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CRAWHALL, JOSEPH
CRAWHALL'S...
1883
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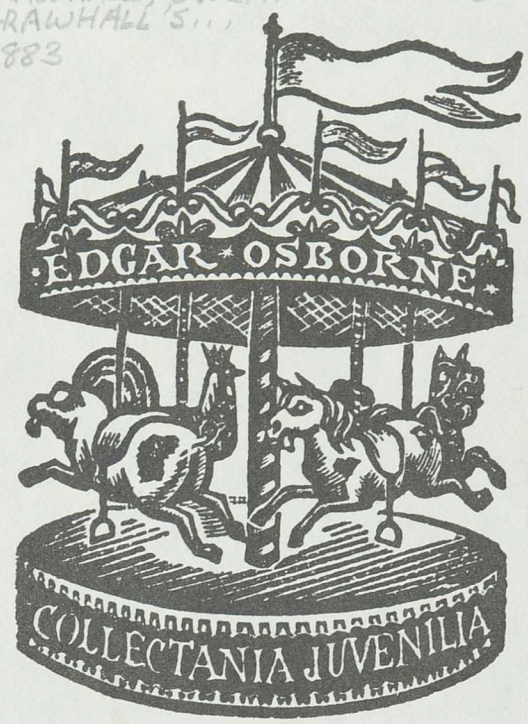

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Now Ready.] [In One Thick 4to Vol. 25/.

As the many hundreds of illuſtrations are all hand-coloured, the iſſue is neceſſarily limited.

Olde ffrendes
WYTH
newe Faces.
Adorn'd with ſutable SCVLPTVRES.

TABLE of the matter herein contain'd: I.—The louing Ballad of Lord Bateman. II.—A true relation of the Apparition of Mrs. Veal. III.—The Long Pack: A Northumbrian Tale. IV.—The Sword Dancers. V.—John Cunningham, the Paſtoral Poet. VI.—Ducks & Green Peas, or the Newcaſtle Rider: a Tale in Rhyme. VII.—Ducks & Green Peas: a Farce. VIII.—Andrew Robinſon Stoney Bowes, Eſquire. IX.—The Gloamin' Buchte.

LONDON: Field & Tuer; Simpkin, Marſhall & Co.; Hamilton, Adams & Co.
NEW YORK: Scribner & Welford.

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CRAWHALL'S
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LONDON: Field & Tuer; Simpkin, Marſhall & Co.; Hamilton, Adams & Co.
NEW YORK: Scribner & Welford.

[Over.

Crawhall's Chap-book Chaplets.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Gives an excellent idea of the original mode of illuſtrating Ballads. Likely to become ſcarce."—*Athenæum.*

"Excellent reproductions of the antique ſtyle. So cleverly imitated, everything leads the reader to forget that he is peruſing a work freſh from the preſs."—*Morning Poſt.*

"The imitations are cleverly executed. Difficult to diſtinguiſh the ancient from the modern. Might eaſily be miſtaken for Catnachs."—*Times.*

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"Mr. Crawhall ſeems to have a perfect genius for catching the ſpirit of theſe old engravings."—*Whitehall Review.*

"Simply charming in its unique humour. Moſt intereſting."—*Society.*

"Perfect of its kind; ought never to ſtand on any meaner ſupport than a maſterpiece of Chippendale."—*Graphic.*

"Quite a *chef-d'œuvre.* Old & young will derive pleaſure from turning over its delightful pages."—*Globe.*

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"For the antiquarian to ſtudy, for the collector to preſerve, and for the artiſt to admire."—*Bazaar.*

"This very curious & quaintly illuſtrated book."—*Broad Arrow.*

"Preciſe & almoſt undiſtinguiſhable reduplications of the originals."—*Morning Advertiser.*

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"A treat to the lovers of the humorous & groteſque. The fruits of an ingenious ſtudy of the rude art preſſed into the ſervice of the Ballad-ſeller."—*Newcaſtle Journal.*

"One would like to know if any of the illuſtrations are old, or whether Mr. Crawhall has drawn & deſigned them eſpecially for this volume."—*Saturday Review.*

"Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne, to which Mr. Crawhall belongs, is famous for its Chap-books, & this quaint & carefully prepared 4to volume ſhews that the ſtyle of art is ſtill represented by at leaſt one who can do remarkably clever & effective work. The book will delight the eyes of thoſe who encourage the reproduction and imitation of old-faſhioned popular literature."—*The Queen.*

"'Chap-book Chaplets,' printed in a comically antique faſhion, & illuſtrated by numerous groteſque imitations of old ballad wood-cuts cleverly drawn by Mr. Joſeph Crawhall, & all coloured by hand."—*Chambers's Journal.*

"No words can convey an adequate idea of its contents * * * Publiſhed at 25 ſhillings, & in courſe of a few years will probably be worth as many pounds."—*The Paper & Printing Trades Journal.*

As the illustrations herein are all hand coloured
the issue is necessarily limited.

Joseph Crawhall.

CRAWHALL'S

Chap-book Chaplets.

"I love a Ballad in print, a'life; for then we are ſure they are true."

Winter's Tale, Act iv., Sc. iii.

ANNO.M.DCCC.
•L•XXX•III•

LONDON:

Field & Tuer. Simpkin, Marſhall & Co.

Hamilton, Adams & Co.

NEW YORK: Scribner & Welford.

"Ye maidens & men, come for what you lack,
And buy the fair Ballads I have in my pack."

Pedlar's Lamentation.

TO THE

Great Variety

OF

READERS

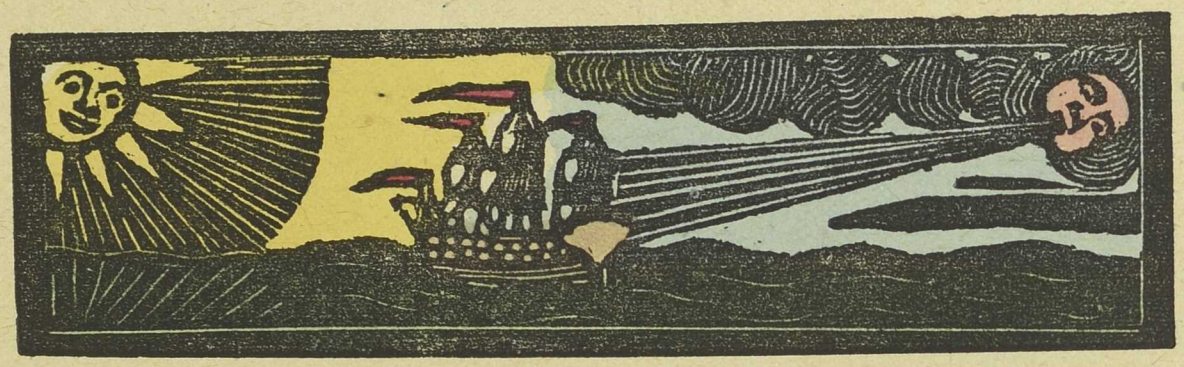
From the moſt able to him

that can but

Spell,

THESE.

"Antique Ballads ſung to crowds of old
Now cheaply bought at thrice their weight in gold."



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I. The Barkeſhire Lady's Garland.

II. The Babes in the Wood.

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V. The Taming of a Shrew.

VI. Blew-cap for me.

VII. John & Joan.

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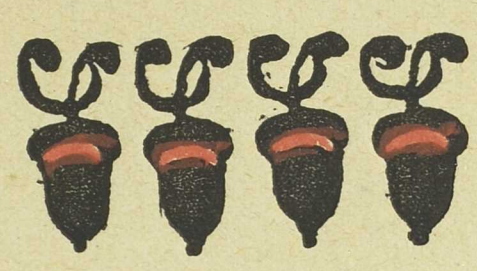


THE
Barkeſhire Lady's
GARLAND.

LONDON :
Field & Tuer. Simpkin, Marſhall & Co.
Hamilton, Adams & Co.
NEW YORK : Scribner & Welford.

READ IT?
AH!—

THE

Barkeſhire Lady's

GARLAND.

THE
Barkeſhire Lady's
GARLAND.

ANNO.M.DCCC.
•L•XXX•III•

LONDON:
Field & Tuer. Simpkin, Marſhall & Co.
Hamilton, Adams & Co.
NEW YORK: Scribner & Welford.

The

Barkeſhire Lady's Garland:

in Four Parts.

PART I.

Shewing Cupid's Conqueſt over a coy Lady of five thouſand a year.

PART II.

The Lady's Letter of Challenge to fight him upon refuſing to wed her in a maſk without knowing who ſhe was.

PART III.

How they met by appointment in a Grove, where ſhe obliged him to fight or wed her.

PART IV.

How they rode together in her Gilded Coach to her noble Seat or Caſtle.

PART I.

Showing Cupid's Conqueſt over a coy Lady of Five thouſand a year &c.

Tune—"The Royal Foreſter."

BACHELORS of every Station,
Mark this ſtrange & true relation,
Which in brief to you I bring:
Never was a Stranger thing.

You ſhall find it worth the hearing:
Loyal love is moſt endearing,
When it takes the deepeſt root,
Yielding charms & gold to boot

SOME will wed for love of treaſure,
But the ſweeteſt joy & pleaſure
Is in faithful love you'll find,
Gracèd with a noble mind.

Such a noble diſpoſition
Had this Lady, with ſubmiſſion:
Of whom I this ſonnet write,
Store of wealth & beauty bright.

She had left by a good Grannum,
Full five thouſand pounds per annum,
Which ſhe held without control:
Thus ſhe did in riches roll.

Though ſhe had vaſt ſtores of riches,
Which ſome perſons much bewitches,
Yet ſhe bore a courteous mind—
Not the leaſt to pride inclin'd.

SHORTLIE!

MANY noble perſons courted
This young Lady, 'tis reported,
But their lab'ring proved in vain,
They could not her favour gain.

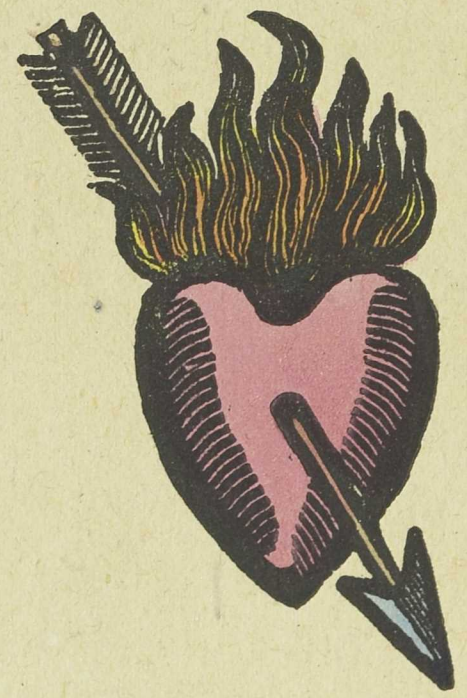
Though ſhe made ſuch ſtrong reſiſtance,
Yet, by Cupid's kind aſſiſtance,
She was conquer'd after all:
How it was declare I ſhall.

Being at a noble wedding,
Near the famous Town of Redding,
A young gentleman ſhe ſaw,
Who belongèd to the Law.

As ſhe view'd his ſweet behaviour,
Every courteous carriage gave her
New additions to her grief:
Forc'd ſhe was to ſeek relief.

PRIVATELY ſhe then enquired
About him ſo much admired,
Both his name & where he dwelt :
Such was the hot flames ſhe felt.

Then at night this youthful Lady
Call'd her Coach, which being ready,
Homeward ſtraight ſhe did return,
But her heart in flames did burn.



PART II.

The Lady's letter of a Challenge to fight him upon refuſing to wed her in a maſk, without knowing who ſhe was.

NIGHT & morning for a ſeaſon
In her cloſet would ſhe reaſon
With herſelf, & often ſaid—
Why has Love my heart betray'd.

I that have ſo many ſlighted
Am at length ſo well requited,
For my griefs are not a few:
Now I find what Love can do.

HE that has my heart in keeping,
Though I for his ſake be weeping,
Little knows what grief I feel,
But I'll try it out with ſteel.

For I will a challenge ſend him,
And appoint where I'll attend him:
In a grove, without delay,
By the dawning of the day.

He ſhall not the leaſt diſcover,
That I am a virgin lover,
By the challenge which I ſend:
But for juſtice I contend.

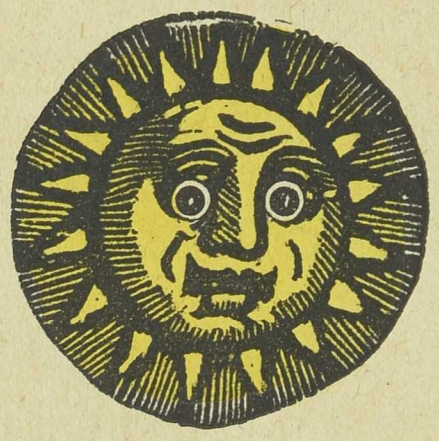
He has cauſed ſad diſtraction,
And I come for ſatisfaction,
Which if he denies to give,
One of us ſhall ceaſe to live.

HAVING thus her mind revealèd,
She her letter cloſed and ſealèd;
Now when it came to his hand,
The young man was at a ſtand.

In her letter ſhe conjur'd him
For to meet, & well aſſur'd him,
Recompence he muſt afford,
Or diſpute it with the ſword.

Having read this ſtrange relation,
He was in a conſternation:
Then adviſing with his friend,
He perſuades him to attend.

Be of courage & make ready,
Faint heart never won fair Lady,
In regard it muſt be ſo,
I along with you will go.



PART III.

How they met by appointment in a Grove, where ſhe obliged him to fight or wed her.

EARLY on a Summer's morning
When bright Phœbus was adorning
Every bower with his beams,
The fair Lady came, it ſeems.

At the bottom of the mountain,
Near a pleaſant, cryſtal fountain,
There ſhe left her gilded coach,
While the Grove ſhe did approach.

COVER'D with her maſk, & walking,
There ſhe met her Lover talking
With a friend that he had brought,
Straight ſhe aſk'd him who he ſought.

I am challeng'd by a gallant,
Who reſolves to try my talent:
Who he is I cannot ſay,
But I hope to ſhow him play.

It is I that did invite you,
You ſhall wed me or I'll fight you
Underneath thoſe ſpreading trees,
Therefore chooſe you which you pleaſe.

You ſhall find I do not vapour,
I have brought my truſty rapier,
Therefore take your choice, ſays ſhe,
Either fight or marry me.

SAID he, Madam, pray what mean you?
In my life I've never ſeen you:
Pray unmaſk—your viſage ſhow,
Then I'll tell you Aye or No.

I will not my face uncover
Till the marriage ties are over,
Therefore, chooſe you which you will,
Wed me, Sir—or—try your ſkill.

Step within that pleaſant bower
With your friend one ſingle hour:
Strive your thoughts to reconcile,
And I'll wander here the while.

While this charming Lady waited,
The young bachelors debated,
What was beſt for to be done:
Quoth his friend—the hazard run.

IF my judgment can be truſted,
Wed her firſt—you can't be worſted:
If ſhe's rich, you'll riſe to fame,
If ſhe's poor—why, you're the ſame.

He conſented to be married:
In her coach they all were carried
To a Church, without delay
Where he weds the Lady gay.

The ſweet pretty Cupids hover'd
Round her eyes—her face was cover'd
With a maſk—he took her thus,
Juſt for better or for worſe.

With a courteous, kind behaviour
She preſents his friend a favour,
And withal diſmiſſ'd him ſtraight
That he might no longer wait.

PART IV.

How they rode together in her gilded Coach to her noble Seat or Caſtle.

AS the gilded Coach ſtood ready,
The young lover & his Lady,
Rode together till they came,
To her houſe of ſtate & fame.

Which appeared like a Caſtle,
Where he might behold a parcel
Of young cedars, tall & ſtraight.
Juſt before her Palace gate.

HAND in hand they walk'd together,
To a hall, or parlour rather,
Which was beautiful & fair—
All alone ſhe left him there.

Two long hours there he waited
Her return—at length he fretted,
And began to grieve at laſt,
For he had not broke his faſt.

Still he ſat like one amazèd,
Round a ſpacious room he gazèd,
Which was richly beautified:
But, alas! he loſt his bride.

There was peeping, laughing, ſneering,
All within the Lawyer's hearing:
But his bride he could not ſee—
Would I were at home thought he.

WHILE his heart was melancholy,
Said the Steward, briſk & jolly,
Tell me, friend, how came you here?
You have ſome deſign I fear.

He reply'd—dear loving maſter,
You ſhall meet with no diſaſter
Through my means in any caſe—
Madam brought me to this place.

Then the Steward did retire,
Saying, that he would enquire
Whether it was true or no:
Never was love hampered ſo.

Now the Lady who had fill'd him
With thoſe fears, full well beheld him,
From a window where ſhe dreſt,
Pleaſed at the pleaſant jeſt.

WHEN ſhe had herſelf attir'd
In rich robes to be admired,
She appeared in his ſight,
Like a moving angel bright.

Sir—my ſervants have related,
How you have ſome hours waited
In my parlour—tell me who,
In my houſe you ever knew.

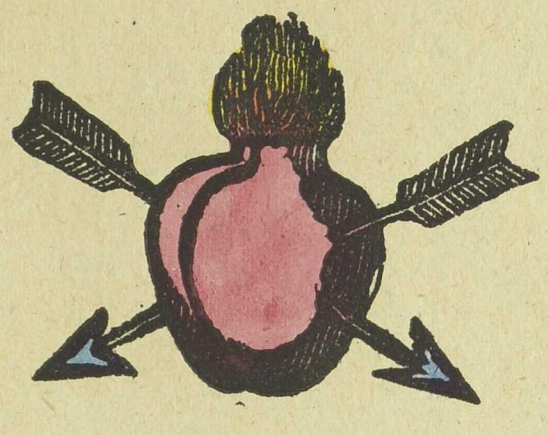
Madam—if I have offended,
It is more than I intended;
A young Lady brought me here—
That is true, ſhe ſaid, my dear.

I can be no longer cruel
To my joy & only jewel—
Thou art mine, & I am thine,
Hand & heart I do reſign.

ONCE I was a wounded lover,
Now, theſe fears are fairly over,
By receiving what I gave
Thou art Lord of all I have.

Beauty, honour, love & treaſure,
A rich, golden ſtream of pleaſure
With his Lady he enjoys—
Thanks to Cupid's kind decoys.

Now he's cloth'd in rich attire
Not inferior to a Squire:
Beauty, honour, riches, ſtore,
What can man deſire more?



Newlie fett foorth & adorn'd with

Sculptures, curiouſlie engraven by

Joſeph Crawhall, Newcaſtle upon Tyne:

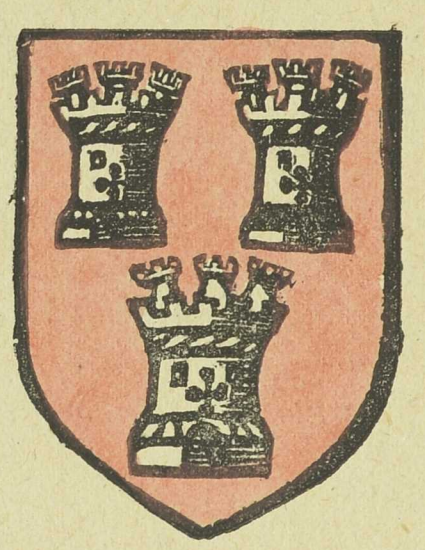
Editor of the "Newcaſtle Fiſhers' Garlands,"

Author of "The Compleateſt Angling Booke,"

"Border Notes & Mixty-maxty,"

"Chaplets from Coquetſide,"

&c.



Emprynted at ye Leadenhalle Preſſe,

London, by Field & Tuer,

ANNO.M.DCCC.
.L.XXX.III.

CRAVVHALL'S
Chap-book
Chaplets.

I. *The Barkeſhire Lady's* **Garland.**
II. *The Babes in the* **Wood.**
III. *I* **Know** *what I* **Know.**
IV. *Jemmy & Nancy of* **Yarmouth.**
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NEW YORK: Scribner & Welford.

The
most Lamentable
&
Deplorable
HISTORY
of the
TWO CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Containing:

The happy Loves & Lives of their Parents,
The Treachery & barbarous Villany of their Unkle,
The Duel between the Murthering Ruffians,
& the unhappy & deplorable death of
the two innocent Children.

As alſo an account of the Juſtice of God that overtook the Unnatural Unkle: & of the deſerved Death of the two murthering Ruffians.

ANNO. M. DCCC.
·L·XXX·III·

The Children in the Wood:

or

The Norfolk Gentleman's laſt will & Teſtament.

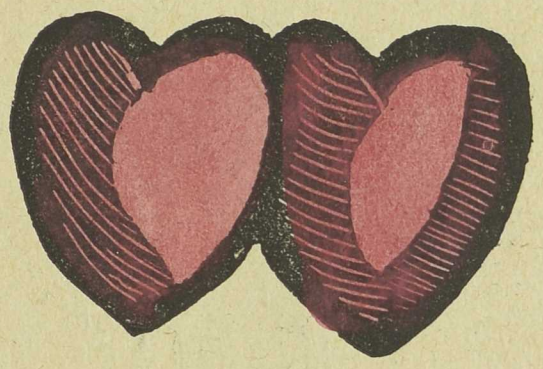
[Appears to have been written in 1595, being entered in that year on the Stationers books. But the oldeſt Edition now known in print is that entitled '*The Cruel Uncle*,' 12º, 1670.]

NOW ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I ſhall write:
A doleful ſtory you ſhall hear,
In time brought forth to light:
A Gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whoſe wealth and riches did ſurmount
Moſt men of his eſtate.

SORE Sick he was, & like to die,
No help that he could have;
His wife by him as ſick did lie,
And both poſſeſſ'd one grave.
No love between theſe two was loſt,
Each was to other kind:
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
And left two babes behind.

THE one a fine & pretty boy,
Not paſſing three years old;
The other a girl, more young than he,
And made in beauty's mould.
The Father left his little Son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age ſhould come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

United Heartes



Dethe onlie partes.

Jane

AND to his little daughter Jane
Five Hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controul'd:
But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age ſhould come,
Their Uncle ſhould poſſeſs their wealth:
For ſo the will did run.

NOW, brother, ſaid the dying man
Look to my children dear:
Be good unto my boy & girl,
No friends elſe have I here;
To God & you I do commend
My children night & day;
But little while, be ſure, we have
Within this world to ſtay.

YOU muſt be Father & Mother both,
And Uncle all in one:
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead & gone.
With that beſpake their Mother dear,
O Brother kind, quoth ſhe,
You are the man muſt bring our babes
To wealth or miſery.

AND if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwiſe you ſeem to deal,
God will your deeds regard.
With lips as cold as any ſtone,
She kiſſed her children ſmall:
God bleſs you both, my children dear,
With that the tears did fall.

THESE ſpeeches then their Brother ſpoke
To this ſick couple there:
The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet ſiſter do not fear;
God never proſper me nor mine,
Nor aught elſe that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave.

THEIR parents being dead & gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them home unto his houſe,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept theſe pretty babes
A twelvemonth & a day,
But, for their wealth, he did deviſe
To make them both away.

HE bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they ſhould take the children young,
And ſlay them in a wood.

HE told his wife, & all he had,
He did the children ſend,
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

AWAY then went theſe pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They ſhould on cock-horſe ride.

THEY prate & prattle pleaſantly,
As they rode on the way,
To thoſe that ſhould their butchers be,
And work their lives decay.

SO that the pretty ſpeech they had,
Made murderers hearts relent;
And they that undertook the deed,
Full ſore they did repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Becauſe the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

THE other'd not agree thereto,
So here they fell at ſtrife;
With one another they did fight,
About the Childrens' life:
And he that was of mildeſt mood,
Did ſlay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
While Babes did quake with fear

HE took the Children by the hand
When tears ſtood in their eye,
And bade them come & go with him,
And look they did not cry:
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain:
Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
When I do come again.

THESE pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up & down:
But never more they ſaw the man,
Approaching from the town:
Their pretty lips with black-berries,
Were all beſmear'd & dyed,
And, when they ſaw the darkſome night,
They ſate them down & cried.

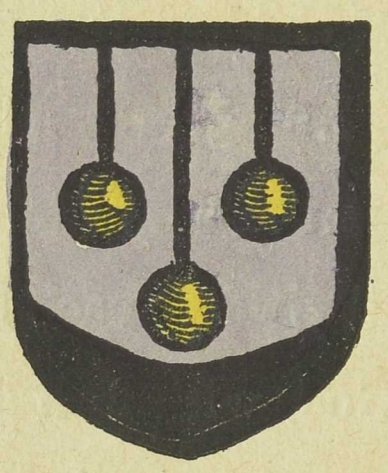
THUS wander'd theſe two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief:
In one anothers arms they died,
As babes wanting relief:
No burial theſe pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breaſt painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

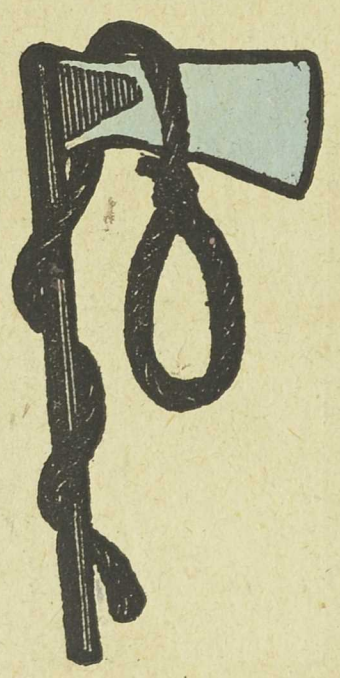
AND now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their Uncle fell:
Yea—fearful fiends did haunt his houſe,
His conſcience felt an hell:
His barns were fir'd, his goods conſum'd,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him ſtay'd.

AND in the voyage to Portugal,
Two of his ſons did die;
And, to conclude, himſelf was brought
To extreme miſery;
He pawn'd & mortgag'd all his land
Ere ſeven years came about
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out.

THE fellow that did take in hand
Theſe Children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to die
As was God's bleſſed will:
Who did confeſs the very truth,
The which is here expreſſ'd;
Their Uncle died while he, for debt
In priſon long did reſt.

ALL you that be executors made,
And overſeers eke,
Of children that be fatherleſs,
And infants mild & meek,
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Leſt God, with ſuch like miſery,
Your wicked minds requite.





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London, by Field & Tuer,

ANNO.M.DCCC.
.L.XXX.III.

CRAWHALL'S
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I. *The Barkeſhire Lady's Garland.*
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LONDON:
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I KNOW what I knovv.

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NEW YORK : Scribner & Welford.

A Roxburghe Ballad.

"Probably of the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth."
Printed "by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke" to the Title "Few words are best." Collier.

I
KNOW
what I knovv.

ANNO.M.DCCC.
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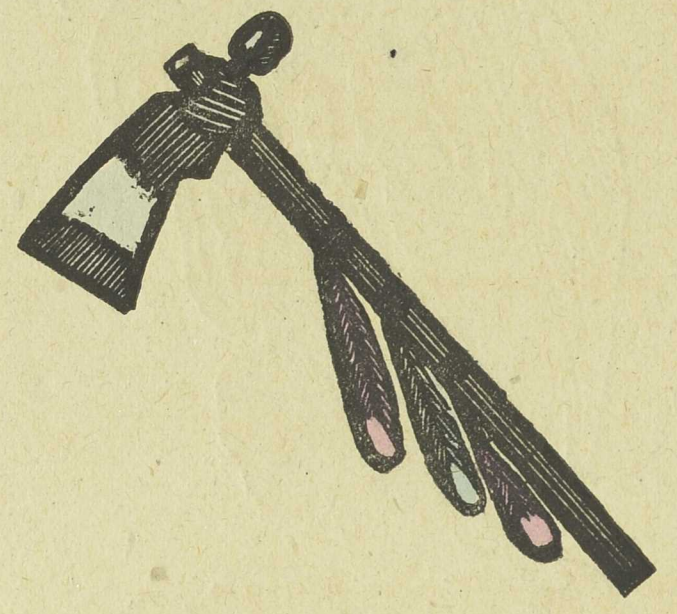


Come, buy this new Ballad, before you doe goe:

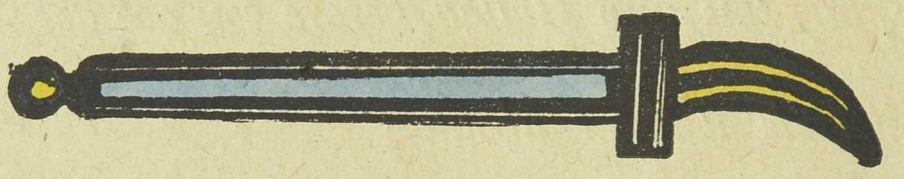
If you raile at the Authour - - - - - -

I know what I know.

To the Tune of 'I'le tell you but ſo.'

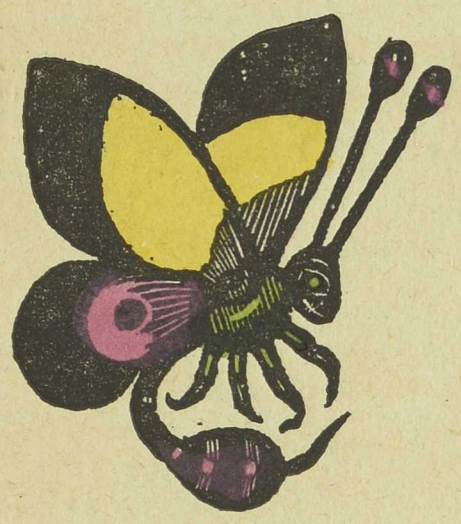
IT is an old ſaying,
That few words are beſt,
And he that ſays little
Shall live moſt at reſt.

AND I, by experience,
Doe finde it right ſo,
Therefore I'le ſpare ſpeech,
But—I know what I know.

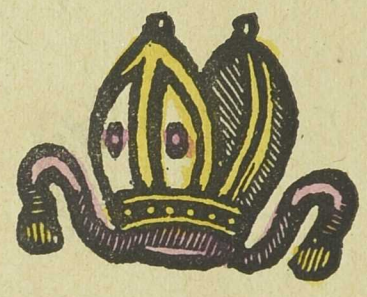


YET ſhall you perceiue well,
Though little I ſay,
That many enormities
I will diſplay.
You may gueſs my meaning
By that which I ſhow:
I will not tell all—
But—I know what I know.

THERE be ſome great climbers
Compoſ'd of ambition,
To whom better-borne men
Doe bend with ſubmiſſion:



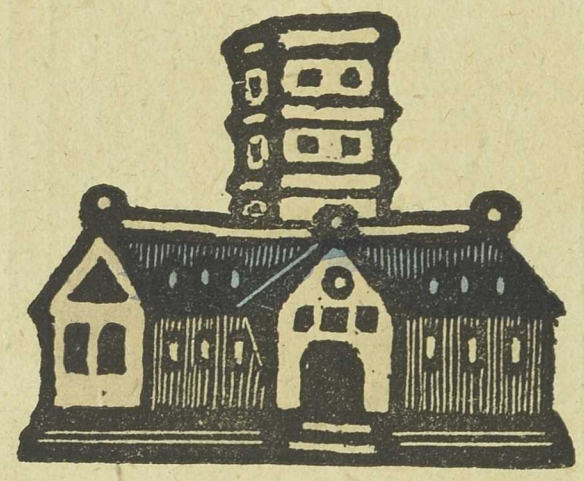
PROUD Lucifer, climbing,
Was caſt very low:
I'le not ſtay theſe men—
But—I know what I know.



THERE be many Foxes
That goe on two legges,
They ſteale greater matters
Than Cocks, Hennes, & Egges:

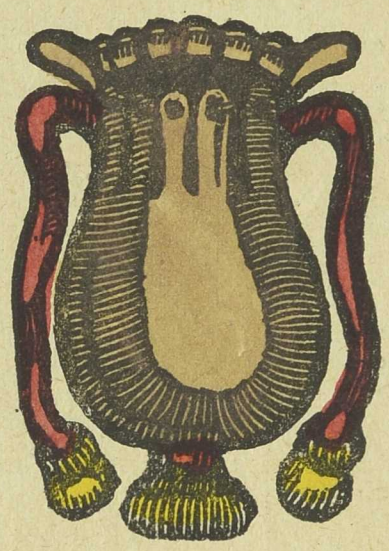
TO catch many Guls
In ſheepes clothing they goe:
They might be deſtroy'd,
But—I know what I know.

THERE be many men
That Deuotion pretend,
And make us belieeue
That true Faith they'le defend:



THREE times in one day
To Church they will goe:
They cozen the world,
But—I know what I know.

THERE be many rich men,
Both Yeomen & Gentry,
That for their own priuate gain,
Hurt a whole countrey



BY closing free Commons:
Yet they'le make as though
'Twere for common good:
But—I know what I know.

THERE be many Vpſtarts,
That ſpring from the Cart,
Who gotten to th' Court
Play the Gentleman's part:
Their Fathers were plaine men,
They ſcorne to be ſo:
They think themſelves brave
But—I know what I know.

THERE be many Officers,
Men of great place,
To whom if one ſue
For their favour & grace,
He muſt bribe their ſeruants,
While they make as though
They know no ſuch thing
But—I know what I know.

THERE be many Women
That ſeem very pure;
A Kiſſe from a ſtranger
They'le hardly endure.

THEY are like Lucretia,
Modeſt in ſhow;
I will accuſe none:
But—I know what I know.

LIKEWISE there be many
Diſſembling men
That ſeem to hate Drinking,
And Frollick, yet when

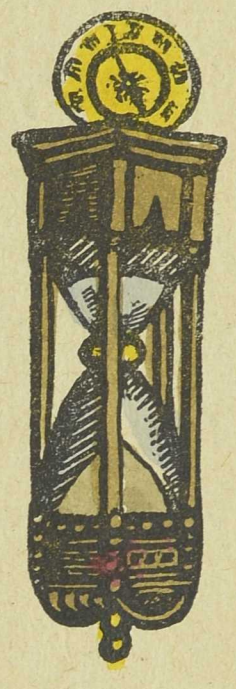
LIKE companie comes
To the Tauerne they'le goe,
They are ſober all day;
But—I know what I know.

THERE be many Batchelors
That, to beguile
Beleeuing kind Laſſes
Vſe many a wile:

THEY all ſweare that they loue
When they mean nothing ſo,
And boaſt of theſe trickes—
But—I know what I know.

THERE'S many an Vſurer
That, like a Drone
Dooth idly liue
Vpon his money's Lone:

FROM tens unto hundreds
His money dooth grow:
He ſayes he doth good,
But—I know what I know.



THERE be many Gallants

That goe in gay Rayment,

For which the Taylor

Did neuer receiue payment:

They ruffle it out

With a gorgeous ſhow:

Some take them for Knights—

But—I know what I know.

THERE be many Rovers,

That ſwagger & rore

As though in th' warres had been

Seuen yeeres & more:

AND yet they neuer lookt
In the face of a Foe:
They ſeeme gallant ſparkes—
But—I know what I know.

THERE'S many, both Women
An' Men, that appeare
With beautiful outſides,
The World's eyes to bleare
But all is not Gold
That dooth glifter in Show:
Patch, powdere an' paint—
But—I know what I know.

THERE'S many rich Tradeſmen
Who live by Deceit,
And in weight & meaſure
The Poore they doe cheate:

THEY'LE not ſweare an Oath,
But indeed, I, and No:
They 'truely proteſt'
But—I know what I know.

THERE be many people
So given to ſtrife,
That they'le go to Law
For a two-penny Knife:

THE Lawyers nere aſke them
Why they doe ſo:
They get by their hate—
But—I know what I know.

I KNOW there be many
Will carpe at this Ballet,
Becauſe it is like
Sowre Sawce to their Pallet:

BUT he, ſhee, or they,
Let me tell ere I goe,
If they ſpeake 'gainſt this Song—
I know what I know.

TAYL
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jemmy & nancy

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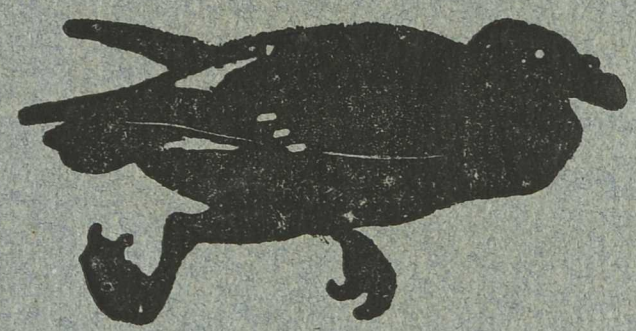

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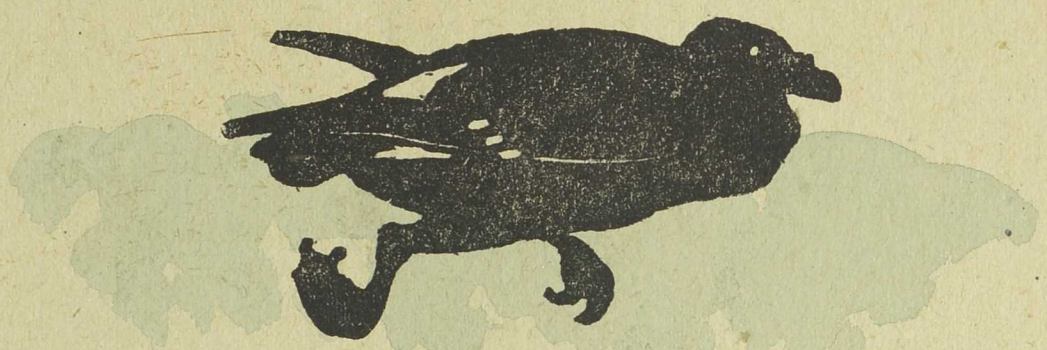

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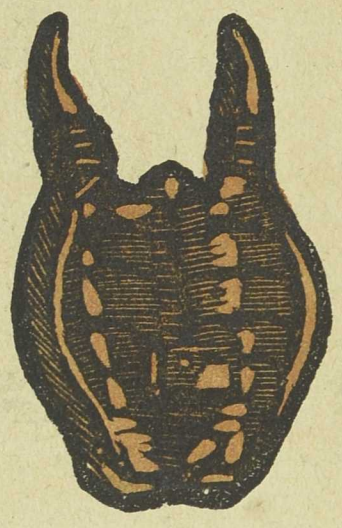

Jemmy & Nancy

of

YARMOUTH:

or the

Conſtant Lovers.

In Four Parts.

PART I.

Shewing how beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth fell in love with young Jemmy the Sailor.

PART II.

How the Father conveyed a Letter to deſtroy young Jemmy, his daughter's Sweetheart.

PART III.

Shewing how the Ghoſt of young Jemmy the Sailor appeared to beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth.

PART IV.

How the Ghoſts of theſe two unfortunate Lovers appeared to the Boatſwain, and he, having his trial, was hanged at the yard-arm.

PART I.

Shewing how beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth fell in love with young Jemmy the Sailor.

Tune—"The Yarmouth Tragedy."

LOVERS, I pray, lend an ear to my ſtory,
Take an example by this conſtant pair:
How love a young Virgin did blaſt in her glory,
Beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth, we hear.

She was a rich Merchant's only daughter,
Heireſs unto fifteen hundred a year:
A young man who courted her call'd her his jewel,
The ſon of a Gentleman who lived near.

MANY long years the fair maid he admir'd,
When they were infants, in love they agreed:
And, when at age this young coupl'd arrived,
Cupid an arrow between them diſplay'd.

Their tender hearts were cloſe linked together;
But, when her parents the ſame they did hear,
They, to their charming young beautiful daughter,
Acted a part that was hard and ſevere.

Daughter, they ſaid, pray give o'er your proceeding;
If that againſt our conſent you do wed,
For evermore we reſolve to diſown you,
If you wed with one that is ſo mean bred.

Then ſaid her Mother—you have a great fortune,
Beſides, you are beautiful, charming and young;
You are a match, my dear child, that is fitting,
For any Lord that is in Chriſtendom.

THEN did reply the young beautiful Virgin,
Riches & honours I both do defy;
If that I'm denied of my deareſt lover—
Then, farewell World! which is all vanity.

Jemmy's the man that I do moſt admire,
He is the riches that I do adore:
For to be greater I have no desire,
My heart is fix't, never for to love more.

Then ſaid her Father, 'tis my reſolution,
Although I have no more daughters but thee,
If that, with him you reſolve for to marry,
Baniſh'd for ever from me thou ſhalt be.

Well, cruel Father—but this I deſire,
Grant me that Jemmy once more I may ſee,
Though you do part us I ſtill will be loyal,
For none in the world I admire but he.

FOR the young man he then ſent, in a paſſion,
Saying, for ever, Sir, now take your leave:
I have a match far more fit for my daughter,
Therefore it is but a folly to grieve.

Honourèd Father, then ſaid the young lady,
Promiſed we are, by the Powers above;
Why of all comfort here will you bereave me?
Our love is fixt, never to be remov'd.

To him ſaid her Father—a trip to the Ocean,
You ſhall firſt go in a ſhip of my own,
And I'll conſent that you ſhall have my daughter,
When unto Yarmouth again you return.

Honourèd Sir, then reply'd the two lovers,
Since 'tis your will, we are bound to obey;
Our conſtant hearts they can never be parted,
But our eager deſires for a time we can ſtay.

Tempus edax rerum.

Take Time by the Foreloch.

THEN ſaid kind Nancy—behold deareſt Jemmy,
Here, take this ring as the pledge of our vows;
With it my heart—keep it ſafe in your boſom,
And carry it with you wherever you goes.

Then in his arms he did cloſely enfold her,
While chryſtal tears like a fountain did flow,
Crying, my heart in return do I give you,
And you ſhall be preſent wherever I go.

When on the Ocean, my dear, I am ſailing,
The thoughts of my jewel the compaſs ſhall ſteer;
Theſe long tedious days ſpeed'ly Time will devour,
And ſoon bring me home again ſafe to my dear.

Therefore be conſtant, my dear lovely jewel:
For, by the heavens! if you are untrue,
My troubled ghoſt ſhall torment you for ever—
Dead or alive, I will have none but you.

HER lovely arms round his neck then ſhe twined,
Saying, my dear, when you are on the ſeas,
If the fates unto us ſhould prove unkind,
That we each other no more ever ſees.

Its—no man alive that ſhall ever wed me:
Soon as the tidings of death reach my ear,
Then, like a poor, unfortunate lover,
Down to the grave I will go to my dear.

Then with a ſorrowful ſigh he departed,
The wind next morning blew a pleaſant gale:
All things being ready, the fam'd Mary Galley
Then for Barbadoes ſhe ſtraightway ſet ſail.

PART II.

How the Father conveyed a letter to deſtroy young Jemmy, his daughter's ſweet-heart.

JEMMY was floating upon the wide ocean,
And her cruel parents were plotting the while,
How that the heart of their beautiful daughter,
With curſèd gold they ſhould ſtrive to beguile.

Many a Lord of great fame, birth, & breeding,
Came for to court this young beautiful maid;
But their rich preſents & proffers ſhe ſlighted,
Conſtant I'll be to my jewel, ſhe ſaid.

NOW for a while we will leave this fair maiden,
And tell how things with her Jemmy did go;
In fair Barbadoes the ſhip had arrived—
But now I'll relate this fond lover's o'erthrow.

Young Jemmy was comely in every feature—
A Barbadoes lady, whoſe fortune was great,
So fixed her eyes, that ſhe cried, if I have not
This brave Engliſh ſailor, I'll die for his ſake.

She dreſſèd herſelf all in gallant attire,
With coſtly diamonds ſhe plaited her hair,
And a hundred ſlaves all well dreſſ'd to attend her,
She ſent for this young man to come unto her.

O come, noble Sailor, ſhe cried, can you fancy,
A Lady whoſe riches are ſo very great;
An hundred ſlaves you ſhall have to attend you,
And muſic to charm you in your ſilent ſleep.

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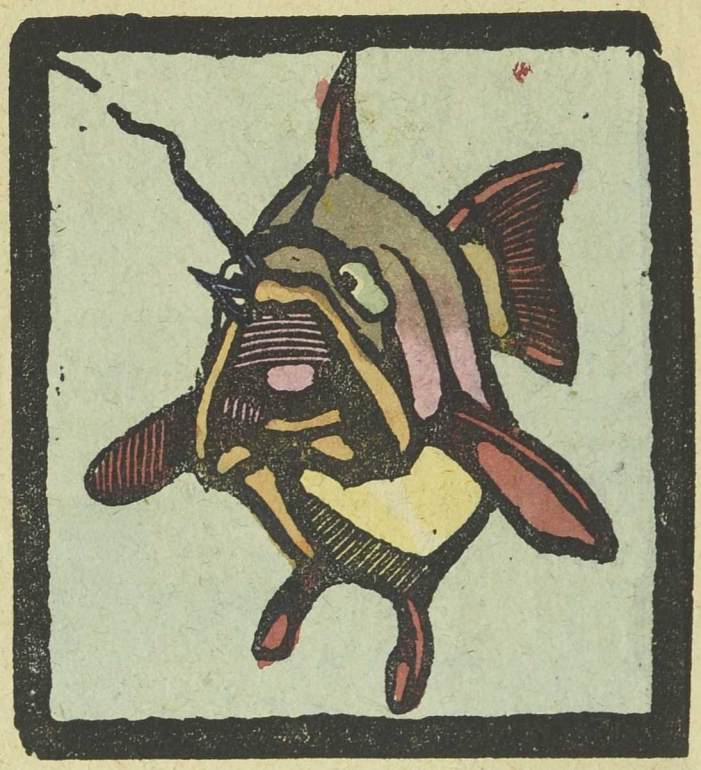


IN robes of gold, my dear I will deck you,
Pearls & rich jewels I'll lay at your feet—
In a chariot of gold you ſhall ride for your pleaſure:
So, if you can fancy me, anſwer me ſtraight.

Amazèd with wonder, awhile he ſtood gazing—
Forbear, noble lady, at length he replied,
In flouriſhing England I've vow'd to a lady,
On my return home for to make her my bride.

She is a charming, young, beautiful creature,
She has my heart & I can love no more;
I bear in my eye her ſweet lovely feature,
And no other creature on earth I'll adore.

Hearing of this, ſhe did rave in diſtraction,
Crying, unfortunate maid thus to love,
One that ſo baſely does ſlight all my glory,
And of my perſon he will not approve.

LORDS of renown, I their favours have ſlighted,
Now I muſt die for a Sailor ſo bold;
I muſt not blame him becaufe he is conſtant,
True love, I know, is far better than gold.

A coſtly jewel ſhe inſtantly gave him,
Then in her trembling hand took a knife—
One fatal ſtroke, & before they could ſave her,
Quickly ſhe did put an end to her life.

Great lamentations was made for this lady;
Jemmy on board of the ſhip he did ſteer,
And then to England he homeward came ſailing,
With a longing deſire to meet with his dear.

But, when her father found he was returning,
A letter he wrote to the Boatſwain, his friend,
Saying—a handſome reward I will give you,
If you the life of young Jemmy will end.

VOID of all grace, &, for ſake of the money,
The cruel Boatſwain the ſame did complete:
As they were on the deck lovingly walking,
He ſuddenly tumbled him into the deep.

"All hands ahoy! Where's Jemmy?"

PART III.

Shewing how the Ghoſt of young Jemmy the Sailor appeared to beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth.

IN the dead of the night, when all were aſleep,
His troublèd Ghoſt to his love did appear,
Crying—Ariſe my own beautiful Nancy,
And perform the vow you did make to vour dear.

You are my own, therefore tarry no longer,
Seven long years for your ſake did I ſtay,
Hymen now waits for to crown us with pleaſure,
The bride gueſts are ready, then come, come away.

SHE crièd out—Who's that under my window?
Surely it muſt be the voice of my dear—
Lifting her head from off her downy pillow,
Straight to the caſement ſhe then did repair.

By the light of the moon, which ſo brightly was ſhining,
She eſpied her lover, who to her did ſay,
Your parents are ſleeping—before they do waken,
Beſtir you, dear creature, & ſtraight come away.

Oh Jemmy! ſhe cried, if my father ſhould hear thee,
We both ſhall be ruin'd, pray therefore repair—
Unto the ſea-ſide, I will inſtantly meet you,
And with my two maids I will come to thee there.

Her night-gown, embroider'd with gold & with ſilver,
Then careleſſly around her body ſhe throws,
And with the two maidens who did attend her,
To meet her true lover ſhe inſtantly goes.

The genuine old original article:
None o' yer table turning and tambourine tricks here.

THE Spirit then, cloſe in his arms did enfold her—
Oh Jemmy, ſhe ſaid, you are colder than clay,
Sure you can ne'er be the man I admire,
Paler than death you appear unto me.

Yes, faireſt creature, I am your true lover,
Dead or alive, I know you are my own,
I come for my vow, and, my dear you muſt follow
My body now unto a cold, watery tomb.

I for your ſake did refuſe gold & ſilver—
Beauty & riches for you I deſpiſ'd;
A charming young lady for me did expire—
For thinking of you I was deaf to her cries.

Your cruel parents have been my undoing,
And I now ſleep in a watery tomb;
Now for your promiſe, my dear I am ſueing,
Dead or alive, love, you ſtill are my own.

PART IV.

How the Ghoſts of theſe two unfortunate **Lovers** *appeared to the* **Boatſwain**, *and he, having his trial, was hanged at the yard-arm.*

THE trembling Lady was ſorely affrighted,
Amazèd ſhe ſtood near the brink of the ſea;
With eyes lift to heaven, ſhe cried—Cruel parents,
May heaven requite you for your cruelty.

Indeed I did promiſe my own deareſt creature,
That, dead or alive, I would ſtill be his own;
Now this ſolemn vow to perform I'm quite ready,
To follow him unto his watery tomb.

THE maids they did hear this ſad lamentation,
But the apparition they did not ſee:
And thinking the Lady was fall'n in diſtraction,
They ſtrove to perſuade her contented to be.

But ſtill ſhe kept crying, my dear, I am coming,
And upon thy boſom I'll ſoon fall aſleep;
Then, when ſhe had ſpoke, this unfortunate Lady,
Did ſuddenly plunge herſelf into the deep.

But when to her Father the maids told the matter,
His hands he did wring, crying, what have I done?
Oh! deareſt daughter—'twas thy cruel Father,
That did provide for thee a watery tomb.

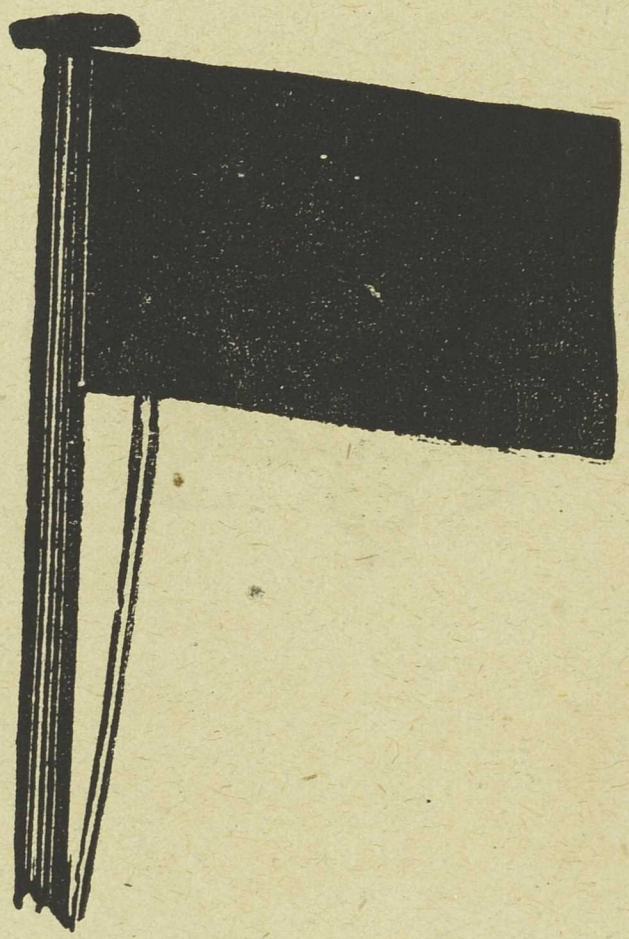
When two or three days from this time had expir'd,
Theſe two moſt unfortunate lovers were ſeen;
In each others arms they together were floating,
By the ſide of a ſhip on the watery main.

THEN the cruel Boatſwain was ſtricken with horror,
And ſtraightway confeſſ'd the ſad deed he had done,
Shew'd likewiſe the letter that came from her Father,
Which was the main cauſe of theſe true lovers' doom.

On board of the ſhip he was tried for the murder,
And at the yard-arm he was hang'd for the ſame;
Her father he ſoon broke his heart for his daughter,
Before that the ſhip to the harbour then came.

It was curſèd gold that has cauſed this deſtruction,
Oh! why ſhould the rich covet ſo after gain?
I hope that this ſtory it will be a warning,
That no cruel Parents may ne'er do the ſame.

True love is far better than jewels & treaſure,
And riches can never buy true love I know.
But this loving couple they lov'd without meaſure,
And love was th' occaſion of their overthrow.



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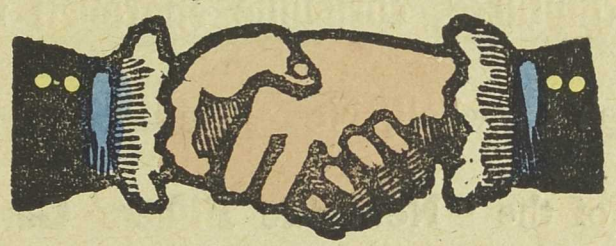

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ANNO.M.DCCC.
.L.XXX.III.

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•L•XXX•III•

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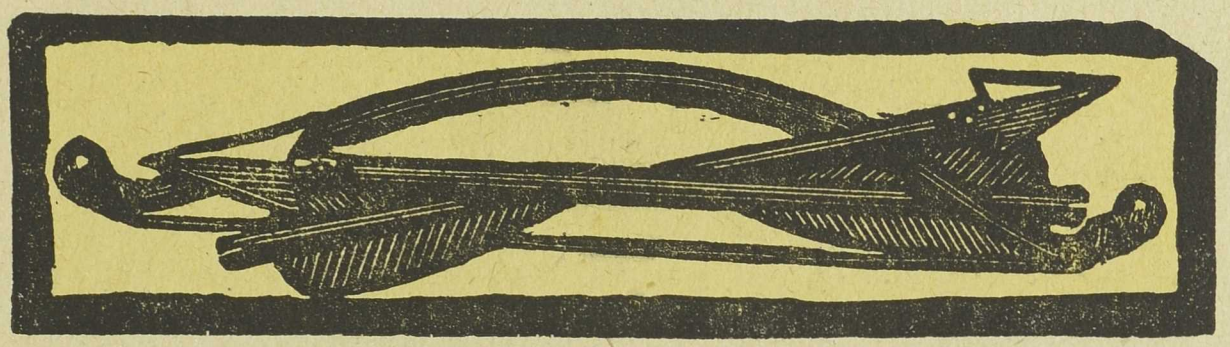
The taming of a Shrew.

[From one of the Sloane M.S.S. in the Britiſh Muſeum (No. 1489).
The writing of Charles the firſt's time.]

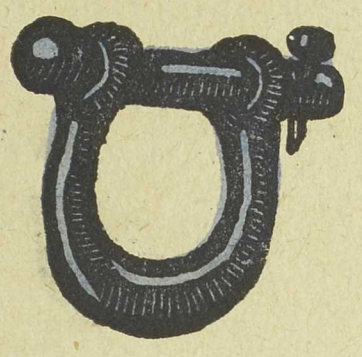
ALL you that are aſſembled heere,
Come liſten to my Song,
But firſt a pardon I muſt crave,
For feare of further wrong;
I muſt entreat thes good wyves al
They wil not angrye be,
And I will ſing a merrye Song,
If they thereto agree.

BECAUSE the Song I mean to ſing,
Doth touch them moſt of all,
And loth I were that any one
With me ſhold chide and brawle;
I have anough of that at home,
At boarde, and eake in bed,
And once for ſinging this ſame Song
My Wyfe did breake my head.

LETT
DVNMOW
KEEPITS
BA-
CON.



BUT if thes good Wyves all be pleaſed,
And pleaſed be the men,
Ile venture one more broken pate,
To ſing it once agayne;
But firſt Ile tell you what its cald,
For feare you heare no more,
'Tis calde the Taming of a Shrew,
Not often ſung before.



Sing-sing.

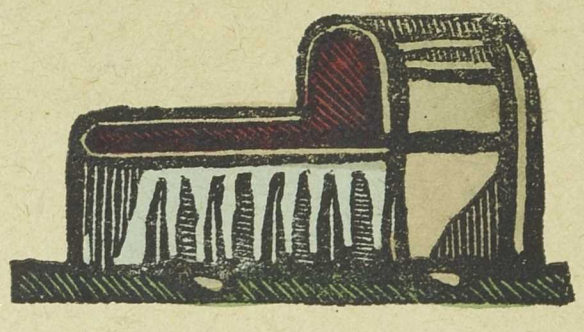
AND if I then ſhall ſing the reſt,
A ſigne I needs muſt have,
Hold but your finger up to me,
Or hem, thats al I crave;
Then wil I ſing it with a harte,
And to it roundelye goe,
You know my mynde, now let me ſee
Whether I ſhal ſing't or no.

Hem!

WELL then I ſee you willing are
That I ſhall ſing the reſte,
To pleaſure all thes good wyves heire
I meane to do my beſt,
For I doe ſee even by their lookes
No hurte to me they thinke,
And thus it chancte upon a tyme—
(But firſt give me a drinke.)

Wassail!

NOT long agoe a luſtye lad
Did woo a livelye laſs,
And long it was before he cold
The wedding bring to paſſe:
Yet at the lenth it thus fell out
She granted his petition,
That ſhe wold be his wedded wyfe,
But yet on this condition.



THAT ſhe ſhold weare the breeches on
For one yeare and a day,
And not to be controld of him
Whatſoere ſhe'd do or ſay;
She rulde, ſhe raigned, ſhe had hir wil,
Even as ſhe wold require,
But marke what fell out afterwards,
Good wyves I you deſyre.

ffie!

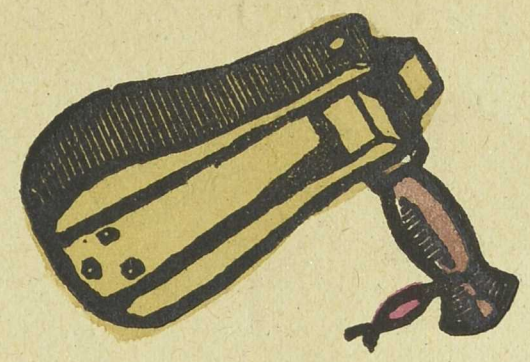
SHE made him weary of his lyfe,
He wiſhte that death wold come,
And end his myſerye at once,
Ere that the yeare was run;
He thought it was the longeſt yeare,
That was ſince he was borne,
But he cold not the matter mend,
For he was thereto ſworne.

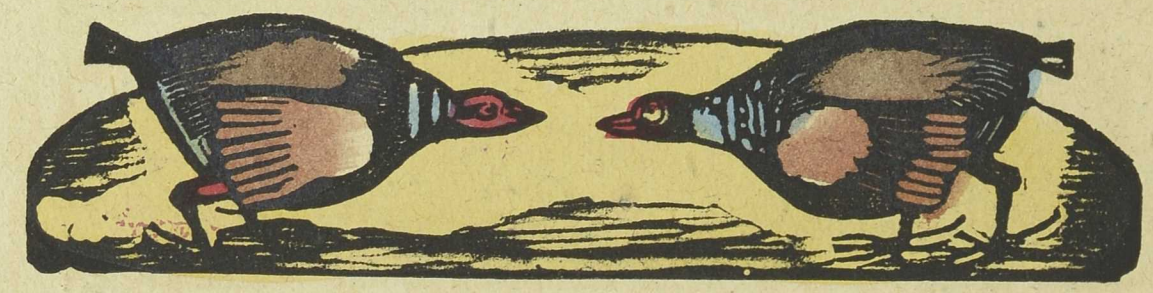
YET hath the longeſt day his date,
For this we al do know,
Although the day be neer ſoe long,
To even ſoone wil't goe;
So fell it out with hir at lenth,
The yeare was now come out,
The ſun, and moone, and all the ſtarres,
Their race had run about.

THEN he began to rouſe himſelfe,
And to his wife he ſaide,
Since that your raigne is at an end,
Now know me for your heade;
But ſhe that had borne ſwaye ſo long
Wold not be under brought,
But ſtil her tounge on pattens ran,
Though many blowes ſhe caught.

HE bet hir backe, he bet hir ſyde,
He bet hir blacke and blew,
But for all this ſhe wold not mend,
But worſe and worſe ſhe grew;
When that he ſaw ſhe wolde not mend,
Another way wrought hee,
He mewde hir up as men mew hawkes,
Where noe light ſhe cold ſee.

AND kept hir without meate or drinke
For four dayes ſpace and more,
Yet for all this ſhe was as ill
As ere ſhe was before;
When that he ſaw ſhe wold not mend,
Nor that ſhe wold be quiet,
Neither for ſtroakes, nor locking up,
Nor yet for want of dyet.

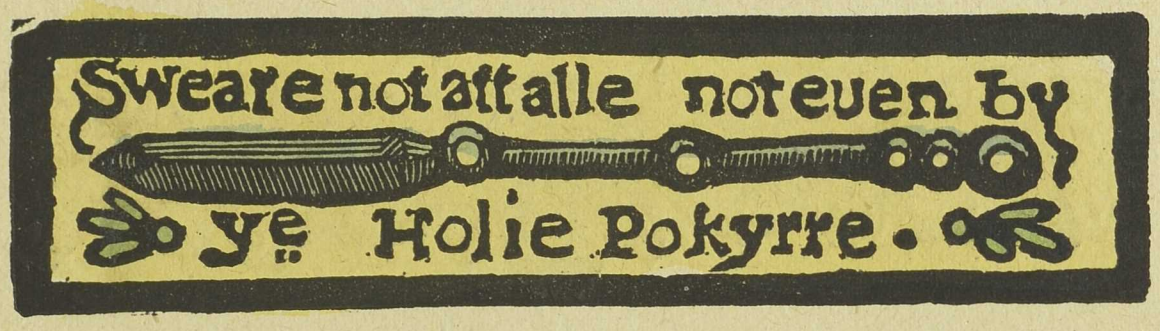




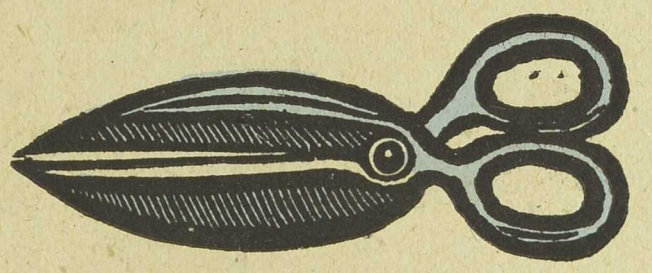
HE was almoſt at his wits end,
He knew not what to doe,
So that with gentlenes againe
He gane his wyfe to woo;
But ſhe ſoone bad him holde his peace,
And ſware it was his beſt,
But then he thought him of a wyle
Which made him be at reſt.

HE told a friend or two of his,
What he had in his mynde,
Who went with him unto his houſe,
And when they all had dynde,
Good wyfe (quoth he) thes frends of myne,
Come hither for your good,
There lyes a vayne under your toung,
Muſt now be letten blood.

TALK OF
RAPTVRES
FLAMES
&
DARTS

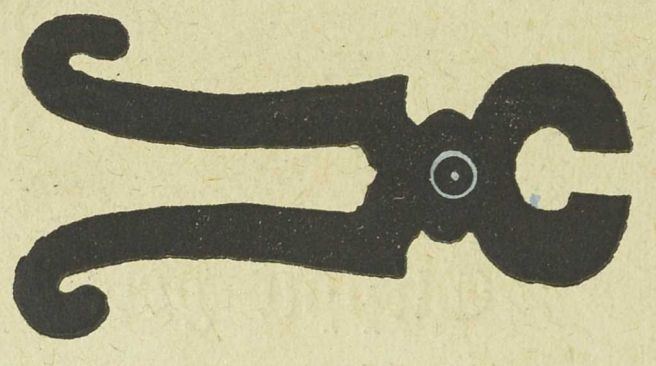


THEN ſhe began to uſe hir tearmes,
And rayled at them faſt,
Yet bounde they hir for all hir ſtrenth,
Unto a poaſt at laſt;
And let hir blood under the toung,
And tho ſhe bled full ſore,
Yet did ſhe rayle at them as faſt,
As ere ſhe raylde before.

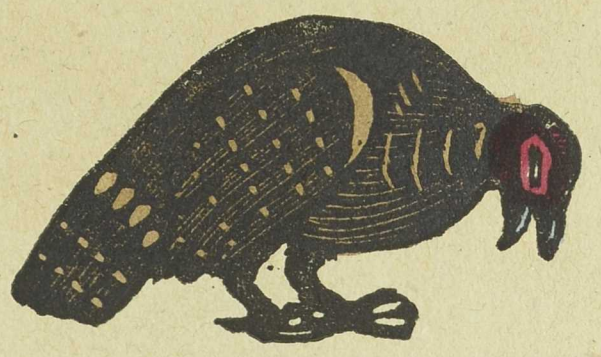


"Clippit yet."

WEL then (quoth he) the faulte I ſee,
She hath it from hir mother,
It is hir teeth infects hir toung,
And it can be noe other;
And ſince I now do know the cauſe,
Whatſoever to me befall,
Ile plucke hir teeth out of hir toung,
Perhaps hir toung and all.



AND with a payre of pinſers ſtrong,
He pluckt a great tooth out,
And for to pluck another thence,
He quicklye went about.
But then ſhe held up both her hands,
And did for mercye pray,
Proteſting that againſt his will
She would not doe or ſaye.



WHEREAT hir huſband was right glad
That ſhe had changde her mynde,
For from that tyme unto hir death
She proved both good and kynde;
Then did he take hir from the poaſt,
And did unbynde hir then;
I wold al Shrews were ſerved thus,
All good wyves ſay—

AMEN.

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•L•XXX•III•

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I
'AVE
'ER.

Blew Cap for me,

OR

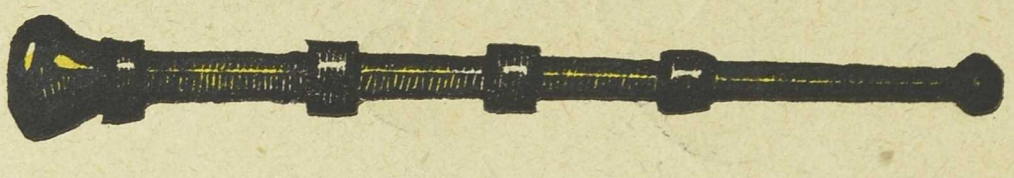
A Scottiſh Laſſe her reſolute chuſing,
Syee'l have bonny blew-cap, all other refuſing.

TO A CURIOUS NEW SCOTTISH TUNE CALLED *Blew-cap*.

["The copy of this Ballad in the Roxburghe Collection (I. 20.21.) is of ſome years earlier date than the one included in the "Antidote against Melancholy" of 1661, Thomas Lambert publiſhed during the reign of Charles I^st^ and in the time of the Commonwealth. Perhaps the reference to "When our good King was in Falkland Town," may ſupply an approximate date to the compoſition."]
Ballad Society's publications, Vol. I., part 2, p. 74.

Blew cap for me.

COME hither, the merri'ſt of all the nine,
Come ſit thee down by me, & let us be jolly,
And in a full cup of Apollo's wine
We'll drown our old enemy, mad melancholy.
WHICH when wee haue done,
Wee'll between vs deuiſe
A dainty new ditty
With art to compriſe;
And of this new ditty,
The matter ſhall be—
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me.



THERE liues a blithe Laſſe in Faukeland towne,
And ſhee had ſome ſuitors, I wot not how many;
But her reſolution ſhe had ſet downe,
That ſhee'd haue a Blew-cap gif e're ſhe had any:

AN Engliſh man
When our good King was there,
Came often vnto her,
And loued her deere:
But ſtill ſhe replide, "Sir,
I pray let me be,
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me."

A WELCHMAN that had a long ſword by her ſide,
Red pritches, red Tublet, red coat, & red Peard,
Was make a great ſhew with a creat deal of pride,
And tell her ſtrange tale that the like was nere heerd;

WAS reckon her pedigree
Long before Prute;
No body was by her
That can her confute:
But ſtill ſhe replide, "Sir,
I pray let me be:
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me."

A FRENCHMAN, that largely was booted & ſpur'd,
Long lock't, with a Ribon, long points & breeches,
Hee's ready to kiſs her at euery word,
And further to gain her love his fingers itches:

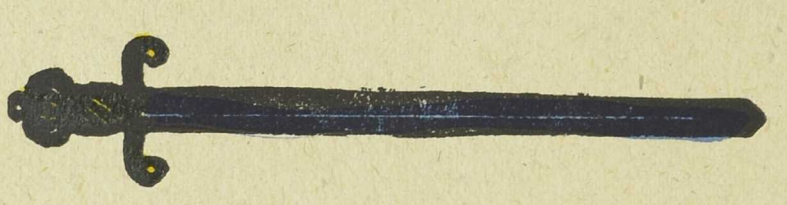
"YOU be pritty wench,
Miſtriſs, par ma foy:
Begar, me doe loue you
Then be not you coy."
But ſtill ſhe replide, "Sir,
I pray let me be:
Gif ever I have a man
Blew-cap for me."

AN Iriſhman, with a long ſkeane in his hoſe,
Did tinke to obtaine her it was no great matter:
Vp ſtayres to her chamber ſo lightly he goes,
That ſhe ne're heard him vntil he 'gan flatter:

QUOTH he, "I doe loue you,
By fate and by trote,
And if you will haue me,
Experience ſhall ſhote."
But ſtill ſhe replide, "Sir,
I pray let me be:
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me."

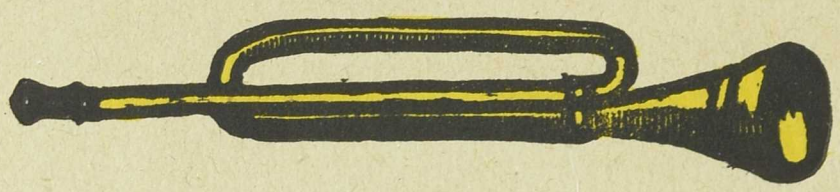
A DAINTY ſpruce Spanyard, with haire black as jett,
Long cloak with round cape, a long Rapier and Ponyard;
Hee told her if that ſhee could Scotland forget,
Hee'd ſhew her the Vines as they grow in the Vineyard.

"IF thou wilt abandon
This Country ſo cold,
Ile ſhew thee faire Spaine,
And much Indian gold."
But ſtill ſhe replide, "Sir,
I pray let me be;
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me"



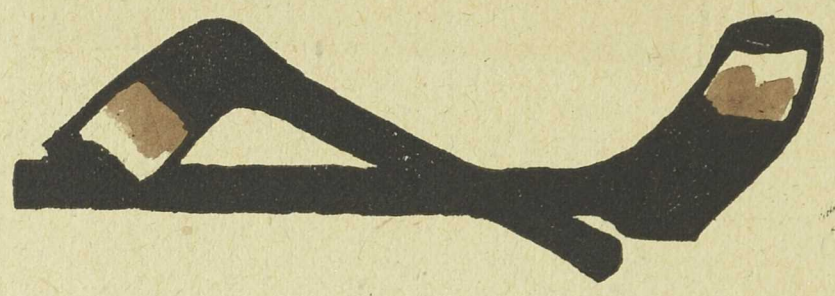
A HAUGHTY high German of Hamborough towne,
A proper tall gallant, with mighty muſtachoes;
He weepes if the Laſſe vpon him doe but frowne,
Yet he's a great Fencer that comes to ore-match vs.

BUT yet all his fine fencing
Could not get the Laſſe;
She deny'd him ſo oft,
That he weary'd was;
For ſtill ſhe replide, "Sir,
I pray let me be;
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me."

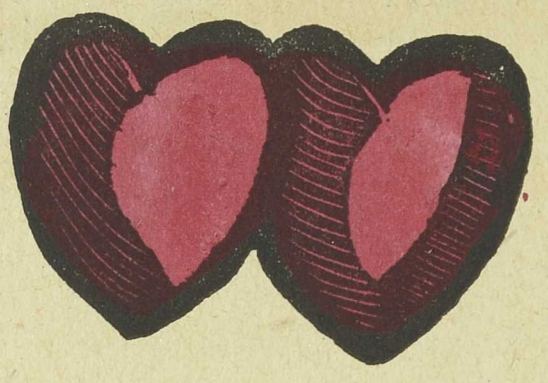


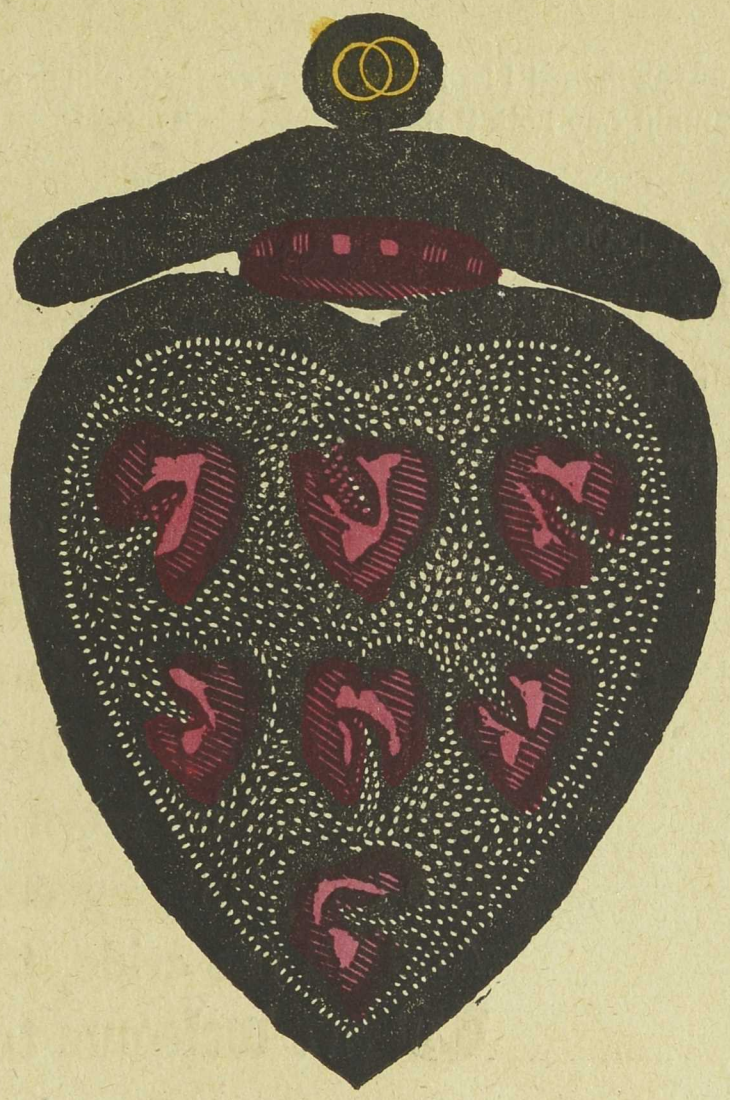
A NETHERLAND Mariner there came by chance,
Whoſe cheekes did reſemble two roſting Pom waters;
To this Cany Laſſe he his ſute did aduance,
And, as taught by nature, he cunningly flatters;

"I SK, will make thee" ſaid he,
"Sole Lady o' th' Sea,
Both Spanirds and Engliſhman
Shall thee obey."
But ſtill ſhe replide, "Sir,
I pray let me be;
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for mee."

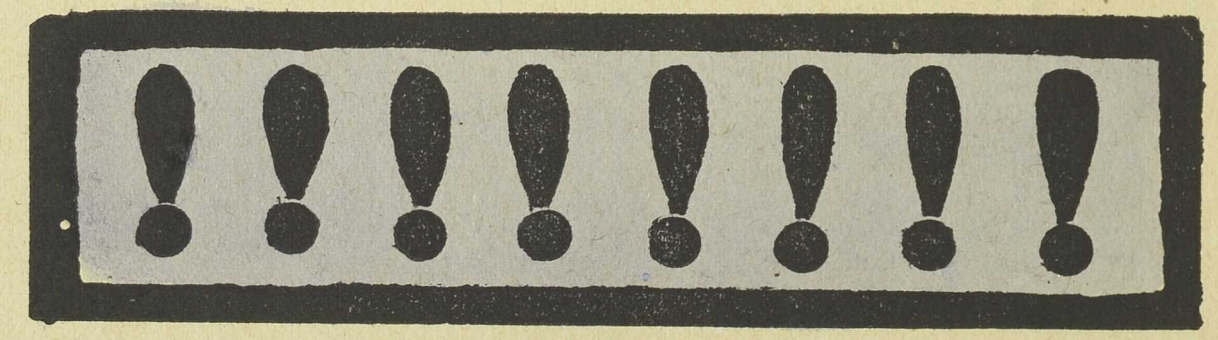


THESE ſundry Sutors, of ſeuerall Lands,
Did daily ſolicit this Laſſe for her fauour;
And euery one of them alike vnderſtands
That to win the prize they in vain did endeavour:
FOR ſhe had reſolued
(As I before ſaid)
To have bonny Blew-cap,
Or elſe bee a maid.
Vnto all her ſuppliants
Still replyde ſhe,
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for mee."





Omnia Vincit Amor.



"Oreegennal Elluſtrawſhuns ! ! ! Maun, they're jeeſt Notts o' exclawmawſhun—
Ye'll ſee them i' maiſt ony buik i' the laungwedge."—*Mull Times.*

AT laſt came a Scottiſh man (with a blew-cap),
And he was the party for whom ſhe had tarry'd;
To get this blithe bonny Laſſe was his gude hap,—
They gang'd to the Kirk, & were preſently marry'd.

I KEN not weele whether
It were Lord or Leard:
They caude him ſome Sike
A like name as I heerd:
To choſe him from au
She did gladly agree,—
And ſtil ſhe cride, "Blew-cap,
Th' art welcome to mee."

READ IT?
AH!—

Newlie sett foorth & adorn'd with

Sculptures, curiouslie engraven by

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John & Joan;

or,

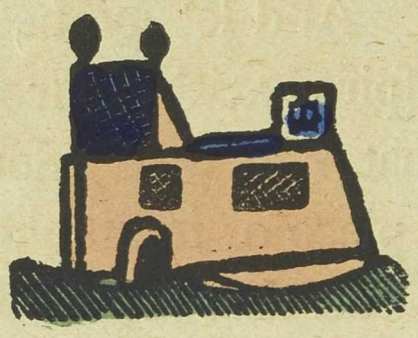
A Mad Couple well met.

From an old black letter copy in the Britiſh Muſeum, with the initials M. P., without doubt Martin Parker, a Grub-ſtreet ſcribbler & great Ballad monger of Charles the Firſt's time.

To the tune of "The Paratour."

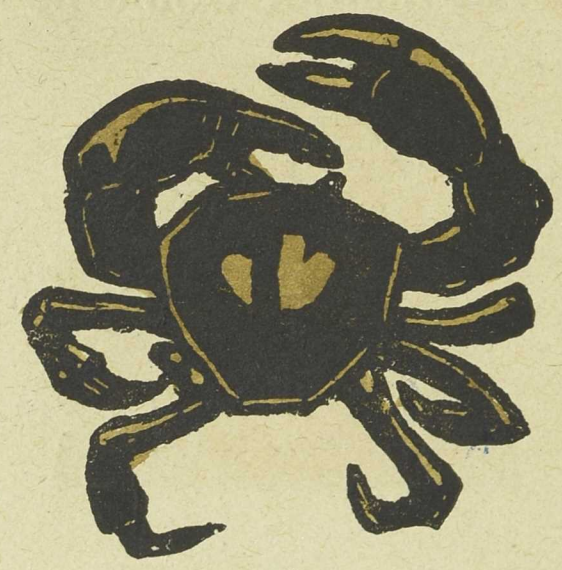
YOU nine Caſtalian ſiſters
That keep Parnaſſus hill,
Come down to me,
And let me bee
Inſpired with your ſkill;
That well I may demonſtrate,
A piece of houſhold ſtuffe:
You that are wed
Mark what is ſedd,
Beware of taking ſnuffe.

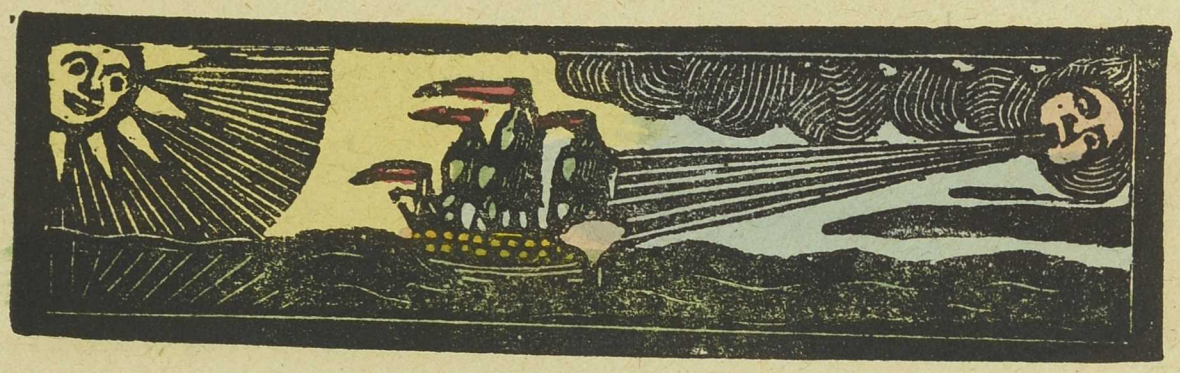
A MAD phantaſtic couple,
A young man and a laſſe,
With their content
And friends conſent,
Reſolv'd their times to paſſe
As man & wife together,
And ſo they marry'd were:
Of this mad match
I made this catch,
Which you may pleaſe to hear.



THEY both had imperfections,
Which might have caused ſtrife,
The man would ſweare
And domineere,
So, alſo, would his wife,
If John went to one ale houſe,
Joan ran into the next:
Betwixt them both
They made an oath,
That neither would be vext.

WHATEVER did tne good man
His wife would do the like,
If he was pleaſ'd,
She was appeaſ'd,
If he would kick, ſhee'd ſtrike,
If queane or ſlut he cal'd her
She call'd him rogue & knave;
If he would fight
Shee'd ſcratch & bite.
He could no victory have.





IF John his dog had beaten,
Then Joan would beat her cat.
If John, in ſcorne,
His band would burn,
Joan would have burnt her hat.
If John would break a pipkin
Then Joan would break a pot;
Thus he & ſhe
Did both agree
To waſte all they had got.

IF John would eat no victuals,
Then Joan would be as croſſe,
They would not eat,
But ſav'd their meat,
In that there was no loſſe.
If John was bent on feaſting,
Then Joan was of his mind;
In right or wrong
Both ſung one ſong
As Fortune them aſſign'd.

IN taverne or in ale houſe
If John & Joane did meet,
Whoe'er was by
In company
Might taſt their humors ſweet:
Whatever John had cal'd for,
Joan would not be out-dar'd,
Thoſe that lack'd drink
Through want of chink
For them the better far'd

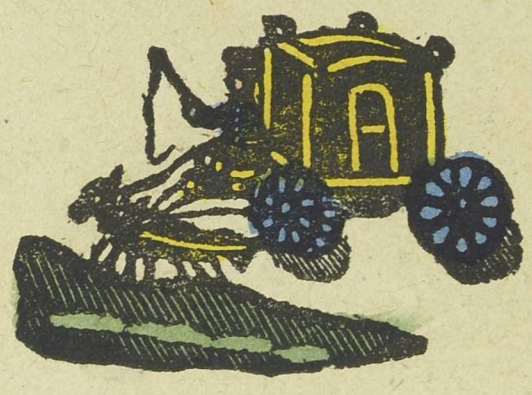
THUS would they both ſit drinking,
As long as coine did laſt;
Nay more than this,
Ere they would miſſe,
Good liquor for their taſte,
John would have damm'd his doublet,
His cloak or any thing,
And Joan would pawne
Her coiſe or lawne,
Her bodkin or her ring.

IF John were drunk & reeled
Then Joan would ſall i' th' fire,
If John fell downe
I' th' midſt o' th' towne,
Bewraid in dirt & mire,
Joan, like a kind copartner,
Scorn'd to ſtand on her feet,
But down ſhee'd fall
Before them all,
And role about the ſtreet.

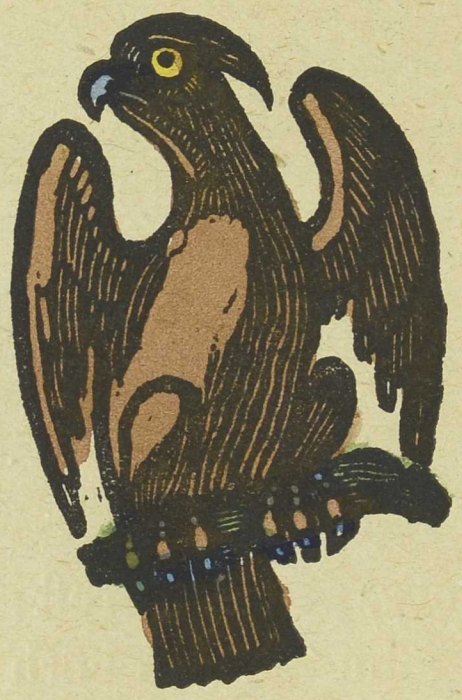
IF John had cal'd his hoſt knave,
Joan's tongue was ever worſt;
For ſuch-like crimes
They, often times,
Both out of doore were thruſt.
If John abuſ'd the conſtable,
Joan would have beat the watch;
Thus man & wife,
In peace or ſtrife,
Each other fought to match.

BUT, mark, now, how it chanced:
After a year or more,
This couple mad
All waſted had,
And were grown very poore:
John could no more get liquor,
Nor Joan could purchaſe drink;
Then both the man
And wife began
Upon their ſtates to think.

THUS beat with their own weapons,
John, thus, to Joan did ſay
Sweet-heart, I ſee,
We two agree,
The cleane contràry way:
Henceforth let's doe in goodneſſe,
As we have done in ill,
I'le doe my beſt,
Doe thou the reſt:
A match, quoth Joan, I will.



SO leaving theſe mad humours
Which them before poſſeſt,
Both man & wife
Doe lead a life
In plenty, peace, & reſt:
Now, John & Joan both jointly,
Doe ſet hands to the plough:
Let all do ſoe
In weale or woe
And they'l do well enough.



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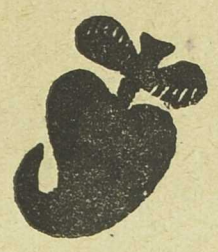

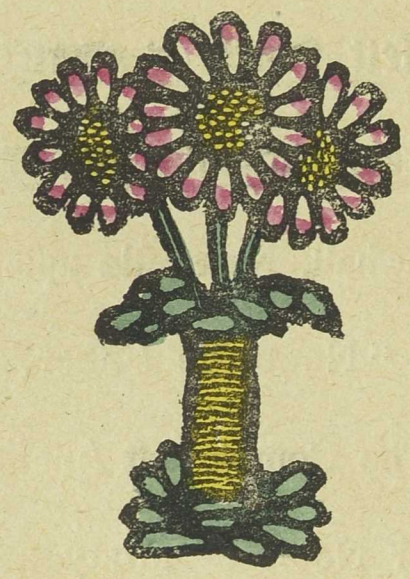

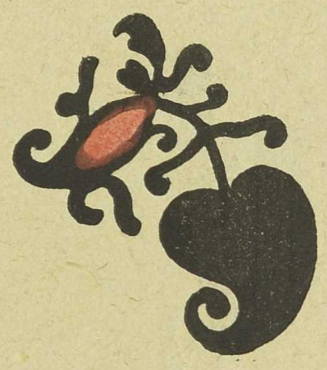

Emprynted at yᵉ Leadenhalle Preſſe.

London, by Field & Tuer.

ANNO.M.DCCC.
.L.XXX.III.

CRAWHALL'S
Chap-book Chaplets.

I. *The Barkeſhire Lady's Garland.*
II. *The Babes in the Wood.*
III. *I Know what I Know.*
IV. *Jemmy & Nancy of Yarmouth.*
V. *The Taming of a Shrew.*
VI. *Blew-cap for me.*
VII. *John & Joan.*
VIII. *George Barnewel.*

LONDON:
Field & Tuer. Simpkin, Marſhall & Co.
Hamilton, Adams & Co.
NEW YORK: Scribner & Welford.

George Barnewel.

LONDON:

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Hamilton, Adams & Co.

NEW YORK: Scribner & Welford.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien.

As, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

George Barnewel.

ANNO.M.DCCC.
•L.XXX.III•

LONDON :

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NEW YORK : Scribner & Welford.

George Barnwell.

[*George Barnwell, the London Apprentice (date probably before* 1624.) *George Lillo's Tragedy of the ſame name (avowedly from the Ballad) uſed, until recently, to be performed on Boxing night, previous to the Pantomime, in order that Apprentices, who viſited the Play houſe on ſuch occaſion by permiſſion of their maſters, might profit by the moral leſſon and Godly warning.*]

ALL youths of fair Engländ,
That dwell both far and near,
Regard my Story that I tell,
And to my Song give ear.

A London lad I was,
A merchants prentice bound,
My name George Barnwel, that did ſpend
My maſter many a pound.

TAKE heed of women then,
And their enticing trains;
For by their 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,
I did a lady meet.

A gallant dainty dame,
And ſumptuous in attire,
With ſmiling looks 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 no favour miſs.

IN faith, my boy, quoth ſhe,
Such news I can you tell,
As ſhall rejoice your very heart,
Then come where I do dwell.

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

To gather moneys in,
That is my maſters due:
And, ere that I do home return,
I'll come & viſit you.

Good Barnwel, then quoth ſhe,
Do thou to Shoreditch come,
And aſk for Miſtreſs Milwood there,
Next door unto *The gun.*

AND truſt me on my truth,
If thou keep faith with me,
For thy friends ſake, as my own heart,
Thou ſhalt right welcome be.

Thus parted we in peace,
And home I paſſèd right;
Then went abroad & gathered in,
By Six o'clock at night

An hundred pound & one:
With bag under my arm
I went to Miſtreſs Milwood's houſe,
And thought on little harm:

And knocking at the door;
Straightway herſelf came down;
Ruſtling in moſt brave attire,
With hood & ſilken gown.

WHO, through her beauty bright,
So glorioufly did ſhine,
That ſhe amaz'd my dazzled eyes,
She ſeemèd ſo divine.

She took me by the hand,
And with a modeſt grace,
Welcome, ſweet Barnwel, then quoth ſhe,
Unto this homely place.

Welcome ten thouſand times,
More welcome than my brother,
And better welcome, I proteſt,
Than any one or other.

And ſeeing I have thee found
As good 's thy word to be,
A homely ſupper, ere thou part,
Thou ſhalt take here with me.

O PARDON me, quoth I,
Fair Miſtreſs I you pray;
For why, out of my maſters houſe
So long I dare not ſtay:

Alas, good Sir, ſhe ſaid,
Are you ſo ſtrictly tied,
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 in houſe with thee.

Therefore my deareſt George,
Liſt well what I do ſay,
And do not blame a woman much
Her fancy to bewray:

THINK not affection's force
Dooth favour of 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 holding down her head.

A handkerchief ſhe had,
All wrought with ſilk & gold:
Which ſhe, to ſtay her trickling tears,
Before her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my ſight
Was wond'rous rare & ſtrange;
And in my mind & inward thought
It wrought a ſudden change;

COO COU.

THAT I ſo hardy grew,
To take her by the hand:
Saying, Sweet Miſtreſs, why do you
So dull & penſive ſtand?

Call me no Miſtreſs now,
But Sarah, thy true friend,
Thy ſervant Milwood, honouring thee
Until her life dooth end.

If thou would'ſt here alledge,
Thou art in years a boy;
So was Adonis, yet was he
Fair Venus' love & joy.

Thus I, that ne'er before
Of woman found ſuch grace,
And ſeeing now ſo fair a dame
Give me a kind embrace,

I SUPP'D with her that night,
Choice viandes did abound;
And for the ſame paid preſently
In money twice three pound.

An hundred kiſſes then,
For my farewell ſhe gave;
Saying, ſweet Barnwel, when ſhall I
Again thy company have?

Stay not too long, my dear;
Sweet George, have me in mind,
Her words bewitch'd my childiſhnefs,
She utter'd 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 die.

Though long, yet lo! at laſt,
The 'pointed day was come,
That I muſt with my Sarah meet;
Having a mighty ſum

Of money in my hand,
Unto her houſe went I,
Wherein my love diſconſolate
In ſaddeſt ſort did lie.

What ails my hearts delight,
My Sarah dear? quoth I;
Let not my love lament & grieve,
Nor ſighing, pine, & die.

BUT tell me, deareſt friend,
What may thy woes amend,
And thou ſhalt lack no means of help,
Though forty pound I ſpend.

With that ſhe turn'd her head,
And ſickly then did ſay,
Oh, my ſweet George, my grief is great;
Ten pound I have to pay

Unto a cruel wretch;
And well he knows, quoth ſhe,
I have it not. Tuſh, riſe, quoth I,
And take it here of me.

Ten pound, nor ten times ten,
Shall make my love decay.
Then from my bag into her lap
I caſt ten pound ſtraightway.

ALL blithe & pleaſant then,
To banqueting we go:
Carouſing in right joyous ſort
While wine on wine did flow.

And after that ſame time,
I gave her ſtore of coin,
Yea, ſometimes fifty pound at once,
All which I did purloin.

And thus it 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 Milwood then
My ſtate I did report.

But how ſhe uſ'd this youth,
In this his extreme need,
The which did her neceſſity
So oft with money feed:

The Second Part, behold,
Shall tell it forth at large;
And ſhall a Woman's wily ways,
With all her tricks diſcharge.

The Second Part.

YOUNG Barnwel comes to thee,
Sweet Sarah, my delight:
I am undone, except thou ſtand
My faithful friend this night.

Our maſter to command accounts,
Hath juſt occaſion found;
And I am found behind the hand
Almoſt two hundred pound:

And therefore knowing not
What anſwer for to make,
And his diſpleaſure to eſcape,
My way to thee I take;

HOPING in this extreme
Thou wilt my ſuccour be,
That for a time I may remain
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?

Seeing you have purloin'd
Your maſters goods away,
The caſe is bad, & therefore here
You ſhall no longer ſtay.

Sweet heart, I ſaid, thou know'ſt
That all which I did get,
I gave it, & did ſpend it all,
Upon thee every whit.

SARAH!

I LOVÈD thee ſo well,
Thou could'ſt not aſk the thing,
But that I did, incontinent,
The ſame unto thee bring.

Thou art a paltry jack,
To charge me in this ſort,
Being a woman of credit good,
And known of good report:

Therefore I tell thee flat,
Be packing with good ſpeed:
I do defy thee from my heart,
And ſcorn thy filthy deed.

Is this the friendſhip that
Thou did'ſt to me profeſs?
Is this the great affection which
You ſeemèd to expreſs?

AL'OT

FIE on deceitful ſhrews!
The beſt is, I may ſpeed
To get a lodging anywhere,
For money is my need.

Falſe woman, now farewell,
While twenty pound doth laſt,
My anchor in ſome other port
I will with wiſdom caſt.

Perceiving by my words
That I had money ſtore,
That ſhe had gall'd me in ſuch ſort,
It griev'd her heart full ſore:

To call me back again
She did ſuppoſe it beſt:
Stay, George, quoth ſhe, thou art too quick:
Why, man, I do but jeſt.

THINK'ST thou for all my ſpeech,
That I would let thee go?
Faith no, quoth ſhe, my love to thee,
I wis, is more than ſo.

You will not deal with boys,
I heard you even now ſwear,
Therefore I will not trouble you:
Nay, George, hark in thine ear;

Thou ſhalt not go to night,
What chance ſo e'er befall;
But, man, a lodging thou'lt have here,
Or elſe the devil take all.

Thus I, by wiles bewitch'd,
And ſnared with fancy ſtill,
Had not the power to get away,
Or to withſtand her will.

THEN 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,
In joy & merriment,
All, all too little did I think,
That I upon her ſpent.

A fig for careful thoughts!
When all my gold is gone,
In faith, my love! we will have more,
Whoe'er it light upon.

My Father's rich, why then,
Should I want any gold?
Nay, with a Father, ſure, quoth ſhe,
A Son may well make bold.

I HAVE a Siſter wed,
I'll rob her ere I want.
Why then quoth Sarah, they may well
Conſider of thy 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 coin for thee;
I'll rob his houſe, & murder him.
Why ſhould you not? quoth ſhe:

Were I a man, ere I
Would live in poor eſtate;
On Father, friends, & all my kin,
I would my talons grate.

FOR without money, George,
A man is but a beaſt;
And bringing money, thou ſhalt be
Always my chiefeſt gueſt.

For ſhould'ſt thou be purſued
With twenty hues & cries,
And with a warrant ſearchèd for
With Argus' hundred eyes;

Yet in my houſe thou'rt ſafe;
Such privy ways there be,
That if they fought an hundred years,
They could not find out thee.

Carouſing in their cups,
Their pleaſures to content,
George Barnwel 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 & main,
Who with a welcome & good cheer
Did Barnwel entertain.

A ſe'nnight's ſpace he ſtay'd,
Until it chancèd ſo,
His Uncle with his cattle did
Unto a market go.

HIS Kinſman rode with him;
And when he ſaw right plain,
Great ſtore of money he had took,
In coming home again,
Sudden, within a wood,
He ſtruck his Uncle down,
And beat his brains out of his head;
So ſore he crack'd his crown;

And four ſcore pound, in coin,
Out of his purſe he took;
And coming into London town,
The country quite forſook.
To Sarah then he came,
Shewing his ſtore of gold;
And how he had his Uncle ſlain,
To her he plainly told.

GEORGE!

TUSH, 'tis no matter, George,
So we the money have,
To have good cheer in jolly ſort,
And deck us fine & brave.

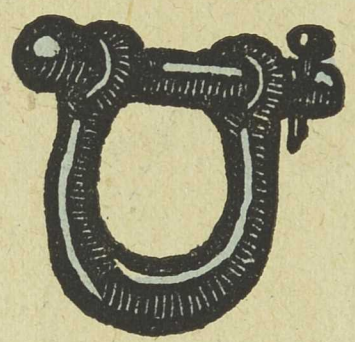
They lived in wicked ſort,
Till all his ſtore was gone,
And means to get them any more,
I wis poor George had none.

Therefore, in railing ſort,
She thruſt him on the ſtreet;
Which is the juſt reward they get,
That act thus indiſcreet.

Oh! do me not diſgrace,
In this my need, quoth he,
She call'd him thief & murderer,
With all the ſpite might be.

TO the Conſtable ſhe ſent
To have him apprehended:
And ſhew'd, in each degree, how far
He had the laws offended.

When Barnwel ſaw her drift,
To ſea he got ſtraightway;
Where fear, & dread, & conſcience-ſting,
Continually on him lay.



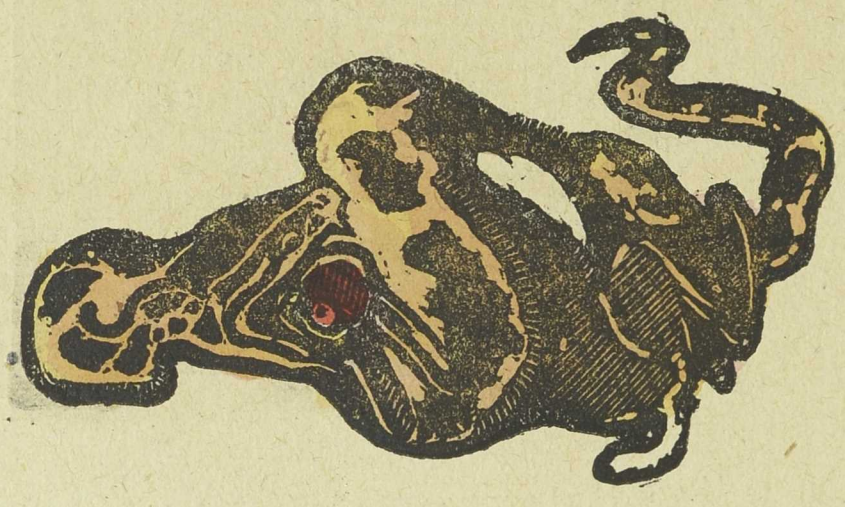
Unto the Lord Mayor then
He did a letter write;
Wherein his own & Sarah's faults
He did at large recite.

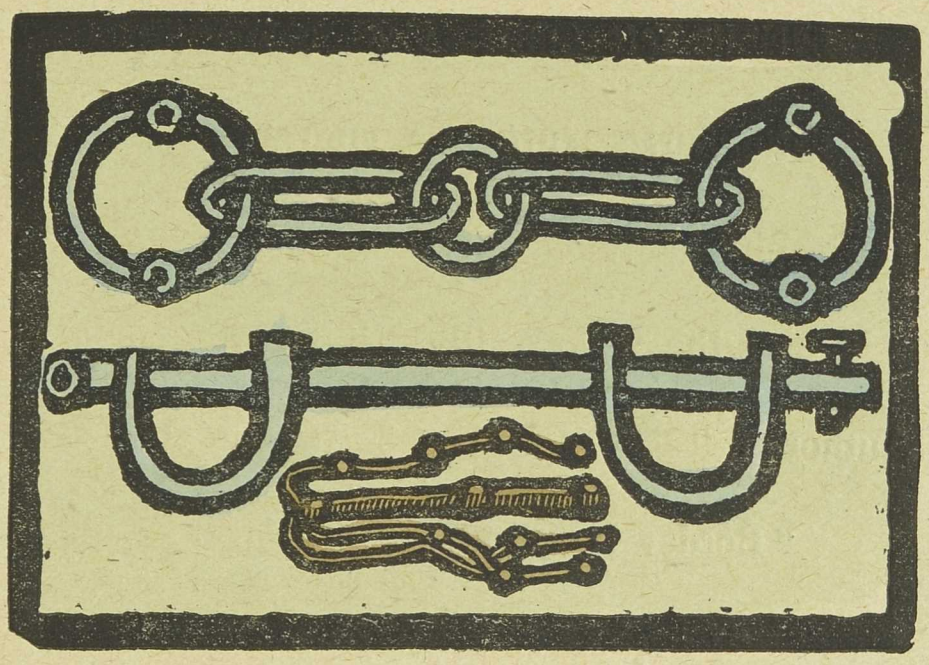
Whereby ſhe ſeizèd was
And then to Ludlow ſent:
Where ſhe was judg'd, condemn'd, & hang'd,
For murder, incontinent.

DIRIGE
NOS

AND there this quean did die,
This was her greateſt gains:
For murder, in Polonia,
Was Barnwel hang'd in chains.

Lo! here's the end of youth;
A warning lett this be
To all that walk in evil waies,
Avoid bad companie.





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