every livelie Paragon
 That glistered before his eyes?

If this be true, as trewe it was,
 Lady ! lady !
 Why should not I serve you, alas,
 My deare lady ?

When Paris was enamoured
 With Helena, dame bewties peare,
 Whom Venus first him promised
 To ventor on, and not to feare,
 What sturdy stormes endured he
 Lady ! lady !
 To winne her love, or it would be,
 My deare ladye.

Knowe ye not, how Troylus
 Lanquished and lost his joye,
 With fittes and fevers mervailous
 For Cresseda that dwelt in Troye ;
 Tyll pytie planted in her brest,
 Ladie ! ladie !
 To slepe with him, and graunt him rest,
 My deare ladie.

I read sometime howe venterous
 Leander was his love to please,
 Who swomme the waters perillous
 Of Abidon, those surginge sease,
 To come to her where as she lay,
 Ladie ! ladie !
 Tyll he was drowned by the waye,
 My deare ladie.

What say you then to Priamus,
That promised his love to mete,
And founde by fortune merveilous
A bloudie clothe before his feete ?
For Tysbies sake hym selfe he slewe,
Ladie ! ladie !
To prove that he was a lover trewe,
My deare ladie.

When Hercules for Eronie
Murdered a monster fell,
He put him selfe in jeoperdie
Perillous, as the stories tell,
Reskewinge her upon the shore,
Ladie ! ladie !
Which els by lot had died therefore,
My deare ladie.

Anaxeretes bewtifull,
When Iphis did beholde and see,
With sighes and sobbinges pitifull,
That Paragon longe wooed he ;
And when he could not wyne her so,
Ladye ! ladye !
He went and honge him selfe for woe,
My deare ladye.

Besides these matters merveilous,
Good lady, yet I can tell the more;
The Gods have ben full amorous,
As Jupiter by learned lore,

Who changed his shape, as fame hath spred,
 Lady ! ladye !
 To come to Alcumenaes bed,
 My deare ladye.

And if bewtie bred such blisfulnesse,
 Enamouring both God and man,
 Good lady, let no wilfulnesse,
 Exuperate your bewtie, then,
 To slaye the hertes, that yeld and crave,
 Ladye ! ladye !
 The graunt of your good wil to have,
 My deare ladye.

Finis. Qd. W. E.

Imprinted at London in Smithfeld in the Parish of Saynt
 Bartholomewes Hospitall by
 Richard Lant.
 An. Dni. M.D. lix. xxij. Mar.

THE ASSAULT OF GOD'S FORT.

THIS highly interesting ballad, which celebrates, under the form of an allegory, many of the early Reformers and their enemies, was no doubt written by John Awdeley, the printer, and his initials are at the end of it. He was the writer and printer of "an Epitaph upon Mayster John Viron, Preacher," which was licensed to him in 1562, as well as of a poem dated 30th April 1569, beginning, "Remember death, and thou shalt never sinne," sub-

scribed, John Awd. The subject and treatment of what follows fixes its date quite early in the reign of Elizabeth, perhaps in 1559 or 1560. Among other persons mentioned in it is John Avale, perhaps related to Lemeke Avale who in 1569 wrote and published "A Commemoration or Dirige of Bastarde Edmonde Boner, alias Savage, usurped Bishophe of London," of which an account is given in the Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 14. John Avale, or Availe, is introduced into it in company with Miles Huggarde.

THE CRUEL ASSAULT OF GODS FORT.

By Edward the sixt, of England kyng,
 A fort was made gods truth to shield ;
 In whose lyfe time, by good rulyng,
 Both friend and foe to it dyd yelde.

But when, for synne of his owne flocke,
 The Lord in wrath tooke him away,
 Leaving the fort to his next stocke,
 The enmies then sought out theyr pray.

Then blew up trumpets of Papists sounde
 Souldiers to call, and wages gave :
 Come who so would was armed rounde ;
 None they refuade, but drest them brave.

The field was pitcht of Papists part,
 With corned caps, tippets and gownes :
 Theyr ordnaunce lay redy in cart
 To beat the fort of Gods truth downe.

The generall Gardner, brave and stout,
 And captain Boner marcht foorth amain ;
 Bourne with standard cryed out
 Al arme, al arme ! our shavlinges traine.

The auncient which that Bourne bare
 Were fierce wolves teeth with blood besprent ;
 Fire and fagot, whych did declare
 Their ravenous hartes to Christians ment.

Then doctour Martin, as clarke of armye,
 With doctour Story, the master gonner,
 These two in office were as trusty
 As Gardner, Bourne, or byshop Bonner.

A cry was made throughout the host,
 With fire and hempe all to destroy,
 Where ever they were in al the cost,
 That dyd the Popes power seke to noye.

The fort thus sieged on every syde
 With cry so fierce to kyll them all :
 A sorte for feare durst not abide,
 But from Gods fort to them dyd fall.

Then might ye heare the canons rore,
 Which Bourne and Watson falsely shot :
 Yelde ! yeld ! these cryde, from hereticks lore,
 Or batter we shal both wall and fort.

No, no ! (quoth they within the fort)
We yelde us not Gods truth to stayne :
Though you destroy us in this sort,
God shal our fort wyth force maintayne.

Wyth that they all the fort wythin
Wyth sighes and sobs to God out cryde,
Thou Lord of hostes, way not our synne,
But ayde thy flocke so wo betyde.

For though with sinne we causede this day
That our good king thou shouldst thus take,
Yet, Lord, with bitterness of soule we pray,
Strength us against this fyre lake.

This done, they blowde a cheerful blast
Unto the souldiers in the fort.
Arme ye ! arme ye ! in all the hast,
Our enemies now to fort resort.

The auncient which was spred on wall,
Had a white lambe with red spots thicke,
And in gold letters were these wordes all,
Why do ye, Sauls, against me kicke ?

Forth came Rogers, Hooper and Sanders
Upon the walles the forte to fende ;
We yelde not (said they) to such destroyers,
But fight we will unto the ende.

To these Steven Gardner gave onset,
And layde on lode as wolfe on pray :
He tooke them prisoners with his false net,
And sent them to the fire straightway.

Then Story, the maister of the shot,
On Papists rampire brave and proude,
For spilling bloud he cared not,
Assault ! assault ! he cryde aloude.

These were no sooner of the wall,
But up lept Rydley and Latymer,
To rescue God's fort so nere to fall,
And ded with force the foes encounter.

And bishop Cranmer, though with gyle
The enmies stole him from the fort,
Yet boldly fought with them a whyle,
And folowed his mates in lyke sort.

Then doctour Weston at these out shot
The pellets of Rome, and them did mayme,
So that away they passed not,
But were destroyed with fire and flame.

But Bradford then on the wall up lept,
And Philpot eke by him did stand ;
Cardmaker and Taylour also up crept,
And these by truth dyd noy theyr band.

Bishop Boner on these laide hand,
And to Smithfield sent them in hast ;
But to the death these did withstand,
And would not yeld to enmies blast.

Then blewe the Papists to assault,
And set a watch about the fort,
Of knights and yemen to finde some fault
To make them yelde after this sort.

And sworn men in every cost
They did compell to watch and spye ;
If any did resist their host,
They must present them for to dye.

The fort with enmies laid round about,
And al the captaines so cruelly slaine,
The soldiours therof with courage stout
Kept yet the walles with might and maine.

Now scale the walles, (quoth Boner then)
Behold, the captaines we have slaine :
Ransack the fort, destroy all men,
Both wemen and children, let none remaine.

Then scaling lathers were up rearde,
And John Auales on them with targe ;
His knees had crosses, because he fearde
The steps wold breake and hang him large.

Up came Beard, by Vales his man,
Armed al round as dronkardes use ;
His head was closde with good ale can,
And in his hand a taverners cruse.

But they in fort did with them play,
And cast them bribes which made them yelde ;
They, striving who should have the pray,
Fought one with other in their owne field.

Yet battred was this fort full sore
With vehement shot on Papists part :
The walles they bet styl more and more,
But yet the fortmen would not start.

Then pushed the Papists with their pikes,
The hargabusses shot out amayne,
And dyms the ayre, and many strikes
Of them that did the fort sustayne.

The holberts and the bowmen eke,
Came preasing toward the fort with spede :
These were the rakehels that did seke
To have mens goodes playde Cains dede.

There might you see the fort about
Great streames of bloode and bodies slayne ;
The handes of al the host throughout
With blood of Saints they did them staine.

In this assault the infants out cryde,
 And eke their mothers as wydowes left,
 To see theyr friendes before them dyde,
 And al their goodes from them bereft.

Though thus the fort was almost gone
 By cruel assault of ennies bolde,
 Yet some within the fort alone
 To God did crye, Lord keepe thy holde !

Then God did send his slave Death down
 Into the Papists host among,
 Which slew the chiefest in all the towne,
 And greatest captaines in the throng.

By thys great stroke of mightie Jove
 The vehement force of Papists fell,
 And sent this fort (which is hys love)
 A godly captaine to keepe it well.

Which when in fort she did appere,
 A flag of truce spred in her hand,
 Aloud she cried, Cease now your yre,
 And yelde to me, right heyre of England.

Then scattred were the Papists host,
 Their flags of fire to ground did fall,
 Their flaming brandes, which oft they tost,
 Were clene out quentch at our Quenes call.

Crye then was made to God on hye
Of al the souldiours in the fort ;
Oh praise the Lorde for victorye,
In helping us after this sort !

Now yelde (they cried) our brethren dere,
Which have against Gods truth so stooede ;
Beholde our Quene doth profer here
To graunt ye peace to change your moode.

Which, if her clemencie you refuse,
And pleade not for your lives graunt,
The law of armes she must nedes use
On such as are to her repugnaunt.

Yelde, yelde, therefore : ye chiefe captaines,
Example geve to al your host,
Or els wyll God revenge with paines
The bloud of those whom ye have rost.

And all ye Christians of this England,
Your trumpets sound to Gods hie praise :
On Gods head set a bay garland,
For your triumphe of all these fraies.

Yeld now your lives after such sort
As God may not this fort so plage ;
Strength now your selves in this Gods fort,
That ye yelde no more to enmies rage.

So God will spare us our Quene long,
 So God will make our land encrease ;
 So God wyl builde our fort so strong,
 That no enmies dare to it prease.

To this say al right Christen men,
 God save our Quene ! Amen. Amen.

Τελως. Qd. J. A.

Imprinted at London by John Awdeley, dwelling by great
 S. Bartelmewes beyonde Aldersgate.

HOW TO WIVE WELL.

THE existence of this ballad has been long known, as it is mentioned by Herbert, Ritson, &c.; but it has never been reprinted, no authority mentioning where it was to be found. It is preserved in the library of the Antiquarian Society, as well as "the Second Poesye of Horace," by the same author, who also translated the first Satire of Horace. Owen Rogers had a license to print "A new yeres gyfte made by Lewes Evans," in 1561, and to about that date may be assigned the following humorous and satirical production. Lewis Evans calls himself "school-master," but we are without any other particulars regarding him.

A NEW BALET ENTITULED HOWE TO WYVE WELL.

WHER wyving some mislike,
 And women muche dysplease,
 The women frowarde be,
 And fewe men cane them please.

And thoughe the married life
The wyse muste nedes comende,
Yet chifeste carke and care
Doth therin full depende.

For though thye lusting eyes
Thou fedeste with plaesant sighte,
And from thy hart do nothing kepe
Whiche maye gyve it delyght ;

And thoughe thou treasure have,
Reputed with the beste,
Yet yf thou have a frowarde wyf,
Then what prevaelith the reste ?

And syth unto a shrowe
None yll comparde maye be,
Then make no hast, lest after wast,
But faythfull loke she bee.

One Erupis philosopher
Doth tell us dangers sore,
Which be in seas, and eke one earth,
But none then women more :

For yf she frowarde be,
As moste doe growe from kynde,
That thee delights shall her displease,
Such is her frowarde mynde.

Thy woes dothe her rejoies,
Thy sorwes joeth her harte :
When fortune frowne, that then will cause
Her from thee to departe.

In thee delitghts she not,
Thy presence maketh her lowere ;
When thou gevest her thy homcom kis,
Her countenance then is sowre.

That whiche doth thee myslyke
To her it doeth contente ;
And things to go agenste thy will
Full frowarde is she bente.

The frutefulness of her
Is scowlding daye and nyghte,
And when thou angerste her,
Then with thy bratts she fights.

Yf sickenes, sores, or paynes
Doe happe thee to oppresse,
She coursing spend the tedyous nyght,
Prayng deth it to redresse.

Then wyll she send thy slave
To helpe to holde thy hedde,
When that full carles she
Will (after meate) to bedde.

But when she heres thee deade,
She shifteth thee to grave ;
Thee bringes one byre to church
Thy silye symple slave.

And for she cane not weepe,
With clothe she hydes her face,
And shakes her head as thoughe
She weepthe forsuthe a pace.

The wanting of due tears,
That ought her eyes fall fro,
And fained wringing of her hands
Shewe furth no inwarde wo.

No joye cane her but gladde,
All myrth she dothe pretende,
And wisheth straight that in thi stede
God wolde anothere sende.

Wher is ther suche a foe
In other kynde of lyf?
No foe mai doutelesse be comparde
Unto the wicked wyf.

And though somes hape have bin
Full faythfull wyves to finde,
Yet let the bade styll bere the blame,
That so growe out of kynd.

At this good wyves have no disden,
 For them it doth comende ;
 The worsere sort must be content,
 [T]herfore, you shrowse, amende.

You maydens al, that wives do mind
 In time to come to be,
 Endeuer your selfe that eche of you
 A faythfull wyfe maye be.

Finis. Quod Lewys Evans.

Imprinted at London by Owen Rogers at the spread Egle
 betwyxte both the Saynct Bartholomews.

SERVICES AND DEATH OF STRANGWIGE.

WILLIAM Birch, the author of the subsequent ballad, on the life, services, and death of Strangwige, also wrote "A Song betwene the Quenes Majestie and England," printed by William Pickering, without date. Ritson only introduces Birch when speaking of the productions of Elderton, upon one of which he composed a puritanical parody. (Bibl. Poet. 196.) It appears that the hero of what follows, after having led a most irregular and ungoverned life, turned pirate, and being condemned and pardoned, vowed afterwards to spend his life in the Queen's service; and putting to sea, attacked a French port, where he received his death-wound. He seems to have been of "mean estate" and of "base birth," though of "worshipful kin." Alexander Lacy, from whose press what follows came, was a printer in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, and had a license to publish Birch's puritanical parody above-mentioned, in 1562. The date of what follows was probably somewhat later, as Strangwige seems to have been engaged in the hostilities against France which were carried on through the summer of 1563.

A NEW BALADE OF THE WORTHY SERVICE OF LATE
DOEN BY MAISTER STRANGWIGE IN FRAUNCE,
AND OF HIS DEATH.

ENGLAND hath lost a soldiour of late,
Who Strangwige was to name:
Although he was of meane estate,
His deedes deserved fame.

For as the plowman plowes the ground,
And toyleth to til for corne,
So Strangwige sought a deadly wound
For Brittain, where he was borne.

In deede of birth he was borne bace,
Although of worshipful kyn :
In youth he sought to runne the race
Where he might prowes wyn.

In his yong yeares he walked wyde,
And wandred oft a stray :
For why blynd Cupid did him guyde,
To walke that wyldsomes way.

Thus here and there, I wot not where,
He sounded where to ryde,
But happy haven he found no where,
Nor harbour for to abyde.

But when he had the course out run
Where pyrates prict the carde,
Twyse at the least he thought undone,
And looked for his reward.

For by legall lawes he was condemd,
Yet mercy bare the mace,
And in respect he wold amend,
He found a princes grace.

And in that state he vowed to God,
And to his righteous queene,
He wold nomore deserve such rod,
Nor at justice barre be scene.

He thus contented for a whyle,
And laughed fortune to scorne,
Tyl weeds did worke by subtil guyle
To overgrow the corne.

And then occasion served just
That martiall men must trudge :
He vaunced himselfe with valiaunt lust ;
To go he did not grudge.

And to the sea he sought a charge
Where he might take his chaunce,
And therewith spred his sayles at large
To seke a porte in Fraunce.

And passed by a warlyke towne
 Where municion lay a land :
 He spoyld and cut their chaynes a down,
 And passed by strong hand.

Where as he caught a deadly wound,
 Yet his courage never quayed,
 But as he had ben safe and sound,
 On his way forth he sayled.

And passed through even to that porte
 Where he vowed to aryve ;
 And still he did his men coumfort,
 And courage did them geve.

Then Atropos did him assayle,
 That al Adams kynd doth call ;
 Against whose force may none prevayle,
 But subject to him all.

This life (qd. he) which was me lent
 From judgment seat, in perrill
 I came with heart to that entent
 To spende in my queenes quarell.

Therefore this debt here wil I pay,
 This life which is not mine.
 O Lord, receyve my spirit to joy,
 That by Christes death is thine.

All subjects now loke and foresee,
 That to trade the warres pretend :
 Offendours eke (if any there bee)
 Make ye no worse an end.

Finis. W. Birch.

Imprinted at London by Alexander Lacy for William Owen and
 are to be sold at the little shop at the north dore of Poules.

THE LAMENTATION OF FOLLY.

THERE is nothing about the ensuing production to enable us to fix its date with any accuracy. It is of a serious and religious cast, written when the author, William Elderton, (whose initials are at the end) was in a graver mood than at the time he produced his "jestes and mery toyes," which were licensed to Hugh Singleton in 1561. We have therefore placed it later in the present series of ballads, and John Alde, the printer of it, has no dated work earlier than 1561. "The Lamentation of Folly" is no where mentioned, and only a single copy has yet been discovered. Elderton was dead when Tho. Nash wrote his "Strange Newes," which bears the date of 1592. Vide Sign. D 4. Several of the rarest of Elderton's pieces are printed in the last volume of the Harleian Miscellany, Edit. Park.

THE LAMENTATION OF FOLLIE:

TO THE TUNE OF NEW ROGERO.

ALAS, what meaneth man
 With care and greedy paine
 To wrest to win a worldly fame
 Which is but vile and vaine?

As though he had no cause to doubt
 The drift of his desire,
 Not pleased though he rule the route,
 But still to covet higher.

And wander after will,
 Farre passing his degree,
 Not so contented still,
 But a king himselfe to be.
 Subverting law and right,
 Detecting triall true,
 Wringing every wight,
 That all the realme dooth rue.

Whose deed and ill desart,
 Compact and false consent,
 I thinke no Christen heart
 Can choose but needs lament.
 Alas, it seemed strange
 Such thraldome in a realme
 Which wealthie was to wast away
 By will that was extreame.

Such vertue was profest,
 Most famous frank and free,
 Yet men transposed cleane,
 More vile and worse to be.
 And such as did pretend
 To shew themselfe most holie,
 Have swarved in the end,
 And fawned after follie.

Whose wordes so disagree,
As waters come and go :
Their livings be contrary,
That should examples showe ;
And fawning after fame
Pursue their owne decay,
As though there were no God
To call their life away.

What surety is in man,
What truth or trust at all,
Which frameth what he can
To worke unworthy thrall ?
Oppression hath beene free,
The poore alas be spoyled,
Maides and wives be ravished,
The simple are beguiled.

Lawe is made a libertie,
And right is overthrowne ;
Faith is but a foolish thing,
Falsehood is alone.
Pride is counted clenlinesse,
And theft is but a slight,
Whoredome is but wantonnesse,
And waste is but delight.

Spoiling is but pleasure,
Riot is but youth,
Slaunder is a laughing game,
And lying counted trueth.

Mariage is but mockage,
The children counted base :
Thus right is wronged every way
In our accursed case.

Flatterie is the forte of fame,
And trueth is troden downe ;
The innocent do beare the blame,
The wicked winne renowne.
Thus Sathan hath prevailed long,
And we for want of grace
Have troden vertue under foote,
And vice hath taken place.

But God that is most righteous
Hath seene our fatall fall,
And spred his mercie over us
To shield us from the thrall :
Whose mercy is so infinite
To such as were oppressed,
He hath restored them to right,
And hath their care redressed.

And though that our unworthinesse
Hath not deserved so ;
Now let us cease our wickednesse,
And graft where grace may grow.
And let us pray for our defence,
Our worthy queene elect,
That God may worke his will in her
Our thraldome to correct.

That God be chiefly served so,
 As dooth to him belong ;
 That right may have his course againe,
 And vanquish wicked wrong ;
 That we may live in feare and awe,
 And truly so intend,
 And have the justice of the lawe
 Our causes to defend.

That truth may take his wonted place,
 And faith be fast againe,
 And then repent and call for grace
 That wrought our care and paine ;
 That God send us a short redresse
 With wealth and great increase,
 And to our Queene to reigne and rule
 In honour, health and peace.

Finis. W. E.

Imprinted at London by Edward Alde.

AGAINST FILTHY WRITING.

THOMAS BRICE, the author of the following invective, was a preacher, who died before 1570, in which year John Alde had a license to print an epitaph upon him. Three years earlier, H. Bynneman had a license to print "Songs and Sonnettes by Thos. Bryce," (Ritson, *Bibl. Poet.* 144) but they were probably not like the "Songs and Sonnets" of the Earl of Surrey, &c., but pious poems, and in 1567 Hugh Singleton was authorized to publish

“The Court of Venus moralized by Thos. Bryce.” One work by him has survived, viz. “A Register in meter, containing the names and patient sufferings” of the martyrs in the time of Queen Mary, which was twice printed,—in 1559, by John Kingston, and again by the same printer without date. The subsequent effusion should seem to have been part of a literary contest, for the author refers to what he had formerly written against some unnamed antagonists, and in the last line notices the challenges which he had received. It is no where enumerated among the productions of the press of John Alde, and appears to have been unknown to all our literary antiquaries.

AGAINST FILTHY WRITING, AND SUCH LIKE
DELIGHTING.

WHAT meane the rimes that run thus large in every
shop to sell,

With wanton sound and filthie sense? me thinke it
grees not well.

We are not Ethnickes, we forsoth, at least professe
not so;

Why range we then to Ethnickes trade? come back,
where wil ye go?

Tel me, is Christ or Cupide Lord? doth God or Venus
reigne?

And whose are wee? whom ought wee serve? I aske
it; answere plaine:

If wanton Venus, then go forth; if Cupide, keep your
trade;

If God or Christ, come bak the best, or sure you will
be made.

Doth God, is he the Lord in deed, and should we
him obey ?

Then his commaundement ought to guide all that we
doo or say.

But shew me his commaundement, then, thou filthy
writer thou ;

Let seet, I cease ; if not, geve place, or shamles shew
thee now.

We are no foes to musicke wee, a mis your man doth
take us,

So frendes to thinges corrupt and vile you all shall
never make us.

If you denie them such to bee, I stand to prove it I ;

If you confesse, (defend them not) why then do you
reply ?

But such they bee, I will mainteine, which yet you
bothe defend,

And judge them fooles that them mislike ; would God
you might amend !

But substance onely I regarde, let accidencis go :

Both you and wee, bee that wee bee, I therfore leave
it so.

And yet I wishe your tearmes in deed upon some
reason stayd ;

If mine be not, reprove them right, Ile blot that I have
sayd,

And that I wrote, or now doo wrighte, against you as
 may seeme,
 What cause I had, and have, I yelde to modest men to
 deeme.

I wishe you well, I doo protest, (as God will, I will so)
 I cannot helpe as frend ye wot, nor will not hurt as fo ;
 But for the vile corrupting rimes which you confesse
 to wrighte,
 My soule and hart abhorres their sence, as far from my
 delight.

And those that use them for their glee, as you doo
 vaunte ye will,
 I tell you plainly what I think ; I judge them to bee ill.
 This boasting late in part hath causd mee now to say
 my minde,
 Though chalenges of yours also in every place I finde.

Thomas Brice.

Imprinted at London by John Alde for Edmond Halley and are to
 be solde in Lumbard strete at the signe of the Egle.

A WARNING TO LONDON DAMES.

It may be matter of conjecture whether Stephen Peell, the author
 of the following, and of another ballad in this collection, were
 not father to the distinguished poet George Peele. The Rev.
 Mr. Dyce was probably not acquainted with the existence of
 any such writer as Stephen Peell: if he knew nothing of him,

we need not be surprised at the silence of all our other writers upon old poets and poetry. It is impossible to assign a date to this "Warning to all London Dames," but it may be given to an early year in the reign of Elizabeth, and another production by the same author (vide p. 65) clearly belongs to 1570. Stephen Peell writes like a practised versifier, and in what follows there are several pretty passages.

A PROPER NEW BALADE EXPRESSYNG THE FAMES
CONCERNING A WARNING TO ALL LONDON DAMES.

TO THE TUNE OF THE BLACKE ALMAINE.

You London dames whose passing fames
Through all the worlde is spread,
In to the skye ascendyng hye,
To every place is fled ;
For through each land and place,
For beauties kyndely grace,
You are renowned over all,
You have the prayse and ever shall.
What wight on earth that can beholde
More dearer and fayrer dames then you ?
Therefore to extoll you I may be bolde, -
Your faces and graces so gay to view.

For vertues lore, and other thinges more,
Of truth you do excell :
I may well gesse for comelynesse,
Of all you beare the bell.
As trim in your arraye
As be the flowres in Maye ;
With roset hew so bravely dight,
As twinkling starres that shyneth by night.

For curtesye in every parte,
 Not many nor any resemble you can,
 In lady natures comely arte,
 So gravely and bravely to every man.

And oft when you goe, fayre dames, on a rowe
 In to the feeldes so greene,
 You sit and vewe the beautifull hewe
 Of flowres that there be scene ;
 Which lady Flora hath
 So garnyshed in each path,
 With all the pleasures that may be
 (Fayre dames) are there to pleasure ye ;
 Tyl frost doth come and nip the top,
 And lop them and crop them, not one to be scene
 So when that death doth hap to your lot,
 Consider and gather what beauty hath beene.

For as the flowre doth change in an houre
 That was so fayre to see ;
 Consyder and gather, (fayre dames) the wether
 May change as well with yee,
 And turne your joyes as soone
 As frost the flowres hath doone.
 So sudden death may change as well
 Your beauties that now doth excell,
 And turne your sweetes to bitter and sowre ;
 When death with his breath comes stealing neare,
 Such haps may hap to come in an houre,
 Which ever or never you little dyd feare.

Wherefore I say, fayre dames so gay,
 That death is busyest now
 To catch you hence, where no defence
 May make him once to bow.
 Experience well doth try,
 You see it with your eye,
 How quickly some are taken hence,
 Not youthfull years may make defence :
 And strange diseases many are scene
 Encreasyng and preasyng to vexe us each day ;
 But sure the lyke hath ever beene,
 May hove you and move you to God to pray.

And learne to know, as grasse doth grow
 And withereth into haye,
 Remember therefore, kepe vertue in store,
 For so you shall decaye.
 And pitie on the poore,
 With some parte of your store :
 Loke that your lampes may ready bee ;
 The dreadfull day approacheth nye,
 When Christ shal come to judge our deeds.
 No fairnes nor clerenes can helpe you than
 The corne to seperate from the weeds,
 Fayre dames when cometh the day of dome.

Now that I have sayd, let it be wayed,
 It is no jesting toye ;
 Not all your treasure can you pleasure,
 It is but fadyng joye :

Therefore remember me
 What I have sayd to yee.
 And thus the Lorde preserve the Queene,
 Long space with us to live and raigne :
 As we are all bound incessantlie
 To desyre with prayr both night and day,
 God to preserve her majestie,
 Amen, let all her good subjects say.

Finis. Quoth Steven Peell.

Imprinted at S. Katherins by Alexander Lacie for Henrye
 Kyrkham, dwellyng at the middle North dore
 of S. Paules church.

A SUPPLICATION TO ELDERTON.

It is not easy to give any explanation of the circumstances out of which the subsequent ballad arose. Its curiosity and value depend much upon its personal allusions. We gather from it that Leach was a manufacturer of hose, with whom Elderton had had some literary skirmish, or "flyting," as our neighbours north of the Tweed term it; and William Fulwood, who was a writer as early as 1562, (Ritson, Bibl. Poet. 213) seems to have interfered "more to embroil the fray," by ironically taking part with the less notorious combatant. In 1561 and 1562 John Alde had a license to print "An Admonition to Elderton to leave the toys by hym begonne," but from the allusion made to Elderton's red nose in the following effusion, it may be supposed that it was of somewhat later date. It was perhaps one of the "great many ballads" which Dr. Dibdin informs us John Alde printed, the names of none of which he furnishes.

A SUPPLICATION TO ELDERTONNE FOR LEACHE'S UNLEWDNES,
DESIRING HIM TO PARDONE HIS MANIFEST UNRUDENES.

GOOD gentle maister Eldertonne,
May I not you intreate,
To pardon Leache that he hath donne,
And not with him to frete ?

For I confesse, and know the same,
It was for lack of lewdnes,
That he so blasde abroad your name ;
Therefore forgive his rudenes.

For you may see he is in deed
An unrude simple man ;
Therefore of him take you no heed,
Sithe nurture none he can.

A seely simple man hee is,
As prooff may well be made,
For no more wit he hath, ywis,
But to call a spade a spade.

Therefore, though that your filthy rymes
He filthy name to bee,
Accuse him not, I say, of crimes ;
You heare his qualitie.

It was, no doubt, unhomely done
To chalenge in such case
So fyne a fellow as Eldertonne,
That hath so fayre a face.

But though your face be never so riche,
So precious or so gay,
Yet wil he scratche it if it itche,
The paines for to delay.

Wherefore you ought him thanks to geve
That worketh you such good,
And not to shake him by the sleeve,
To wreke your angry moode.

I may well, must, and mervel much
What might be your intent,
Seth that you prove your selfe one such
As truth cannot content.

You showe that Leache you doo contemne,
Even by the self same reed
Wherein you do your self condemne :
I wishe you wolde take heed.

You binde it up with othes inow,
In faith, in faith, say yee ;
But by such frutes a man may know
The goodness of the tree.

A shame it is that you should bring
The example of Christ, I say,
And eke forthwith the self-same thing
So sore to disobey.

For with the breach of charitie
You doo him sharply charge,
And by and by outrageously
You raile on him at large.

Thus Sathan also for his turne
The scriptures can out-pike;
And as you well his lesson learne,
So are your deedes a like.

You[r] harte is vaine and bent to evill,
Your tounge also is naught;
How can it be then but the devill
Must rule both tounge and thought?

But hereby men may easely spie
How you doo Leache abuse,
Seth that your quarrell for to trie,
By scripture you refuse.

Therefore you go about, I see,
The scripture set aparte,
Unto your toies and vanitie,
His penne for to conuert.

And if indeed you could him cause
From scripture for to fie,
No doubt, forsooth, but clause by clause
Much bravery should we see.

Then wolde you leke, then wold you laffe,
As you doo make reporte ;
Then wold you answere every staffe,
And that in sugred sorte.

In sugred sorte ? nay, poisoned then
I might it better call,
Although it sugred seemes to men
Which are in sinfull thrall.

A worthy worke it is, doubtles,
And full of lerned skill,
Whereby appeareth your shameles
And wilful wicked will.

And where you write, that secretly
Your fault he should have tolde,
That might not be ; sith openly
Your selfe did it upholde.

And where as he ful skilfully
Takes scriptures for his staie,
You say in deed that wickedly
He useth them alwaie.

It is not streight way proved so,
When that you have it said,
Except you bring a profe thereto
Which cannot be denaid.

As if that I should say in deed
You were an honest man,
All wise men might me then deride,
Sith prove it not I can.

I wolde now wishe you should forget
His science to deface ;
For honestly a man may get
His living in that race.

Muche better then the witte to spend,
A parasite to play,
The bad to please, the good to offend,
And play the foole all day.

And him methinkes you should not blame
That can well shape a hose ;
For he may likewise cut and frame
A case for your riche nose.

To make a hose is no suche shame
To Leache in his degree,
As is your nose a glorious fame
Upon your face to see.

It doth become you very ill
To talke so of your taile :
But you shal there your tounge hold still,
As fitte for tounge that raile.

And if you still thus doo deny
Your knaverie to forbear,
You shal therein have victory,
The garland you shall weare.

But heere I must full sore lament
The counsel you still geve
To your vile Jone, not to repent,
But beastly still to live.

O wicked man, darste thou be bolde,
Suche sinful seede to sowe?
And eke the same for to upholde,
In sinful hartes to growe?

O Lord, shal whoredom thus prevaile,
Shal men thus sinne mainteine?
Is this a christen common weale,
And can such filthe susteine?

O magistrates, play Phinehes parte
Towarde suche, be not to milde,
Which may procure most grevous smart
To many a mothers childe.

The whoredom of one heretofore
Great plagues to many hath brought,
Although the Lord eftsoons therfore
In him repentance wrought.

What shal our lot be then, Oh Lord,
Which foster suche foule swine,
As live a lyfe to bee abhorde,
Yet glory and joye therein ?

Repent (O wretche) and cal for grace ;
Leave of these wicked toyes,
Lest Sathan reache thee sower sauce
To these thy pleasant joyes.

Now sir, if Leache, as you doe tell,
Semes fondly thinges to knit,
It is because you cannot well
Them home with reason hit.

A homely cloke wold serve full wel :
Is there none to be had ?
If Eldertonne of none heare tell,
I doubt he will goe mad.

But if as you doo threaten, so
You fall for to bee wood,
You shall streight waies to Bedlem go,
To tame your madding mood.

Now, Eldertonne, I must desire
You to hold Leache excusde,
For that no reason doth appeare
Why he shuld so be usde.

And sith that I thus curteously
 For Leache doo you intreat,
 Your phrensie so to satisfy,
 You need no more to freat.

Wherfore, gentle Maiste Elderton,
 As I may doo you pleasure,
 Graunt this my supplication,
 Which is not out of measure.

And thus subscribed,
 The first day of June,
 At which time you said
 Beginneth your fume.

Qd. Willyam Fulwod.

Imprinted at London at the Long shop adjoining unto Saint
 Mildreds Church in the Pultry by John Alde.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN FELTON.

JOHN FELTON, according to Stowe, was arraigned on the 4th, and executed, by hanging and quartering before the Bishop of London's palace, on the 8th August, 1570. His offence was hanging a bull from the Pope on the gate of the Bishop of London. From the following ballad, (the second by the same author, Stephen Peell) it appears also that the offender's quarters were exposed upon the gates of the metropolis. It is in the form of an epistle to the Pope, and is cleverly written, like "The Warning to London Dames" to a very popular tune.

A LETTER TO ROME TO DECLARE TO THE POPE
JOHN FELTON HIS FREEND IS HANGD IN A ROPE :
AND FARTHER, A RIGHT HIS GRACE TO ENFORME
HE DYED A PAPIST AND SEEMD NOT TO TURNE.

TO THE TUNE OF BOW WELL YE MARINERS.

Who keepes Saint Angell gates ?
Where lieth our holy father, say ?
I muze that no man waytes,
Nor comes to meete me on the way.
Sir Pope, I say, yf you be nere,
Bow downe to me your listning eare :
Come forth, besturre you then a pace,
Fo[r] I have newes to show your grace.
Stay not, come on,
That I from hence were shortly gon :
Harke well, heare mee,
What tidings I have brought to thee.

The Bull so lately sent
To England by your holy grace,
John Felton may repent,
For setting of the same in place ;
For he upon a goodly zeale,
He bare unto your common weale,
Hath ventured lyfe to pleasure you,
And now is hangd, I tell you true.

Wherfore, sir Pope,
 In England have you lost your hope.
 Curse on, spare not,
 Your knights are lyke to go to pot.

But further to declare
 He dyed your obedient chylde,
 And never seemd to spare
 For to exalt your doctrine wyld :
 And tolde the people every one
 He dyed your obedient sonne;
 And as he might he did set forth
 Your dignitie, thats nothyng worth ;
 Your trash, your toyes
 He toke to be his onely joyes :
 Therefore hath wonne
 Of you the crowne of martirdome.

Let him be shryned then
 According to his merits due,
 As you have others doen
 That prove unto their Prince untrue.
 For these (sir Pope) you love of lyfe,
 That with their Princes fall at stryfe,
 Defendyng of your supream power;
 Yet som have paid full deare therefore,
 As now lately
 Your freend John Felton seemd to try.
 Therefore I pray
 That you a masse for him wyll say.

Ryng all the belles in Rome,
 To doe his sinful soule some good :
 Let that be doen right soone,
 Because that he hath shed his blood.
 His quarters stand not all together,
 But ye mai hap to ring them thether
 In place where you wold have them be ;
 Then might you doe as pleaseth ye.
 For whye ? they hang
 Unshryned each one upon a stang :
 Thus standes the case,
 On London gates they have a place.

His head upon a pole
 Stands wavering in the wherling wynd,
 But where shoulde be his soule
 To you belongeth for to fynd :
 I wysh you Purgatorie looke,
 And search each corner with your hooke,
 Lest it might chance, or you be ware,
 The Devyls to catce him in a snare.
 Yf ye him see,
 From Purgatorie set him free :
 Let not, trudge than,
 Fetch Felton out, and yf ye can.

I wysh you now, sir Pope,
 To loke unto your faithful freendes,
 That in your Bulles have hope
 To have your pardon for their sinnes :

For here, I tell you, every lad
 Doth scoff and scorne your bulles to bad,
 And thinke they shall the better fare,
 For hatyng of your cursed ware.

Now doe I end ;

I came to show you as a frend :

Whether blesse or curse,

You send to me, I am not the worse.

Finis. Steven Peele.

Imprinted by Alexander Lacie for Henrie Kirkham, dwellyng at
 the signe of the blacke Boy: at the middle North
 dore of Paules church.

THE POPE'S LAMENTATION.

THE subsequent humorous ballad is in the same measure as the preceding, and until now it has never been heard of. Ritson (Bibl. Poet. 300) mentions Thomas Preston as the well-known author of "Cambises," which Shakespeare ridicules, and of a ballad called "A Geliflower, or swete Marygolde," by the same printer as the following, and one year earlier in point of date; but Ritson knew nothing of this "Lamentation from Rome." It is from first to last a piece of ridicule of the Pope and his Court, disconcerted at the news of the defeat of the rebels in Northumberland.

A LAMENTATION FROM ROME HOW THE POPE DOTH BEWAYLE,
 THAT REBELLES IN ENGLAND CAN NOT PREVAYLE.

TO THE TUNE OF ROWE WELL YE MARINERS.

ALL you that newes would here,
 Give eare to me, poor Fabyn Flye.
 At Rome I was this yere,
 And in the Pope his nose dyd lye ;

But there I could not long abide,
 He blew me out of every side ;
 For furst when he had harde the newes
 That Rebelles dyd their Prince misuse,
 Then he with joye
 Did sporte him selfe with many a toye :
 He then so stout,
 That from his nose he blew me out.

But as he was a slepe,
 Into the same againe I goot :
 I crept there in so depe,
 That I had almost burnt my coote.
 New newes to him was brought that night,
 The Rebelles they were put to flight ;
 But Lord, how then the Pope toke one,
 And called for a Mary bone.
 Up howgh ! make hast,
 My lovers all be like to waste :
 Ryse Cardnall, up priest,
 Saint Peter he doth what he lest.

So then they fell to messe :
 The fryers on their beades did praye ;
 The Pope began to blesse,
 At last he weist not what to saye.
 It chanced so the next day morne,
 A post came blowing of his horne,
 Sayng Northomberland is take ;
 But then the Pope began to quake.
 He then rubd his nose ;

With pilgrome salve he noynt his hose.
 Runne here, runne there ;
 His nayles for anger gan to pare.

Not Northomberland alone,
 But many of his wicked ayd,
 Such as thought not to grone :
 They hoped well for to aplayd
 Their partes, to have their hartes desire ;
 But now is quenched their flames of fire.
 The greatest and the meane beside,
 With other youths fast bound must ride.
 Ketch fast, kepe well,
 There youthfull bloud they long to sell :
 Trust this, dere Pope,
 What is it than wherfore ye hope?

When he perceaved well
 The newes was true to him was brought,
 Upon his knees he fell,
 And then S. Peter he be sought,
 That he would stand his frend in this,
 To helpe to ayd those servauntes his,
 And he would do as much for him ;
 But Peter sent him to Saint Simme.
 So then he snuft,
 The fryers all about he cuft :
 He roarde, he cryde ;
 The priests they durst not once abide.

The Cardnalles then they beginnes
 To stay and take him in their arme.

He spurnd them on the shinnes,
 Away the[y] trugd for feare of harme.
 So there the Pope was left alone.
 Good Lord, how he dyd make his mone !
 The stooles against the walles he threwe,
 And me out of his nose he blewe.

I hopt, I skipt,
 From place to place about I whipt :
 He swore, he tare,
 Till from his crowne he pold the heare.

He courst me so about
 In the house I could finde no rome.
 Loth was I to go out,
 And shrind my selfe under a brome.
 Then by and by downe he was set ;
 With anger he was one a swet :
 He rubde his elbowe on the wall,
 So fell a rayling on Saint Paule.
 Fye, fye, bloud, harte !
 He scratchd him selfe till he dyd smart.
 Poll nose, rube eye,
 Grash the teth, drawe mouth awrye.

He wept and wrong his handes,
 Yea, worse and worse began to fret :
 Thus raging still he standes ;
 Then out at doore I dyd me get.
 I was not sooner gone from thence,
 But worse and worse was his pretence.

The post he plucked from the house,
 He left no harbour for a mouse.

Thus now the Popes mad,
 Because no better lucke they had ;
 Forlorne, molest,
 That they so ill their meate digest.

When I had vewed all,
 To bring this newes my winges I spred.
 To this parplict is he fall,
 I wish some would go hold his head ;
 For certainly he doth yll fare ;
 Yet for the same I do not care,
 For God his power will convince,
 And ayd with right his beloved prince.
 Then, Pope, radge thou :
 The God in heaven hath made a vowe
 To kepe all his.
 That God is just, our stay he is.

Finis. Qd. Thomas Preston.

Imprinted at London in Fletestrete at the Signe of the Faulcon by
 Wylliam Gryffith and are to be solde at his shoppe
 in Saint Dunstones Churchyard. 1570.

STUTELEY'S VOYAGE TO FLORIDA.

Most of the existing information regarding the celebrated adventurer Thomas Stutely, or Stukeley, is to be found in a note to Dyce's Peele's Works, II. 82. The name of Robert Seall, who subscribes the ensuing ballad, is new in poetical bibliography ;

and if he wrote anything else, it has not been recovered. John Alde must have printed this broadside at an early date, because Stuteley's voyage to Florida was one of his first enterprises. The parallel between Stuteley and Columbus, near the end, is singular. It is no where inserted among the productions of Alde's press.

A COMMENDATION OF THE ADVENTERUS VIAGE OF THE
 WURTHY CAPTAIN, M. THOMAS STUTELY ESQUYER
 AND OTHERS TOWARDS THE LAND CALLED
 TERRA FLORIDA.

If fortunes force procure
 The valiant noble hart
 In travail pain and daungers great,
 In warres to have his part ;

If losse of goods insue
 Through valiant enterprise,
 Or for slaknes, or the foresight
 Of diligent advise ;

Yet of his wurthy praise
 I can not speak tomiche,
 Who ventreth both his goods and life
 His contrey to enriche.

The worldly wise doo muse,
 And also doo envy
 At noble harts, when that their welths
 Doo fall unto decay.

As now of late I knew,
And saw the evidence,
Of one whose part it was to shew
The like experience.

A noble hart in deed,
And wurthy great renowne,
Whose fortune was not to remain
In cittie nor in towne.

A yong Eneas bolde,
With hart and courage stout,
Whose enterprise was only pight
Straunge things to bring about.

And though that all men seemd
His dooings to deride,
Yet this his fact he would not leve,
Nor throwe it so a side.

But stil he dooth procure
With boldned hart and minde
That thing which erst he had assayd
By travail now to fude.

Into a land unknowne
To win hym wurthy fame,
As exequies and memory
Of his most noble name;

Whiche if it fall to his lot
 With fortunes helping hand,
 He may wel make a lawhing stock
 Of them whiche him withstand.

Some terme it Stolida,
 And Sordida it name;
 And to be plain, they doo it mock
 As at a foolishe game.

If reasons sence be cause
 Of this forespoken talke,
 Or fayned folly be the ground
 Why mennes tungs thus doo walke,

Then might it seem to me
 The Frenches labour lost,
 Their careful pain and travail eke
 That they therein have cost.

The cronicles also,
 Whiche only seem as trew,
 And writ by them that of that place
 Before did take the vew.

The spaniards eke doo shew,
 And verify the same,
 To be described as a thing
 Deserving suche a name.

The Portingales doo say
The crownacles be just,
And all that travaild have that coste
The same confes it must.

Of that in times before
Through talkes men have refraind,
Whiche for the love of travail sore
Their harts have long been paind.

Columbus, as I reed,
The space of many yeeres
Was counted as unwise also,
As in writers appeeres.

His earnest sute denied,
Yet in the finall ende
His wurds and deeds did seem at length
On reason to depend.

The like assay in hand
He did at last procure,
Whose life and lucky viages
Good fortune did assure.

At thend in savety home
At length he did retourn,
And quenched all their mocking harts,
Whiche erst did seem to burn.

For fire of force must needs
Declare his burning heat,
Though for a time in smothering smoke
It seemes it self to beat.

So talk of tungs may not
By smothering through be tame,
But bursting out at length wil turn
Into a firee flame.

And then, the mallice gon,
The fire falleth down
And quenched quite, as by this man,
Whiche was of great renowne.

Now, Stuetley, hoice thy sail,
Thy wished land to finde,
And never doo regard vain talke,
For wurds they are but winde.

And in reproof of all,
I will not once refrain
With prayer for to wish that thou
Maist safely come again.

And that sum frute at length
By travail thou maist finde,
With riches for to satisfy
Thy manly modest minde.

Finis. Qd. Robert Seall.

Imprinted at London at the long Shop adjoyning unto Saint
Mildreds Church in the Pultrie, by John Alde.

THE FLOODS OF BEDFORDSHIRE, &c.

THE subsequent ballad gives us the earliest notice of that extraordinarily popular actor, Richard Tarlton, whose name is subscribed as the author of it. Whether he was on the stage at this time, must be matter of speculation; but it is certain that he was not a member of the first authorized theatrical company—that of the Earl of Leicester, in 1574. (Vide Hist. of Dramatic Poetry and the Stage, i. 211.) He is not spoken of as an actor until 1583, when, with Wilson, he was at the head of the twelve players selected by the Queen as her own company; but he must have obtained celebrity considerably before that date, and we know that he died in September 1588. According to the writer of the play, "The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London," published only two years after Tarlton's death, he was originally "a water-bearer." It seems probable that he had obtained some reputation prior to the following temporary effusion, and that that reputation was employed to secure it an additional sale, for it certainly has little merit as an original composition. In 1578, John Allde (the printer of what follows) had a license to publish "Tarlton's device upon this unlooked for great snowe." (Dibdin's Typ. Ant. iv. 579.) The ensuing ballad was not the only production upon the occasion to which it relates, for William How in 1571 printed "A Declaration of such tempestuous and outrageous Fluddes as hath been in divers places of England. 1570." We may gather from Thomas Nash's "Terrors of the Night," 4to. 1594, that "Tarlton's Toys" had appeared in 1586, but Tarlton's "Jests" and "News out of Purgatory" were published after his decease. The precise share he had in the extemporal play of "The Seven Deadly Sins," may be disputed. Stowe mentions the "terrible tempest of wind and rain," on 5th October, 1570.

A VERY LAMENTABLE AND WOFULL DISCOURS OF THE FIERCE
FLUDS, WHICHE LATELY FLOWED IN BEDFORD SHIRE, IN
LINCOLN SHIRE, AND IN MANY OTHER PLACES, WITH
THE GREAT LOSSES OF SHEEP AND OTHER CATTEL,
THE 5 OF OCTOBER 1570.

ALL faithful harts come waile,
Com rent your garments gay,
Els nothing can prevaile
To turn Gods wrath away.

Of waters fierce and fel,
And fluds both huge and hie,
You may report and tel
Of places far and nye.

Of monsters very rare,
That are unseemly borne,
Whiche dooth at large declare
We live as men forlorne.

We live and linger stil,
We wander quite astray,
We want true Christians skil
To guide us in the way.

Ful straunge unseemly sights
We may beholde and see,
What mis-deformed wights
Of women borne there bee.

Ouse bridge was lately lost
By force of roing streame,
Which many a crowne hath cost,
In this our English realme.

Why should I make delay,
Reciting of such acts?
What need I more to say
Of vice and worldly facts?

As erst I did pretend,
So forward will I glide,
To tel the totall end,
What hapned at this tide.

By rushing rivers late,
In Bedford town, no nay,
Ful many a woful state
May yeeld to fast and pray.

At twelve a clock at night,
It flowde with such a hed,
Yea, many a woful wight
Did swim in naked bed.

Among the rest there was
A woful widow sure,
Whome God did bring to passe
The death she did procure.

Widow Spencer by name :
A sleep she beeing fast,
The flud so rashly came,
That she aloft was cast.

Which seeing started up,
Regarding small her pelf,
She left beside her bed,
And so she drownd her self.

The houses very strong,
The cattel great and small,
Were quickly laid along,
And so they perisht all.

The geldings tall and brave
In stables rashly roules :
The churche was over flowed
In Bedford, named Poules.

The gardens round about,
The sheep in marsh or feild,
The river was so stout
They knew not where to sheeld.

The kine and oxen, to,
Were all drowned by force,
They west not what to doo,
It had so small remorse.

O Lord, this flud was straunge,
And none occasion why ;
The wether did not change,
The wind was nothing hie.

There was no store of raine,
But very little sure,
That wee should thus sustaine
The losse we did endure.

The arke of father Noy
Was had in minde as than,
When God did clene destroy
Both woman, childe and man.

But that he promis made,
When he did heer remaine,
The world should never vade
By waters force againe ;

Els would we then have thought
The dredful day of doome
Had been both shape and wrought
To drown us all and some.

Upon the Saboth day
We were amazed all ;
In church we could not pray,
But in the judgement hall

We were assembled there,
With praiers most devout
To God, with many a tere,
To tame this river stout.

No horse nor man could passe
Of busines small or post,
For issue none there was,
No way but to be lost.

In Bedford town, I knowe,
 This many score of yeeres,
 Did never rivers flowe,
 To bring us in such feares.

By chaunce I came in place,
 This great mischaunce to tel,
 To end our crooked race
 What fotune late befel.

Which tale no sooner doon,
 Two men along did walke :
 Betwixt us we begon
 To raise some further talke.

What cuntrey men they were
 I did request to knowe :
 They said of Lincoln shire,
 The certen trueth is so.

Quod they, your losse is small,
 But one hath lost her life :
 He askt what dame she was ?
 I said one Spencer's wife.

In Lincoln shire (he said)
 We have sustaind great losse :
 Our stomacks are decaide,
 That late so frolick was.

Our cattel in like case
 Are drownd and cast away ;
 For oure offence in every place
 The dum beasts truly pay.

We have not scaped so :
 Both widow, man and wife,
 Since first this flud did flowe,
 Have gained losse of life.

When that the waters seast,
 As I and more doo knowe,
 Ther did from skies discend
 A great and greevous snowe.

And so we parted then,
 Bewailing both together,
 Like poor and out cast men,
 This sudden change of wether.

In us therefore for shame
 Let vice no more be seene,
 And eke our selves to frame
 To serve a right our Queen.

Finis. Qd. Richard Tarlton.

Imprinted at London at the long shop adjoyning unto Saint
 Mildreds Church in the Pultrye by John Alde. 1570.

ADMONITION TO THE PAPISTS.

THIS ballad, subscribed "G. B." may have been by Gulielmus or William Birch, the author of a former piece of the same kind in the present volume: William Baldwin, who was a writer of considerable celebrity, and one of the original projectors of "The Mirror for Magistrates," sometimes used the initials G. B. and 1571 is not perhaps too late a date for him. The following is, however, precisely in the pious, puritanical spirit of Birch. It was unknown to Dibdin, Ames and Herbert, and is therefore not enumerated among the productions of Awdeley's press. Towards the close it refers to the execution of John Felton in the year preceding, regarding which we have already inserted a contemporary effusion by Stephen Peel. The "three trees," of which the Roman Catholics are told in the title to beware, of course meant "the triple gallow-tree," or "the three legged mare," as it was sometimes called in the language of the time.

A FREE ADMONITION WITHOUT ANY FEES,
TO WARNE THE PAPISTES TO BEWARE OF THREE TREES.

If that you be not past all grace,
O Papystes, heare mee speake ;
Let reason rule and truth take place,
Cease you from that you seeke.
Can you God or his woord deface ?
Can you the truth wythstand ?
Can you our noble Queene displace,
And yet lyve in England ?

Take heede, beware the Devyll is a knave,
He wyl you sure begile :
In cruelty he would you have
To serve hym here awhile :

With lying and hipocrisy
His kyngdome to mayntayne,
Contemning truth and equity,
This is his subtile trayne.

Let cursed Cain example be
That slew Abel his brother ;
Whom neither God with majesty,
Could move to leave his murder,
Nor yet the godly lyfe of hym
That gave hym none offence,
Tyll he had heaped up hys synne
In practisyng his pretence.

Let Core and Dathan come from hell
Where now they do remayne,
That they their minds at length mai tel
Wherfore they ther remain ;
Namely for that they did rebel
And would not be perswaded,
But would be Lordes in Israel,
Tyll hell had them devoured.

What could make Absalon meeke and tame,
And to desist from rage ?
His father Davids worthy fame,
Or yet his counsel sage ?
No, no, these things wil not prevail
With hym that feares not God ;
The force of doctrine there doth fail,
Tyl God strike with his rod.

And as the Devil in these did rage
To worke his wycked wyll,
That nothyng coulde theyr furye swage
Tyl they did it fulfyl,
So that the law of God and man
They sought to overthrow ;
Even so of late I truly can
The lyke unto you show.

When kyng Edward of worthy fame
Had Antichrist put downe,
And to the glory of Gods name,
Had placed truth in her roome :
The Denshire dolts, like Rebels ranck
In rusty armour ranged,
But hangd wer som, their carions stanck,
The world was quickly changed.

And then dyd Ket, the tanner stout,
In Norffolke play his part,
Assembling such his rebels rout,
That innocents might smart.
But hanged he was, this was his end,
And so ende all the sort
That Rebels are and wyll not mend,
A rope be their comfort.

Such blessings as the Nortons had,
And such as Felton found,
God send them all that are so bad
With heeles to blesse the ground.

If that you like not for to have
 This blessing in a rope,
 Leave of you rebels for to rave,
 And curse your dad the Pope.

Which makes you oft such crowes to pul,
 Then leaves you in the mire ;
 In sending you to such a Bull,
 This is but symple hire :
 Behold the end of this attempt
 That last here was begun,
 Loe, God your doying doth prevent
 The rebels race to run.

Synce God by grace doth guyde hys flock
 That none can them anoy,
 If you be grafted in this stocke
 He wyl you not destroy.
 Feare God, flee syn, the truth embrace,
 And seeke your Prince to please,
 Obey the lawes and call for grace,
 So shall you lyve at peace.

God save our Queene Elizabeth.

Finis. Qd. G. B.

Imprinted at London by John Awdely, for Henry Kirkham,
 dwelling at the middle North doore of Paules, at the signe
 of the blacke Boy. The xii of December. 1571.

THE FALL OF ANTWERP.

THE date of this ballad is only to be ascertained from the event to which it relates: it is no where mentioned among the productions of Alde's press, (which range between 1561 and 1596) though Dr. Dibdin informs us "a great many ballads" were licensed to him. Ralph or Rafe Norris is one of several names in this collection quite new in our poetical bibliography, and no other production of his pen is known. The tune to which he wrote, "Row well, ye mariners," was very popular, as may be seen from Mr. W. Chappell's "National English Airs," p. 134; and we have already inserted two specimens of verse adapted to it. Camden introduces the siege and sacking of Antwerp by the Spaniards among the events of the year 1576, and there can be little doubt that the "Warning to London" appeared very soon afterwards.

A WARNING TO LONDON BY THE FALL OF ANTWERP.

TO THE TUNE OF ROW WEL YE MARINERS.

THE sturdy oke at length,
 When forse doth fail, though nere so tall,
 Resigneth up his strength
 By boistrous blasts unto the fal:
 The stately stag in time dooth yeeld
 Him self a pray to dogs in feeld:
 The peacock proud, the swelling swan,
 At last dooth serve the use of man.
 Pride, pompe, plumes gay,
 Must have a fall, who ere say nay:
 Hye mindes, state, power,
 Shall come to end within an houre.

Let Antwerp warning be,
 Thou stately London, to beware,

Lest, resting in thy glee,
 Thou wrapst thy self in wretched care.
 Be vigilant, sleepe not in sin,
 Lest that thy foe doo enter in :
 Keep sure thy trench, prepare thy shot ;
 Watch wel, so shall no foil be got.
 Stand fast, play thy parte ;
 Quail not, but shew an English hart.
 Dout, dread, stil fear,
 For Antwerps plague approacheth near.

Leave tearing of thy God,
 Let vain excesse be laid aside ;
 Els shalt thou feel the rod
 Prepared for to scou[r]ge thy pride.
 Forsake thy Devilish drunken trade,
 Which almoste hath the entrance made.
 Erect your walles, give out your charge ;
 Keep wel your ray, run not at large.
 Faint not, fiercely fight :
 Shrink not, but keep your countries right.
 Stand stout, on Jesus call,
 And he no doubt will help you all.

Trust not a civil foe
 Which under coulour wisheth good,
 For ere thy self doost knowe,
 By craft he seeks to have thy blood.
 The snake in grasse doth groveling lie,
 Til for revenge due time he spie.

The leering dog doth bite more sore,
Then he that warning gives before.

Fine flattery, fair face
Much discorde breeds in every place.
Fire shot must be to hot
For those which have their God forgot.

Rejoyce not if thou see
Thy neighbours house set on a flame,
For like thy luck may be,
Unlesse thou wel prevent the same.
The scourge which late on Antwerp fel,
Thy wrack and ruine dooth foretel.
Make not a gibing jest therat,
Lest stately Troy be beaten flat.
Pray God faithfully
To save us from all treachery.
Dout not if we doo so,
We shall escape the forain fo.

Pray we with one accorde,
That God our Queene may ay defend
From those which seeke by sword
To bring her graces reign to end.
Cut of (O Lord) their devilish dayes,
And graunt her life thy name to praise.
Garde her with grace, her champion be,
That she may gain the victory.

Hope wel, pray stil :
 God is our guide, we feare none il.
 Fear not, watch, pray :
 God sheeld this Citie from decay.

Amen. Qd. Rafe Norris.

Imprinted at London at the long Shop adjoyning unto S. Mildreds
 Church in the Pultrie by John Allde.

THE LARK AND HER FAMILY.

RITSON, who mentions this ballad (Bibl. Poet. 137), informs us that the author's name is not Arthur Bour, as it is subscribed at the end, but Arthur Bourcher; and certainly a person of the latter name has a poem in "The Paradise of Dainty Devices." What follows was twice printed, and the copy here adopted was of the later edition by Richard Jones. Mr. Heber had an earlier impression. The apologue, which is from Æsop, has been frequently translated, and three times at an early date,—viz. in prose, in "The Palace of Pleasure," 4to. 1566; and in verse, in "The Forrest of Fancy," 4to. 1579, (attributed by some to H. Chettle, and by others to H. Constable, but in all probability by neither) where it is related in ten-syllable alternate rhyme, and by Arthur Bour or Boucher, very cleverly, as follows.

A WORTHY MYRROUR, WHEREIN YE MAY MARKE
 AN EXCELLENT DISCOURSE OF A BREEDING LARKE :
 BY READYNG WHEREOF PERCEYVE WELL YE MAY
 WHAT AT TRUST IS FREENDES OR ON KINSFOLKS TO STAY.

A LARKE sometimes did breed
 Within a field of corne,
 And had increase when as the grayne
 Was redy to be shorne.

Shee, wary of the tyme
And carefull for her nest,
Debated wisely with her selfe
What thynge to doo were best.

For to abyde the rage
Of cruell reapers hande,
Shee knew it was to perillous,
With safetie for to stande :

And to dislodge her broode,
Unable yet to fly,
(Not knowing whither to remove)
Great harmes might hap thereby.

Therefore shee ment to staye
Tyll force constraynd to fleete,
And in the whyle for to provyde
Some other place as meete.

The better to provyde
The purpose of her mynde ;
She would forthwith go seeke abroad,
And leave her yong behind:

But first shee bad them all
Attend their mothers wyll,
Which carefull was for to eschewe
Each likelyhood of yll.

This corne is ripe (quoth shee,)
 Wherin we nestled are,
 The which (if heede prevents not harmes)
 May cause our mortall care.

Therefore to fence with skyl
 The sequeall of mishappes,
 I wyll provyde some other place
 For feare of afterclappes.

Whilste I for this and foode
 Am flowen hence awaye,
 With heedefull eares attentive bee
 What commers by doo saye.

Thus sayde shee vaunste her selfe
 Upon her longest toe,
 And mounted up into the skies,
 Styll singing as shee flowe.

Anone shee home returnde
 Full fraught with choyce of meate;
 But loe, (a suddaine change) her byrdes
 For feare could nothyng eate.

Therwith agast she cryed,
 What, how? what meaneth this?
 I charge ye on my blessing tell
 What thyng hath chaunst amis.

Are these my welcomes home,
 Or thanks for foode I have?
 Ye wouted were with chirping cheare
 To gape before I gave:

But now such quawmes oppresse
 Your former quiet kynde,
 That (quite transformed) dumb mute things,
 And senselesse soules I finde.

The prime and eldest birde
 (Thus checkt) began to say,
 Alas, deare dame, such news we hard
 Sence ye were flowen awaye,

That were it not the trust
 That wee repose in you,
 Our lives were lost remediles
 We know it well ynow.

The owner of this plot
 Came hither with his sonne,
 And sayd to him, this wheat must down,
 'Tis more than time 'twere don:

Go get thee to my friends,
 And byd them come to morne,
 And tell them that I crave their helpes
 To reape a peece of corne.

The Larke that was the dam
 Stood in a dump a whyle,
 And after said, his frindes (quoth hee)
 And then began to smile.

Tush, friendes are hard to finde,
 True friendship seild appeares :
 A man may misse to have a friend,
 That lives olde Nestors yeares.

True Damon and his friend
 Long ere our time were dead :
 It was in Greece, a great way hence,
 Where two such friends were bred.

Our country is to colde
 To foster up a friende,
 Tyll prooffe be made eche one wyll say,
 Styll yours unto the ende.

But trye in time of neede
 And all your friends are flowen ;
 Suche fruitlesse seede, suche fickle stay
 In faithlesse friendes is sowen.

Therefore be of good cheere,
 Revive your dulled sprites,
 Expell the care that causelesse thus
 Bereaves you of delightes.

Let no surmised feare
Deprive your eyes of sleepe,
My selfe wyll be amongst ye still,
That safely shall ye keepe.

And sweare eene by the tuft
That growes upon my crowne,
If all his helpe be in his freendes
This corne shall not goe downe.

The yong, assured by her
That such an othe dyd sweare,
Dyd passe the time with wonted sleepe,
And banisht former feare.

And when the drowsie night
Was fled from gladsome daye,
She bad them wake and looke about,
For she must go her way.

And saide, I warrant you,
These freendes wyll not come heere ;
Yet notwithstanding, listen well,
And tell me what you heare.

Anone the farmer came,
Enraged, wellnie madde,
And sware who so depends on friends,
His case is worse then badde :

I wyll go fet my kinne
To helpe mee with this geare :
In things of greater weight then this
Their kindred shall appeare.

The larkes, their dam returnd,
Informed her of all,
And how that he hymselfe was gone
His kindred for to call.

But when she hard of kinne
Shee laughinge cried amayne,
A pin for kin, a figge for friendes,
Yet kinne the worst of twayne.

This man him selfe is poore
Though wealthy kine he have,
And kindred now a dayes doth quaile
When neede compelles to crave.

No, no, he shall returne
With yll contented minde ;
His paynes shall yeald but losse of time,
No succoure he shall finde.

They all are so addicte
Unto their private gayne,
That if ye lacke power to requite
Your sutes are all in vayne.

My selfe am over chardgde
With harvest, ye maye see,
And neerer is my skin then shirte :
This shall their answer bee.

Therefore, as earste of friendes
So saye I now of kin :
Wee shall receyve no hurte by them
Nor he no profite win.

Yet listen once agayne
What now [h]is refuge is,
For kinred shalbe lyke to friendes ;
Be well assured of this.

I must go furnish up
A neast I have begone,
And wyll returne and bring ye meate
Assoone as it is done.

Then up she clam the clowdes
With suche a lusty saye
That it rejoyste her yonglinges hartes
As in their neast they laye :

And muche they did commende
Their mothers lofty gate,
And thought it long til time had brought
Them selves to such estate.

Thus whilst their twinkelynge eyes
Were rovyng to and fro,
They saw where as the Farmer came
That was their mortall foe.

Who after due complaintes,
Thus said in the ende:
I wyll from hencefoorth trust myselfe,
And not to kinne nor friende.

Who gives me glosing wordes,
And fayles me at my neede,
May in my Pater noster bee,
But never in my Creede.

My selfe wyll have it downe,
Since needes it must be so,
For prooffe hath taught me too mutch wit
To trust to any mo.

The birdes that listenyng laye
Attentive to the same,
Informde their mother of the whole
As soone as ere she came.

Yee, mary, then quoth shee,
The case now altered is:
We wyll no longer heare abyde ;
I alwayes feared this.

But out she got them all
 And truded away apace,
 And through the corn she brought them safe
 Into another place.

God send her lucke to shun
 Both hauke and fowlers gin,
 And mee the hap to have no neede
 Of friende, nor yet of kin.

Finis. Arthur Bour.

Printed at London by Richard Johnes.

THE EXECUTION OF BALLARD, &c.

THE history of the plot in which Ballard, Babbington, Tichbourne and others, were engaged in 1586, is well known. The subsequent ballad, by the celebrated Thomas Deloney, (his initials T. D. being at the conclusion of it) was no doubt printed immediately after the execution of the "fourteen most wicked traitors," on the 20th and 21st September. At the top of the broadside are woodcuts of fourteen heads, but they are not likenesses, but merely engravings which the printer happened to have in his possession, and which had been already used for Hill's work on Physiognomy, and perhaps for other publications requiring illustration.

A PROPER NEW BALLAD, BREEFELY DECLARING THE DEATH
 AND EXECUTION OF 14 MOST WICKED TRAITORS, WHO
 SUFFERED DEATH IN LINCOLNES INNE FIELDE, NEERE
 LONDON: THE 20 AND 21 OF SEPTEMBER 1586.

TO THE TUNE OF WEEP WEEP.

REJOYCE in hart, good people all,
 Sing praise to God on hye,
 Which hath preserved us by his power
 From traitors tiranny;

Which now have had their due desarts,
 In London lately seen,
 And Ballard was the first that died,
 For treason to our Queene.
 O praise the Lord with hart and minde,
 Sing praise with voices cleare ;
 Seth traiterous crue, have had their due
 To quaile their partener's cheere.

Next Babington, that caitife vilde,
 Was hanged for his hier ;
 His carcasse likewise quartered,
 And hart cast in the fier.
 Was ever seen such wicked troopes
 Of traytors in this land,
 Against the pretious woord of truthe,
 And their good Queene to stand ?
 Oh praise, &c.

But heer beholde the rage of Rome,
 The fruits of Popish plants ;
 Beholde and see their wicked woorks,
 Which all good meaning wants ;
 For Savage also did receive
 Like death for his desert,
 Which in that wicked enterprise
 Should then have doon his part.
 O praise, &c,

O cursed catifes, void of grace,
 Will nothing serve your turne,
 But to behold your cuntries wrack,
 In malice while you burne ?
 And Barnwell thou, which went to view
 Her grace in each degree,
 And how her life might be dispatcht,
 Thy death we all did see.
 O praise, &c.

Confounding shame fall to their share,
 And hellish torments sting,
 That to the Lords annoited shall
 Devise so vile a thing.
 O Techburne, what bewitched thee
 To have such hate in store,
 Against our good and gracious Queene,
 That thou must dye therefore ?
 O praise, &c.

What gaine for traitors can returne,
 If they their wish did win ?
 Or what preferment should they get,
 By this their trecherous sinne ?
 Though forraine power love treason well,
 The traitors they dispise,
 And they the first that should sustaine
 The smart of their devise.
 O praise, &c.

What cause had Tilney, traitor stout,
Or Abbington likewise,
Against the Lords annoited thus
Such mischief to devise?
But that the Devill inticed them
Such wicked woorks to render ;
For which these seven did suffer death,
The twentieth of September.
O praise, &c.

Seven more the next day following
Were drawen from the Tower,
Which were of their confederates,
To dye that instant hower:
The first of them was Salsburie,
And next to him was Dun,
Who did complaine most earnestly
Of proud yong Babington.
O praise, &c.

Both lords and knights of hye renowne
He ment for to displace,
And likewise all the towers and townes
And cities for to race :
So likewise Jones did much complaine
Of his detested pride,
And shewed how lewdly he did live
Before the time he died.
O praise, &c.

Then Charnock was the next in place
To taste of bitter death ;
And praying unto holy saints,
He left his vitall breath.
And in like maner Travers then
Did suffer in that place,
And fearfully he left his life,
With crossing brest and face.
O praise, &c.

Then Gage was stripped in his shirt,
Who up the lather went,
And sought for to excuse him selfe
Of treasons falce intent.
And Bellamie the last of all
Did suffer death that daye ;
Unto which end God bring all such
As wish our Queenes decay.
O praise, &c.

O faulce, and foule disloyall men,
What person would suppose
That clothes of velvet and of silke
Should hide such mortall foes ?
Or who would think such hiddenhate
In men so fair in sight,
But that the Devill can turne him selfe
Into an angell bright.
O praise, &c.

But, soveraigne Queene, have thou no care,
 For God, which knoweth all,
 Will still maintaine thy royall state,
 And give thy foes a fall.
 And for thy Grace thy subjects all
 Will make their praiers still,
 That never traitor in this land
 May have his wicked will.
 O praise, &c.

Whose glorious daies in England heere
 The mighty God maintaine,
 That long unto thy subjects joye
 Thy Grace may rule and raigne.
 And, Lord, we pray, for Christes sake,
 That all thy secret foes
 May come to naught, which seeke thy life
 And Englands lasting woes.
 O praise the Lord with hart and minde, &c.

The names of 7 Traitors
 which were executed on
 Tuesday being the xx
 of September 1586.

John Ballard Preest.
 Anthony Babington.
 John Savage.
 Robert Barnwell.
 Chodicus Techburne.
 Charles Tilney.
 Edward Abbington.

The names of the other
 vii which were exe-
 cuted on the next
 day after.

Thomas Salsbury.
 Henry Dun.
 Edward Jhones.
 John Travers.
 John Charnock.
 Robert Gage.
 Harman Bellamy.

Finis. T. D.

Imprinted at London at the Long Shop adjoining unto Saint
 Mildreds Church in the Pultrie by Edward Allde.

CHURCHYARD'S FAREWELL TO COURT.

THOMAS CHURCHYARD, the author of the subsequent hitherto unknown production, was a versifier (not to dignify him by the title of poet, to which he had few pretensions) from his early youth, and he continued to print his rhimes down to the very year of his death, 1604, when he had attained the age of eighty-four. Many of his publications were autobiographical, and a singular and varied life might easily be composed from them. He was patronized in the outset of his career by the Earl of Surrey, and wrote some of the "Songes and Sonnettes," first printed in 1557. At this time he was probably in the army, and so he continued for many years, vainly seeking employment at court. The following ballad was evidently written in a fit of despondency at some disappointment of the kind; and he laments the absence of Lady Sydney from court, as the cause of it. He probably means the widow of Sir Philip Sydney, which would fix the date of the ballad prior to her marriage with Robert Earl of Essex. Some new and interesting particulars regarding Churchyard and his patrons are to be found in Mr. Wright's "Elizabeth and her Times," 8vo. 1838.

A FAREWELL, CAULD CHURCHEYEARDS ROUNDE,
FROM THE COURTE TO THE CUNTRY GROWND.

In courte yf largies be,
Why parte I thens so bare?
Yf lords were franke and fre,
Sum dradg wold lordings spare,
To hyme whose tonge and penn
Myght showe in every coste
The worthynes of men,
And who desarvythe moste.

Full lyttill may be gott
Where hungry droppes do falle;
Where all goes to the pott
The kitchine fese are smalle.

The byrde can spare no plumes
 That fethers gaye wolde have ;
 The Courtyer all consumes
 Who makes hymeselfe so brave.

No, no, here lyes in dede
 The padde within the strawe ;
 For eche man pleadethe neade,
 And he is held a dawe
 That gyves to such as wante,
 And thynkes hyme selfe in lacke.
 This makes the world so skant,
 And tournythe all to wracke.

For fryndshype, cowlde as ise,
 I wayted longe and late,
 And gladde to playe the vice
 To plesure eche estate ;
 And ever dyd I hope
 To hitt my wyshyd marke,
 Yet lo, I dyd but grope
 For gnats within the darke.

Perhappes the froste hath nypt
 Eache noble lyberall hand,
 Or else awaye is skypte
 In to sume other lannde.
 God send a thawe a gayne,
 And shyppes drawe home as fast,
 That pore men for ther payne
 Maye fynde some welthe at last.

I saught the Prynce to sarve,
 As all oure dutyes is,
 And hope I dyd desarve
 A greter sute then this ;
 But dayes and wekes are spente,
 And worne my cotes ful thyne,
 And all my yearly rent,
 Yet founde no grace therein.

No monstoure sure I am,
 Nor fowlle deformyd thyng ;
 No shepe nor suckinge lame ;
 More lycke to sarve a kinge,
 As shall both hand and harte
 At lengthe my wytne be,
 When proffe in any part
 Shall be requyrde of me.

Had I but founde a wyght
 In courte, when I was there,
 The Lady Sydney hight,
 All changed had byn this gere.
 What happ had I to shue
 Where no suche helpe is founde ?
 O dames, yt blush not you,
 Thought she in grace a bound.

Nowe from the courte to carte,
 My horse and I must pase.
 Who hathe the meryst harte,
 Who is in better case,

My horse or I, God knowes :
 The one muste beare his charge,
 The other where he goes
 Must pourely lyve at large.

Finis. Quod. T. Churcheyard.

Imprinted at London in Fletestrte at the Faucon, over againste
 St. Dunstons Churche by Wylliam Gryffith.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT TILBURY.

It would be idle to conjecture to whom the initials T. J. at the end of this spirited ballad belong: had it been some half century later, it would have been confidently assigned to Thomas Jordan, who was a prolific penman of pieces of this class. The production itself is no where mentioned, and the only known writer of about that period whose name corresponds is Thomas Jeney, who in 1568 printed "A Discours of the present Troobles in Fraunce," translated from Ronsard. It is improbable, both from the date and style, that the ballad should have been by him. It gives a few particulars respecting the Queen's visit to the camp at Tilbury not found in contemporary historians. The date when the ballad was printed, was of course shortly anterior to the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

A JOYFUL SONG OF THE ROYALL RECEIVING OF THE QUEENES
 MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTIE INTO HER HIGHNESSE CAMPE
 AT TILSBURIE, IN ESSEX: ON THURSDAY AND FRYDAY
 THE EIGHT AND NINTH OF AUGUST 1588.

TO THE TUNE OF TRIUMPH AND JOY.

Good English men, whose valiant harts,
 With courage great and manly partes,
 Doe minde to daunt the overthwarts
 Of any foe to England,

Attend a while, and you shall heare
 What love and kindnesse doth appeare
 From the princely mind of our love deare
 Elizabeth Queene of England.
 To cheare her souldiers one and all,
 Of honour great or title small,
 And by what name you will them call :
 Elizabeth Queene of England.

The time being dangerous now, ye know,
 That forraigne enimies to and fro
 For to invade us make a show,
 And our good Queene of England,
 Her Majestie by grave advise,
 Considering how the danger lyes,
 By all good meanes she can devise
 For the safetie of all England,
 Hath pointed men of honour right,
 With all the speede they could or might,
 A campe of men there should be pight
 On Tilsburie hill in England.

Her grace being given to understand
 The mightie power of this her land,
 And the willing harts thereon she fand
 From every shire in England ;
 The mightie troupes have shewed the same,
 That day by day to London came,
 From shires and townes too long to name,
 To serve the Queene of England.

Her grace, to glad their harts againe,
 In princely person tooke the paine
 To honour the troupes and martiall traine
 In Tilsburie campe in England.

On Thursday the eight of August last
 Her Majestie by water past,
 When stormes of winde did blow so fast,
 Would feare some folke in England ;
 And at her forte she went on land,
 That neare to Tilsburie (strong) doth stand,
 Where all things furnisht there she fand
 For the safe defence of England.
 The great shot then did rage and roare,
 Replied by a forte on the other shore,
 Whose poudred pellets, what would ye have more,
 Would feare any foe in England.

Her highnesse then to the campe did goe,
 The order there to see and know,
 Which her Lord Generall did dutifully showe
 In Tilsburie campe in England :
 And everie captaine to her came,
 And every officer of fame,
 To show their duetie and their name
 To their sovereign Queene of England.
 Of tents and cabins thousands three,
 Some built with bowes and many a tree,
 And many of canvasse she might see
 In Tilsburie campe in England.

Each captaine had his colours brave
 Set over his tent in winde to wave ;
 With them their officers there they have
 To serve the Queene of England.

The other lodginges had their signe
 For souldiers where to sup and dine,
 And for to sleepe with orders fine
 In Tilsburie campe in England :
 And vittaling boothes there plentie were,
 Where they sold meate, bread, cheese and beere :
 One should have been hangd for selling too dear
 In Tilsburie campe in England.

To tell the joy of all and some
 When that her Majestie was come,
 Such playing on piphes and many a drum
 To welcome the Queene of England :
 Displaying of ensignes very brave,
 Such throwing of hats, what would ye have ?
 Such cryes of joy, God keepe and save
 Our noble Queene of England !
 And then to bid her grace good night,
 Great ordenance shot with pellets pight,
 Fourteene faire peeces of great might
 To teaze the foes of England.

Her Majestie went then away
 To the Court, where that her highnesse lay,
 And came againe on the next day
 To Tilsburie campe in England.

The captaines yerly did prepare
To have their battell set out faire,
Against her highnesse coming there,
 To Tilsburie campe in England ;
And long before her highnesse came
Each point was ordered so in frame,
Which served to set forth the fame
 Of a royal campe in England.

The gallant horsemen mounted brave,
With stomackes stoute that courage have,
Whose countenance sterne might well deprave
 In fight the foe of England ;
The arme men, bowmen, and the shot
Of muskets and calivers hot,
None of these wanted, well I wot,
 In Tilsburie campe in England.
Fiftie ensignes spred there were,
Of severall colours fine and faire,
Of drums and phyphes great numbers there,
 In Tilsburie campe in England.

The battell plac'd in order due,
A mightie host, I tell you true ;
A famous sight it was to view
 That royall campe in England.
The hoast thus set in battell ray,
In braver sorte then I can say,
For want of knowledge to display
 So goodly a campe in England.

How the maine 'battell and the winges,
 The vauntgarde, rearewarde and such thinges,
 The horsemen whose sharpe launces stinges
 In fight the foe of England.

The noble men and men of fame,
 In duetie bound did show the same,
 To waite when that her highness came
 Our soveraigne Queene of England :
 And she, being come into the field,
 A martiall staffe my lord did yeelede
 Unto her highnesse, being our shield
 And marshall chiefe of England.
 Then rode she along the campe to see
 To everie captaine orderly,
 Amid the rankes so royally,
 The marshall chiefe of England.

What princely wordes her grace declarede,
 What gracious thankes in every warde
 To every souldier, none she sparde
 That served any where for England.
 With princely promisse none should lacke
 Meate or drinke or cloth for backe,
 Golde and silver should not slacke
 To her marshall men of England.
 Then might she see the hats to flye,
 And everie souldier shouted hye
 For our good Queene wee'l fight or dye
 On any foe to England.

And many a captaine kist her hand
As she past forth through everie band,
And left her traine farre off to stand
 From her marshall men of England.
Two houres she spent among them there,
Her princely pleasure to declare,
Where many a one did say and sweare
 To live and dye for England ;
And would not aske one penny pay,
To charge her highnesse any way,
But of their owne would finde a stay
 To serve her grace for England.

To my lordes pavilion then she went,
A sumptuous faire and famous tent,
Where dinner time her highnesse spent
 With martiall men of England.
In the evening, when the tide was come,
Her highnesse thankt them all and some :
With trumpets shrile and sound of drum
 Returnd the Queene of England,
To the blockhouse where she tooke barge ;
Their divers captaines had their charge,
Then shot the cannons off at large
 To honour the Queene of England.

And thus her highnesse went away,
For whose long life all England pray,
King Henries daughter and our stay,
 Elizabeth Queene of England.

What subject would not spend his life
 And all he hath to stay the strife
 Of forraigne foe that seekes so rife
 To invade this realme of England.
 Therefore, deare countrie men, I say,
 With hart to God let us all pray
 To blesse our armies night and day,
 That serve our Queene for England.

Finis. T. J.

London, Printed by John Wolfe for Richard Jones. 1588.

THE EXECUTION OF LUKE HUTTON.

A TRACT by Luke Hutton, of which there were two editions, the first without date, and the last in 1638, is very well known, and an account of it may be found in the Bridgewater Catalogue, (privately printed for Lord Francis Egerton) p. 149. Hence it appears also that Hutton was the author of an earlier production, called his "Repentance." He seems to have been a highwayman and housebreaker, who, being condemned and pardoned, dedicated an affected piece of contrition to Lord Chief Justice Popham; and on subsequent liberation, returned to his old courses, and was hanged at York in 1598. Whether what follows, or indeed anything that goes under his name, were really written by him is very questionable.

LUKE HUTTON'S LAMENTATION: WHICH HE WROTE THE DAY
 BEFORE HIS DEATH, BEING CONDEMNED TO BE HANGED
 AT YORKE THIS LAST ASSISES FOR HIS ROBBERIES
 AND TRESPASSES COMMITTED.
 TO THE TUNE OF WANDERING AND WAVERING.

I AM a poore prisoner condemned to dye,
 Ah woe is me, woe is me, for my great folly!

Fast fettered in yrons in place where I lie.
 Be warned yong wantons, hemp passeth green holly.
 My parents were of good degree,
 By whom I would not counselled be.
 Lord Jesu forgive me, with mercy releeve me,
 Receive, O sweet Saviour, my spirit unto thee.

My name is Hutton, yea Luke of bad life,
 Ah woe is me, woe is me, for my great folly !
 Which on the high way did rob man and wife,
 Be warned yong wantons, &c.
 Inticed by many a gracelesse mate,
 Whose counsel I repent too late.
 Lord, &c.

Not twentie yeeres old, alas, was I,
 Ah woe is me, woe is me, &c.,
 When I begun this fellonie.
 Be warned yong wantons, &c.
 With me went still twelve yeomen tall,
 Which I did my twelve Apostles call.
 Lord, &c.

There was no squire nor barron bold,
 Ah woe is me, woe is me for my great folly !
 That rode the way with silver or gold,
 Be warned yong wantons, &c.
 But I and my twelve Apostles gaie
 Would lighten their load ere they went away.
 Lord, &c.

This newes procured my kins-folkes grieffe,

Ah woe is me, woe is me !

They hearing I was a famous theeffe,

Be warned yong wantons.

They wept, they wailde, they wrong their hands,

That thus I should hazard life and lands.

Lord, &c.

They made me a jaylor a little before,

Ah woe, &c.

To keep in prison offenders store ;

Be warned, &c.

But such a jaylor was never none,

I went and let them out everie one.

Lord, &c.

I wist their sorrow sore grieved me,

Ah woe is me, &c.,

Such proper men should hanged be,

Be warned yong, &c.

My office ther I did defie,

And ran away for company.

Lord, &c.

Three yeeres I lived upon the spoile,

Ah woe is me, &c.

Giving many a carle the foile,

Be warned yong, &c.

Yet never did I kil man nor wife,

Though lewdly long I led my life.

Lord, &c.

But all too bad my deedes hath been,
 Ah woe is me, &c.
 Offending my country and my good queene,
 Be warned yong, &c.
 All men in Yorke-shire talke of me ;
 A stronger theefe there could not be.
 Lord, &c.

Upon S. Lukes day was I borne,
 Ah woe, &c.
 Whom want of grace hath made a scorne,
 Be war &c.
 In honor of my birth day then,
 I robd in a bravery nineteen men.
 Lord, &c.

The country weary to beare this wrong,
 Ah woe is me, &c.
 With huse and cries pursude me long,
 Be war &c.
 Though long I scapt, yet loe at last,
 London, I was in Newgate cast.
 Lord, &c.

There did I lye with a grieved minde :
 Ah woe is me, &c.,
 Although the keeper was gentle and kinde,
 Be warned yong, &c.
 Yet was he not so kinde as I,
 To let me be at libertie.
 Lord, &c.

At last the shiriffe of Yorke-shire came,
Ah woe is me, &c.
And in a warrant he had my name.
Be warned yong, &c.
Said he at Yorke thou must be tride,
With me therefore hence must thou ride.
Lord, &c.

Like pangues of death his words did sound :
Ah woe is me, &c.
My hands and armes full fast he bound.
Be warned, &c.
Good sir, quoth I, I had rather stay,
I have no heart to ride that way.
Lord, &c.

When no entreaty might prevaile,
Ah woe is me, &c.
I calde for beere, for wine and ale ;
Be warned, &c.
And when my heart was in wofull case,
I drunke to my friends with a smiling face.
Lord, &c.

With clubs and staves I was garded then ;
Ah woe is me, &c.
I never before had such waiting men :
Be warned, &c.
If they had ridden before amaine,
Beshrew me if I had cald them againe.
Lord &c.

And when into Yorke that I was come,

Ah, &c.

Each one on me did passe their doome ;

Be war &c.

And whilst you live this sentence note,

Evill men can never have good report.

Lord, &c.

Before the judges when I was brought,

Ah woe is me, &c.

Be sure I had a carefull thought,

Be &c.

Nine score inditements and seaventeene

Against me there was read and seene.

Lord, &c.

And each of these was felony found,

Ah woe is me, &c.

Which did my heart with sorrow wound.

Be &c.

What should I heerein longer stay,

For this I was condemned that day.

Lord, &c.

My death each houre I do attend ;

Ah woe is me,

In prayer and teares my time I spend ;

Be &c.

And all my loving friends this day

I do intreate for me to pray.

Lord, &c.

I have deserved long since to die :

Ah woe, &c.

A viler sinner livde not then I,

Be &c.

On friends I hopte my life to save,

But I am fittest for my grave.

Lord, &c.

Adue my loving frends each one :

Ah woe is me, woe is me, for my great folly !

Thinke on my words when I am gone.

Be warned young wantons, &c.

When on the ladder you shall me view,

Thinke I am neerer heaven then you.

Lord, &c.

Finis. Hutton.

Printed at London for Thomas Millington. 1598.

THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF ESSEX.

THE subsequent ballad, for obvious reasons, was not published until James I. came to the throne, though it would seem from the narrative that it had been written very soon after the melancholy event it celebrates. It gives some new, and probably then well-known, particulars regarding the Earl of Essex and his demeanour before and at his execution, which are omitted by Camden and other authorities. When Stowe wrote, he was afraid of enlarging upon the subject, and purposely left it to the "books thereof extant." Howes, in his continuation, was equally cautious, although without the same reason. Margaret Allde, for whom what follows was printed, was no doubt the widow of John Allde,

whom Dr. Dibdin names Mary, possibly from misreading Marg. in the registers of the Stationers' Company. (Typ. Ant. iv. 571.) The tune of "Welladay," to which the anonymous writer adapted his lines, is not mentioned, at least under that name, by Mr. W. Chappell in his "National English Airs."

A LAMENTABLE DITTIE COMPOSED UPON THE DEATH OF
ROBERT LORD DEVEREUX, LATE EARLE OF ESSEX, WHO
WAS BEHEADED IN THE TOWER OF LONDON UPON
ASHWEDNESDAY IN THE MORNING. 1601.

TO THE TUNE OF WELLADAY.

SWEET Englands pride is gone,
Welladay, welladay !
Which makes her sigh and grone
Evermore still.
He did her fame advance
In Ireland Spaine and France,
And now by dismall chaunce
Is from her tane.

He was a vertuous peere,
Welladay, welladay !
And was esteemed deere
Evermore still.
He alwaies helpt the poore,
Which makes them sigh full sore ;
His death they doe deplore
In every place.

Brave honor grac'd him still
Gallantly, gallantly :
He nere did deede of ill,
Well is it knowne.

But envie, that foule fiend
Whose malice ne're hath end,
Hath brought true vertues friend
Unto his thrall.

At tilt he did surpasse
Gallantly, gallantly,
All men that is and was
Evermore still.
One day, as it was seene,
In honor of his Queene
Such deeds hath ne're been seen
As he did doe.

Abroade and eke at home
Gallantly, gallantly,
For valour there was none
Like him before.
In Ireland France and Spaine
They feared great Essex name,
And England lov'd the same,
In every place.

But all would not prevaile,
Welladay, welladay !
His deedes did nought availe,
More was the pittie.
He was condemnd to die
For treason certainly,
But God that sits on hie
Knoweth all things.

That Sunday in the morne,
Welladay, welladay !
That he to the cittie came
With all his troupe:
That first began the strife,
And caused him loose his life,
And others did the like
As well as hee.

Yet her princely Majestie
Gratiously, graciously,
Hath pardon given free
To many of them.
She hath released them quite,
And given them their right ;
They may pray both day and night
God to defend her.

Shrovetuesday in the night,
Welladay, welladay !
With a heavy harted spright,
As it is sayd,
The leiftenant of the Tower,
Who kept him in his power,
At ten a clocke, that hour,
To him did come.

And sayd unto him there,
Mournfully, mournfully,
My lord you must prepare
To die tomorrow.

Gods will be done, quoth he,
Yet shall you strangely see
God strong in me to be,
 Though I am weake.

I pray you, pray for me,
 Welladay, welladay !
That God may strengthen me
 Against that houre.
Then straightway did he call
The guard under the wall,
And did intreate them all
 For him to pray.

For to morrow is the day,
 Welladay, welladay !
That I the debt must pay
 Which I doe owe :
It is my life I meane,
Which I must pay my Queene,
Even so hath justice given
 That I must doe.

In the morning was he brought,
 Welladay, welladay !
Where a scaffold was set up
 Within the Tower.
Many lords were present then,
With other gentlemen,
Which were appointed then
 To see him dye.

You noble lords, quoth he,
Welladay, welladay !
That must the witsesse be
Of this my death ;
Know, I never loved Papistrye,
But did it still defye,
And Essex thus did dye,
Heere in this place.

I have a sinner been,
Welladay, welladay !
Yet never wrong'd my Queene
In all my life.
My God I did offend,
Which grieves me at my end :
May all the rest amend,
I doe forgive them.

To the state I nere ment ill,
Welladay, welladay !
Neither wisht the Commons ill
In all my life;
But loved with all my heart,
And alwaies tooke their part
Whereas there was desert
In any place.

Then mildely did he crave,
Mournfully mournfully,
He might that favour have
Private to pray :

Then he prayed heartely,
And with great fervency
To God that sits on hie
For to receive him.

And then he prayed againe,
Mournefully, mournefully.
God to preserve his Queene
From all her foes ;
And send her long to raigne
True justice to maintaine,
And not to let proud Spaine
Once to offend her.

His gowne he slipt off then,
Welladay, welladay !
And put off his hat and band,
And hung it by ;
Praying still continually
To God that sits on hie,
That he might patiently
There suffer death.

My headsman that must be,
Then said he cheerfullie,
Let him come heere to me
That I may him see ;
Who kneeled to him then,
Art thou (quoth he) the man
Which art appointed now
My life to free ?

Yes, my lord, did he say,
Welladay, welladay !
Forgive me I you pray
For this your death.
I heere doe thee forgive,
And may true justice live,
No foule crime to forgive
Within their place.

Then he kneeled downe againe,
Mournefully, mournefully,
And was required by some
There standing by,
To forgive his enemies
Before death closde his eyes,
Which he did in heartie wise,
Thanking them for it.

That they would remember him,
Welladay, welladay !
That he might forgive all them
That had him wrong'd.
Now, my lords, I take my leave,
Sweet Christ my soule receive ;
Now when you wil I prepare,
For I am readie.

He laide his head on the blocke,
Welladay, welladay !
But his doubtlet did let the stroke,
Some there did say.

What must be done (quoth he)
Shall be done presently ;
Then his doubtlet put off hee,
And laye downe againe.

Then his headsman did his part
Cruelly, cruelly.
He was never seene to start
For all the blowes .
His soule it is at rest
In heaven among the blest,
Where God send us to rest,
When it shall please him.

God save the King.

Imprinted at London for Margret Alde, and are to be solde at the
long shop under Saint Mildreds Church in the Poultry. 1603.

FINIS.

A COLLECTION OF
SONGS AND BALLADS

RELATIVE TO THE LONDON PRENTICES
AND TRADES; AND TO THE AFFAIRS
OF LONDON GENERALLY.

DURING THE
Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Centuries.

EDITED,
WITH NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS,
BY CHARLES MACKAY.

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY C. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

MCCCXLI.

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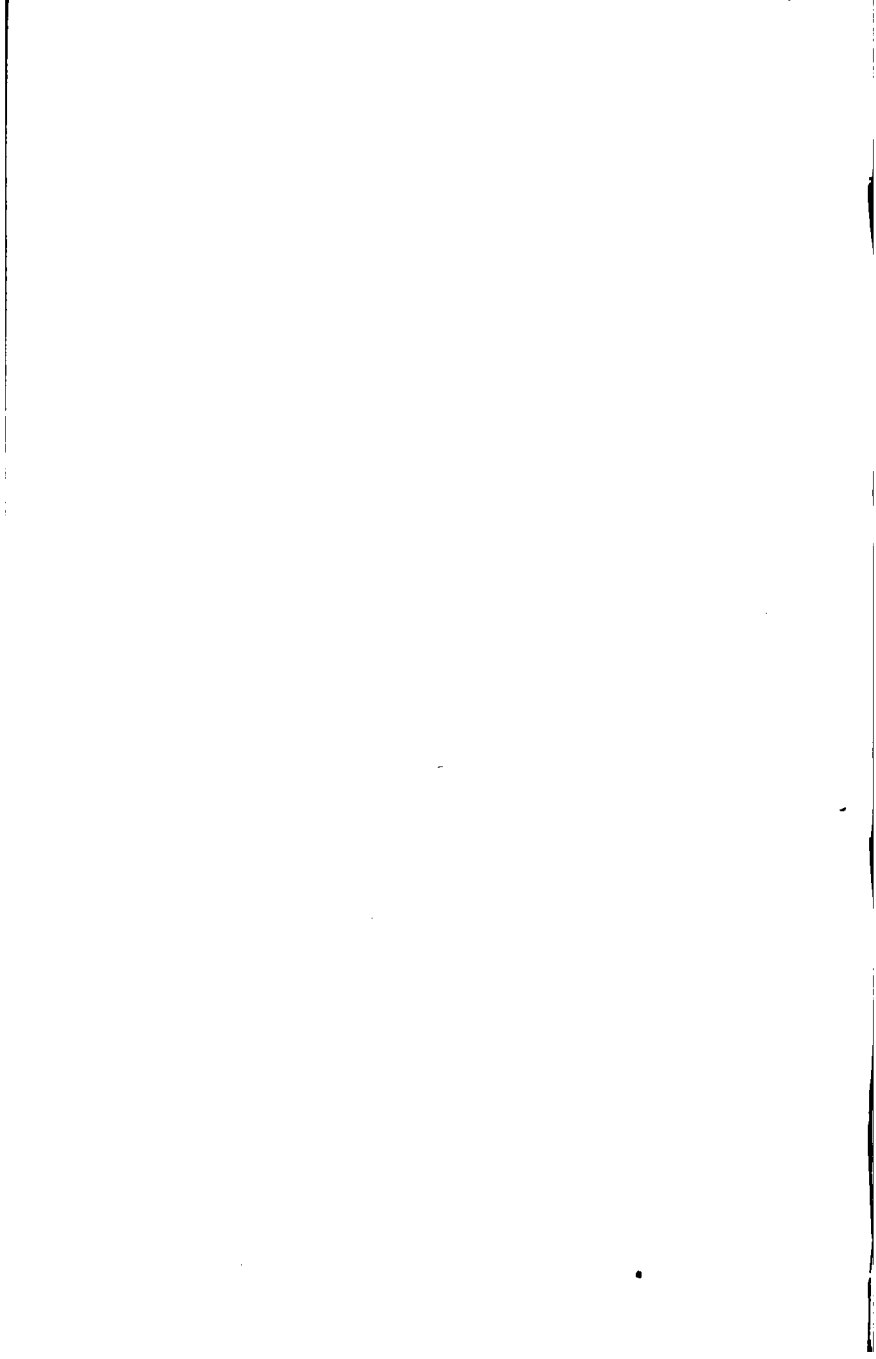
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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN offering this collection to the members of the Percy Society, the Editor thinks it necessary to say a few words in explanation of his departure from his original intention of confining it solely to Songs and Ballads relating to the London Prentices and Trades during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. The London Prentices were, during this period, and especially towards the latter part of it, a very important body; and it was thought that it would be a matter of comparatively small difficulty to collect a number of ballads relating to them sufficient to form of themselves a volume of moderate size. Upon further investigation, however, it was found that the number extant was not so great as was anticipated, and, of this number, some were unworthy, and many more unfit on the score of decency, for republication in the present day. It was therefore deemed advisable to extend the design of the collection, and to include, not only ballads relating to the Prentices and Trades, but to the public events and politics of London in general. To these have been added a few

that are interesting at the present time from their mention of the ancient topography of this daily increasing city; and the whole, it is hoped, will prove acceptable to the members of the Percy Society.

The Editor cannot conclude without returning his thanks to various members of the Council, and especially to the ever-zealous Mr. Rimbault, for their valuable suggestions and other assistance during the progress of his labours.

London,
March 25th, 1841.

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SONGS OF THE LONDON PRENTICES AND TRADES.

EPISTLES OF JOHN BALL.

THE Epistles of John Ball are taken from Stowe's Annals. John Ball was a priest who was hanged and beheaded at St. Alban's, on the 15th of July, 1381, for his participation in the rebellion of Wat Tyler. He was author of that famous couplet—

“ When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?”

And, according to Stowe, used to commence his sermons with it, when he wished to stir up the people. He confessed, at the place of execution, that he wrote these Epistles—half prose and half verse—and distributed copies of them among the populace. Stowe says they are full of riddles and dark sentences; and many of the allusions are now unintelligible. The following was taken from the pockets of a man, who was captured after the riots of London, and sentenced to be hanged.

JOHN SHEPE, sometime Saint Mary priest, of York, and now of Colchester, greeteth well *John Namelesse*, and *John Miller*, and *John Carter*, and biddeth them that they beware of *Gillinbrough*, and standeth together in God's name; and biddeth *Pierce Plowman* goe to his work, and chastise well *Hob the Robber*, and take with him *John Trueman*, and all his fellowes, and no moe.

JOHN the Miller hath yground small, small,
 The king's son of heaven shall pay for all,
 Beware or be ye wo!
 Know your friend from your foe.
 Haveth ynough and saith hoe!
 And doe well and better and fleeth sinne,
 And seeketh peace and holde therein!
 And so biddeth **John** Trueman and all his fellows.

•

SECOND EPISTLE OF JOHN BALL.

Stowe says he had seen several other Epistles of **John Ball**, but
 has only preserved the following.

JOHN BALL, Saint Mary priest,
 Greeteth well all manner of men,
 And biddeth them in name of the Trinitie,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Stand manlike together in truth,
 And helpe truth, and truth shall help you.
 Now reigneth pride in price,
 Couetise is holden wise,
 Lechery without shame,
 Gluttonie without blame.
 Enuie raigneth with reason,
 And sloth is taken in great season,
 God do boote, for now is time, Amen.

JACK MILLER'S SONG.

JACK MILLER was an important personage in these riots, but the old chroniclers give no information of his fate. It is probable, however, that he suffered execution about the same time as Wat Tyler, John Ball, Jack Straw, and the other leaders of the rebellion. Fifteen of them were beheaded with John Ball, at St. Alban's, and more than double that number at London. The following verses are printed in Stowe's Annals as if they were prose, and have thus doubtless escaped the observation of those who are curious in old poetry.

JACK MILLER asketh helpe to turn his Mill aright,
He hath ground small, small,
The king's son of heauen shall pay for all;
 Looke thy Mill goe right,
 With four sails, and the post;
 Stand in stedfastnes,
 With right and might,
 With skill and will,
 Let might helpe right,
 And skill before will,
 And right before might,
 Then goeth our Mill aright.
 But if might
 Goe before right,
 And will
 Before skill,
 Then is our Mill misdight.

JACK TRUEMAN'S EPISTLE.

THIS is also taken from Stowe, and was popular at the same period as the foregoing. Jack Trueman is more than once alluded to in the first Epistle of John Ball. The name of John Bathon, which occurs in this, is not mentioned by any of the historians of Wat Tyler's rebellion.

JACKE TREWMAN doeth you to vnderstand
 That falsenesse and guile hath raigned too long;
 And truth hath been set vnder a locke,
 And falsenesse raigneth in every flocke,
 No man may come truth to,
 But he sing, si dederò; [and therefore,
 Speake, spend and speed, quoth John of Bathon,
 Sinne fareth as wilde flood,
 True love is away that is so good,
 And clarkes for wealth wirketh them wo—
 God doe boote for now is time, Amen.

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON'S ADVANCEMENT;

BEING AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF HIS EDUCATION,
 UNEXPECTED FORTUNE, CHARITY, ETC.

To the Tune of "Dainty, come thou to me."

THE following is taken from the third edition of a "Collection of old Ballads, corrected from the best and most ancient Copies, with Introductions, historical, critical, and humorous. London, Printed for J. Roberts, in Warwick Lane; D. Leach, in Black and White Court, in the Old Bailey; and J. Batteley, at the Dove, in Paternoster Row. 1727." It has also been collated with another copy of the same ballad, entitled "A song of Richard Whittington, who by strange Fortunes came to be thrice Lord Mayor of London, with his bountiful Gifts and Liberality, given

to this honourable City;" which is to be found in the "Crown Garland of Golden Roses, gathered out of England's Royal Garden, set forth in many pleasant new Songs and Sonnets, &c. by R. Johnson. London, printed by J. M. for W. F. Thackeray, at the Sign of the "Angel," in Duck Lane, near West Smithfield, 1692." The two concluding stanzas do not appear in the collection of 1727. The story of Sir Richard Whittington, and the marvellous advancement of his fortune by means of his cat, has long been popular in England; but there appears to be no other authority for it than tradition. The wealth and benevolence of Sir Richard are however beyond doubt. This worthy citizen was, as the ballad repeats, thrice Lord Mayor of London,—the first time in 1396, the second in 1404, and the third in 1419. From Sir Richard's will, it appears that his extraction was not so humble as the old legends represent it, but that he was the son of a knight—Sir William Whittington and Dame Joan his wife. The various good works he performed, and the charities he endowed, are correctly enumerated in the ballad. Grafton, in his Chronicle, relates an anecdote of the knight, which is not elsewhere recorded. In a codicil to his will, he commanded his executors, as they should one day answer before God, to look diligently over the list of the persons indebted to him, and if they found any who was not clearly possessed of three times as much as would fully satisfy all the claim, they were freely to forgive it. He also added, that no man whatever should be imprisoned for any debt due to his estate. "Look upon this, ye aldermen," says the historian emphatically, "for it is a glorious glass!"

HERE must I tell the praise
Of worthy Whittington,
Known to be in his days
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.

But of poor Parentage
Born was he, as we hear,
And in his tender Age
Bred up in Lancashire,

Poorly to London then
Came up this simple lad;
Where, with a Merchant-man
Soon he a dwelling had;

And in a kitchen plac'd,
A scullion for to be;
Where a long time he pass'd
In labour drudginly.

His daily service was
Turning at the fire;
And to scour pots of brass,
For a poor scullion's hire;

Meat and Drink all his Pay,
Of coin he had no store;
Therefore to run away
In secret, thought he bore.

So from the merchant-man
Whittington secretly
Towards his country ran
To purchase liberty.

But as he went along,
In a fair summer's morn,
London's bells sweetly rung
Whittington's back return;

Evermore sounding so,
Turn again, Whittington;

For thou, in time, shall grow
Lord Mayor of London.

Whereupon back again
Whittington came with speed,
A prentice to remain,
As the Lord had decreed.

Still blessed be the bells,
This was his daily song;
This my good fortune tells,
Most sweetly have they rung.

If God so favour me,
I will not prove unkind;
London my love shall see,
And my large bounties find.

But, see this happy chance!
This scullion had a Cat,
Which did his state advance,
And by it wealth he gat.

His master ventur'd forth,
To a land far unknown,
With merchandize of Worth,
As is in Stories shown:

Whittington had no more
But this poor Cat as then,
Which to the ship he bore,
Like a brave valiant man:

Vent'ring the same, quoth he,
I may get store of gold,
And Mayor of London be,
As the Bells have me told.

Whittington's merchandise
Carried to a land
Troubled with rats and mice,
As they did understand;

The King of the country there
As he at dinner sat,
Daily remained in fear
Of many a mouse and rat.

Meat that on trenchers lay,
No way they could keep safe;
But by rats bore away,
Fearing no wand or staff ;

Whereupon soon they brought
Whittington's nimble cat;
Which by the King was bought;
Heaps of gold giv'n for that.

Home again came these men
With their ship laden so,
Whittington's wealth began
By this cat thus to grow:

Scullions life he forsook,
To be a merchant good,

And soon began to look
How well his Credit stood.

After that he was chose
Sheriff of the City here,
And then full quickly rose
Higher as did appear;

For, to this City's praise,
Sir Richard Whittington
Came to be in his days
Thrice Mayor of London.

More his fame to advance,
Thousands he lent the King,
To maintain war in France,
Glory from thence to bring.

And after, at a feast
Which he the King did make,
He burnt the bonds all in jest,
And would no money take.

Ten thousand pounds he gave
To his Prince willingly;
And would no penny have
For this kind courtesy.

As God thus made him great,
So he would daily see
Poor people fed with meat,
To shew his charity:

Prisoners poor cherish'd were,
Widows sweet comfort found:
Good deeds, both far and near
Of him do still resound.

Whittington's College is
One of his charities;
Record reporteth this,
To lasting memories.

Newgate he builded fair,
For prisoners to lye in;
Christ Church he did repair,
Christian love for to win.

Many more such like deeds
Were done by Whittington;
Which joy and comfort breeds,
To such as look thereon.

Lancashire, thou hast bred
This flower of charity,
Though he be dead and gone,
Yet lives he lastingly.

Those bells that called him so:
" Turn again Whittington,"
Call you him back no more,
To live so in London.

THE STORY OF ILL MAY DAY, IN THE TIME
OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH,AND WHY IT WAS SO CALLED: AND HOW QUEEN CATHARINE
BEGGED THE LIVES OF TWO THOUSAND
LONDON APPRENTICES.

To the Tune of "Essex's good night."

FROM the same collection as the preceding ballad. The story of Evil May Day is one of great note in the annals of London, and is one in which the apprentices played a chief but unhappy part. The events which gave rise to this calamitous occurrence happened in the early part of 1517; and the first outbreak was on May-day of the same year. The story, as related in the ballad, is very much exaggerated. The following more correct account of it is taken from Mackay's "History of London," p. 203 to 212.

"The first of May, 1517, is a remarkable day in the annals of London, and has been called Evil May day, on account of the calamities which it occasioned. For some time previous there had existed a growing jealousy in the city towards the foreigners and non-freemen who were permitted to exercise their craft within the walls, to the detriment of the freemen, whose profits were in consequence much reduced. One John Lincoln, a broker, was loud in his complaints, and made himself very conspicuous in his enmity to the foreign artisans. He had influence enough with a popular preacher, named Bell, to induce him to make allusions in his sermons to the injustice of suffering these foreigners to take the bread out of the mouths of native-born Englishmen. The preacher entered into the cause with so much zeal, and expatiated with so much eloquence on the hardships of the oppressed freemen, that the whole city was in a ferment. This was about the middle of April; and day after day it was whispered abroad, among the people, that on May-day some dreadful event would take place. It was impossible to trace this dark and menacing rumour to its source—nobody knew what was to happen, but every one was prepared for something extraordinary.

"While the popular mind was in this state of excitement, the young men of the city insulted and abused every foreigner they passed. Three young men, named Studley, Stevenson, and

Betts, made themselves particularly conspicuous; and having, on the 28th of April, met five or six foreign traders in Cheapside, they abused and beat them in so shameful a manner, that the lord mayor deemed it necessary to interfere, and sent out a strong party of the city-watch to capture the offenders, who were immediately conveyed, bound hand and foot, to the Compter.

“The indignation of the people against the foreigners now began to assume a more threatening complexion, and the vague rumours of the preceding fortnight hourly acquired a fearful consistency; and it was openly asserted, that on May-day evening every foreigner in London would be put to the sword. This rumour having reached the ears of Cardinal Wolsey, he sent in all haste for the lord mayor, the sheriffs, and the principal aldermen, and told them what he had heard, and that he should hold them responsible for the tranquillity of the city. This was on the 30th of April, or May-day eve; and as soon as the lord mayor was dismissed from the presence of the cardinal, he returned to the city, and immediately summoned a common-hall, to adopt such measures as should appear advisable for the preservation of the peace. The Guildhall was in less than an hour crowded by the aldermen and common councilmen, all filled with the most intense anxiety as to the fearful rumours that were abroad.

“After a long debate, it was agreed that orders should be immediately issued to every householder in the city, calling upon him to shut up his house, and keep his children, apprentices, and servants, strictly within doors, from nine o'clock that night until nine on the following morning. It was nearly eight o'clock before they agreed to this resolution, and it was necessary that they should acquaint Cardinal Wolsey of what they had resolved, as they could do nothing without his approbation. The recorder was, in consequence, charged to proceed with the utmost haste to Westminster, and inform the cardinal. The latter signified his approval of this precautionary measure, and the recorder rode back again into the city, where he arrived at half-past eight. There now remained but the short space of half an hour to proclaim this order in every part of the city; the consequence was, that the clock struck nine before the proclamation had been read in more than two or three places.

“An unfortunate, and certainly unpremeditated circumstance, rendered all these precautions vain, and let loose the flood of

angry passions. Alderman Sir John Mundie, having just left the common-hall, was passing through the Cheap, on his way home, when he saw two apprentices playing at buckler in the middle of the street. It was a few minutes past nine o'clock; and, without staying to inquire whether the order had yet been published in that quarter, he threatened to send the two young men to the Compter. The over-zealous alderman met with an insolent answer from the youths, who had no idea of leaving off their sport; and this having roused his ire, he seized hold of one of them, with the intention of dragging him off to prison. This unfortunate act was the signal for the commencement of the riot. Several other apprentices, who were looking on, no sooner saw this violence offered to their companion, than they raised the customary cry of 'Prentices! prentices!—Clubs! clubs!' In less than a minute the shout was responded to by a boisterous crowd of the young men of the city, armed with clubs, bills, staves, and weapons of every description. They rescued the apprentice from the grasp of the alderman, who had great difficulty in escaping with his life from the hands of his enraged assailants.

"The riot had now begun in earnest, and the apprentices were joined by upwards of seven hundred watermen, porters, and idle fellows, from all parts of the city. Another mob, with a similar purpose, collected about the same time in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the two having effected a junction, and being increased every minute by fresh bands of riotous apprentices from all parts of the town, commenced the work of destruction. Their first object was the release of Stevenson, Studley, and Betts, who had been committed to Newgate two days before, and they proceeded in that direction, bearing down all opposition, till they arrived at the gates of the prison. The gaolers were summoned to deliver up their captives; and, this being refused, the mob instantly broke open the doors, and brought them out in triumph.

"Their next feat was to force open the Compter, set all the prisoners loose, and then plunder the building, of which they left nothing but the bare walls standing. Having thus recruited their ranks by the addition of men who were not likely to be very scrupulous as to what they attempted, they rushed on, hallooing and shouting, to Leadenhall Street, where several of the foreigners resided, pillaging a house in St. Martin's-le-Grand in

their way, because somebody from a window had cried out 'Down with the 'prentices! down with the rioters!' The strangers, who had heard, in common with every other inhabitant of the city, the dark and sinister rumours of the preceding week, had taken care of their own safety, and transported themselves and families to places of security, without the walls—to Islington, Hackney, and other villages. The mob, thus balked of their victims, vented their rage upon their dwellings, and pillaged every house where foreign traders or artisans, non-freemen, were known to reside, levelling to the ground such of them as were not strong enough to resist their furious onset. This scene of plunder and confusion continued without intermission until three o'clock in the morning, when the rioters, exhausted with their own violence, separated gradually, and returned to their homes.

"In the meantime the government had not been idle, and Cardinal Wolsey, on the first intimation of the real state of affairs in the city, had dispatched a message, with orders to the lieutenant of the Tower to commence a discharge of artillery upon the city. Several shots were fired, but as they only damaged the houses, without producing the slightest effect upon the mob, the assault from this quarter was discontinued, and the Earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey were ordered to enter the city at the head of a strong body of troops. They did not, however, effect an entrance, until the rioters had begun to disperse of their own accord, when they aided the Lord Mayor in capturing nearly three hundred of the most violent, including some women, who had excited the rest.

"Next morning one of the aldermen recalled to mind the seditious sermons of Dr. Bell, and orders were immediately given for his apprehension, and that of John Lincoln, the broker, who had originally prevailed upon him to preach to the people as he had done. They were both sent to the Tower, and the following day was fixed for their trial, along with the other rioters. The trial, owing to the great number of prisoners, was afterwards fixed for the fourth of May, when the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Surrey were sent, on the part of the king, to aid the lord mayor. The former entered the city with a force of upwards of one thousand men, under whose escort the whole of the prisoners were led at once through the streets from Newgate to the Guildhall. The court was set, and John Lincoln,

Betts, Studley, and ten others, were found guilty, and ordered to be taken next day to the place of execution, and to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. The remaining rioters, whose trial had not been proceeded with, were remanded to prison until a future day.

“The king’s commissioners were determined on this occasion to strike terror, and orders were given that ten gallows should be erected during the night in different parts of the city. One was placed before Newgate, another at the Compter, and the remaining eight at Aldgate, Bishopsgate, St. Martin’s-le-Grand, Mark Lane, Leadenhall Street, Gracechurch Street, Aldersgate Street, and Smithfield. Early in the morning the thirteen unfortunate men were brought to the place of execution; and John Lincoln, in the presence of a large body of soldiers to keep the crowd in awe, was first hanged.

“The spectators were remarkably silent, and looked upon each other with lowering eyes, to think of the undue severity which was about to deprive so many men of life—for a rumour was spread abroad that every one of the three hundred would surely be hanged. The luckless companions of Lincoln, having been forced to behold his death-struggles for a time, were then led off to other quarters of the city, with the ropes about their necks, followed by the array of the soldiery, and the immense but silent mob. They had just arrived at the next gallows, when a horseman, covered with dust, rode rapidly through the mass, which opened for him as he came. Every eye was turned towards him—a fearful stillness reigned, and the multitude almost held its breath, in anxiety to discover the message of the hard-riding horseman. Wiping the perspiration from his forehead with one hand, he presented a document to the sheriffs with the other. It was a reprieve for the remaining culprits. An overpowering shout of ‘God save the King’ resounded through the air as soon as the multitude were made acquainted with it, and the prisoners were then led back to Newgate.

“This act of grace was not a pardon, but only a reprieve till the king’s pleasure should be known, and the lord mayor and aldermen, who had heard that the king was highly incensed with them, resolved to wait upon Henry, who was then at Greenwich, and exculpate themselves from all blame. The king did not receive them so graciously as they had expected; but told them

in angry terms, that such men as they ought not to be entrusted with the government of a great city;—that they had been guilty of gross negligence at the very least, and for all that he yet knew to the contrary, might have connived at the riot, for their own dishonest purposes. With this he dismissed them, adding that if he had anything further to communicate to them upon the matter, they should hear it from the mouth of the Lord Chancellor Wolsey.

“The lord mayor and his fellows left the royal presence in no enviable frame of mind, and remained for two days in a state of anxiety as to the ultimate intentions of the king. At the end of that time a note was received from Cardinal Wolsey, to the effect that they should present themselves with befitting humility, and with the whole of their prisoners, before the king, at Westminster Hall, on the 22nd of May. Accordingly, the lord mayor, the recorder, the sheriffs, and many of the aldermen and members of the common-council appeared before the king. They were all dressed in mourning robes, in token of contrition for their negligence. The king sate on the throne at the upper end of Westminster Hall, surrounded by Cardinal Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earls of Surrey, Shrewsbury and Essex, and others of the principal officers of state. After the lord mayor and the other city-functionaries had made their obeisance to the king, orders were issued for the introduction of the prisoners, who, to the number of two hundred and seventy-eight, including eleven women, were marched into the hall, tied together in couples, dressed only in their long shirts, and with halters about their necks.

“The Lord Chancellor Wolsey then addressed the magistrates in the king’s name, and rebuked them in severe terms for their negligence in not taking proper precautions to preserve the peace of the city, and the lives and property of strangers who had taken up their abode within their walls in the fullest reliance that they would be protected by the right feeling of the magistracy, as well as by the law. The lord mayor and his company bowed their heads in submission, and made no reply. Cardinal Wolsey then turned from them to the long array of unfortunate prisoners, and asked them what they could plead in extenuation of their offence, and wherefore they should not one and all be sentenced to death? The degraded and miserable trim of the

culprits, and the sobs and cries for mercy by which alone they answered the interrogatory of the chancellor, somewhat softened the heart of Henry ; some of the nobility present even shed tears, and implored the king to pardon the unhappy culprits. After a little solicitation, Henry allowed himself to be persuaded, and having listened to a severe admonition from the cardinal as to their future conduct, they were ordered to be discharged. The same night the ten gallows, the shame and dread of the city, were removed amid the general rejoicings of the inhabitants, upon whose mind the clemency of the king produced a more salutary effect than all the rigour he could have employed."

PERUSE the stories of this land,
 And with advisement mark the same,
 And you shall justly understand
 How Ill May-Day first got the name.
 For when King Henry th' Eighth did reign,
 And rul'd our famous kingdom here,
 His royal queen he had from Spain,
 With whom he liv'd full many a year.

Queen Catharine nam'd, as stories tell,
 Sometime his elder brother's wife ;
 By which unlawful marriage fell
 An endless trouble during life.
 But such kind love he still conceiv'd
 Of his fair queen, and of her friends,
 Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
 Their journey's fast for England's bends.

And with good leave were suffered
 Within our kingdom here to stay :

Which multitude made victuals dear,
And all things else from day to day.
For strangers then did so increase,
By reason of King Henry's queen,
And privileg'd in many a place
To dwell, as was in London seen.

Poor tradesmen had small dealing then,
And who but strangers bore the bell ?
Which was a grief to English-men,
To see them here in London dwell :
Wherefore (God wot) upon May Eve,
As prentices on Maying went,
Who made the magistrates believe
At all to have no other intent.

But such a May-game it was known,
As like in London never were ;
For by the same full many a one,
With loss of life did pay full dear :
For thousands came with Bilboe blade,
As with an army they would meet,
And such a bloody slaughter made
Of foreign strangers in the street,

That all the channels ran with blood,
In every street where they remain'd ;
Yea, every one in danger stood,
That any of their part maintain'd ;

The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
Beyond the seas tho' born and bred,
By prentices they suffer'd wrong,
When armed thus they gather'd head.

Such multitudes together went,
No warlike troops could them withstand,
Nor yet by policy them prevent,
What they by force thus took in hand:
Till at the last King Henry's power
This multitude encompass'd round,
There with the strength of London's Tower
They were by force suppress'd and bound.

And hundreds hang'd by martial law,
On sign posts at their masters' doors,
By which the rest were kept in awe,
And frighted from such loud uproars;
And others which the fact repented,
(Two thousand 'prentices at least)
Were all unto the King presented,
As mayor and magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tied,
Through Temple-Bar and Strand they go,
To Westminster there to be tried,
With ropes about their necks also:
But such a cry in every street,
Till then was never heard or known,
By mothers for their children sweet,
Unhappily thus overthrown.

Whose bitter moans and sad laments,
 Possess'd the court with trembling fear;
 Whereat the queen herself relents,
 Tho' it concern'd her country dear;
 What if (quoth she) by Spanish blood
 Have London's stately streets been wet,
 Yet will I seek this country's good,
 And pardon for these young men get.

Or else the world will speak of me,
 And say Queen Catharine was unkind,
 And judge me still the cause to be
 These young men did their fortunes find.
 And so disrob'd from rich attires,
 With hairs hang'd down, she sadly hies,
 And of her gracious lord requires
 A boon, which hardly he denies.

The lives (quoth she) of all the blooms
 Yet budding green, these youths, I crave;
 O let them not have timeless tombs,
 For nature longer limits gave:
 In saying so, the pearly tears
 Fell trickling from her princely eyes;
 Whereat his gentle Queen he cheers,
 And says, stand up, sweet lady, rise.

The lives of them I freely give,
 No means this kindness shall debar;

Thou hast thy boon, and they may live
To serve me in my Bullen* war.
No sooner was this pardon given,
But peals of joy rung through the hall,
As tho' it thunder'd down from heaven
The Queen's renown amongst them all.

For which (kind Queen), with joyful heart,
She gave to them both thanks and praise,
And so from them did gently part,
And liv'd beloved all her days :
And when King Henry stood in need
Of trusty soldiers at command,
These prentices prov'd men indeed,
And fear'd no force of warlike band.

For at the siege of Tours, in France,
They shew'd themselves brave Englishmen ;
At Bullen, too, they did advance
St. George's lusty standard then :
Let Tourine, Tournay, and those towns
That good King Henry nobly won,
Tell London's prentices' renowns,
And of the deeds by them there done.

For Ill May-Day and Ill May-games,
Perform'd in young and tender days,

* Boulogne.

Can be no hindrance to their fames,
 Or stains of manhood any ways :
 And now it is ordain'd by law
 We see on May-Day's eve at night,
 To keep unruly youths in awe,
 By London's watch in armour bright.

Still to prevent the like misdeed,
 Which once thro' headstrong young men came ;
 And that 's the cause that I do read
 May-Day hath got so ill a name.

THE HONOUR OF A LONDON PRENTICE :

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS MATCHLESS MANHOOD AND BRAVE
 ADVENTURES DONE IN TURKEY, AND BY WHAT MEANS
 HE MARRIED THE KING'S DAUGHTER, ETC.

To the Tune of " All you that love good fellows," &c.

THE tune of this ballad is to be found in Mr. Chappell's " Collection of National English Airs." The editor of the " Collection of Old Ballads, corrected from the most Ancient Copies Extant, with Introductions, Historical, Critical, or Humorous, London, 1727," says this ballad relates " to a noble piece of chivalry performed in Queen Elizabeth's day, but I must acknowledge myself so ignorant that I cannot yet discover who this famous prentice was, nor yet any particular account of the fact." The only celebrated apprentice in Queen Elizabeth's time, and who from his after renown was of importance enough to have given occasion to popular ballads, was Edward Osborn, apprentice to Sir William Hewitt, Lord Mayor of London, and cloth-worker, on London Bridge. Osborn, while at work, saw his master's

daughter, then an infant, fall from the arms of a servant, who was standing at the window, into the Thames. He instantly sprang out of the window, and brought the child safely to the shore. As she grew up to womanhood she bestowed her love upon the apprentice, and afterwards married him, although the Earl of Shrewsbury was a suitor for her hand. Osborn himself became Lord Mayor of London, and was the founder of the present ducal family of Leeds. It is stated in the histories of London, that Osborn performed many valiant deeds, and was quite a popular hero in his day. It does not however appear that the present ballad, which is evidently fabulous, has any reference to him,—the only allusions tending to warrant the supposition being, that both were from Cheshire and apprenticed to masters who resided on London Bridge. There is a black-letter copy of this ballad in the collection in three volumes, folio, under the press-mark 643M, in the British Museum, of which the following is a transcript.

OF a worthy London prentice
my purpose is to speak,
And tell his brave adventures
done for his country's sake ;
Seek all the world about,
and you shall hardly find
A man in valour to exceed
a prentice gallant mind.

He was born in Cheshire,
The chief of men was he,
From thence brought up to London
a prentice-boy to be.
A merchant on the bridge
did like his service so,
That for three years his factor
to Turkey he should go.

And in that famous country
a year he had not been,
Ere he by tilt maintained
the honour of his queen :
Elizabeth the princess
he nobly did make known,
To be the Phenix of the world,
And none but she alone.

In armour richly gilded,
well-mounted on a steed,
One score of knights most hardy,
one day he made to bleed :
And brought them all to ground,
who proudly did deny
Elizabeth to be the pearl
of princely majesty.

The king of that same country
thereat began to frown,
And will'd his son, there present
to pull this youngster down ;
Who at his father's words
these boasting speeches said :
" Thou art a traytor, English boy,
and hast the traytor plaid."

" I am no boy nor traytor,
thy speeches I defie,
For which I'll be revenged
upon thee by and by :

A London prentice still
shall prove as good a man
As any of your Turkish knights,
do all the best you can."

And there withal he gave him
a box upon the ear,
Which broke his neck asunder,
as plainly doth appear.
"Now know, proud Turk," quoth he,
"I am no English boy,
That can with one small box o' th' ear
the prince of Turks destroy."

When the as king perceived
his son so strangely slain,
His soul was sore afflicted
with more than mortal pain :
And in revenge thereof,
he swore that he should dye
The cruel'st death that ever man
beheld with mortal eye.

Two Lyons were prepared
this prentice to devour,
Near famish'd-up with hunger
ten days within the tower,
To make them far more fierce
and eager of their pray,
To glut themselves with human gore,
upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment
at length grew near at hand,
Where all the noble ladies
and barons of the land,
Attended on the king,
to see this prentice slain,
And buried in the hungry maws
of these fierce Lyons twain.

Then in his shirt of cambrick,
with silk most richly wrought,
This worthy London prentice
was from the prison brought,
And to the Lyons given
to stanch their hunger great,
Which had not eat in ten days' space
not one small bit of meat.

But God, that knows all secrets,
the matter so contriv'd,
That by this young man's valour
they were of life depriv'd;
For being faint for food,
they scarcely could withstand
The noble force and fortitude
and courage of his hand:

For when the hungry Lyons
had cast him in their eyes,
The elements did thunder
with the eccho of their cries;

And running all amain
his body to devour,
Into their throats he thrust his arms,
with all his might and power;

From thence by manly valour
their hearts he tore in sunder,
And at the king he threw them,
to all the people's wonder.
"This have I done," quoth he,
"for lovely England's sake,
And for my country's maiden queen
much more will undertake."

But when the king perceived
his wrothful Lyons' hearts,
Afflicted with great terrour,
his rigor soon reverst:
And turned all his hate
into remorse and love,
And said: "It is some angel
sent down from heaven above."

"No, no, I am no angel,"
the courteous young man said,
"But born in famous England,
where God's word is obey'd:
Assisted by the heavens,
who did me thus befriend,
Or else they had most cruelly
brought here my life to end."

The king in heart amazed,
 lift up his eyes to heaven,
 And for his foul offences
 did crave to be forgiven;
 Believing that no land
 like England may be seen,
 No people better governed
 by vertue of a queen.

So taking up this young man,
 he pardon'd him his life,
 And gave his daughter to him
 to be his wedded wife;
 Where then they did remain,
 and live in quiet peace,
 In spending of their happy days
 in joy and love's encrease.

London : Printed by and for W. S. and sold by the Booksellers
 of Pye Corner and London Bridge.

UPON MY LORD MAIOR'S DAY, BEING PUT OFF
 BY REASON OF THE PLAGUE.

THIS satirical ballad, which is extracted from "Wit and Drol-
 lery, 1656," and which the Editor has not been able to find in
 any earlier collection, appears, from the allusions it contains, to
 have been written on the plague of 1602-1603. The mention
 made in the third stanza of the Spanish armada, shows that that

event was still comparatively recent ; and the words in the eighth stanza, "in first of reigne," fix its period more clearly as the first of James I, when this great plague broke out. It raged for nearly a year, and carried off 30,578 persons, of whom 3,090 died in one week. The king's public entry into London, and the city rejoicings, were postponed from the 9th November, 1603, to the 15th of March following, when the plague having abated, the king, queen, and Prince Henry, rode from the Tower of London through the city, which on that occasion was decorated with more than usual magnificence.

If you 'l but hear me I shall tell
 A sad mischance that late befell,
 for which the dayes of old,
 In all new almanacks must mourne,
 And babes that never must be borne
 shall weep to hear it told.

For loe the sport of that great day,
 In which the Maior hath leave to play,
 and with him all the town;
 His flag and drum, and fife released,
 And he forbad to goe a feast-
 ing in his scarlet gown.

No fife must on the Thames be seen,
 To fright the maior, and please the queen,
 nor any wilde-fire tost ;
 Though he suppose the fleet that late
 Invaded us in eighty-eight,
 ore-matcht by his gally foist.

The pageants, and the painted cost
 Bestowed on them, are all quite lost,
 for now he must not ride ;
 Nor shall they hear the players tale,
 Who mounted on some mighty whale,
 swims with him through Cheap-side.

Guildhall now must not entertaine
 The maior, who there would feast his brain
 with white broth and with hen ;
 Nor shall the fencers act their piggs
 Before the hinch-boyes, which are giggs
 whipt out with all the men.

Nor must he goe in state to sweare,
 As he was wont, at Westminster,
 no trumpet 's at the hall ;
 Their clamorous voices there would stretch,
 As if the lawyers they would teach
 in their owne courts to bawl.

But what in sooth is pittie most,
 Is for the daughters they have lost,
 all joyes for which they pray ;
 Which scatter palmes on their cheeks,
 Which they had prim'd at least three weeks
 before, against the day.

And 'mongst themselves they much complain,
 That this lord maior in first of reigne
 should doe them so much wrong,

As to surprasse by message sad,
 The feast for which they all have had
 their march-pane dream so long.

Thus for their beauteous sakes have I
 Described the dayes large history,
 'tis true, although not witty;
 Which is deny'd, for I'de be loth
 To cut my coat above my cloath,—
 my subject is the city.

LONDON'S ORDINARY: OR, EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

To a pleasant new Tune.

THE following humorous list of taverns in London, has been transcribed from a broadside in the British Museum. It is also to be found in Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece." A portion of it, with some variations, is also inserted, under the title of the "Tavern Song," in the third edition of "Wit and Mirth, an Antidote against Melancholy. London, 1682."

THROUGH the Royal Exchange as I walked,
 where gallants in sattin did shine ;
 At midst of the day they parted away
 at several places to dine.

The gentry went to the King's Head,
 the nobles unto the Crown ;
 The knights unto the Golden Fleece,
 and the plowman to the Clown.

The clergy will dine at the Miter,
the vintners at the Three Tuns;
The usurers to the Devil will go,
and the fryers unto the Nuns.

The ladies will dine at the Feathers,
the Globe no captain will scorn;
The huntsman will go to the Grey-hound below,
and some townsmen to the Horn.

The plumber will dine at the Fountain,
the cooks at the Holy Lamb;
The drunkards at noon to the Man in the Moon,
and the cuckolds to the Ram.

The rovers will dine at the Lyon,
the watermen at the Old Swan;
The bawds will to the Negro go,
and the whores to the Naked Man.

The keepers will to the White Hart,
the marriners unto the Ship;
The beggars they must take their way
to the Eg-shell and the Whip.

The farriers will to the Horse,
the blacksmith unto the Lock;
The butchers to the Bull will go,
and the carmen to Bridewell-Dock.

The fishmongers unto the Dolphin,
the bakers to the Cheat-Loaf ;
The turners unto the Table will go,
where they may merrily quaff.

The taylor will dine at the Sheers,
the shoo-makers will to the Boot;
The Welshmen they will take their way,
and dine at the sign of the Goat.

The hosiers will dine at the Leg,
and drapers at the sign of the Brush;
The fletchers to Robin Hood will go,
and the spendthrift to Beggar's Bush.

The pewterers to the Quart Pot,
the coopers will dine at the Hoop;
The coblers to the Last will go,
and the bargemen to the Scoop.

The carpenters will dine at the Axe,
the colliers will dine at the Sack;
Your fruiterer he to the Cherry-tree,—
good fellows no liquor will lack.

The goldsmiths to the Three Cups,
their money they count as dross;
Your puritan to the Pewter Can,
and your papists to the Cross.

The weavers will dine at the Shuttle,
the glovers will into the Glove;
The maidens all to the Maidenhead,
and true lovers unto the Dove.

The sadlers will dine at the Saddle,
the painters to the Green Dragon;
The Dutchman will go to the sign of the Vrow,
where each man may drink his flagon.

The chandlers will dine at the Scales,
the salters at the sign of the Bag;
The porters take pain at the Labour-in-vain,
and the horse-courser to the White Nag.

Thus every man in his humour,
from the north unto the south;
But he that hath no money in his purse,
may dine at the sign of the Mouth.

The swaggerers will dine at the Fencers;
but those that have lost their wits,
With Bedlam Tom let there be their home,
and the Drum the drummers best hits.

The cheater will dine at the Chequer,
the pick-pocket at the Blind Ale-house;
Till taken and tride, up Holborn they ride,
and make their end at the gallows.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

AN apology may be necessary for the reproduction here of a ballad so well known as "George Barnwell;" and the only apology that can be offered is, that a collection relating to London and London Prentices would be incomplete without it. In the introduction given to it in Percy's Reliques, the bishop states that this tragical ballad seems to relate to a real fact, but when it happened he had not been able to discover. No further light has since been thrown upon the matter. The title of the ballad, as taken by Percy from the Ashmole Collection, at Oxford, is "An excellent Ballad of George Barnwell, an Apprentice of London, who thrice robbed his master, and Murdered his Uncle, at Ludlow. To the Tune of 'The Merchant.'" The well-known play of "George Barnwell," written by Lillo, and produced by him in or shortly prior to 1730, was until very recently annually brought forward on the metropolitan boards at holiday time, as an example to the idle youths that then flocked to the theatres; but it now seems to be discarded altogether, and bids fair to become obsolete. It is said of a recent worthy chamberlain of the city, that he never failed when an apprentice was bound before him, to relate the sad story of George Barnwell, and quote some lines of the ballad, as a warning to him.

THE FIRST PART.

ALL youth of fair England
That dwell both far and near,
Regard my story that I tell,
And to my song give ear.

A London lad I was,
A merchant's prentice bound;
My name George Barnwell; that did spend
My master many a pound,

Take heed of harlots then,
And their enticing trains ;
For by that means I have been brought
To hang alive in chains.

As I, upon a day,
Was walking through the street
About my master's business,
A wanton I did meet.

A gallant dainty dame,
And sumptuous in attire ;
With smiling look she greeted me,
And did my name require.

Which when I had declar'd,
She gave me then a kiss,
And said, if I would come to her,
I should have more than this.

Fair mistress, then quoth I,
If I the place may know,
This evening I will be with you,
For I abroad must go,

To gather monies in,
That are my master's due :
And ere that I do home return,
I'll come and visit you.

Good Barnwell, then quoth she,
Do thou to Shoreditch come,
And ask for Mrs. Millwood's house,
Next door unto the Gun.

And trust me on my truth,
If thou keep touch with me,
My dearest friend, as my own heart
Thou shalt right welcome be.

Thus parted we in peace,
And home I passéd right;
Then went abroad, and gathered in,
By six o'clock at night,

An hundred pound and one:
With bag under my arm
I went to Mrs. Millwood's house,
And thought on little harm ;

And knocking at the door,
Straightway herself came down;
Rustling in most brave attire,
With hood and silken gown.

Who, through her beauty bright,
So gloriously did shine,
That she amaz'd my dazzling eyes,
She seeméd so divine.

She took me by the hand,
And with a modest grace
Welcome, sweet Barnwell, then quoth she,
Unto this homely place.

And since I have thee found
As good as thy word to be :
A homely supper, ere we part,
Thou shalt take here with me.

O pardon me, quoth I,
Fair mistress, I you pray ;
For why, out of my master's house,
So long I dare not stay.

Alas, good sir, she said,
Are you so strictly ty'd,
You may not with your dearest friend
One hour or two abide ?

Faith, then the case is hard ;
If it be so, quoth she,
I would I were a prentice bound,
To live along with thee :

Therefore, my dearest George,
List well what I shall say,
And do not blame a woman much,
Her fancy to bewray.

Let not affection's force
Be counted lewd desire ;
Nor think it not immodesty,
I should thy love require.

With that she turn'd aside,
And with a blushing red,
A mournful motion she bewray'd
By hanging down her head.

A handkerchief she had
All wrought with silk and gold :
Which she to stay her trickling tears
Before her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my sight
Was wondrous rare and strange ;
And in my soul and inward thought
It wrought a sudden change :

That I so hardy grew,
To take her by the hand :
Saying, Sweet mistress, why do you
So dull and pensive stand ?

Call me no mistress now,
But Sarah, thy true friend,
Thy servant, Millwood, honouring thee,
Until her life hath end.

If thou wouldst here alledge,
Thou art in years a boy;
So was Adonis, yet was he
Fair Venus' only joy.

Thus I, who ne'er before
Of woman found such grace,
But seeing now so fair a dame
Give me a kind embrace,

I supt with her that night,
With joys that did abound ;
And for the same paid presently,
In Money twice three pound,

An hundred kisses then,
For my farewell she gave ;
Crying, Sweet Barnwell, when shall I
Again thy company have ?

O stay not hence too long,
Sweet George, have me in mind.
Her words bewicht my childishness,
She uttered them so kind :

So that I made a vow,
Next Sunday without fail,
With my sweet Sarah once again
To tell some pleasant tale.

When she heard me say so,
The tears fell from her eye ;
O George, quoth she, if thou dost fail,
Thy Sarah sure will dye.

Though long, yet loe ! at last,
The appointed day was come,
That I must with my Sarah meet ;
Having a mighty sum

Of money in my hand,*
Unto her house went I,
Whereas my love upon her bed
In saddest sort did lye.

What ails my heart's delight,
My Sarah dear ? quoth I ;
Let not my love lament and grieve,
Nor sighing pine, and dye.

But tell me, dearest friend,
What may thy woes amend,
And thou shalt lack no means of help,
Though forty pound I spend.

* The having a sum of money with him on Sunday, &c. shows this narrative to have been penned before the civil wars: the strict observance of the Sabbath was owing to change of manners at that period.—PERCY.

With that she turn'd her head,
And sickly thus did say,
Oh me, sweet George, my grief is great,
Ten pound I have to pay

Unto a cruel wretch ;
And God he knows, quoth she,
I have it not. Tush, rise, I said,
And take it here of me.

Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,
Shall make my love decay,
Then from my bag into her lap,
I cast ten pound straightway.

All blithe and pleasant then,
To banqueting we go ;
She proffered me to lye with her,
And said it should be so.

And after that same time,
I gave her store of coyn,
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once,
All which I did purloyn.

And thus I did pass on ;
Until my master then
Did call to have his reckoning in
Cast up among his men.

The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say;
For well I knew that I was out
Two hundred pound that day.

Then from my master straight
I ran in secret sort;
And unto Sarah Millwood there
My case I did report.

“But how she us'd this youth,
In this his care and woe,
And all a strumpet's wiley ways,
The SECOND PART may show.”

THE SECOND PART.

YOUNG Barnwell comes to thee
Sweet Sarah, my delight;
I am undone, unless thou stand
My faithful friend this night.

Our master to accompts
Hath just occasion found;
And I am caught behind the hand
Above two hundred pound.

And now his wrath to 'scape,
My love, I fly to thee,
Hoping some time I may remaine
In safety here with thee.

With that she knit her brows,
And looking all aquoy,
Quoth she, What should I have to do
With any prentice boy?

And seeing that you have purloyn'd
Your master's goods away,
The case is bad, and therefore here
You shall no longer stay.

Why, dear, thou know'st, I said,
How all which I could get,
I gave it, and did spend it all
Upon thee every whit.

Quoth she, Thou art a knave,
To charge me in this sort,
Being a woman of credit fair,
And known of good report.

Therefore I tell thee flat,
Be packing with good speed,
I do defie thee from my heart,
And scorn thy filthy deed.

Is this the friendship, that
You did to me protest?
Is this the great affection, which
You so to me exprest?

Now fie on subtle shrews!
The best is, I may speed
To get a lodging any where
For money in my need.

False woman, now farewell,
Whilst twenty pound doth last,
My anchor in some other haven
With freedom I will cast.

When she perceiv'd by this,
I had store of money there,
Stay, George, quoth she, thou art too quick:
Why, man, I did but jeer.

Dost think for all my speech,
That I would let thee go?
Faith no, said she, my love to thee
I wiss is more than so.

You scorne a prentice boy,
I heard you just now swear,
Wherefore I will not trouble you.—
—Nay, George, hark in thine ear;

Thou shalt not go to-night,
What chance soe'er befall;
But man we'll have a bed for thee,
Or else the devil take all.

So I by wiles bewitcht,
And snar'd with fancy still,
Had then no power to get away,
Or to withstand her will.

For wine on wine I call'd,
And cheer upon good cheer;
And nothing in the world I thought
For Sarah's love too dear.

Whilst in her company,
I had such merriment;
All, all too little I did think,
That I upon her spent.

A fig for care and thought!
When all my gold is gone,
In faith, my girl, we will have more,
Whoever I light upon.

My father's rich, why then
Should I want store of gold?
Nay with a father sure, quoth she,
A son may well make bold.

I've a sister richly wed,
I'll rob her ere I'll want.
Nay then, quoth Sarah, they may well
Consider of you scant.

Nay, I an uncle have:
At Ludlow he doth dwell:
He is a grazier, which in wealth
Doth all the rest excell.

Ere I will live in lack,
And have no coyn for thee;
I'll rob his house, and murder him.
Why should you not? quoth she:

Was I a man, ere I
Would live in poor estate;
On father, friends, and all my kin,
I would my talons grate.

For without money, George,
A man is but a beast:
But bringing money, thou shalt be
Always my welcome guest.

For shouldst thou be pursued
With twenty hues and cryes,
And with a warrant searched for
With Argus' hundred eyes,

Yet here thou shalt be safe;
Such privy wayes there be,
That if they sought an hundred years,
They could not find out thee.

And so carousing both
Their pleasures to content:
George Barnwell had in little space
His money wholly spent.

Which done, to Ludlow straight
He did provide to go,
To rob his wealthy uncle there;
His minion would it so.

And once he thought to take
His father by the way,
But that he fear'd his master had
Took order for his stay.

Unto his uncle then
He rode with might and main,
Who with a welcome and good cheer
Did Barnwell entertain.

One fortnight's space he stayed
Until it chanced so,
His uncle with his cattle did
Unto a market go.

His kinsman rode with him,
Where he did see right plain,
Great store of money he had took:
When coming home again,

Sudden within a wood,
He struck his uncle down,
And beat his brains out of his head;
So sore he crackt his crown.

Then seizing fourscore pound,
To London straight he hyed,
And unto Sarah Millwood all
The cruell fact descryed.

Tush, 'tis no matter, George,
So we the money have
To have good cheer in jolly sort,
And deck us fine and brave.

Thus lived in filthy sort,
Until their store was gone:
When means to get them any more,
I wis, poor George had none.

Therefore in railing sort,
She thrust him out of door:
Which is the just reward of those,
Who spend upon a whore.

O! do me not disgrace
In this my need, quoth he,
She call'd him thief and murderer;—
With all the spight might be,

To the constable she sent,
To have him apprehended:
And shewed how far, in each degree,
He had the laws offended.

When Barnwell saw her drift,
To sea he got straightway;
Where fear and sting of conscience
Continually on him lay.

Unto the lord mayor then,
He did a letter write;
In which his own and Sarah's fault
He did at large recite.

Whereby she seized was,
And then to Ludlow sent;
Where she was judg'd, condemn'd, and hang'd,
For murder incontinent.

There dyed this gallant quean,
Such was her greatest gains:
For murder in Polonia,
Was Barnwell hang'd in chains.

Lo! here's the end of youth,
That after harlots haunt;
Who in the spoil of other men,
About the streets do flaunt.

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of "I waile in woe, I plunge in pain; or, Labandola Shott."

IN the books of the Stationer's Company is the following entry: "7 November, 1576, licensed unto him (i.e. Richard Jones) a ballad, intituled 'A woeful Ballad, made by Mr. George Mannington an Hour before he suffered at Cambridge Castell,' to the Tune of 'Labandola Shott,' and beginning 'I waile in woe, I plunge in paine.'" The following ballad, which is transcribed from "Wit and Drollery," 1656, and which is published without a title, appears from the allusion to Mannington, to have been written at a time when the fate of that malefactor was still recent and fresh in the popular memory. The lines commencing the second stanza:

"I cast my coat and cap away,
And went in silk and satins gay,"

seem to refer to an order published in 1582, at the command of the queen. Elizabeth, being scandalized at the extravagance of dress indulged in by the citizens generally, and by the apprentices in particular, sent a remonstrance to the Court of Common Council, commanding them to take care, under pain of her displeasure, that the apprentices dressed themselves in a more sober and becoming manner. The court issued their orders accordingly; and apprentices were commanded to wear a woollen coat and cap, and forbidden under any circumstances, or upon any pretence whatever, to wear jewellery, or any silk or velvet apparel, or to carry any weapon of offence or defence. For the first transgression of this kind, the delinquent was to be punished at the discretion of his master; for the second, he was to be publicly whipped in the hall of his company; and for the third, he was not only to be whipped, but to serve six months longer than the term for which he was bound. The ballad relating to George Mannington may be seen in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for January 1781; and in Ritson's Collection of Ancient Songs and Ballads. In "Eastward Hoe," by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, Quicksilver, the apprentice, is introduced as a prisoner in the Counter, reading these verses, which he calls his "Repent-

ance." The tune of "Labandola Shott," although that of a "woful ballad," was, it appears, frequently danced to. See Ritson's introduction to the "Lamentation of George Mannington," in his *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, vol. ii. p. 47. London, 1829.

IN Cheapside, famous for gold and plate,
Quicksilver I did dwell of late;
I had a master good and kinde,
That would have wrought me to his minde.
He bade me still work upon that,
But, alas! I wrought I know not what.
He was a Touchstone, black but true,
And told me still what would ensue;
Yet, woe is me, I would not learne,
I saw, alas! but could not discern.

I cast my coat and cap away,
I went in silkes and sattins gay;
False mettall of good manners I
Did daily coyne unlawfully.
I scorn'd my master, being drunke,
I kept my gelding and my punke,
And with a knight, Sir Flash by name,
Who now is sorry for the same.

Still eastward hoe, was all my word,
But westward I had no regard;
Nor never thought what would come after,
As did, alas, his youngest daughter.

At last the black ox trod on my foote,
I saw then what belong'd unto't;
Now cried I, Touch-stone, touch me still,
And make me current by thy skill.

O Mannington, thy stories show
Thou cut'st a horse head off at a blow;
But I confesse I have not the force
For to cut off the head of a horse,
Yet I desire this grace to win,
That I may cut off the horse-head of Sin,
And leave his body in the dust
Of Sinnes high way, and bogges of lust,
Whereby I may take Vertue's purse;
And live with her for better for worse.

Farewell, Cheapside; farewell, sweet trade
Of goldsmiths all, that never shall fade;
Farewell, dear fellow prentices all,
And be you warned by my fall:
Shun usurer's bonds, and dice and drabs,
Avoid them as you would French scabs;
Seek not to goe beyond your tether,
And cut your thongs unto your lether,
So shall you thrive by little and little,
Escape Tyborne, Counters, and the Spittle.

THE RANTING RAMBLER:

OR, A YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S FROLICK THRO' THE CITY BY NIGHT; WHERE HE WAS TAKEN BY THE WATCH, AND SENT TO THE COUNTER BECAUSE HE WOULD NOT SPEAK; AND THE NEXT DAY BROUGHT BEFORE MY LORD MAYOR, WHERE HIS PARDON WAS BEGG'D BY HIS LOVING DAUGHTER.

To a pleasant new Tune, called "The Rant, Dal, derra, rara."

FROM a broadside in the British Museum. The tune of the Rant is to be found in "A Collection of National English Airs," by W. Chappell, F.S.A. 4to. 1840.

I PRAY now attend to this ditty,
 a merry and frolicksome song,
 'Twas of a young spark through the city,
 by night he went ranting along,
 The Rant, Dal derra, rarra, &c.

The constable happen'd to hear him,
 and call'd to his watch out of hand;
 They went forth and never did fear him,
 but presently bid him to stand.
 The Rant, &c.

Come bring forth the lanthorn and candle,
 That streight we his person may seize;
 I hope we have power to handle
 such turbulent fellows as these.
 The Rant, &c.

Sir, come before Mr. Constable,
there to be examin'd, in course,
Nay, if you refuse it, we're able
to bring you before him by force.
The Rant, &c.

Friend, where have you been this late hour,
ne'er baffle, but now tell me true;
'Tis very well known I have power
to punish such ranters as you,
The Rant, &c.

No person like him ever acted,
his senses and reason is fled;
I think that the fellow's distracted;—
why han't you a tongue in your head?
The Rant, &c.

I'm the king's lieutenant, don't flout me,
my power all persons will own;
The watch are my nobles about me,
this chair is a type of the throne.
The Rant, &c.

This touch of my office I'll lend him,
my power o'er night he don't mind;
Therefore to the Counter I'll send him,
next morning a tongue he may find.
The Rant, &c.

The watchmen did streightways surround him,
and him to the Counter they bring,
And yet notwithstanding they found him
resolved this ditty to sing,
The Rant, &c.

Come open, Turnkey of the prison,
this ranter must with you remain,
When sleep has restored his reason,
our master will call here again.
The Rant, &c.

The keeper he said, Worthy Squire,
you seem like a person well bred;
Will you have a chamber and fire?
or shall we provide you a bed?
The Rant, &c.

Come bring him a quart of can ary,
and pipes of tobacco also;
The gentleman seems to be merry,
he'll pay us before he doth go.
The Rant, &c.

The prisoners heard the oration,
how he in his rant did proceed,
And therefore without disputation,
they all came for garnish with speed.
The Rant, &c.

And streight they laid hold of his bever,
and told him he garnish should pay;
The keeper he us'd his endeavour
to pacifie them while next day.
The Rant, &c.

The constable that was offended,
next day to the goal did repair,
And being with servants attended,
he brought him before the Lord Mayor.
The Rant, &c.

As I in my watch-house was sitting,
this fellow a racket did keep;
A humour which was much unfitting,
he waken'd men out of their sleep.
The Rant, &c.

Said I, where is your habitation,
I question'd this over and o'er;
But he would give me no relation,
but still he came ranting the more.
The Rant, &c.

My officers has he not rested,
in this you must satisfie me;
They to my Lord Mayor streight protested,
no man had slept better than he.
The Rant, &c.

Do's such a strange humour attend you?
will you by strange fancies be led?
Again to the Counter I'll send you,
to cure the strange noise in your head.
The Rant, &c.

Then streightways came in my lord's daughter,
and begg'd that he might be set free;
And said, Sir, I know that hereafter,
you'll find this a wager to be.
The Rant, &c.

He streightways did grant her desire,
and to her request he agrees,
And did the young gallant require
to pay down his officers fees.
The Rant, &c.

To pay which the gallant was ready,
yet never a word did he say,
But made a bow to the young lady,
and then he went singing away,
The Rant, &c.

Licensed according to Order.

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

A TRUE CHARACTER OF SUNDRY TRADES AND
CALLINGS: OR, A NEW DITTY OF
INNOCENT MIRTH.

This song is new, perfect, and true,
There's none can this deny ;
For I am known, friend, to be one
That scorn to tell a lie.

To the Tune of " Old Simon the King."

Licensed according to Order.

FROM a broadside in the British Museum. The song and tune of " Old Sir Simon the King, are reprinted in " A Collection of National English Airs," by W. Chappell, F.S.A. 4to. 1840.

Now, gentlemen, be you all merry,
I'll sing you the song of a want;
I'll make you as merry as may be,
Tho' money begins to grow scant,
A Woman without e'er a tongue
She never can scold very loud;
'Tis just such another great want
When the Fidler wants his crowd.
Good people, I tell unto you,
These lines are absolute new;
For I hate and despise the telling of lies,—
This ditty is merry and true.

A Ship that's without e'er a sail,
May be driven the Lord knows whither;
'Tis just such another sad want
When the Shooe-maker wants his leather.

A man that has got but one legg,
 Will make but a pitiful runner;
And he that has no eyes in his head,
 Will make but a sorrowful Gunner.
Good people, I tell, &c.

A Doctor without any stomach
 Will make but a pitiful dinner;
And he that has got no dinner to eat,
 Will quickly look thinner and thinner.
A bell without e'er a clapper,
 Will make but a sorrowful sound;
And he that has no land of his own,
 May work on another man's ground.
Good people, I tell, &c.

A Blacksmith without his bellows,
 He need to not rise very soon;
And he that has no cloaths to put on,
 May lye in his bed till noon.
An Innkeeper without any custom,
 Will never get store of wealth;
And if he has ne'er a sign to hang up,
 He may e'en go hang up himself.
Good people, &c.

A Miller without any stones,
 He is but a sorrowful soul;
And if that he has no corn to grind,
 He need not stand taking of toll.

The Taylor we know he is loath
To take any cabbidge at all,
If he has no silk, stuff, or cloath,
To do that good office withal.
Good people, &c.

A Woman without e'er a fault,
She like a bright star will appear;
But a Brewer without any mault,
Will make but pitiful beer.
A man that has got but one shirt,
When e'er it is wash'd for his hide,
I hope it can't be no great hurt
To lye in his bed till 'tis dry'd.
Good people, &c.

A Mountebank without his fools,
And a ship-kennel turn'd out of place,
A Tinker without any tools,
They are all in a sorrowful case.
All know that a dish of good meat,
It is the true stay of man's life;
But he that has nothing to eat,
He need not to draw out his knife.
Good people, &c.

A Pedlar without e'er a stock,
It makes him look pittiful blew;
A Shepherd without e'er a flock,
Has little or nothing to do.

A Farmer without any corn,
 He neither can give, sell, or lend;
 A Huntsman without e'er a horn,
 His whistle must stand his good friend.
 Good people, &c.

A Plowman that has ne'er a plow,
 I think may live at his ease;
 A Dairy without e'er a cow,
 Will make but bad butter and cheese.
 A man that is pittiful poor,
 Has little or nothing to lose;
 And he that has never a foot,
 It saves him the buying of shoes.
 Good people, &c.

A Warren without e'er a coney,
 Is barren, and so much the worse;
 And he that is quite without money,
 Can have no great need of a purse,
 I hope there is none in this place
 That is now displeas'd with this song;
 Come buy up my ballads apace,
 And I'll pack up my awls and begone.
 Good people, I tell unto you,
 These lines are absolute new;
 For I hate and despise the telling of lies,
 This ditty is merry and true.

MICHAELMAS TERM.

THE CITIZENS KIND WELCOME TO COUNTRY-MEN THAT
FROM ALL PARTS OF THE LAND COME HITHER ABOUT THEIR
NEEDLESSE OCCASIONS (NEEDFUL, I MEAN) WITH A DES-
CRPTION OF THE SEASONS AND MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE
THEREIN EMPLOYED.

To the Tune of "The Rambling Clerke."

[From a broadside in the British Museum.]

COME hither, my muse, if that thou be'st cold,
And warm thyself well with Promethean fire;
Which when thou hast done, let me be bold
In matter of moment thy aid to require.
My mind is resolved to write on a theam,
The which my expression I hope shall confirm;
Those men that do come from all parts of the realm,
I bid them all welcome to Michaelmas Term.

The tradesmen of London, with long expectation
Have lookt for the coming of this happy time;
They are sick at heart of the tedious vexation,
But now on a sudden they'll be in their prime.
They think themselves happy, especially some,
If Michaelmas rent and their dyet they earn;
But now they are glad, for their harvest is come,—
The country brings money to Michaelmas Term.

The Innholders, Vintners, Victualers, and Cooks,
Through want of imployment make grievus complaint:

In all this long season they were off o' th' hook,
But now their Red Lettise they do new paint.
Some set up new signes, or new florish the old,
And mend their old houses, if they be infirm;
To venture their money they dare well be bold,
In hope to regain it in Michaelmas Term.

The Tapsters, Ostlers, and Chamberlains ale,
Chiefly about Holborn, Fleet Street, and the Strand,
Since Trinity term had takings but small,
Which caus'd many of them to run behind hand;
But now they are jovial, and take heart a grace,
And both nimble gestures and speeches they learn;
Their gains now come tumbling in a great pace,—
Long time they have wished for Michaelmas Term.

Some attornies, and some that solícite law cases,
That at the vacation in the country plods.
They, like to King Janus, can use double faces,
And bribe to set neighbour with neighbour at odds;
Now hither they come, with their bags full of law,
But the profits they all to themselves do confirm;
Although it be but for a trusse of rye straw,
The case must be try'd at Michaelmas Term.

The rambling Clerks, that for lodging and dyet
Have run on the ticket with Vitlers and Cooks,
Besides now and then for some overplus royot
Some of them have pawn'd their gowns and their books.

O now they are frolick, and sing care away,
 For country clients about them do swarm;
 Now all their old scores they'll be able to pay,—
 Their hands are so busy in Michaelmas Term.

The three-peny ordinaries are so full throng'd,
 That there you can scarce get one bit of meat;
 Your countrymen proudly do scorn to be wrong'd,
 And yet their own bellies they basely will cheat.
 The lawyers' hands are still itching for fees,
 Which makes the plain husbandman let out his farm,
 To come up to London to eat bread and cheese,
 While lawyers eat rost meat in Michaelmas Term.

The dainty fine girls that keep shop in the Change,
 Against this quick season have been exercis'd,
 To furnish their coffers with fashions all strange,—
 The finest and rarest that can be devis'd;
 They keep their old ditty,—sir, what is't you lack?—
 Which country people are greedy to learn:
 The husband must carry the wife some new knack,
 Or else he's not welcome from Michaelmas Term.

The jovial Watermen trim up their botes,
 And to be more plyant in plying their fares,
 With strong beer and ale they do liquor their throats,
 For which they will wander to the ale-house by pairs;
 And, if the frost do not their labour prevent,
 Abundance of money they daily will earn,
 Which in the vacation will freely be spent,
 And then they will think upon Michaelmas Term.

The feather-heel'd wenches that live by their owne,
Who long have been needy, for want of good training;
For when all the gallants are gone out o' th' town,
O then these fine pinaces lack their due lading.
Therefore the vocation they rue like the rest,
Because neither dyet nor cloaths they can earne;
But now they're in hope well to feather their nest,—
They looke for good doings in Michaelmas Term.

Pick-pockets and Cheaters, with knights of the post,
Doe long for the term-time, like honester men;
Where concourse of people is, they doe get most,
With raking exploits, which they use now and then.
And yet if they chance to be got in the nick,
The Hangman next sessions will teach them a charm
Will cure their disease, be they never so sick;
O then will they think upon Michaelmas Term.

The court and the city, the country withall,
If you will behold a part of all three,
Then come at this time to Westminster Hall,
Where people from all parts assembled be:
And thus I'll conclude, as at first I began,
Experience all this for truth will confirm;
I hope I have given distaste to no man,
For I bid them all welcome to Michaelmas Term.

A USE OF EXHORTATION TO THE LONDON
APPRENTICES: OR, A SECOND MESSAGE
AFTER THEIR PETITION.

THESE lines, which are transcribed from a broadside in the British Museum, have no date, but are probably of the year 1643. At that time, and for some months previous, the apprentices had taken a great part in public affairs: they had assisted to fortify London against the royal army; they had drawn up petitions to parliament several times, and besieged the doors of the house in going to present them. After the battle of Edgehill, when the king retired to Oxford, the parliamentary army, under the Earl of Essex, was recruited out of the apprentices of London, who were encouraged by an ordinance of parliament that delivered them from the authority of their masters, and commanded their masters to receive them upon their return, with a clause to indemnify the masters out of the public purse for any damage they might sustain by their absence. In 1643, the king made an effort to gain over the Londoners and the apprentices, and wrote a letter, addressed to the lord mayor, aldermen, and all other well-affected citizens, with the view of effecting a reconciliation. These verses appear to have been printed at Oxford at the time, to aid the efforts of the king, and produce an impression upon that powerful body, the apprentices. The "carnation coats" and "lobsters" alluded to, are the soldiers of the Earl of Essex: and the mention of the doings in Exeter and Cornwall, shows that we must fix the date of this production shortly after the victories of the Cornish royalists. The petition of the apprentices may be seen in the Harleian Miscellany, vol. viii. page 593.

YOUNG men, where are you now; what, fast asleep?
What, in a dream? or do you keep
Close to the fire-side, because 'tis cold?
Or (as your masters say) must you be told
Over and over? What are you blinde?
Besotted quite, or do you feare the winde?

Or have the gun-men plung'd you into fears?
Or are you frighted with their bandileers?
Why gaze you thus? like men distracted,
Looking at one another, and nothing acted :
Crying a lyon lurketh in the way:
When as 'tis but a lobster, whom (men say)
Turn him but o're and o're he'll turn to you;
Then turn for shame, O sluggards, least you rue
When 'tis too late;—be wise betimes,
Me thinks the countries valour should ring chimes:
Unless you stop your ears, you can't but hear
How Exiter and Cornwall banish fear;
They help for you to better your condition,
They hazard all to fulfill your petition;
Yet you won't help yourselves, I blush to see
Such pettie places venture more then we.
Then Prentices awake, awake for shame,
Be faint no more, all cowardize disclaim;
Disband feamality, let courage be your portion,
In such a case, vallour's the best devotion.
Petitions will not do, fare means are slighted,
You are compell'd at least, much more invited
To do the work yourselves; then since 'tis so,
Shew yourselves men, about the business go:
Time is a precious thing, forbear delay,
Whilst the sun shines, be sure to make your hay.
Fear not carnation coats, they are but men,
They'd rather eat then fight; not one in ten,
But (like self-seeking rascalls) are so evil,
For six-pence more they'd list unto the devil.

Then blades revive, thus far I dare aspire,
 You may yourselves accomplish your desire;
 The day's your own, and such is your condition,
 Yourselves may quickly grant your own petition.
 Till these things come to pass, till this we see,
 Serve Jacob's prentiship, you shan't be free.
 Till men have noble hearts, till youths grow bold,
 Till men do one another's good uphold,
 Till valour springs, till courage doth increase,
 Till wrong have right, expect no settled peace:
 Here's arguments enough, if you be wise,
 Reduce your honour, though you lose your eyes,
 Uphold your trade, maintain the good old cause,
 Uncoat the lobsters, take away their claws.

Take this for all, I have no more to say,
 I am the guide to put you in the way:
 Here's the right path, hang him that goes astray.

J. E. APP;—

Oxford: Printed for Carolus Adolphus.

ROBIN CONSCIENCE:

OR, CONSCIONABLE ROBIN, HIS PROGRESS THROUGH COURT,
 CITY, AND COUNTRY, WITH HIS BAD ENTERTAINMENT
 AT EACH SEVERAL PLACE.

THIS ballad, which is of peculiar value to all who are interested in the topography of London, was, it would appear, first published at Edinburgh, in 1683, in a small duodecimo tract of

twenty-four pages, and has been since (very incorrectly) printed in the first volume of the Harleian Miscellany. The local allusions are interesting at this distance of time, and the satire is of such a character as never to be out of date. The idea seems to have been suggested by Lydgate's ballad of "London Lackpenny."

I HAVE been quite through England wide
 With many a faint and weary stride,
 To see what people there abide
 that love me,
 Poor Robin Conscience is my name,
 Sore vexéd with reproach and blame,
 For all wherever yet I came
 reprove me.

Few now endure my presence here,
 I shall be banishd quite I fear,
 I am despiséd every where,
 and scornéd,
 Yet is my fortune now and then
 To meet some good woman or man,
 Who have (when they my woes did scan)
 sore mournéd.

To think that conscience is despised,
 Which ought to be most highly prized,
 This trick the devil hath devised
 to blind men,
 'Cause Conscience tells them of their ways,
 Which are so wicked now-a-days,
 They stop their ears to what he says;—
 unkind men!

I told them of a cheating trick
 Which makes the horses run and kick,
 By putting in an eel that's quick
 i' th' belly,
 Another which they use full oft
 To bear their lame jades' heads aloft,
 And beat their buttocks till they're soft
 as jelly.

I told them that their wealth would rot,
 That they by cheating men thus got,
 But they for this same tale, would not
 abide me,
 And charged me quickly to be gone,
 Quoth they, "Of Conscience we use none,"
 Those whom I follow with my mone
 out-ride me.

From thence I stepp'd into Long Lane,
 Where many brokers did remain,
 To try how they would entertain
 poor Conscience;
 But my name when I to them told,
 The women did begin to scold,
 The men said, "They that word did hold
 but nonsense."

For Conscience is so hard a word
 That scarce the broker can afford
 To read it, for his mouth is stored
 with lying;

To Newgate market went I then,
 Where country-women, maids, and men,
 Were selling needful things; and when
 they saw me,
 At me the butter-woman rails
 Whose butter weigh'd not down the scales;
 Another comes, and with her nails
 did claw me.

The bakers which stood in a row,
 Began to brawl at me also,
 And chargéd me away to go,
 because I
 Told them they did make lesser bread;—
 Did not the laws put them in dread;—
 There's some of them would wish them dead,
 might laws die.

Thus chid of them, my way I took
 Unto Pye-corner, where a cook
 Glanc'd at me as the devil did look
 o'er Lincoln.

“Conscience,” quoth he, “thou shew'st not wit
 In coming to this place unfit;
 I'll run thee thorow with a spit;
 then think on

Those words to thee which I have said,
 I cannot well live by my trade,
 If I should still require thy aid
 in selling:

Sometimes one joint I must roast thrice
 Ere I can sell it at my price;
 Then here's for thee (who art so nice)
 No dwelling."

Perforce he drove me backward still,
 Until I came unto Snow-hill;
 The sale-men there, with voices shrill
 fell on me.
 I was so irksome in their sight,
 That they conjuréd me to flight,
 Or else they swore, (such was their spight)
 "They'd stone me."

At Turn-again Lane the fish-wives there
 And wenches did so rail and swear,
 Quoth they, "No Conscience shall come here,
 we hate him;"
 Their bodes which for half-pecks go
 They vowéd at my head to throw;
 No Conscience they were bred to know,
 but prating.

Away thus frighted by these scolds,
 To Fleet Street straight my love it holds,
 Where men whose tongues were made in moulds
 of flattery,
 Did cry, "What lack you, countryman?"
 But seeing me away they ran,
 As though the enemy had began
 his battery.

I, seeing all the city given
 To use deceit, in spight of heaven,
 To leave their company I was driven
 perforce then;
 So over London bridge in haste,
 I,—hiss'd and scoff'd of all men,—past;
 Then I to Southwark took, at last,
 my course then.

When I came there, I hoped to find
 Welcome according to my mind;
 But they are rather more unkind
 than London.

All sorts of men and women, there,
 Ask'd how I durst to them appear,
 And swore my presence they would clear
 abandon.

Then I, being sore athirst, did go
 Into an alehouse in the Row,
 Meaning a penny to bestow
 on strong beer;
 But, 'cause I for a quart did call,
 My hostess swore, "she'd bring me small,
 Or else I should have none at all."
 Thus wrong'd there,

I bade her on her licence look,
 "Oh sir," quoth she, "ye are mistook,
 I have a lesson without book
 most perfect:

If I my licence should observe,
And not in any point to swerve,
Both I and mine, alas! should starve,
not surfeit.

“ Instead of a quart-pot of pewter,
I fill small jugs, and need no tutor;
I quart’ridge give to the geometer*
most duly;
And he will see, and yet be blind;
A knave, made much of, will be kind,
If you be one, sir, tell your mind
most truly.”

“ No, no,” quoth I, “ I am no knave,
No fellowship with such I have;
My name is Robin Conscience, brave,
that wander
From place to place, in hope that some
Will as a servant give me room;
But all abuse me, where I come,
with slander.”

Now, when my hostess heard me tell
My name, she swore “ I should not dwell
With her, for I would make her sell
full measure.”

* The gauger.

There thought I to be entertain'd
 But I was likewise there disdain'd,
 As long as bootless I complain'd
 to th' gentry.

And yet no service could I have;
 Yet, if I would have play'd the knave,
 I might have had maintainance brave
 among them.

Because that I was Conscience poor,
 Alas! they thrust me out of door,—
 For Conscience many of them swore
 did wrong them.

Then went I to the yeomanry,
 And farmers all of the country,
 Desiring them most heartily
 to take me:
 I told them I would sell their corn
 Unto the poor; but they did turn
 Me out of doors, and with great scorn
 forsake me.

One said, "He had no use of me
 To sell his corn; for, I (quoth he)
 Must not be only rul'd by thee
 in selling.

If I shall Conscience entertain,
 He'd make me live in crossing gain,—
 Here is for thee, I tell thee plain,
 no dwelling."

Then will they wish that they had us'd
Poor Conscience, whom they have refus'd,—
Whose company they have abus'd
and grudgéd.

Thus Robin Conscience, that hath had,
Amongst most men a welcome bad,
He now hath found to make him glad,
abiding
'Mong honest folks that hath no lands,
But get their living with their hands,
These are the friends that to him stands
and's guiding.

These still keep Conscience from grim death,
And ne'er gainsay what'er he saith;
These lead their lives so here beneath,
that dying,
They may ascend from poverty
To glory and great dignity,
Where they shall live and never die;
while frying

In hell the wicked lie, who would
Not use true Conscience as they should.
This is but for a moral told
you; in it
He that observes may somewhat spy
That savours of divinity,—
For conscionable folks do I
begin it.

they would have a free parliament. Colonel Hughson marched against them with a company of troops, and a conflict ensued, in which several of the apprentices were slain. The proceeding was very unpopular in the city, and a violent outcry was raised against the army. The Committee of Safety afterwards applied to the city for a loan, which was denied, the citizens at the same time boldly objecting to their authority, and declaring their intention to submit to no imposition that was not commanded by a freely chosen parliament. General Monk was immediately ordered to march into the city and reduce it to obedience. He posted regiments at all the gates,—the posts and chains were pulled down,—the portcullises at Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, and Aldgate taken away, and the other gates taken off and their hinges destroyed. Eight members of the Common Council and two aldermen were also made prisoners, together with a great number of apprentices and other riotous young men. Monk afterwards saw reason to regret his severity against the city, and mistrusting the parliament, in whose name he had acted, he thought it prudent, in the interest of the king, to make peace again with the Londoners. Having drawn up his army in Finsbury Fields, he sent a message to the Lord Mayor, in which he expressed his sorrow for what he had done to the prejudice of the city, and desired the favour of a conference with his lordship and the Common Council, that he might make reparation for his late error. They met accordingly, and the result was that friendship was sworn between them, and the doom of the famous, or infamous, Rump Parliament was sealed. "This coalition," says Entick, in his *History of London*, vol. ii. p. 240, "was no sooner published in the city but an universal joy and rejoicing spread over all, with ringing of bells, acclamations, bonfires, and illuminations. At the same time they breathed out the most contemptible tokens and signs of scorn and ridicule against the parliament. There was scarce a bonfire where a rump was not roasted, or something resembling a rump, to celebrate the parliament's funeral obsequies." Monk was now as popular in the city as he was formerly detested; and between this time and the return of Charles II, was a frequent visitor to one or other of the city halls, to deliberate with the lord mayor and corporation upon the exigencies of the times. Maitland says, book i. p. 285, that "at this time strong nightly guards were kept in the city,

with the chains drawn across the streets till the morning; and by day frequent entertainments were made by the several companies at their halls for regaling the Council of State, the general (Monk), and his principal officers. The entertainment, commemorated in the title of the following ballad, took place only seventeen days before the celebrated letter of Charles II was written to the citizens from Breda.

Tom. Now would I give my life to see
 This wondrous man of might,
 Dick, dost thou see that jolly lad? That's he,
 I'll warrant him he's right.
 There's a true Trojan in his face;
 Observe him o'er and o'er.

Dick. Come, Tom, if ever George be base } *Chorus.*
 Ne're trust good fellow more. }

He's none of that phantastique brood
 That murder while they pray;
 That trusse and cheat us, for our good,
 (All in a godly way);
 He drinkes no bloud, and they no sack
 Into their gutts will poure,
 But if George does not do the knack, } *Chorus.*
 Ne're trust good fellow more. }

His quiet conscience needs no guard,
 He's brave, but full of pitty.

Tom. Yet, by your leave, he knock'd so hard,
 H'ad like t'awak'd the city.

Dick. Foole, 'twas the Rump that let a f—t,
 The chaynes and gates it tore,
 But if George bears not a true heart, } *Chorus.*
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

Tom. Your city-blades are cunning rookes,
 How rarely you collogue him!
 But when your gates flew off the hookes,
 You did as much be-rogue him.

Dick. Pugh—'twas the Rump did onely feele,
 The blowes the city bore;
 But if George be'nt as true as steele, } *Chorus.*
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

Dick. Come, by this hand, we'll crack a quart,
 Thou'll pledge his health, I trow:

Tom. Tope, boy! *Dick*—A lusty dish my heart,
 Away wi't! *Tom*—Let it go.
 Drench me your slave in a full bowle,
 I'll take 't an 'twere a score.

Dick. Nay, if George be'nt a hearty soule, } *Chorus.*
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

Tom. But heark you, sirrah, we're too loud,
 He'll hang us by and by.
 Methinks, he should be vengeance proud?

Dick. No more than thou or I.

Tom. Why, then, I'll give him the best blade
 That e'er the Bilbo wore.

Dick. If George prove not a bonny lad, } *Chorus.*
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

Tom. 'Twas well he came, we'd mawl'd the taylor;
 We've all throwne up our farmes;
 And from the musket to the flayle
 Put all our men in armes.
 The girles had ta'ne the Members down
 Ne're saw such things before.

Dick. If Georgespeak not the town our owne, } *Chorus.*
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

Dick. But, prethee, are the folks so mad—

Tom. So mad, say'st,—They're undone,
 There's not a penny to be had;
 And ev'ry mother's sonne
 Must fight if he intend to eate,
 Grow valliant now he is poore.

Dick. Come—yet if Georcedon't do the feate, } *Chorus.*
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

Tom. Why, Richard, 'tis a devilish thing,
 We're not left worth a groate,
 My Doll has sold her wedding ring,
 And Sue has pawn'd her coate.
 The sniv'ling rogues abus'd our squire,
 And call'd his mistresse whore.

Dick. Yet—if George don't what we desire, } *Chorus.*
 Ne're trust good fellow more.

Tom. By this good day; I did but speak,
 They took my py-ball'd mare;
 And put the carrion wench to th' squeak,
 (Things go against the hair).

Our prick-ear'd cor'nell looks as bigg'
Still as he did before.

Dick. And yet if George do'nt humme his gigg, }
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

Faith, Tom; our case is much at one;

We're broke for want of trade;

Our city's baffled, and undone,

Betwixt the Rump and blade.

We've emptied both our veines and baggs

Upon a factious score:

If George compassion not our raggs }
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

Tom. But what dost think should be the cause

Whence all these mischiefs spring?

Dick. Our damned breach of oaths and lawes,

Our murder of the king.

We have been slaves since Charles his reign,

We liv'd like lords before.

If George do'nt set all right again, }
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

Tom. Our vicar—(and he's one that knows)

Told me once—I know what;—

(And yet the thief is woundy close).

Dick. 'Tis all the better;—That

Has too much honesty and witt

To let his tongue runne o'er;

If this prove not a lucky hit, }
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

Shall's ask him, what he means to doe?

Tom. Good faith, with all my heart;
Thou mak'st the better leg o' th' two;
Take thou the better part.
I'll follow, if thou'lt lead the van.

Dick. Content—I'll march before,
If George prove not a gallant man, } *Chorus.*
Ne're trust good fellow more. }

My Lord—in us the nation craves,
But what you're bound to doe.

Tom. We have liv'd drudges; *Dick.*—And we slaves;
Both. We would not die so too.

Restore us but our lawes agen: }
Th'unborn shall thee adore; } *Chorus.*
If George denies us his Amen, }
Ne're trust good fellow more. }

A BALLAD IN PRAISE OF LONDON PRENTICES
AND WHAT THEY DID AT THÈ COCKPITT
PLAY-HOUSE, IN DRURY LANE.

THE London prentices, at the time of the Revolution, laid claim not only to great valour but to great piety. "On Shrove Tuesday, March 4th, 1617," says Mr. J. P. Collier, in his "History of English Dramatic Poetry and Annals of the Stage," vol. i. p. 401; "some riots occurred in Lincoln's Inn Fields (then an open space unoccupied by houses) and in Drury Lane, where the mob, among whom the apprentices appear, as usual, to have been especially active, made an attack upon the Cockpit Theatre. Camden, in his Annals, states that they pulled it down and

destroyed the wardrobe; but according to the account of this circumstance in the Privy Council Register, which was drawn up on the following day, the mob only attempted to pull it down. However there is no doubt they did considerable damage, and that several lives were lost in the fray. The apprentices of London from time immemorial had claimed, or at least exercised, the right of attacking and demolishing houses of ill fame on Shrove Tuesday; and, in this instance, they carried their zeal for morals a degree farther." In the Collection of Ballads in the British Museum, which will be found under the press-mark 643M, there are two or three other ballads relating to the demolition of the houses of ill-fame by the apprentices, and the complaints made by their frail tenants of the rigid righteousness of the young men, but they are too gross for publication.

THE Prentices of London long
 Have famous been in story,
 But now they are exceeding all
 Their chronicles of glory:
 Looke backe, some say, to other day,
 But I say looke before ye,
 And see the deed they have now done,
 Tom Brent and Johnny Cory.

Tom Brent said then to his merry men,
 "Now whoop my men and hollow,
 And to the Cockpitt let us goe,—
 I'll lead you like brave Rollow."
 Then Johnny Corry answered straight,
 In words much like Apollo;
 "Lead, Tommy Brent, incontinent,
 And we'll be sure to follow."

Three score of these brave prentices,
 All fit for workes of wonder,
 Rush'd down the plaine of Drury Lane,
 Like lightning and like thunder:
 And there each dore, with hundreds more,
 And windows burst asunder;
 And to the tire-howse broke they in,
 Which some began to plunder.

“Now hold your handes, my merry men,”
 Said Tom; “for I assure ye,
 Who so begin to steale shall win.
 Mee both for judge and jury:
 And eke for executioner,
 Within this lane of Drury;
 But teare and rend, I'll stand your frend,
 And will uphold your fury.”

King Priam's robes were soon in rags,
 And broke his gilded scepter;
 False Cressid's hood, that was so good
 When loving Troylus kept her:
 Besse Brydges gowne, and Muli's crowne,
 Who would ful faine have lept her:
 Had Theseus seene them use his queene
 So ill, he had bewept her.

Books old and young on heap they flung,
 And burnt them in the blazes,—
 Tom Dekker, Haywood, Middleton,
 And other wand'ring crayzes.

Poor Daye that daye not scape awaye;
 And what still more amazes,
 Immortall Cracke* was burnt all blacke,
 Which every bodie praises.

Now sing we laude with one accord,
 To these most *digni laude*,
 Who thus intend to bring to end
 All that is vile and bawdie;
 All players and whores thrust out a' dores,
 Seductive both and gawdie,
 And praise we these bold prentices
Cum voce et cum corde.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE TWO LADIES OF
 FINSBURY, THAT GAVE MOORFIELDS TO THE
 CITY, FOR THE MAIDENS OF LONDON
 TO DRY CLOATHS.

To the Tune of "Where is my true love."

From the "Crown Garland of Golden Roses." The ballad is
 also inserted in Evans' Collection, vol. iii. p. 318.

You gallant London damsels,
 Awhile to me give ear,

* "Regarding this person, or play," says Mr. Collier, "whichever it might be, I can give no information."

And be you well contented
With what you now shall hear.
The deeds of two kind ladies
Before you shall appear;—
Oh maidens of London so fair!

At Finsbury there dwelléd
A noble gallant knight,
That for the love of Jesus Christ
Desired for to fight:
And so unto Jerusalem
He went in armour bright.
Oh maidens of London so fair!

And chargéd both his daughters
Unmarried to remain,
Till he from blessed Palestine
Returnéd back again:
And then two loving husbands
For them he would attain;
Oh maidens of London so fair!

When he was gone from fair England
A knight of Rhodes to be,
His daughters they were well content,
Though born of good degree,
To keep themselves in mean estate
Of living orderly;—
Oh maidens of London so fair!

The eldest of the two was nam'd
Fair Mary, as is said,
Who made a secret vow to God
To live and die a maid;
And so a true professéd nun
Herself with speed array'd,—
Oh maidens of London so fair!

Her garments were of mourning black,
Befitting her desires,
Where at the house of Bethlehem
The abbess she requires,
An entertainment to be made
To their melodious quires;—
Oh sweet singing maids so fair!

Where in the nunnery she remained
Belovéd many a year,
Still spending day and night in prayers
For her old father dear,—
Refusing worldly vanities
With joy and pleasant cheer;—
Oh heavenly blest maidens so fair!

And in the name of Jesus Christ
A holy cross did build,
Which some have seen at Bedlam-gate,
Adjoining to Moorfield:
These be the blesséd springing fruits
That chastity doth yield;—
Oh maidens of London so fair!

“ If that England’s great royal queen
I should be made,” quoth she,
“ Not half so well contented then,
Good ladies should I be;
There is no life that’s half so sweet
As virgin life, I see:”
Oh maidens of London so fair!

“ Nor will I taste the joys of love
Belong to marriage bed,
Nor to a king consent to yield
My blooming maidenhead,
Till from my father I do hear
To be alive or dead;”
Oh maidens of London so fair!

So virgin-like she spent her days
About this pleasant spring,
And us’d herself from time to time
Upright in every thing;
Which caused the ladies of this land
Her noble praise to sing;—
Oh maidens of London so fair!

The younger of the sisters, nam’d
Dame Annis, fair and clear,
Who framéd there a pleasant well,
By her esteeméd dear;
Where wives and maidens daily came
To wash, from far and near;
Oh heaven-blest maidens so fair!

In it were all her earthly joys,
Her comfort and delight;
About the same remaining still
With pleasure day and night,
As glorious as the golden sun,
In all his beams so bright;
Oh maidens of London so fair!

The lovely ladies of the land
Unto Dame Annis went,
Persuading her this single life
Was not the best content;
The married sort doth most commend,
Being still to pleasures bent;
Oh maidens of London so fair!

And daily troops of London dames
Unto her did repair,
With purest lawn and cambric fine
To wash both clean and fair;
And rich embroidered furnitures
Of child-bed linen rare;—
Oh maidens of London so fair!

Thus livéd these two sisters here,
As you have heard it told,
Till time had chang'd their beauteous cheeks,
And made them wrinkled old;
Then of their father news was brought
How he was wrapt in mould;—
Oh maidens of London so fair!

For the King of England soon
The Duke of 'Normandy,
Returnéd from Jerusalem
With fame and victory;
And brought their father's heart in lead
Here buried for to be;—
Oh maidens of London so fair!

This heart that spilt its dearest blood
For Jesus Christ in heaven,
Being thus unto his daughters twain
In kindness brought and given,
Was mournéd for three hundred days,
From morning until even;
Oh maidens of London so fair!

And then with lamentations,
Sweet maidens, being weary,
Their aged father's noble heart
Most solemnly did bury;
And gave the place their father's name,
As says our English story:
Oh maidens of London so fair!

Old Sir John Fines he had the name,
Being buried in that place,
Now, since then, called Finsbury,
To his renown and grace;
Which time to come shall not outwear,
Nor yet the same deface:
Oh maidens of London so fair!

And likewise when those maidens died,
They gave those pleasant fields
Unto our London citizens,
Which they most bravely build.
And now are made most pleasant walks,
That great contentment yield
To maidens of London so fair!

Where lovingly both man and wife
May take the evening air,
And London dames to dry their cloaths
May hither still repair;
For that intent most freely given,
By these two damsels fair,
Unto the maidens of London for ever!

A NEW SONG, ON THE INSTALMENT OF SIR
JOHN MOOR LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

To the Tune of "St. George for England."

FROM a "Collection of One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs, all written since 1678, and intermixed with several new Love Songs. The Fourth Edition, with many Additions. London, printed and to be sold by Richard Butt, in Princess Street, in Covent Garden. 1694." These loyal songs appear, from the initials N. T. to the preface, to have been collected by Nathaniel Thompson, who says that the malice of the opposite party "swelled so high against him, that he was imprisoned six times; so that for above six years he was never free from trouble, having seldom less than three or four indictments at a session against him; at other times, informations in the Crown Office, which villainous contrivances of their agents cost him at least £500 in money, besides the loss of his trade and reputation. The principal

crimes alleged against him were—'Let Oliver now be forgotten,' a song; 'A Hue and Cry after Titus Oates when turned from Whitehall;' 'The Character of an ignoramus Doctor;' 'A Dialogue between the Devil and the Doctor;' and 'The Prisoners' Lamentation for the Loss of Sheriff Bethel.'"

Towards the end of the reign of King Charles II, the more than suspected popery of the king, and the avowed popery of the heir to the throne, were the occasion of violent contests for all the municipal offices for the city of London. Sir Patience Ward, the late lord mayor, was a violent enemy of the court; and at the expiration of his mayoralty, great efforts were made by the friends of the king and the Duke of York, to secure sheriffs as fully attached to their side as the next in rotation to the chair (Sir John Moor) was known to be. The lord mayor, in accordance with an ancient custom, drank to Mr. Dudley North, at the Bridge House feast, by which this person was nominated as one of the sheriffs. Another gentleman in the court interest, named Box, was also nominated; and two, named Papilion and Dubois, on the popular side, being proposed, a hot contest for the office took place, which ended, after many squabbles, in the election of the latter,—the crowd following them, great numbers shouting "God bless the protestant sheriffs—God bless Papilion and Dubois." Some disturbance having taken place at the polling-booth, Sir John Moor complained to the king and council of being jostled and insulted. In consequence, the lord mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, were ordered to attend the Privy Council on the Monday following, and the lord mayor having made his complaint, the late sheriffs, Pilkington and Shute, and Mr. Alderman Cornish, were committed prisoners to the Tower, and the attorney-general was ordered to prosecute with the utmost rigour of the law all persons implicated in the late disturbances. Several persons were arrested, whose trial came on shortly afterwards, before the Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys, in the King's Bench, at Guildhall. The following were found guilty, and fined in the undermentioned sums:—Alderman Cornish, the late sheriffs, and the Lord Gray, were fined 1,000 marks each; four other influential citizens, named Pilkington, Player, Swinock, and Goodenough, 500 marks each; one, named Deagle, 400 marks; two, named Jenkes and Freeman, 300 marks each; one, named Jekyll, 200 marks; and two, named Keys and Wickham, 100 marks each.

You London lads rejoyce,
And cast away your care,
Since with one heart and voice
Sir John is chosen Mayor;
The famous Sir John Moor,
Lord Mayor of London town,
To your eternal praise
Shall stand a subject of renown
Amongst your famous worthies,
Who have been most esteem'd;
For Sir John, Sir John,
Your honour hath redeem'd.
Sir John he's for the king's right,
Which rebels would destroy,
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

When with a Hide-bound mayor
The town was in distraction,
Sir John clapt in the chair,
And cur'd the hall of faction;
He to the people shew'd
Their duty and allegiance,
How to the sacred king and laws
They pay their due obedience.
Sir George unto the people
A loyal speech did give;
But Sir John, Sir John,
Your honour did retrieve.
Sir John is for allegiance,
Which rebels would destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

When thou wast last, O London,
 In faction and sedition;
By Whigs and zealots are undone,
 While they were in commission;
When treason, like Old Noll's brigade,
 Did gallop through the town,
And loyalty (a tyr'd jade)
 Had cast her rider down;
The famous Sir George Jeffrys
 Your charter did maintain;
But Sir John, Sir John,
 Restor'd your fame again.
Sir John, he is for monarchy,
 Which rebels would destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

When the mayor with sheriffs mounted,
 And jealousies contriv'd,
And all the town run after,
 As if the devil driv'd;
Then famous Sir John Moor
 Thy loyalty restor'd,
And noble Sir George Jeffrys
 Who did the acts record;
Sir George of all the heroes
 Deserves the foremost place;
But Sir John, Sir John,
 Hath got the sword and mace;
Sir John, he is for justice,
 Which rebels would destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

Sir Patience wou'd have the court
Submit unto the city,
White-Hall stoop unto the Change,
And is not that a pity?
Sheriff Bethel (save allegiance)
Thinks nothing a transgression:
Sir Tom rails at the lawful prince,
Sir Bob at the succession;
While still the brave Sir George
Does their fury interpose.
But Sir John, Sir John,
Maintains the royal cause.
Sir John is for His Highness
Whom rebels would destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

Sir Patience is for a parliament,
Sheriff Bethel a petition,
Instead of an address
Cramm'd brim full of sedition.
Sir Tom he is for liberty
Against prerogative;
Sir Bob is for the subject's right,
But will not justice give;
And brave Sir George does all
Their famous deeds record:
But Sir John, Sir John,
Your loyalty restor'd.
Sir John, he's for the int'rest
Which rebels would destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

Sir Patience he calls for justice,
 And then the wretch will sham us;
 Sheriff Bethel he packs a jury
 Well vers'd in ignoramus:
 Sir Tom would hang the Tory,
 And let the Whig go free;
 Sir Bob wou'd have a commonwealth,
 And cry down monarchy.
 While still the brave Sir George
 Does all their deeds record;
 But Sir John, Sir John,
 Your loyalty restor'd;
 Sir John he is for justice,
 Which rebels would destroy.
 Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

And may such loyal mayors,
 As honest sheriffs find;
 Such sheriffs find a jury
 Will to the king be kind;
 And may the king live long
 To rule such people here;
 And may ye such a Lord Mayor find
 And Sheriffs every year:
 That traytors may receive
 The justice of the laws,
 While Sir John, Sir John,
 Maintains the royal cause;
 Sir John is for the king still,
 Whom rebels would destroy.
 Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

LOYALTY TRIUMPHANT.

ON THE CONFIRMATION OF MR. NORTH AND MR. RICH.

Tune,—“Joy to the bridegroom.”

FROM the same collection as the preceding, and relating to the same circumstances. Mr. North and Mr. Box, the defeated candidates at the Common Hall, were returned by the lord mayor to the Court of Aldermen, as the duly elected sheriffs, upon pretence of the illegality of the former proceedings, already alluded to. The citizens petitioned the Court of Aldermen to swear in Papilion and Dubois, the protestant sheriffs, as they were called, but the aldermen refused. Mr. Box, however, fearing that if he served the office riots might ensue, declined, and was fined the usual sum. The court party thereupon, aided by the influence of the lord mayor, returned Mr. Peter Rich, the person alluded to in the ballad, and he and Mr. North were sworn accordingly. In Entick's "History and Survey of London," vol. ii. page 316, are the following remarks relative to these memorable proceedings:—"All this strife about sheriffs, was not in favour of any particular men; the court had deep views. By securing sheriffs of London in their interest, they secured juries to acquit or condemn whom they pleased,—to favour or ruin. Under which influence we find the juries that found Lord Russell (Lord William Russell) guilty of treason; that fined Alderman Pilkington £100,000, for saying 'that the Duke of York had fired the city, and was now come to cut their throats,' upon the information of Sir William Hooker and Sir Henry Tulse, Aldermen; and brought in Sir Patience Ward guilty of perjury, because he, upon the trial of Alderman Pilkington, swore he did not hear him say the words above recited, though he was present at the time Hooker and Tulse swore that he said them."

FILL up the bowl, and set it round,
 The day is won, the Sheriff's crown'd,
 The rabble flies, the tumults yield;
 And loyalty maintains the field:

Saint George for England, then amain
To royal James the ocean drain.

With justice may it ever flow,
And in an endless circle go;
The brim with conqu'ring bays be crown'd,
And faction in the dregs be drown'd:
Then to the Queen and royal James
Sacrifice your flowing Thames.

Thanks to Sir John, our good Lord Mayor,
'Gainst Sheriffs' tricks he kept the Chair;
The Court and City's rights maintains,
While head-strong faction broke the reins;
Then to the famous Sir John Moor;
May after-age that name adore.

What zeal (ye whigs) to the old cause,
Thus makes you act against the laws;
That none for Sheriff must contend,
But your old ignoramus friend?
But now, your hopes are all destroy'd,
And your two champions laid aside.

Is this your love to Church and State,
That no good man must serve of late,
While you can find one factious rogue
To sway the poll, and get the vogue;
By unjust means your rights you claim,
And lawless force maintain the same.

But brave Sir John, while th' storms increase,
His wisdom made the tumults cease;
In spite of all illegal poll,
The routs and ryotts did control;
Whence he shall gain a lasting name,
And after-age record his fame.

Amongst the men of chiefest worth,
The vote is given for loyal North:
In spite of Pilkington and Sh——
Papillion, and the rabble rout.
Then to brave North a double dose,
Who the strong factions did oppose.

Now Box withdraw, Dubois contends,
And noble Rich the stage ascends;
By legal ('gainst illegal) vote,
The loyal Tribune they promote;
Then, to brave Rich a help of hand,
Who the loud tumults did withstand.

For ropes and gibbets the next year,
The whigs (we hope) need not despair;
If Rich find timber, (give them scope)
Brave North will never grudge them rope:
Then to conclude, we'll crown the bowl,
With a health to the king and each loyal soul.

LONDON'S JOY AND TRIUMPH, ON THE INSTAL-
MENT OF SIR WILLIAM PRITCHARD LORD
MAYOR OF LONDON FOR THE
ENSUING YEAR.

To the Tune of "Tangier March."

From the same Collection as the preceding. Sir William Pritchard succeeded Sir John Moor in the Mayoralty, and was of the same political opinions as his predecessor. Many of the names of the persons mentioned in the following, will be found in our note to the foregoing ballad, on the installation of Sir John Moor and the confirmation of Mr. North and Mr. Rich.

LET the Whigs revile, the Tories smile,
That their business is compleated;
Let all rejoyce with heart and voice
That the Whig's at last defeated.
The Whigs for loyalty so fam'd,
With all their hopes are undone;
Since now brave Pritchard is proclaim'd
The loyal Mayor of London.

You Polish brace whose brazen face
To the chair wou'd be aspiring,
See the rabble crowd who bawl'd so loud
Are bawk'd beyond admiring;
Learn in time to mitigate
Your bold tumultuous furies;
Ere you shall find you trust too late
To ignoramus juries.

Let player Tom receive the doom
So long due for his cheating,
Who did purloin the city coin,
To keep up holy meeting;
To rob the orphan, and the poor,
His great discharge of trust is,
And run upon the widows' score,
To do the city justice.

Let Ward repent, and Jenks relent,
Their practice so malicious;
Let Hubbard rue, with all the crew,
That they were so officious;
Such Jews as these, who did deny
Their Saviour for a tester,
No doubt again would crucify
Their sovereign lord and master.

For North and Rich, and ev'ry such,
They set up a Papillion;
'Gainst Pritchard bold, with Cornish Gold,
With ryot and rebellion.
To love the king can you pretend,
Who Royalists deny all?
And with such vigour dare contend
Against the man that's loyal.

For shame, in time repent your crime,
Your ryot and commotion;

And to the Mayor, who kept the chair,
Pay all your just devotion.
Such was their loyalty of late
To give the king no money;
But freely throw away their plate
To join with rebel Toney.

Thus you before did run on score
With royal Charles, your master;
Like drunk or mad, spent all you had
To uphold a bold impostor.
Let not knaves again betray,
And rob you of your reason;
Then leave your factious heads to pay
The forfeit of your treason.

With all your heat what did you get?
With all your did ann quarter;*
But to involve with each resolve
The more entangled Charter?
To James your just allegiance give,
Your properties then plead 'em;
Defending the prerogative
You best protect your freedom.

* The Editor is quite unable to explain this line. It is probably a misprint; but he has in vain endeavoured to discover the true reading.

LONDON'S LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF
THEIR CHARTER.

To the Tune of "Pakington's Pound."

FROM the same Collection as the preceding. The constant disputes between the court and the citizens relative to the appointment of the sheriffs, led to the well-known determination on the part of the government of Charles II, to annul the charters of the city. The celebrated *Quo Warranto* was issued by the attorney-general, and the corporation was cited into the Court of King's Bench, to show cause why they had so long usurped the privilege of choosing their own officers. The matter being argued, Lord Chief Justice Jones pronounced judgment against the city, on the 12th of June, 1683. The court then took the government of London into its own hands. Sir William Pritchard was confirmed in the office of lord mayor, during his Majesty's pleasure; eight aldermen in the popular interest were deprived of their office, and eight others of the York faction appointed to their places. Besides this, the king dismissed the then recorder, Sir George Treby, and conferred the dignity upon Thomas Jerner, whom he also knighted for the occasion.

You freemen and master, and prentices mourn,
For now you are left with your Charter forlorn;
Since London was London, I dare boldly say,
For your riots you never so dearly did pay:

In Westminster Hall

Your Dagon did fall,

That caus'd you to ryot and mutiny all;
Oh London! Oh London! thou'dst better had none,
Than thus with thy Charter to vie with the throne.

Oh London! Oh London! how cou'dst thou pretend
Against thy Defender thy crimes to defend?

Thy freedom and rights from kind princes did spring,
And yet in contempt thou withstandest thy king;

With bold brazen face,

They pleaded thy case,

In hopes to the Charter the king would give place:
Oh London! thou'dst better no Charter at all,
Than thus for rebellion thy Charter shou'd fall.

Since Britains to London came over to dwell,
You had an old Charter to buy and to sell;
And whilst in allegiance each honest man lives,
Then you had a Charter for Lord Mayor and Shrieves;

But when, with your pride,

You began to backslide,

And London by factions did run with the tide;
Then London, Oh London! 'tis time to withdraw,
Lest the flood of your factions the land over-flow.

When faction and fury of rebels prevail'd,
When coblers were kings, and monarchs were jayl'd,
When masters in tumult their prentices led,
And the tail did begin to make war with the head;

When Thomas and Kate

Did bring in their plate,

T'uphold the old cause of the Rump of the state;
Then tell me, Oh London! I prithee now tell,
Hadst thou ere a Charter to fight and rebel?

When zealous sham sheriffs the city oppose,
In spite of the Charter, the king, and the laws,

And make such a ryot and rout in the town,
That never before such a racket was known;

When ryoters dare
Arrest the Lord May'r,

And force the king's substitute out of the chair;
Oh London! whose Charter is now on the lees,
Did your Charter e'er warrant such actions as these?

Alas for the brethren! what now must they do,
For choosing Whig sheriffs and burgesses too?
The Charter with Patience is gone to the pot,
And the Doctor is lost in the depth of the plot:

St. Stephen his flayl
No more will prevail,

Nor Sir Robert's dagger, the Charter to bail;
Oh London! thou'dst better have laid in the fire,
Then thus thy old Charter should stick in the mire.

But since with your folly, your faction and pride,
You sink with the Charter who strove with the tide,
Let all the lost rivers return to the main
From whence they descended; they'll spring out again;

Submit to the king
In every thing,

Then of a new Charter, new sonnets we'll sing;
As London (the phoenix of England) ne'er dies,
So out of the flames a new Charter will rise.

A NEW SONG, IN PRAISE OF THE LOYAL COMPANY OF STATIONERS, WHO, FOR THEIR SINGULAR LOYALTY, OBTAINED THE FIRST CHARTER OF LONDON, 1684.

To the Tune of "Winchester Wedding."

FROM the same Collection as the foregoing. The Stationers' Company, as related in the ballad, obtained a restoration of their charter, in consequence of their dutiful submission to the court. The persons alluded to in the ballad by the names of Dick, Jack, George, William, &c. were probably apprentices, distinguished in their day for their adherence to the popular side.

IN London was such a quarter,
 The like was never known,
 About the forfeited Charter,
 Betwixt the Court and the Town.
 The masters were crowding before,
 The prentices i' th' rear did fall,
 There were a thousand and more
 Attended to lead up the brawl :
 Kit arm'd with a fork and a spade,
 And Bob with a shovel and fork,
 But Tender was for a surrender
 And now it began to work.

Quoth Willy, what lose the Charter ?
 I'll sooner lose my head :
 Quoth Bob Hog, I'll die a martyr
 Before that shall ever be said.
 Quoth John, you may shut up your shopping,
 Your Charter was all your shield,

For every seaman of Wapping
 May be freeman now of the Guild,
Quoth a butcher, the beggarly French
 Will out of our mouths eat the bread ;
But the weaver he cock'd up his beaver,
 And valiantly march'd at the head.

But Stationers-Hall so loyal
 The Charter by which they meet,
The gift of his Ancestors Royal,
 Did humbly lay at his feet ;
Whose suit he so far befriendeth,
 Their liberties know no bound,
Their Charter her Whigs extendeth,
 Thro' London, and full four miles round.
And now from the Bygot and Whig,
 (To distinguish the good men and true),
The table is purg'd, and rabble
 With the members excluded withdrew:

With limping Dick the zealous,
 Went doting Yea and Nay,
And squinting Jack so zealous
 Lest loyalty got the day.
With these Jack Thumb was reckon'd,
 And hungry Will of the Wood ;
And Frank the first and the second,
 And George that will never be good.
And thus they did trip it along,
 Whilst William led up the brawl,

But John did storm above any
To be turn'd out of the Hall.

Jack gave his right hand to Harry,
Who almost his place had lost,
And swore if the day they carry,
The loyal should pay for the roast.
But Bob Hog who made a tryal,
And found how the jig would go,
Resolv'd to change sides and be loyal,
But all the Dissenters said "No:"
Thus whilst to the Charter or law
They would no obedience yield,
The glory was still, true Tory
Is master of the field.

Now to the stationers honour,
The Charter is on record ;
Great Charles the bountiful donor
Their franchises has restor'd ;
To whose everlasting glory
Thy honour will still rebound ;
That they are the first in story,
Who London's Charter did found ;
Then to the brave founder a health,
Who first did our freedom create ;
A bumper to Charles, to the rumper
A halter, and Robin Hogs fate.

THE MUG-HOUSE.

FROM the same Collection as the preceding. This ballad, which was written prior to the year 1694, shows that the "Mug" was a common party cry at least twenty-four years before the celebrated Mug-house riots, which broke out in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, and led to the death of several persons. I have seen it somewhere stated, though I am not able to refer to the passage, that the "mugs" out of which the politicians of that day drank their beer, were fashioned into the resemblance of Lord Shaftesbury's face. It has since become a vulgar phrase, to say of a man with a disagreeable countenance, that "he has an ugly mug."

If sorrow the tyrant invade thy breast,
Draw out the foul fiend by the lug, the lug;
Let no thought of to-morrow disturb thy rest,
But dash out its brains with a mug, a mug.
If business unluckily go not well,
Let dull fools their ill fortune hug:
To show our allegiance we'll go to the Bell,
And drown all our cares in a mug, a mug.

If thy wife be not one of the best, the best,
Admit not a respite to think, to think;
Or the weight of thy forehead weigh down thy breast,
Divert the dull demon with drink, with drink;
If thy mistress prove peevish, and will not gee,
Ne'er pine, ne'er pine, for the scornful pug;
But find out a prettier, and kinder than she;
And banish despair with a mug, a mug.

Let zealots o'er coffee new plots divine,
 And lace with fresh treasons the pagan drug;
 With loyal blood flowing in our veins, that shine
 Like our faces, inspir'd with the mug, the mug;
 Let sectaries dream of alarms, alarms,
 And fools, still for new changes tug;
 We fam'd for our loyalty, will stand to our arms;
 And drink the king's health in a mug, a mug.

Then, then to the queen, let the next advance,
 With all loyal lads of true English race;
 That scorn the stum'd notion of Spain and France;
 Or to Burdeux or Burgundy to give place,
 The flask and the bottle breed ach and gout,
 Whilst we, we all the season lie snug;
 Nor Spaniard nor Florentine can vie with our stout,
 And Monsieur submits to the mug, the mug.

THE COURAGIOUS ENGLISH BOYS OF SEVERAL TRADES AND CALLING;

AS WEAVERS, SHOOMAKERS, DYERS, AND HATTERS, IN CITY
 AND COUNTRY, WHOSE RESOLUTION IS TO MARCH INTO
 FLANDERS AFTER KING WILLIAM, TO RELIEVE THAT COUN-
 TRY FROM THE FRENCH CRUELTY, AND FROM THENCE
 MARCH WITH HIM TO CONQUER FRANCE.

To the Tune of "Let Cæsar live long."

FROM a broadside in the British Museum. Licensed according to
 Order. The song of "Let Cæsar live long," with the tune, is printed

in "A Collection of One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs," &c. 12mo. 1694, 4th edition, from which we have already and largely quoted; also in earlier editions of the same work.

BRAVE boys we shall soon have an army of those
That will both the French and the Papists oppose,
What tho' they do now on the Protestants frown,
It is not those Romans that shall run us down;
For every tradesman his calling will leave,
And bright shining armour resolves to receive.

The Weavers they throw by their shuttle and loom,
Resolving to stand against treacherous Rome,
Whose insolent pride did their betters degrade,
And oftentimes provéd the ruin of trade;
Therefore the brave Weavers will now play their part,
Vowing that Mounsier they'll vex to the heart.

The valiant Shoemakers in hundreds come,
Resolving to follow the true martial drum,
With flourishing colours to enter the field,
Not fearing to make the proud enemy yield.
The bones of St. Hugh they do now bid adieu,
As having a far greater work now to do.

The Butchers, the Dyers, the Hatters also,
With undaunted courage these valiantly go,
Stout lads that are season'd to laborious work,
Well able to fight the proud French or the Turk,
In glittering arms they resolve to appear,
To make all our enemies tremble for fear.

Not only in London, but every where
They do to the army in thousands repair,
The Cornwall and Devonshire boys are agreed
To make the proud papists in Flanders to bleed;
And like valiant souldiers they solemnly vow
To make the most insolent Catholicks bow.

The Dorset and Somerset boys too we find,
They are to a Protestant monarch inclin'd;
And at his command they will valiantly go
In order our enemies to overthrow.
They have not forgot their relations of late,
Who suffer'd under a great person of state.

Through every county all over the west,
Their loyalty to their good king is exprest;
And under his banner they'll fight till they dye,
Or otherwise make our proud enemies flye;
Their cause being good, they are void of all fear,
Resolving to charge from the front to the rear.

'Tis very well known that they fear not the French,
Nor will they retire to give back an inch,
But up to the face of the enemy ride,
To curb and subdue their insolent pride:
A touch of true courage ere long they shall feel,
They'll chase them with swords of true temper'd
steel.

Our army makes Lewis to tremble and quake,
He fearing that Mons we again will retake;
Which we are resolvéd this summer to do,
And a farther progress we still will pursue;
With undaunted courage, brave boys, we'll advance,
In order to conquer the glory of France.

Renownéd King William, of conduct and skill,
With brave sons of thunder will follow them still;
While drums they are beating, and trumpets do sound,
And cannons like thunder are tearing the ground,
The glory and power of France we disdain,
King William in triumph and glory shall reign.

From Flanders to France, boys, we soon will repair,
And conquer that nation, oppose us who dare.
Their castles, and towers, and cities subdue,
And make the proud Lewis submit to us too;
Whilst conquering William with lawrels is crown'd,
His fame and his name thro' the world shall go round.

Printed for J. Blare, at the "Looking-glass," on London Bridge.

THE BLACKSMITH.

FROM "Pills to Purge Melancholy; or, Wit and Mirth, an Antidote against Melancholy, compounded of witty and ingenious Ballads, Songs, and Catches, and other pleasant and merry Poems; the Third Edition, enlarged. London, printed by A. G. and J. P. and sold by Henry Playford, near the Temple Church, 1682."

OF all the trades that ever I see,
 Ther's none to a Blacksmith compared may be,
 With so many several tools works he,
 Which nobody can deny.

The first that ever thunderbolt made
 Was a Cyclops of the Blacksmith's trade,
 As in a learned author is said,
 Which nobody can deny.

When thundering like we strike about,
 The fire like lightning flashes out,
 Which suddenly with water we dout,
 Which nobody can deny.

The fairest goddess in the skies,
 To marry with Vulcan did advise,
 And he was a Blacksmith grave and wise,
 Which nobody can deny.

Vulcan he, to do her right,
 Did build her a town by day and by night,
 And gave it a name which was Hammersmith hight,
 Which nobody can deny.

Vulcan further did acquaint her,
That a pretty estate he would appoint her,
And leave her Sea Coal Lane for a joynter,
Which nobody can deny.

And that no enemy might wrong her,
He built her a fort you'd wish no stronger,
Which was in the lane of Ironmonger,
Which nobody can deny.

Smithfield he did cleanse from dirt,
And sure there was great reason for't,
For there he meant she should keep her court,
Which nobody can deny.

But after in a good time and tide,
It was by the blacksmith rectified,
To the honour of Edmund Ironside,
Which nobody can deny.

Vulcan after made a train
Wherein the god of war was ta'en,
Which ever since hath been call'd Paul's Chain,
Which nobody can deny.

The common proverb, as it is read,
That a man must hit the *nail* on the head,
Without the Blacksmith cannot be said,
Which nobody can deny.

Another must not be forgot,
And falls unto the Blacksmith's lot,
That a man must strike while the *iron* is hot,
Which nobody can deny.

Another comes in most proper and fit,
The Blacksmith's justice is seen in it,
When you give a man roast meat, and beat him with
the *spit*, Which nobody can deny.

Another comes in our Blacksmith's way,
When things are safe, as old wives say,
We have them under *lock* and *key*,
Which nobody can deny.

Another that's in the Blacksmith's books,
And only to him for remedy looks,
Is when a man's quite off the *hooks*,
Which nobody can deny.

Another proverb to him doth belong,
And therefore let's do the Blacksmith no wrong,
When a man's held hard to it, *buckle* and thong.
Which nobody can deny.

Another proverb doth make me laugh,
Wherein the Blacksmith may challenge half,
When a reason 's as plain as a *pike* staff,
Which nobody can deny.

Tho' your lawyers travel both near and far,
 And by long pleading a good cause may mar,
 Yet your Blacksmith takes more pains at the *bar*.
 Which nobody can deny.

Tho' your scrivener seeks to crush and to kill,
 By his counterfeit deeds, and thereby doth ill,
 Yet your blacksmith may *forg*e what he will,
 Which nobody can deny.

Tho' your bankrupt citizens lurk in their holes,
 And laugh at their creditors and their catchpoles,
 Yet your Blacksmith can fetch them over the *coals*,
 Which nobody can deny.

Though jockey in stable be never so neat,
 To look to his nag and prescribe him his meat,
 Yet your Blacksmith knows better how to give him a *heat*,
 Which nobody can deny.

If any tailor have the itch,
 The Blacksmith's water as black as pitch
 Will make his hands go thorough *stitch*,
 Which nobody can deny.

There's never a slut, if filth o'ermatch her,
 But owes to the Blacksmith for her leacher, [her,
 For without a pair of *tongs* there's no man would touch
 Which nobody can deny.

Your roaring boys who every one quails,
 Fights, domineers, swaggers, and rails,
 Could never yet make the smith eat his *nails*,
 Which nobody can deny.

If a scholar be in doubt,
 And cannot well bring his matter about,
 The Blacksmith can always *hammer* it out,
 Which nobody can deny.

Now if to know him you would desire,
 You must not scorn but rank him higher,
 For what he gets is out of the *fire*,
 Which nobody can deny.

Now here's a good health to Blacksmiths all,
 And let it go round, as round as a ball;
 We'll drink it all off, though it costs us a fall,
 Which nobody can deny.

THE BREWER.

FROM the same Collection as the preceding. The last stanzas evidently refer to Oliver Cromwell, whose father was a brewer, at Huntingdon, and appear, from the allusions to his son Richard, to have been written shortly after the death of the great Protector, by some admirer of his principles and prowess.

THERE'S many a clinching verse is made
 In honour of the Blacksmith's trade,
 But more of the Brewer may be said,
 Which nobody can deny.

- I need not much of this repeat,
The Blacksmith cannot be complete,
Unless the Brewer do give him a heat,
Which nobody can deny.

When Smug unto the forge doth come,
Unless the Brewer doth liquor him home,
He'll never strike "my pot and thy pot, Tom,"
Which nobody can deny.

Of all professions in the town,
The Brewer's trade hath gain'd renown,—
His liquor reacheth up to the *crown*,
Which nobody can deny.

Many new laws from him there did spring,
Of all the trades he still was their king;
For the Brewer had the world in a *sling*,
Which nobody can deny.

He scorneth all laws and marshal stops,
But whips an army as sound as tops,
And cuts off his foes as thick as *hops*;
Which nobody can deny.

He dives for riches down to the bottom,
And cries, "My masters," when he has got 'em,
"Let every tub stand on its own bottom;"
Which nobody can deny.

In warlike acts he scorns to stoop;
For when his army begins to droop,
He draws them up as round as a *hoop*,
Which nobody can deny.

The Jewish sot, that scorns to eat
The flesh of swine, and Brewers' beat,—
'Twas the sight of his *hogshead* made 'em retreat,
Which nobody can deny.

Poor Jockey and his basket hilt,
Was beaten, and much blood was spilt,
And their bodies, like barrels, did run a tilt,
Which nobody can deny.

Tho' Jemmy gave the first assault,
The Brewer at last made him to halt,
And gave them what the cat left in the malt,
Which nobody can deny.

They cry'd that Antichrist came to settle
Religion in a cooler and a kettle;
For his nose and copper were both of one mettle,
Which nobody can deny.

Some Christian kings began to quake,
And said with the Brewer no quarrel we'll make,
We'll let him alone, as he brews, let him bake;
Which nobody can deny.

He had a strong and very stout heart,
And thought to be made an emperor for't,
But the devil put a spoke in his cart,
Which nobody can deny.

If any intended to do him disgrace,
His fury would take off his head in the place,
He always did carry his furnace in his face,
Which nobody can deny.

But yet, by the way, you must understand,
He kept his foes so under command,
That Pride could never get the upper hand,
Which nobody can deny.

He was a stout Brewer, of whom we may brag,
But now he is hurried away with a hag,—
He brews in a bottle and bakes in a bag,
Which nobody can deny.

And now may all stout soldiers say,
Farewell the glory of the day,
For the Brewer himself is turned to clay,
Which nobody can deny.

Thus fell the brave brewer, the bold son of slaughter;
We need not to fear what shall follow after.
For he dealt all his time in fire and water,
Which nobody can deny.

And if his successor had had but his might,
 Then we had not been in a pitiful plight,
 But he was found many grains too light,
 Which nobody can deny.

Let's leave off singing, and drink off our bub,
 We'll call up a reckoning, and every man club,
 For I think I have told you *a tale of a tub*.
 Which nobody can deny.

THE GOOD FELLOWS' FROLICK :
 OR, KENT STREET CLUBB.

From Evans' Collection of Old Ballads, Lond. 1810, vol. i. p. 162

HERE is a crew of jovial blades,
 That lov'd the nut-brown ale,
 They in an alehouse chanc'd to meet,
 And told a merry tale.
 A bonny seaman was the first,
 But newly come to town,
 And swore that he his guts could burst,
 With ale that was so brown.

See how the jolly carman he
 Doth the strong liquor prize,
 He so long in the alehouse sat,
 That he drank out his eyes;

And groping to get out of door,
Sot-like, he tumbled down,
And there he like a madman swore
He lov'd the ale so brown.

The nimble weaver he came in,
And swore he'd have a little,
To drink good ale it was no sin,
Though't made him pawn his shuttle.
Quoth he, I am a gentleman,
No lusty country clown,
But yet I love with all my heart
The ale that is so brown.

Then next the blacksmith he came in,
And said, "'Twas mighty hot;"
He sitting down did thus begin:
"Fair maid, bring me a pot;
Let it be of the very best,
That none exceeds in town,
I tell you true, and do not jest,
I love the ale so brown."

The prick louse tailor he came in,
Whose tongue did run so nimble,
And said he would engage for drink
His bodkin and his thimble.
"For though with long thin jaws I look,
I value not a crown,
So I can have my belly full
Of ale that is so brown."

The lusty porter passing by
With basket on his back,
He said that he was grievous dry,
And needs would pawn his sack.
His angry wife he did not fear,
He valued not her frown,
So he had that he lov'd so dear,
I mean the ale so brown.

The next that came was one of them
Was of the gentle craft,
And when that he was wet within,
Most heartily he laugh'd.
Crispin was ne'er so boon as he,
Tho' some kin to a crown,
And there he sat most merrily,
With ale that was so brown.

But at the last a barber, he
A mind had for to taste,
He calléd for a pint of drink,
And said he was in haste,
The drink so pleased he tarried there
Till he had lost a crown,
'Twas all the money he could spare
For ale that is so brown.

A broom-man as he passéd by
His morning draught did lack;

Because that he no money had,
He pawn'd his shirt from 's back:
And said that he without a shirt
Would cry brooms up and down;
"But yet," quoth he, "I'll merry be
With ale that is so brown."

But when all these together met,
Oh what discourse was there;—
'Twould make one's hair to stand on end
To hear how they did swear!
One was a fool and puppy dog,
The other was a clown,
And there they sat and swill'd their guts
With ale that was so brown.

The landlady they did abuse,
And called her nasty whore;
Quoth she, "Do you your reckoning pay,
And get you out of door!"
Of them she could no money get,
Which causéd her to frown;
But loath they were to leave behind
The ale that was so brown.

THE MERRY HOASTEES :

OR,

A pretty new ditty, compos'd by an hoastess that lives in the city
 To wrong such an hoastess it were a great pity,
 By reason she causéd this pretty new ditty.

From Evans' Collection of Old Ballads, vol. i. page 150.

COME all that love good company,
 And hearken to my ditty,
 'Tis of a lovely hostess fine,
 That lives in London city,
 Which sells good ale, nappy and stale,
 And always thus sings she,
 My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
 And a little above my knee.

Her ale is lively, strong, and stout,
 If you please but to taste,
 It is well brew'd you need not fear,
 But I pray you make no waste.
 It is lovely brown, the best in town,
 And always thus sings she,
 My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
 And a little above my knee.

The gayest lady with her fan,
 Doth love such nappy ale,
 Both city maids and country girls
 That carry the milking pail,

Will take a touch, and not think much,
To sing so merrily,
My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

Both lord and squire have a desire
Unto it night and day,
For a quart or two, be it old or new,
And for it then will pay,
With pipe in hand, they may her command,
To sing right merrily,
My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

You're welcome all, brave gentlemen,
If you please to come in,
To take a cup I do intend,
And a health for to begin,
To all the merry jovial blades
That will sing for company,
My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

Here's a health to all brave Englishmen,
That love a cup of ale,
Let every man fill up his can,
And see that none do fail;
'Tis very good to nourish the blood,
And make you sing with me,
My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

THE SECOND PART.

The bonny Scot will lay a plot
 To get a handsome touch
 Of this my ale so good and stale,
 So will the cunning Dutch,
 They will take a part with all their heart,
 To sing this tune with me,
 My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
 And a little above my knee.

It will make the Irish cry "ahone!"
 If they but take their fill,
 And put them all quite out of tune,
 Let them use their chiefest skill.
 So strong and stout it will hold out,
 In any company,—
 For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
 And a little above my knee.

The Welshman on St. David's day,
 Will cry, "Cot's plutter a nail!"
 Hur will hur ferry quite away
 From off that nappy ale;
 It makes hur foes with hur red nose,
 Hur seldom can agree,—
 But my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
 And a little above my knee.

The Spaniard stout will have a bout,
 For he hath store of gold,

Till at the last he is laid fast,—
My ale doth him so hold;
His poignard strong is laid along,
Yet he is good company,—
For my ale was tunn'd when I was young.
And a little above my knee.

There's never a tradesman in England
That can my ale deny,—
The weaver, tailor, and glover,
Delight it for to buy;
Small money they do take away,
If that they drink with me,—
For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

There's Smug, the honest blacksmith,
He seldom can pass by,
Because a spark lies in his throat,
Which makes him very dry;
But my old ale tells him a tale,
So finely we agree,—
For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

The brewer, baker, and butcher,
As well as all the rest,
Both night and day will watch where they
May find ale of the best;

And the gentle craft will come full oft,
 To drink a cup with me,—
 For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
 And a little above my knee.

So, to conclude, good fellows all,
 I bid you all adieu;
 If that you love a cup of ale,
 Take rather old than new:
 For if you come where I do dwell,
 And chance to drink with me,—
 My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
 And a little above my knee.

THE MERCHANT TAILORS' SONG.

To the Tune of "Treason's Joy."

FROM the "Crown Garland of Golden Roses," where it is entitled "A delightful Song of the four famous Feasts of England; one of them ordained by King Henry the Seventh to the Honour of Merchant Taylors, shewing how seven Kings having been free of that Company, and how lastly it was graced by the renowned Henry of Great Britain." The ballad is also inserted in Evans' Collection, vol. iii. page 44 to 50; and in the "History of the Twelve Companies of London, by William Herbert. London, 1834."

ENGLAND is a kingdom
 Of all the world admired,
 More stateliness in pleasures
 Can no way be desired;

The court is full of bravery,
The city stor'd with wealth,
The law preserveth unity,
The country keepeth health.

Yet no like pomp and glory
Our chronicles record,
As four great feasts of England
Do orderly afford;
All others be but dinners called,
Or banquets of good sort,
And none but four be named feasts,
Which here I will report.

St. George our English champion,
In most delightful sort,
Is celebrated year by year
In England's royal court;
The king with all his noble train,
In good and rich array,
Still glorifies the festival
Of great St. George's day.

The honoured Mayor of London
The second feast ordains,
By which the worthy citizen
Much commendation gains;
For lords and judges of the land,
And knights of good request,
To Guildhall come to countenance
Lord Mayor of London's feast.

Also the sergeants of the law
Another feast affords,
With grace and honour glorified
By England's noble lords;
And this we call the sergent's feast,
A third in name and place,
But yet there is a fourth likewise
Deserves a gallant grace.

The Merchant Tailor's company,
The fellowship of fame,
To London's lasting dignity
Lives honour'd with the same;
A gift King Henry the Seventh gave,
Kept once in three years still,
Where gold and gowns be to poor men
Given by King Henry's will.

Full many a good fat buck he sent,
The fairest and the best
The king's large forests can afford,
To grace this worthy feast;
A feast that makes the number just
And last account of four,
Therefore let England thus record
Of feasts there be no more.

Then let all London companies,
So highly in renown,
Give Merchant Tailor's name and fame
To wear the laurel crown;

For seven of England's royal kings
Thereof have all been free,
And with their loves and favours graced
This worthy company.

King Richard once, the second name,
Unhappy in his fall,
Of all his race of royal kings
Was freeman first of all;
Bullingbrook, fourth Henry, next,
By order him succeeds,
To gloryfie his brotherhood
By many princely deeds.

Fift Henry, which so valiantly
Deserved fame in France,
Became free of this company,
Fair London to advance;
Sixt Henry, the next in reign,
Though luckless in his dayes,
Of Merchant Tailors freeman was,
To their eternal praise.

Fourth Edward, that most worthy king,
Beloved of great and small,
Also performed a freeman's love
In this renowned hall;
Third Richard, which by cruelty,
Brought England many woes,
Unto this worthy company
No little favour shews.

But richest favours yet at last
Proceeded from a king
Whose kingdom round about the world
In princes' ears do ring;
King Henry, whom we call the Seventh,
Made them the greatest grace,
Because in Merchant Tailor's Hall
His picture now stands plac'd.

Their charter was his princely gift,
Maintained to this day,
He added *Merchant* to the name
Of Tailors, as some say,
So Merchant Tailors they be called,
His royal love was so,
No London company the like
Estate of kings can shew.

From time to time we thus behold
The Merchant Tailors' glory,
Of whose renown the Muses' pen
May make a lasting story,
This love of kings begot such love
Of our now royal prince,
For greater love than this to them
Was ne'er before nor since.

It pleased so his princely mind,
In meek kind courtesie,
To be a friendly freeman made
Of this brave company.

O London then in heart rejoyce,
 And Merchant Tailors sing
 Forth praises of this gentle prince,
 The son of our good king.

To tell the welcome to the world
 Here then in London had,
 Might fill us full of pleasant joyes,
 And make our hearts full glad.
 His triumphs were performed and done,
 Long lasting will remain,
 And chronicles report aright
 The order of it plain.

THE MERCER'S COMPANY'S SONG.

This ballad, which is of the year 1701, is transcribed from Herbert's "History of the Twelve Companies of London."

ADVANCE the virgin,—lead the van,—
 Of all that are in London free,
 The Mercer is the foremost man
 That founded a society.

Cho. Of all the trades that London grace,
 We are the first in time and place.

When nature in perfection was,
 And virgin beauty in her prime,

The Mercer gave the nymph a gloss,
And made e'en beauty more sublime.

Cho. In this above our brethren blest,
The Virgin's since our coat and crest.

Let others boast of lions bold,
The camel, leopard, and the bear,—
That tygers fierce their arms uphold,
And rav'nous wolves their scutcheons rear,

Cho. To us our virgin innocence
Is both supporter and defence.

Then let a loyal peal go round,
There's none dare claim priority;
To Cesar's health each glass be crown'd,
Whose predecessors made us free.

Cho. Of all the trades that London grace,
Our's first in dignity and place.

FREEMEN'S SONG, OF FOUR VOICES.

FROM "Deuteromelia: or, the Second Part of pleasant Roundelays; K. H. Mirth, or Freemen's Songs, and such delightful Catches. London, printed for Thomas Adams, dwelling in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the 'White Lion,' 1609." The terms *K. H. Mirth and Freemen's Songs* have given rise to considerable discussion. It is supposed that the former stands for *King Henry's Mirth*; that is, songs or catches of a merry nature, which were favourites with that prince. It may be so; but there is no authority for it beyond mere conjecture. Ritson has some absurd notion of *freemen* being a mistake for *three-men*, because Shake-

speare speaks of "*Three-men song-men*," that is, men who could sing songs of three parts: but if Ritson ever saw the book in question, he must there have found freemen's songs to *four voices*, which sets the matter at rest. This ballad is also to be found in the "*Pills to Purge Melancholy*," third edition, vol. i. p. 49. London, 1707.

WHO liveth so merry in all this land
As doth the poor widdow that selleth the sand?
And ever shee singeth as I can guesse,
Will you buy any sand, any sand, mistress?

The broom-man maketh his living most sweet,
With carrying of broomes from street to street;
Who would desire a pleasanter thing,
Then all the day long to doe nothing but sing.

The chimney-sweeper all the long day,
He singeth and sweepeth the soote away;
Yet when he comes home altho' he be weary,
With his sweet wife he maketh full merry.

The cobbler he sits cobbling till noone,
And cobbleth his shooes till they be done;
Yet doth he not feare, and so doth say,
For he knows his worke will soone decay.

The marchant man doth saile on the seas,
And lye on the ship-board with little ease;
Always in doubt the rocke is neare,
How can he be merry and make good cheare?

The husband-man all day goeth to plow,
 And when he comes home he serveth his sow;
 He moyleth and toyleth all the long yeare,
 How can he be merry, and make good cheare?

The servingman waiteth fro' street to street,
 With blowing his nails and beating his feet:
 And serveth for forty shillings a yeare,
 That 'tis impossible to make good cheare.

Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport
 As those that be of the poorest sort?
 The poorest sort wheresoever they be,
 They gather together by one, two, and three.

And every man will spend his penny,
 What makes such a shot among a great many?

THE SCRIVENER'S SERVANT'S SONG OF HOLBORNE.

THIS and the five following,—“The Belman's Song,” “The Smith's Man,” “The Cryer's Song of Cheapside,” “The Painter's Song of London,” and “The City Rounds,”—are transcribed from “Meligmata; Musical Phantasies, fitting the Court, City, and Country Manners, to three, four, and five Voices,—

To all delightful, except to the spiteful;
 To none offensive, except to the pensive.

London, printed by William Stansby, for Thos. Adams, 1611.”
 From the initials, T. R., B.M., at the end of the dedication, there

can be little doubt that the work was compiled by Thomas Ravenscroft, Bachelor of Music. He was also the editor of "Deuteromelia," and two other musical works. In the year 1822, the Duke of Marlborough presented to the Members of the Roxburgh Club "A Selection from the Works of Thomas Ravenscroft," but they were very incorrectly given.

My master is so wise, so wise,
That he'es proceeded wittall,
My mistris is a foole, a foole,
And yet 'tis the most get-all.
Let the vsurer cram him
Interest that excell,
Their pit's enough to damme him
Before he goes to hell.
In Holborne some: in Fleet Streete some,
Where care he come.

A BELMAN'S SONG.

MAIDES to bed, and cover coale,
Let the mouse out of her hole,
Crickets in the chimney sing,
Whilst the little bell doth ring;
If fast asleep, who can tell
When the clapper hits the bell?

THE SMITH'S MAN.

WHO will be the smith's man?
 He that any good can,
 To take his cups, or drink his bowls,
 Or whisk his beesom o'er the coals,
 Or heave the bellows, the first to blow,
 And while the iron is hot, strike ho!
 Fough—fough—to fough!

THE CRYER'S SONG OF CHEAPSIDE.

Oyes! oyes! oyes! if any one at fiftene
 Hath taken vp and found
 A pretie pretie thing
 That hath her maiden head vnbound,
 If any gallant haue with cater-tray,
 Play'd the wise-acre, and made all away,
 Let him come to the cryer,
 There will be laide a thousand pound to tenne,
 That none of these will e'er be had againe.

Oyes! oyes! if note or line, or word be here let fall,
 That giues to any man the taste of gall,
 Let him come to the cryer,
 I will lay my lips to a fat shroving hen
 That none of these will 'er be had againe.
 For this I say and likewise I protest
 No arrowes here are shot at any brest;
 But all are welcome to my musicke feaste.

THE PAINTER'S SONG OF LONDON.

WHERE are you, faire maides,
That have need of our trades?

I'll sell you a rare confection:
Will yee have your faces spread
Either with white or red,
Will yee buy any fair complexion?

My drugges are no dregges,
For I have whites of egges,
Made in a rare confection.
Red leather and surflet water,
Scarlet colour or staues-aker,
Will yee buy any fair complexion?

CITIE ROUNDS.

BROOMES for old shooes! pouchrings, bootes and buskings!
Will yee buy any new broome?
New oysters! new oysters! new new cockels!
Cockles nye! fresh herrings! Will yee buy any straw?
Hay yee any kitchen stuffe, maides?
Pippins fine, cherrie ripe, ripe, ripe!
Cherrie ripe! &c.

Hay any wood to cleaue?
 Give eare to the clocke!
 Beware your locke!
 Your fire and your light!
 And God giue you good night!
 One o' clocke!

NEW BROOMES,—GREEN BROOMES.

FROM "A right excellent and famous comedy, called *The Three Ladies of London*, written by R. W. printed in 1584." One of the personages of the comedy is Conscience, who is supposed to enter with brooms at her back, singing the following.

NEW broomes, green broomes, will you buy any?
 Come, maydens, come quickly, let me take a peny.

My broomes are not steeped,
 but very well bound:
 My broomes be not crooked,
 but smooth cut and round.
 I wish it should please you
 to buy of my broome:
 Then would it well ease me,
 if market were done.

Have you any olde bootes,
 or any olde shoone?
 Powch-rings or buskins
 to cope with new broome?

If so you have, maydens,
I pray you bring hither:
That you and I, friendly,
may bargen together.

New broomes, green broomes, will you buy any?
Come, maydens, come quickly, let me take a peny.

THE TINKER.

FROM "Catch that Catch can; or, the Musical Companion," 1667, 4to. Both this and the following appear in the "New Academy of Complements, erected for Ladies, Gentlewomen, Courtiers, Gentlemen, Scholars, Souldiers, Citizens, Countrymen, and all Persons of what Degree soever, of both Sexes, compiled by L. B. Sir C. S. Sir W. D. and others, the most refined Wits of the Age. London, printed by J. D. for John Churchill, at the 'Black Swan,' in Paternoster Row. 1694." The initials Sir C. S. and Sir W. D. are probably meant for Sir Charles Sedley and Sir William Davenant.

HAVE you any work for a tinker, mistriss?
Old brass, old pots, or kettles?
I'll mend them all with a tink, terry tink,
And never hurt your mettles.
First let me have but a touch of your ale,
'Twill steel me 'gainst cold weather,
Or tinkers frees,
Or vintners lees,
Or tobacco, chuse you whether.

But of your ale,
 Your nappy ale,
 I would I had a ferkin,
 For I am old,
 And very cold,
 And never wear a jerkin.

HE THAT A TINKER WOULD BE.

From "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy," vol. i.
 London, 1707.

He that a Tinker, a Tinker would be,
 Let him leave other loves
 And come listen to me;
 Though he travels all the day,
 He comes home late at night,
 And dallies with his doxey
 And dreams of delight.

His pot and his toast in the morning he takes,
 And all the day long good music he makes;
 And wanders the world to wakes and to fairs,
 And casts his cap at the court and her cares.
 When to the town the tinker doth come,
 Oh how the wanton wenches run!

Some bring him basons, some bring him bowls;
 All wenches pray him to stop up their holes.

Tink! goes the hammer,
The skillet and the skummer!
Come bring me the copper kettle!
For the Tinker, the merry Tinker,
He is the man of mettle.

HOT CODLINS.

From "Catch that Catch Can; or, the Musical Companion," 1667,
4to.

Have you observ'd the wench in the street,—
She's scarce any hose, or shoes to her feet,
Yet she is very merry,
And when she cries,
She sings "I ha' *hot codlins*;"
Or have you ever seen or heard
The mortal with a *lion tawny beard*?—
He lives as merrily as any heart can wish,
And still he cries "*buy a brish*."
Since these are merry why should we take care?
Musicians, like camelions, must live by the ayr.
Then let's be blith and bonny,
And no good meeting balk;
For when we have no mony,
We shall find chalk.

FINIS.

C. RICHARDS, PRINTER, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

THE
HISTORICAL SONGS
OF IRELAND :

ILLUSTRATIVE OF
THE REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE
BETWEEN
JAMES II AND WILLIAM III.

EDITED,
WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY
T. CROFTON CROKER.

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY C. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

MDCCCXLI.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE is an old adage, that "the least said is the soonest mended;" to the profound wisdom of which the Editor subscribes.

Nevertheless, in editing the following songs, he has said a great deal more than is necessary, to recal to the reader's mind the precise circumstances under which the songs, selected by him to illustrate an important page in the history of the British Isles, were written. He has been induced to pursue this course, and to deviate from the path which prudence dictated he should follow, by the strong light under which party feelings may regard even at the present moment some of the points touched upon in this Collection.

The endeavour honestly to perform his duty as Editor, without reference to party objects, has perhaps led him into the error of minute contemporary illustration; which, if it should be so considered after thus explaining his motive, he trusts will be indulgently viewed by the members of the Percy Society.

The Editor most gratefully acknowledges the assistance he has received from many kind friends, while passing this little publication through the press.

Rosamond's Bower, Fulham,

26th January, 1841.

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HISTORICAL SONGS OF IRELAND.

LILLI BURLERO.

It is stated in the "Memoirs of Ireland, by the Author of the Secret History of Europe,"* that soon after the accession of James II, "the Irish lords animated their vassals to insult them [the Protestants], giving out that the Earl of Clarendon should not be long lord-lieutenant. They hired wretched scribblers to make barbarous songs in praise of Tyrconnel, whom they designed his successor, and prophetically decreed him the honour of destroying the English Church. These infamous ballads were bawled about the streets, and served to inflame their lewd mirth."

At this period, according to a letter which the Editor has seen, and which existed among that important historical collection, the Southwell MSS.,† "an Irish song was much sung by the lower orders of the people throughout the kingdom, in which there was a great repetition of the words *Lere, lere, burlere*;‡ and it was

* London, 1716, p. 45.

† Now dispersed. Sold by auction at Messrs. Christie's, February 1834, by order of the executors of Lord De Clifford.

‡ "*Religion, religion, your religion.*"

soon after most effectively parodied against Tyrconnel and the tyrannical proceedings towards the poor Protestants in Ireland."

According to Bishop Percy, "*Lilli burlero*, and *Bullen a lah*, are said to have been words of distinction used among the Irish Papists, in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641." There can be no doubt that these words are an English imitation of the sound of an Irish phrase or sentence, but they are so disguised as to admit only of a conjectural translation. Mr. David Murphy, an ingenious Irish scholar, supposes the original words to have been equivalent to "A foreign soldier, strike him down."

The first part of the song of *Lilli burlero* is preserved by Bishop Percy, in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," where these remarks occur upon it: "The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the philippics of Demosthenes or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution of 1688. Let us hear a contemporary writer. 'A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, '*Lero, lero, lilliburlero*,' that made an impression on the [king's] army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and county, were singing it perpetually; and, perhaps, never had so slight a thing so great an effect.'—*Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Times.*"

A note in Percy at the end of *Lilli burlero*, adds, "The foregoing song is attributed to Lord Wharton, in a small pamphlet, entitled, 'A true Relation of the several Facts and Circumstances of the intended Riot and Tumult on Queen Elizabeth's Birthday, &c. third edition. London, 1712, price 2*d.*, see page 5, viz. :—'A late viceroy [of Ireland] who has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention, lying, and for making a certain *Lilli burlero* song, with which, if you may believe himself, he sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms.' "

With regard to the authorship of *Lilli burlero*, Mr. Markland has observed,* that, according to Lord Dartmouth, "there was a particular expression in it, which the King remembered he had made use of to the Earl of Dorset, from whence it was concluded that he was the author." "The ballad of *Lilli burlero*," remarked Beauclerk to Dr. Johnson, "was once in the mouths of all the people of this country, and is said to have had a great effect in bringing about the revolution. Yet I question," he continued, "whether any body can repeat it now; which shews how improbable it is that much poetry should be preserved by tradition." This, however, is not a fair deduction; for, a political squib, and especially one in a barbarous jargon, cannot be considered poetry; and, although in a moment of excitement few things are more captivating to the fancy

* Boswell's Johnson. Note in Murray's 10 vol. ed. vol. v. p. 291.

than the jingle of satirical rhymes which have a witty reference to temporary circumstances, yet few things sooner lose their popular relish.

A slight reference to the verses of this period, will shew how popular the ballad of Lilli burlero must have been.*

* In the Irish Hudibras, (London 1689, p. 151), we have—

“ *Lilli-bo-lero-lero* sing
Tyrconnel is no longer k—,” &c.

In an epistle to Mr. Dryden, (Poems on Affairs of State, 1716, vol. i. p. 143.)

“ Dryden, thy wit has catterwaul'd too long,
Now *lero lero* is the only song.”

The tenth verse of a ballad on the Inniskilling Regiment, in the same volume (p. 261) runs thus:—it may also be found in D'Urfey's “ Pills to purge Melancholy.”

“ He the nag of an Irish papist did buy,
So doubting his courage and his loyalty,
He taught him to eat with his oats gunpowdero,
And prance to the tune of *Lilli-burlero*.”

A ballad entitled “ Popery pickled; or, the Jesuit's Shoes made of running Leath,” has the following verse:

“ Would you see the priests recanting,
Now they fear the English law;
You shall hear them all a ranting
Lero, lero, bullen a la.”

“ On the Lord Lovelace's coming to Oxford from Gloucester Gaol in 1688.

“ At the foot of the colours blithe Craudon did go,
Who play'd a *new tune* you very well know;
His bagpipes squeak'd nothing but *lero, lero*,
Which nobody can deny.”

Sterne has materially contributed to extend the fame of Lilli burlero to our times, by making my Uncle Toby whistle the tune on many occasions. The present version of this celebrated song, is given from "The Muses' Farewell to Popery and Slavery; or, a Collection of Miscellany Poems, Satyrs, Songs, &c. made by the most eminent wits of the nation, as the Shams, Intrigues, and Plots of Priests and Jesuits gave occasion." London, 1689. And the second part from the supplement to the same work. In the table of contents, the first part of Lilli burlero is emphatically called "The Irish Song."

Mr. Monck Mason, in his "History of St. Patrick's Cathedral," states, that "Abel Roper, publisher of the 'Post-boy,' a person of infamous character, who was alternately Whig or Tory, as suited his purpose, is said to have been the original printer of the celebrated ballad of Lilly bullero."

The zealous Secretary of the Percy Society, Mr. Rimbault, has informed the Editor, that "The air of Lilli burlero is generally considered to be the composition of the celebrated Henry Purcell; but that it could

A song in "the Muses' Farewell to Popery and Slavery," contains this verse:

" Life and fortune addresses
 Shall not wear out our presses,
 To flatter and sooth a just Nero;
 But loud declarations
 To secure the three nations
 From the French, and from *Lilli burlero*." &c.

See also note (B), p. 21.

not have been his composition is evident from the fact of its being contained in 'An Antidote against Melancholy,' printed in the year 1661, when Purcell was only three years old. The air is there given (with some trifling difference in the latter part) to the following words :

'There was an old man at Walton cross,
 Who merrily sung when he liv'd by the loss;
 He never was heard to sigh a hey ho,
 But he sent it out with a hey trolly lo.
 He cheer'd up his heart
 When his goods went to wrack,
 With a hem, hey hem
 And a cup of old sack
 Sing, hey trolly-trolly lo.'

"The air of Lilli burlero," adds Mr. Rimbault, "first appeared with Purcell's name to it, in 'Musick's Handmaid, New Lessons and Instructions for the Virginals, 1678,' where it is called Lilli burlero, or Old woman, whither so high; but Purcell's name attached to it merely signifies that he *arranged* it."

LILLI BURLERO.

Ho! brother Teague, dost hear de decree,
 Lilli burlero bullen a la;
 Dat we shall have a new debittie, [*deputy*]
 Lilli burlero bullen a la.
 Lero, lero, lero, lero, Lilli burlero bullen a la.
 Lero, lero, lero, lero, Lilli burlero bullen a la.

Ho! by my shoul it is a T—t, [*Talbot*]
Lilli, &c.

And he will cut all the English² t—t, [*throat*]
Lilli, &c. &c.

Though by my shoul de English do prat,
Lilli, &c.

De law's on dare side, and Cheist knows what,
Lilli, &c. &c.

But if dispense do come from de pope,
Lilli, &c.

We'll hang Magno Carto and demselves³ in a rope,
Lilli, &c. &c.

And⁴ the good T—t [*Talbot*] is made a lord,
Lilli, &c.

And he with brave lads is coming aboard,⁵
Lilli, &c. &c.

Who all in France have taken a swear,
Lilli, &c.

Dat dey will have no Protestant h—r, [*heir*]
Lilli, &c. &c.

O!⁶ but why does he⁷ stay behind?
Lilli, &c.

¹ Ho! by Sheint Tyburn.—*Percy*.

² Englishmen's.—*Percy*. ³ Dem.—*Percy*. ⁴ For.—*Percy*.

⁵ And he, brave lads, is coming aboard.—*Percy*.

⁶ Ara.—*Percy*.

⁷ King James.

Ho by my shoul 'tis a Protestant wind,¹

Lilli, &c. &c.

Now T———l [*Tyrconnel*] is come ashore,²

Lilli, &c.

And we shall have commissions gillore,³

Lilli, &c. &c.

And he dat will not go to m—ss⁴ [*mass*]

Lilli, &c.

Shall⁵ turn out and look like an ass,

Lilli, &c. &c.

Now, now de heretics all go down,

Lilli, &c.

By Chreist and St. Patrick de nation's our own,⁶

Lilli, &c. &c.

There was an old prophecy found in a bog,

Lilli, &c.

That Ireland should be rul'd by an ass and a dog:⁷

Lilli, &c. &c.

And now this prophecy is come to pass,⁸

Lilli, &c.

¹ See note (A).

² But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore.—*Percy*.

³ Plenty—in abundance. ⁴ Go to de Mass.—*Percy*.

⁵ Shall be.—*Percy*. ⁶ See note (B).

⁷ "Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass and a dog."—*Percy*.

⁸ "The prophecy's true, and now come to pass."—*Poems on Affairs of State*.

For T—but's [*Talbot's*] the dog, and Tyr—nel's
 [*Tyrconnel's*] the ass,¹
 Lilli, &c. &c.

THE SECOND PART OF LILLI BURLERO
 BULLEN A LA.

By Creist my dear Morish vat makes de sho' shad?
 Lilli, &c.

The heritticks jear us and mauke me mad,
 Lilli, &c. &c.

Plague take me, dear Tague, but I am in a rage,
 Lilli, &c.

Poo' what impidence is in dish age?
 Lilli, &c. &c.

Vat if Dush [*Dutch*] shou'd come as dey hope,
 Lilli, &c.

To up hang us for all de dispence of de pope,
 Lilli, &c. &c.

Day shay dat T———l's [*Tyrconnel*] a friend to
 de mash,
 Lilli, &c.

F'or which he's a traitor, a goose, and an ass,
 Lilli, &c. &c.

¹ See note (C).

Ara' plague tauke me now I make a swar,
Lilli, &c.

I to Shent Tyburn will make a great prayer,
Lilli, &c. &c.

O' I will pray to Shaint Patrick's frock,
Lilli, &c.

Or to Loretto's sacred smock,
Lilli, &c. &c.

Now a plague tauke me what dost dow tink,
Lilli, &c.

De English confusion to popery drink ;
Lilli, &c. &c.

And by my shoul the mash house pull down,
Lilli, &c.

While they were swearing the mayor of de town,
Lilli, &c. &c.

O' fait and be I'll mauke de decree,
Lilli, &c.

And swar by the Chancellor's modesty,¹
Lilli, &c. &c.

Dat I no longer in English will stay,
Lilli, &c.

For be goad dey will hang us out of de way,
Lilli, &c. &c.

¹ See note (D).

NOTES.

(A) When it was known that the Prince of Orange was about leaving Holland for the invasion of England, such was the excitement of public feeling, that the slightest change in the wind was regarded with intense anxiety. If it blew fairly for England, it was spoken of as the Protestant, and when in an adverse direction, as the Catholic wind. The apartments of James II were opposite to the banquetting-house at Whitehall. On the roof of this building he caused a lofty vane to be erected, which he is said to have regarded daily with extreme interest. This curious relic is supposed to be the vane at present existing.

(B) "What follows," observes Bishop Percy, "is not in some copies." Both the first and second parts of Lilli bur- lero may be found in "A Collection of Poems on Affairs of State," vol. iii. p. 231 (1704), but without these verses. At p. 256, however, they are given as an epigram, and entitled "An Irish Prophecy."

(C) "For Talbot's de dog, and James is de ass." —Percy. The last line of the "Irish Prophecy" above mentioned, agrees with the text, and not with Bishop Percy's version, which at first seems the better reading of the two. But the line appears intended to satirise the heads of Church and State. Peter Talbot, the brother of Tyrconnel, had been the titular, or Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, and many anecdotes are current as to the keenness with which he watched the property that had belonged to his church. The one most

commonly told is, that "landing at a place called the Skerries, within twelve miles of Dublin, the archbishop was very hospitably entertained by one Captain Coddington, at whose house he lodged all night. The next morning he (the archbishop) took him aside, and after the most affectionate expressions of kindness, asked him, 'what title he had to that estate?' for that he observed he had expended considerably upon its improvements. Coddington answered, 'Twas an old estate belonging to the Earl of Thomond.' Talbot replied, 'That's nothing, it belonged to the church, and would be taken away.' He then advised him to lay out no more upon it, but to get what he could and desert it." Harris (Ware's "Writers," p. 192) says that Peter Talbot, who had been educated as a Jesuit, "was always forming designs, and contriving schemes for advancing" the interests of the Roman Catholic church, which, to use the words of an old author, "he guarded with the fidelity that became the doggedness of his name."

Upon being appointed by the pope Archbishop of Dublin, as a reward, it is supposed, for the part he had played in England during Cromwell's government, Talbot directly embroiled himself with Plunket, the titular Primate of Ireland, who told him "that he had the reputation of meddling too much in affairs of state." Mr. D'Alton, in his "Memoirs of the Archbishops of Dublin" (1838), labours hard to shew that Talbot was an amiable and persecuted man; and expresses a hope that justice will be done to his character, notwithstanding "the prejudices of his contemporaries have sought to vilify his memory; and even Mr. Moore has reflected their opinions when he styles him 'the clever and turbulent Peter Talbot.'" This prelate died a prisoner in the Castle of Dublin, in 1680; a picture of him is preserved at Malahide Castle.

(D) The notorious Judge Jeffreys was made Lord Chancellor by James II, 28th September 1685, and created Baron Wem. His cruelty is said to have been only exceeded by his insatiable avarice, and the open and unblushing manner in which he received bribes. "He was not more hasty to hang up those that had no money than he was zealous to procure indemnity to those that were rich. Pardons now were just as they were at Rome, not according to the offence, but the ability of the person, from ten pounds to 14,000 guineas, which last sum this judge of iniquity did not scruple to take from Mr. Sp—s, and with which he bought an estate that may be justly called 'the Field of Blood.'" Upon this passage, which is from a contemporary tract, the Editor's friend Mr. Bruce observes:—"I fancy there is a little mistake in the name of the person who paid Jeffreys the 14,000 guineas. You have it "Mr. Sp—s." The immensity of the amount seems to fix it as having been the sum paid by "Mrs. P——x" [Mrs Pridaux] for the release of her husband, which was agreed to be £15,000; but a sum was abated by way of discount for prompt payment, and the sum actually paid was thus reduced to about 14,000 guineas. One can scarcely think there could have been two such transactions. With the money thus obtained Jeffreys bought the manor of Boughton in Leicestershire, and after the establishment of William III, an endeavour was made to charge that estate with the sum paid to Jeffreys on account of Mr. Pridaux, but it failed."—*Woolrych's Life of Jeffreys*, p. 238. Jeffreys, as is well-known, having been taken in Wapping disguised as a sailor, died soon after in the Tower. A contemporary rhymer recommends that—

—" On his grave

This should be wrote :—*I was both fool and knave ;
To law and drink a scandal and a slave.*"

THE READING SKIRMISH.

“IN 1688, a skirmish happened at Reading (Berkshire), in which fell the only officer of the Prince of Orange's army, who lost his life in the expedition which effected the happy revolution of that year. King James's army, consisting of some Irish and Scotch regiments, had been quartered at Reading, and had quitted it on hearing that the Prince of Orange was advancing with the main body of his army. The inhabitants, immediately on their departure, invited the Prince to take possession of the town, and secure them from the Irish, of which nation the King's army was then chiefly composed, and of whom they, in common with the rest of the kingdom, seemed to have entertained a great dread. The King's army having received intelligence that it was only a detachment from the Prince of Orange, that had advanced to Newbury, returned to Reading, and posted some Irish dragoons to defend the bridge; the Scotch were drawn up in the market-place, when the Prince of Orange's troops entered the town; a slight skirmish ensued, and a few lives were lost, but the King's troops soon fled with precipitation, and left the town in possession of their opponents.* This affair became the subject of a ballad,

* Kennet's History.

called the 'Reading Skirmish; or the bloody Irish routed by the victorious Dutch.' The anniversary of the Reading fight is still commemorated by bell-ringing in the three parishes."—*Lysons' Magna Britannia*.

This song is given from a collection of printed ballads, &c. in the British Museum, two vols. folio. The original is in black letter, except the title and the last line of each verse, and is embellished with a wood-cut representing two knights in armour tilting.

"By Chreest and St. Patrick we all go down," resembles so closely the tenth verse of the first part of *Lilli burlero*, (see p. 8) that there can be little doubt this burden was derived from it; and there are reasons for believing that this verse was the conclusion of the original song. See Note (B) p. 11.

THE READING SKIRMISH;

OR, THE BLOODY IRISH ROUTED BY THE VICTORIOUS DUTCH.

"Five hundred papishes came there,
To make a final end
Of all the town in time of prayer,
But God did them defend."

To the tune of *Lilli burlero*. Licensed according to order.

Printed for J. D. in the year 1688.

WE came into brave Reading by night,
Five hundred horsemen, proper and tall;
Yet not resolved fairly to fight,
But for to cut the throats of them all.

Most of us was Irish Papists,
 Who vowed to kill, then plunder the town ;
 We this never doubted, but soon we were routed,
 By Chreest and St. Patrick, we all go down.

In Reading town we ne'er went to bed,
 Every soul there mounted his horse,
 Hoping next day to fill them with dread ;
 Yet I swear by St. Patrick's cross,
 We most shamefully was routed.
 Fortune was pleased to give us a frown,
 And blasted our glory : I'll tell you the story.
 By Chreest and St. Patrick, we all go down.

We thought to slay them all in their sleep,
 But by my shoul, were never the near ;
 The hereticks their guard did so keep,
 Which put us in a trembling fear.
 We concluded something further,
 To seize the churches all in the town,
 With killing and slaying, while they were a praying.
 But we were routed, and soon run down.

Nay, before noon, we vowed to despatch
 Every man, nay, woman and child ;
 This in our hearts we freely did hatch,
 Vowing to make a prey of the spoil :
 But we straightways was prevented,
 When we did hope for fame and renown.
 In less than an hour we forced [are] to scoure.
 By Chreest and St. Patrick, we are run down.

We were resolved Reading to clear,
Having in hand the flourishing sword ;
The bloody scene was soon to appear,
For we did then but wait for the word :
While the ministers were preaching,
We were resolved to have at their gown ;
But straight was surrounded, and clearly confounded.
By Chreest and St. Patrick, we all go down.

Just as we all were fit to fall on,
In came the Dutch with fury and speed ;
And amongst them there was not a man,
But what was rarely mounted indeed ;
And rid up as fierce as tygers,
Knitting their brows, they on us did frown,
Not one of them idle, their teeth held their bridle.
By Chreest and St. Patrick, we were run down.

They never stood to use many words,
But in all haste up to us they flocked ;
In their right hands their flourishing swords,
And in their left carbines ready cock'd :
We were forced to fly before them
Thorow the lanes and streets of the town ;
While they pursued after, and threaten'd a slaughter.
By Chreest and St. Patrick, we were run down.

Thus being fairly put to the rout,
Hunted and drove before 'um like dogs ;

Our captain bid us then face about,
But we wisht for our Irish bogs ;
Having no great mind for fighting,
The Dutch did drive us thorow the town ;
Our foreheads we crossed, yet still was unhorsed.
By Chreest and St. Patrick, we're all run down.

We threw away our swords and carbines,
Pistols and cloaks lay strow'd on the lands ;
Cutting off boots for running, uds-doyns,
One pair of heels was worth two pair of hands.¹
Then we called on sweet St. Coleman,²
Hoping he might our victory crown ;
But Dutchmen pursuing poor Teagues to our ruin.
By Chreest and St. Patrick, we're all run down.

Never was Teagues in so much distress,
As the whole world may well understand ;
When we came here, we thought to possess
Worthy estates of houses and land :
But we find 'tis all a story,
Fortune is pleased on us to frown :
Instead of our riches, we stink in our breeches.
By Chreest and St. Patrick, we're all run down.

They call a thing a three-legged mare,
Where they will fit each neck with a nooze ;
Then with our beads to say our last prayer,
After all this to die in our shoes.

¹ See note (A).

² See note (B).

Thence we pack to purgatory ;
For us let all the Jesuits pray.
Farewell, Father Peters,¹ here's some of your creatures
Would have you to follow the selfsame way.

NOTES.

(A) The Irish troops, on which James depended at this critical period, were ill disciplined, and generally, upon the slightest cause, ran away panic-struck. In the instance mentioned in the song, we are told, that " Upon the approach of a small party of his highness' [the Prince of Orange's] cavalry, the Irish made a discharge and abandoned their post; the Scotch, who had no inclination to fight, followed their example, and fled in disorder, till they were rallied by the Earl of Faversham, who was coming up to support them. Of the Irish not many were killed, and as few taken. However, the court [James's party] complained that the [Reading] town's-people shot at them behind, from their windows, while the prince's horse charged them before; but they justify themselves by saying, that the fear the Irish were in made them fancy they were attacked on every side, which, at this juncture, the court thought fit to believe. Maidenhead bridge was also fortified, and its defence committed to the Irish; but some of the townsmen beating a Dutch march in the night, in order to alarm them, this stratagem took so well, that the Irish aban-

1 See note (C).

doned their post in confusion, leaving their great guns behind them."

(B) Edward Coleman, hanged at Tyburn in 1678, for his participation in the Popish Plot.

" Now, painter, draw me hell in all its heat,
Let sulphurous flames and dismal darkness meet,
And in the hottest place, as best befits,
Draw Stayley, Coleman, and the Jesuits."

The Second Advice to a Painter. Broadside.

Upon this broadside Mr. Bruce has favoured the Editor with the following observations :

" Stayley was the first victim sacrificed upon the testimony of the respectable contrivers of the Popish plot. He was a goldsmith or banker in Covent Garden, and it was sworn that he was overheard to say, in a cook's shop, that the king was a great rogue, and that his was the hand that would kill him, if nobody else's would. All that seems to have been true was that he was in the cook's shop and spoke in French. The words were uttered on the 14th November, 1678; he was arraigned on the 20th of the same month; tried on the 21st; executed on the 26th. His relations petitioned the king that his body might not be set up on the gates of the city, and Charles "out of his princely clemency and compassion," granted an order for the sheriff to deliver the "quarters" to his friends. This was done, but, they being injudicious enough to say masses over the mangled remains, and bury them pompously in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, the king revoked his order; the body was disinterred; and the head and quarters made to adorn the city in the usual manner. The authorities for these facts are Burnet's Own Times, ii. 160, Edit. 1823; and the State Trials, vi. 1502. Stayley was probably a partner with his father in the banking-house, which was lately Wrights'.

“There is a reference to ‘Sweet Saint Coleman,’ in a libel published in 1689, entitled ‘The Chancellor’s Examination and Preparation for a Trial,’ of which Woolrych has given a copy. It purports to contain a will made by Jeffreys, in which he gives a thousand pounds, for the erection ‘of a shrine and chapel to St. Coleman, for the particular devotion of a late very great English zealot: for whose glory,’ he continues, ‘I further order my executors to bear half charges in inserting and registering the sacred papers and memoirs of the said saint in those divine legends ‘The Lives of the Saints,’ by the hands of the reverend and no less industrious successor, Father Peters.’ In the same paper there is also the following passage:—‘I desire that my funeral anthems be all set to the tune of ‘Old Lilliburlero,’ that never-to-be-forgotten Irish Shibboleth, in commemoration not only of 200,000 heretics that formerly danced off to the said musical notes, but also of the second part of the same tune, lately designing, setting, and composing by a great master of mine and myself.’”

(C) The skirmish at Reading took place on the 9th December, 1688. On the 6th of December, “the popish party had become so contemptible in London, that there was a hue and cry after Father Petre publicly cried and sold in the streets.”

This song, from the statement that the Irish intended to “cut the throats of them all,” and had “vowed to kill and then plunder the town,” was no doubt written immediately after the 13th December, on which day “some country fellows arriving towards midnight at Westminster, caused a sudden uproar by reporting that the Irish, in a desperate rage, were approaching London, firing the houses, and putting man, woman, and child, to the sword. This false report gathered as it went along, so that in a few moments, not only the

trained bands and disciplined troops appeared in arms, but every body leaving their beds, placed lights in the windows, betook themselves, with half their clothes on, the most fearful to flight, the most resolute to their weapons. And what is most strange, this alarm spread itself the same night over the whole kingdom, and all that were able to carry arms vowed the defence of their lives, laws, religion, and liberties, and stood resolved to destroy all the Irish and papists in England, in case any injury were offered them. Some said that this general flight was occasioned by seven or eight Irish soldiers, who, having no money, resolved to keep themselves from starving, by forcibly entering into a country house. Whilst they were cuffing with those who would have thrust them out, a paltry cottage happened to catch fire, whereupon all the neighbouring towns and villages rang their alarm bells, which were echoed throughout all England.

“Some politicians assigned another cause (*which was most probable*) of this universal terror, and said it was industriously propagated by the directions of the Duke of Schomberg, both to feel the pulse of the nation, and to inspire them with resentment against the popish party, by letting them see to what dangers they were reduced by the bringing of Irish troops into the kingdom.”—*Bowyer's History of William III.* Vol. i. 372 and 387. (1703.)

KING JAMES'S WELCOME TO IRELAND.

JAMES II landed at Kinsale on Tuesday, 12th March, 1688-9, where he was received by the Earl of Clancarty, and where, “for the want of bells,” we are told, “the king was welcomed with the shouts and accla-

mations of the people, bonfires, &c." Mr. Walker states that a national dance, called the *Rinka fada*, which he has minutely described in the "Memoirs of the Irish Bards," was danced on this occasion before James, "the figure and execution of which delighted him exceedingly."

On the following day, James proceeded to Cork, and awaited in that city the arrival of his lord-deputy, Tyrconnel. Here the king publicly heard mass on Sunday, the 17th March, (St. Patrick's day) at the new chapel of the north abbey, to which he went in procession through the main street of the city, supported by two Franciscan friars, and attended by several other friars in their habits. Many traditionary anecdotes are remembered of James's sojourn in Cork, which tend to shew, that mercy, although the royal prerogative, was one sparingly exercised by that king. His sanction of the execution of Mr. Brown, a magistrate and a Protestant gentleman of consideration in the county, was, under the circumstances, a cruel and impolitic act; and the shooting on the spot, without trial, a recruit whose musket had accidentally gone off, was an unnecessary display of despotism.

On Wednesday, the 20th March, James rode to Lismore Castle, where he is said to have started back with surprise at beholding the height of the window from which he looked upon the Blackwater. That night he slept at Clonmel. On Thursday he rested in the Castle of Kilkenny; and on Friday night, after being at Carlow, "slabbered with the kisses of the

rude country Irish gentlewomen, so that he was forced to beg to have them kept from him," the king slept at Sir Maurice Eustace's, near Kilcullen Bridge, distant seventeen miles from Dublin.

The journey was chiefly performed by James on horseback, and he always made a point of riding through the towns and villages. During this royal progress, the roads were thronged with the peasantry, to be recognised in Irish history under the name of Rapparees,* or the more antiquated name of Tories, who

* The word Rapparee is explained by O'Reilly, as "a litigious, bullying fellow."

"Not only the men," says M'Kenzie, in his 'Narrative of the Siege of Londonderry' (1690), "but the women and boys too, began to furnish themselves with skeans and half pikes; it being the great business of the Irish smiths in the country to make this sort of arms for them. These were afterwards called Rapparees, a sort of Irish vultures that follow their armies to prey on their spoil." Dean Story observes of the Rapparees, that they were "very prejudicial to our [William's] army, as well by killing our men privately, as stealing our horses and intercepting our provisions. But after all," he adds, "lest the next age may not be of the same humour with this, and the name of Rapparee may possibly be thought a finer thing than it really is, I do assure you that, in my style, they can never be reputed other than tories, robbers, and bogtrotters."

O'Halloran, who would excite our sympathy on behalf of "those unhappy freebooters, called Rapparees," states that "they were too numerous to be employed in the [Irish] army, and their miseries often obliged them to prey alike upon friend and foe; at length some of the most daring of them formed themselves into *independent companies*, whose subsistence chiefly arose from depredations committed on the enemy."

were armed with half pikes, skeins, or daggers, and affected a military appearance.

About noon, on Saturday, the 24th March, James entered Dublin. The way on both sides, from the St. James's Gate to the Castle, was lined with soldiers, and strewed with fresh gravel. At the entrance of the liberty of the city, a stage had been erected covered with tapestry, on which were placed two harpers; "and below," says a contemporary writer,* "a great number of friars, with a large cross, singing; and about forty oyster wenches, poultry and herb women, in white," who danced along by the side of the king to the castle, "here and there strewing flowers. Some hung out of their balconies, tapestry and cloth of arras; and others imitating them, sewed together the coverings of Turkey work chairs, and bundle cloth blankets, and hung them out likewise on each side of the street."

"About a mile from Dublin, he [the king] called for a fresh pad-nag, which, turning about to be brought him, got loose, and forced him to stay, which did, in some measure, vex him, so that he said to Tyrconnel, 'I think you are all boder'd.'"

After the siege of Limerick, a reward of forty shillings was offered for the head of every Rapparee who did not submit himself. Upon which it has been asked, how a magistrate was to distinguish the head of a Rapparee from any other head? A smart passage on this subject occurs in O'Driscoll's "History of Ireland," vol. ii. p. 356.

* "Ireland's Lamentation," &c. written by an English Protestant that lately narrowly escaped with his life from thence. London, printed by J. D. 1689.

At the proper point, James was met by "the lord mayor, aldermen, common-council, master, wardens, and brethren of the several companies, in their formalities, the king and herald at arms, pursevants, and servants of the household, and there received the sword of state (which he gave to Tyrconnel, who carried it before him through the city), and the sword and keys of the city, and there had a speech made to welcome him to that loyal city and people, by Counsellor Dillon, who, that morning, was sworn recorder in the room of Counsellor Barnwell.

"From thence he set forward toward the castle, preceded by five or six coaches with six horses each, two callashes, four or five carts, and one close waggon, attended by five or six French troopers; next them followed about two hundred of the stragglers of the city that went out to meet him; and after them, Major Barker, of the royal regiment, bareheaded, giving orders to the soldiers to keep the middle of the street clear, and stand with their muskets shouldered; then twenty-nine horsemen, bareheaded, shouting before Mr. Fitzjames, who was alone in one of Tyrconnel's coaches with six horses. Close after him followed three officers of the guard on horseback, attended by three led horses; after them, fifteen or sixteen officers of the army, closely followed by the five trumpets and kettle-drums of state in their liveries. After them, about twenty of the gentlemen at large on horseback; then the messengers and pursevants, servants of the household; next them, the herald and king-at arms; close after them, Tyrconnel, carrying the sword of state im-

mediately before King James, who rid on a pad-nag in a plain cinnamon-coloured cloth suit, and black slouching hat, and a George hung over his shoulder with a blue ribbon. He was attended by the Duke of Berwick, Lord Granard, and some maids running by him on his left hand; the Lords Powis and Melfort on his right, with their hats on. Close after him followed a troop of dragoons, several gentlemen and officers, two troops of horse, and many attendants. After them, six lords' coaches with six horses each; then Judge Keating in scarlet, and next after his, three other gentlemen's coaches empty, with six horses each; then three coaches with two horses each; and then, last of all, the confused rabble on foot."

As King James was "riding along in this order," continues the minute narrator of his entry into Dublin, "one Flemming, a pretended mad Scotsman, in Skinner Row, the middle of the city, suddenly rushed through the crowd, flung his hat over the king's head, crying in French, with a loud voice, 'Let the king live for ever,' caught suddenly (madman-like) fast hold of the king's hand and kist it, and so ran capering after his hat.

"As James marched thus along, the pipers of the several companies played the tune of 'The king enjoys his own again;' and the people shouting and crying, 'God save the king.' And if any Protestants were observed not to shew their zeal that way, they were immediately reviled and abused by the rude papists. And [James] being come thus to the castle, [he] alighted from his horse, and was met at the gate by the host, overshadowed with a canopy bore up by four popish

bishops, and accompanied with a numerous train of friars singing, and others of that clergy. And among the rest, the titular primate with a triple crown upon his head, representing the pope, who this unfortunate and bigotted prince no sooner saw, but he forthwith went down upon his knees to pray to the image, and for a blessing from this Irish pope. And from thence [James was] conducted into the chapel there (made by Tyrconnel of Henry Comwell's riding-house), where *Te Deum* was sung for his happy arrival. Thence he retired into an apartment prepared in a new house built before in the castle by Tyrconnel, and there dined and refreshed himself."

The following song, which is given from the recitation of an old lady, was probably that sung by the pretty "oyster wenches, poultry and herb women in white," who strewed flowers beside the king. There is some slight resemblance between the first verse, and one of a Jacobite song, called "King William's March," a satire on William's departure to join his army in Ireland previous to the battle of the Boyne, the burden of which song is, "O Willie, Willie wan beard."

"Play, piper—play, piper,
Elay a bonny spring,
For there's an auld harper
Harping to the king.
Wi' his sword by his side,
An' his sign by his reade,
An' his crown on his head
Like a true king."

KING JAMES'S WELCOME TO IRELAND.

Play, piper—play, piper,
Come, lasses, dance and sing,
And old harpers strike up
To harp for the king.
He is come—he is come,
Let us make Ireland ring
With a loud shout of welcome,
May God save the king.

Bring ye flowers—bring ye flowers,
The fresh flowers of spring,
To strew in the pathway
Of James our true king.
And better than flowers,
May our good wishes bring
A long life of glory
To James our true king.

Huzza, then—huzza, then,
The news on the wing,
Triumphant he comes
Amid shouts for the king.
All blessings attend him,
May every good thing
Be showered on the brave head
Of James, our true king.

UNDAUNTED LONDONDERRY.

“The defence of Derry,” says O’Driscol,* “has been much celebrated; but never beyond, hardly ever as much, as it merited. Few sieges have had more effect upon the fate of nations; none ever displayed more heroic devotion and endurance on the part of the besieged.”

The story of the siege of Derry, is a long and a melancholy one. Tyrconnel having withdrawn the garrison in order to enable him to send Irish troops to England to support the cause of James, soon perceived his error, and he endeavoured to remedy it by ordering Lord Antrim’s regiment, which consisted wholly of Roman Catholics, to regarrison the town. On the 7th December, 1688, the advanced party of this regiment appeared within a short distance of the gate, when about a dozen young men, whose names are fondly remembered in local history as “the ‘prentice boys,” closed the gate and drew up the bridge, and, seizing upon the keys of the town, they secured the other three gates, and refused to admit King James’s soldiers. Their conduct being approved of by a large and influential body of the inhabitants, guards were posted, the magazine and all the arms that could be collected taken possession of, and an agent was despatched to London

* History of Ireland, vol. ii. p. 14; 1827.

with an urgent application for support. "On this sudden, and apparently unimportant movement," it is justly remarked by Dr. Reid,* "the fate of the three kingdoms ultimately depended."

The result of these violent proceedings was, that Lord Antrim's "red shanks" retired; and a negotiation followed, by which a free and general pardon for all that had passed was granted, and a small body of Protestant soldiers only were to be admitted into Derry, commanded by Lord Mountjoy, who was known to be attached to the Protestant cause. On Lord Mountjoy being recalled, he was succeeded by Colonel Lundy, a professed friend of the Protestants; but, as subsequently appeared, a decided partisan to James, owing, it is asserted, to his being under several obligations to the Duke of Berwick.†

Derry had become the principal refuge of the Protestants of the north of Ireland, who chose rather the hazard of standing on their defence, than of submitting to the persecution they were likely to suffer under Tyrconnel's government. But Lundy's reputation as an officer of honour, courage, and skill, stood so high, that the Ulster Protestants, who had entered into an armed association for the protection of their lives, liberty, and property, determined, although he had been appointed by Tyrconnel, to put themselves under his command.

* History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, vol. ii. p. 440. London, 1837.

† Life of the Duke of Berwick, p. 36. London, 1738.

While these occurrences took place, James arrived in Ireland, and, on the 8th of April, left Dublin at the head of an army of 12,000 men, with a considerable train of artillery, intending to reduce the refractory north to submission, and then to proceed to Scotland. In ten days after the king left Dublin, he appeared before Londonderry, which place he expected would immediately be surrendered to him ; but, to his astonishment, the reply to the royal summons was a heavy discharge of cannon from the walls.

Although two regiments had arrived from England to aid in the defence of Derry, Lundy stated " that they had provisions but for a very few days, a week or ten days at most, and that the people who were in the city were but a rabble," therefore, that the place was not tenable, and he advised the newly-arrived troops to return, which they did. Upon the determination of the council of war being promulgated, that Derry was to be given up to King James, the cries of "treachery" and "no surrender" resounded through the city, and at this critical moment Captain Adam Murray, the commander of a volunteer corps, arrived in the town. He remonstrated with Lundy, and encouraged the inhabitants to defend the place, upon which they rushed to the walls, and fired upon James and his advancing army. The men of Derry now prepared for an obstinate defence. "Their choice of governors was as extraordinary as the whole proceeding had been strange." Major Baker, a military officer, and the Rev. George Walker, a Protestant clergyman, were

elected to the government of the besieged town, and the treacherous Lundy escaped in disguise, "with a load of match on his back."

It has been as eloquently as truly observed, that, "in mockery of all human wisdom, it was the very folly of the mob that saved the town; it was the madness of a crowd of fools that snatched this important fortress from the grasp of James, and contributed materially to the successful issue of the war. The defence of Derry was accomplished at an expense, no doubt, of enormous and incalculable suffering. Most of the population perished miserably, and only a wasted and ruined remnant of the people survived to enjoy their melancholy triumph."

Nothing could exceed the excitement of the besieged, and nothing but that excitement could have enabled them to sustain a siege of one hundred and five days.

"The Protestant clergy of all denominations," says O'Driscoll, "shared the labours of the siege in their turns; and when the day's work was over, and their military tasks were at an end, they took their places in the churches and conventicles.* There the people crowded to their devotions,—weary, indeed with the toils and labours of the day, and fainting, perhaps, for want of sufficient food, but still with the high excitement which the perils and the importance of the occa-

* There were eighteen clergymen in the town of the communion of the church, and seven non-conforming ministers.—*Walker.*

sion created ; and when the preacher poured forth his labouring heart at the feet of the great disposer of events, the God of armies, and the ruler of the destiny of nations, the people joined in the prayer with a solemn energy of devotion which those only know who have been in 'peril of their lives,' and in 'the toil of their enemies.' The awful circumstances in which the city was placed, were inspiration to the preacher, and fervent and undoubting faith to the congregation. The 'man of God' had no need of the ornaments of speech, while the thunder of the enemies' cannon roared round the walls ; and the doubts of the sceptic, and the jests of the scoffer fled before the face of famine, and the rebuke of unrelenting misery.

"Thirty thousand fugitives, including aged men, boys, women, and children from the neighbouring districts, exclusive of the garrison, were shut up within the walls of Derry.* Those could render no assistance in the defence. The besiegers were estimated at twenty thousand. When the rulers of this little republic looked around them upon the multitude that were to be fed, and abroad upon the host that encompassed them, even their utmost enthusiasm could hardly sustain their confidence, or their most exalted piety preserve them from despair."

"It did beget," says Walker, "some disorder among us, and confusion, when we looked about us, and saw

* Of these 10,000 left upon protections from the enemy, and 7,000 died.—*Walker.*

what we were doing ; our enemies all about us, and our friends running away from us. A garrison we had, composed of a number of poor people frightened from their own homes, who seemed more fit to hide themselves than to face an enemy. When we considered that we had no persons of any experience in war among us, and those very persons that were sent to assist us had so little confidence in the place, that they no sooner saw it than they thought fit to leave it ; that we had but few horse to sally out with, and no forage ; no engineers to instruct us in our works ; no fire-works, not so much as a hand-granado to annoy the enemy ; not a gun well mounted in the whole town ; that we had so many mouths to feed, and not above ten days' provisions for them in the opinion of our former governors ; that every day several left us, and gave constant intelligence to the enemy ; that they had so many opportunities to divide us, and so often endeavoured it, and to betray the governors ; that they were so numerous, so powerful and well-appointed an army, that, in all human probability, we could not think ourselves in less danger than the Israelites at the Red Sea. When we considered all this, it was obvious enough what a dangerous undertaking we had ventured upon. But the resolution and courage of our people, and the necessity we were under, and the great confidence and dependence amongst us on God Almighty, that he would take care of us and preserve us, made us overlook all those difficulties."

" This quotation, from the diary of this singular man," observes O'Driscoll, " is admirably descriptive of the

situation and condition of the besieged. Their defence was conducted in a most unmilitary and irregular manner, but it was effectual. Those who chose sallied against the enemy, in what order, and with what accompaniment they pleased, and their sallies were frequent. The town was almost in ruins; the gates were often open; and the besieged would scornfully invite the attack of their enemy, and ask why he lost his powder upon the walls when the gates were open to him?

“The high-wrought enthusiasm of the besieged seems to have deterred the Irish commanders from the attack, and they resolved to wait the slow but certain progress of famine.”

Having vainly essayed to take “Undaunted Londonderry,” which, to use the expression of Story, “was the greatest thorn in their sides,” James returned to Dublin, and committed the conduct of the siege to General de Rosen, a foreign officer of some reputation. “Every day increased the sufferings of the unhappy garrison. Disease followed upon the rear of famine. Exhausted with incessant labour, perishing of hunger, sick from unwholesome and unnatural food, hope forsook them, and they surrendered themselves to despair, but not to the enemy. They could not yet resolve to submit.

“While in this state of sullen stupor, they were suddenly roused by the appearance of ships in the lake bearing British ensigns. It was a fleet of thirty sail, bringing troops, arms, ammunition, and provisions for the relief of the garrison. The joy and exultation of

the perishing people of Derry knew no bounds. It was to them a resurrection from death to life ; from bondage to liberty. They gazed with ecstasy upon the ships as they continued their steady course upon the beautiful waters of Lough Foyle ; every heart beat high, as ship after ship bore up and displayed her white canvass to the anxious crowd close wedged upon the ramparts. Every voice whispered fervent murmurs of thanksgiving to the God of the land and of the ocean, who never deserts his faithful people in their extremity, or consigns those who trust in him to the hands of his enemies.

“ On a sudden, the ships were observed to haul to windward, to the amazement of the garrison, and the surprise of the army outside the walls. What could be the meaning of this manœuvre ? It was soon explained ; the ships were standing out to sea. Signal followed rapidly after signal from the dismayed inhabitants of Derry, and Kirk made no signal in return.

“ Meantime the Irish take their measures. Batteries are planted along the shore, strong battalions are marched to the water's edge, and line the borders of the lake where they approach the city. A boom of great strength, formed of timber, strong cables, and vast iron chains, is stretched across a narrow part of the lake, and made firm upon either shore. While all this is transacting, the fleet was rapidly passing out of sight.

“ Faith and patience are the great foundations of the Christian religion ; and, though all are called upon to

practise them, there have been few instances, perhaps, of a severer trial than this was to the forlorn citizens of Derry. When the hand is stretched out to save and instantly withdrawn; when the time is come, and tomorrow will be too late, can the victim be accused if he dies with murmurs upon his lip?

“Baker, the governor, was dead; and famine was now rapidly thinning the ranks of the heroic garrison more effectually than the sword of the enemy. Their food was dead horses, dogs, cats, rats, and all loathsome vermin. The extremity and horror of the famine had nearly dissolved all discipline and authority. Murmurs for a capitulation began to be heard among the dying and ghastly crowd, and were only suppressed by the fury of those who had become almost insane by their sufferings. They threatened death to any who should propose or mention a surrender, while they were themselves expiring and without hope. Their detestation of Popery seemed to derive strength from the decay of nature.

“They heard in a short time from Kirk; he had sailed round to Lough Swilly. He still talked of relieving them, but he spoke doubtfully. He assured them that everything went on well in England and Scotland for the Protestant cause, and advised them to hold out bravely, and be careful of their provisions. It was uncertain whether Kirk’s communications were not a cruel mockery.”

Marshal de Rosen, annoyed at the obstinacy with which Londonderry resisted, had recourse to a cruel and

unsoldierlike mode of attack—appealing to the hearts of the besieged, instead of storming their batteries. He sent out parties to collect all the miserable Protestants they could find about the country, without regard to age or sex, and these were driven, by Rosen's orders, under the walls of the town to perish, unless saved by its capitulation. The besieged in return brought forth their prisoners; and, having erected a gallows upon the rampart, threatened to hang them immediately, unless the unfortunate creatures who had been driven under the walls were allowed to depart. This had the desired effect, but many had already died from the hardships to which they were exposed; and some, as they expired, with their last breath, entreated the famishing garison to persevere in the defence of the place.

“The tumult of the retreating multitude had hardly ceased outside the walls, when three ships were discovered, in the lake, with all sails set, and steering for the town. These were two store-sloops, laden with provisions, and the Dartmouth frigate, part of Kirk's squadron. Kirk had learned that his conduct at Derry had been heard with anger and astonishment in England, and he hastened to avert the storm which he saw was likely to overtake him. His dastardly or treacherous conduct had lengthened the sufferings of Derry from the middle of June to the end of July.

“The ships approached in view of the besiegers and the besieged; but of the latter, more than half the eyes

were closed in death that had witnessed the former ineffectual attempt at relief. The Irish army had taken their posts along the shore; the batteries that commanded the harbour were manned; the boom was made tight, and all was in readiness. As the vessels came within the range of shot, a heavy fire of cannon and musketry was opened upon them from the Irish lines along the shore. They returned the fire with spirit, and continued to advance. At length the headmost store-ship approached the boom, and struck it; the boom was broke, but the vessel went ashore with the violence of the rebound. The besieging army shouted, and prepared to board her; but the vessel fired all her guns, and, extricated by the shock, she floated and passed rapidly unto the city followed by her companions.

"The garrison of Derry had consisted of about eight thousand men; it was now reduced to less than four. The Irish army broke up suddenly and retired; --their loss is said to have exceeded that of the garrison."

Walker, the gallant defender of Londonderry, proceeded to London with an address to King William and his queen, and was received by their majesties in the most gracious manner. Thanks were voted to him by the House of Commons, and delivered in form by the Speaker; he was entertained by the city, and cheered wherever he was recognised by the populace, as the champion of the Protestant faith; the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by the

University of Oxford; the king presented him with £5,000; and, by his majesty's command, Sir Godfrey Kneller painted Walker's picture, which was immediately engraved. In this picture he is represented "with a Bible, open at the 20th chapter of Exodus, in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other. His garment of a purple colour, and a large old-fashioned band, form a strong contrast to the military sash appearing in crimson folds about his waist," in which a pistol is lodged.

While in London, Walker published his "Diary of the Siege of Londonderry," which was followed by no less than nine publications on the same subject. In the address prefixed to his "Diary," he apologizes as a churchman, for having acted in that service a part which might, with more propriety, have been done by other hands. It is impossible that Walker could have been made Bishop of Derry, as stated by O'Driscol, for that see was not vacant until the day previous to the Battle of the Boyne, where Walker was mortally wounded, and where he was engaged as chaplain to the army.

O'Driscol, whose animated account of the "Siege of Derry" has been so largely quoted from, therefore very unfairly says, "*This man* was unnecessarily present at the Boyne. Walker's exploits at Derry," he adds, "might have had an excuse in the peculiarity of his situation; but neither his exhibitions in London, nor his presence at the Boyne, can be justified." Now, the fact is, Walker was a hero in Derry, the advocate of his brave fellow-sufferers in London, and, in the course

of his duty as a Protestant clergyman, was slain at the Boyne.*

* Mr. Bruce, in a note to the Editor, remarks upon this passage:—"You are probably aware that there is a letter of Tillotson's, in which he says 'the king . . . *hath made him [Walker] Bishop of Londonderry.*' You say the see was not vacant until the day before the Battle of the Boyne: i.e. the 30th June. Now I find in Wood's 'Athenæ' (iv. 288), that Bishop Hopkins died on the 19th June, 1690, and was buried on the 24th, in St. Mary Aldermanbury. It is possible, if Wood's date be right, that Walker may have been appointed, although Wood himself, in another place (iv. 877), merely says that he 'was designed to succeed' Bishop Hopkins; which is probably all that is true, and that the design may have existed long before Hopkins's death. After all, the question is, not whether he was Bishop of Derry, but whether he was chaplain to the army. If he were, he was in his place at the Boyne, whether bishop or not. And upon that point Wood aids you; for, immediately after stating that on his way back into Ireland he had the degree of D.D. conferred upon him at Oxford, he goes on: 'thence he went into Ireland, where having a command conferred upon him in the army (iv. 409) he 'received his death's wound,' and so on in Wood's usual ballad style. One can scarcely conceive any other 'command' than a chaplaincy conferred upon a new-made D.D. It is very strange that Burnet does not mention even the name of Walker.

"It seems from an extract from Anchtell Gray's Debates, in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1745, p. 192, that the House of Commons recommended the king to grant 'the widows and orphans of Londonderry' £10,000, and that they communicated their determination upon that head to Dr. Walker at the same time that they returned him thanks for his defence. Walker was apparently the bearer of the petition of 'the widows and orphans;' of itself a sufficient cause for his coming to London. He returned the house thanks on their behalf as well as his own."

Dr. Reid, in his "History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland," says,* "It is painful to be obliged to add, that the gallant defenders of Derry and Enniskillen were treated very ungratefully by the state. Instead of being in any wise rewarded, they did not even receive the amount of pay which was acknowledged by parliament to be justly due to them." Dr. Reid then enters into various particulars on this subject, the result of which is, that after two-and-thirty years of tedious and fruitless negotiations, 74,757*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* arrears were due to the eight regiments that formed the garrison of Derry, "not a farthing of which appears to have been ever paid." Upon this statement, however, it may be questioned whether the Derry and Enniskillen troops were not in the same position as the thirteen Dutch and three French regiments, who served with them in Ireland, regarding their claims for arrears of pay, and whose cases were printed in 1709, with "the case of several of the inhabitants of Ireland, that subsisted the army there for the year 1690 and 1691 pursuant to the directions of the government;" and to whom and not to the troops, this arrear of their pay appears to have been due.

In the "Memoir of the Ordnance Survey of Londonderry,"† it is stated that, "after a lapse of more than two centuries, the fortifications of Derry remain nearly unchanged in their original form and character; the external ditch, indeed, is no longer visible, being

* Vol. ii. note, p. 473. † Vol. i. p. 100. Dublin, 1837.

mostly occupied by the rears of houses. Between 1806 and 1808, the walls were repaired at a cost of 1,119*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* In 1824, the north-west bastion was demolished to make room for the erection of a market; and, in 1826, the central western bastion was modified for the reception of Walker's Testimonial—an ornamental memorial, both just and appropriate.

“Of the guns which performed such valuable services in by-gone time, a few are preserved as memorials in their original localities, the bastions; but the greater number have been converted to the quiet purposes of peace, serving as posts for fastening cables, protecting the corners of streets, &c. There are six at the south-west bastion, two of which are inscribed ‘VINTNERS, LONDON. 1648.’ ‘MERCERS, LONDON. 1642.’ Of the others, one bears the arms of Elizabeth—a rose surmounted by a crown, with the letters ‘E. R.’ at each side; and below, the date 1590. Another, the arms of the Irish Society; and a third, a less decipherable device. Of these three, the first was one of the few pieces of ordnance possessed by the city on the outbreak of the rebellion of 1641. There are four at Walker's Testimonial, two of which are inscribed ‘MERCHANT TAYLORS, LONDON. 1642.’ ‘GROCCERS, LONDON. 1642.’ Mounted on a carriage, in the court-house-yard, and in good condition, stands ‘*Roaring Meg*,’ so called from the loudness of her roaring during the siege. This cannon is four feet six inches round at the thickest part, and eleven feet long, and is thus inscribed, ‘FISHMONGERS, LONDON. 1642.’ The total

number of cannon remaining in the city and suburbs is nearly fifty."

The song upon the gallant defence of Londonderry is here given from a black letter copy in the British Museum, preserved in a collection of ballads, &c. 2 vols. folio. The title runs thus: "Undaunted Londonderry; or, the Victorious Protestants' constant success against the proud French and Irish Forces. To the tune of 'Lilli Borlero.' Licensed according to Order." It is embellished with a rude woodcut, representing a city in flames, and bearing the word "LONDONDERRY." "Printed for J. Deacon, in Guiltspur Street."

This song is quite unworthy of the achievement that it was intended to celebrate. Among the poems* of the Rev. John Graham, the historian and bard of Derry, may be found several clever lyrics referring to the memorable siege of "the maiden city;" one in particular, entitled "The Catalogue" (p. 97), which consists of no less than thirty-six verses, combines all the vigorous simplicity of the old ballad, with an extraordinary mass of minute historical particulars. Although not included in Mr. Graham's volume of poems, the editor believes that he does not incorrectly attribute the authorship of the following spirited verses to that gentleman.

" Derriana! lovely dame,
By many suitors courted;
Thy beauty rare and deeds of fame,
Have been but ill reported.

* Belfast, 1829.

- “ Seated in dignity serene
 Beside a crystal fountain,
 In radiant comeliness thou’rt seen
 O’ershadowed by a mountain.
- “ Round thee are groves and villas bright,
 And temples of devotion ;
 Fair fields for plenty and delight,
 And inlets of the ocean.
- “ What was proud Troy compared to thee,
 Though Hector did command her ?
 How great thy Foyle would seem to be
 Near Homer’s old Scamander !
- “ Like thee, two sieges sharp she stood,
 By timid friends forsaken ;
 But, unlike thee, twice drenched in blood,
 She fainted and was taken.
- “ What was her cause compared to thine ?
 A harlot she protected ;
 But thou for LIBERTY divine
 All compromise rejected.
- “ But Troy a bard of brilliant mind
 Found out to sing her glory,
 While thou canst only dunces find
 To mar thy greater story.”

 UNDAUNTED LONDONDERRY.

Protestant boys, both valliant and stout,
 Fear not the strength and power of Rome,
 Thousands of them are put to the rout,
 Brave Londonderry tells ’um their doom ;

For their cannons roar like thunder,
 Being resolved the town to maintain ;
 For William and Mary, still brave Londonderry,
 Will give the proud French and Tories their bane.

Time after time, with powder and balls,
 Protestant souls they did 'um salute ;
 That before Londonderry's stout walls,
 Many are slain and taken to boot ;
 Nay, their noble Duke of Berwick,
 Many reports, is happily tane,*
 Where still they confine him, and will not resign him,
 Till they have given the Tories their bane.

Into the town their bombs they did throw,†
 Being resolved to fire the same,
 Hoping thereby to lay it all low,
 Could they but raise it into a flame ;
 But the polititious Walker,‡
 By an intreague did quail them again,
 And blasted the glory of French, Teague, and Tory,
 By policy, boys, he gave them their bane.

Thundering stones they laid on the wall
 Ready against the enemy came,§
 With which they vow'd the Tories to mawl
 Whene'er they dare approach but the same.

* See note (A).

‡ See note (B).

† See note (C).

§ See note (D).

And another sweet invention,
 The which in brief I reckon to name ;
 A sharp bloody slaughter, did soon follow after,
 Among the proud French, and gave 'em their bane.

Stubble and straw in parcels they laid,
 The which they straightways kindled with speed ;
 By this intreague the French was betrayed,
 Thinking the town was fired indeed.*
 Then they placed their scaling ladders,
 And o'er the walls did scour amain ;
 Yet strait, to their wonder, they were cut in sunder,
 Thus Frenchmen and Tories met with their bane.

Suddenly, then, they opened their gate,
 Sallying forth with vigour and might ;
 And, as the truth I here may relate,
 Protestant boys did valliantly fight,
 Taking many chief commanders,†
 While the sharp fray they thus did maintain
 With vigorous courses, they routed their forces,
 And many poor Teagues did meet with their bane.

While with their blood the cause they have sealed,
 Heaven upon their actions did frown,
 Protestants took the spoil of the field,
 Cannons full five they brought to the town.

* See note (E).

† See note (F).

With a lusty, large, great mortar
Thus they returned with honour and gain,
While Papists did scour from Protestant power,
As fearing they all should suffer their bane.

In a short time we hope to arrive
With a vast army to Ireland,
And the affairs so well we'll contrive,
That they shall ne'er have power to stand
'Gainst King William and Queen Mary,
Who in the throne does flourish and reign ;
We'll down with the faction that make the distraction,
And give the proud French and Tories their bane.

NOTES.

(A) In a sally, which was made by the garrison of Londonderry towards the end of April, "the Duke of Berwick received a slight wound in his back." This was probably the origin of the report mentioned in the song, and fixes the precise date of its composition to have been May 1689, as no allusion to any subsequent occurrence is made.

(B) A list of the number of bombs thrown into Londonderry daily during the siege, may be found in Walker's "Diary." The total number was 587, besides cannon-balls of twenty pounds' weight.

(C) "Violent disagreements arose as to the most acceptable modes of addressing the Supreme Being. Some of the clergy denounced those as unworthy to assist in the defence of the town who refused to take the *solemn covenant*; but the good sense of Walker and others appeased the tumult as often as it broke forth, and no serious consequences followed."—*O'Driscol's Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 16.

(D) The labour was probably performed by the women. In Mackenzie's *Narrative of the Siege* (London, 1690), under date of the 4th of June, it is stated, that "our women, also, did good service, carrying ammunition, match, bread, and drink to our men, and assisted to very good purpose at the Bogg side, in beating off the granadiers with stones, who came so near to our lines."

(E) This seems to refer to the burning of some houses outside the walls soon after the commencement of the siege. "The first thing they [the governors] went upon, was the burning of all the houses clear round the town without the walls, and levelling their rubbish and ditches, so that the enemy might not skulk in them and gall the men on the walls."—*A true and impartial Account of the most material passages in Ireland, since December 1688*, p. 27. London, 1689.

(F) No doubt an allusion to the sally made by the besieged on the 6th of May, when, according to Mackenzie, "the men were impatient, and ran out of their own accord." Lord Neterville, Sir Gerald Aylmur, and Lieut.-Col. Talbot (called Wicked Will), and who afterwards died of his wounds, were taken prisoners in this affair.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

Mr. Bruce views the action of this ballad in somewhat a different light from the Editor. He says:—"Are you satisfied that the lines to which your notes C, E, and F refer, relate to separate transactions, which, if I apply the notes correctly you seem to consider them to do? The song reads to me as if the whole of its action related to one incident in the siege: The French threw their bombs, hoping to set the town on fire. Walker defeated them by a stratagem. Stones had been previously piled on the walls,—he collected stubble and set it on fire. The French thought they had succeeded, and mounted the walls, where Walker's troops were ready stationed to use their piles of stones and cut the assailants 'in sunder.' No sooner had they thus repelled them, than out they sallied 'with vigour and might,' and took the 'many chief commanders.' I think it is all one. If not, I do not understand the praise of Walker's intrigue."

THE PROTESTANT COMMANDER.

ON the 20th of March, 1690, in compliance with a royal summons, a new parliament met at Westminster. On the following day, King William addressed himself to both houses, stating that he was resolved to leave nothing unattempted on his part which might contribute to the prosperity of the nation; and finding his presence in Ireland would be absolutely necessary for the more

speedy reducing of that kingdom, he continued his resolution of going thither as soon as might be, and he had now called them together for their assistance, to enable him to prosecute the war with speed and vigour. The king concluded a long speech by observing, that the season of the year and his journey into Ireland, would admit but of a very short session, so that he recommended to them the making such despatch, that they might not be engaged in debates when their enemies were in the field.

“All the people,” says Dean Story, “were now big with hopes of his Majesty’s coming for Ireland, who left Kensington the 4th of June, 1690, took shipping at Hylake on the 12th, and on the 14th, being Saturday, he landed, about four in the afternoon, at Carigfergus ;* from whence, being upon the road to Belfast, he was met by the general, Major-General Kirk, and a great many more officers of the army, that were expecting his Majesty’s landing. And that evening landed his highness Prince George, the Duke of Ormond, Earl of Oxford, Earl of Portland, Earl of Scarborough, Earl of Manchester, my Lord Overkirk, my Lord Sidney, with a great many other persons of quality, some of them officers in the army, and others volunteers.”

The following song is entitled, “The Protestant Commander, or a Dialogue between him and his loving

* “A large stone at the point of the quay is still called ‘King William’s stone,’ from his having set his foot on it when landing.”—*McSkimin’s History of Carrickfergus.*

Lady, at his departure hence with his Majesty King William, for the expedition in Ireland. To the tune of 'Let Cæsar live long.' Licensed according to order." It is copied from a collection of ballads and broadsides, in two vols. folio, in the British Museum, and is in black letter, except the two last lines or chorus of each verse, which are in Roman letter, with the exception of the words "King William." This song is "printed for P. Brooksby. J. Deacon." The rest of the imprint is cut off, but it probably was "J. Blare and J. Black," as these persons appear to have been the principal ballad publishers in London during the Revolution of 1688.

THE PROTESTANT COMMANDER.

FAREWELL, my sweet lady, my love, and delight,
 Under great King William in person I'll fight;
 Wherefore for awhile I must leave thee behind,
 Yet let not my absence, love, trouble thy mind:
 In Dublin city our king we'll proclaim,
 And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

An army we have of true Protestant boys,
 Who fears not the French nor the Irish, dear joys;
 We'll freely salute them with powder and ball,
 Till we have utterly routed them all;
 The sword of King William his name shall proclaim,
 And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

Love, let me go with thee, the lady reply'd,
I freely can venture to die by thy side ;
A heart of true courage I bear in my breast,
Therefore for King William I vow and protest,
A sword I will flourish his name to proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

I'll strip off these jewels and rings which I wear,
And other apparel in brief I'll prepare ;
In bright shining armour I then will appear,
And march in the field by the side of my dear ;
The conquering sword shall King William proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

My jewel, if thou hast a mind to go o'er
Along with thy love to the Irish shore ;
I freely will give my consent to this thing,
Yet not like a souldier to fight for the king :
His army is able his name to proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

The court is more fit than the camp for my dear,
Where beautiful ladies in glory appear ;
While soldiers of fortune must fight in the field,
Until they have made the proud enemy yield.
The conquering sword shall King William proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

My dearest, said she, I'll to Ireland go,
I value not courts, neither fear I the foe ;

Thy presence will yield me both joy and delight ;
I'll wait in thy tent till, returning from fight,
The conquering sword does King William proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

If thou shouldst be wounded, my dear, in the field,
Then shall I be ready some succour to yield.
'Tis true, my sweet lady, he straitways reply'd,
Thy earnest desire shall not be deny'd ;
Our conquering sword shall King William proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

The French and the Tories King William will rout,
From city to castle he'll course them about ;
We'll make the poor Teagues to quite change their tone,
From Lilli burlero to Ah ! hone, ah ! hone.
With conquering sword we'll King William proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

The Frenchmen the height of our fury shall feel,
We'll chase them with swords of true-tempered steel ;
They, food for the ravens and crows shall be made,
To* teach them hereafter that land to invade.
Then through the whole nation our king we'll proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

* "And" in the printed copy, probably a printer's error.
"To" is substituted as the more obvious reading.

THE BOYNE WATER.

THE Battle of the Boyne, although in its result among the most important in English history, was, as a battle, neither remarkable for the length of time it occupied, the severity of the conflict, the number of killed, nor the skill displayed on either side.

A veteran, who was himself engaged in this battle, has left us the following description of it,* which will serve to correct the inflated accounts given by various historians. "On the 29th of June we advanced to Atherdee [Ardee], and on the 30th marched up to the enemy and encamped within cannon-shot of them. They were drawn up in good order, and to great advantage, on the other side of the Boyne, and seemed resolved to dispute the passage of the river with us. There was a rising ground on our side, which overlooked their whole situation; to this place they concluded the King [William] would come to make his observations. Whereupon they planted four field-

* "Memoirs of the most remarkable military transactions, from the year 1683 to 1718, containing a more particular account than any yet published, of the several battles, sieges, &c. in Ireland and Flanders, during the reigns of King William and Queen Anne, by Captain Robert Parker, late of the Royal Regiment of Foot in Ireland, who was an eye-witness to most of them. Published by his son. Second Edition." London, 1753.

pieces in a place proper for their purpose, under covert of some bushes, which prevented them from being discovered. The king came this evening to the very spot they expected, and had not been long there when they fired their four field-pieces at him. One of the balls grazed on his shoulder, tore his clothes, and raised a contusion in his skin; but he soon had it dressed, and shewed himself to the army. However, the enemy observing some confusion in those about the king, concluded he was killed; and this news soon flew to Dublin, and from thence to Paris, where they had public rejoicings for it.

“Upon the king’s taking a view of the enemy [James’s army], he observed they were strongly posted, and drawn up to great advantage; and saw plainly it would be a difficult matter to force them from their ground, unless some measures were taken before the battle began, which might oblige them to break the order they were drawn up in. Upon this a council of war was held, in which it was resolved that Lieut-General Douglas should march by break of day, with about 8,000 men, to the ford of Slane, two miles up the river, in order to pass there, and fall on the left flank of the enemy, while the king, with the main of the army, charged them in front.

“Early next morning, being the first of July, both armies were drawn up in order of battle, and General Douglas marched off with his detachment. The enemy perceiving this, ordered off the greatest part of their left wing to oppose Douglas; and they were put into

no small confusion, in drawing troops from other parts in order to make good their left, which they had weakened. This answered the king's expectation, who, perceiving the disorder they were in, ordered the army to pass the river.* The front line was over before the enemy had recovered their disorder, and the king soon passed over and put himself at the head of them. The enemy, being now prepared, charged our first line, and broke through some of them. And some of ours, in their turn, obliged some of theirs to scamper. By this time, our whole army having passed the river, we charged each other alternately with various success. But the engagement did not last long, for they soon took to their heels, even before Douglas could come up to engage those that were sent against him, notwithstanding he had passed the ford before the king began the battle.

"I have met," adds Captain Parker, "with several accounts of this battle; some of them very particular in reciting all the charges and repulses that had been made on both sides, as if it had lasted the greatest part of the day, and the field had been covered with slain. But, after all, the enemy made but a poor fight of it, as may appear by the loss on both sides. The enemy had not quite 800 killed, and about as many taken; and we not above 500 killed, and as many wounded."

This total of thirteen hundred killed, where sixty

* According to Story, "it was about a quarter past ten when our [William's] Foot first entered the river."

thousand men were in the field to contest the crown of England, headed by the claimants in person, gives the Battle of the Boyne the character rather of a mere skirmish to pass a difficult ford of a river than of an important victory. In fact, it was James's panic that made the Battle of the Boyne memorable.

"And a mighty creditable thing it was, surely, to that same King William, as you call him, and something to boast of," observed an Irishman, commenting upon this victory, "a mighty creditable thing, indeed, to turn out against a man's father-in-law, and to beat him."

It is noticed by Mr. Lockhart, in his life of Sir Walter Scott, that an old officer of dragoons, hearing of the arrival of "the great unknown" at Drogheda (July 1825), sent in his card, with the polite offer to attend him over the field of the Battle of the Boyne, about two miles off, which, of course, was accepted. "Sir Walter," adds Mr. Lockhart, "rejoicing the veteran's heart by his vigorous recitation of the famous ballad (*The crossing of the water*) as we proceeded to the ground, and the eager and intelligent curiosity with which he received his explanations of it."

This song has been called "the Great Orange Song of Ireland." The present version is given from a MS. copy, in the Editor's possession, which corrects the reading of a line in the seventh verse, invariably printed—

"And *tried* at Milmount after.

THE BOYNE WATER.

JULY the first, in Oldbridge town,*
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground,
By the cannons that did rattle.
King James he pitched his tents between
The lines for to retire ;
But King William threw his bomb-balls in,
And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged, they vow'd revenge
Upon King William's forces ;
And often did cry vehemently,
That they would stop their courses :
A bullet from the Irish came,
Which grazed King William's arm :
They thought his majesty was slain,
Yet it did him little harm.

Duke Schomberg then, in friendly care,
His king would often caution
To shun the spot, where bullets hot
Retain'd their rapid motion.
But William said,—He don't deserve
The name of Faith's defender,
That would not venture life and limb
To make a foe surrender.

* See note (A).

When we the Boyne began to cross,
The enemy they descended ;
But few of our brave men were lost,
So stoutly we defended.
The horse was the first that marched o'er,
The foot soon followed a'ter,
But brave Duke Schomberg was no more
By venturing over the water.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
King William thus accosted
His warlike men, for to march on,
And he would be the foremost.
" Brave boys," he said, " be not dismayed
For the losing of one commander ;
For God will be our king this day,
And I'll be general under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
To give our enemies battle ;
Our cannon, to our foes' great cost,
Like thundering claps did rattle.
In majestic mien our prince rode o'er,
His men soon followed a'ter :
With blows and shouts put our foes to the route,
The day we crossed the water.

The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reasons to be thankful
That they were not to bondage brought,
They being but a handful :

First to the Tholsel they were brought,
And tied at Milmount a'ter,*
But brave King William set them free,
By venturing over the water.

The cunning French, near to Duleek,†
Had taken up their quarters ;
And fenced themselves on every side,
Still waiting for new orders.
But in the dead time of the night,
They set the field on fire ;
And, long before the morning light,
To Dublin they did retire.

Then said King William to his men,
After the French departed—
"I'm glad," said he, "that none of ye
Seemed to be faint-hearted.
So sheath your swords, and rest awhile ;
In time we'll follow a'ter."
These words he uttered with a smile,
The day he crossed the water.

Come, let us all, with heart and voice,
Applaud our lives' defender,
Who, at the Boyne, his valour shewed,
And made his foes surrender.

* See note (B).

† See note (C).

To God above the praise we'll give,
Both now and ever a'ter ;
And bless the "glorious memory"*
Of King William that crossed the Boyne water.

NOTES.

(A) The Dutch guards first entered the river Boyne at a ford opposite to the little village of Oldbridge.

(B) "After the battle of the Boyne, the popish garrison of Drogheda took the protestants out of prison, into which they had thrown them, and carried them to the Mount; where they expected the cannon would play, if King William's forces besieged the town. *They tied them together*, and set them to receive the shot; but their hearts failed them who were to defend the place, and so it pleased God to preserve the poor protestants."—*Memoirs of Ireland, by the Author of the Secret History of Europe.* (1716) p. 221.

(C) "When, in the course of the day, the battle approached James's position on the hill of Donore, the warlike prince retired to a more secure distance at Duleek, where he soon put himself at the head of his French allies, and led the retreat; the king and the French coming off without a scar."—*O'Driscol's History of Ireland*, ii. 116.

(D) Many curious anecdotes might be told about "the glorious memory." It was the fashion among the whigs of

* See note (D).

William and Anne's time, as it was among the tories of our day, to drink "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory" of King William III; which is supposed to have induced Dr. Peter Brown, Bishop of Cork, to publish, in 1715, a little volume which was much spoken of, intitled "Of Drinking in Remembrance of the Dead;" and in the following year "A Discourse on Drinking Healths." His notion was, that drinking to the dead is tantamount to praying for them, and not, as is truly the case, in approbation of certain conduct or principles. Neither whigs nor tories have been less copious of their libations in consequence; and the only effect Dr. Brown's books appear to have had, was the production of an addenda to the obnoxious toast, "and a fig for the Bishop of Cork."

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF SCHOMBERG.

"THE renowned Duke of Schomberg or Schonberg," says a contemporary writer, "was a person of firm and composed courage, and one of the best generals that France ever bred. To the laurels he gathered in Catalonia and in Flanders, he added the glory of having fixed the present King of Portugal* on his throne, and of having been instrumental to the settlement of King William. He had a great experience of the world,

* Pedro II.

knew men and things better than any man of his profession ever did, and was as great in council as at the head of an army. In his declining years, his memory very much failed, but his judgment remained true and clear to the last. He appeared courteous and affable to everybody, and yet he had an air of grandeur that commanded respect from all. He was of a middle stature, fair complexioned, a very sound hardy man of his age, and sat a horse incomparably well. As he loved always to be neat in his cloaths, so he was ever pleasant in his conversation, of which this repartee is a pregnant instance. Sometime before he went for Ireland, he was walking in St. James's Park, amidst crowds of the young and gay, and being asked, what a man of his age had to do with such company?—his answer was, that a good General makes his retreat as late as he can.—He was eighty-two years of age when he was killed."

Notwithstanding the great age of the Duke of Schomberg, William determined to entrust to him the command of an expedition into Ireland, on the result of which depended the crown of England. "It is a proof of the deep importance which the British parliament attached to this expedition, that the House of Commons sent for Schomberg, on his appointment, and the Speaker having ordered a chair for the veteran, made him a complimentary speech; after which the House voted him a sum of £100,000, a vast sum of money at that period. In addition to this munificent grant, the

General was created a Duke by the King, and presented with the Order of the Garter."*

Schomberg landed at Carrickfergus, on the 13th of August, 1689, with about ten thousand men. His campaign, although unmarked by any brilliant achievement, was severe and distressing in no ordinary degree; and all his judgment and coolness (no doubt, the qualities for which he had been selected by William) were required to preserve himself and his master from defeat.

Before the Battle of the Boyne, in which Schomberg fell, he is said to have remonstrated with William against attacking the enemy in so strong a position as that occupied by James's army. The Prince of Orange (for, until after that battle, William, although proclaimed in England and acknowledged by several foreign powers, can scarcely be called king) determined otherwise; and it has been well remarked, that "he reasoned as a king, Schomberg argued as a general; and though they differed, they were both right." The Duke, it is stated, retired from the council of war to his tent, dissatisfied that certain movements, which he had suggested, were not adopted, and when the order of battle was brought to him, he took it with discontent and indifference, observing, "It was the first that ever was sent him."

* O'Driscoll's History of Ireland, ii. p. 51. It should be observed, that of this sum of £100,000, the duke received but a small part; his son had £5,000 per annum paid him by King William in lieu of the remainder.

Schomberg received his death-wound while leading some French cavalry and infantry, whom he had rallied a second time, across the Boyne. "Allons, Messieurs, voilà vos persécuteurs !" exclaimed the Duke ; and he had scarcely uttered these words, when two sabre cuts on the head, but not mortal wounds, were given to him by some of James' guards, who were retreating full speed to the main body.

"In this hurry," to use the words of Captain Parker, "he was killed, some said by his own men, as they fired on the enemy, and some said, otherwise; but that which passed current in the army that day, and indeed seems most probable, was, that he was shot by a trooper that had deserted from his own regiment about a year before, and was then in King James's guards." The skull, which is shewn in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, as that of the gallant Schomberg, appears to have been penetrated by a ball in the forehead.

"The remains of this great General," says Mr. William Monck Mason,* "were removed to this cathedral immediately after the Battle of Boyne, where they lay until the 10th of July, and were then deposited under the altar; the interment of Duke Schomberg is noted with a pencil in the register; the entry is almost illegible, insomuch that it has been often sought for in vain. Although he well merited from the gratitude of a country in whose cause he fell, and the favour of a

* "History of St. Patrick's," Appendix I, note (A).

prince whom he faithfully served, such a testimonial, no memorial of the place of his interment was erected until the year 1731.

“Dean Swift, besides his anxiety to embellish this his cathedral, was actuated by a just indignation towards the relations of this great man, who, though they derived all their wealth and honours from him, neglected to pay the smallest tribute of respect to his remains; he therefore caused this stone [a slab of black marble fixed in the wall near the monument of Archbishop Jones] to be erected, and himself dictated the inscription, which is as follows :

“Hic infra situm est corpus Frederici Ducis de Schonberg ad Bubindam, occisi A.D. 1690.

“Decanus et capitulum maximopere etiam atque etiam petierunt, ut hæredes Ducis monumentum in memoriam parentis erigendum curarent.

“Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos, diu ac sæpe orando nil profecere; hunc demum lapidem statuerunt; saltem ut scias hospes ubinam terrarum SCHONBERGENSES cineres delitescunt.*

* In a letter to the Countess of Suffolk respecting this monument, Dean Swift says :—“And I will confess it was upon their [the Chapter’s] advice that I omitted the only two passages which had much bitterness in them; and which a bishop here, one after your own heart, blamed me very much for leaving out: declaring the treatment given us by the Schomberg family deserved a great deal worse. Indeed, madam, I shall not attempt to convince England of anything that relates to this kingdom.”

“One of the passages to which he alludes in this letter Dr.

“ Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos. A.D. 1731.

“ Dean Swift, before he caused this stone to be erected, made repeated applications to the descendants of this nobleman, and endeavoured to interest them so far as to contribute somewhat toward erecting a monument to his memory ; on the 10th May, 1728, he wrote a letter to Lord Carteret, from which I extract the following passage :

“ ‘ The great Duke of Schomberg is buried under the altar in my cathedral. My Lady Holderness is my old acquaintance ; and I writ her about a small sum to make a monument for her grandfather. I writ to her myself ; and also, there was a letter from the Dean and Chapter, to desire she would order a monument to be raised for him in my cathedral. It seems Mildmay, now Lord Fitzwalter, her husband, is a covetous fellow ; or whatever is the matter, we have had no answer. I desire you will tell Lord Fitzwalter, that if he will not send fifty pounds to make a monument for the old duke, I and the Chapter will erect a small one of ourselves for ten pounds ; whereon it shall be expressed, that the posterity of the duke, naming particularly Lady Holderness and Mr. Mildmay, not having the generosity to erect a monument, we have

Delany informs us was as follows:—instead of ‘ Saltem ut scias hospes,’ &c. it stood thus : ‘ Saltem ut sciat viator indignabundus, quali in cellula, tanti ductoris cineres delitescunt.’ ”

done it of ourselves. And if, for an excuse, they pretend they will send for his body, let them know it is mine; and, rather than send it, I will take up the bones, and make of it a skeleton, and put it in my register office to be a memorial of their baseness to all posterity. This I expect your Excellency will tell Mr. Mildmay, or, as you now call him, Lord Fitzwalter; and I expect likewise that he will let Sir Conyers D'Arcy know how ill I take his neglect in this matter; although to do him justice, he averred, 'that Mildmay was so avaricious a wretch, that he would let his own father be buried without a coffin, to save charges.'"—*Swift's Works*, vol. xvii. p. 219. Scott's Edition.

Swift's letter repeating his application to the Countess of Holderness on this subject, dated the 22nd May, 1729, is entered on the book of Chapter-minutes, and is printed by Mr. Mason in his history of St. Patrick's.

"When this inscription was first set up, Swift was informed that it had given great offence," and he wrote to his friend Pope on the occasion (29th July, 1731). See *Scott's Edition of Swift*, vol. xvii. p. 412. In the same volume, p. 416, and p. 449, may be found two letters from Swift, dated 24th July, and 26th October, 1731, to the Countess of Suffolk, referring to this monument, the latter of which contains this passage:—"Why should the Schomberg family be so uneasy at a thing they were so long warned of, and were told they might prevent for fifty pounds?"

The following Lament is given from a black-letter copy in a Collection of Ballads, &c. 2 vols. folio, in the

British Museum. It is entitled, "The Valiant Souldiers Misfortune, or His Grace the Duke of Schomberg's last farewell. To the tune of 'The Souldier's Departure.' Licensed according to Order, and printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Black." Two rude wood-cuts embellish this ballad; one of which represents a battle, and bears, in a conspicuous part, the initials I. D. The other cut is a monumental effigy.

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF SCHOMBERG.

LET all noble stout commanders,
Likewise souldiers, foot and horse,
Both in England, Holland, Flanders,
Now lament this heavy loss,
Of a right renowned leader,
Who did many fights maintain,
The Duke Schomberg, gentle reader,
He in Ireland was slain.

With a right heroick spirit
He was evermore endu'd,
Fame and glory did he merit
As his foes he still subdu'd.
Where the guns did roar like thunder,
Bloody fights he did maintain,
Filling all the world with wonder,
But great Schomberg now is slain.

At the head of warlike forces,
Did he place his chief delight,
Taking such effectual courses
That his foes he put to flight;
Where the warlike drums did rattle,
Bloody fights he did maintain
Never did he lose a battle,
Yet great Schomberg now is slain.

Though great councils did assemble,
To oppose him in the field;
Yet he made them quake and tremble,
And as soon submit and yield.
Nay, his very name they dreaded,
Causing them to flye amain,
Many armies hath he headed,
Yet at last he now is slain.

Righteous causes he defended,
And would wronged monarchs right;
So that blessings still attended
Him in shining armour bright:
By the sword he purchased glory,
Which the world can never stain,
Though he, by a rebel Tory,
Was in sharp battle slain.

He in warlike flaming fire,
Salamander-like did live;
Nothing did he more desire
Than a fatal stroke to give,

To a rude rebellious faction,
 Who in villanies did reign ;
 But in the late Irish action,
 Noble Schomberg he was slain.

Pale-faced Death has now confin'd him
 In a narrow silent tomb ;
 Yet a name he left behind *him*,*
 Sweeter than a rich perfume.
 Let his actions be recorded
 In the lasting rolls of fame,
 In another world rewarded,
 Noble Schomberg, who was slain.

Though his death may be lamented,
 France shall have no cause to boast,
 Their designs will be prevented
 By our warlike armed host ;
 Who, with courage, will pursue them,
 Britain's freedom to maintain,
 And has valiant courage shew'd 'em,
 Though great Schomberg he is slain.

Towns and castles do's surrender
 To our right renowned King,
 The true Christian Faith's defender
 Through the land his fame do's ring :
 Nay, his very foes adore him,
 Wishing that he long may reign ;
 Boys, he conquers all before him,
 Though great Schomberg he is slain.

* In the original erroneously printed "*himer*."

THE WOMAN WARRIOR,

“WHO,” says the introduction prefixed to this song, in D’Urfey’s “Pills to Purge Melancholy,”* “lived in Cow Cross, near West Smithfield; who, changing her apparel, entered herself on board in quality of a soldier, and sailed to Ireland, where she valiantly behaved herself, particularly at the siege of Cork, where she lost her toes, and received a mortal wound in her body, of which she died in her return to London.”

Whether the foundation of this song be true, or a mere poetical invention, the Editor is unable to determine. Many instances, however, are on record of the gallantry of “Warrior Women,” especially during revolutionary times. The lamentation for the heroine of Cow Cross, the Mary Ambree of her age, appears to have been one of the many indirect efforts made to bring into popular notice the military skill of the famous Duke, then the Earl of Marlborough. William III had returned to England, after an unsuccessful effort to reduce Limerick; and Marlborough, anxious to distinguish himself, was, it is believed, appointed to the command of an expedition for Ireland, by the influence of the Princess Anne’s party, who urged the necessity of securing Cork and Kinsale, which were open to receive troops or supplies from France for the

* Vol. v. p. 8. 1719.

support of the cause of James. William, although he could not well refuse his sanction to the proposed expedition, is said to have viewed it with a jealous eye, and to have caused what is asserted to be the unnecessary co-operation of the Duke of Wirtemberg at the head of a body of foreign troops, which led to a dispute between Marlborough and Wirtemberg, as to the command, and ended in an adjustment that they should command alternate days.

Dryden, in his prologue to "The Mistakes," a play written by Joseph Harris, comedian, says:

"Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which though much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days, and that's as long as Cork."

And as Marlborough commanded on the first and third days of the siege: viz. the 27th and 29th September, 1690, he obtained the credit of taking Cork. As a military exploit it was one of no great difficulty; but in a political point of view it was important, and the achievement was proportionably magnified for party purposes. Marlborough's success at Cork may be considered as the foundation of his future fame and fortune. "The Earl arrived at Kensington on the 28th October," says a contemporary writer, "where he received that favourable welcome from their majesties which his great services deserved. How his lordship came a year after to lay down his employments is still a secret."

Immediately after the taking of Cork, Kinsale sur-

rendered ; and the adherents of James truly sung, in rhymes still current in Ireland :

“ We have no fortresses that we can call our own,
But Limerick stout, Galway, and brave Athlone.”

THE WOMAN WARRIOR.

LET the females attend
To the lines which are penn'd,
For here I shall give a relation
Of a young marry'd wife
Who did venture her life ;
For a soldier, a soldier she went from the nation.

She her husband did leave,
And did likewise receive
Her arms, and on board she did enter ;
And right valiantly went
With a resolution bent
To the ocean, the ocean, her life there to venture.

Yet of all the ship's crew,
Not a seaman that knew
They then had a woman so near 'em ;
On the ocean so deep
She her counsel did keep,
Ay, and therefore, and therefore she never did
fear 'em.

She was valiant and bold,
And would not be control'd
By any that dare to offend her ;
If a quarrel arose,
She would give him dry blows,
And the captain, the captain did highly commend
her.

For he took her to be
Then of no mean degree,
A gentleman's son, or a squire ;
With a hand white and fair,
There was none could compare,
Which the captain, the captain did often admire.

On the Irish shore,
Where the cannons did roar,
With many stout lads she was landed ;
There her life to expose,
She lost two of her toes,
And in battle, in battle was daily commended.

Under Grafton* she fought,
Like a brave hero stout,
And made the proud Tories retire ;
She in field did appear
With a heart void of fear,
And she bravely, she bravely did charge and
give fire.

* See note (A).

While the battering balls,
Did assault the strong walls
Of Cork, and sweet trumpets sounded ;
She did bravely advance
Where by unhappy chance
This young female, young female, alas ! was
wounded.

At the end of the fray
Still she languishing lay,
Then over the ocean they brought her,
To her own native shore :
Now they ne'er knew before
That a woman, a woman had been in that slaughter.

What she long had conceal'd
Now at length she reveal'd,
That she was a woman that ventur'd ;
Then to London with care
She did straightways repair,
But she dy'd, oh she dy'd e'er the city she enter'd.

When her parents beheld,
They with sorrow was fill'd,
For why, they did dearly adore her ;
In her grave now she lies,
'Tis not watery eyes,
No, nor sighing, nor sighing that e'er can re-
store her.

NOTE.

(A) The Duke of Grafton (son of Charles II) served as a volunteer at the siege of Cork, and received a mortal wound in his shoulder, while leading some grenadiers to the assault. The place where he fell, which then was a marsh, has since been built upon, and the street named "Grafton's Alley," from this event. The Duke died at Cork on the 9th October. ("London Gazette," 2,604.) "His bowels," says Fitzgerald, in his rude local chronicle, "The Cork Remembrancer," "were buried at Spring Garden, and his body carried to England." The following jocular and equivocal epitaph on the Duke of Grafton's death, does full justice to his bravery :

"Beneath this place
Is stowed his Grace
The Duke of Grafton ;
As sharp a blade
As e'er was made,
Or e'er had haft on ;
Who ne'er turn'd tail,
Though shot like hail
Flew 'bout his ears,
Through pikes and spears
So thick they hid the sun,
He valued not the balls of gun,
He ne'er would dread
Shot made of lead,
Or cannon-ball,
Nothing at all.
Yet a bullet of *Cork*
Soon did his work ;
Unhappy pellet,
With grief I tell it,
It has undone
Great Cæsar's son,
A statesman spoiled,
A soldier foiled,
God rot him
Who shot him,
A son of a whore,
I say no more."

THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

WHEN the Editor placed before the Council of the Percy Society, the extremely rare, if not unique, pamphlet, in which the following curious contemporary song, on the return of William III from Ireland, occurs, the wish of the Council appeared to be, that, instead of inserting merely the song in the present collection, the pamphlet should be reprinted entire.

This pamphlet is a small quarto, consisting of eighteen pages, and entitled "La Conquête d'Irlande; Dialogue en Vers." The imprint: "A Londres, chez R. Baldwin, dans Warwick Lane, à l'Enseigne des Armes d'Oxford. 1691." It was formerly, as appears from the stamp, "BIBLIOTHECA HEBERIANA," in the possession of the late Mr. Heber. The character of this production resembles the masque of Charles the First's time, and that it was written by a French refugee is certain, from the national feeling evident in many passages. Neither can it escape the reader how politely the exiled king is treated in a party song; there is nothing of asperity—no abuse whatever; he is merely "the unfortunate Mœris." If it had been the production of an English pen, James's "papistrie" would scarcely have been passed without notice.

With respect to the reception given by King William to the French Protestants, it has been observed* that

* The History of King William III. (1702) vol. ii. p. 78.

“it became a prince who owed his greatness to his being the support of the Protestant interest to cast an eye of compassion upon those who had abandoned their possessions and various callings in France upon the score of religion; wherefore his Majesty issued out a proclamation, [25th April, 1689] whereby he declared, ‘That finding in his subjects a true and just sense of their deliverance from the persecution lately threatening them for their religion, and of the miseries and oppressions the French Protestants lay under, such of them as should seek their refuge in, and transport themselves into, this kingdom of England, should not only have his royal protection, but he would so aid and assist them in their several trades and ways of livelihood, as that their being in this realm might be comfortable and easie to them.

“Some people, altogether void of charity, repined at this invitation given to foreigners to settle here; but the generality highly applauded his Majesty for it, not only out of a Christian tenderness for their persecuted brethren, but also out of their love for the welfare of England; wisely considering that the kind entertainment Queen Elizabeth gave to the Walloons, whom the Inquisition drove out of the Low Countries, had vastly improved the woollen and silken manufactures of this nation; and that the Dutch daily increased in riches and strength, by the favour they showed to the French refugees, amongst whom were many wealthy merchants, or brave and experienced officers and soldiers, who would cheerfully venture their lives in the defence of

the Protestant religion, and of those States that afforded them protection."

The Editor has preferred faithfully retaining the spelling of the original tract, to making any, even a literal alteration.

LA CONQUÊTE D'IRLANDE.

INTERLOCUTEURS :

ARISTE	<i>Anglois.</i>
LYCIDAS	<i>Irlandois Refugié.</i>
HYPOMÈNE	<i>François Refugié.</i>
ALEXIS	<i>Hollandois.</i>
THÉOPHANE	<i>Anglois.</i>

ARISTE.

QUEL sujet, Lycidas, si matin vous ameine ?

LYCIDAS.

Cork, Ariste, est rendu, la nouvelle est certaine,

Le brave Malborough signalant sa valeur,*

A montré ce que peut la conduite et le cœur.

Les Irlandois vaincus et prisonniers de guerre,

* See introductory remarks to the preceding song, p. 74.

Le François pred * courage, et ne voit rien sur terre,
 Qui puisse l'empêcher de tomber dans les fers ;
 La fuite est son refuge, il repasse les mers.
 Kingsale à nos soldats ouvre aussi-tôt les portes,
 Le Vieux Fort emporté par nos braves cohortes ;
 Le Nouveau quelque jours vainement se défend,
 Nos valûreux guerriers le pressent, il se rend.†
 Mais, ô chère conquête ! ô cruel sort des armes !
 Grafton y meurt ;‡ Bellone en a versé des larmes,
 Mars répand à sa mort du sang au lieu de pleurs,
 Et l'île par des cris témoigne ses douleurs.§
 Manes appeaisez-vous, l'Hybernois prend la fuite,
 Et le Printemps prochain voit l'Irlande réduite.
 L'Automne le verroit, si le faux point d'honneur||
 N'eût pas devant Limrick retardé ce bonheur.
 Tandis que les premiers trop avides de gloire,
 Disputent aux seconds l'honneur de la victoire,
 Le canon ennemi tonne de toutes parts,
 Et les chasse tous deux de dessus les remparts.

ARISTE.

J'ay sù ce coup fatal, mais puis qu'en recompense,
 On voit tout Albion en bonne intelligence,
 Le Parlement conforme aux volontez du Roy,
 Un rebelle vaincu nous ferat-il la loy ?

LYCIDAS.

Non. Je crains seulement la France martiale. . . .

* No doubt a misprint for *perd.*

† See p. 79.

‡ See note (A).

§ See note (B).

|| See p. 75.

ARISTE.

Il est vray, sa valeur que nulle autre n'égale,
 Son pouvoir qu'aucun coup ne paroît ébranler,
 Son Prince qui jamais ne semble chanceler,
 Son peuple trop zelé, ses conseillers trop sages,
 Et ses succès passez sont de tristes presages.
 La dernière campagne, on a vû les Germains
 Assez unis entr'eux n'en venir point aux mains,
 Le Batave battu, le Savoyard en fuite,
 Opprimez par le nombre, ou faute de conduite,
 Ou le François montrant trop d'adresse et de cœur.
 Mais qu'il est beau de vaincre un Roy toujourn vain-
 queur !

Que son nom soit illustre et son pouvoir terrible,
 Louis est vaincu, mais non pas invincible ;
 Plus l'adversaire est noble et le combat douteux,
 Plus la victoire est belle et le sort glorieux.
 Quel ennemi craint-on, si le bras de *Guillaume*
 A fait voir si souvent qu'il vaut seul un royaume ?
 Suivons-le, et que les soins de nos cœurs soient banis.
 A propos : et vos vers, le Retour de *Daphnis*,*
 Ne peut-on point les voir ?

LYCIDAS.

Quoy, devant Hypomène
 Lire des vers François ?

HYPOMÈNE.

Ma presence vous gêne ;
 Je m'en vay.

* William III.

LYCIDAS.

Vous pouvez m'entendre sans danger,
 Pourvû que vous pensiez que je suis étranger,
 Et qu'il faut me passer quelque faute grossière.

HYPOMÈNE.

A d'autres. Vous rimez aussi bien que Molière.

LE RETOUR DE DAPHNIS.

STANCES.

LYCIDAS *lit.*

I.

Bergers, chantons en ce beau jour
 Le Libérateur de retour ;
 Le ciel nous a rendu cette tête si chère ;
 Oublions nos ennuis, oublions nos frayeurs,
 Et si quelque souci ronge encore nos cœurs,
 Que ce soit le soin de luy plaire.

II.

Louons le Souverain des Cieux,
 Qui sur ce héros tient les yeux,
 Qui par tout l'accompagne, et par tout le couronne ;
 La foudre a respecté les lauriers de Daphnis,
 Et quand sous ces rameaux nous nous tiendrons unis,
 Qu'aucun danger ne nous étonne.

III.

Son grand cœur le porte aux hazards,
 Il veut surpasser les Cezars ;
 Il vient, il voit, il vainc, il conquiert l'Hybernie ;
 Des passages forcez qu'on ne nous parle plus,
 De l'Hydaspe, du Rhin, des Alpes, du Taurus,
 La Boyne a leur gloire ternie.

IV.

Où sont ces guerriers indomptez,
 Dans un coin de leur camp plantez,
 Ou du sommet d'un mont regardant si l'on donne ;
 Qu'ils ne s'excusent plus sur le sort des combats,
 C'est d'eux que vient le mal ; que peuvent des soldats
 Lors que le chef les abandonne ?*

V.

C'est à nôtre chef glorieux,
 Qu'est dû le succès de nos vœux :
 C'est de son sang versé que l'on tient la victoire ; †
 Playe heureuse qui fait le salut du Païs,
 Anime nos guerriers, abat nos ennemis,
 Et comble le blessé de gloire !

VI.

Qui peut égaler sa valeur ?
 Rien que luy seul dans le malheur,
 C'est alors que l'on voit triompher sa sagesse ;
 C'est dans l'adversité qu'éclate sa vertu,
 Et jamais sous ce poids son courage abatu,
 Ne marqua la moindre foiblesse.

* See p. 63, and note (G).

† See note (C).

VII.

Soit imprudence, ou lâcheté,
 Ascendant, ou fatalité,
 Les maîtres de la mer, batus sur leur rivage;
 Succombent sous l'effort du superbe Gaulois;*
 Et le Batave aux mains deserté de l'Anglois,
 Luy laisse l'ocean en gage.

VIII.

Un ange vient dans le moment,
 Rapporter ce coup assommant
 Au valûreux Daphnis, qui rangeoit son armée,
 Prêt à passer le fleuve, et livrer le combat.
 Croit-on sous ce revers que son ame s'abat ?
 Elle n'est pas même allarmée.†

IX.

Nul trait ne trahit sa douleur;
 "Courage !" dit-il ; " le malheur
 Poursuit nos ennemis, et sur mer et sur terre ;
 Passons, amis, passons, l'Hybernois est à nous ;
 Ces lâches pourroient-ils resister à vos coups,
 Et savent-ils l'art de la guerre ?"

X.

Ainsi qu'un rapide torrent,
 Dont la pluye enfle le courant,
 Inonde, entraine, abat, et semble toujours craître,
 Ainsi l'on voit nager nos valûreux guerriers,
 Terrasser, foudroyer, et courir aux lauriers,
 Sur les traces de leur grand maître.

* See note (D).

† See note (E).

XI.

Qui pourroit ne pas avancer,
 En voyant ce heros percer
 Les épais bataillons des forces d'Hybernie ;
 En le voyant suivi du PRINCE¹ et de Schomberg,²
 De Solmes,³ de Douglas,⁴ Cutts,⁵ Lumley,⁶ Wirtemberg,⁷
 Renversant la troupe ennemie.

XII.

Par tout l'Hybernois chancelant
 Fuit devant Ormond⁸ et Portland ;⁹
 Overkerk¹⁰ y fait voir la valeur qui l'anime ;
 Oxford,¹¹ Ginkle,¹² Sidney,¹³ Montpouillan,¹⁴ Scravemor,¹⁵
 Harmstad,¹⁶ et cent guerriers s'y signalent encor,
 Que l'on ne peut nommer en rime.

¹ Prince George of Denmark, see p. 52.

² Count Schomberg, General of the Horse.

³ Henry, Count de Solmes, or Zolmes, General of the Foot ; made Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, on King William's return to England.

⁴ Lieutenant-General Douglas.

⁵ John, Lord Cutts ; see note (F).

⁶ Richard, Viscount Lumley, created Earl of Scarborough.

⁷ The Duke of Wirtemberg, General of the Danes ; see p. 75.

⁸ The Duke of Ormond ; see p. 52.

⁹ Earl of Portland, Maistre-Général des Camp ; see p. 52.

¹⁰ Lord Overkirk, Maistre-Général des Camp ; see p. 52.

¹¹ The Earl of Oxford ; see p. 52.

¹² Baron de Ginckel, Lieutenant-General ; made Commander-in-Chief of the army on Count Solmes leaving for England in September 1690. The Victor of Anghrim, and the negociator of the memorable "Articles of Limerick." Created Earl of Athlone.

¹³ Henry, Viscount Sidney, Major-General of Foot ; see

XIII.

Cependant le triste Mœris*
 Pousse au ciel d'inutiles cris,
 Lors qu'il voit fuir ses gens du haut d'une colline ;
 Et ne pouvant forcer l'implacable destin,
 Il cède et se retire en hâte vers Dublin,†
 Cachant le chagrin qui le mine.

XIV.

C'est trop long-temps braver le sort,
 Ne pouvant rencontrer la mort,
 "Fuyons, amis," dit-il, "et retournons en France ;
 Daphnis est invincible, on a beau résister ;
 Pour plaire au grand Louis, j'ay voulu tout tenter,
 Mais à quoy nous sert la défense ?"

XV.

Laissons ce Prince infortuné
 Recourir à son Dieu-donné,‡
 Revenons à Daphnis, que la gloire environne ;
 Son parti dans Dublin se trouve le plus fort,
 Drogheda se soumet,§ on luy rend Waterford,||
 L'ennemi les champs abandonne.

p. 52. Appointed one of the Lord Justices of Ireland, and afterwards Secretary of State ; created in 1694 Earl of Rumney.

¹⁴ The Marquis of Montpouillan, the senior commander of one of the thirteen Dutch regiments which went into Ireland with William.

¹⁵ Or Scravenmore, Major-General of Horse.

¹⁶ The Prince of Hesse Darmstadt.

* James II.

† See note (G).

‡ Does this allude to the Pretender,—the warming-pan gentleman ? or does it refer to James's Popish propensities ?

§ See note (H).

|| See note (I).

XVI.

Venez, vaincus,—venez, vainqueurs ;
 Jouissez en paix des douceurs
 D'un empire où le ciel a fait tant de merveilles ;
 Soumettez à ses loix jusques à vos desirs,
 Et si jamais en haut vous poussez des sôûpirs,
 Demandez des graces pareilles.

XVII.

Priez qu'il prolonge les jours
 D'un roy nôtre unique recours,
 Qui nous défend luy seul contre deux puissant Princes ;
 Qui pour nôtre repos affronte le danger,
 Arme, unit nos voisins afin de nous vanger,
 Et gagne en un mois des provinces.

XVIII.

Et de la tête et de la main,
 Par tout il paroît plus qu'humain,
 Passant les demi-dieux dont nous parle la fable ;
 Général, capitaine, et soldat à la fois,
 Un Nestor en conseil, un Achile en exploits,
 Ah ! que n'est-il invulnerable !

XIX.

Le ciel est fécond en bien-faits,
 Nous en ressentons les effets,
 Mais peut-on espérer miracle sur miracle ?
 Est-ce que les boulets connoissent les héros ?
 Si quelqu'un de leurs coups tranchoit des jours si beaux,
 Bon Dieu, quel terrible spectacle !

XX.

On verroit l'insolent Gaulois,
 Sur nos côtes donner les loix,
 Tenter encor un coup d'y faire un descente ;
 On verroit le saint nom de la Religion,
 Servant de couverture à chaque faction,
 Armer la discorde naissante.

XXI.

On verroit de fleuves de sang
 Du plus haut et du plus bas rang
 La Tamise grossie, et la terre couverte.
 Daphnis, quand ta valeur t'engage à conquérir,
 Pense qu'un coup fatal t'y peut faire perir,
 Et que rien n'égale ta perte.

XXII.

Pasteurs, dont les sacrez accens
 Sur ce Prince sont si puissans,
 De cueillir des lauriers faites luy perdre envie ;
 Chantez que son courage a passé nos souhaits,
 Qu'il ne doit plus songer qu'à rétablir la paix,
 Assurant nos jours par sa vie.

XXIII.

Compagnons, illustres rivaux,
 De sa gloire et de ses travaux,
 Gardez de réveiller son ardeur martiale ;
 Pensez que le peril est aussi fait pour vous,
 Et qu'à suivre un héros au plus épais des coups,
 Le danger vôtre honneur égale.

XXIV.

Innocente troupe d'agneaux,
 Remplissez de cris ces côtaux,
 Et qu'à vos bêlemens son grand cœur s'amolisse ;
 Nymphes, pour l'enchaîner employez vos attraits,
 Amour, pour le blesser décoche tous tes traits,
 Et l'on rira de ta malice.

XXV.

Nymphes, je crains pour vos appas,
 Daphnis est né pour les combats,
 Sensible au seul plaisir d'achever sa victoire ;
 Le printemps cessera d'embelir nos guerets,
 Les oiseaux de chanter dans le fonds des forêts,
 Plûtôt que luy d'aimer la gloire.

HYPOMÈNE.

Ouy, cruel Lycidas, j'espere que vos vœux
 Du ciel et de Daphnis censez pernicieux,
 A quoy que vôtre zele indiscret vous engage,
 Seront placez au rang des serments d'un volage.
 Voulez-vous par vos cris arrêter un héros,
 De qui l'Europe en trouble attend seul le repos ;
 Du reproche honteux d'une conduite mole
 Ternir un nom chanté de l'un à l'autre pole,
 Et retenir le bras qui veut nous secourir,
 De crainte des hazards qu'on court à conquerir.
 Ne craignez rien, le Ciel, son ange tutélaire,
 Le rendra possesseur de prince titulaire ;
 Je vois encor un coup couronner ce grand roy,
 N'enviez point aux Francs de vivre sous sa loy.

LYCIDAS.

Parlons p'us franchement, avouéz le, Hypomène,
 L'interêt d'Albion n'est pas ce qui vous meine ;
 Un motif plus puissant anime vos raisons ;
 On vous retient des prez, des champs, et des maisons,
 Des enfans bien nourris, une femme fort sage,
 Les bourreaux ont sur vous lassé toute leur rage ;
 C'est un mal sans remède. On a vû de tous tems
 Les petits exposez à la fureur des grands,
 Et quand de se vanger ils ont eu la manie,
 Ajoûter à leurs maux nouvelle ignominie.
 Croyez-moy, soyez calme, et benissez le sort,
 Par un naufrage heureux vous vous trouvez au port.
 Chez tous les Protestans, les peuples, et les princes
 Vous ont ouvert les bras, leur bourse, et leurs provinces,
 Eu plus d'égards pour vous que pour ceux du païs,
 Qu'esperez-vous de tel parmi nos ennemis ?
 Vous voulez, dites-vous, aller joindre vos frères,
 Les aider à sortir de leurs longues misères.
 Puisse le juste Ciel accomplir vos souhaits,
 Et que suivant chez vous la Victoire ou la Paix,
 Vous goûtiez les plaisirs d'une innocente vie.
 Puisse les traits malins d'une jalouse envie
 N'irriter plus l'esprit du monarque Gaulois,
 Et ne plus renverser le boulevard des loix.
 Qu'il n'arrive jamais de rupture nouvelle,
 Capable à vous forcer d'être ingrat ou rebelle,
 De trahir vôtre prince ou vôtre défenseur.

HYPOMÈNE.

Vos vœux en apparence ont beaucoup de douceur,

Mais ils cachent au fond je ne say quoy qui pique.
 Voulez-vous nous charger de la haine publique ;
 Qu'odieux aux Bretons, et suspects aux François,
 Nous errions vagabonds par les monts et les bois ;
 Toujours battus des flots, des vents, de la tempête,
 Sans trouver nulle part où reposer la tête ?

ARISTE.

Non, Hypomène, non, connoissez Lycidas,
 Vous nuire ce seroit avoir le cœur trop bas,
 Il vous aime, et voudroit vous voir l'esprit tranquille,
 Et n'abandonner pas aisément vôtre azyle.

HYPOMÈNE.

Nous suivrons vos avis, la prudence du roy
 Nous servira de guide, et ses ordres de loy.
 Si sa protection merite nos services,
 Son exemple et son bras sont des heureux auspices,
 Sous qui le fier Gaulois peut craindre des banis.

ALEXIS.

Je vous laisse en repos disposer de Daphnis,
 L'arrêter dans vôtre isle, ou l'amener en France :
 D'autres raisons chez luy font pancher la balance.
 Son grand cœur renfermant les secrets de l'état,
 Vouloir le découvrir c'est faire un attentat.
 Mais si j'ose mêler mes pensées aux autres,
 De plus forts interêts l'emportent sur les vôtres.
 Chez les gens vertueux, les amis anciens
 Sont toujours preferez à de nouveaux liens.
 Ce sacré rejetton de tant d'illustres princes,
 A vû le jour naissant dans nos riches provinces,
 Qui trois lustres et plus sous sa direction,

Ont témoigné pour luy leur tendre affection.
 C'est pour vôtre salut, ou de toute la terre,
 Qu'un puissant roy nous fait une mortelle guerre,
 Et de vôtre bonheur ce monarque jaloux,
 Nous fit pour l'empêcher sentir ses premiers coups.
 L'officieux Germain veut en vain nous défendre,
 Sans le bras de Daphnis que pouvons-nous attendre ?
 Prêtez-nous son secours, rendez-le à son païs,
 C'est le seul Mars qu'on peut opposer à Louïs.

ARISTE.

Ouy, nous vous le rendrons, mais avec cette clause,
 Qu'en maître souverain de vos cœurs il dispose,
 Et que vous n'alliez pas par de faux contre-temps,
 Mettre obstacle aux succès dont vous serez contens.
 Qu'ôtant de vos esprits une crainte importune,
 Vous luy laissiez le soin de la cause commune ;
 Qu'une trop naturelle, ou maligne lenteur,
 Fasse place aux efforts d'une sincère ardeur ;
 Que vous fermiez l'oreille aux vaines conjectures
 D'un ennemi qui tâche à rompre nos mesures,
 Et vous faire abuser de vôtre liberté,
 Par un jaloux caprice ou par témérité,
 Pour causer nôtre deuil, ne faites pas sa joie,
 Et ne nous livrez pas à ses fureurs en proie.

ALEXIS.

Accusez de caprice et de soubçon jaloux,
 Nous pourrions le souffrir d'un autre que de vous.
 Chez qui regnent le plus les plaintes, les murmures,
 Les libelles malins, les fausses conjectures ?
 Voit-on chez les Batave, écrivain ou rimeur

S'en prendre insolemment aux droits du gouverneur ?
 A-on [*A-t-on*] ouï parler chez nous de Jacobites,
 Ou de Louisiens ? en connoissez-vous ? dites.

HYPOMÈNE.

Eh, de grâce ! Bergers, ne passez pas plus loin,
 Si de vous chagriner vous prenez tant de soin,
 Croyez-vous que toujours un fidèle Hypomène
 De vous racommoder se donnera la peine ?
 Manquons nous d'ennemis, déclarez ou couverts,
 Qui nous font quereller pour nous mettre des fers ?

THÉOPHANE.

Embrassez-vous, bergers, et sortez de vos doutes,
 Vous courez à Daphnis par différentes routes,
 Unissez vos efforts contre nos ennemis,
 Assurez du succès que le ciel a promis.

ARISTE.

Promis ! Expliquez-vous, comment donc, Théophaue ?
 Dites, ne craignez point ici d'esprit profane.

ALEXIS.

Est-ce un prophète ? A-t-il eu quelque vision ?

THÉOPHANE.

Ce siècle est-il un temps à révélation ?

LYCIDAS.

Qui vous fait donc parler ainsi ?

THÉOPHANE.

Ce n'est qu'un songe.

HYPOMÈNE.

Ecoutons.

THÉOPHANE.

Accablé du chagrin qui me ronge,

Depuis que pour ranger l'Hybernois sous la loy,
Nous voyons tous les jours s'exposer un grand roy ;
Dans un lieu solitaire où souvent je m'égare,
Je rêve au bonheur que son retour prépare.
La fraîcheur de l'ombrage et l'ardeur du soleil,
La lassitude enfin m'invitoient au sommeil.
Je m'étends sous un arbre, où tôt après Morphée
Eut enchanté mes sens, et ma peine étouffée.
Dans ce profond sommeil, tout à coup d'un haut ton,
Une celeste voix m'appelle par mon nom.
Je m'éveille en sursaut, au moins il me le semble,
Un éclat de splendeur m'environne, je tremble,
Je pâlis, je frémis, je ne sais où je suis,
Je fais de vains efforts pour parler, je ne puis.
Ne crains point, dit la voix, Ecoute, Théopane,
Ce que n'ouït jamais une oreille prophane.
Avant que Cynthie ait fourni trois cours entiers,
Ton Daphnis reviendra couronné de lauriers.
Avant que Phebus ait parcouru l'Ecliptique,
Ce heros finira la misère publique.
Ses deux fiers ennemis égaux en leur malheur,
Tous deux craints par leur haine, et l'un par sa valeur,
Ne pouvant soutenir l'effort de sa puissance :
Ou ploiront sous son joug, ou fuiront sa présence.
Au devant du vainqueur tout le peuple sortant,
Témoigne par ses cris combien il est content ;
Les cloches, les buchers marquent leur allegresse ;
Les harangues, les vers expriment leur tendresse ;
Mais cependant Daphnis, qui veille pour l'état,
S'applique à prévenir un nouvel attentat,

Jette les fondemens d'une paix immobile,
Qui rende le pays florissant et tranquile,
Qui remette le calme au milieu d'Albion ;
Et luy fasse oublier le nom de faction.
Tandis que l'Aquilon fait regner la froidure,
Et que d'épais frimats il couvre la nature,
Son esprit penetrant perce dans l'avenir,
Et contre ses projets rien ne sauroit tenir.
A quelle des vertus donner la preference ?
Sera-ce à sa valeur ? sera-ce à sa prudence ?
Ses desseins sont bâtis qu'ils ne sauroient tomber,
Et son bras si puissant qu'il ne peut succomber.
Mais le printemps revient, et déjà le Zephire,
Semble éveiller Daphnis, et sans cesse luy dire,
Qu'il faut passer la mer et voler au secours
D'une troupe d'amis qui l'attend tous les jours :
Que combattre sans luy c'est tenter l'impossible,
Qu'à tout autre qu'à luy la France est invincible,
Et qu'à toute l'Europe elle mettra des fers,
Si son bras ne luy fait sentir un dur revers.
Neptune l'a déjà porté chez les Bataves,
Je le vois entouré d'une troupe de braves,
Qui s'animent l'un l'autre à répandre leur sang,
Et veulent au combat chacun le premier rang.
Le Breton et le Belge oubliant leurs querelles,
Montrent à le servir des ardeurs mutuelles ;
L'Espagnol a repris son antique valeur ;
En suivant ce heros qui peut manquer de cœur ?
Pour l'interêt commun de la cause publique,
On voit se réunir tout le corps Germanique,

Et du brave Lorrain s'ils regrettent le sort,
 Ils trouvent plus ici que n'a ravi la mort.
 La Boyne et le Shannon ne sont pas de sa gloire
 D'assez dignes témoins. Et le Rhin, et la Loire,
 Et le Danube, et l'Arne, et le Tybre fameux,
 Raconteront un jour ses exploits merveilleux.
 Ses grandes actions rempliront les histoires,
 Et ses combats seront contez par ses victoires.
 Mais que vois-je ! l'Envie au parler décevant,
 Monstre qui meurt sans cesse, et sans cesse est vivant,
 Qui du bien des humains fait sa plus grande peine,
 Et ne prend du plaisir que dans ce qui les gêne,
 Le sujet de l'horreur de la Terre et des Cieux,
 Veut rendre de Daphnis les desseins odieux,
 Impute sa valeur à son heureuse étoile,
 Et de la piété prenant le sacré voile,
 Inspire aux faux zelez qu'ils doivent craindre un bras,
 Qui des Saints fainéans menace le trépas,
 Qui met dans Albion l'Eglise sur le trône,
 Et tâche d'abolir le nom de Babylone.
 Puis tournant ses regards vers les ambitieux,
 La grandeur du heros qu'elle expose à leurs yeux,
 Son nom écrit au front du Temple de Mémoire,
 Les grandes actions qui ternissent leur gloire,
 Et l'amour qu'ont pour lui ses fideles sujets,
 Les porte à traverser ses illustres projets.
 Enfin cette Megère anime un cœur timide,
 En peignant de Daphnis le courage intrepide,
 Et leur persuadant que ses vastes desseins
 Vont à luy conquérir l'empire des humains ;

Que trop différer met la fortune en balance,
Et qu'il est encor temps de borner sa puissance.
L'Ignorance à ces mots leve ses étendarts,
La Discorde en fureur fremit de toutes parts,
L'alliance se romt. Un amas de perfides
Forment contre Daphnis des complots parricides ;
Les Protestans, liguez pour proteger Sion,
Jurent d'anéantir la superstition.
Ne crain point de Babel l'impuissant artifice,
De la religion sôutien seul l'édifice,
Daphnis, la verité s'est commise à tes soins,
Et son Père Eternel veille pour ses besoins.
Va, fais la triompher du couchant à l'aurore,
Heros cheri du Ciel ; que le Tybre l'adore,
Que la Seine qui l'aime, et ne l'embrasse pas,
Avec toutes ses eaux se jette entre tes bras :
Que l'aigle ravissante abhorre le carnage,
Du sang des meurtriers fais déborder le Tage,
Sois le Libérateur du Chrétien gémissant,
Et va planter la croix où regne le croisant.
A ces mots la voix cesse, et ma foible paupière
Eblouïe à l'instant d'un éclat de lumière,
Je ne say si pour lors je commence à veiller,
Ou si je n'avois fait encor que sommeiller.
Mais cette vision me chargeant la memoire,
Je vous cherchois, amis, pour en faire l'histoire.

FIN.

NOTES.

(A) Cork being reduced (see p. 75), was put under the government of Colonel Hales. "Brigadier Villiers was, the same day, detached with a party to possess himself of Kinsale, which not being tenable was deserted by the enemy. On the 2nd October, the Lord Marlborough came thither with the army; on the 3rd, Major-General Tettau and Colonel Fitz-Patrick, with about eight hundred men, got over in boats, unperceived, near Ringroan Castle, marched towards the Old Fort (called Castle ni Park), which they boldly assaulted and took by storm; whereupon the enemy retired into the Castle, but, at the same time, three barrels of their powder took fire at the gate, and blew it up, with about forty soldiers. At length the governor, Colonel Driscoll, and two hundred of the garrison, being killed, the rest surrendered upon quarter.

"Hereupon the New Fort (called Charles Fort) was summoned; but Sir Edward Scot, the governor, answered, that it would be time enough a month hence to talk of surrendering: whereupon the trenches were opened the 5th October; the batteries were managed by the Danes on the east, and by the English on the north. On the 15th a breach was made by the Danes, and the English being masters of the counterscarp, they sprung a mine with good success, when the governor capitulated, and surrendered upon honourable conditions: which would not have been granted, but that the weather was exceedingly bad, provisions scarce, and the army very sickly. Colonel O'Donovan delivered the keys of this fort into Lord Marlborough's hands, who having thus fortunately accomplished the design of his voyage, left his brother, Brigadier Churchill, governor of Charles Fort; and having disposed

his regiments into Cork, Kinsale, and Bandon, he returned with the fleet to Portsmouth.”—*Sir Richard Cox's Narration*, MS. quoted by Smith in his *History of Cork*.

(B) Although it is not probable that Ireland would respond by its cries to the feeling of the English upon the death of the Duke of Grafton, it is nevertheless probable that native professional keeners exerted their extraordinary powers upon that occasion. Stanihurst observes:—“They [the Irish] follow the dead corpse to the grave with howling and barbarous outcries, pitifull in aparance; whereof grew, as I suppose, the proverbe, ‘To weepe Irish.’”

(C) On the 30th June, King William encamped about a mile distant from the River Boyne, and at noon he rode in full view of the Irish army, which lay encamped on the other side.

“The enemy soon discovered it must be His Majesty who was so attended, which made them draw down two pieces of six-pound ball from the forts a little higher, and planted them opposite to the place where our horse were drawn up, they presently began to fire, and one of the balls passed so close to His Majesty that it took away a piece of his coat, waste coat, and shirt, raised the skin on the blade of his right shoulder and drew a little blood; but a plaister being put on, His Majesty continued on horseback without the least concern, till four in the afternoon, when he dined, and in the evening was on horseback again, though he had been up from one in the morning.”—*Villare Hibernicum, or a View of His Majesty's late Conquest in Ireland, by W. Griffyth, Esq.* 1690.

The Irish local tradition respecting this memorable shot is perhaps worth repeating. It is said that one of James's

officers observing William on the opposite bank of the river, directed two guns to be brought to a particular spot, where they would be concealed by some old thorns, under the direction of a gunner named Burke, who was reputed to be exceedingly skilful in his art. The officer rode off to James, who was not far distant, and solicited His Majesty to behold the shot, which he complied with, and came up to the guns just as Burke said :—" I have the Prince of Orange covered ;" James, instead of giving the word fire, exclaimed : " Would you make a widow of my daughter ?" But the gunner, who saw only the movement of his monarch's lips, mistook the import of his words, and applied his match to the touch-hole.

The news of William's death immediately spread through the Irish camp, and was speedily carried to Paris. Voltaire, in his " *Siècle de Louis XIV.*," says :—" Cette fausse nouvelle fut reçue à Paris avec une joie indécente et honteuse. Quelques magistrats subalternes encouragèrent les bourgeois et le peuple à faire des illuminations. On sonna les cloches ; on brula dans plusieurs quartiers des figures d'osier qui représentèrent le Prince d'Orange, comme on brule le pape dans Londres ; on tira le canon de la Bastille, non par ordre du roi, mais par le zèle inconsidéré d'un commandant."

(D) The 29th April, 1689, Admiral Herbert, being on the south coast of Ireland, by his scouts discovered the French fleet, and next day had intelligence that they were gone into Baltimore, being forty-four sail ; but, on pursuing them, the scouts had sight of them to the west of Cape Clear ; and, upon steering after them, found they were got into Bantry Bay. The admiral lay off the bay all night, and next morning stood in, where he found the enemy at anchor ; but soon got under sail, bearing down upon him, in a line composed of twenty-eight men of war and five fire ships. When they

came within musquet-shot of the *Defiance*, who led the van, the French admiral put out the signal of battle; which was begun by firing their great and small shot at the *Defiance*, and the rest as they came into line. The English made several boards to gain the wind, or, at least to engage them closer. Finding that way of working very disadvantageous, Admiral Herbert stood off to sea, as well to have got his ships into a line as to have gained the wind of the enemy; but found them so cautious in bearing down, that he could not get an opportunity to do it; so continued battering upon a stretch till five in the afternoon, when the French admiral stood into the bay. The admiral's ship and some others being disabled in their rigging, they could not follow them; but continued for some time after before the bay, and the admiral gave them a gun at parting. In this action Captain George Aylmer, of the *Portland*, with one lieutenant and ninety-four seamen were killed, and about two hundred and fifty wounded. On the 7th of May the admiral got into Plymouth with the fleet.—*Campbell's Naval History*, vol. iii. p. 9.

Although it appears to have been William's policy to consider this encounter in the light of a victory (see subsequent note), the dispassionate historian must regard the affair as a defeat. If any advantage was gained, that advantage was most unquestionably on the side of the French fleet.

(E) On the 15th May, 1689, a fortnight after the encounter of the French and English fleets off the south-west coast of Ireland, King William went to Portsmouth, "both to hasten the refitting of the fleet, and to distribute rewards to the officers and soldiers who had distinguished themselves in the late engagement. Admiral Herbert was declared, and soon after made Earl of Torrington; Captain John Ashby, com-

mander of the *Defiance*, and Captain *Cloudealy Shovel*, of the *Edgar*, received the honour of knighthood; and each seaman a gratuity of ten shillings, which amounted to the sum of £26,000. Besides this donative to the living, His Majesty's bounty extended to the relicts of those who had lost their lives in his and their country's service. Some report that when the king received the news of this sea-fight, he said: 'That 'twas necessary in the beginning of a war, but that it had been rash in the course of it.'—*Bowyer's History of William III*, vol. ii. p. 83.

(F) "Lord John Cutts, one of the most memorable men of his day, a soldier of great enterprise and bravery, was the son of Richard Cutts, Esq. of Matching in Essex. He entered early into the army, and served under the Duke of Monmouth abroad; was aid-du-camp to the Duke of Lorraine in Hungary, and signalized himself in an extraordinary manner at the taking of Breda by the Imperialists, in 1686. By what means he found leisure to court the muses does not appear; but in 1687, his 'Poetical Exercises,' written upon several occasions, dedicated to Her Royal Highness Mary, Princess of Orange, afterwards Queen Mary, were printed in 8vo. containing verses to that princess, to Waller, &c. among them one entitled 'La Muse Cavalier.'

"On the landing of the Prince of Orange, he had conferred on him the command of a regiment, and was created Baron of Gowran in Ireland, December 6, 1690. April 14, 1693, he was appointed governor of the Isle of Wight, and raised in rank to be a Major-General.

"In 1696, when the assassination plot was discovered, Lord Cutts was Captain of the King's Guards. In 1699, in some complimentary verses to King William on his conquests, Lord Cutts is thus introduced:

“The warlike Cutts the welcome tidings brings,
 The true best servant of the best of Kings;
 Cutts, whose known worth no herald need proclaim,
 His wounds and his own worth can speak his fame.”

“As Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, Steele was indebted to him, in 1701, for a military commission, and to him he dedicated his ‘Christian Hero.’ On the accession of Queen Anne, he was made a Lieutenant-General of the Forces in Holland; Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland under the Duke of Ormond, March 23, 1705; and, ‘to keep him out of the way of action,’ subsequently one of the Lords Justices, a circumstance which it is said broke his heart. He died at Lord Kerry’s house, in Dublin, January 26, 1707, and was buried in the Cathedral of Christ’s Church.”
 —*Abridged from Thorpe’s Catalogue of State Papers.*

(G) “The wreath of laurel which the unfortunate James won by sea he lost by land. Having been a spectator of the battle of the Boyne, he thought it most prudent while the fate of the day was yet undecided to seek for safety in flight. In a few hours he reached the Castle of Dublin, where he was met by Lady Tyrconnell, a woman of spirit. ‘Your countrymen (the Irish), Madam,’ said James, as he was ascending the stairs, ‘can run well.’—‘Not quite so well as your Majesty,’ retorted her ladyship, ‘for I see you have won the race.’ Having slept that night in Dublin, he rode the next day to Waterford, a distance of two hundred English miles, in the space of twenty-four hours. On his arrival in that city he went immediately on board a ship that lay ready for him in the harbour, in order to carry him to France. As he was passing along the quay a sudden gust of wind carried off his hat, and as it was night, General O’Ferrall, an old officer in the Austrian service, presented him with his own. James took

it without any ceremony, observing as he put it on his head, that if he had lost a crown by the Irish, he had gained a hat by them."

The following graphic extract from a contemporary journal, affords a complete vindication of Lady Tyrconnell's reply :

"July 1st. Early in the morning the Protestants were wakened by an alarm, and the news that there would be a battle. The gates of the city (*Dublin*) were kept strictly guarded, and the Protestants kept their houses. The issue they expected with the greatest apprehensions. Several reports were spread abroad every hour: one, that the French fleet were in the bay; another, that a French express was come from Waterford, with the news of taking the Isle of Wight, by the French, and of their being gone to Dover; then that the English right wing were quite routed; then that the Prince of Orange was taken prisoner. But at five that afternoon, some that had made their escape on tired horses, told the Protestants that the Irish were much worsted, and others, at six, that they were totally defeated. From hence, till one that night, all the entries of the town were filled with dusty, wounded, and tired soldiers and carriages perpetually coming in.

"After these, several of King James's horse-guards came in straggling, without pistols or swords, and could not tell what was become of himself.

"Near ten at night, he came in with about two hundred horse, all in disorder. The Protestants concluded now that it was a total rout, and that the English army were just ready to come into town, but were greatly surprised, when an hour or two after they heard the whole body of the Irish horse coming in, in very good order, with kettle-drums, hautboys, and trumpets; and early the next morning the French, and a great party of the Irish foot. These being a little rested,

marched out again (as they gave out) to meet the enemy, which were supposed to draw nigh.

“Wednesday, July 2d. About five this morning, King James, having sent for the Irish Lord Mayor and some principal persons to the castle, made a speech to them.”

This speech is well known, and has been admirably criticized by O’Driscol. (*History of Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 218.) Immediately after its delivery James left Dublin for Waterford.

(H). The morning after the Battle of the Boyne, “His Majesty sent Brigadier la Meillonère, with one thousand horse and dragoons, a party of foot and eight pieces of cannon, to summons Drogheda, wherein the Irish had a garrison of about 1300 men, commanded by my Lord Iveagh, who surrendered the town upon condition that his garrison should have leave to march out without their arms, and be conducted to Athlone; tho’ their barbarity in tying the Protestants, in town, back to back, and placing them where they expected our guns to play (see p. 63) ought not to be forgot.”—*Story’s wars of Ireland*, p. 26. (1693.)

(I). “Major General Kirk, with his own regiment and Col. Brewer’s, as also a party of horse, marched (on the 20th July 1690) from Carrick towards Waterford, more forces designing to follow. The Major General sent a trumpet to summon the town, who, at first, refused to surrender, there being two regiments then in garrison; their refusal, however, was in such civil terms, that their inclinations were easily understood; for soon after, they sent out to know what terms they might have? which were the same with those of Drogheda. But not liking them, they proposed some of their own, which were, that they might enjoy their estates, the liberty of their religion, and a safe convoy to the next garrison, with their arms and

proper goods. Those would not be granted; then the heavy cannon were brought down that way, and some more forces ordered to march. But the Irish, understanding this, sent to ask liberty to march out with their arms, and to have a safe convoy, which was granted them. And accordingly on the 25th, they marched out, with their arms and baggage, being conducted to Mallow.

“The day after Waterford surrendered, (July 26) King William went to see it, and took care that no persons should be disturbed in their houses and goods.”—*Smith's Waterford*, p. 154.

THE STOUT INNISKILLIN MAN.

“NØR did Inniskillin, another town in the north of Ireland,” says the author of a History of King William III, “contribute less than Londonderry to the asserting the Protestant cause; for upon notice that the latter had deny'd entrance to the Lord Antrim's Regiment, they resolv'd not to admit any Irish garrison, and having rais'd a regiment of twelve companies, gave the command of it to Gustavus Hamilton, Esq. a person of conduct and resolution, whom they likewise chose their governor. The towns-men being thus in some posture of defence, proclaimed King William and Queen Mary, on the 11th March [1689]; but the Lord Galmoy de-

* London, 1702, vol. ii. p. 69.

claring for King James, some time after his Majesty's arrival at Dublin, summoned the Governor of Inniskillin to surrender that place to him, with a promise as from King James, to grant them better terms than they might ever expect from him afterwards. A council being called upon this summons, it was unanimously agreed to stand firm to their former resolutions of defending the Protestant religion, and maintaining King William's title.

“Whereupon, the Lord Galmoy landed all his forces towards Crom, a castle sixteen miles distant from Inniskillin, and possessed by the Protestants, which was besieged some time by part of his troops; but the Inniskilliners having thrown a relief of two hundred men into the castle, forced him to raise the siege and to retreat to Belturbat. On the 24th of April, a detachment of the garrison of Inniskillin, headed by Lieutenant Colonel Lloyd, made an excursion into the enemies' country, took and demolished the Castle at Auhor, and returned home with a considerable booty. Several other skirmishes and rencontres passed between the two parties, wherein the Inniskilliners signalized their valour, and always came off with advantage; but none of those actions was so remarkable as that which happened, as it were, by a particular appointment of Providence, on the same day Londonderry was relieved, wherein 2000 Inniskilliners fought and routed 6000 Irish at a place called Newtown-Butler, and took their commander, M'Carthy [More], with the loss only of twenty men killed, and fifty wounded.”

Upon more than one occasion Schomberg compli-

mented the bravery of the Inniskillin troops in the highest manner ; and the many gallant feats performed by them are to be found recorded in " A true Relation of the Actions of the Inniskillen Men," from their first taking up arms in December, 1688, by the Rev. Andrew Hamilton,* and " A farther impartial Account of the Inniskillen men," by Captain William Mac Carmock.†

" These troops," says O'Driscoll,‡ speaking in what may be called the dashing historical style, " the fame of whose exploits had been spread abroad, excited much attention in the British camp. Their appearance was remarkable. They were a fine and hardy body of men ; but resembled more a horde of wild Arabs, or Italian banditti, than a body of European cavalry. They observed little order in their military movements ; and no uniformity of dress or accoutrement. Every soldier was armed and clad according to his own fancy, and each man was attended like the Asiatic military, by a servant mounted on an inferior horse and carrying his heavy arms and baggage.§

* London, 4to. p. 65. 1690.

† London, 4to. p. 68. 1691.

‡ " History of Ireland," vol. ii. p. 55.

§ The practice of horsemen requiring attendants, appears to have been carried to a serious extent in Ireland. Pierce Butler, Earl of Ormond and Ossory, being required in the time of a Geraldine rebellion to send to the Lord Deputy a body of sixty or eighty horsemen, objected to the expense it would be to the king ; begging his lordship to consider, that " every horssman must have 3 horses and 3 kepers."—*MS. Letter in State Paper Office.*

“But they were distinguished by an astonishing rapidity of movement, and a boldness or rather fierceness, and contempt of all difficulty and danger, which made them almost invincible. They never calculated obstacles or counted numbers, but rushed to the attack with the ferocity and exultation of a tiger when bounding upon his prey. That the enemy was Popish was enough to excite horror and contempt. To hesitate in attacking such a foe was disgrace worse than death; and to slaughter them a more acceptable service to the Lord than a smoking holocaust offered by David himself.

“These strange troops were religious men or thought they were. Their memories were abundantly stored with scraps of the Old Testament, chiefly relating to the massacres and spoliations committed by the Jews. Upon these they formed themselves, and with these they justified their practices. They were robbers and murderers. They spared no man's life or property. When spoil was not otherwise to be had, they never hesitated to plunder their own party, whether Irish Protestants or British allies. They were a fearful scourge in the country, and aggravated dreadfully the calamities of the war; but they were scrupulous to have their proper establishment of Chaplains or gifted preachers of the word; and heard prayers or outpourings of the spirit regularly. The Derrymen were in all respects similar to the Inniskilliners.

“The Inniskilliners could not endure the restraints of discipline; and when placed under Schomberg's com-

mand, they said of themselves that 'they should never thrive so long as they were under his orders,' and they were right. They were a kind of Cossack cavalry, that were of no use unless left to themselves, and their irregularities connived at. Schomberg did not understand them; and General Ginckle, at a later period of the war, considered them a nuisance and hated them cordially."

Although there are some truths in this sketch of the Inniskilliners, it is evidently the preparatory candid statement of an ingenious lawyer, to support his assertions respecting their conduct at the Boyne, where he would represent, if he could, these wild and fanatic troops as wanting in courage when headed by "their saviour," as William was irreverently styled by them.

It is said, by O'Driscol, that King William led on bravely to the attack, his horse regiments; "their charge was met by that of the Irish cavalry, and they had no sooner come in contact than the whole of this foreign cavalry went about and rode off the field. The Irish horse followed in pursuit, and the king stood alone upon the field of battle. At this moment," continues O'Driscol, "the Inniskilliners appeared coming up, and the King rode towards them and asked them what they would do for him? Woolsey told his men, it was the king, and asked if they would follow him? The men replied by a shout, and the King put himself at their head, and rode towards the Irish infantry; *but the northerns did not venture to charge, and on receiving*

a well-directed volley they went about, and left the King alone on the field as before."

Now contemporary writers, and eye-witnesses of the conduct of the Inniskilliners—those men of wild and fanatic bravery, who are represented as deserting their King upon the field of battle, in consequence of a well-directed volley,—assure us that they behaved most gallantly.

According to one authority,* "Duke Schomberg headed the Dutch fort-guards, and the King the Inniskillin horse, telling them, 'they should be his guards that day.'" Is it probable then, that these men,—men who had been, for the preceding eighteen months under constant fire, would desert, at this critical moment, the post of danger and of honour? Story's words are, "the Inniskilliners, and French, too, both horse and foot, did good service" [at the Boyne.]

A contemporary manuscript account of the battle, most probably gives the true explanation of the retreat of the Inniskilliners. After William's foreign cavalry had been forced back, "the King, with that coolness of thought which accompanies true courage, rode up to the Inniskillin horse, and asked, what they would do for him? Their officer told his men that it was King William who asked them that question. The brave

* "A true and perfect Journal of the Affairs of Ireland since His Majesty's Arrival in that Kingdom, by a Person of Quality." London 1690. See also "Villare Hibernicum, by W. Griffyth, Esq." London, 1690.

fellows then gave a loud cheer, and the King saying that they should be his guards, headed them. They advanced with the King, and received the enemy's fire; and as his Majesty wheeled to the left they followed. But when King William led up some Dutch troops, they perceived their error, and returned bravely to the charge."

The following song is given from a manuscript, in which it is stated to have been "sung at the play-houses." It is printed with some slight variations in D'Urfey's "Pills to purge Melancholy," vol. i. p. 203, where it is entitled, "Mac Ballor, a comical ditty, in imitation of the Irish stile," and where the music may be found.

THE STOUT INNISKILLIN MAN.

If a woeful sad ditty to know thou art willing, man,
 Open thy ears, joy, and then thou shalt see;*
 To London, Mac Ballor,† a stout Inniskillin man,
 A seeking brown Kate, by my shoul am come eey;
 My heart is sore wounded, sore wounded, sore,
A la boo, boo, boo, boo, hone, oh hone, hery Morah.

* A specimen of that figure of speech called a bull. To Irishmen speaking imperfectly the English language, may be ascribed the national reputation for blunders.

† Mac Ballor means literally son of a clown. "*Balach*, a clown, a sturdy fellow."—*O'Reilly*.

When the valiant King William cross'd over the Boyne,
joy,

And with broken pates made Jack Papishes flee ;
Of dragoons a brave troop made a gallop to join, joy,
And march with the foremost by Chreest did come eey ;
They were beaten sore, curst and swore, and did roar,
A la boo, boo, boo, &c.

When I went on a party, I sung and was merry too,
Though hunger gives small occasion to laugh ;
I without any grumbling fought in Londonderry too,
Without one dram of Snush or Usquebaugh,
Where we fed on roots, stinking fruits, old jack boots,
A la boo, boo, boo, &c.

In a skirmish near Limerick, on the banks of the Shan-
non there,
Many stout Teagues were slain in time of rout ;
And at Aghrim I narrowly escaped the damned cannon
there,
Catching the balls by my shoul in my mout.
But though the guns spared my bones, love Gad zoons,
A la boo, boo, boo, &c.

The bully god, Mars, though a bug-bear they make him,
All arm'd like a gunsmith with bullets and fire,
I defy ; but the little whelp, Cupid, plague take him,
Makes me snort and grunt like a hog in the mire.
She has Irish eyes, Dutch size, an English prize,
A la boo, boo, boo, &c.

Heaven make me a cobbler, or make me a broom-man,
Or, cry puddings, what a plague call ye it i' th' streets,
So I may no more follow after a woman ;
De'il take me, 't has scared me quite out of my wits :
For when I get drunk, like a monk, I'm in a funk.

A la boo, boo, boo, &c.

THE TREATY OF LIMERICK.

“WHEN they came to capitulate,” says Burnet, “the Irish insisted on very high demands, which was set on by the French, who hoped they would be rejected ; but the king had given Ginckle secret instructions that he should grant all the demands they could make that would put an end to the war. So every thing was granted, to the great disappointment of the French, and the no small grief of some of the English, who hoped this war should have ended in the total ruin of the Irish interest.”

“No one was pleased ;” observes O'Driscoll. “The Anglo-Irish party inveighed bitterly against the treaty, as being unreasonably favourable to the Irish, whom it was their object to crush, not to treat with. The Irish were loud in their accusations of those who had made peace with an enemy, who they asserted had never yet kept faith with them ; and at a moment when a great French fleet was on the coast, and when, even without

their help, they were able and ready to fight the battle out to the last. The court of France cried out loudly against the treaty, as treasonable and disgraceful; having been made without necessity."

After some interesting remarks upon this famous treaty, O'Driscoll proceeds:—"The clergy of the violent party commenced preaching against the treaty, Dr. Dopping, Bishop of Meath, had the boldness to preach against it before the Lords Justices, at Christ Church, in Dublin, the Sunday after their return from Limerick. He reproached the justices bitterly for the treaty they had concluded, and argued that Protestants were not bound to keep faith with Papists.

"The king was alarmed at this spirit, and ordered Dopping to be removed from the council; and Dr. Moreton, bishop of Kildare, and other moderate divines, were instructed to preach the obligation of keeping faith with all men. But Dopping continued to be the popular man amongst his party."

The epigram, or "smart poem," on the treaty of Limerick, here given, is copied from a rare tract of twelve pages, entitled the "British Muse, or Tyranny Expos'd: a satyr, occasioned by all the fulsome and lying poems and elegies that have been written on the death of the late King James, to which is added a smart poem on the generous Articles of Limerick and Galway." [A MS. note adds, "supposed to have been written by Tutchin."]

"London, Printed for Eliz. Mallet, and Sold by the

Williamite Book-sellers of London and Dublin, who are the haters of Tyranny and Slavery."

This tract is without date, but appears from the address to the reader to have been published immediately after the death of James II (1700). "He [James] has now," says the writer, "paid his debt to nature. But his men of blood, who had not fully satisfied their sanguinary desires in the late reign, are building monuments of praise to his memory, which ought to be buried in eternal oblivion. These men are the occasion of this poem, and if they find it disagreeable they may thank themselves."

Tutchin—"Captain Tutchin," as he was nicknamed—the supposed author of this epigram, was the gentleman who, being sentenced by Jeffries to be whipt in several market-towns, for writing something or other in favour of Monmouth, petitioned the king that his sentence might be changed to hanging. He was a poor, miserable wretch, and died in great distress in some privileged place, in 1707; his death being said to have been hastened by a severe personal chastisement, inflicted upon him about a month before by some friends of King James.

"The following verses were made upon the surrender of Limerick, 1691. When the late King James's army (that fled there) obtained such large conditions."

THE TREATY OF LIMERICK.

HARD fate, that still attends our Irish war,
 The conquerors lose, the conquered gainers are ;
 Their pens the triumph of our swords defeat :
 We fight like soldiers, but like fools we treat.
 Sure Teague has charm'd us with some fatal spell ;
 For lest the coward should no more rebell,
 Lest he grow honest by becoming poor,
 We pardon all his former bloody score,
 And set him up again to murder more,
 With a new fund of our own plunder'd store ;
 But England doubtless in our loss will share ;
 And, to reconquer, a new tax prepare.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING

Is copied, with the following introductory observations, from a small volume, entitled " Jacobite Minstrelsy," published at Glasgow in 1829. There have been so many clever modern imitations in Scotland of Jacobite songs, that it is difficult to distinguish between what is genuine or not, and the Editor is therefore unwilling to risk an opinion in this matter ; he consequently gives this song and its history as he found them.

" Captain Ogilvie, of the house of Inverquharity, is believed to have been the author of this song. He

was with King James at the battle of the Boyne, and afterwards fell in an engagement on the Rhine. It is said also that he was one of the hundred gentlemen, all of good families, who volunteered to attend their royal master in his exile. James had afterwards the pain of seeing these devoted followers submit voluntarily to become private soldiers on his account in the French service, rather than return to their own country, with permission of the government, although it was optional to them to do so. They were formed into one company, and fought both in Spain and on the Rhine with heroic valour and reputation. At the peace of 1696 only sixteen of them remained alive. Of the whole number only four were Catholics; the rest were Protestants of the Episcopalian persuasion, and several of them had been bred as divines. What is perhaps still more curious, by far the greater portion of them were lowlanders."

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

IT was a' for our rightfu' king
 We left fair Scotland's strand!
 It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain ;
 My love an' native land, fareweel,
 For I maun cross the main, my dear ;
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right an' round about
 Upon the Irish shore,
 And ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
 With, " Adieu for evermore, my dear ;"
 With, " Adieu for evermore."

The sodger frae the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main ;
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again, my dear,
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, an' night is come,
 An' a' folk bound to sleep,
 I think on him that's far awa',
 The lee-lang night an' weep, my dear,
 The lee-lang night an' weep.

THE JACKS PUT TO THEIR TRUMPS

Is reprinted from a rare 4to. pamphlet of twelve pages, so entitled :—" A Tale of a King James's Irish Shilling.

— Quis talia fando,
Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulyssæi
Temperet a lacrymis ?

VIRGIL, *Æneid.* II.

London, Printed and Sold by R. Burleigh, in Amen Corner. 1714. (Price 3*d.*)"

The title-page is embellished with a wood-cut, not badly executed, of the reverse and obverse of James the Second's brass shilling, for August 1689.

"When the late king was obliged by his necessity to make brass money current in Ireland, it was at first pretended to pass only in payments between man and man in their daily commerce and dealings, and in public payment of duties to the Exchequer. But soon after, the Irish beginning to consider that they were generally indebted to the English, and that this might be a fit season, and a lucky opportunity to get their debts easily and cheaply discharged, a proclamation was published, enjoying and requiring, that copper and brass money should pass as current money within the realm of Ireland, in the payment of bills, bonds, debts by record, mortgages, and all other payments whatsoever. By which knack many a poor Protestant was fob'd out of his right, and compell'd to take an heap

of trash for debt, (as he was for his wheat and other commodities) or be precluded from any further satisfaction.

“ And thus I have heard that Colonel Roger Moore was served, (but I do not aver it upon my certain knowledge) who having an incumbrance of £3,000 upon the Lord Dillon’s estate, who is married to the daughter of the Lord or Lady Tyrconnel; she sent for him, and told him, that having some money at her command, and being very desirous to take off the burthen from her daughter’s estate, she was content to pay him off in ready money, provided he would make some handsome abatement of the sum due. The gentleman being complaisant to the lady, and very willing to receive money in such a time of scarcity, freely consented to abate a thousand pounds, so the rest might be paid down at once. The lady seem’d very thankful, and appointed him to come next day, and to bring the deeds and obligations with him, and to receive his money. Accordingly he came, and having given a legal release, the lady opened a door, and shewed him a long table covered over with copper and brass, and tendered it for his payment; which whether he rejected it in passion, or hired a cart to carry it away I cannot tell; but this I can say, having an estate, which was mortgaged to the old proprietor before 1641, to which on payment of the mortgage money, he hoped to be restored by repealing the Acts of Settlement; he repaired to me, and desired me to appoint time and place for paying the mortgage money, of which I have taken time to

consider. One of the most eminent silver smiths in Dublin, having sold all his plate to a papist, who promised to pay him his price (agreed upon) in silver and gold; but no faith being to be kept with hereticks, the goldsmith was compelled to take brass and copper. But not to detain the reader with many more of these examples, I here present you with that savoury and fruitful proclamation, which is to make brass money pass in satisfaction of all debts.

“ BY THE KING, A PROCLAMATION.

“ JAMES R.

“ *Whereas, we have by former Proclamations of the 18th and 27th days of June last, for the reasons therein set forth: ordained and declared, that a certain coyn made by our order of a certain metal, mixed with copper and brass, and marked and stamped as in the said Proclamations is expressed, in Sixpence, Twelvepence, and Half-crown pieces, should during our pleasure pass as current mony, among all our subjects within this realm, according to the rates and values in the said Proclamations mention'd; and in all payments to be paid either to us or from us, or to, or by any of our subjects within this kingdom; excepting mortgages, bills, bonds, or obligations, debts due by record, and mony heretofore left in trust or keeping with any person. And whereas it hath since been represented to us, that such restriction upon the said coyn is a great hindrance to trade and industry, and to the circulation of the said mony, in*

regard men of trade and industry cannot have credit without passing bonds and judgments, which since they cannot satisfie by the said mony, they are therefore the less industrious to acquire it by the sale of any of their goods or merchandizes, as are also the generality of all others; because when they have acquired any quantity thereof, they cannot thereby pay their debts, nor clear their estates from incumbrances; whereof we have thought fit by the advice of our privy council, further to declare and ordain, that the aforesaid mony, made of mixture of copper and brass as aforesaid, shall hereafter during our pleasure pass as current mony within this realm, not only in all payments, in the said former Proclamation mentioned; but also in all the said payments of bills, bonds, debts by record, mortgages, and all other payments whatsoever, in the said former Proclamations excepted; and whereas this is ordered at this time to supply the present scarcity of mony, and remedy the great inconvenience which would otherwise ensue; we do therefore hereby promise and declare to all our loving subjects, that as soon as the said mony shall be called in, and decried, we shall thereupon not only receive from all our loving subjects within this kingdom, such proportion thereof as shall be in any of their hands, at such time as it shall be so decried, according to the value for which it now passes, in satisfaction of any rents, customs, excise, debts or duties, which they shall owe to us; but also where no such debts or duties shall be due to us, we will make full satisfaction for

the same in gold or silver of the current coyn of this kingdom.

*“ Given at our Court at Dublin Castle, the 4th day of February, 1689.”**

“ About the 10th of March,” (1690-1) says Story, (p. 61) “ we had an account by some Protestants, that came out of Connaught, that the Irish a little after my Lord Tyrconnel’s landing, being out of humour with the brass money, little or nothing being to be had for it, they cry’d it down by Proclamation, the crown piece to three pence, the half-crown to three halfpence, the shilling to a penny, and the sixpence to an halfpenny. After which the soldiers lived upon free quarters. Provisions also being scarce, and no markets, for want of money, those parts begun to be under worse circumstances every day.”

In a curious contemporary manuscript, in the Editor’s library, written by Colonel Charles O’Kelly,† the following particulars respecting the brass currency introduced by James occur:—“ Another grievance was, that which was generally believed to be in a great measure the occasion of the Irish ruin, and of the disorders of their

* An Account of the Transactions of the late King James in Ireland. London, 1690.

† As the names of the parties and places mentioned appear masked in this manuscript,—for instance, Amasis, for James; Corydon, for Tyrconnel; Cyprus, for Ireland; Syria, for France; &c.—the disguise has been removed in the above extract, with the view of making it readily intelligible.

government. This was the abundance of copper money that was coined by the king's order, and which produced so many inconveniences in the country, that it merits a more particular relation, and deserves to be traced up to its source. When James arrived in Ireland, which was about the middle of March, in the second year of the war, he found the country very bare of gold and silver (the English, who had all the wealth of the kingdom in their hands, having transported their effects into England); and as he was not very fond of spending in haste the stock of money which Louis XIV freely granted for the support of the war in Ireland, least it might oblige him to call for more; a thing he would gladly avoid, foreseeing, that by being too far engaged to any foreign prince in that manner, the reimbursement of such vast sums must exhaust his treasure when he came to the possession of his kingdoms, which he soon expected, by the voluntary submission of his deluded subjects; he was therefore advised by a Scotch counsellor, to make use of this copper coin to serve his present turn in Ireland; adding that this method would enable him to employ a good part of his gold to keep in heart his friends in Scotland and gain others in England, which he represented was of greater consequence than the affairs of Ireland, and that matters being once settled there, he might recall this coin again and recompense the losers. But though the French ambassador, Count d'Avaux, and the nobles of Ireland, assured James, that if he laid out the money he brought from France, it would by circulation come back again into

his treasury (the Parliament of the kingdom having already freely granted a subsidy of £200,000); nevertheless the Scottish advice prevailed. Accordingly a considerable part of the gold was sent into that country, and the remainder being reserved by James for a dead lift, the copper money was resolved upon, and the mint set to work in the August of the second year.

“On its first appearance abroad, the Protestants in Leinster shewed a reluctance to receive it; but they were soon forced into a compliance. Elsewhere it passed pretty well in the beginning; the people, who were hitherto scant of money, being glad to have any coin current among them, to advance trade, which was dead in the country. But when it came to be coined in such plenty, that the merchants, who could not use it in foreign countries, raised the price of their outlandish ware to an unreasonable rate, and that the country people, following the example, began to rise the prices of their commodities also, and in fine, that the French troops, who were paid in silver, seemed to reject it; then, and not before, it began to decline. But what undervalued it most, was the little esteem the great ones about court shewed for it: Tyrconnel’s lady commonly giving double the quantity of brass for so much silver. This made the inferior sort to vilify the coin, which became so despicable, especially after the defeat of James on the river Boyne, that the commodity which might be purchased for one piece of silver would cost twenty in brass; and yet Tyrconnel, and those who governed under him, extorted from the

country people their goods at the king's rate, when paid in silver. But the oppression that the poor Irish merchants lay under in the cities of Limerick and Galway, from Tyrconnel's party, was most insufferable. A factor who had his goods ready to be shipped on board a vessel hired for that purpose, must have the affliction to behold his warehouse broke open, and all the intended freight, which he acquired with so great pains and expense, snatched from him in a moment; for which he had the value given him in copper according to the king's rate (or perhaps a ticket for it) which would not yield him the price of a shoebuckle in any foreign country. And though this plunder was daily committed, under pretence of supplying the king's stores, yet the misfortune was, that the nephews and nieces, the friends and favourites of Tyrconnel, got the greater part of the spoil. The town of Galway can bear witness that this was done commonly by his own orders, when he was there to take shipping for France. If an outlandish vessel came in by chance (for few would come designedly into a land where no other coin was used but copper) the whole cargo was immediately seized, and the owners must stay until their ship was loaded again with the country provisions or commodities, which were to be plundered from the natives. This unhappy management made all neighbouring nations shun that part of Ireland, which was reputed an infamous den of robbers and a receptacle of pyrates. It was the common opinion, that this pitiful project of the copper coin was purposely advised by some, who designed the total

ruin of Ireland; for it might easily be foreseen, that it would quickly destroy all commerce, wherein chiefly consists the wealth of any country surrounded by the sea."

As money is said to be the sinews of war, O'Driscoll's view of the policy of this question, on both sides, is perhaps worthy of consideration.

"The two kings who divided the British empire at this time, were both driven by their necessities to schemes of finance. William, having been reared in the counting-house of Holland, was the abler contriver. He laid the basis of the debt of England, by borrowing gold and pawning the revenue of the country to the lender. James did not understand the matter, or could get no one to lend upon his security; and the alchemy of banking, or converting paper into gold, was not yet discovered. But his plan was not very different.

"James's plan was to convert copper, or other metal of small value, into gold and silver. He coined a large quantity of base metal, into pieces upon which he stamped a nominal value, and made them a *legal tender* for crowns, halfcrowns, and other silver and gold coin. By his proclamation, this new coinage was to be received in all dealings, except only in the payment of trust money, or money due on bills, bonds, or mortgages, and except for customs on imported commodities. These exceptions were soon removed,—all but the latter.

"James promised that this coin should, at the end of the war, be received in payment at the Exchequer, and exchanged for sterling money. A respectable historian

(Leland) says, that this plan of finance was against all 'law, reason, and humanity,' and that it has rendered the name of James 'horrible to Irish Protestants.' It was not against law, because a law was made for the purpose; and reason and humanity seem to have little to do with financial schemes. James's was as good as many of later date. His bank failed, undoubtedly; so have many other banks; but the Protestants did not suffer more by the failure than the people of other creeds. The Catholics were far the greatest holders of James's promissory copper tokens.

"James's plan was a copper bank, set up *instantly*, with an immediate bank restriction. There might have been, no doubt, an over-issue; but if the Protestants lost, they had least right of any to complain, for they did all they could to break the banker, and finally succeeded in driving him out of the kingdom, copper-notes and all. The Catholics lost by the coin very severely, and they lost their estates also. The Protestants, though they lost by this early experiment in banking, recovered the land, which was ample compensation.

"In all former Irish wars, the land was made to pay a great part, if not the whole, of the expense. Loans were raised in London for carrying on the war, the lender to be satisfied afterwards in Irish estates. This system could not now be acted upon. There were already two sets of claimants for the land: one claiming under William, and the other under James. There was no party that could be safely put out at this time.

Hence the necessity of the financial measures resorted to by the contending powers.

“James was totally ignorant how to support the credit of his coin. He had but one idea about any thing—force; and force, when applied to the currency, is sure to fail. His exceptions to the circulation of his coin, though a clumsy attempt at being honest, were very injurious to its credit. Probably, if he had got a few thousand pounds of sterling coin, and made his copper tokens *convertible*, he might have kept up their credit, as long, at least, as things went on well in the country; and it would have been time enough for the *restriction* after the battle of the Boyne.

“James, like greater financiers, soon found himself exceedingly embarrassed. His metal tokens came back rapidly to his exchequer, in the payment of all taxes and assessments. They were paid to him at their nominal value, but in the common transactions of business they fell almost to their intrinsic worth. He could fix a denomination upon his coin; but the seller of any article could fix a price upon his commodity, to meet the arbitrary denomination. If a piece of metal, worth one penny, be tendered for a shilling, the seller of a pennyworth of bread has only to ask a shilling for it, and the difficulty is got rid of. James was puzzled at this. He found it necessary, in order to keep his scheme of currency afloat, to take one step more, and fix a price upon commodities, as he had settled a value upon his coin.

“Having done this, his views suddenly enlarged. He found that money might be made of it; and he turned merchant himself. He bought large quantities of butter, corn, hides, wool, and other articles, at such prices as he thought proper to give, and he paid for all by a few pounds’-weight of tin or copper. It is easy to believe that he was no welcome customer: but he had persons employed to find out who had goods to sell; and none dared to refuse to deal with a customer who had forty-two regiments of foot and fourteen of cavalry. All those commodities he shipped to France, where they were sold for his own account. By this traffic, he realised large sums of money, at the expense of his subjects.”

There can be no question that the following ballad, upon internal evidence, may be as fairly attributed to Dean Swift, as many effusions which have appeared in several editions of his works; but when it is stated that the pamphlet from which it is copied, was found among a bundle of broadsides, most, if not all, of which, are well-known to be Swift’s composition, and when it is remembered how many of the productions of Swift’s muse, about the period when this “tale of King James’ Shilling” was printed (1714), are unknown, and to which the Dean himself has made especial reference, it will be admitted that this ballad deserves more than ordinary consideration, especially if it be possible to trace in it the germs of feeling which afterwards displayed themselves so vigorously in the Drapier’s opposition to Wood’s coinage, and which have formed an immortal wreath for the brow of Swift.

THE JACKS PUT TO THEIR TRUMPS.

I.

How wondrous fickle is this world !
How Fortune's wheel turns round !
The spoke that is to-day at top,
To-morrow 's on the ground.

II.

When once in dust a monarch 's laid,
His honour soon is gone,
All in an instant tack about
And court the rising sun.

III.

True friendship with Astræa went,
And took to Heav'n her flight,
For she and loyalty long since
Were banish'd Ireland quite.

IV.

The name of Christians we assume,
But are than Pagans worse,
There's few amongst us who have more
Religion than a horse.

V.

Religion a chimæra proves,
Heaven has our pray'rs the least,
All our sincere devotion 's paid
Alone to interest.

VI.

While my dear master smiled on me,
Whose image still I bear,
I was a welcome guest to all,—
Was courted everywhere.

VII.

The gentleman, and tradesman, too,
My company approved ;
In city, and at Court I dwelt,
And was by all beloved.

VIII.

The miser hugg'd me in his arms,
And lock'd me in his chest,
And never once his visit fail'd
Before he went to rest.

IX.

The ladies did my shapes approve,
My features, too, admired ;
Where e'en my king could never go,
Securely I retired.

X.

Within their bosoms lay all day,
And revelled in their arms ;
I was myself all over love,
And they all over charms.

XI.

Thus for a time I liv'd secure,
And at my heart's content,
But soon I found a wondrous change
On Will's establishment.

XII.

Some few, indeed, my stamp did prize,
As high as e'er before ;
Yet as the Revolution grew,
I wasted more and more.

XIII.

Those few, at last, veer'd quite about,
And joyn'd in my disgrace,
They cry'd, my master's son, and I,
Came both of bastard race.

XIV.

That I had never seen the light,
If James had never run,
That I at Dublin was begot,
And was a cannon's son.

XV.

In such contempt, in short, I fell,
Which was a very hard thing,
They scurrilously us'd me there,
For nothing but a farthing.

XVI.

Mad, you may think, to be thus us'd,
Tho' miserably poor,
Thinking I couldn't well be worse,
To England I came o'er.

XVII.

But to my sorrow when I came,
Like-treatment there I found,
No Jacobite amongst 'em all
My former value own'd.

XVIII.

All Will's, and best of Anna's, reign,
No better was my state ;
But yet I cheer'd myself with hopes
I should be fortunate.

XIX.

My master's son, I thought, would come,
His father's cause t' advance;
I thought t' have shewn my face again,
And welcom'd him from France.

XX.

In greater lustre thought to shine,
Long hop'd to be prefer'd,
T' have laid the Father's image down,
For that of James the Third.

XXI.

But all my hopes abortive prov'd,
In need, he found no friend,
There wasn't one amongst 'em all,
Would sail against the wind.

XXII.

Misfortunes never come alone,
Just before Anna dy'd,
By Whigg and Tory, too, was I
Most basely mortify'd.

XXIII.

No piece that wore m' unhappy face
Amongst the rogues would pass,
For any more than what would prove
To be my weight in brass.

XXIV.

And now King George, and all his tribe,
Is settled in the nation,
I still a harder fate do dread,
A far-worse transmigration.

XXV.

Some founder soon will melt me down,
And sell my despised mettle
To some damn'd tinker, in the street,
To mend some whore's damn'd kettle.

XXVI.

Take warning, Brother Jacks, by me,
Before 'tis quite too late,
Think what will be your next remove,
If you should transmigrate.

XXVII.

If you at Tyburn chance to swing,
You're brought all to such passes;
That when you quit your present shapes,
You'll change, I fear, to asses.

FINIS.

The Payne and Sorowe

of

Obyll Marriage.

THE
PAIN AND SORROW
OF
EVIL MARRIAGE.

FROM AN UNIQUE COPY

Printed by Wynkyn de Worde.

LONDON:
REPRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY C. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

MDCCXL.

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INTRODUCTION.

ALTHOUGH somewhat modernized in the following copy, there is little doubt that the humorous story of "The King and the poor Northern Man" is much older than 1640. It reads in particular places like a narrative of considerable antiquity; but when it was "printed by Tho. Cotes," whose name appears at the bottom of the title-page of the black-letter edition which we have employed, it was intended that the reader should suppose the tale a new one, and that it was the authorship of Martin Parker, the celebrated and popular ballad-maker: his well-known initials are placed quite at the end, after the word "*Finis*," but possibly he was not concerned in the imposition, which might be concocted by Francis Grove, the bookseller. No older edition is extant than that we have reprinted, and as far as yet appears it is the only remaining copy of it. We find it mentioned in no bibliographical work, nor have we been able to trace it in any catalogue.

Besides the internal evidence, there is external proof of the antiquity of the story, and even of the title of the piece. In Henslowe's Diary, under the date of 1601, we meet with two entries, the first of which runs thus :

“Lent at the apoyntment of the company, and my sonne, unto Hary Chettell, in earnest of a playe called To good to be trewe or Northern Man, the some of 5^s: the 14 of novmbr. 1601.”

The second is as follows :

“Pd. at the apoyntment of Robart Shawe, and Thomas Towne, unto Mr. Hathwaye and Mr. Smythe, in part of payment of a boocke called To goode to be trewe, the 6 of Janewary 1601, the some of 1^s.”

Hence we see that as early as 1601 a play had been written by Henry Chettle, Richard Hathewaye and Wentworth Smith, called “Too good to be true, or the Northern Man,” though the second title is omitted in Henslowe's latest entry. This play was, no doubt, founded upon the popularity of the subsequent story; the incidents of which are highly laughable, and would have afforded much scope to the rustic comicalities of such actors as Pope, Singer, or Kempe.

That the story was known of old by the name of “Too good to be true” we are not without proof. The same incidents were employed in a

broadside in verse under the title of "The King and Northern Man," printed "by W.O., and to be sold by the Booksellers in Pye Corner and London Bridge," a copy of which is in the British Museum. The wording of the body of the ballad does not differ very materially from our version of 1640, but it varies at the beginning and end. The writer professes in the outset to have borrowed from a work already in print, for the broadside thus opens :

"To drive away the weary day
 A book I chanc'd to take in hand,
 And therein I read assuredly
 A story, as you shall understand.

"Perusing many a history over,
 Amongst the leaves I chanc'd to view
 The books name, and the title is this,
 The Second Lesson, *too good to be true.*"

Thus we have both the titles of the play mentioned by Henslowe in his first memorandum. The book which the writer of the broadside employed must have been a now lost collection of popular histories, divided into what were called "Lessons," the "second lesson" being the tale of "The King and a poor Northern Man," or "Too good to be true." This was probably the same as the story used by Chettle, Hathwaye, and Smith for the foundation of their play, which story was

furbished up in 1640, and printed in a separate duodecimo pamphlet. It is this pamphlet that we have now accurately reprinted, with the omission only of some coarse and uncouth wood-cuts, at the time intended to be attractive.

Many of our readers will be aware that the same circumstance of a visit to the King by one of his country tenants, though much abridged, forms the subject of a comic song, which has kept its place in various modern collections.

THE KING AND
A POORE NORTHERNE MAN.

SHEWING HOW A POORE NORTHUMBERLAND MAN,
A TENANT TO THE KING, BEING WRONGED BY
A LAWYER (HIS NEIGHBOUR), WENT TO
THE KING HIMSELF TO MAKE KNOWNE
HIS GRIEVANCES. FULL OF SIMPLE
MIRTH AND MERRY
PLAINE JESTS.

Printed at London by *Tho. Cotes*, and are to be sold
by *Francis Grove*, dwelling upon Snow hill.
1640.

THE
KING AND A POORE NORTHERNE MAN.

COME hearken to me all around,
and I will tell you a merry tale
Of a Northumberland man that held some ground,
which was the Kings land in a dale.

He was borne and bred thereupon,
and his father had dwelt there long before,
Who kept a good house in that country,
and stav'd the wolfe from off his doore.

Now, for this farme the good old man
just twenty shillings a yeare did pay :
At length came cruell death with his dart,
and this old farmer he soone did slay :

Who left behinde him an aude wife then,
that troubled was with mickle paine,
And with her cruches she walkt about,
for she was likewise blinde and lame.

When that his corpes were laid in the grave
his eldest sonne possesse did the farme,
At the same rent as the father before :
he took great paines and thought no harme.

By him there dwelt a Lawyer false,
that with his farme was not content,
But over the poore man still hang'd his nose,
because he did gather the King's rent.

This farme layd by the Lawyer's land,
which this vild kerne had a mind unto :
The deele a good conscience had he in his bulke,
that sought this poore man for to undoe.

He told him he his lease had forfite,
and that he must there no longer abide :
The King by such lownes hath mickle wrong done,
and for you the world is broad and wide.

The poore man pray'd him for to cease,
and content himselfe, if he would be willing ;
And picke no vantage in my lease,
and I will give thee forty shilling.

Its neither forty shillings, no forty pound,
Ise warrant thee, so can agree thee and me,
Unlesse thou yeeld me thy farme so round,
and stand unto my curtesie.

The poore man said he might not do sa :
his wife and his bearnes will make him ill warke.
If thou wilt with my farme let me ga,
thou seemes a good fellow, Ise give thee five marke.

The Lawyer would not be so content,
but further in the matter he means to smell.
The neighbours bad the poor man provide his rent,
and make a submission to the King him sell.

This poore man now was in a great stond,
his senses they were almost wood :
I thinke, if he had not tooke grace in 's mind
that he would never againe beene good.

His head was troubled in such a bad plight,
as though his eyes were apple gray ;
And if good learning he had not tooke
he wod a cast himselfe away.

A doughty heart he then did take,
and of his mother did blessing crave,
Taking farewell of his wife and bearnes ;
it earned his heart them thus to leave.

Thus parting with the teares in his eyne,
his bob-taild dog he out did call :
Thou salt gang with me to the King ;
and so he tooke his leave of them all.

He had a humble staffe on his backe,
a jerkin, I wat, that was of gray,
With a good blue bonnet, he thought it no lacke ;
to the king he is ganging as fast as he may.

He had not gone a mile out o' th' toone,
but one of his neighbours he did espy :
How far ist to th' King? for thither am I boone,
as fast as ever I can hye.

I am sorry for you, neighbour, he sayd,
for your simplicity I make mone :
Ise warrant you, you may ask for the King,
when nine or ten dayes journey you have gone.

Had I wist the King wond so farre
Ise neere a sought him a mile out o'th' toone :
Hes either a sought me, or wee'd neere a come nare ;
at home I had rather spent a crowne.

Thus past he alang many a weary mile,
in raine, and wet, and in foule mire,
That ere he came to lig in his bed
his dog and he full ill did tire.

Hard they did fare their charges to save,
but alas hungry stomackes outcrie for meate,
And many a sup of cold water they dranke,
when in the lang way they had nought to eate.

Full lile we know his hard grieffe of mind,
and how he did long London to ken ;
And yet he thought he should finde it at last,
because he met so many men.

At length the top of kirkes he spide,
and houses so thicke that he was agast :
I thinke, quoth he, their land is full deere,
for ther's nought that here lies wast.

But when he came into the city of London,
of every man for the King he did call.
They told him that him he neede not feare,
for the King he lies now at Whitehall.

For Whitehall he then made inquire,
but as he passed strange geere he saw :
The bulkes with such gue gawes were dressed,
that his mind a tone side it did draw.

Gud God, unto himselfe he did say,
what a deele a place I am come unto !
Had a man, I thinke, a thousne pounds in's purse,
himselve he might quickly here undoe.

At night then a lodging him a got,
and for his supper he then did pay :
He told the host then heed goe lig in his bed,
who straight took a candle and shewd him the way.

Then with spying of farlies in the citie,
because he had never been there beforne,
He lee so long a bed the next day,
the Court was remov'd to Windsor that morne.

You ha laine too long then, then said his host,
you ha laine too long by a great while :
The king is now to Windsor gone ;
he's further to seeke by twenty mile.

I thinke I was corst, then said the poore man ;
if I had been wise I might ha consider.
Belike the King of me has gotten some weet :
he had neere gone away had not I come hither.

He fled not for you, said the hoste ;
but hie you to Windsor as fast as you may :
Be sure it will requite your cost,
for looke, what's past the king will pay.

But when he came at Windsor Castle,
with his bumble staff upon his backe,
Although the gates wide open stood
he layd on them till he made um cracke.

Why, stay ! pray friend, art mad ? quoth the Porter ;
what makes thee keepe this stirre to day ?
Why, I am a tenant of the Kings,
and have a message to him to say.

The King has men enough, said the Porter,
your message well that they can say.
Why, there's neere a knave the King doth keepe
shall ken my secret mind to day.

I were told, ere I came from home,
ere I got hither it would be dear bought :
Let me in, Ise give thee a good single penny.
I see thou wilt ha small, ere thou't doe for nought.

Gramercy, said the Porter then ;
thy reward's so great I cannot say nay.
Yonder's a Nobleman within the court,
He first heare what he will say.

When the Porter came to the Nobleman,
he sayd he would shew him a pretty sport :
There's sike a clowne come to the gate,
as came not this seven yeares to the Court.

He cals all knaves the King doth keepe ;
he raps at the gates and makes great din ;
He's passing liberall of reward ;
heed give a good single penny to be let in.

Let him in, sayd the Nobleman.
Come in, fellow, the Porter gan say :
If thou come within thy selfe, he sayde,
thy staffe behind the gate must stay.

And this cuckolds curre must lig behind :
what a deele, what a cut hast got with thee !
The King will take him up for his owne sel,
Ise warrant, when as he him doth see .

Beshrew thy limbes, then said the poore man ;
then mayst thou count me foole, or worse.
I wat not what banckrout lies by the King ;
for want of money he may picke my purse.

That's to be fear'd, the Porter said ;
Ise wish you goe in well arm'd ;
For the King he hath got mickle company,
and among them all, you may soone be harm'd.

Let him in with his staffe and his dog, said the Lord,
and with that he gave a nod with's head, and beck
with's knee.

If you be Sir King, then said the poore man,
as I can very well thinke you be ;

For I was told ere I came from home,
you're the goodliest man ere I saw beforene ;
With so many jingle jangles about ones necke,
as is about yours, I never saw none.

I am not the King, said the Nobleman,
fellow, although I have a proud coat.
If you be not the King, helpe me to the speech of him,
you seeme a good fellow, Ise gi you a groat.

Gramercy, said the Nobleman ;
the rewards so great, I cannot say nay.
Ile go know the Kings pleasure, if I can ;
till I come againe be sure thou stay.

Heres sike a staying, then said the poore man ;
belike the Kings better than any in our country.
I might be gone to th' farthest nuke i'th' house,
neither lad nor lowne to trouble me.

When the Nobleman came to the King,
he said he would shew his Grace good sport :
Heres such a clowne come to the gate,
as came not this seven yeares to the Court.

He cals all knaves your Highnesse keepes,
and more than that, he termes them worse.
Heele not come in without his staffe and his dogge,
for fear some bankrout will picke his purse.

Let him in with his staffe and his dog, said our King,
that of his sport we may see some.
Weele see how heele handle everything,
as soone as the match of bowles is done.

The Nobleman led him through many a roome,
and through many a gallery gay.
What a deece doth the king with so many toome houses,
that he gets um not fild with corne and hay ?

What gares these bables and babies all ?
some ill have they done that they hang by the walls ?
And staring aloft at the golden rooffe tope,
at a step he did stumble, and downe he falles.

Stand up, good fellow, the Nobleman sayd ;
 what, art thou drunke or blind, I trow ?
 Ise neither am blinde nor drunke, he sed,
 although, in my sowle, you oft are so.

It is a disease, said the Lord againe,
 that many a good man is troubled withall.
 Quoth the Country man then, yet I made your proud
 stones
 to kisse my backside, though they gave me a fall.

At last they spide the King in an ally,
 yet from his game he did not start.
 The day was so hot, he cast off his doublet ;
 he had nothing from the wast up but his shirt.

Loe, yonder's the King, said the Noble man :
 behold, fellow ; loe, where he goes.
 Beleevet hee's some unthrift, sayes the poore man,
 that has lost his money and pawnd his cloathes.

How hapt he hath gat neere a coate to his backe ?
 this bowling I like not ; it hath him undone.
 Ise warrant that fellow in those gay cloathes,
 he hath his coyne and his doublet won.

But when he came before the King,
 the Nobleman did his curtesie :
 The poore man followed after him,
 and gave a nod with his head and a becke with his knee.

If you be Sir King, then said the poore man,
as I can hardly thinke you be ;
Here is a gude fellow that brought me hither,
is liker to be the King than ye.

I am the King, his Grace now sayd ;
Fellow, let me thy cause understand.
If you be Sir King, Ime a tennant of yours,
that was borne and up brought within your owne
lande.

There dwels a Lawyer hard by me,
and a fault in my lease he sayes he hath found ;
And all was for felling five poor ashes,
to build a house upon my owne ground.

Hast thou a lease here ? said the King,
or canst thou shew to me the deed ?
He put it into the Kings owne hand,
and said, Sir, tis here, if that you can read.

Why, what if I cannot ? said our King ;
that which I cannot, another may.
I have a boy of mine owne, not seven yeares old,
a will read you as swift as yould run i'th' highway.

Lets see thy lease, then said our King :
then from his blacke boxe he puld it out.
He gave it into the Kings owne hand,
with foure or five knots ty'd fast in a clout.

Wast neere unloose these knots ? said the King :
 he gave it to one that behind him did stay.
It is a proud horse, then said the poore man,
 will not carries owne provinder along the highway.

Pay me forty shillings, as Ise pay you,
 I will not thinke much to unloose a knot :
I would I were so occupied every day.
 Ide unloose a score on um for a groat.

When the King had gotten these letters to read,
 and found the truth was very so :
I warrant thee, thou hast not forfeit thy lease,
 if that thou hadst feld five ashes moe.

I, every one can warrant me,
 but all your warrants are not worth a flea ;
For he that troubles me and will not let me goe,
 neither cares for warrant of you nor me.

The Lawyer he is sike a crafty elfe :
 a will make a foole of twenty such as me ;
And if that I sald gang hang my sel,
 Ise trow, he and I sud neere agree.

For he's too wise for all our towne,
 and yet we ha got crafty knaves beside.
Heele undoe me and my wife and bearnes :
 alas, that ever I saw this tide !

Thoust have an injunction, said our King ;
from troubling of thee he will cease :
Heele either shew thee a good cause why,
or else heele let thee live in peace.

What's that injunction ? said the poore man,
good Sir, to me I pray you say.
Why, it is a letter Ile cause to be written :
but art thou as simple as thou shewest for to day ?

Why, ift be a letter, Ime neere the better :
keep't to yourselfe and trouble not me.
I could a had a letter cheaper written at home,
and neere a come out of mine owne country.

Thoust have an attachment, said our King :
charge all thou seest to take thy part.
Till he pay thee an hundred pound,
be sure thou never let him start.

A, wais me ! the poore man saide then ;
you ken no whit what you now do say.
A won undoe me a thousand times,
ere he such a mickle of money will pay.

And more than this, there's no man at all
that dares amongst him for to lift a hand ;
For he has got so much guile in his budget,
that he will make all forfeit their land.

If any seeme against thee to stand,
 be sure thou come hither straight way.
A, marry, is that all Ise get for my labour?
 then I may come trotting every day.

Thou art hard a beleefe, then said our King :
 to please him with letters he was right willing.
I see you have taken great paines in writing,
 with all my heart Ile give you a shilling.

Ile have none of thy shilling, said our King ;
 man, with thy money God give thee win.
He threw it into the Kings bosome ;
 the money lay cold next to his skin.

Beshrew thy heart, then said our King ;
 thou art a carle something too bold :
Dost thou not see I am hot with bowling ?
 the money next to my skin lies cold.

I neere wist that before, said the poore man,
 before sike time as I came hither.
If the Lawyers in our country thought twas cold,
 they would not heape up so much together.

The King call'd up his Treasurer,
 and bad him fetch him twenty pound.
If ever thy errant lye here away,
 Ile beare thy charges up and downe.

When the poore man saw the gold tendred,
for to receive it he was willing.
If I had thought the King had so mickle gold,
beshrew my heart, Ide a kept my shilling.

Now, farewell, good fellow, quoth the King :
see that my command you well doe keepe ;
And when that the Lawyer you have in your hands,
looke that he doe pay you before he doe sleepe.

Gods benison light on your soule, then he sayd,
and send you and yours where ever you gang :
If that I doe ever meete with your fewd foes,
Ise sweare by this staffe that their hide I won bang.

And farewell, brave lads now, unto you all :
I wod all may win and neane of you leese.
Haude ; take this same tester among you awe :
I ken that you Courtiers doe all looke for fees.

Thus with a low courtsie of them he tooke leave,
thinking from the Court to take his way ;
But some of the gentlemen then of the Kings
would needs invite him at dinner to stay.

A little entreaty did soone serve his turne :
a thought himsel as good a man as them all.
But where (quoth he) sall I have this same feast ?
then straightway they ushered him into the hall.

Such store of cheare on the board there was plast,
that made the countryman much for to muse.
Quoth he, I doe think you are all craftie knaves,
that such a service you will not refuse.

I nere saw such a flipper de flapper before ;
here's keele I doe think is made of a whetstone.
Heer's dousets and flappjacks, and I ken not what ;
I thinke, in the worlde such feasts there is none.

When he had well din'd and had filled his panch,
then to the winecellar they had him straight way,
Where they with brave claret and brave old Canary,
they with a foxe tale him soundly did pay.

So hard they did ply him with these strong wines,
that he did wrong the long seames of his hose,
That two men were faine to leade him up stayres ;
so, making indentures, away then he goes.

The poore man got home next Sunday :
the Lawyer soone did him espy.
Oh, Sir, you have been a stranger long,
I thinke from me you have kept you by.

It was for you indeed, said the poore man,
the matter to the King as I have tell.
I did as neighbours put it in my head,
and made a submission to the King my sel.

What a deel didst thou with the King ? said the Lawyer:
could not neighbours and friends agree thee and me ?
The deel a neighbour or friend that I had,
that would a bin sike a daies man as he.

He has gin me a letter, but I know not what they cal't ;
but if the King's words be frue to me,
When you have read and perused it over,
I hope you will leave, and let me be.

He has gin me another, but I know not what 'tis ;
but I charge you all to hold him fast.
Pray you that are learned this letter reade ;
which presently made them all agast.

Then they did reade this letter plaine,
the Lawyer must pay him a hundred pound.
You see the King's letter, the poore man did say,
and unto a post he sal straight way be bound.

Then unto a post they tide him fast,
and all men did rate him in cruell sort ;
The lads, and the lasses, and all the towne
at him had great glee, pastime and sport.

Ile pay it, Ile pay it, the Lawyer said :
the attachment, I say, it is good and faire ;
You must needes something credit me,
till I goe home and fetch some meare.

Credit ! nay, thats it the King forbad :
 he bad, if I got thee, I should thee stay.
The Lawyer payd him an hundred pound
 in ready money, ere he went away.

Would every Lawyer were served thus !
 from troubling poore men they would cease :
They'd either show them a good cause why,
 or else they'd let them live in peace.

And thus I end my merry tale,
 which shewes the plain mans simplenesse,
And the Kings great mercy in righting his wrongs,
 and the Lawyers fraud and wickednesse.

FINIS.

M. P.