

# Old English Ballads

1553-1625

Chiefly from Manuscripts

EDITED BY

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159203.  
11.2.21.

CAMBRIDGE  
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
1920

PR

1181

R65

*Printed in Great Britain  
by Turnbull & Spears, Edinburgh*

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PROFESSOR C. H. FIRTH  
THIS BOOK IS  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.



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## *Acknowledgment*

For permission to reprint the ballads and broadsides in this volume grateful acknowledgment is made to the authorities of the Society of Antiquaries, London; Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; the Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge; the Bodleian Library; and the British Museum. Thanks are due also to my friend Dr Alwin Thaler for some help with the MS. and to Professor C. H. Firth for his kindness in reading the proof-sheets of the Introduction.

H. E. R.

May 1920

# Introduction

## I

THROUGHOUT the history of the black-letter ballad no subject has called forth so many rhymes as the struggle between Protestants and Catholics. One of the earliest broadside ballads extant deals with riots that grew out of the dissolution of the monasteries in Cornwall and Devon. This pæan of rejoicing is, unhappily, preserved only in a fragment of four (or parts of four) stanzas,<sup>1</sup> but is worth reprinting :—

There hartes ware so roted in the popes lawes  
They be gane the laste yere when they slew bodye<sup>2</sup>  
All England reioysethe at ther ouer throwse  
For only the Lorde is oure Kynges victorye

They had falce prophetes which brought thi[n]ges to passe  
Cleane contrary to ther owne expectation  
Ther hope was for helpe in ther popishe masse  
They wolde nedes haue hanged vp a reseruacion  
The vicare of pon wdstoke with his congeracion  
Commanded them to sticke to ther Idolatry  
They had muche proui[s]ion and great preperacion  
Yet God hath gyuen our Kyng the victorye

They did robe and spoule al the Kynges frendes  
They called them heritekes with spight & disdayne  
They toffled a space lyke tirantes and F[e]indes  
They put some in preson & sume to greate payne

<sup>1</sup> This ballad, which I have never seen reprinted or alluded to, is preserved in the British Museum, press mark Cup. 651. e. 2. It is in Black Letter throughout. All the stanzas on the left side of the sheet have been torn off, though a few scattering letters remain.

<sup>2</sup> "William Body, gentleman, one on the King's side, was slain" in the Cornish Popish rebellion of April, 1548 (Strype, *Ecclesiastical Memorials*, 1822, II., ii., 143; cf. Froude's *History of England*, 1870, V., 97). I cannot identify the martyr William Hilling mentioned in the third stanza.

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And sume fled a waie or else they had bene slayne  
As was Wyllam hilling that marter truly  
Whiche they killed at sandford mowre in the playne  
Where yet god hath giuen oure Kynge the victory

They Came to plummo with the Kynges trusty towne . . .

Ballads of this type were pleasing to Henry VIII. and his advisers. But the extraordinary popularity of ballads, and the no less extraordinary versatility of the ballad-writers, not infrequently resulted in songs to which the King bitterly objected and to suppress which he spared no pains. He was particularly displeased with the attacks made on Cardinal Wolsey and Lord Cromwell. He complained, also, in 1537, to James V. of Scotland, through the agency of Sir Thomas Wharton, Warden of the West Marches, of various ballads by Scotch subjects in which he himself, no less than the true Protestant religion, was satirized. James replied to Wharton that he had given "sharp charges to all parts of our borders" for the ballads to be thoroughly suppressed and for their authors to be sought out, but added that, because he personally had never before heard of such ballads, he suspected them to have been written "by some of your own nation."<sup>1</sup> Hardly a year later, Wharton informed Lord Cromwell that a ballad deriding the English for living in the false religion was circulating through Scotland; and, subsequently, he reported that his "espial," Mungo Armstrong, had secured a copy of the ballad and believed it to have been written by the Scotch Bishops or else at their direction.<sup>2</sup>

Armstrong's suspicion was probably well-founded. Men of prominence and education throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries used ballads to disseminate their views or to ridicule their opponents.

<sup>1</sup> Henry Ellis, *Original Letters*, 1st Series, II., 103; Maidment's *Book of Scottish Pasquils*, p. 418.

<sup>2</sup> *Calendar of State Papers, Henry VIII.*, XIII., Pt. II., Nos. 1129, 1145.

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Cromwell himself had done so. John Foxe reckoned as one of Cromwell's chief services that by his "industry and ingenious labours, divers excellent ballads and books were contrived and set abroad, concerning the suppression of the pope and all popish idolatry"; and printed, as a specimen, a ballad of fifty stanzas called "The Fantassie of Idolatrie."<sup>1</sup> This was the work of William Gray, a man of some ability, who wrote ballads at the dictation of high officials in the reigns of both Henry VIII. and Edward VI. His best-known work, however, was a non-political ballad, "The Hunt Is Up."

But, as Gray found to his sorrow, there was no real liberty for the ballad-press. In 1540 he indulged in a ballad-flying with Thomas Smyth (Sir Thomas Smyth, Secretary of State?) that originated in a libel against the deceased Lord Cromwell, but soon degenerated into personalities.<sup>2</sup> On December 30, 1540, the Privy Council sent letters to Banks and Grafton, whose names appeared on the colophons of the ballads, and to Gray, directing them to appear before the Council on the following Sunday. Gray and Smyth gave an unsatisfactory explanation of why they had written ballads against each other, and were instructed to appear for a re-examination at 7 a.m. on the following morning. Interrogated by the Council, Banks denied that he had printed any of the ballads, or "invectives," laying the "fault to Robert Redman deceased and Richard Grafton." The latter confessed to a share in the printing, and was sent to the Porter's ward. As a result of their further examination, Gray and Smyth were committed to the Fleet.<sup>3</sup>

*An Act for the Advancement of True Religion and for*

<sup>1</sup> *Acts and Monuments*, First Edition, p. 598.

<sup>2</sup> For the ballads see *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, XVI., 212; Hazlitt's *Fugitive Tracts*, 1st Series, Nos. VI.-XIII.; Kingdon's *Incidents in the Lives of Poynz and Grafton*, p. 84.

<sup>3</sup> *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, XVI., No. 366; *Acts of the Privy Council*, ed. Nicolas, VII., 103, 105, 107.

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*the Abolishment of the Contrary*, of 1543, specifically named “printed ballads, rhymes and songs” among the instruments used by malicious persons to “subvert the very true and perfect exposition, doctrine, and declaration” of the Scriptures, and provided that printers and sellers of such matter were, for a first offence, to be fined £10 and imprisoned three months, for a second offence to suffer confiscation of property and life imprisonment.<sup>1</sup> In April of this year eight London printers were brought before the Privy Council for violations of the statute. A fortnight later, five of them were released, on the condition that they would furnish a complete list of all books and ballads bought and sold by them within the past three years. On April 25 twenty-five other booksellers were similarly bound.<sup>2</sup> No better proof of the popularity of the ballad could be asked for.

Though under Edward VI. the Statute of 1543 was repealed,<sup>3</sup> yet, as always, the Privy Council kept a watchful eye on the printing of ballads. Thus on June 7, 1552, William Marten was summoned to explain why he had printed a seditious ballad written by John Lawton. After the hearing, he was placed under bond of £100 to report to the Council daily until further orders, and instructed “in the meantime to bring in as many of the same ballates as he may come by.”<sup>4</sup> Controversial ballads (like those of the Churchyard-Camell flying<sup>5</sup>) abounded during Edward’s reign; and a number of anti-Catholic ballads have been preserved.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Statutes of the Realm*, III., 894.

<sup>2</sup> E. G. Duff’s *Century of the English Book Trade*, pp. xxiv ff.

<sup>3</sup> *Statutes of the Realm*, IV., 19.

<sup>4</sup> *Acts of the Privy Council*, ed. Dasent, IV., 69.

<sup>5</sup> These are reprinted in H. L. Collmann’s *Ballads and Broadsides*, Roxburghe Club, 1912.

<sup>6</sup> Percy’s *Reliques*, ed. Wheatley, II., 125, 133; Collier’s *Old Ballads, from Early Printed Copies*, 1840, p. 9.

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No English sovereign has ascended to the throne among more sincere rejoicings than Mary I. General sympathy had been aroused by the unscrupulous methods the Duke of Northumberland had employed in disputing both her legitimacy and her accession. Whatever sympathy existed for Lady Jane Grey was thoroughly neutralized by the fear and hatred felt for the Duke. A striking description of this feeling is given in the first ballad in this volume. Ballad-writers, whatever may have been true of the country as a whole, had no fears that Mary would introduce changes in religion and state policy. Thus Richard Beard, in his "Godly Psalme of Marye Queene,"<sup>1</sup> rejoiced at the thought that Mary would continue the work of true religion begun under Edward VI. :—

Yet are wee comforted agayne  
Lyft vp, and eke erect :  
By cause the Lord hathe placed thus  
His chosen and elect.

Whiche beeing oure moast godly Queene  
That seekes our preseruasion :  
No doubt wil strongly buyld vpon  
Her brothers good fondacion.

The ground worke hee hathe layde him selfe,  
And she is left a lon,  
To buyld the house, and fortresse vp  
Of trew religion.

Mary was fully aware of the powerful influence of ballads, and of all printed matter, in influencing public opinion. A bare month after she was proclaimed Queen—six weeks before her coronation—she issued a proclamation against the printing of "books, ballads, rhymes, and interludes" without special licence.<sup>2</sup> There was a vital need for such legislation if the Queen was effectually to carry out her plans to crush heresy and

<sup>1</sup> Hazlitt, *Fugitive Tracts*, 1st Series, No. 17.

<sup>2</sup> Arber's *Transcript of the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, V., xl.

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to restore the ancient faith. She had already reinstated the Catholic Bishops, had imprisoned Ridley, Coverdale, Hooper, Latimer, and Cranmer, and had issued orders that no one should presume to preach without special license from her. At the opening of Parliament, on October 5, Mass was celebrated before the two Houses. On October 10 some person addressed a ballad of warning to her. It begins, pleasantly enough,

O louesomme Rosse most Redelente,

but goes on to warn her against that “myserable maskyng masse,” and ends by comparing her to Jezebel.<sup>1</sup>

Ballads of every description now abounded, the work not only of professional ballad-mongers, but also of men of education and social standing. Priests, in particular, thought it no indignity to sign their names at the end of printed ballads. Two priests, William Forrest and L. Stopes, are represented by works in this volume (Nos. 2, 3). Mary found herself, like her predecessors and successors, unable to exercise complete control over ballad-printing. Along with Forrest’s flattering ballad of “The Marigold” (No. 2) her people were reading and singing such pieces as John Bradford’s “Tragical Blast of the Papistical Trumpet for Maintenance of the Pope’s Kingdom in England,” with its mocking refrain,

Now all shaven crownes to the standerd  
Make roome, pul down for the Spaniard.<sup>2</sup>

It was all very well for the poet-dramatist John Heywood to pen “A Balade specifieng partly the maner, partly the matter, in the most excellent meetyng and lyke Mariage betwene our Soveraigne Lord and our Soveraigne Lady”<sup>3</sup>; but simultaneously books of

<sup>1</sup> Furnivall, *Ballads from MSS.*, I., 431.

<sup>2</sup> Strype, *Ecclesiastical Memorials*, 1822, III., ii., 339; Dyce’s *Skelton*, I., cxvii.

<sup>3</sup> *Harleian Miscellany*, 1813, X., 255.

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“very evil and lewd songs” against the Mass, the Church, and the Sovereigns themselves were being spread throughout the Kingdom.<sup>1</sup> Outrageous libels were printed and put into circulation.

To crush these, an *Act against Seditious Words and Rumours*<sup>2</sup> was passed, which recites that “dyvers heynous, sedicious and sclanderous Writinges, Rimes, Ballades, Letters, Papers, and Bookes,” tending to stir up discord, had been circulated. The statute provided that for such offences in the future, the guilty person should be placed in the pillory and have his ears cut off, or else pay a fine of £100. By a further provision, any person who after this proclamation should write a book, rhyme, or ballad against the King and Queen, or whoever should print it, was, if the offence were not already covered by a statute of treason, to have his right hand cut off. Queen Elizabeth later availed herself of this provision to punish the printers of a libel against her suitor, the Duke of Anjou.<sup>3</sup>

Active steps to control ballads were taken. In March, 1554, Mary sent orders to the Bishop of London to be put into effect throughout his diocese. The sixth article required him to suppress “ballads and other pernicious and hurtful devices engendering hatred among the people and discord among the same.”<sup>4</sup> In the visitation of London during 1554-55 Bishop Bonner (himself a severe sufferer from libelous ballads) directed that inquiry be made “whether there be any that hath printed or sold slanderous books, ballads or plays contrary to Christian religion : declaring and specifying their names, surnames, and dwelling-places” and “whether any

<sup>1</sup> Rye, *Depositions before the Mayor and Aldermen of Norwich*, p. 55 (cited by C. H. Firth, *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, 3rd Series, III., 64).

<sup>2</sup> *Statutes of the Realm*, IV., 240.

<sup>3</sup> Stow’s *Annals*, 1615, p. 695 (October, 1581).

<sup>4</sup> Frere and Kennedy, *Visitation Articles and Injunctions of the Reformation*, 1910, II., 326.

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teacher or schoolmaster do teach or read to their scholars any evil or naughty corrupt book, ballad or writing.”<sup>1</sup>

Presumably, these measures proved fairly effective. Certainly few printed ballads of even remote political significance remain, though ballads of other types are preserved in comparatively large numbers. To be sure, John Heywood, an ardent and consistent Catholic (as his later life showed), wrote a number of political ballads, but he was of the ruling class. The printer of a ballad on Lord Wentworth, who surrendered Calais to the French, was heavily fined.<sup>2</sup> Henry Spooner, who in Edward’s reign had lampooned Bonner, now perforce contented himself with the safer subjects of love, satire, and morality.<sup>3</sup> Only Catholic poets had a free hand.

The hope of the Catholic religion in England lay in the permanent exclusion of Elizabeth from the throne. Mary fervently hoped and prayed for an heir to whom she could pass on the succession and the true faith. The third ballad in this volume deals with that subject, giving an interesting contemporary account of the supposed pregnancy of the Queen and the rejoicing of the Catholics. But the Queen had mistaken her condition, and, according to Froude, her disappointment led her to believe that she had forfeited Divine Favour because of her failure to root out heresy. The persecution of Protestants began with renewed vigour.

No printed ballad contemporary with and describing the burning of the martyrs is known to exist. It is doubtful whether any could have been published, but that ballads on the martyrs circulated in manuscript is certain. Ballads connected with John Careless (No. 8), Robert Glover (No. 7), John Bradford, and Robert Smith

<sup>1</sup> Frere and Kennedy, *Visitation Articles and Injunctions of the Reformation*, 1910, II., 353, 356.

<sup>2</sup> Arber’s *Transcript*, I., 101. The offending ballad is printed in H. L. Collmann’s *Ballads and Broadsides*, 1912, p. 183.

<sup>3</sup> See Thomas Wright’s *Songs and Ballads Chiefly of the Reign of Philip and Mary*, 1860, *passim*.

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were well known to their contemporaries, and are preserved both in manuscripts and in printed copies of the subsequent reign. Long after the Marian persecutions had ended, ballads on Anne Askew and the misfortunes of the Duchess of Suffolk were composed.

When Mary died, an enthusiastic Catholic composed an epitaph (No. 5) in which her surpassing virtues are extolled to the skies—her meekness, her mercy, her kindness; and the printer was promptly sent “to ward.” The evil that Queen Mary did has lived after her with a vengeance: the good qualities, which the ballad-poet saw, were interred with her bones. Perhaps Dickens was right when, through the mouth of John Grueby, he remarked, “She’s done a deal more harm in her grave than she ever did in her lifetime. . . . One of these evenings, when the weather gets warmer and Protestants are thirsty, they’ll be pulling London down,—and I never heard that Bloody Mary went as far as that.” The Gordon riots, which Grueby predicted, are an example of a bigotry and cruelty rivalling that of the Catholic Queen. Her sincerity and her faith have never been questioned.

With the accession of Elizabeth, the picture changed. Now it was the Catholics who were martyred, only Protestants who could print ballads unmolested. One of the Queen’s first acts was to put into effect the statute of “Seditious Words and Rumours” that Mary had promulgated.<sup>1</sup> At the same time, she gave strict orders that, “because many pamphlets, plays, and ballads be oftentimes printed, wherein regard would be had that nothing therein should be either heretical, seditious or unseemly for Christian ears,” no work was to be printed until it had been licensed by three of the Commissioners for Causes Ecclesiastical.<sup>2</sup> Numerous searchers were appointed to keep watch on the output of the printing presses. The Privy Council and the

<sup>1</sup> *Journals of the House of Lords*, I., 579.

<sup>2</sup> *Arber’s Transcript*, I., xxxviii.

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Lord Mayors of London constantly kept themselves informed of the subjects of printed ballads.<sup>1</sup>

The position of Elizabeth's Catholic subjects was extremely difficult. The writer of the epitaph on Mary evidently felt no fear of Elizabeth, and indeed her earliest utterances seemed to indicate that the period of religious intolerance and persecution had ended. Such, however, was far from being the case. The rebellion of 1569, led by Catholic nobles, and the bull Pope Pius V. issued shortly thereafter, brought about distressing conditions. The bull itself declared that never at any time had Elizabeth been the true Queen of England, absolved her subjects from their allegiance, and threatened with excommunication her adherents. John Felton, who had dared to nail the bull before the Bishop of London's palace, was promptly hanged, drawn, and quartered. His execution, like that of his predecessor, the notorious Dr Story, formed the subject of many ballads, all bigoted and malicious to a degree. William Elderton, Stephen Peele, John Awdeley, and their crew of professional Smithfield bards, whatever their actual religious sentiments, gloated over the news-value of Tyburn executions, and indulged in never-failing adulation of the Queen who was responsible for them. Of the hundred ballads licensed at Stationers' Hall during the year 1569-70, fully three-fourths dealt with the Northern Rebellion, while nearly all of those registered in the following year were tirades against Dr Story, Felton, the Pope, or the Roman Church.

By a statute of 1571 it was made treason to call the Queen heretic, schismatic, or usurper, to introduce Papal bulls, and to send money or aid to fugitives across the seas. A rigid persecution of Catholics followed: the exercise of their religion, even in the privacy of their

<sup>1</sup> E.g. *Journals of the House of Commons*, I., 122, 125, 136; *Stow's Survey of London*, ed. Strype, II., v., 333; *Acts of the Privy Council*, ed. Dasent, XXXI., 226.

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homes, was forbidden ; private houses were continually subjected to search, and their inmates carried before the Courts of High Commission, where fines and imprisonment were lavishly awarded. In 1581 a drastic Act to Retain the Queen's Majesty's Subjects in Their Due Obedience was passed, which provided that any person who led another to accept the Roman religion should be treated as a traitor ; that saying Mass was to be punished by a fine of two hundred marks and a year's imprisonment, hearing it with a year's imprisonment and a fine of one hundred marks ; that absence from church should be punished by a fine of twenty pounds monthly, and, if long continued, sureties of four hundred pounds were to be required for good behaviour in the future. The victims of these laws have been duly chronicled by historians. It is especially noticeable that just after the defeat of the Armada—a time when the Catholics of England had rallied loyally to the support of their ruler—some thirty persons suffered by the cord and axe for religion. Other statutes followed in due succession, one of 1593 forbidding “Popish recusants” to travel more than five miles from their respective homes.

It is appalling to see how frequently contemporary chroniclers record the execution of recusants—bare, unrelieved, unexcused jottings, such as that on February 27, 1602, “was hanged a Gentlewoman, called Mistris Anne Line, a widow, for relieving a priest contrary to the Statute,” and that on February 18, 1594, at Tyburn a priest named Harrington was “cut down alive, struggled with the hangman, but was bowelled and quartered.” Still it must be remembered that all criminal offences met with punishment equally severe. In 1586 George Whetstone remarked that “there are more executed from Newgate and the Marshalsies, than in three of the greatest Cities of *Fraunce*, and yet I truely say, that more offenders are fauourably quitted, and pardoned in *London* in one moneth, than in *Paris*

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in a whole yere, so exceeding great is the mercie of our most good Queene *Elizabeth*.<sup>1</sup> A casual glance through the annals of Stow and Camden shows that "wenches burnt in Smithfield" for various crimes and men strangled on the gallows and then quartered or hanged in chains for murder, counterfeiting, arson, or theft, equal, perhaps surpass, the number of persons executed because of their religion. Furthermore, Protestant nonconformists were at times in danger of the gallows or the stake. The city of Norwich, in particular, gained a special odour of sanctity by the zeal with which it hunted out and burned John Lewes (No. 9) and others who scorned the Established Church no less than the Church of Rome, holding beliefs that, in large measure, anticipated those of the present-day Unitarians. Atheists, too, were ruthlessly punished. Christopher Marlowe's views were hurrying him to the fire when a dagger, in a low tavern-broil, put him out of the reach of "justice."

The number of Protestant martyrs during three years of Queen Mary's reign is estimated at almost three hundred. During the forty-five years of Elizabeth's reign "there were put to a most barbarous and shameful death for conscience' sake," a Catholic scholar reminds us, "at least one hundred and twenty-four Catholic priests and as many as fifty-seven laymen and women."<sup>2</sup> The author of "A Song of the Four Priests" (No. 11) sorrowfully wrote of "two hundred priests, almost, in our time martered." If among these are included priests who, like Throgmorton and Babington, certainly were not guiltless of treason, yet by far the majority were, like Campion (No. 10), Nutter, Hunt, Middleton, and Thwing (No. 11), undoubtedly martyrs to Elizabethan bigotry. A distinguished victim comes to mind at once: Robert Southwell, poet and priest,

<sup>1</sup> *The Enemy to Unthriftiness*, 1586, sig. K 3v.

<sup>2</sup> T. G. Law, editing Challoner's *Martyrs to the Catholic Faith*, 1878, I., ix.

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who was imprisoned for three years and tortured thirteen times before finding peace at the gallows.

In "A Triumph for True Subjects" (No. 10) an emphatic statement is made that religion had nothing, treason everything, to do with the death-sentence passed on Campion, Sherwin and Brian. The Government naturally tried to give this impression in all its dealings with the Catholics; and the Lord Treasurer, Cecil, has been credited with the authorship of a book called *The Execution of Justice* (1584), in which the distinction between treason and religion is stressed. Since, however, the Roman religion required a denial of the Queen's, and an affirmation of the Pope's, supremacy as head of the Church, and since the act of denying the Queen's supremacy was treason, it was an easy matter to prove even the most innocent Catholic a traitor. Dr (afterwards Cardinal) Allen wrote a *Modest Answer to the English Persecutors*, in which he purposed to demolish the arguments advanced in *The Execution of Justice*; and for distributing copies of it in England, Thomas Alfield, a priest, and Thomas Webley, a dyer, were put to death (July, 1584).<sup>1</sup> Their crime, too, was treason.

Into a further account of the penal laws against Catholics it is not necessary to enter. To dismiss the unpleasant subject briefly, it may be said that James I. brought them no relief, among his earliest public acts being a proclamation warning Jesuits and Seminary priests to leave the Realm. A later proclamation to this same effect (1624) is celebrated in two ballads (Nos. 27, 28) in this volume. Naturally enough, the Gunpowder Plot (Nos. 70-72) led to redoubled efforts to crush the Roman Church.

No person, whatever his religious beliefs, can deny that the barbarity with which Catholics were treated forms a very dark blot on "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" and on the reign of her successor. Excuses

<sup>1</sup> Challoner's *Martyrs to the Catholic Faith*, 1878, I., 112.

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for this barbarity are at the present time superfluous, though many—some of them logical enough—have been presented by the historians. It is a sufficient explanation to say that real religious tolerance was still unheard of, on the Continent as well as in England—and, unhappily, intolerance is not the exclusive possession of any age or any religion. The very people (surely it is permissible for a ballad-editor to moralize!) who to-day express the greatest horror at the religious persecutions of “Bloody” Mary and Elizabeth, in times long past, are often quite unmoved when Christians in Armenia are massacred on a scale never dreamed of by these Queens, or when in race riots, for the mere accident of colour, unoffending men and women are subjected to tortures that sometimes surpass those of the Tower and the Inquisition. *Glover*, *Lewes*, and *Thewlis* (Nos. 7, 9, 13) represent three phases of religious persecution, all to be deplored alike.

As a result of censorship of the press, most extant ballads and poems give an altogether one-sided view of the years 1558-1625. Unless written as denunciations (like No. 10), ballads on Catholic martyrs had small chance of being printed, less chance still of being widely circulated, and almost no chance of being preserved. There are extant many Elizabethan and Jacobean ballads which treat of recusants from the point of view of Protestants. But ballads written by Catholics have been conspicuous by their absence and are unknown to historians. A partial exception to this statement is the group of poems printed secretly in a book called *A true report of the martyrdom of M. Campion, Jesuit*,<sup>1</sup> —a book burlesqued by Antony Munday with what Hallam called “a savageness and bigotry which I am sure no scribe of the Inquisition could have surpassed.”

It would, however, be a serious mistake to believe

<sup>1</sup> See the introduction to No. 10. Certain other poems connected, in one way or another, with Catholic martyrs are given in the Ballad Society’s *Ballads from MSS.*, II., xxiii., 191.

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that Catholic ballads did not exist. Valuable evidence to the contrary is furnished in the one place where it is least to be expected—in the Registers of the Stationers' Company. Thus in the year 1565-66 it is recorded that Alexander Lacy licensed for publication a ballad called "a Replye agaynst that sedicious and papesticall wretten ballet late caste abrode in the stretes of the Cetie of London." What was evidently a similar work, "a Papisticall Byll, cast in the streetes of Northampton, and brought before the Judges at the last Syses, 1570," called forth an answer from T. Knell, which has survived in a single printed broadside.<sup>1</sup> On July 7, 1601, was licensed a book called *A short poeme conteyning an answere to certen godles and seditious balledes spred abroad in Lancashire*. Lancashire was the home of the Catholic ballads here printed from Addit. MS. 15,225, and it is probable that some of them, particularly the ballad on the four priests executed in 1600-1 (No. 11), were alluded to in the 1601 *Short Poem*. On May 22, 1602, Simon Stafford registered a book called *an Answere to A popishe Ryme Lately pryned and intituled "A proper newe Ballad wherein are conteined Catholycke questions to the protestant."*<sup>2</sup> Two years later—on August 31, 1604—Samuel Heiron secured a license for *An Answere to A popishe Rime latelie scattered abroade in the weste partes much Relyed vpon by some simply seduced.*<sup>3</sup> Finally, the fourteenth ballad in this collection was licensed for publication in 1586; another (No. 24) was entered in the Stationers' Registers for transfer in 1624, as an old ballad; and another (No. 25) had appeared in a book of Catholic poems in 1601.

There can, then, be no question about the circulation,

<sup>1</sup> H. L. Collmann's *Ballads and Broadsides*, 1912, p. 171.

<sup>2</sup> There are copies of this book in the British Museum and the Cambridge University Library.

<sup>3</sup> See Arber's *Transcript*, I., 311; III., 187, 206, 269. There are copies of Heiron's book in the British Museum and the Bodleian (Ashmole, 995).

## OLD ENGLISH BALLADS

both in manuscript and in print, of Catholic ballads. The chief interest of this volume lies in the fifteen unique Catholic ballads of the years 1586-1616 (Nos. 11-25) it contains: they furnish a striking contrast to the five Catholic ballads (Nos. 2-6) of Queen Mary's reign, and to Nos. 26-28, which are bitterly Protestant. Some of the fifteen were written in prison by priests; over all hangs the shadow of Tyburn; so that wholly unlooked-for is the calm resignation of tone, the lack of bitterness, the absence of invective. Narrow religious beliefs do occasionally present themselves: there is a mournful account of the evils heresy has brought on the kingdom (No. 20), a sarcastic rhyme on the hypocrisy of Puritans (No. 19), and a description of heaven, from which heretics are, as a matter of course, excluded (No. 22); but after the tirades of Antony Munday and the bigoted rejoicings in the anti-Papist ballads of William Elderton (*cf.* No. 10), Thomas Deloney, and Martin Parker (No. 28), it is pleasant to find in these Catholic poems a semblance of charity and a piety wholly free from thoughts of personal vengeance. The writers were firmly convinced of the justice of their cause. They look forward with equanimity—professedly with real longing—to the rack and the halter, with the comforting thought that through torture and death they will be made fit to associate with the apostles and saints. Schematically pictured in their minds is the New Jerusalem (Nos. 22-25), which, down to the smallest peach and plum, is a place of never-ending material joys. Intent on preparing themselves for the attainment of this heavenly bliss, the authors were not particularly concerned with thoughts of revenge. The heretics temporarily in control of England will have no place in the Land of Joy, they believe: that is punishment enough! No better ballad was ever written than "The Song of the Death of Mr Thewlis" (No. 13). And while, like most of the other ballads, it has small pretensions to poetry, it unquestionably has

## INTRODUCTION

genuine pathos, personal interest, and historical value. The five Catholic ballads of Mary's reign illustrate an intolerance and a bigotry with which everybody is familiar: perhaps the fifteen manuscript ballads of the reigns of Elizabeth and James, portraying an intolerance and a bigotry often glossed over or even unknown, will aid in giving a truer historical perspective.

Of the other ballads in the volume little need be said here, as all essential facts are given in the separate introductions. Attention should, however, be called to the comparatively large number that were entered in the Stationers' Registers and are here first identified and printed. Religious verse enjoyed great vogue in Elizabeth's day. Ninety metrical versions of the Psalms, with music, are said to have been printed during the period 1560-1600. Poets like Googe, Turberville, Whetstone, Edwards, and Churchyard contributed their full quota; professional ballad-mongers, either from expediency or taste, followed their example; so that there was an enormous production of "pious chansons." Of this flood of verse, the ballads of piety here reprinted are thoroughly representative. Most of them are sicklied o'er with didacticism, a few (like Nos. 53 and 63) are pleasant little poems; all are an effective answer to those critics (and their name is legion) who persist in describing non-traditional ballads as "lewd and scurrilous journalism." Fearful warnings of the imminence of Death and the Judgment Day abound (Nos. 42 *et seq.*), as do invectives against pride (Nos. 43, 49) and the sins of society (Nos. 51, 52). Several are melancholy lamentations by sinners, whose penitence demanded a poetical outlet (Nos. 30, 55, 57); others are mosaics of general advice on holy living and holy dying (Nos. 38, 39, 54). There are, also, didactic ballads on Tobias (No. 36) and Job (No. 33); a pretty Christmas carol (No. 41); and a pleasant song on friendship (No. 37). The miscellaneous ballads (Nos. 64-75) include a burlesque song on the Gunpowder Plot, a scornful attack on the

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Scotch beggars who, after 1603, overran England, a “good-night” by Mrs Sanders, a delightful ballad on drunkenness, and “A Very Pretty Song” in which a lover tunefully narrates his woes. The volume, as a whole, presents a fairly characteristic collection of Elizabethan and Jacobean ballads. Among them are many that would have ravished the ear of Mopsa and enriched the purse of Autolycus, though that clever singer would keenly regret the absence of ballads of “good life” and of miraculous or sensational news. For the absence of these subjects the piety of the compilers of the two principal manuscripts accounts. But the ballad of Good-Ale and the sobs of Mrs Sanders would have brought to Autolycus and his audiences genuine delight and edification.

## II

*Treatment of Printed Texts.* The printed ballads in this volume are reproduced exactly, except for the punctuation (which is made to conform to modern usage) and for obvious printers' errors, such as inverted letters, which are corrected in the text but indicated in the notes. In a few instances, dropped letters have been inserted in square brackets. It is customary to sneer at the slovenliness and inaccuracy of the ballad-press: a comparison, however, of early ballads with printed books of the same period will show that, as far as accuracy is concerned, one is quite as good (or as bad) as the other. Real laxity of printing began after the Restoration, and reached its climax in the roman-letter ballads of the eighteenth century. Early sixteenth-century ballads (like Nos. 1-6) are, on the whole, admirable specimens of printing; in them only black-letter type, unrelieved by roman or italics, is used. Later (as in Nos. 9 and 28) proper nouns and refrains were, with more or less consistency, printed in

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roman, or “white,” letter,—a custom imitated in this book, where black-letter type is represented by roman and roman by italics. In the case of the MS. ballads, I have followed this scheme much more consistently than, as a matter of fact, the printed ballads do: there are, for example, many proper nouns not italicized in No. 10.

*Treatment of the MSS.* In all essential particulars the MSS. are reproduced in their present state. Conventional abbreviations and contractions, such as *ȝ*, *ȝ*, *w<sup>ch</sup>*, *ȝ*, and the like, are here of no importance, and have been expanded without notice; while the use of capital or small letters at the beginning of lines is normalized. Elsewhere the use of capital and small letters strictly follows the MSS., as does the variation between *u* and *v*, *i* and *j*. The spelling of the MSS., always uncertain, is reproduced exactly. Many obvious errors are allowed to stand in the text, but corrections are indicated in the foot-notes. Occasionally, missing words or dropped letters have been supplied within square brackets. The punctuation of the MSS. is scanty and haphazard; it has been disregarded, and modern pointing substituted.

*Location of the MSS.* With the exception of the Rawlinson MSS., in the Bodleian Library, all the MSS. used in the preparation of this volume are preserved in the British Museum. Only the two basic MSS., Additional 15,225 and Sloane 1896, demand a detailed description; but in regard to MS. Rawlinson Poet. 185, from which three ballads have been taken, it may be said that this MS. (dating about 1592) has been fully described and partially reprinted in the Reverend Andrew Clark’s *Shirburn Ballads* (Oxford, 1907), and that it is edited in *Herrig’s Archiv*, 1904 (vol. 114, pp. 326-57), though so inaccurately as to have little value.

*Additional MS. 15,225* was purchased by the British Museum on June 18, 1844, at the Bright Sale, lot 188.

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It is a small, neat quarto of sixty leaves, size  $6 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  inches, without title-page or list of contents, and part of the original MS. has been lost. The page-numbering by the compiler runs from 1 to 124. Pages 95-98, however, are missing, while at the bottom of page 124 (= the present fol. 60<sup>v</sup>) there is a title, "A Godly Exhortation to Love by the Parable of Our Saviour Christ. To the Queen's *Almaine*," but the leaves that contained this ballad, and probably others, have disappeared. The volume has suffered at the hands of binders, various margins being clipped so closely as to have injured the text; many of the leaves are stained by damp, on others holes have been eaten through by inferior ink, several have torn edges, some of which are mended. Nevertheless, the MS. can be said to be in good condition, and the scholarly Jacobean handwriting is everywhere clear and legible.

The date of compilation is about 1616. A ballad (No. 12) on fol. 22<sup>v</sup> deals with the priest Thewlis, who was executed in 1616, and this appears to represent the latest date in the MS. A ballad on fol. 31 (No. 11) is concerned with events of the years 1600 and 1601: others originally date back to 1560-65, but were undoubtedly copied from later broadside issues.

It is a curious fact that this MS., though known to many scholars and often referred to, has so long escaped a careful examination. Collier frequently mentioned it, Halliwell-Phillipps and William Chappell appear to have glanced through it, and in more recent days certain Catholic investigators have given it a cursory view. The remarkable nature of its contents has not been appreciated, and the ballads have remained unknown to students. There are in all thirty-five separate compositions, including one partial duplicate of the first ballad in the MS. and a brief prose work.<sup>1</sup> Fifteen of the ballads are distinctly Catholic productions: most of the others are religious or moralizing

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix II.

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verses with no apparent theological bias ; but there is also a long Catholic poem on the life of Christ,<sup>1</sup> a splendid burlesque on drunkenness (No. 67), and an historical ballad on Buckingham and Bannister (No. 69). The MS. is reprinted entire, with the following exceptions :—

1. “A dolfull daunce and song of death Intituled : the shakeing of the sheetes. . . . Finis. Thomas Hill,” fols. 15-16.

[There are many printed copies of this ballad (see the *Roxburghe Ballads*, III., 184), but none of them is signed.]

2. “A song in praise of a Ladie,” fols. 16-16<sup>v</sup>.

[This poem, attributed to John Heywood and licensed in 1560-61 and 1566-67 for broadside issue, is printed in *Tottel's Miscellany*, ed. Edward Arber, pp. 163 f.]

3. A poem beginning “My mind to me a kingdom is,” fols. 43-43<sup>v</sup>.

[The work of Sir Edward Dyer ; printed in William Byrd's *Psalmes*, 1588, John Forbes's *Cantus, Songs and Fancies*, 1666, Clark's *Shirburn Ballads*, and elsewhere. Entered for transfer as an old ballad at Stationers' Hall on December 14, 1624.]

4. “A dittie most exelent for euerie man to reade, that doth intend for to amende and to repent with speede. To the tune of *a rich marchant man*, or *John, come Kiss me now*,” fols. 56-58.

[This poem, beginning “Who loveth to live in peace,” is printed in *Tottel's Miscellany*, ed. Arber, p. 205. It was registered as a ballad on September 4, 1564.]

That an ardent Catholic compiled the MS. is obvious. An identification of him with “Father Laurence Anderton *alias* John Brerely” has been proposed by J. H. Pollen, who adds : “It is quite possible that Anderton should have composed some and collected

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix I.

## OLD ENGLISH BALLADS

the rest.”<sup>1</sup> I do not feel competent to judge the probability of this suggestion. But the mildness and resignation expressed in these fugitive poems speak well for the charity of the author, whoever he was. The compiler has also preserved certain pious ditties that were perhaps the work of Protestants, as well as a jocular ballad on the exploits of Master Good-Ale. It is a pity that some of his work is lost. Yet even as it stands, this MS. is unique among ballad-anthologies, and is far from being the least important.

*Sloane MS. 1896* is a small oblong quarto of fifty-nine leaves, about  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 8$  inches in size, which have been cut out of their original covers, pasted on heavy flaps, and rebound. There is a Table of Contents, and this Table, the original foliation, and the entire MS., save for two pages (fols. 9<sup>v</sup>-10), are in a single neat, well-formed, Elizabethan hand. The second hand is scrawling and illiterate, possibly that of some child. The MS. is well preserved, except that a few margins have been pared too closely and that on several pages the ink has faded so badly as to be almost indecipherable. In recent years the foliation has been changed so as to include several unrelated sheets of parchment that have been bound in at the beginning. Among scribbles on an otherwise blank sheet at the end of the MS. occur the names “Thomas hatcheman,” “Thomas hacheman,” and “John Blounte,” all in the neat writing of the chief compiler of the MS., though the second hand has also repeated the name of “Thomas Hacheman.” Perhaps Hachman or Blount compiled or owned the MS.

The latest date is 1576: this occurs in “A Godly and Virtuous Song Made by the Honourable the Earl of Essex, Late Deceased in A.D. 1576” (fols. 58-59), with which the MS. ends. There is no reason to believe that any part of the MS. is of a later date. It

<sup>1</sup> *The English Martyrs*, Catholic Record Society’s Publications, V., 385.

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is a collection of pious songs and ballads, quite unrelied by humour or satire, most of them devoid of poetry, but a few (like No. 53) of considerable merit. The gem of the MS. is the "good-night" of Mrs Anne Sanders, heroine of the Elizabethan play, *A Warning for Fair Women* (No. 68). Twenty-four ballads and poems are not reprinted from the MS. These include "A Godly Song in Commendation of Mr John Bradford," and five ballad-poems by Robert Smith, familiar because of their inclusion in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*<sup>1</sup>; five poems that appear in Tottel's *Miscellany*<sup>2</sup>; and the Essex ballad previously mentioned.<sup>3</sup> The compiler of Sloane MS. 1896 was a devout Protestant; his work affords an interesting contrast to that in Addit. MS. 15,225.

*Order of the Ballads.* In this volume the ballads are grouped according to subjects, but within groups the sequence of the MSS. is retained as closely as possible.

<sup>1</sup> Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, ed. Townsend, VII., 195, 356 ff.

<sup>2</sup> Tottel's *Miscellany*, ed. Arber, pp. 25, 110, 142, 205, 256.

<sup>3</sup> Printed in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1578, ed. Collier, p. 136; in the Camden Society *Miscellany*, 1855, Vol. III.; in Farr's *Select Poetry of the Reign of Elizabeth*, I., 316; in Grosart's *Fuller Worthies Miscellany*, IV., 102 f. On the matter of authorship see *Notes and Queries*, 4th Series, III., 361, and the *Dictionary of National Biography*.



## I

## *Considering oft the state of man*

A unique copy of this ballad is preserved in the British Museum, press-mark C. 18 e. 1 (88). It is printed in black letter on a folio broadside in two columns ; there are no woodcuts, but a large ornamental C begins the first line. The ballad has not been reprinted, and appears in no ballad collection, but is reproduced in facsimile in Richard Garnett's *Accession of Queen Mary* (1892). A copy of it, made by Herbert, is referred to in Herbert-Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, II., 826.

To present the historical situation briefly : the Duke of Northumberland had prevailed upon Edward VI. to disinherit both Mary and Elizabeth in favour of Lady Jane Grey, who was proclaimed Queen on July 10, 1553. Three days later Mary was proclaimed Queen at Norwich ; a similar proclamation was made at London, after the collapse of Northumberland's army, on July 19 (cf. stanza 10). From stanza 10, with its reference to "this month of July," it is obvious that the ballad was written and printed after July 25, when Northumberland was sent to the Tower (cf. stanza 12, line 2), and before August 1. Mary was crowned on October 1.

As a contemporary account of the joy with which the proclamation of Mary was welcomed in London, the ballad is of rare interest ; and it is appropriate that this volume, which contains ballads on both Protestant and Catholic martyrs, should open with a ballad-poet's eulogy of Mary, a greatly misunderstood and too much reviled Queen. The poet himself was not concerned with Mary's religious views : indeed, though he speaks of her "leading the perfect dance of godliness" (stanza 8), he probably knew little or nothing of them, and may well have been a Protestant. That he *was* a Protestant seems to be indicated by his eulogy of Edward VI. (stanza 7) and by the striking absence of comment on the ill-fated Protestant Queen, Lady Jane. His joy, like that of the people at large, arose from the knowledge that Mary's accession would put an end to the power and tyranny of the Duke of Northumberland. Very interesting indeed are his bitter comments (stanza 12) on the Duke. Perhaps it would be a better thing for all concerned if our ideas of Mary, Elizabeth, Lady Jane, Northumberland, and the other leading persons of that time came from Ainsworth's admirable, but almost forgotten, romance of *The Tower of London*,—just as the ideas of almost all English-speaking persons about Henry V. and Richard III. (cf. stanzas 2-4) come from Shakespeare's plays.

## CONSIDERING OFT THE STATE OF MAN

The initials T. W. may be assumed to be those of Thomas Watertoune, whose name is signed to a ballad of slightly later date in MS. Ashmole 48 (Thomas Wright's *Songs and Ballads chiefly of the Reign of Philip and Mary*, p. 11).

### A ninuectyue agaynst Treason.

¶ Remember well, o mortall man, to whom god geueth  
    reason,  
How he truly, most ryghtfully, doth alwayes punyshe  
    treason.

[1]

Consyderyng oft the state of man, and of this mortall  
    lyfe,

which is but short and very ful of mutabylyte,  
I callèd to remembraunce the hateful war and stryfe  
Which hath ben don within this realme thrugh gret  
    iniquite,—

In clymyng to achyue the crowne & reyal dingnyte  
Of this kyngdome, now called England, but somtyme  
    greate bretain,  
And howe by false and ranke traytours the kynges they  
    haue ben slayne.

[2]

What moued the Duke of Glocester, Edwardre the  
    fourthes brother,

Of his two natural Neuewes, by lyneall dissent,  
Sekyng of them distruption, and also of the queene their  
    mother,

But that he the ryghtfull rayne of them he falsely myght  
    preuent?

Styll workyng tyl he had brought to passe his false and  
    yll entent,

[1] 3 stryfe : *text has stryle* ; 5 reyal dingnyte : *read regal dignity*.

[2] 1 Duke : better known as King Richard III. ; 2 dissent : *i.e.*  
descent.

## CONSIDERING OFT THE STATE OF MAN

by murtherynge the innocentes, that he him selfe myght  
raygne,  
Yet lyke a noughty false traytour at Boseworth was he  
slayne.

[3]

He neuer rested tyll he had made away his owne naturall  
brother,  
George, the good duke of Clarence, that noble prince  
truly ;  
Causyng the kynge to graunt therto, for it wolde be none  
other,  
For which wycked fact sone afterwarde the kynge was  
ryght sory,  
That in a but of Malmesey the man was forst to dye,  
Within the towre, as wel was knowen, the story is ryght  
playne ;  
Yet at the last this ranke traytour at boseworth was he  
slayne.

[4]

¶ He eke slewe with a short dagger that mylde Henry  
the sext,  
Remaynyng in the towre vntyl his lyfe he did there end ;  
That he to were the crowne, therby, myght surely be  
the next.  
Thus to murther and false treason he dyd him selfe  
extende,  
Vntyll suche tyme, most ryghtfully, god brought him  
to his ende ;  
Leuyng hym in tyranny no lenger for to raygne,  
But at the last, for his desartes, at Boseworth was he  
slayne.

[2] 7 Boseworth : *i.e.* Bosworth Field, where Henry VII. slew Richard III.

[3] 3 kynge : *i.e.* Henry VI. ; 5 man : *i.e.* the Duke of Clarence.

[4] 3 were : *i.e.* wear.

## CONSIDERING OFT THE STATE OF MAN

[5]

Lyke treason to our last Henry was wrought by haynous  
spight  
By olde Hemson and by Dudley, as traytours most  
vntrue ;  
At Rychemond was their full entent to haue distroy'd  
him quyght,  
That their malicious purpose myght there forthwith  
ensue.  
But god out of this present lyfe awaye them streyght he  
drue,  
Takyng their heades from their bodyes, which thyng  
is most certayne ;  
So, not vnlyke to false traytours, they both were iustly  
slayne.

[6]

Yet many treasons mo were done agaynst this noble  
kynge  
By dyuers men of wyckednes, as is most euydent,  
But god alwayes, of his goodnes, reuelèd their dowynge,  
So that theyr euyl deuysèd thynges he euer dyd preuent,  
That no myscheuous traytour could obtayne his owne  
entent ;  
But al theyr crafty false treasons, which deuelyshely they  
wrought,  
Were ryght sone serched out truly, and ryght sone  
brought to nought.

[7]

But out, alas, the nougthy sede of traytours hath  
increased,  
And spronge vp very hastely, nowe in his sonnès dayes,—

[5] 1 Henry : *i.e.* Henry VIII. ; 2 for Edmund Dudley and Sir  
Richard Empson, who were executed on Tower Hill on August 18,  
1510, see the *D. N. B.* ; 3 Rychemond : *i.e.* Richmond.

[6] 3 dowynge : *i.e.* doing = acts.

## CONSIDERING OFT THE STATE OF MAN

Edwarde the syxt, forsoth I meane, whom god hath  
now displaced,  
Which sought and mynded goddes glory, entendyng  
vertuous wayes,—  
With him and his two vncles deare they made dyuers  
assayes,  
Vntyll such tyme as they caught them, in theyr most  
crafty trayne,  
And so workyng most wyckedly the ryghteous haue  
they slayne.

[8]

At last they dyd attempt agaynst theyr lyege Lady and  
Queene,  
Mary, by the grace of god of Englande and of Fraunce,  
And also ryght heyre of Irelande, most comly to be sene,  
Whom the myghty lorde perserue from all hurt and  
myschaunce ;  
For she to ioyful godlynes ledeth the parfect daunce :  
Whom god at her great nede doth helpe, workyng  
nothyng in vayyne,  
Subdueth to her her enemies al, which wrought with  
dredful trayne :

[9]

When they forth went, lyke men they were, most fearefull  
to beholde ;  
Of force and eke of pusaunt power they semèd very  
stronge ;  
In theyr attemptes, also, they were both fearese and  
wonders bolde.

[7] 5 vncles : *i.e.* the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, and Lord Seymour. The first of these “dear uncles,” Edward VI., at the instigation of the Duke of Northumberland, allowed to be executed. There is a heartless comment on this execution in the young King’s diary.

[9] 2 pusaunt : *i.e.* puissant ; 3 wonders : *read* wondrous.

## CONSIDERING OFT THE STATE OF MAN

If god wolde haue ben helper to such as stryuueth in the  
wronge—  
But at the last he helpēd vs, though we thought it ryght  
longe.  
The Nobles here proclaymed her queene, in voydying  
of all blame ;  
Wherfore prayse we the lorde aboue, and magnyfie  
his name.

[10]

Which thyng was done the .xix. day of this moneth of  
July,  
The yere of God .xv. hundred fyfty addynge thre,  
In the Cytie of glad London, proclaymed most ioyfully,  
Where cappes and syluer plenteously about the stretes  
dyd flye :  
The greatest ioy and most gladnes that in this realme  
myght be,  
The trumpettes blewe vp all on hye our Marie's royll  
fame.  
Let vs, therfore, stylly gloryfy and prayse his holy name.

[11]

The nobles all consented than together, with one  
accorde,  
To go to Paules churche, euery man, to gyue thankes  
vnto the lorde ;  
Wheras they harde a songe of praise, as custome it hath  
bene,  
To rendre thankes to god alwayes for the victorie of our  
queene.  
Suche chere was made in euery strete as no man can  
expresse,  
In settynge forth wyne and plentie of meate and fyers of  
much gladnes ;

[9] 7 magnyfie : *text has mangnyfie.*

[11] 1 than : *read then ;* 3 wheras : *perhaps whereat*

## CONSIDERING OFT THE STATE OF MAN

Such myrth was made in euery place as the lyke was neuer  
seene,  
That god had shewed on vs his grace in geuyng a ryghtful  
queene.

[12]

And where as he went forth full glad, as prince both  
stout and bolde,  
He came a traytour in full sad, with hart that myght  
be colde ;—  
The same whom al before dyd feare, and were in most  
subiection,  
The people wolde in peeces teare, yf they myght haue  
election ;  
The same for whom before they prayde, reuylèd was and  
curste,  
And he that longe the swynge hath swayde was now  
most vyle & worst.  
We se, therfore, the ouerthrowe of al theyr wicked wayes,  
Howe wicked might is brought furlowe, to god's great  
Laude & prayse.

**God saue the Queene.**

**Finis.** qd. T. W.

Imprynted at London by Roger Madeley, and are  
to be solde in Paules Church yearde at  
the sygne of the Starre.

[12] 1 he : *i.e.* the Duke of Northumberland ; 8 furlowe : *read* full  
low.

## *The God above for man's delight*

From a unique broadside in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London (Lemon's *Catalogue of Broadsides*, p. 12). Black-letter type is used throughout, printed in two columns, no cuts. The ballad is reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany* (1813), X., 253 f. It was written to eulogize Mary I., under the figure of the Marigold, shortly after her accession, and was entered at Stationers' Hall for reprinting in 1569-70 (Arber's *Transcript*, I., 409). The author, William Forrest, a Catholic priest, served as one of the Queen's chaplains, and was a musician of some skill. There is a sketch of his life in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

### *A new ballade of the Marigolde.*

[1]

The God aboue, for man's delight,  
 Hath heere ordayne<sup>2</sup>de euery thing,—  
 Sonne, Moone, and Sterres, shinyng so bright,  
 with all kinde fruites that here doth spring,  
 And Flowrs that are so flourishyng.

Amonges all which that I beholde,  
 As to my minde best contentyng,  
 I doo commende the Marigolde.

[2]

In Veare first springeth the Violet ;  
 The Primerose, then, also doth spred ;  
 The Couslip sweete abroade doth get ;  
 The Daisye gaye sheweth forth her hed ;

[1] 2 ordayne<sup>2</sup>de : read ordayned.  
 [2] 1 Veare : i.e. ver : Spring.

# THE GOD ABOVE FOR MAN'S DELIGHT

The Medowes greene, so garnished,  
Most goodly, truly, to beholde ;  
For which God is to be Praised.  
Yet I commende the Marigolde.

[3]

The Rose that chearfully doth shewe  
At Midsomer, her course hath shee ;  
The Lilye white after doth growe ;  
The Columbine then see may yee ;  
The Joliflowre in fresh degree,  
with sundrie mo then can be tolde :  
Though they neuer so pleasaunt bee,  
Yet I commende the Marigolde.

[4]

Though these which here are mencionèd  
Bee delectable to the iye,  
By whom sweete smelles are ministred,  
The sense of man to satisfye,  
Yet each as serueth his fantasye ;  
wherfore to say I wyll be bolde,  
And to aduoide all flaterye,  
I doo commende the Marigolde.

[5]

All these but for a time doth serue,  
Soone come, soone gone, so doth they fare,  
At feruent heates and stormes thei sterue,  
Fadyng away, their staulkes left bare.  
Of that I praise, thus say I dare,  
Shee sheweth glad cheare in heate and colde,  
Moche profityng to hertes in care,—  
Such is this floure, the Marigolde.

[3] 5 Joliflowre : *i.e.* gillyflower.

[4] 2 iye : *i.e.* eye.

# THE GOD ABOVE FOR MAN'S DELIGHT

[6]

This Marigolde Floure, marke it well,  
with Sonne dooth open, and also shut ;  
which (in a meanyng) to vs doth tell  
To Christ, God's Sonne, our willes to put,  
And by his woerde to set our futte,  
Stiffly to stande, as Champions bolde,  
From the truthe to stagger nor stutte,—  
For which I praise the Marigolde.

[7]

To Marie, our Queene, that Floure so sweete,  
This Marigolde I doo apply,  
For that the Name doth serue so meete  
And properlee, in eache partie ;  
For her enduryng paciently  
The stormes of such as list to scolde  
At her dooynges, with cause why,  
Loth to see spring this Marigolde.

[8]

Shee may be calde Marigolde well,  
Of Marie (chiefe), Christes mother deere,  
That as in heauen shee doth excell,  
And Golde in earth, to haue no peere :  
So (certainly) shee shineth cleere,  
In Grace and honour double folde,  
The like was neuer earst seene heere,  
Suche is this floure, the Marigolde.

[9]

Her education well is knowne,  
From her first age how it hath wrought ;  
In singler Vertue shee hath growne,

[6] 2 Sonne : *i.e.* sun ; 5 futte : *i.e.* foot ; 7 stutte = desist from.

[8] 6 honour : *text has hononr.*

[9] 3 singler: *i.e.* singular.

## THE GOD ABOVE FOR MAN'S DELIGHT

And seruyng God, as she well ought ;  
For which he had her in his thought,  
And shewed her Graces many folde,  
In her estate to see her brought,  
Though some dyd spite this Marigolde.

[10]

Yf she (in faith) had erred a-misse,  
which God, most sure, doth vnderstande,  
wolde hee haue doone, as prouèd is,  
Her Enmies so to bring to hande ?  
No, be ye sure, I make a bande,  
For seruying him he needes so wolde  
Make her to Reigne ouer Englande,—  
So loueth hee this Marigolde.

[11]

Her conuersacion, note who list,  
It is more heauenly then terraine,  
For which God doth her Actes assist ;  
All meekenesse doth in her remaine.  
All is her care, how to ordayne  
To haue God's Glorie here extolde ;  
Of Poore and Riche, shee is most fayne.  
Christ sauе, therfore, this Marigolde.

[12]

Sith so it is, God loueth her,  
And shee, His Grace, as doth appeare ;  
Ye may be bolde as to referre  
All doubtfulnesse to her most cleare,

[9] 8 some : *i.e.* Lady Jane Grey's adherents.

[10] 5 bande = bond.

[11] 2 terraine : *i.e.* terrene.

# THE GOD ABOVE FOR MAN'S DELIGHT

That, as her owne, in like maneare  
She wilth your welthes, both yong & olde,  
Obey her, then, as your Queene deare,  
And say : Christ sauē this Marigolde.

[13]

Christ sauē her in her High Estate,  
Therin (in rest) long to endure ;  
Christ so all wronges heere mitigate  
That all may be to his pleasure :  
The high, the lowe, in due measure,  
As membres true with her to holde,  
So eache to be thother's treasure,  
In cherishyng the Marigolde.

[14]

Be thou (O God) so good as thus  
Thy Perfect Fayth to see take place ;  
Thy Peace thou plant here among vs,  
That Errour may go hide his face.  
So to concorde vs in eache case,  
As in thy Courte it is enrolde,  
wee all (as one) to loue her Grace,  
That is our Queene, this Marigolde.

## God sauē the Queene.

Quod WILLIAM FORREST, Preest.

Imprinted at London in Aldersgate strete by Richard Lant.

[12] 5 maneare : *i.e.* mannēr ; 6 wilth : *i.e.* willeth.

## 3

## *Hail Queen of England, of most worthy fame*

From a unique broadside in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London (Lemon's *Catalogue of Broadsides*, p. 12). Printed in two columns, black-letter type throughout, no woodcuts.

This striking ballad is the work of Leonard Stope, an English priest, who, after the death of Mary, suffered the loss of his Fellowship at St John's, Oxford, imprisonment and, later, exile. (See the sketch in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.) The eulogy of "Bloody" Mary as a mirror of merciful meekness has, to phrase it mildly, an unusual sound ; but, in any case, the ballad is no more exaggerated in its way than are the later eulogies of Queen Elizabeth. The sincerity of the priest, unlike that of various Elizabethan poets, is not open to question : the chief reason for his admiration lay in the "great travail" Mary took to "weed out sects and schisms and horrible errors" (stanzas 3-4). The prayer (stanza 20) that Mary's marriage may prove fruitful, expanded at considerable length, forms the subject of the ballad next following.

**An AVE MARIA in Commendation of  
our most Vertuous Queene. Imprinted  
at London, in Pater Noster Reaw, by Richard  
Lant.**

[I] HAILE

Haile Quene of Englād, of most worthy fame  
For vertue, for wisdome, for mercy & grace ;  
Most firme in the fath, Defence of the same,  
Christ sauē her and keepe her in euery place.

[Title] Reaw : *read* Row.

[I] 3 fath : *read* faith.

# HAIL QUEEN OF ENGLAND

## [2] MARIE

Marie, the mirroure of mercifulnesse,  
God of his goodnesse hath lent to this lande ;  
Our iewell, our ioye, our Iudeth, doutlesse,  
The great Holofernes of hell to withstande.

## [3] FULL

Full well I may liken and boldly compare  
Her highnesse to Hester, that vertuous Quene ;  
The enuious Hamon to kyll is her care,  
And all wicked workers to wede them out clene.

## [4] OF

Of sectes and of schysmes a riddaunce to make,  
Of horrible errors and heresies all ;  
She carckes & cares & great trauell dooth take,  
That vertue may flourish and vice haue a fall.

## [5] GRACE

Grace and all goodnesse doth garnish her Grace  
with mercifull meeknesse, on euery syde,  
And pitifull Prudence, in rennyng her race,  
Her highnesse in honor most godly dooth guyde.

## [6] OUR

Our life is a warfare, the worlde is the fielde :  
Her highnes her army hath alwayes at hande ;  
For Hope is her helmet, Faith is her shielde,  
And Loue is her brestplate, her foes to withstand.

[2] 3 Iudeth : *i.e.* Judith.

[3] 2 Hester : *i.e.* Esther ; 3 Hamon : *i.e.* Haman.

[4] 3 trauell : *i.e.* travail.

[5] 3 rennyng : *read* running.

## OF MOST WORTHY FAME

### [7] LORDE

Lorde, for thy mercy, vouchsafe to defende  
Her Grace from all grieves, and dredfull distresse ;  
whom thou hast vouchsafèd, so frendly, to sende  
Our maners to mende, our deedes to redresse.

### [8] IS

Is not this Ilande of duty most bounde  
To pray for her highnesse most prosperous state ?  
By whom all our enmies be cast to the grounde,  
Exilyng all error, all strife, and debate.

### [9] WITH

With wisdome, her wisdome, most witty & wise,  
Most wisely dooth welde vs, in wele and in wo ;  
In rest to rule vs, this dooth she deuise,  
In grace and in goodnesse, with vertue also.

### [10] THEE

Thee humbly we honour, most mercifull Lorde,  
Besechyng thy goodnesse to graūt vs thy grace,  
That we in faith as one may accorde,  
All vices exilèd, may vertue imbrace.

### [11] BLESSED

Blessèd be Iesu, and praise we his Name,  
who of his mere mercy hath lent to this lande  
So Catholike Capitaynes, to gourne the same,  
And freely the foes of Faith to withstande.

### [12] ART

Art thou not a-shamèd, thou caitif vnkynde,  
To whisper, to whimper, with traitourous tene ?

[8] *z* highnesse : *read* highness'.

[9] *z* welde : *i.e.* wield.

[12] *z* tene : *i.e.* teen = malice, anger.

# HAIL QUEEN OF ENGLAND

to mutter, to mourmure, with mischeuous mynd  
Against thy so louyng and gracious a Quene ?

## [13] THOU

Thou wishest and woldest, But all is in vayne  
(God dooth abhorre) ; to thinke in thy harte  
Or speake in secrete of them that doo raigne ;  
the birdes wyll bewrai thee :—to prai is thy parte.

## [14] AMONG

Amog al the scriptures, wher hast thou but sene  
the raurmurers punishte, & never had their wyll  
agaynst their heade ? our souereigne Queene,  
whose Grace I pray God preserue from all yll.

## [15] WOMEN

Women and widowes, with maidens & wiues,  
Of this blessed woman example may take,  
In womanly wisdom to leade well their liues.  
All Englande is blessed for this woman's sake.

## [16] ASV

And for that there is suche godly behauiour,  
Specially tending God's worthy fame ;  
He, through his power and Princely fauour,  
Hath blancked her foes, to their great shame.

## [17] BLESSED

Blessed be, therfore, our Lorde God aboue,  
And Marie, our Maistresse, our merciful Quene ;  
For unto this lande our Lorde, for her loue,  
Hath of his mercy most mercifull bene.

[13] : No punctuation can make clear the meaning of this vague stanza ; that given above is suggested by the pointing in the text itself. The meaning of the stanza is obvious.

[16] : blancked = frustrated.

## OF MOST WORTHY FAME

### [18] Is

Is not her highnesse most worthy of prayse,  
And England moch holden her grace to cōmend ?  
By whō it hath pleased our Lord many wayse  
His bountefull blesyng on vs for to sende.

### [19] THE

The plentifull pitie, the faith, and the grace,  
The meruailous mekenes and mercy, also,  
And other the vertues that shine in her face,  
Doo sauē vs her subiectes in weale and in wo.

### [20] FRUYTE

Fruytle of her body God graunte vs to see,  
This Royalme to rule in peace and in rest ;  
That louyng, as she is, to vs maye be,  
who woulde vs all, as our hertes can thinke best.

### [21] OF

Of this may the good be bolde as to say  
She woulde God's glory to flourish and spryng,  
And her true subiectes to walke in one way,  
In vnitie of faith all vs for to bryng.

### [22] THY

Thy gracious goodnes to God, therfore,  
we humbly beseche her grace to preserue ;  
And thy holy Churche in state to restore,  
As daily desireth our princely Mynerue.

### [23] WOMBE

Wombe that she beareth by God be it blest,  
From daūger of childing whē God he shal sende

[19] 4 subiectes : *text* subiected.

[20] 2 Royalme = realm.

[22] 4 Mynerue : *i.e.* Minerv(a).

## HAIL QUEEN OF ENGLAND

Neuer by enemyes to see her supprest,  
But, as his chosen, to haue heere her ende.

### [24] IESUS

Iesus most gentle, graunte this request,  
Our Noble Queene with thy grace to encrease  
In health and honour, as pleaseth thee best,  
That long ouer vs she may reigne in peace.

Amen. QD. L. STOPES.

## 4

## Now England is happy and happy indeed

Reprinted from a unique black-letter broadside preserved in MS. 106, fol. 630, at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. This text has been reprinted in Herbert-Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, III., 1794. Evidently from the same exemplar came the MS. copy preserved in the Pepys Collection, I., 23. There Pepys added the following note :—

“ Extract of a Letter from Mr. Michael Bull, M.A., Fellow of Bennet Coll., Camb. of the 12<sup>th</sup> of June 1701 to Mr. Humphry Wanley, relating to the foregoing Ballad.

“ I have according to your desire copyed out the Ballad, and with all the exactness I could. There is no picture in it ; nor anything wrott in Capital or Roman Letters, but all printed in the old English Letter. I have spelt it and pointed it, just as it is printed.

“ There is pasted on the Backside of this Ballad, a printed copy of a Letter sent from the Council to the Bp. of London, to sing Te Deum for her Majtie's being w<sup>th</sup> child.<sup>1</sup> If a copy of it will be usefull to you, I shall send it you assoon as I know it.”

Pepys has also added the title, “ The Ballad of Joy vpon the publication of Q. Mary, Wife of King Philip, her being with child, Anno Domini 15[54].”

This MS. copy has been reprinted, with a brief introduction, by Professor C. H. Firth in the *Scottish Historical Review*, IX. (1912), 361-63.

The question of whether Protestantism or Catholicism should triumph in England hinged upon the fruitfulness or unfruitfulness of Mary's marriage with Philip of Spain. In October, 1554, the Queen believed herself to be *enceinte*, and the present ballad was no doubt written at that time. As Froude (*History of England*, 1870, VI., 346) tells the story : “ About the 20th of April [1555] she withdrew to Hampton Court for entire quiet. The rockers and the nurses were in readiness, and a cradle stood open to receive the royal infant. Priests and bishops

<sup>1</sup> A copy of this letter is in the Corpus Christi MS. 106, fol. 629. See M. R. James's *Descriptive Catalogue of the MSS. in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge*, 1912, I., 221, and the note in Herbert-Ames, *op. cit.*, III., 1793.

## NOW ENGLAND IS HAPPY

sang litanies through the London streets ; a procession of ecclesiastics in cloth of gold and tissue marched round Hampton Court Palace, headed by Philip in person ; Gardiner walked at his side, while Mary gazed from a window. Not only was the child assuredly coming, but its sex was decided on, and circulars were drawn and signed both by the king and queen, with blanks only for the month and day, announcing to ministers of state, to ambassadors, and to foreign sovereigns, the birth of a prince. On the 30th, the happy moment was supposed to have arrived. . . . The bells were set ringing in all the Churches ; *Te Deum* was sung in St Paul's ; priests wrote sermons ; bonfires were piled ready for lighting, and tables were laid out in the streets." According to Froude, the Queen's disappointment on this occasion (as well as later) incited her to more diligent persecution of heretics.

**Nowe singe, nowe springe, oure care is exil'd,  
Oure vertuous Quene is quickned with child.**

[1]

Nowe englande is happie, and happie in dede,  
That god of his goodnes doth prospir here sede ;  
Therfore, let vs prae, it was neuer more nede,  
God prosper her highnes, god send her good sped.

[2]

Howe manie good people were longe in dispaire  
That this letel england shold lacke a right heire ;  
But nowe the swet marigold springeth soo fayre  
That England triumpheth without anie care.

[3]

Howe manie greate thraldomes in englan[d]e were seene  
Before that her highnes was pwbllyshed quene :  
The bewtye of englāde was banyshed clene,  
with wringyng & wrongyng, & sorowes betwen.

[1] 2 prospir : text pspir, an ordinary abbreviation ; here sede : i.e. her seed.

## AND HAPPY INDEED

[4]

And yet syncer her highnes was planted in peace,  
Her subiectes wer dubtful of her highnes' increse ;  
But nowe the recōfort their murmour doth cease,  
They haue their owne wyshynge, their woes doo releasse.

[5]

And such as enued the matche and the make,  
And in their procedinges stooode styffe as a stake,  
Are now reconciled, their malis dothe slake,  
And all men are wilinge theyr partes for to take.

[6]

Our doutes be dyssoluēd, our fansies contented,  
The mariage is ioyfull that many lamented ;  
And such as enued, like foles haue repented  
The Errors & Terrours that they have inuēted.

[7]

But God dothe worke more wonders then this,  
For he is the Auther and Father of blysse :  
He is the defender, his workinge it is,  
And where he dothe fauoure, they fare not amys.

[8]

Therfore let vs praye to the father of myght  
To prospere her highnes and shelde her in ryghte ;  
Wyth ioye to deliuier, that when she is lighte  
Both she & her people maie Ioye without flight.

[9]

God prossper her highnes in euery thinge,  
Her noble spouse, our fortunate kynge,  
And that noble blossom that is plāted to spring.  
Amen, swete Iesus, we hartelye singe.

[8] *z* shelde : *i.e.* shield.

## NOW ENGLAND IS HAPPY

[10] .

Blysse, thou swete Iesus, our comforters three,  
Oure Kynge, our Quene, our Prince that shalbe ;  
That they three as one, or one as all three,  
Maye gourne thy people to the plesure of the.

¶ Imprinted at London in Lumbarde strete, at the  
signe of the Eagle, by Wyllyam Ryddael.

[10] 1 Blysse : *i.e.* Bless ; 4 the : *i.e.* thee.

## 5

*Vain is the bliss, and brittle  
is the glass*

From a unique broadside in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London (Lemon's *Catalogue of Broadsides*, p. 16). Printed in one column, black-letter type throughout, no woodcuts. It is reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany* (1813), X., 259 f.

Mary I. died on the morning of November 17, 1558, and before noon of the same day Elizabeth was proclaimed Queen. An ardent Catholic, very probably a priest, promptly wrote this exaggerated eulogy. Certainly the most ardent apologist could not now urge that Mary 'never spared her hand to help the righteous man distressed,' or that she showed 'pity to both friend and foe'; and the balladist's prophecy that "no age can thee obscure" has been fulfilled in quite a different fashion from that he anticipated. From the last lines of the epitaph it appears that the accession of a new Queen brought no premonitions or fears of change to the poet: Elizabeth's inclination towards Protestantism—always largely political—was evidently not known to him.

It is curious to read in the Stationers' Registers (Arber's *Transcript*, I., 101) that "Rychard Lante was sente to warde for the prynytng of an Epithaphi of quene Mary with out lycense," undoubtedly the present production. It is difficult to see how this epitaph could have offended the new Queen.

**The Epitaphe vpon the Death of the  
Most Excellent and our late vertuous  
Quene, Marie, deceased, augmented by  
the first Author.**

Vayne is the blisse, & brittle is the glasse, of worldly  
wished welth;

The steppes vnstayde, the life vnsure, of lastyng hopèd  
helth.

## VAIN IS THE BLISS

witnes (alas) may Marie be, late Quene of rare renowne,  
whose body dead, her vertues liue, and doth her fame  
resowne ;  
In whom suche golden giftes were grafte, of nature and  
of grace,  
As when the tongue dyd ceasse to say, yet vertue spake  
in face.  
what vertue is that was not founde within that worthy  
wight ?  
what vice is there that can be sayde wherin she had  
delight ?  
She neuer clostde her eare to heare the rightous man  
distrest,  
Nor neuer sparde her hande to helpe, wher wrōg or  
power opprest.  
when all was wracke, she was the porte from peryll vnto  
ioye ;  
when all was spoyle, she sparēd all, she pitied to  
distroye.  
How many noble men restorde, and other states also,  
well shew'd her Princely liberall hert, which gaue  
both friend & fo.  
where conscience was, or pitie moued, or iuste desertes  
dyd craue,  
For Iustice' sake, all worldly thynges, she vsēd as her  
slaue.  
As Princely was her birth, so Princely was her life,  
Constante, courtise,<sup>1</sup> modest, and mylde, a chast and  
chosen wife.  
In greatest stormes she feareēd not, for God she made  
her shielde,  
And all her care she cast on him, who forst her foes to  
yelde.  
Her perfecte life in all extremes her pacient hert dyd shoe,<sup>2</sup>  
For in this worlde she neuer founde but dolfull dayes  
and woe.

<sup>1</sup> courtise : *i.e.* courteous.

<sup>2</sup> shoe : *i.e.* show.

## AND BRITTLE IS THE GLASS

All worldly pompe she set at nought, to praye was her  
delight,

A Martha in her kyngdomes charge, a Mary namèd right.  
She conquer'd death in perfect life, and fearèd not his  
darte;

She liued to dye and dyed to liue, with constant  
faithful hart.

Her restles ship of toyle and care these worldly wrackes  
hath past,

And safe arriues the heauenly porte, escapt from  
daungers' blast.

when I haue sene the Sacrament (she said, euen at her  
death),

These eyes no earthly syght shall see,—and so lefte life  
and breath.

O mirrour of all womanhed, o Quene of vertues pure,  
O constaunt Marie filde<sup>1</sup> with grace, no age can thee  
obscure.

Thyne end hath set the<sup>2</sup> fre from tongues of tickle<sup>3</sup> trust,  
And lockte the lippes of slaüder's brute, which daily  
damnes the iust.

Thy death hath geuen theelife, thy life with God shall ioye,  
Thy ioye shall last, thy vertues liue, from feare and  
all anoye.

O happie heauens, O hatefull earth, O chaunge to Marie  
best,

Though we bewaile, thou maist reioyce, thy longe  
retourne to reste.

O worthy Quene, most worthy life, o lampe of vertue's  
light,

But what auayles, sith flesh is wormes,<sup>4</sup> and life is  
deathes<sup>5</sup> of right?

Mercy and rest may Marie fynde, whose fayth and mercy  
craue

Eternall prayse here in this earth, and ioye with God,  
to haue.

<sup>1</sup> filde : *i.e.* fill'd. <sup>2</sup> the : *i.e.* theè. <sup>3</sup> tickle = unreliable, uncertain.

<sup>4</sup> wormes : *i.e.* worms'. <sup>5</sup> deathes : *i.e.* death's.

## VAIN IS THE BLISS

Marie is gone, whose vertues teache of life and death  
the way,  
Learne we that liue her steppes to treade, and for her  
soule to pray.  
Make for your mirrour (Princes all) Marie, our maistres  
late,  
whom teares, nor plaintes, nor princely mace might  
stai in her estate.  
Lo, here we see, as nature formes, death doth deface at  
lengthe;  
In life and death, pray we to God to be our guyde  
and strengthe.  
Farewell o Quene, o pearle most pure that God or nature  
gauē,  
The erth, the heauēs, the sprites, the saintes cry honor to  
thy graue.  
Marie now dead, Elisabeth liues, our iust & lawfull Quene,  
In whom her sister's vertues rare habundantly are seene.  
Obaye our Quene, as we are bounde, pray God her to  
preserue,  
And sende her grace longe life & fruite, and subiectes  
trouth to serue.

**Finis.**

Imprinted at London in Smithfield by Richarde Lant.

## *O heresy with frenzy*

From a unique broadside in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London (Lemon's *Catalogue of Broadsides*, p. 16). Printed in two columns, black-letter type throughout, no woodcuts.

This Catholic ballad of the reign of Mary I. is a bitter attack on heresy, and a plea for a general acceptance of the Catholic faith, which should be compared with No. 20. Notice the defense of images in stanzas 7-9, and the plea to authority and antiquity in stanza 14. Very few ballads of this nature have survived, though undoubtedly many were printed.

An Exclamatiō vpa the erronious and  
fantasticall sprite of heresy, troublig the  
vnitie of the Church, deceauig the simple  
Christiā, with her vnpēfect, vnpōfitable  
ꝝ vayn wordes.

[1]

O Heresy, with frenesy,  
disobedience and pride,  
Hast lead man's mind, with fancies blind,  
headlong runnyng farre [and] wyde,  
From the path way to Christ, I saye,  
o fonde, foolish, vayne guyde !

[2]

¶ Brought many one to perdition,  
to play a desperate parte,  
Made deuision in eche Region ;  
a false traitour thou arte

[1] 3 lead : *i.e.* led ; 4 headlong : *text has* headloug.

[2] 3 deuision : *i.e.* division.

## O HERESY WITH FRENZY

To God aboue, the knotte of loue  
to Christ Church to subuert.

[3]

¶ The Sacramentes, our regimenteres  
of health, .vii. giftes of grace,  
when we doo fall through synne, to call  
for them, our great solace ;  
A remedie, for eche degree,  
God's fouour to pourchace.

[4]

¶ Babbtisme is one, Confirmation,  
with trew Penaunce certayne ;  
wedlocke to endure, Presthod most pure,  
Christ body to remayne ;  
At our last ende suche grace God sende,  
Extreme Unction to attayne.

[5]

¶ By which all we membres knitte be  
to Christ, our most chiefe head,  
In vnitie through his Bodie,  
which dyde for quicke and dead ;  
Christ's Church, likewise, doth Sacrifise  
the same, in fourme of bread.

[6]

¶ Very flesh and blood, our daily food,  
in vs to byde and dwell,  
Bi whō we moue, liue euer through loue,  
in vertew to excell.  
The other dead be not in this bodie,  
shall perish, and burne in hell.

[2] 6 to Christ : *read of Christ's.*

[3] 6 fouour : *read fauour ; pourchace : i.e. purchase.*

[4] 4 remayne : *text remayue. [5] 4 dyde : i.e. died.*

## O HERESY WITH FRENZY

[7]

¶ O infidell, darest thou rebell  
against Christes humane body ?  
Thymage to graue, pictures to haue,  
thou calst ydolatry,—  
The laye man's booke, theron to looke,  
to folow their lyues by.

[8]

¶ God doth forbed ydoles in dede ;  
for ydolatry playne  
Doth signify thynges made therby,  
not hauyng life certayne ;  
which represent a false entent,—  
that worke of man is vayne.

[9]

¶ The ymage of mā is God's worke thā,  
praise him in his sayntes daily :  
Their ymage to make for vertew sake,  
no good man can denye,  
His sayntes liuyng (for vs praiyng),  
to haue their memory.

[10]

¶ whose fame imortall dye neuer shall :  
the Iust man lyues for euer,  
where the vniust is scatred like dust,  
consumēd with the wether ;  
whose mortall fame dyeth with shame,  
no mention of him neuer.

[11]

¶ O Traitor vntrue to Christ Iesu,  
his ymage to deface,

[7] 5 man's : *read* men's.

## O HERESY WITH FRENZY

To set at nought hym that the bought,  
thou arte cleane voide of grace ;  
whose remēbraūce thou ought taduaūce,  
with his sayntes in eche place.

[12]

¶ whose life & dayes in penaūce alwayes  
dyd byde Religiously,  
In praier by night, w[i]the world to fight,  
and wunne the victory.  
Their vow thei kepte bi the flesh, ne slept,  
most chaste Virgens dyd dye.

[13]

¶ Thou counterfaite, O foule disceate,  
a false fayth to entende,  
To breake thy vowe for thy lust nowe,  
death needes must be thy ende :  
Dew execution to thy confusion,  
Christ churche for to defende.

[14]

¶ whose vnitie, by antiquitie,  
vniuersall is knowne ;  
Continewèd, from Rome the hed,  
by trew succession ;  
By Counsels tride, the truthe out spide  
of God's sprite longe agone.

[15]

¶ O heresy, thou walkest a-wrye,  
abrode to gadde or raunge ;

[11] 3 the : *i.e.* thee ; 5 taduaūce = t[o] advance.

[13] 2 entende = to devote oneself to.

[15] 1 thou : *text* thon.

## O HERESY WITH FRENZY

Kike false brethren, deceaue children,  
this Churche nowe for to chaunge :  
Her praier by night to banish quight,  
with new inuentions straunge.

[16]

¶ To breake, also, thy first faith, to[o],  
through wilfull impietie ;  
For thy debate excōmunicate  
from Christ spousesse holy.  
Thou canst not accord with spouse & lord  
that liuest in aduoutry.

[17]

¶ Rūnyng retchlesse from thy spousesse,  
Christ Churche, most Chatholike,  
whose company God kepes, truly,  
to banish the heretike ;  
Her errours all, schismatical,  
out of this churche to strike.

[18]

¶ Frō her ne swerue, lest thou do sterue  
with childer reprobate,  
whose parentes be iniquitie,  
gotte by the sprite debate,—  
Thūlaful spouses, whose workes, doutles,  
as hypocrites God doth hate.

[19]

¶ Repent & tourne, your liues refourme,  
Come to Christes Church most trew,

[15] 3 kike : this seems to be an obsolete imperative form of keek, meaning peep ; but the word may be a misprint for like.

[16] 5 with : text wthi ; 6 aduoutry : i.e. adultery.

[17] 1 retchlesse = reckless ; 2 Chatholike : read Catholike.

## O HERESY WITH FRENZY

with humilitie reconsilde to be  
to the mother of vertew,  
which night and day serues God alway,  
whose faith her childre ensew ;

[20]

¶ And doo endure, in one pasture,  
of one folde styl together,  
Both all and some, lest the wolfe come,  
them for to disceuer  
From our Pastour, which doth succour,  
keepe, and defende vs euer.

¶ Imprinted at London in Pater Noster Reaw, by  
Richarde Lant.

[20] 4 disceuer : *i.e.* dissever.

## *O Lord, thou God of Israel*

Stowe MS. 958, fols. 8v-17. The small quarto leaves on which this ballad is written, in a hand contemporaneous with the events described (1555), have severely suffered, many of the initial and final letters of the lines being torn off. These letters are supplied, by guess when necessary, in square brackets. The writing itself is badly faded, and at times is difficult to decipher.

This ballad on a prominent martyr of Queen Mary's reign is unique: no ballad even remotely resembling it—though laments on Anne Askew and John Bradford, among others, are extant—has been preserved. Robert Glover, a gentleman in the diocese of Lichfield and Coventry, was burned for religion, along with Cornelius Bungey, a capper of Coventry, "about the 20th day of September, 1555," according to Foxe. A long account of his martyrdom in Foxe's *Acts and Monuments* (ed. Townsend, VII., 384-399) makes him out to have been quite as lovable and courageous as does the ballad. He is given prominence in the Reverend Thomas Brice's metrical *Register*<sup>1</sup> of the martyrs (1559), where the day of his death is said to be September 19:—

September 19	When <i>Glover</i> , and <i>Cornelius</i>
	Were fiercely brent at Coventry ;
4	When <i>Wolsay</i> and <i>Pigot</i> , for <i>Christ Jesus</i>
	At Ely, felt like cruelty.
19	When the poor bewept Master <i>Glover's</i> death,
	We wished for our <i>Elizabeth</i> .

Robert Bott, the author of the ballad, who describes himself as god-father to Glover's youngest son, devotes most of his lines to eulogizing the martyr and advising the widow; but in stanzas 49-63 there is an account of Glover's arrest, imprisonment, and trial. Several stanzas appear to have been omitted after stanza 61. This is disappointing, because Bott seems to have planned to tell how the day of Glover's burning was set by divine intervention, "not by chance." There is nothing of this in Foxe. Laurence Saunders, mentioned in stanza 61, was a learned preacher, who, after being imprisoned "a whole year and three months," was burned at Coventry on February 8, 1555. Foxe gives a full account of his martyrdom, as well as verses from "Laurence

<sup>1</sup> See Arber's *English Garner*, IV., 158.

## O LORD, THOU GOD OF ISRAEL

Saunders to his Fellow-Prisoners in the Prison of the Marshalsea," and remarking that he went "with a merry courage towards the fire," compares him to St. Laurence. This remarkable ballad should be compared with the even more remarkable ballad on the Catholic martyr, John Thewlis (No. 13), that follows it.

### A ballad concernynge the death of mr. *Robart glover*, wrytane to maystry *marye glover*, his wyf, of a frend of heres.

[1]

O lord, thou god of *Israell*,  
to the[e] I macke my mone ;  
In my distrese and miserye,  
I pray the[e] helpe me sone.

[2]

For why, my hart is so oppreste  
with sorowe and wyt Payne,  
[So] that except thou helpe me nowe  
[I] shall not long remayne.

[3]

When I considere with my selfe  
the death of my deare frend,  
Which in *coventrye* was burnt of lat[e],  
no reste my hart can fynd.

[4]

*Robart glovere* his name it was,  
yf you will liste to knowe,  
A mane of lernyng excellent,  
to *antechryste* a foo.

[Title] of a frend of heres : *read* by a friend of hers.

[1] 4 sone : *MS.* some ?

[4] 3 a mane : one word in *MS.*

# O LORD, THOU GOD OF ISRAEL

[5]

Which evere lovèd godlynes  
in all his wordes and dedes,  
As it apperèd in hys end  
in gevyng vpe his sprites.

[6]

What stedfastnes, what manfull[ness],  
he showèd at his deathe  
(A numbre ther cann witnes bay[r]),  
in all his moste distrese.

[7]

O *coventrye*, thou wickede towne,  
which haste spylt this man's blood,  
That was moste gilties in his lyfe,  
in *chryste* to all mene good.

[8]

Macke haste, amend thy lyf with spedē,  
or els thou wylt be shent ;  
The plages of god will fall on the[e],  
except thou doo repent.

[9]

O *glover* dear, happye thou arte  
that thou haste paste this lyfe,  
Whear I am lafte to se the paynes  
of thy childrene and wyf !

[10]

[Th]ear wippynge and ther waylynge sore  
[f]or the[e] both day and night,

[7] 4 mene : *read* men.

[10] 1 wippynge : *i.e.* weeping.

# O LORD, THOU GOD OF ISRAEL

The[y] fill my hart (that is appreste)  
[w]ythe heavynes and syght.

[11]

When I call to remembraunce  
the tendre love whych thou  
Dedste bear to me, vnfanedlye,  
and with thy dedes dedeſte showe,

[12]

I am appreste with heavynes,  
so that I cannot fynde  
No reste nor quyit for my hart,  
nor also for my mynd.

[13]

Therfore to god I macke my mon[e],  
desyerynge hys comfōrt,  
Yet to lament I cannot chose,  
my great lose of this sort.

[14]

But nowe to you whom he hath [left]  
be-hynd hym in this world,—  
That is his wyfe and childr[en],  
of whom I well be bolde,—

[15]

To tell you without all vayne[ty]  
that god your hosband is,  
A father swe[e]t, without desete,  
in all your myseries.

[10] 4 syght : evidently means sighes.

[11] 4 dedeſte : read didſt.

[13] 2 desyerynge : i.e. desiring ; 3 yet : read but, meaning except.

[14] 3 children : read childeren ; 4 well : read will.

[15] 3 desete : i.e. deceit.

# O LORD, THOU GOD OF ISRAEL

[16]

To you, therfore, dear maysterese,  
whom I doo reverence,  
Bothe in my mynd and in my hart,  
doo shewe my full pretence ;

[17]

Desyerynge you, in godes behalfe,  
your sorowe to forgett ;  
Cheryshe your hart with godes word,  
wheare comfort you shall gett.

[18]

[Co]nsydre well the cause for which  
[yo]ur husband ded depart  
[This] worlde and so from all worldly thynges,—  
[bec]ause of godes reward,

[19]

[Whi]ch is promysed in his worde  
to all them that doo professe  
His holy name and gospole dear,  
which he dothe nowe possese.

[20]

Reioyse, therfore, in godes behalfe,  
so fare as nature will bear ;  
And doo not morne as hethene doo,  
which are wrapt in despayre.

[21]

Praypare your selfe in hart and my[nd]  
to goo his stepes allway,

[17] 3 godes : *read god his.*

[18] 3 omit so ; thynges : *read thynges.*

## O LORD, THOU GOD OF ISRAEL

The which he went to heaven's blis[s],—  
then shall you not decaye.

[22]

Doo nott forgett his wernynges g[ood]  
and admo-nisions swett,  
Which he gave you out of godes bo[ok],  
which was all his delyte.

[23]

Call to remembrance for your [sins]  
yf anye you have doone,  
And aske godes pardon with all spedē,  
with syighinge and wythe groone.

[24]

Prepare your hart to bear your chrose  
for *chryste* and his gospèle,  
The which, trullye, will folowe you,  
as scripture dothe vs tell.

[25]

[Bo]the fleshe and pleasuers of the same  
in sprit do you withstande ;  
Soo shall you fynd without delay  
his good and helpynge hand.

[26]

[In] prayer be fervente and ofte  
[to] god macke all your mone,  
[His] helpe desyar moste instantlye,  
[then s]hall you fynd it soone.

[22] 2 swett : *i.e.* sweet ; 3 omit you ; godes : *read god-ès or god his.*

[24] 1 chrose : *i.e.* cross.

[26] 1 fervente : *read fer-vi-ente.*

# O LORD, THOU GOD OF ISRAEL

[27]

[A]bhore *paprye* ; to god doo cleve ;  
[d]efyle not you your selfe  
Wyth wicked doctryne ; tacke no hed  
to all your warlly pelfe.

[28]

Have your delyt in *christ* allways,  
and marke his godlye will ;  
Soo will he be your helper true  
and gued you ever styll.

[29]

His word see that you not neglec[t] ;  
butt in his gospèle deare  
Lett all-ways your pleasuer be,  
soo shall you then be suer.

[30]

To your howsholde tacke good hed,  
gyd them in godlynes,  
Which are att your governynge,—  
kype them from wickednes.

[31]

Your neglygence in that behalfe  
God will punishe it selfe ;  
Be-wayre, therfore, and sycke his love  
above all warldlye pelfe.

[27] 1 *paprye* : *i.e.* papistry, Popery ; 4 *warlly* : *i.e.* worldly.

[28] 4 *gued* : *i.e.* guide.

[29] 2 *deare* : *read* pure ; 3 *all-ways* : *perhaps* always all.

[31] 3 *sycke* : *i.e.* seek.

# O LORD, THOU GOD OF ISRAEL

[32]

Consydre offt with-in your hart  
the treasuer whych you have  
Of god, in all your chyldren dear,—  
from syne see the[y] be save.

[33]

In godlynes and vertue puere,  
see that you teache them all ;  
So that the[y] may, an other day,  
be free from devylles thrall.

[34]

[I]nstructe them in the laus of god,  
[n]or let them not forgett  
[Th'] ensample of ther father swe[e]t,—  
[be]for ther eyes that sett.

[35]

Reherse to them, without all vayn,  
his vertues great and puer ;  
Teach them to folowe hym allways,—  
from yll shall the[y] be suer.

[36]

His lernynge and his godlynes,  
his eloquence soo greatt,  
His godlye lyfe, his gentelnes,  
in *england* which are spred,

[37]

His wisdome and experience,  
his counsells wythout vayne,  
That no man yet that godly [is]  
nor shall ever disdayn.

[36] 4 spred : Faulty rhyme here.

# O LORD, THOU GOD OF ISRAEL

[38]

In daungers and callamityes,  
manfull without dispayre ;  
In god put he all confydens,  
as no man ded ells whear ;

[39]

In paciēns, he may to all  
a teacher be ryght well ;  
Agaynst the lord for he ded not,  
nor ever woulde, rebell.

[40]

His sicknes, which he had longe tym,  
coulde never macke hym shrynde  
From god, his lord ; but ever ded  
spaycke well of hym and thyncke.

[41]

He had delyte to rede and spacke  
the gospole, puer and clayne,  
To everye man, bothe highe and low ;  
no mane he ded disdayne.

[42]

He had great pleasuer in the pore,  
[to] helpe them in distrese,  
[Than] anye man in *england* ded,—  
[no] man can say no leasse.

[43]

[The] callynge and estat he ded  
applye accordynglye,  
To which god had appoynted hym,  
as in his end you see.

[41] 1 spacke : *read* speak ; 4 no mane : one word in *MS.*

# O LORD, THOU GOD OF ISRAEL

[44]

He ded with ryght vnfanède love  
embrace you, his dear wyfe ;  
For your sake he coulde have bine  
content to losse his lyfe.

[45]

His childrene he ded love so muche  
as anye man elles whear ;  
In godlynes brought he them vp,  
so longe as he was heare.

[46]

His fethfull harte towàrdes his fre[nds]  
no man ought to forgett ;  
His lyberall mynd and hart so ky[nd]  
to them whych weare in debt.

[47]

His reverent behavyore  
to them which weare in giftes  
And lerny[n]ge, also, excelent,—  
he would have them in sygghtt.

[48]

He was not met to tarrye hear  
in this moste wicked warld,  
When his tym cam, at *coventry*  
ther was he bought and sold.

[49]

The sheryffe ther layd hand on him ;  
full meckelye he ded bear

[44] 3 sake : *i.e.* sake ; 4 losse : *i.e.* lose.

[47] 1 behavyore : *i.e.* behav-i-or.

[48] 1 met : *read* mete.

## O LORD, THOU GOD OF ISRAEL

The crosse of *chryst*, for why, he knew  
[th]at he sholde leve els-wheare.

[50]

The[y] kept him in the prison ther,  
agaynste all lauwes and ryght ;  
Full wickedly the[y] ded offende  
the lord, him selfe, of myght.

[51]

The busshope, att his commyng ther,  
sent for him out of hand,  
Intendyng hym to bring from *christ* ;—  
manfully he ded stand

[52]

Agaynste the busshope and his trayne,  
agaynste ther masse so vayne,  
Ther tromperye and *paperye*,  
he ded dispysē moste playne.

[53]

The bosshope, beinge movēd then  
with his boldnes and his sprit,  
To *lychefyld* he ded sende hym th[ere]  
with great disdayne and spyte.

[54]

What trouble, what great my[series],  
the[y] ded shoue vnto hym  
In his impriso[n]ment so longe.  
O lord, forgive ther syne !

[51] 1 busshope : *i.e.* bishop.

[52] 3 paperye : *i.e.* Popery.

[53] 1 bosshope : *i.e.* bishop.

# O LORD, THOU GOD OF ISRAEL

[55]

From tyme to tyme he ded disp[ute]  
with them that sought his blode,  
Agaynste ther masse and papish dr[ove],—  
in lernynge he was good.

[56]

The day of condempnacion  
then being comm att hand,  
Full manfully and lernedlye  
aginst them all ded stand.

[57]

The busshope and his schappens all  
ther lernyng ded thene fayll,  
No ansure the[y] coulde macke to hym,  
therfore the[y] fell to rayll.

[58]

[With] wickednes and lyes foulle,  
[they] ded withstande his worde,  
Which he spacke in godes behalfe—  
[God] will distroye ther sword.

[59]

Moste cherfullye and merelly,  
without all tremlynge feare,  
Ded he reseve ther sentence ther,  
as men cane witnes bear.

[60]

The day of execution  
and his deleverance

[57] 1 schappens : *i.e.* chaplains.

[58] 1 lyes : *read* lyes full.

[59] 1 merelly : *i.e.* merrily ; 4 cane : *i.e.* can.

# O LORD, THOU GOD OF ISRAEL

Att *coventrye* appoynsted was  
by god, and not by chance.

[61]

For ther suffered not long before  
a man of good halase,  
His fethfull frende and brother treu,  
*Sandars* he namede was.

[62]

Too tell you nowe, my dear *mary*,  
the maner of his deathe,  
And his vnfancèd hartenes  
and hope in *christe* with feathe,

[63]

It nedethe not, for why, all men  
which wear with him presentt  
Canne bear recorde that never man  
to dye so was content.

[64]

Butt that I wishe moste hartely  
be not to[o] slacke nor slowe,  
By his deathe to teche your sons  
to god to stand in awe ;

[65]

To folowe, with all godlynes,  
ther father's lyfe and deathe ;  
The which wilbey the beste tresuer  
the[y] may reseve on earthe.

[61] 2 good halase : *perhaps* God, alas !

[62] 1 too : *i.e.* to ; 4 feathe : *i.e.* faith.

[65] 3 wilbey : *i.e.* will be.

# O LORD, THOU GOD OF ISRAEL

[66]

[I]n syence and in lernyng good  
god grant the[y] may excell,  
To helpe to teache the flocke of god  
*Antechriste* to expell.

[67]

Moste instan[t]lye I doo reuear,  
forgett not that same chylde,  
*Tymothee glover*, yonge in age,—  
the lordes will be fullfild !

[68]

For him to care above the rest,  
my dutye doth reuear ;  
Beinge the yongest of them all,  
also my good-sonne dear.

[69]

My prear is, and shalbey soo  
so longe as I doo leve,  
To god, my lord, to kepe them all  
and you, his feathfull wyfe.

[70]

Thus fare you well in god, the lord,  
whoo graunt that you may fyn[d]  
Eternall reste in heven's blys.  
Amen, I say, your frynd.

**Finis.**

**Prays god in his sayntes.**

**Wrytton by me Robart Bott.**

[66] *I and in* : *MS.* and is.

[68] *4 good-sonne* : *i.e.* godson.

[69] *I prear* : *i.e.* pray-èr.

## Some men for sudden joy do weep

Sloane MS., 1896, fols. 11-12<sup>v</sup>. No sketch of John Careless, a Coventry weaver who occupied a place of honour and friendship among the martyrs of Queen Mary's reign, appears in the *Dictionary of National Biography*; but a great deal of information about his life is given in Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, while twenty-two of his letters have been preserved. The latter were first printed in Bishop Miles Coverdale's *Certain most godly, fruitful, and comfortable letters of such true Saintes and holy Martyrs of God, as . . . gaue their lyues for the defence of Christes holy gospel, 1564*; this work was reprinted by Edward Bickersteth, London, 1837. At the end of the letters, Coverdale remarks: "Because he maketh mention in the former letter and other heretofore, of the most godlye and christian conflictes which he had susteyned, we thought good to adioyne hereto this swete and heauenly exercise followyng, whereby it may appeare what fruite these conflictes wroughte in hys most godly and christian conscience." He then prints a version (*A.*) of the ballad given below. To this poem Thomas Nashe referred in a letter to William Cotton (*Works*, ed. McKerrow, V., 196): "well some men for sorrow singe as it is in the ballet of Iohn Carelesse in the booke of martirs, & I am mery whe[n] I haue nere a penny in my purse."

Long before that time, however, this "sweet and heavenly exercise" had begun to be printed and sung as a ballad. As early as October 8, 1583, a ballad called "A Declaration of the death of John Lewes" (see No. 9) was written "To the tune of *John Carelesse*," and "Some men for suddaine joyes doe weepe" is the tune of "The Confession of a Penitent Sinner" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, III., 168). "A ballad of John Careles, &c.," was licensed for publication on August 1, 1586, "John Carelesse" on December 14, 1624, and "Sir John Careles" on February 9, 1635,—all undoubtedly broadside versions of the ballad preserved in the *Certain Letters* and the Sloane MS.

Nashe refers to it a second time in *Have With You to Saffron Walden*, 1596 (*Works*, III., 104), where he says of Barnaby Barnes's *Divine Century of Spiritual Sonnets*: "such another deuice it is as the godly Ballet of *John Carelesse*, or the Song of *Greene sleeve*s moralized." The first two lines are quoted in Shakespeare's *King Lear* (I., iv. 168) and in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece* (*Dramatic Works*, 1874, V., 179).

The MS. copy probably represents closely the ballad as it appeared in printed broadside form, but all the variants between it and *A.* are given

## SOME MEN FOR SUDDEN JOY DO WEEP

in the footnotes. Four stanzas of *A.* are, it will be observed, omitted in the MS. *A.* ends with the words, "Continue constant in Christ q[uoth] Careles."

Careless is named in the Reverend Thomas Brice's interminable verse *Register of the Martyrs* (Arber's *English Garner*, IV., 158), where a marginal date places his death on June 25, 1556.

A godly and vertuous songe or Ballade,  
made by the constant member of Christe,  
*John Carelesse*, being in prison in the  
kinges benche for professing his word;  
whoe, ending his dayes therin, was  
throwen out and buryed most Ignor-  
miniously vpon a donghill, by the  
aduersaryes of godes worde.

[1]

Some men for sodayne joye do wepe,  
and some in sorrowe synge;  
When as they are in daunger depe,  
to put away mournyng.

[2]

Betwene them both will I begyn,  
being in joye and Payne;  
With sighing to lament my synne,  
and yet rejoyce againe.

[3]

My synfull lyfe doth still encrease,  
my sorrowes are the more;  
From wickednesse I cannot cease,  
woe is my heart therfore.

[1] 3 as . . . are : that they lie (*A.*).

[2] 3 with : In (*A.*) ; 4 and : But (*A.*).

[3] 2 sorrowes are : sorow is (*A.*).

# SOME MEN FOR SUDDEN JOY DO WEEP

[4]

Sometyme when I thincke to doe well,  
and serve god night and day ;  
My wicked nature doth rebell,  
and leadeth me astray,

[5]

As bond and captive vnto synne,  
which grieveth me full sore ;  
This misery doe I lyve in,  
woe is my heart therfore.

[6]

Indede, sometymes I doe repent  
and pardon doe obtayne ;  
But yet, alas ! incontinent,  
I fall to synne againe.

[7]

My corrupt nature is so ill,  
offending more and more ;  
That I displease my lord god still,  
woe is my hart therfore.

[8]

Woe is my hart, woe is my mynde,  
woe is my soule and spirit ;  
That to my god I am vnykynde,  
in whome I should delight.

[9]

His love alwayes I should regard,  
which towardes me was pure ;

[6] <sup>1</sup> some tymes : sometyme (A.).

[8] <sup>2</sup> spirit : read sprite (A.).

[9] <sup>2</sup> towardes : towarde (A.).

## SOME MEN FOR SUDDEN JOY DO WEEP

With synne and vice I him reward,  
oh most vnkynde creature !

[10]

The beast, the bird, the fishe, the foule,  
their maker doe obey ;  
But I which am a lyving soule,  
am farre more worse then they.

[11]

For they, according to their kynde,  
doe serve god nyght and day ;  
But I, alas, with hart and mynde,  
offend him many wayes.

[12]

Thus doe I sore complayne of synne,  
and with king *David* wepe ;  
For I doe feele, my hart with-in,  
the wrath of god full depe.

[13]

To heaven myne eyes I dare not lyft,  
against it I haue trespass ;  
And in the earth I fynde no shift  
nor succor that may last.

[14]

What shall I doe ? shall I dispayre,  
and from my saviour slyde ?

[9] 3 With . . . I : But I wyth synne do (A.).

[10] 3 which : that (A.) ; 4 more : much (A.).

[11] 2 To serue him do not cease (A.) ; 3 alas with : wyth sinfull (A.) ; 4 Do daily him displease (A.).

[13] 4 may : can (A.).

## SOME MEN FOR SUDDEN JOY DO WEEP

Noe, god forbid, ther is noe feare,  
syth *Christ* hath for me dyed.

[15]

God became man, and for vs men  
he dyed and rose againe ;  
His mercy greate we may se[e], then,  
for ever doth remayne.

[16]

Therfore, my synnes I will confesse  
to god and mourning make ;  
He will forgeue the same, doubtlesse,  
for his sonne *Christ* his sake.

[17]

If synne in me god should respecte,  
then doe I knowe full well,  
His justice would me sone reiect  
doun to the pit of hell.

[18]

His glorious eyes could not abyde  
my fowlle and fylthy smoke ;  
Wherwith I am one euery syde,  
couered as with a cloke.

[19]

But *christ* in me doth he behold,  
in whome he doth so delight,

[16] 1 synnes : sinne (*A.*) ; 3 He : who (*A.*) ; 4 Christ his : Christes (*A.*).

[17] 4 doun to the : To the deepe (*A.*).

[18] 1 could : can (*A.*) ; 2 my : the (*A.*) ; 3 one : read on (*A.*).

[19] 1 Christ . . . he : he in Christ doth me (*A.*) ; 2 omit so (*A.*).

# SOME MEN FOR SUDDEN JOY DO WEEP

That myne offences manyfold,  
he doth release them quyte ;

[20]

Reputing me amonge the iust,  
forgeving all my synne ;  
Therfore, my faythfull hope and trust  
shall ever be in hym.

[21]

O lord, encrease true fayth in me,  
thy good spirit to me geue ;  
That by the fayth I haue in the[e],  
I may both love and lyve

[22]

In true obedience to thy will,  
and thanckefullnes of heart ;  
And with thy grace so guyde me still,  
that I never depart

[23]

From thy true word and testament,  
all the dayes of my lyfe ;  
Nor from thy churche most innocent,  
thine owne true spouse and wife.

[24]

[But from that filthy whore of *Rome*  
Lord kepe me euermore ;

[19] 4 he . . . them : Through him releaseth (*A.*).

[20] 1 amonge : amongst (*A.*) ; 3 faythfull hope and : faith, my  
hope, my (*A.*).

[21] 3 That I may grow in loue toward thee (*A.*) ; 4 And euer seeke  
to liue (*A.*).

[22] 1 to : of (*A.*).

[24] 1 Stanzas 24-27 added from *A.*

# SOME MEN FOR SUDDEN JOY DO WEEP

As gratiouly thou hast yet done,  
Thankes be to thee therfore.

[25]

And sith thou haste of thy goodnes  
Forgeuen me all my sinne,  
Strength me thy truth for to confesse,  
And boldly die therin.

[26]

That as I haue confessèd thee  
Before the wicked sort,  
thou maiest in thy good time know me,  
To my ioy and comfort.

[27]

My soule returne vnto thy reste,  
Thou art wel satisfied ;  
The Lord hath graunted thy request,  
And nothyng thee denied.]

[28]

Praysèd be god, the father of might,  
praysèd be thou, o *christ* ;  
Praysèd be thou, o holy spirite,  
thre[e] in one god most highest.

[**Finis.**]

[28] 1 Praysèd : Praye (*A.*) ; 2, 3 praysèd be thou : Praise be to thee (*A.*) ; 3 spirite : *read* sprite (*A.*).

## 9

*Shall silence shroud such sin*

Printed from a unique black-letter broadside in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London. The sheet has three columns enclosed in a light ornamental border. There is one rude woodcut, representing Lewes tied to the stake ; it has been reproduced in Lemon's *Catalogue of Broadsides*, p. 26. The ballad was not entered in the Stationers' Registers.

All historians who, presumably, would have been interested in this metrical account of John Lewes have overlooked it. The earliest of these is Fuller, who in his *Church History of Britain* (ed. J. S. Brewer, V., 72) wrote :—

We must not forget how, this year [1584], one John Lewes was burnt at Norwich for denying the Godhead of Christ, and holding other detestable heresies. He called himself “Abdoit” (let him tell you what he meant thereby), alluding therein to the promise of a new name, *which no man knoweth but him that receiveth it* [see *Revelations* ii. 17] ; having in it a little mock-Hebrew, to make himself the more remarkable.

According to Brewer, “the original draught of the *significavit* for his burning is still preserved among the Sarum MSS. in the Bodleian.” Fuller's date, 1584, is repeated in all histories of Norfolk, but undoubtedly is incorrect : there is every reason for accepting the date given in the ballad. In his *Annals* (ed. 1615, p. 697) John Stow gives the date as September 17, 1583.

Lewes was a victim of a religious intolerance seldom referred to in the histories of the Elizabethan period. His “detestable opinions” now form a part of the creed of the Unitarian Church. There were both predecessors and successors at Norwich to Lewes's martyrdom. Thus on May 20, 1579, Matthew Hamount was burned for having said that “the New Testament and Gospel of Christ is but mere foolishness, a mere fable ; that Christ is not God or the Saviour of the world, but a mere man, a shameful man, and an abominable idol ; that he did not rise again from death or ascend unto Heaven ; that the Holy Ghost is not God ; and that baptism is not necessary, nor the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ.” (*Victoria History of Norfolk*, II., 275 ; cf. Stow's *Annals*, 1615, p. 685.) In 1588 a clergyman, Francis Ket, was burned for having expressed “divers detestable opinions against Christ our Saviour” (R. H. Mason, *History of Norfolk*, 1884, p. 401).

Apart from the merits of the case and the attitude of the ballad-

## SHALL SILENCE SHROUD SUCH SIN

writer, the reader's sympathy will naturally be with Lewes. With startling *naïveté* the poet unwittingly presents a picture of a man resolute in his views and beliefs even unto death,—a man whose courage is far more admirable than the piety of his judges. The grotesque travesty on Christian charity by which preachers are described as using persuasion, almost force, to drag a confession of faith from their victim before thrusting him in the flames was often duplicated in England under both Catholic and Protestant rulers.

It seems a bit ironical that the ballad is directed to be sung to the tune of *John Careless*,—to the tune (itself unknown) of the ballad (No. 8) directly preceding.

The Biblical quotations appear to have been made from one of the editions of the Geneva Bible.

*A declaration of the death of John Lewes,  
a most detestable and obstinate Hereticke,  
burned at Norwich, the xviii daye  
of September, 1583. About three of the  
clocke in the after noone.*

To the tune of *John Carelesse*.

*Math. x. vers. 33.*

*He that denieth me before men, I will denie him before my Father which is in Heauen.*

*Ioan.<sup>1</sup> 17. 3.*

*This is eternall life, that they know thee to be the very only true God, and him whome thou hast sent, Iesus Christ.*

*Ioan. 3. 18.*

*He that beleeueth in him shall not be condemned: but hee that beleuueth not, is condemned already, because hee beleuueth not in the name of the only begotten sonne of God.*

[I]

Shall silence shrowde such sinne,  
as Sathan seemes to shewe  
Euen in his impes, in these our dayes,  
that all men might it knowe?

<sup>1</sup> Ioan: read John.

# SHALL SILENCE SHROUD SUCH SIN

[2]

No, no, it cannot be ;  
but such as loue the Lorde,  
With heart and voyce, will him confesse,  
and to his word accord.

[3]

And do not as this Deuill did,  
though shape of man he bare ;  
Denying Christ, did silence keepe  
at death, deuoyde of care.

[4]

Yet did this wretch, most wickedly  
(*John Lewes*, who to name),  
Full bouldly speake, and brutishly  
God's glorie to defame,

[5]

In presence of those Persons which  
were learnèd, wise, and graue,  
That wisht in heart, with weeping teares,  
repentance he would craue.

[6]

But he, dispising reuerence  
to *Prince* or any state,  
Not them regardes, but vsèd tearmes  
as ech had beene his mate.

[7]

For he did thou each wight the which,  
with him had any talke ;  
Thus did his tong most deuilis[h]ly  
with defamie still walke.

[7] i thou : read thus.

## SHALL SILENCE SHROUD SUCH SIN

[8]

But when that no perwasion might  
procure him to relent,  
Then *Judgement* did, by *Justice* right,  
vnto his death consent.

[9]

That he should burnèd be to death,  
this *Justice* did awarde ;  
Now marke what after did insue,  
and therto haue regarde.

[10]

The time then of his death being come,—  
which was the eighteene daye  
Of *September*, in eightie three,—  
this wretch wrought his decaye.

[11]

For when he to the place was brought  
where he his life should ende,  
He forcèd was a time to stay,  
a Sermon to perpende.

[12]

The which was preachèd by the *Deane*  
of *Norwich*, in such wise,  
Which well might mooue ech sinful soule  
from seat of sinne to rise.

[13]

He, like a tender Father, did  
geue documents most pure  
Unto this wretch as to his childe,  
from ill him to procure.

[11] 4 perpende = ponder over, consider.

## SHALL SILENCE SHROUD SUCH SIN

[14]

But all in vaine, this varlet vylde  
his doctrin did detest ;  
For when he spake of Christ, God's Son,  
he made therat a iest.

[15]

And smilingly his face wold turne  
from Preachers present there,  
Which argued that he neuer stood  
of God or man in feare.

[16]

When that the Sermon drew to ende,  
then did the *Deane* desire  
Him that he would fall on his knees,  
and God's mercie require.

[17]

But still he stood as any stone,  
not lifting hand or eye,  
Unto the Heauens, which shew'd his hart  
to God was nothing nie.

[18]

The *Shryfe*, then, strikes him on the brest,  
wishing him to returne ;  
Yea, Gentlewomen, two or three,  
before he went to burne,

[19]

Would seeme to pull him on his knees,  
his sinnes for to confesse,

[14] *i* vylde =vile.

[18] *i* Shryfe : Sir William Heydon was Sheriff in 1583 (R. H. Mason's *History of Norfolk*, 1884, p. 535).

## SHALL SILENCE SHROUD SUCH SIN

But he full stoutly stood therein,  
not meaning nothing lesse.

[20]

From preaching place vnto the stake,  
they straight did him conuaye,  
Where preachers two or three him wyld  
vnto the Lorde to praye,

[21]

And Christ our Sauiour to confesse  
both God and man to be ;  
That soule and body, by true faith  
in him, might be set free

[22]

From Sathan, who had him in houlde ;—  
but he not this regarde,  
As countinanc his did shew full plaine,  
for why, no worde was harde

[23]

That he did speake ; but like a dogge,  
did end his dayes with shame,  
Not bending knee, hand, hart, or tong,  
to glorifie God's name.

[24]

For though that diuers Preachers than,  
both Godly, graue, and wise,  
Did hope (in heart) to win this man,  
yet all would not suffise.

[24] i than : read then.

## SHALL SILENCE SHROUD SUCH SIN

[25]

For not one worde that they could get,  
what so they did or sayde,  
Till one that was right earnest set,  
by these wordes him assayde :—

[26]

“ If that thou doest not Jesus Christ,  
God’s onely Sonne confesse,  
Both God and Man, and hope in him  
for thy saluation, doubtlesse,

[27]

“ As sure as now thou shalt be burnt  
before vs here at Stake,  
So sure in Hell thou shalt be burnt,  
in that infernall lake.”

[28]

Quoth he, “ thou liest,” and no more words  
at all this Caytife sayd ;  
Nor no repentant signe would show,  
which made vs all dismayde.

[29]

And when the fire did compasse him  
about on euery side,  
The people lookt he then would speake,  
and therfore lowde they cryed :

[30]

“ Now call on christ to sauе thy soule ;  
now trust in Christ his death.”  
But all in vaine, no wordes he speake,  
but thus yeeldes vp his breath.

## SHALL SILENCE SHROUD SUCH SIN

[31]

Oh wofull state, oh daunger deepe,  
that he was drownèd in ;  
Oh graunt vs, God, for Christ his sake,  
we fall not in such sinne.

[32]

And we that thinke wee stand in faith  
so firme, Lorde let it be  
To thee, thy Sonne, and holy Ghoste,—  
one God in Persons three.

TH. GILBART.

**Finis.**

*Aue morta non fa mele.*

*Rom. 14. 9.*

*For Christ therfore dyed and rose againe and reuiued, that he might be  
Lord both of the dead and the quicke.*

*2. Corin. 5. 21.*

*For he bath made him to be sinne (for vs) which knewe no sinne : that wee  
should be made the righteousnes of God, in him.*

*Coloss. 1. 15. 16.*

*Who is the image of the inuisible God, the first begotten of every creature.  
For by him were all things created which are in Heauen and Earth, thinges  
visible and inuisible, &c.*

Imprinted at London by *Richard Jones*,  
dwelling neere Holbourne Bridge.

October. 8.

*Good subjects of England, rejoice  
and be glad*

Reprinted from the unique black-letter broadside in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London (Lemon's *Catalogue of Broadsides*, p. 26). It is printed in two columns enclosed in a heavy ornamental border. There are no cuts; but the first line begins with a large ornamental block-letter, and similar block-letters, spelling the name "Ed Campion," separate the columns.

The author of the ballad was probably the celebrated Smithfield bard, William Elderton. *A true reporte of the death and martyrdome of M. Campion, 1581*, states definitely that Elderton had written at least one ballad on this subject:—

Fonde *Elderton*, call in thy foolish rime,  
thy scurile balates are to bad to sell;  
let good men rest, and mende thy self in time,  
confesse in prose thou hast not meetred well;  
or, if thy folly can not choose but fayne,  
write alehouse toys, blaspheme not in thy vain.

Antony Munday, who had been instrumental in the capture and condemnation of the three priests, replied to this book with a bigoted parody called *A breefe Aunswer made vnto two seditious Pamphlets, the one printed in French and the other in English, contayning a defence of Edmund Campion and his complices, their moste horrible and vnnaturall Treasons against her Maiestie & the Realme*, where the stanza corresponding to that just quoted runs:—

Yea, Elderton dooth deskant in his rime,  
The high offences of such gracelesse men,  
Which causeth him to yrke at euerie crime,  
And against their treasons to prouide his pen;  
Yet not without wisedome and modestie,  
To warne all other that liue wickedlie.

(See the convenient reprint of these poems in Furnivall and Morfill's *Ballads from MSS. II.*, 170, 183).

No other ballad on Campion is preserved in print. Curiously, too, none was licensed, or at least entered in the Register, at Stationers' Hall. The only recorded title that seems to be that of a ballad is "master Campion the seditious Jesuit is welcome to London," a work registered

## GOOD SUBJECTS REJOICE AND BE GLAD

on July 24, 1581. This was evidently an account of the arrest of Campion, Sherwin, and Brian. Captured in Berkshire on July 22, Campion was carried through the streets of London to the Tower with his elbows tied behind his back, his hands tied in front of his body, his feet tied under the horse's belly, and with a placard inscribed "Campion the seditious Jesuit" fastened on his hat. He was twice tortured, was tried for treason on November 20, and was executed on December 1. By an extraordinary innovation the ballad emphasizes the statement that the priests were condemned for treason, "not for their religion, as Papists persuade" (stanza 4). Hallam, however, has declared that "the prosecution was as unfairly conducted, and supported by as slender evidence, as any, perhaps, that can be found in our books." The most complete and judicious account of the priest is given in Richard Simpson's *Edmund Campion, a Biography*, 1867; see also *Ballads from MSS.*, II., 157 ff.

The following passages from Stow's *Annals* (1615, p. 694) give specific facts and dates that apply to the ballad, though discrepancies in names will be noticed:—

"On the 20. of Nouember [1581], Edm. Champion lesuit, Ralfe Sherwine, Lucas Kerbie, Edward Rishton, Thomas Coteham, Henrie Orton, Robert Johnson, and James Bosgraue, were brought to the high bar at Westminster, where they were seuerally, and all together indicted vpon high treason, for that contrary both to loue and dutie, they forsooke their native countrey, to liue beyond the seas vnder the Popes obedience, as at Rome, Rheimes, and diuerse other places, where (the pope hauing with other princes practised the death and depriuation of our most gracious princesse, and vtter subversion of her state and kingdome, to aduance his most abhominable religion) these menne hauing vowed their allegiance to the pope, to obey him in all causes whatsoeuer, being there, gaue their consent, to ayd him in this most trayterous determination. And for this intent and purpose they were sent ouer to seduce the harts of her maiesties louing subiects, and to conspire and practise her graces death, as much as in them lay, against a great daie, set & appoynted, when the generall hauocke should be made, those onely reserved that ioyned with them. This laid to their charge, they boldly denied, but by a iurie they were approued guiltie, and had iudgement to bee hanged, bowelled, and quartered.

"The first of December, Edmond Champion lesuit, Ralfe Sherwine, and Alexander Brian seminary priests, were drawne from the tower of London to Tyborne, & there hanged, bowelled & quartered."

"On the 28. day of May [1582], Thomas Ford, Iohn Shert, & Robert Johnson priests, . . . were drawne from the Tower to Tiborne, and there hanged, bowelled, & quartered.

"And on the 30. Luke Kirby, William Filby, Thomas Cottam, and Laurence Richardson, were for the like treason in the same place likewise executed."

The ballad was printed shortly after the first execution of December 1.

## GOOD SUBJECTS OF ENGLAND

A Triumph for true Subjectes, and a  
Terrour vnto al Traitors: By the  
example of the late death of *Edmund  
Campion, Ralphe Sherwin, and Thomas  
Bryan, Jesuites and Seminarie priestes:*  
Who suffered at Tyburne, on Friday,  
the first Daye of December.

Anno Domini 1581.

[1]

GOOD Subjectes of *ENGLANDE*, rejoyce and be glad ;  
Gyue glorie to God—with humble knees downe !—  
That *Campion* the Traytour his hyre hath now had,  
Who sought for to spoyle our queene and her Crowne ;  
And all vnder colour of *Iesuits'* profession,  
To perswade the Queenes Subjectes to their own destruc-  
tion.

Therfore vnto God for our Queene let vs pray,  
That the Lorde may preserue her lyfe many a day.

[2]

¶ And it was not he only that went thus about,  
Under cloake of Hipocrisie Subjectes' harts to bring  
downe ;  
But sundrie Seducers (his Associates) founde out,  
That sought for to spoyle the Realme and the Crowne ;  
Sent in by the *Pope, Saunders, Allen*, and sutche,

[Title] Thomas : in an old handwriting this name is scratched out and the correct name of "Alexander" substituted.

[2] 5 Saunders : on the suspected activities of Dr. Saunders in Ireland see Bishop Challoner's *Martyrs to the Catholic Faith*, 1878 ed., I., 46, 60, 68, 105 ; Allen : i.e. Dr. (afterward Cardinal) William Allen, who founded the seminaries abroad for the education of English priests.

## REJOICE AND BE GLAD

Who at *Englandes* happy state most trayterously grutch ;  
Which sort God reuealed with their trayterous intent,  
For what cause was their cōmyng, & who had them  
sent.

[3]

¶ Their cruell Conspyracie at *Rome* was deuised,  
And the lyke at *Rheims* agreed vpon ;  
And that they were Authors, it was manifestly prooued,  
And Styrers, of late, in the *Irysh* Rebellion.  
And now were fully purposte in *Englande* agayne  
To rayse new Rebellion, as proouèd was playne,  
To the great endaungeryng of the Realme and the  
State,  
But Goddes name be praysed, their deuices are  
frustrate ;

[4]

¶ And they apprehended and iustly condempnèd,  
Not for their Religion, as Papistes perswade,  
But for haynous hie Treason whiche they did and in-  
tended ;  
Neither were they endicted on the Acte lately made,  
But by an auncient olde statute, made long tyme agoe,  
As by their Endictmentes the *Recordes* do shoe.  
Therfore, all true Subiectes haue cause for to ioy  
That God cut them off whiche the Realme did annoy.

[5]

¶ If they had preuaylèd, as they did intende,  
To rayse vp Rebellyon in Countrey and towne,

[3] 4 Rebellion : it was crushed by Lord Grey of Wilton in November, 1580.

[4] 4 Act : the Act of 1581 here referred to is discussed in the Introduction, p. xix. ; 6 shoe : *i.e.* show.

## GOOD SUBJECTS OF ENGLAND

They had brought many a Papist vnto an yll ende,  
As well as good subiectes to the Queene and the  
Crownē.  
For suchē is their malice in thirstyng for blood,  
To the one or the other they meant but small good,  
As some (their late Harbourers) their acquaintance  
deare bought,  
To others' Example great cause they be taught.

[6]

¶ As the Deuyll, no doubt, set these Traytours aworke,  
By the Pope's appointment—his Chaplayne of *Rome*—  
Whose spight to Goddes people is worse than the Turke  
In dayly enticing Christian Subiectes to come  
From their naturall Prince, withdrawyng their allegiance,  
And yeld it by Oath vnto his obeysance ;—  
Euen so from his falshed God delyuer vs for euer,  
That to his allurementes our hartes agree neuer.

[7]

¶ Though *Campion*, his Captayne, did no whit forget  
To put all in practise, as much as he might,  
Yet the Lord to preuent him his deuices detecte,  
With his other associates, and brought them to light,  
To their vtter confusion, as lately was seene  
By *Campion* and others that hanged haue beene,  
Which cal'd themselues *Iesuits*, blaspheming his name ;  
But in-deed ranker Traytours in England nere came.

[8]

¶ These are the Deuices that Sathan doth vse  
in seekyng Goddes people eche day to deuoure ;  
By many lyke meanes he doth them abuse,  
as farre as God suffreth and is in his power.

[7] 7 his : i.e. His, Jesus'.

## REJOICE AND BE GLAD

Yea, rather then fayle of his purposèd spight,  
He'le transforme him selfe to an Angell of light  
That, if it were possible, the very Elect  
With his faire Shewes of Holynesse he would infect.

[9]

¶ Therefore, beware of him, resist him and his Frie,  
With all his illusions and showes of Hipocrisie !  
What Glozes his Prophetes do bryng do you trye ;  
If they bring not their warrant by God's word and  
veritye,  
Though they come in sheep's clothing, let their talk be  
in vain ;  
For rauening Wolues inwardre ye shall proue them plaine.  
By their fruicts ye shal know them, the Scripture doth  
tel,  
Therfore, beware of them, if you wyll scape Hell.

[10]

¶ They will talke so diuinely, with fancies to feede you,  
And rattle out Rethorique your mindes to amaze,  
With Learning and Logique theyle seeme for to lead you  
Euen straight into Heauen, so graue is their grace.  
Theyle make you beleue that white is fayre blacke,  
Except by strong fayth ye put them quite backe ;  
Th' effecte is playne treason against God and our  
Queene,  
As by these late Traytours well tryèd hath beene.

[11]

¶ Yea, treasons playne prouèd, as dyuers they were,  
As well in generalyte against them all  
As also particular, as nombers did heare,

[9] 7 Scripture : *i.e.* Matthew vii., 15.

## GOOD SUBJECTS OF ENGLAND

Gaints ech of them, seuerall, in open Court hall.  
By Letters, by Lybelles, by Bulles and confession,  
Were foureteene found gyltie, for all their illusion,  
Beside sundry witnesses, deposèd in place,  
Avowde seuerall treasons, *viva voce*, to their face.

[12]

¶ Three of them haue suffred the Guerdon of treason,—  
Not small, but as hye as the lyfe of our Queene,  
Was most plainlye prouèd, yet in their confession  
No whit they acknowledged, no grace to be seene.  
But euen as they lyuèd in treason and treacherye,  
Euen so with false hearts they dyèd in Hypocrisie,  
Acknowledging y<sup>e</sup> Queene souerain Prince of this  
Realm,  
But the Pope of the Church to be head and supreame.

[13]

¶ God graunt the rest grace to repent their misdeedes,  
And to spend well the time they haue for to liue,  
To fly those affections which their fancy so feeds  
That God of his goodnes their faults may forgiue.  
God graunt them acknowledge the trueth as it is,  
As well toward God, the Queene, and the Realme,  
That due prayse and glory all only may be his,  
Who to saue them and vs suffered death most extreame.

[14]

God blesse and preserue Elizabeth our Queene,  
Most graciously to gouerne vs long time in this land,  
As now twenty yeares and three shee hath beene,  
And bring to confusion her foes out of hand.  
Her Godly wise Counsell direct them, good Lord,  
In all trueth and Iustice to agree and accorde,  
To roote out the Rebelles and foes of this land,  
That our Queene and her subiectes in saftie maye  
stand.

## REJOICE AND BE GLAD

[15]

From the Pope and his Chaplaynes deliuer vs, good Lord,  
Of sectes and seditions that we may beware,  
And not to giue eare, nor in ought to accord,  
When they seeke to seduce vs in their trayterous  
snare.

How soeuer they cloake it with craft and collusion,  
It may rebound backward to their vtter confusion !  
God open the eyes of our hartes for to spy  
Hys trueth from all treasons, falshoode, and villanie !

*The names of the condemned Prisonners that weare araigned with CAMPION  
on Munday, the twenti[e]th of Nouember, and the rest on the Thesdaye  
followynge, who remaine in the Tower of London, at her Maiesties pleasure,  
as yet vnexecuted.*

*John Bosgraue. Thomas Cotehame. Luke Kyrbie.  
Robert Johnson. Edwarde Rushton. Henrie Orton.  
Thomas Foord. Thomas Fylbie. John Hart.  
Lawrance Richardson and Williatt Shert. And one  
other, named John Colyngton, was quight by the Iurie.*

### AT LONDON

Printed by Richarde Iones, dwellinge ouer agaynst the  
Faulcon, neare Holburne Bridge.

Anno. 1581.

## II

*O God, of thy great might  
strengthen our frailty*

Addit. MS. 15, 225, fols. 31-33.

This quite remarkable ballad was written, and evidently put into circulation, shortly after the events (1601) which it describes. It has not been reprinted, but stanzas 22-24 are quoted in J. H. Pollen's *English Martyrs*, p. 385. The first 21 stanzas are a mere conventional enumeration of other glorious martyrs who have suffered patiently, almost identical with that given in the ballad "written by Mr. Thewlis" (No. 12); but the stanzas which deal specifically with the four English priests and the moral drawn from their execution must greatly have strengthened the hearts of Catholic singers and readers. The estimate of the number of priests executed in England (stanza 22) as two hundred is not, we are told, much exaggerated.

None of the four priests was guilty of any crime, apart from his religion. Robert Nutter, of Burnley, and Edward Thwing, of Yorkshire, were executed at Lancaster on July 26, 1600. Nutter's career had been a stormy one: as early as February, 1584, according to Bishop Challoner, he had been imprisoned in the Tower, "where he was put down into a dungeon for seven-and-forty days, loaded with chains for the greatest part of the time, and twice tortured, and in November following was lodged again in the same hole, and remained there for two months and fourteen days." He is said rather to have "despised than conquered death," going to the gallows "with as much cheerfulness and joy as if he had been going to a feast, to the astonishment of the spectators." Robert Middleton was arrested on September 30, 1600, and carried to Preston, where his examination (a report of which is extant) was held. A rash attempt by four priests, led by Thurston Hunt (*alias* Greenlowe), to rescue him, resulted in the capture of Hunt. In November Hunt and Middleton were delivered into the hands of the Privy Council at London, where they remained in prison until March 3, 1601. They were then sent back to Lancaster, the Council having given orders that "the legges [be] bound under the belly of the horses they shall ryde upon and their hands behinde them,"—treatment regularly accorded to criminals. The result of the trial that followed was, naturally enough, a sentence of death. A contemporary account says: "They being brought to the place of execution professed their faith very constantly and dyed very resolutely. They asked benediction

## O GOD, STRENGTHEN OUR FRAILTY

one of another and embraced each other before they went up the gallows. M<sup>r</sup> Hunt was first executed, and having the corde about his neck he gave his blessing to all Catholicks there present which were a greate number: both executed in their cassocks. M<sup>r</sup> Hunt hanged til he was dead. M<sup>r</sup> Middleton seemed to have flowen up the gallows, he went so nembly up, and was cutte [down] alive by error, as some think. For as soon as the rope was cutt and he began to stirre in the butchers hands, the sheriff bid streight waies cutt of his head, and soe it was; and thus he being last hanged was first quartered."

Abundant information about the four priests will be found in Pollen's *English Martyrs*, pp. 384-90; Bishop Challoner's *Martyrs to the Catholic Faith*, 1878 ed., I., 251-53, 263; *Victoria History of Lancaster*, VIII., 14, 16; *Acts of the Privy Council*, ed. Dasent, XXX., 751; XXXI., 194, 198, 238. The four were beatified by Leo XIII. in 1886.

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, II., 517.

### A songe of foure Preistes that suffered Death at Lancaster.

To the Tune of *Daintie, come thu to me.*

[1]

O god, of thy great might strengthen our frailtie soe,  
Stoutlie to stand in feight against our infernall foe!  
Thy Campe in Order standes, where many a Champion  
bould  
In their victorious handes eternall Tryumph hould.

[2]

*Sathan* sustaines the foyle, *Christ* gaines the victorie,  
The world doth well recoile, the flesh doth faint we see.  
Let vs march on amaine, *Christ's* Crosse be our good  
speede,  
Full résolu'd to sustaine what *Jesus* hath decreede.

[3]

In measure of our feight, reward we beare a-way;  
Then let vs stand vpright stronglie in our aray;

[2] <sup>1</sup> foyle = defeat.

## O GOD OF THY GREAT MIGHT

And never be dismaide with anie adversitie,  
Sith *Christ*, our lord, hath said : "take my Crosse,  
followe mee."

[4]

Our lord is gonne before with his Crosse, rufullie  
Laid on his shoulders sore, to mount of *Caluarie* ;  
Our blessed Ladie sweete this dolfull sight did see,  
With her sonne shee did meete, laden soe cruellie.

[5]

The sworde of sorrow then pearced her louinge hart.  
Amongst all blessed men *Christ* doth his Crosse impart.  
From *Abell* to *Zacherie*, the scripture telleth plaine,  
By greeuous crueltie many sweete saintes were slaine.

[6]

O the seven *machabees* with their sweete mother deare,  
The wonderful cruelties those blessed marters beare  
Would throughlie foarce, I thinke, the hardest hart to  
thawe ;  
Yet would they never shrinke from *Christ* his most sacred  
lawe.

[7]

Eich Prophet and eich saint of the *Ould Testament*  
In hart did never faint, but with their Crosse content ;  
But walked on louinglie, St. *Paule* did plainlie say,  
That to them there might bee more joy the latter day.

[8]

St. *John*, that Prophet great, whome *Christ* did soe  
commend,  
Reproouinge *Herold's* lust, whoe lewdlie did offend,

[3] 4 See St Matthew xvi., 24.

[6] 3 throughlie : *i.e.* thoroughly ; 4 Christ his : *read* Christ's.

[8] 2 *Herold's* : *i.e.* Herod's.

## STRENGTHEN OUR FRAILTY

A wench *heroldes* fancie fed, soe with her dancing skill,  
That saint *John* lost his head at a lewd woman's will.

[9]

All the *Apostles* deare, whose happie lot was such,  
Their weightie crosses bare, for god did loue them  
much :—

St. *Peter* principall vpon a Crosse was kil'd,  
His louinge duties all to *Christ* were soe fulfil'd.

[10]

St. *Paule*, that b[ll]essèd wight, godes élect vessell deare,  
In travell day and night his painfull Crosse did beare ;  
And, as the storie saith, by the sword lost his head ;  
In plantinge of *Christ's* faith, his sacred blood was shedd.

[11]

St. *Andrew* with godes aide, when he his Crosse did see :  
“ O good crosse,” then he said, “ welcome thou art to  
mee ;  
Take me with gladsome cheere, whoe long haue wisht for  
thee,  
For soe my sauiour deere thus hath redeemèd mee ! ”

[12]

Lykewyse St. *James* the Just, for his fidelitie,  
From a Tower he was thrust, brainèd most cruellie ;  
St. *Barthlomew*, also, aliuie did lose his skinne,  
Fleed from the top to toe, thereby godes blisse to winne.

[13]

St. *Stephen*, stoned to death by the *Jewes* feirce and fell,  
Through bloodie tormentes past in endlesse joyes to dwell;

[8] 3 A wench : *i.e.* Salome (St Matthew xiv., 1-12).

[12] 1 James : *i.e.* the Apostle, St. James the Less, who was thrown  
from the battlements of Jerusalem and stoned to death ; 3 Bartholomew :  
*i.e.* Bartholomew ; 4 Fleed : *i.e.* flayed.

## O GOD OF THY GREAT MIGHT

St. *Lawrence* eake, god wot, long time did broile and fry  
Vpon a grid-Iron hot, for *Jesus'* sake to dye.

[14]

And st. *Sabastine*, quicke, vnto a tree was bound,—  
With arrowes sharpe and thicke shot through with manie  
a wounde.

O whoe can wryte with pen, or yet what tonge can showe,  
What loue these blessed men did to their maker owe ?

[15]

Infinite marters moe, which pen cannot expresse,  
In this same way did goe to endlesse happinesse,  
With merie hart and cheere in their most deepe distresse,  
For god would not for-beare to leaue them comfortlesse.

[16]

And such as marterdome kil'd not with violence  
To their conflict did come in Austeare penitence,  
In praier to entreat, in fast and discipline,  
In workes of mercie great, and soe they spent their time.

[17]

Thus *Christ* hath gonне before ; and thus hath followed  
fast

All his saintes euermore, whose Crosses now are past.  
Raigninge in heauen aboue, crowned with glorie great,  
In measure of their loue eich hath his kinglie seat.

[18]

Godes grace it was that made the saintes soe well to doe ;  
Let vs not be affraid, for that is oures alsoe !

[14] 1 *Sabastine* : *i.e.* St. Sebastian, A.D. 288 ; according to the story, he did not die after the tortures here mentioned, but later, at the order of Emperor Dioclesian, was beaten to death.

[15] 1 moe = more.

[16] 3 praier : *i.e.* pray-er.

## STRENGTHEN OUR FRAILTY

If we will seeke, therefore, by feruent prair still,  
Though our crosse greeue vs sore, godes grace shall  
strength our will.

[19]

Was ever blessedèd wight, since man first came to losse,  
That wonne eternall blisse without bearinge his Crosse ?  
All of necessitie, as saint *Paulle* doth repeate,  
Walke to felicitie with toiles and trouble greate.

[20]

Wor[l]dlinges heereat will muse in their voluptuousnesse,  
And thinke these wordes I vse nothinge but foolishnesse.  
Godes wisdome, as we reade, amongst the worldlie-wise  
Is follie deem'd indeede vnto their veiled eies.

[21]

But let the flesh repine, let worldlie wittes say nay.  
Let vs beginne in time to walke this blessedè way,  
As manie marters doe in these our present daies,  
Many confessors, too,—godes name haue all the prayse !

[22]

In this our *English* coast much blessedè blood is shed :  
Two hundred preistes almost in our time marterèd !  
And manie lay-men dye with joyfull sufferance,  
Manie moe in prison lye, godes cause for to advance !

[23]

Amongst these gratiouys troupe, that follow *Christ* his  
traine  
To cause the devill stoupe, foure preistes were lat[e]lie  
slaine :—

[18] 3 prair : *i.e.* pray-èr.

[23] 1 these : *read* this.

## O GOD OF THY GREAT MIGHT

*Nutter's* bould constantie, with his sweete fellow,  
*Thwinge*,  
Of whose most meeke modestie Angells and saintes may  
singe !

[24]

*Hunte's* hawtie corage staut, w[it]h godlie zeale soe  
true,  
Myld *middleton*,—o what tonge can halfe thy virtue  
shew !—  
At *Lancaster*, louingly, these marteres tooke their end  
In glorious victorie, true faith for to defende.

[25]

And thus hath *Lancashyre* offered her sacrifice  
To daunt their lewde desyre and please our sauour's  
eies !  
For by this meanes, I trust, truth shall haue victorie,  
When as that number just of such saintes compleat bee.

[26]

Whoe the holie ghost doth moue vnto his deitie,  
In feruent flames of loue thus sacrificis'd to bee,  
Whose faith and fortitude, whose grace and constantie,  
With mildnesse meeke indude, confoundeth heresie ;

[27]

Whose sacred members rent, and quarters set on hye,  
Caus'd moe to be content in the same cause to dye ;  
Whose liues whyle they did liue, whose blessed deaths  
also,  
Doe admonishion giue what waie we ought to goe.

[23] 3 constantie : *i.e.* constancy.

[24] 1 with : *MS. defective here.* [26] 4 indude : *i.e.* endued.

## STRENGTHEN OUR FRAILTY

[28]

If we should them dispise, as manie wretches doe,  
We should contempne, lykewise, our blessed sauour too.  
Let their examples, then, moue our hartes to relent—  
These were most blessed men, whom god to vs hath sent.

[29]

Godes holie truth they taught, and seal'd it with their  
blood,  
Dyinge, with tormentes fraught, and all to doe vs good.  
Let lyinge heresie with her false lyebilles lout,  
Truth will haue victorie through such mild champions  
stout !

[30]

Praise be to godes good will, whoe doeth his truth  
defend !  
Lord, to thy Viniard still such worthie workemen send !  
And, good lord, grant vs grace that we may constant bee,  
With our Crosse in each place to please thy maiestie !

[31]

On[e] thinge here I request and still of thee implore,—  
In thy house to aspire to dwell for evermore,  
There for to see thy will in virtue all our daise,  
And visit thy temple still to thyne eternall praise.

[32]

All laud and glorie great be to the Trinitie,  
In his eternall seat one god and persones three ;  
And to the virgin mild, the Queene of heauen hye,  
With *Jesus*, her louinge Child, in all eternitie !

[29] 3 lyebilles : *i.e.* libels ; 3 lout = mock, jeer.

[30] 1 doeth : *i.e.* doth.

## O GOD OF THY GREAT MIGHT

[33]

Vnsto all Prophetes meeke, to *Christes* Apostles deere,  
Marters, Confessors eake, and to all virgins cleare,  
And vnto each of them, Crownèd in their degree,  
With joy in *Jerusalem* godes blessèd face to see !

**ffinis.**

## True Christian hearts, cease to lament

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 22<sup>v</sup>-25. Thirteen stanzas are printed from this MS. in J. H. Pollen's *Acts of the English Martyrs*, pp. 204 ff.

John Thewlis, of Upholland, a seminary priest, was executed for his religion at Lancaster on March 18, 1616, and his head set on the castle walls. He was beatified by Leo XIII. in 1886, and is entitled "Venerable." Some account of him is given in Bishop Challoner's *Martyrs to the Catholic Faith*, 1878 ed., II., 68, in the *Victoria History of Lancaster*, 1914, VIII., 16, and in Pollen's *Acts*. See also the next ballad (No. 13), which describes his death.

It is by no means improbable that Thewlis was actually the author of this ballad : cf. stanzas 15 and 19, in which he appears to be addressing his fellow-prisoners. The custom of writing farewell verses from prison (debased though it was by the shameless fabrications of the ballad-journalists) was general. For poetry the ballad is not distinguished. Particularly awkward is the variation in the refrain between *rising* and *rising*. The lengthy enumeration of earlier martyrs is conventional : in the "Song of the Four Priests" (No. 11) almost the same enumeration is made. With stanza 13 may be compared these verses which appear with music in Byrd's *Psalmes*, 1588, XXXIII. :—

That stoare of such were once on earth pursu'd  
the histories of auncient times record,  
whose constancie great tirants rage subdu'd,  
through patient death professing Christ their Lord,  
as his Apostles perfect witnesse beare,  
with many more that blessed Martirs were.

Whose patience rare & most courageous minde  
with fame renoum'd perpetuall shall endure,  
by whose examples we may rightly finde,  
of holie life and death a patterne pure :  
that we therfore their vertues may embrace,  
pray we to Christ to guide vs with his grace.

St. Laurence (cf. stanza 12) was so frequently referred to in Elizabethan and Jacobean days that his "Grid-yron" came near losing its significance : trifling uses of the phrase abound, as in *Mercurius Democritus* for September 7-14, October 5-12, 1653, pp. 573, 602. Antony Munday, in his

## TRUE CHRISTIAN HEARTS

*English Romaine Life*, 1582, sig. C4, observes of St. Laurence's Church in Rome: "There also they saye to be the Grediron whereon S. Lauraunce was broyled: but that I neuer sawe." A coarse song of "A Puritan" in *Merry Drollery*, Part I., 1661, p. 2, contains the lines:

Here's a Rib of St. Laurence,  
'Tis also at Florence,  
And it may be in France, or in Spain;  
It cures Stone and Gravel . . .

### Heare followeth the songe mr. Thewlis writ him selfe.

To the Tune of [none given].

[1]

True Christian hartes, cease to lament,  
for greefe it is in vaine;  
For Christ, you know, was well content  
to suffer bitter payne,  
That we may come to heaven blisse,  
there joyfully to singe.  
Whoe doth beleue, shall never misse  
*to haue a joyfull rysinge.*

[2]

But, *Englande*, heere my hart is sad  
for thy great crueltie;  
And losse of faith which once thou had  
of Christianitie;  
In thee false doctrine doth appeare  
abundantlie to springe,  
Which is the cause, I greatlie feare,  
*thou loose thy happie rysinge.*

[3]

As for my selfe I am not affraid  
to suffer constantlie;

[1] 5 heaven : *read heaven's.* [2] 8 thou loose : *read thou'll lose.*

## CEASE TO LAMENT

For why ?—due debt must neede be paid  
vnto sweete god on hye.  
St. Paule he being firme of faith,  
hopinge with saintes to singe,  
Most patientlie did suffer death—  
*lord send vs happie ryseinge !*

[4]

Marke well my ghostlie victorie,  
my frendes both great and smale,  
Bee firme of faith, remember me,  
and dread not of your fale.  
For you, my sheepe, I (sheaparde) haue  
mad[e] labour for to bringe,—  
You to my fould, your soules to saue—  
*Christ send vs happie ryseinge !*

[5]

I haue said masse and mattinnes both,  
and true instructions tought ;  
Confirmèd by the holie Ghost  
and mightie power wrought ;  
The holie cōmunion, also,  
with manna ever liuinge,  
The holie Sacramentes I taught—  
*lord send vs happie rysing !*

[6]

*Christis* passion oft before your face,  
I haue declarèd plaine ;  
How for our sinns he suffered death,  
and how he rose againe ;  
And how the twelue Apostles, eike,  
were put to death for preachinge

[6] i *Christis* : *read Christ's.*

## TRUE CHRISTIAN HEARTS

The *Catholike* faith which *Christ* did teach—  
*Christ send vs happye rysinge!*

[7]

St. *Andrew* he condempnèd was  
    vpon a Crosse to dye.  
The[y] could not hurt his sacred soule,  
    she to thee then did fly ;  
There streachèd foarth her armes soe wyde,  
    most joyfullie doth singe,  
That we with her may there a-byde—  
*Christ send vs happye rysinge!*

[8]

St. *James* he never did refuse  
    most faithfullie to pray,  
Euen when the cruell-harted *Jewes*  
    did take his life away.  
And St. *Bartholomew*, also,  
    a-liue did loose his skinne ;  
Yea, for his truth and confidence  
    in *Christ*, our heavenlie kinge.

[9]

St. *John Euangelist* did preach,  
    being simplelie arayed,  
The *Catholike* faith (in *Englande* heere,  
    though now it be decaid).  
St. *James* the more headed was he,—  
    of death he fealt the stinge,—

[7] <sup>1</sup> According to the legend St. Andrew was crucified at Patrae in Achaia.

[8] <sup>1</sup> James : *i.e.* St. James the Less, or the Just. Cf. No. 11, stanza 12, *note*.

[9] <sup>5</sup> James : the first apostle to suffer martyrdom, beheaded at Jerusalem.

## CEASE TO LAMENT

Although he liuèd verteouslie—  
*lord send vs happy rysinge !*

[10]

St. *Matthew* lost his life becau[s]e  
godes word he did maintaine ;  
And manie saintes in like case,  
which truth could not refraine.  
St. *Thomas*, the apostle cleere,  
he by a cruell kinge  
Was murthered with a hatefull speare  
*lord send vs happy rysinge !*

[11]

St. *Paule*, a *Catholike* of *Roome*,  
for loue of *Christ* he beare,  
Did lease his life, but yet his fame  
is spread both far and neare.  
St. *Steuen* was ston'd to death, also,  
and when he lay a-dyinge,  
He prayèd for his enemyes—  
*Christ send vs happy rysinge !*

[12]

Moreover, *Marke Evangelist*,  
a cruell death died hee :  
A rope about his necke was cast,  
and dragg'd to death was hee.

[10] 3 saints : MS. substitutes for Angels. in : later hand makes MS. read in the, to restore metre ; 6 according to Leucina, in his false *Acts*, the “cruel king” was Gundaphore,—usually explained as the King of Gandispor, a city in Persia.

[11] 7 See *Acts* vii., viii.

[12] 2 died : on April 25, A.D. 68, *tempo* Nero. He was dragged for two entire days.

## TRUE CHRISTIAN HEARTS

St. *Lawrence* on a grid-Iron hot  
did lye most freshlie fryinge,  
Was put to cruell death, god wot—  
*Christ send vs happie rysinge!*

[13]

And manie saintes and marters moe,  
which were too long to wryte,  
Haue suffered cruell death, you knowe,  
as scripture doth recyte.  
They now with *Christ* aboue doe raigne,  
and joyfully doo singe,  
That we may all attaine godes loue—  
*Christ send vs happie rysinge!*

[14]

And then why should I be afraid  
to suffer constantlie ?  
Sith in this cause soe manie saintes  
did suffer patientlie ;  
And left examples for vs all  
that we with them may singe ;  
God grant wee may for mercie call,  
*and haue a happie ryseinge!*

[15]

O yea poore prisoners, dread not death,  
though you haue donne amisse ;  
But pray to god with faithfull harteres  
to bringe you vnto blisse ;

[12] 6 fryinge : This horrible word does not seem to have jarred on the Elizabethan ear. Many instances of its use occur ; e.g. "I fry in freesing colde" (Southwell's *Poems*, ed. Grosart, p. 85), "Each houre amidst the deepe of hell I frie" (John Dowland's *First Book of Songs*, 1600, XVI.), "I . . . with loue doth fry, doth fry" (Thomas Weelkes's *Madrigals*, 1600, sig. D2). See also No. 11, stanza 13.

[13] 1 moe = more.

[15] 1 yea : i.e. ye.

## CEASE TO LAMENT

Confesse your sins with contrete hertes  
vnto our heauenlie kinge ;  
For he is mercifull indeed—  
*Christ send vs happy rysinge !*

[16]

There is noe man liues in such case  
that hath not done amisse ;  
Yet through repentance and godes grace  
may reape eternall blisse.  
Our sauior *Christ* did suffer death,  
poore soules in blisse to bringe  
Vnto that blessed, heavenlie place—  
*god send vs joyfull ryseinge !*

[17]

The saintes also did suffer death,  
and marteres as you heare ;  
And I my selfe am now at hande,  
but death I doe not feare.  
Then haue I trust of greater grace  
vnto my soule will bringe,  
When we shall meete both face to face  
*Before ou[r]e heavenlie kinge.*

[18]

Noe heardle hard nor hempen rope  
canne make me once afraid ;  
Noe tyrantes knife against my life  
shall make me disamaide.

[17] 6 will : *read to* ; 8 oure : *MS. possibly one.*

[18] 1 heardle : *i.e.* hurdle, a kind of sledge on which till 1870 traitors were drawn through the streets from the prison to the place of execution. Sometimes, according to contemporary accounts, horses obstinately refused to draw the hurdles on which Catholic martyrs were placed, an incident regarded as a sign from heaven. Cf. Pollen's *English Martyrs*, pp. 60, 185, 231, etc.

## TRUE CHRISTIAN HEARTS

Though flesh and bones be broken and torne,  
my soule, I trust, will singe  
Amongst the glorious companie,  
*with Christ, our heavenlie kinge.*

[19]

Thus I, your frend *John Thuelis*,  
haue made my latest end,  
Desyreinge god, when his will is,  
vs all to heaven send ;  
Where neither strange nor dampned crewe  
can greefe vnto vs bringe.  
And now I bid my last adue—  
*Christ send vs happie ryseinge !*

[20]

God grant you grace still in your hartes  
false doctrine to refraine,  
And hould the true Catholi[ke] faith,  
which *Christ* did once ordaine.  
All honour be to god of hoastes,  
all glorie to his sonne,  
All praise be to the holie ghost,  
three persones all in one !

**Finit.**

[20] 3 Catholike : MS. leaves space for the letters *ke*.

## *O God above relent*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 25-27<sup>v</sup>. Stanzas written in double columns on each page.

This marvellous ballad has escaped the eye of all ballad-collectors, though it has been inaccurately reprinted in J. H. Pollen's *Acts of the English Martyrs*, pp. 194 ff. No other ballad, and but few prose accounts, comparable to it, in its graphic journalism, its naïve admixture of the supernatural, and in what modern critics are fond of calling human interest, either about Protestant or Catholic martyrs exists. In spite of his halting poetry, the author makes the unfortunate priest appear in a most attractive light ; and the mildness, the resignation, of his tone is wholly remarkable. The "constant wight" of Part I., stanza 33, was Roger Wrennall, a weaver who had been imprisoned for religion. Because he assisted Thewlis in an attempt to escape, he was condemned to death and executed with his friend. He was beatified in 1886. The Parson Lee referred to in Part I., stanza 7, and Part II., stanza 18, was William Leigh, B.D., rector of the Standish Church of St. Wilfrid, Fellow of Brasenose College, and Tutor of the Prince of Wales : full accounts of his life are given in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and the *Victoria History of Lancaster*, VI., 189.

Every particular connected with the trial and execution of Thewlis was many times duplicated in the reign of James I. The refinement of cruelty by which these two men were compelled to witness the execution of three felons recalls the similar case of Lady Jane Grey and the decapitated body of her husband. Wrennall, it will be observed, was forced to see Thewlis hanged, just as the priest Middleton watched the hanging of his friend Hunt before his own turn came (see No. 11). In 1595 two priests, Henry Walpole and Alexander Rawlins, were taken to the place of execution together ; "and when Mr. Rawlins was in quartering, they showed him to Father Walpole, bidding him be more wise than to follow his example" of refusing to take the oath (Challoner's *Martyrs*, 1878, I., 225). An eye-witness of the execution of Robert Southwell tells how that ill-starred poet-priest kept making the sign of the cross for a considerable space, the rope being adjusted so as not to break the neck but to cause strangulation ; and adds that only the murmurs of the crowd prevented the executioner from cutting the rope (to proceed with the ghastly business of quartering) before life was extinct. Even more sympathetic were the spectators at the hanging of

## O GOD ABOVE RELENT

the priest Garnet (in 1606, for the Gunpowder Treason), who only by determined threats prevented his being prematurely cut down. The spectators eagerly sought Garnet's blood and other "relics" while his body was being quartered; and observed "a visible and apparent circle of red about his head in the form of a crown" (John Morris, *Father Gerard's Narrative*, 1871, pp. 296 f.).

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, II., 517.

### Here followeth the songe of the death of mr. *Thewlis*.

To the Tune of *Daintie, come thou to mee.*

[1]

O god aboue, relent,  
and lissten t[o] our cry ;  
O *Christ*, our woes prevent,  
let not thy Children die !

[2]

As at th' assyses late,  
good proofe, too much, we see,  
Thy lambes their lyms haue lost,  
through Tyrantes' Cruelltie.

[3]

One *Thewlis* is the man  
which makes me call and cry ;  
Come helpe me all that can  
of *Christ* to beg mercie !

[4]

His courage myld and meeke,  
and his most comlie glee,

[1] 2 to our : *MS. tour.*

[2] 1 assyses : *i.e.* assizes—held at Lancaster in 1616 ; 3 lyms : *MS.* possibly lyu[e]s.

## O GOD ABOVE RELENT

His answere not to seeke,  
in middes of misserie,—

[5]

In a dungeon he was cast,  
amonge the theeuves to lye.  
Of all meates he did tast[e]  
which came to fellons' fee.

[6]

And in th' assyses weeke,  
in *lent*, arainde was he ;  
Where frendes and kinsfolks were  
to see hjs constanccie.

[7]

Best preachers in the land—  
by name one parson *Lie* ;  
Noe better can be found  
within the Counterie—

[8]

Three seuerall daies did tempt  
to try his constancie ;  
The judge beinge present there,  
with all his companie.

[9]

To all thinges they demande,  
he answeres Cheerfullye ;  
His answere there was sound  
in all contraversie.

[4] 4 middes : *i.e.* midst.

[7] 2 by : *read perhaps* to ; Lie : *i.e.* Lee (Leigh).

## O GOD ABOVE RELENT

[10]

As they were apt to moue  
from poynt to poynt, trulie  
He did not them reprooue,  
but answered quyetlie.

[11]

When they could not preueile  
to wrest his constantie,  
They did him treator call,  
and said that he should die.

[12]

Then smylinglie he said,  
with sweete and pleasant glee :  
“ Noe treason I haue wrought,  
nor wicked Treacherie.

[13]

“ Noe Treason I haue done  
against king nor Countrie ;  
*Christ Jesus*, godes owne sonne,  
a witnes take for mee.

[14]

“ It is for his deere sake,  
his Church both meeke and free,  
That I doe vndertake  
a true *Catholi[ke]* to dye ;

[15]

“ It is for his deere sake,  
that gaue his life for me,

[11] 2 constantie : *i.e.* constancy. [13] 2 king : *i.e.* James I.  
[14] 4 Catholike : space is left in the MS. for the letters *ke*.

## O GOD ABOVE RELENT

My Crosse I vndertake,  
his spouse to glorifie.”

[16]

Then they gaue him a note :  
th’ effecte did signifie  
That he must take the oeth,  
or eles prepare to dye.

[17]

Then answered he and said :  
“ for dutie temperall,  
I anye oeth will take,  
whensoeuer you doe call.

[18]

“ For o-ther oath,” quoth he,  
“ I vtterlie denye.  
God sauе our king and queene,  
and send them meekle joy ! ”

[19]

Accordinge to the law,  
death sentance then had hee ;  
And, as all people knowe,  
he took it patientlie.

[20]

On *fryday* in the morne,  
attemptēd sore was hee ;  
They wilde him to reforme  
and take the king’s mercie.

[16] 3 oeth : *i.e.* oath.

[18] 3 *I.e.* James I. and Anne ; 4 joy : *read glee.*

[20] 3 wilde : *i.e.* willed.

## O GOD ABOVE RELENT

[21]

His kinsfolke, in like cause,  
did proffer gould and fee,  
If his faith hee would refuse,  
a *Protestant* to bee.

[22]

He gaue them hartie thankes,  
and tould them, Cheerfullie,  
His life they should not craue—  
a *Protestant* to bee.

[23]

In wrastinge of[f] his bondes  
somewhat too hastilie,  
They hurt his tender leggs,  
whereat they seem'd sorie.

[24]

Then smylinglie he said :  
“ Forbeare to mourne for mee !  
Smale hurts doe little greeue,  
when great on[e]s are soe nye.

[25]

“ I thanke my saumour sweete  
from these bondes I am free ;  
Soe soone I hope I shalle  
from all extremitie.

[26]

“ By afflictions god doth prooue  
who his true Children bee ;

[21] 2 Bishop Challoner (*loc. cit.*) tells of one person's offering Thewlis £20 yearly for the rest of his life if he would take the oath.

## O GOD ABOVE RELENT

*Christ Jesus this can remooue,  
in the twinklinge of an eye ! ”*

[27]

They forst him to the Church,  
in spite of his bodie,  
Wher he full myldlie sate,  
for all their crueltie.

[28]

Then did he aske the Sheriffe  
his breedren for to see,  
With them to take his leaue  
before he went to dye.

[29]

The sheriffe gaue consent—  
he thankt him hartelie.  
He to his breedren went  
with humble Curtesie.

[30]

Then did he frendlie leaue  
of all his breethren take ;  
Sayinge, “ doe you not greeue,  
nor mourne not for my sake ;

[31]

“ For it’s godes blessed will  
that I must leade the way ;  
But be you constant still,  
and I will for you pray.”

## O GOD ABOVE RELENT

[32]

And then with watterie Cheekes,  
they parted mournfullie ;  
His gesture little shranke—  
such was his constantsie.

[33]

Another Constante wight,  
which I had neare forgot,  
Was constant day and night,  
and thankfull for his lot ;—

[34]

On[e] *wrennall* was he cal'd,  
a lay-man happie he,  
They both prepar'd themselues  
on hurdle for to lye.

[35]

And thus these faithfull wightes  
soe myldlie fram'd the same :  
The father and the sonne  
thus hath their journey tane.

[36]

My muse beginns to faint,  
and greefe me overflowe ;  
But of these martered saintes,  
the seconde part shall shewe.

[35] 4 journey : *MS.* joirney.

# O GOD ABOVE RELENT

## The second part.

[1]

As *Thewles* past the way,  
the poorest he did spye ;  
He gaue that money he had lefte  
their wantes for to supplye.

[2]

O god aboue, relent,  
and listen to our crye ;  
Sweet *Christ*, thy spouse defend  
from tyrantes' crueltie !

[3]

To Th' execution place,  
the[y] beinge thither drawne,  
Present before their face  
was fier one cruell flame.

[4]

Then did they them attempt  
their faith for to denye ;  
Sainge they must be hangde  
and buried cruellie.

[5]

Then, smylinge, *Thewles* said :  
“ If that the worst may bee,  
Our sauour *Christ* hath paid  
farre greater paines for me ! ”

[3] 2 drawne : *i.e.* on hurdles ; 4 one : *perhaps* in or a.

[4] 1 they = the executioners, them = Thewlis and Wrennall.

# O GOD ABOVE RELENT

[6]

Then myldlie they prepare  
to Th' execution place.

Three fellones they did see  
hanged before their face.

[7]

And at the ladder foote,  
where manie people stoode,  
He held them with dispute,  
while ever they would abyde.

[8]

Then did they profer them  
part of the oath to take,—  
And they should not be slaine,  
such frendshippe they would make.

[9]

But all could not preveale  
their mindes for to remoue ;  
Nor once their courage quaile,  
soe constant was their loue.

[10]

With Crosse and signes soe meeke,  
the ladder he did take ;  
Where manie a watterie eye  
appearèd for his sake.

[11]

A hundred poundes was there  
for his life offered free,

[7] 3 He = Thewlis ; 4 Read while ever abyde they would.

[10] 2 he = Thewlis.

## O GOD ABOVE RELENT

If he would yet consent  
a *protestant* to bee.

[12]

Then, smylingely, he said :  
“ That ransome I denye ;  
That may noe way be paid  
but by death eternally.

[13]

“ I thanke you for your loues,—  
your good will all I see,—  
But I must take the Crosse  
that *Christ* hath lefte for me.”

[14]

Then willingly he did  
himselfe most readie make ;  
He proffered to vnbare,  
and his Cloath of[f] to take.

[15]

A cap as white as snowe  
over his face pul’d hee ;  
His hat he threw him froe,  
and purse away gau he.

[16]

The hangman plaid his part,  
as he did him command ;  
Three stroakes upon his brest,  
he gau with his right hand.

## O GOD ABOVE RELENT

[17]

The father beinge gone,  
the Child did after hye ;  
Without all show of mone  
he suffered willingly.

[18]

At first the rope did breake,  
which parson *Lee* did see ;  
He said it was godes will,  
to shew him such mercie.

[19]

The[y] profered him the oath,  
which he did still denye.  
“ This night I hope we boath  
shall sup in heaven hye.”

[20]

The people moou'd and blusht,  
both hye and low degree,  
And said they thought noe lesse  
but he should savèd bee.

[17] 2 the child : *i.e.* Wrennall.

[18] 1 Personal pronouns in this portion of the ballad are used very carelessly ; but according to Bishop Challoner (*op. cit.*, II., 68) stanzas 18-20 apply to Wrennall, not Thewlis. “ The rope broke with the weight of his [Wrennall's] body, and he fell to the ground ; and after a short space he came perfectly to himself, and going upon his knees, began to pray very devoutly.” He refused emphatically to take the oath, saying : “ ‘ I am the same man I was, and in the same mind, use your pleasure with me ’ ; and with that he ran to the ladder, and went up it as fast as he could.”

[19] 3 boath : *i.e.* both Thewlis and Wrennall.

## O GOD ABOVE RELENT

[21]

When that the rope was cut,  
and quartered he should be,  
The hangman did denye,  
and then a-way went hee.

[22]

The sheriffe did him oppresse  
with great extremitie,  
And said : " either thou or I  
must doe this butcherie."

[23]

When *Thewles* was vnbarde,  
a vision there was seene :  
Out of his mouth appear'd  
of couller bright and sheene ;

[24]

Most lyke the glorious sunne,  
shyninge in clearest skye,  
Downe over his bodie ranne,  
and vanish from their eye.

[25]

The butcher play'd his part,  
his bodie he did goare ;  
And sure the hardest hart  
did much his death deplore.

[26]

A hundred handcarchaffes  
with his sweete blood was dight,

[21] 2 he : perhaps *Thewlis* is meant.

[23] 4 of : read a. [24] 4 vanish : read vanish'd.

[26] 1 handcarchaffes : *i.e.* handkerchiefs.

## O GOD ABOVE RELENT

As Reliques for to we[re]  
for this said blessed wight.

[27]

Then were his quarteres set  
vpon the Castell hye,  
Where hapt as strang a thinge  
as ever man did see.

[28]

A flight of Ravens came,  
and pykèd flesh from bones ;  
In the Church-yarde the[y] did light,  
and scrapèd there deepe holes !

[29]

O Christian hartes, relent ;  
prepare your soules to saue—  
When fethered foules shall help  
for vs to make a graue !

[30]

O happie marterèd saintes,  
to you I call and crye,  
To helpe vs in our wantes  
and begge for vs mercie !

[31]

O *Christ*, that suffered death,  
thy spouse for to defend,  
Lyke co[n]stansie till death  
and in heaven be our end !

**Finis.**

[26] 3 Reliques : *MS. Reliuques.*  
[28] 4 deepe : *MS. dedpe.*

## *A jolly shepherd that sat on Zion hill*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 1-2. Written in four-line stanzas ; the margins are closely trimmed, so that some of the stanza numbers have disappeared. Line 1 as printed below is metrically incomplete ; but it is obvious from stanzas 2 *ad finem* that an eight-line stanza was intended. On fol. 33 of the MS. the first two stanzas again appear, and are arranged in seven lines. They are printed here as an example of the uncertain spelling even of the cultivated class in Jacobean times,—a class to which the compiler of this MS. certainly belonged,—and of the equal uncertainty of ballad-texts.

## 1

A Jollie sheppard that sate on Sion hill,  
whoe with his rodde and shepardes Crooke  
his sheepe derecteth still,  
His Church it is the foulde,  
in tender grasse they feede,  
And to the fountaines fair they goe,  
which is his word indeede.

## 2

The way vnto the holie Church, if anie list to goe,  
by shepardes Tabernacle past  
they must on foot-steppes goe ;  
Where shepardes ould are wonted  
to walke right reuerentlie,  
And there this shepardes spouse soe sweete  
at noone day sure doth lye.

The first line recalls the later song by John Wootton of “ Damætas Ligge in praise of his Loue ” in *England's Helicon* (ed. Collier, pp. 55 f.) :—

Jolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard on a hill  
on a hill so merrily,  
on a hill so cherily,  
Feare not Sheepheard there to pipe thy fill,  
Fill every Dale, fill every Plaine :  
both sing and say : Loue feeles no paine.

The ballad, an exposition of the Crucifixion, is distinctly Catholic in expression ; but it was evidently regarded by Henry Carr, who licensed

## A JOLLY SHEPHERD

it for publication on August 15, 1586, as "A ballat begynnyng O Jolly shepherd on Sionhill," as an allegory of the Holy Protestant, rather than the Holy Catholic, Church. Possibly Carr omitted the fifth stanza. Collier (*Extracts from the Stationers' Registers*, II., 212), following his usual manner of mystification and vague references, says of this entry: "A reprint of this ballad is in the Roxburghe Collection." It is not.

[1]

A Jollie sheppard  
that sate on *Sion* hill,  
That with his rod [and] sheppardes crooke  
his sheepe derecteth still,  
His Church it is the fould,  
in tender grasse the[y] feede,  
And to the fountaines faire they goe,  
which is his word indeede.

[2]

The way vnto the holie church,  
if anie list to knowe,  
By sheppardes tabernacle past,  
they must on foote-stepes goe ;  
Where sheppardes ould were wonted  
to walke right reverently,  
And there this sheppardes spouse soe sweete  
at noone dayes sure doth lye.

[3]

This Church is like a Citie faire  
that builded is on hye ;  
Like to a candle shininge bright  
to all that passèd by ;  
Where truth shall never fade away,  
but virtue still abyde,  
And where this sheppard dwellinge is,  
both church and sheepe doth guide.

[2] 2 know : substituted by a later hand for goe.

# THAT SAT ON ZION HILL

[4]

The holie scriptures sure to keepe,  
this Church she hath in charge ;  
And power, eike, to bynd and lose,  
to keepe and let at large ;  
And with the holie sacramentes  
his sillie flocke to feede,  
Which is his blood and bodie both  
to them in time of neede.

[5]

And, for the glorie of his Church,  
this shepard did prouide  
Both Prophets and Apostles, eake,  
and marteres trulie tryde,  
With Virgins and confessors pure,  
and docters manie moe,  
The praises of this holie Church  
throughout the world to sho[w]e.

[6]

And more then this : he promissèd,  
when he should passe away,  
The holie ghost, the comforter,  
to send with her to stay,  
Whoe in all truth should her defend,  
in virtue euermore,  
Although the waues of wickednesse  
should wash her wales full sore.

[7]

This Church did at *Jerusalem*  
full visiblelie appeare,  
And afterward confirmèd was  
by *Christ*, our sauiour deere,

[4] 3 lose : *i.e.* loose ; 6 sillie : *i.e.* silly, innocent, helpless.

[7] 2 visiblelie : *read* visibly.

## A JOLLY SHEPHERD

When breade and wine he blessed  
and to his Apostles plaine  
Said, “ take and eate, this is my flesh,  
which for you shall be slaine.”

[8]

For to confirme what he hath said  
the cruell *Jewes* that night,  
With clubs and staues and weapons sharpe,  
with toarch and lantorn b[ri]ght,  
Came for to take this shepard sweete,  
as he at prayèr was,  
If that his father’s will it were  
that cup from him might pas.

[9]

They bound him fast, they beat him sore,  
they stroake him on the face,  
They spit at him, they rail’d on him,  
with spite and vile disgrace ;  
By witnes false, they him accus’d,  
for to put downe their lawes,  
Although the Judg did answer them,  
“ I finde in him noe cause.”

[10]

In-stid of princlie Cepter,  
in his hand the[y] put a reede,  
And like a foole they him araid  
in whiteish cloathes, indeede ;  
They whipt him soe the blood ran downe,  
his blessed bones were seene,  
And on his head a crowne they set  
of thornes bothe sharpe and keene.

[9] 2 stroake : *i.e.* struck.

## THAT SAT ON ZION HILL

[11]

“ Behould the man,” the Judg did say ;  
they “ crucifie ” did crye.  
And *Barabas* they did let goe,  
but *Jesus* iudg’d to dye ;  
Although the Judg did answere them,  
“ I finde in him noe ill ;  
You haue a law, and by that law,  
goe kill him if you will.”

[12]

Away they led him wickedlie,  
and on his backe they cast  
The crosse of our offences all,  
that downe he fell at last ;  
And on a roode betwixt two theeues  
they did him crucifie.  
His loue and likinge to his Church,  
these thinges did trulie trye.

[13]

To witnes cale those rageinge words  
the two theeues they did vse,  
To witnes cale the blasphemies  
then spoken by the *Jewes*,  
To witnes cale his bloodie woundes  
in handes, in feete, and hart,  
To witnes cale his mother deere,  
that thereof had her part.

[14]

To witnes cale the bloodie speare,  
which at his syde did runne ;  
To witnes cale both heaven and earth  
before whome it was done ;

[11] 3 Barabas : *i.e.* Barabbas.

## A JOLLY SHEPHERD

To witnes call both sunne and moone,  
whoe then Eclipsèd went ;  
To witnes call the Temple vaile  
that all in sunder rent.

[15]

To witnes calle the darknes great  
that couered earth and skyes ;  
To witnes cale the dead men's bones,  
which from the graues did ryse ;  
To witnes cale his bitter drinke  
and Joyfull wordes he saide ;  
To witnes cale his charitie,  
when for his foes he praid.

[16]

To witnes cale his coate vnseam'd,  
for which the loates were cast ;  
To witnes cale his d[e]ath and paine,  
which euerie lim[b]e did tast ;  
To witnes cale his goeinge downe  
to hell, through his greate might ;  
To witnes calle his assendinge vp  
to heauen in glorie bright.

[17]

Then sith this sheppard paid soe deare  
to buy our freedome lost,  
His scornes, his blo[w]es, his blood and life  
was price of that it cost ;  
And heere doth giue vs all we haue  
and after Joyes for aye,  
And doth requeere our seruice true,  
in humble wise to pray.

[16] 2 loates : *i.e.* lots.

[17] 1 sheppard : *MS.* sphepard.

## THAT SAT ON ZION HILL

[18]

“ O come away, [O] come away,”  
this shepard cales and cryes ;  
“ Take vp your crosse and follow me,  
and doe this world dispise.”  
Like sheepe, in humble sort, let vs  
vnto his voice giue eare,  
And in his lawes still walke vpright,  
while we abyden heere.

[19]

“ O come away, [O] come away,”  
this shepard cales and cryes :  
“ Take vp your crosse and follow me,  
and doe this world dispise,  
And in this house and truth abyde,  
what ever shale befall,  
And in i[t]s truth both liue and dye.”  
Amen, amen, say all !

**Finis.**

[18] 4 world : *i.e.* world.

*No wight in this world that wealth  
can attain*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 7<sup>v</sup>-9<sup>v</sup>. The stanzas are numbered in the MS., but some of the numbers have been trimmed away by the binder.

Owen Rogers licensed "a ballett agaynst covetous" on October 30, 1560. Collier, in his *Extracts from the Stationers' Registers*, I., 32, identified this entry with the present ballad, and mentioned another version: "In the Editor's MS. [of the reign of James I.] it has only eleven stanzas, and those with some variations; and as it is clearly the older and more correct copy of the two," and as "the title there accords more with that of the entry; viz.:—*Against Covetousnes*," he printed it. Collier's copy, however, is an impudent fabrication; nor is there any reason for identifying this genuine and unprinted ballad with the entry in the Registers. That entry is more applicable to the ballad here printed as No. 52 from a Sloane MS. Not covetousness but, instead, the evil and the good done by money is dealt with: the author dwells, as poets of all times have delighted to do, on a vanished Golden Age when all was right with the world. The mention of priests in stanza 23 is the only Catholic note in the ballad.

*Against nigardie and riches.*

[1]

Noe wight in this world that wealth can attaine,  
vnles he beleue that all is but vaine;  
And as it doth come, euen soe let it goe,  
as tydes vse their times to ebb and to flowe.

[2]

This muche on the mould that men soe desyre  
doth worke them much wooe, and mooue them to ire;

# NO WIGHT THAT WEALTH CAN ATTAIN

With greefe it is gott, with care it is kept,  
with sorrow soone lost ; that long hath beene rept.

[3]

And woe worth the manne that first dolue the mould,  
to finde out the myne of siluer and gould ;  
For when it lay hid, and to vs vnowne,  
of strife and debate the seede was not sowne.

[4]

Then liued men well and held them content  
with meate, drinke, and cloath, without anie rent ;  
Their houses but poore, to shrowd themselues in,  
for Castles and Towers were first to beginne.

[5]

Noe Town had his wale ; they fearèd noe warre  
nor enemies hoast to seeke them of farre ;  
Soe let they their liues in quiet and rest,  
till hoard beganne hate, from East vnto West ;

[6]

And gould for to grow, a lord of great price,  
which changèd the world from vertue to vice,  
And turnèd all thinges soe farre from their kind  
that how it should be is worne out of mynd.

[7]

For riches beare now the fame and the brute,  
and is onelie the cause of all our pursuit,  
Which maketh amongst vs such mischeeff to raigne,  
and shall till we seeke the right way againe.

[2] 4 rept, *past part. of reap.*

[3] 4 seede : *followed in MS. by who, but later scratched out.*

[5] 1 wale : *i.e. wall ; 3 let : read led.*

## NO WIGHT IN THIS WORLD

[8]

When mariage was made for vertue and loue,  
then was noe divorce, godes knotte to remooue ;  
When Judges would suffer noe brybes in their sight,  
their iudgmentes were true, accordinge to right.

[9]

When prelates had not possessions nor rent,  
they preached the troth, and truelie they meante ;  
When men did not flatter for favour nor meede,  
then kinges h[e]ard the troath and how the world  
yeede,

[10]

And men vnto honour throwe vertue did ryse ;  
but all this is turnèd cleane contrarie wyse ;  
For money makes all, and rules as a god,  
which ought not to be, for *Christ* it forbode ;

[11]

And bad that we should take nothinge in hand,  
but for our lordes loue and the wealth of the land ;  
And wills vs full oft that we should refraine  
from wrestinge his will to make our owne gaine.

[12]

For couetous folke, of euerie estate,  
as hardlie shall enter with-ine heauen-gate  
As through a nedle eie a cammell to creepe ;—  
why doe these mad men then hoard vp and keepe ?

[13]

Yea, more then may serue themselues to suffice,  
as though perfitt blisse should that way arise ;

[9] 4 yeede=went [from O.E. ēoden, to go].

[10] i throwe : *i.e.* through.

[12] 3 Matthew xix., 24.

## THAT WEALTH CAN ATTAIN

But if they would suffer to sinke in their brest,  
what trouble of mynd, what vnquiet rest,

[14]

What mischeefe, what hate, this money doth bringe,  
they would not soe toyle for soe vyle a thinge ;  
For they that haue much are euer in care  
which way for to winne, and how for to spare ;

[15]

Their sleepes be vnsound, for feare of a theefe ;  
the losse of a little doth worke them much greefe.  
In seekinge their lacke, they want what they haue,  
and subiect to that which should be their slaye.

[16]

They never doe know, while riches doe raigne,  
a frend of effect from him that doth faine ;  
For flatterers doe seeke where fortune doth dwell,  
and when that she lowreth, they bid them farewell.

[17]

The poore doth him curse, as oft as they want,  
in hauinge soe much and make it soe scant ;  
Their children, sometime, doe wish them in graue,  
that they might posses the riches they haue.

[18]

And that which they winne with trauill and strife,  
oft times, as we see, doth cost them their life.  
Loe these be the fruites that riches bringe foarth,  
with manie other moe which be noe more worthe.

[13] 4 vnquiet : *MS.* vnquied.

[17] 1 him : *i.e.* a rich man.

[18] 4 moe = more.

## NO WIGHT IN THIS WORLD

[19]

For money is cause of murther and thefte,  
of battle, and bloodshed, which would god were left ;  
Of ravine, of wronge, of false witnesse-bearinge,  
of treason conspirèd, and eake of forswearinge.

[20]

And for to be short, and knit vp the knot,  
few mischeefes at all that money makes not ;  
But though it be ill, when it is abused,  
yet, never-the-less, it may be well vsed.

[21]

Nor I doe not find that men be denyde  
for sufficient thinges them selues to prouide,  
Accordinge as god hath put them in place,  
to haue and to hould, a time and a space,

[22]

Soe it be well wone, and after well spent,  
for it is not theirs, but for that intent.  
And if they soe doe, then it is good still,  
they haue that is meete to vse at their will.

[23]

As Preistes should not take promotions in hand,  
to liue at their ease like lordes of the land,  
But onelie to feede godes flocke with the troth,  
to preach and to teach, without anie sloth.

[24]

Nor folke should not need great riches to winne,  
but gladlie to liue and for to flee sinne ;  
His will for to worke that is their soules health,  
and then may they thinke they liue in great wealth.

[19] *i thefte* : substituted in MS. for strife.

## THAT WEALTH CAN ATTAIN

[25]

For in this vaine world, which now we be in,  
is nothinge but miserie, mischeefe, and sinne,  
Temptation, vntroth, contention, and strife ;  
then let vs not set by soe vile a life.

[26]

But lift vp your eies, and looke through your faith,  
beholdinge his mercies that manie times saith :  
“ The iust men shall liue by their good beleefe,  
and shall haue a place, where canne be noe greefe.

[27]

“ But gladnes and mirth that non[e] can amend,  
vnspeakable ioyes, which never shall end,  
with pleasures that passe all that we haue sough[t],  
felicities such as cannot be thought.”

[L'ENVOY]

Which place they shall haue, which his will intends,  
with life everlastinge ; and thus my tale endes.

**Finis.**

## 16

*O blessed God, O Saviour sweet*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 11<sup>v</sup>-13. In this interesting ballad the author—who, to judge from stanzas 19 and 20, was a priest or, at any rate, a Catholic, who feared “rack and cord”—laments his sins, extols the mercy of Christ, and professes to make a whole-hearted repentance. The last stanza is not numbered in the MS., and is an exact repetition of the last four lines of the ballad on “Calvary Mount” (No. 22). The repetition may possibly be due to confusion on the part of the copyist.

[1]

O blessed god, O saiuour sweete,  
O Jesu, looke on mee !  
O Christ, my kinge, refuse me not,  
though late I come to thee !

[2]

I come to thee, confounded quyte,  
with sorrowe and with shame,  
When I beheld thy bitter woundes,  
and knew I did the same.

[3]

I am the wretch that Crowned thee,  
I made those woundes soe wyde ;  
I nailèd thee vnto the crosse,  
with speare I pearst thy syde.

[4]

Thy sydes, thy bellie, eike, I rent  
with whip and cruell rod ;

# O BLESSED GOD, O SAVIOUR SWEET

'Twas I that wrought thee all that wooe—  
forgiue me, my good lord !

[5]

For onelie pryd of Cherubines  
how manie thousanddes fell  
From pleasure to perpetuall paine,  
From heauen to hatefull hell.

[6]

More then a thousand thousand times  
haue I deseru'd thine Ire ;  
Yet doe I (myser) still remaine,  
and feele not yet hell-fire.

[7]

Yet doe I still thy favour finde,  
yet thou doest keepe me still  
Against the foarce of all my foes,  
that seeke my soule to spill.

[8]

Yea, more then this, that I might liue  
thou dièdst on the roode ;  
And to redeeme my soule from hell,  
thou speandst thy deerest blood.

[9]

That pretious blood which from thy syde  
came gushinge out amayne  
Was spent to sauе my sinfull soule  
from endlesse wooe and paine.

[4] 4 lord : *read* God.

[7] 2 doest : *i.e.* dost.

[8] 4 speandst : *i.e.* spent.

# O BLESSED GOD, O SAVIOUR SWEET

[10]

Alas, my lord most mercifull,  
what haue I donne or wrought,  
That thou shouldst like soe well of mee ?  
What haue I said or thought ?

[11]

What didst thou see in mee (vile wretch !) ?  
O god, what didst thou see ?  
What moouèd thee, o Judge most iust,  
to take such ruth on mee ?

[12]

O come, Angelles ; come, Archangelles ;  
come, saintes and soules divine ;  
Come, marters and Confessors eike,  
your aide to mee assigne.

[13]

Let mee your helpe, your councell giue,  
O tell me how I may  
Releeue my lord that loues me soe,  
which am but dust and clay.

[14]

All worldlie honour now farewell,  
all wicked welth adew ;  
Pryde and vaine-glorie, packe you hence,  
too longe I servèd you !

[15]

In you I dream'd my ioy had beene,  
but I deceiuèd was,

[13] 1 Let : *read Lend.*

## O BLESSED GOD, O SAVIOUR SWEET

And now broade-wakeinge I doe see  
that it hanges on the Crosse.

[16]

Vpon the Crosse, betweene two theues,  
starke dead, alacke, hee hanges.  
For me, the Child of endlesse Death,  
hee felt these bitter panges.

[17]

O that it once were my good chance  
to kisse those woundes soe wyde,  
O that my hart had once the happe  
to harbour in his syde !

[18]

O that I might with *Magdalenne*  
Imbrace his fastened feete,  
Or that with good thefe hange by him,  
a thinge for me more meete.

[19]

Then would I bouldlie dare to say  
that neither racke nor Coard  
Nor any tormentes in the world  
debarre me from my lord.

[20]

Then *machavell*, with all his sleights,  
should not once make me mone ;  
Noe Turke nor Tyrant, noe, nor divell  
should make me leaue my lord.

[15] 4 Crosse : no rhyme here. [18] 3 thefe : perhaps read thieves.  
[20] 1 machavell : i.e. Machiavelli ; 4 lord : no rhyme here.

O BLESSED GOD, O SAVIOUR SWEET

[21]

Grant blessed god, grant saviour sweete,  
grant *Jesu*, kinge of blisse,  
That in thy loue I liue and dye,  
sweet *Jesu*, grant me this !

**Finis.**

## *Behold our Saviour crucified*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 20-22<sup>v</sup>. A splendid ballad in which a Catholic author vigorously applies the lessons taught to man both by the Crucifixion and by its permanent symbol, the crucifix. No doubt because he was addressing a strictly orthodox audience, he makes no apologies and indulges in no recriminations.

[1]

Behould our saviour crucifide,  
and beare it well in mynd ;  
Which will suppresse all sinfull pryde,  
and make vs groe more kynd.  
O let vs striue to flee from sinne  
and righteous courses hould,  
And take our crosse and followe hime,  
as he hath said we should.

[2]

The Crucifix as lecture cheefe,  
let vs not faile to learne ;  
And with the eise of true beleefe  
devoutlie it disserne,  
How for our sinne and for our sake  
a prickeinge crowne of thorne,  
Which manie a bloodie hole did make,  
his blessed head hath borne.

[3]

And for our sinne with scourges keene  
his tender flesh was rent ;

[2] 3 eise : *i.e.* eyes. Lines 3 and 4 of this stanza were at first omitted by the copyist, and were later inserted in the margin.

## BEHOLD OUR SAVIOUR CRUCIFIED

And for our sinne of *Jewes* hath beene  
with manie a scorne content ;  
And for our sinne condemn'd was he,  
that once must be our Judge ;  
And for our sinne to *Caluarie*  
with his owne Crosse did trudge ;

[4]

And for our sinne he was contente  
in tormentes there to dye,  
His father's Justice to prevente,  
for sinne to satisfie.  
His Crowne of thornes may plucke away  
our vndeservèd pryd,  
His mournfull teares will cause vs lay  
all wanton mirth asyde.

[5]

In his great thirst the bitter gaule  
to drinke they doe him giue,  
A document vnto vs all  
in temperance for to liue.  
His armes out stretchèd to imbrace  
all men, both frende and foe,  
May teache vs still to call for grace,  
all malice to forgoe.

[6]

Handes, feete, and syde with nayles and launce  
through pearcèd on the roode,  
May teache vs true persèueraunce  
to the sheedeinge of our bloode.  
His Virgin's flesh all full of woundes,  
both blacke and blewe to see,  
All fleshlie lust in vs confoundes,  
teachinge true Chastitie.

## BEHOLD OUR SAVIOUR CRUCIFIED

[7]

His prayinge for his enemies  
a-midste his bitter payne,  
Doth teache vs in all iniurie  
in meekenesse to remaine.  
Veiwe, and reveiwe, and never cease  
these lessones for to reade  
If thou in virtue will increase,  
and prosperously proceede.

[8]

Thinke whoe it is that suffered all  
these bitter paynes for thee ;  
Our god and lord, the Virgin's Childe,  
in his humanitie,  
Whose power and potent maiestie  
filles heaven, earth, and hell ;  
Yet suffered he all this for thee,  
and more then toungue can tell.

[9]

For thee vnyknynd and base, abiecte,  
he suffered all this payne ;  
Yet thou, poore wretch, doth still neclect  
thyne owne eternall gayne.  
O man vnyknynd, behould his loue,  
behould his bitter smart,  
And let his paynes and passions mooue  
compassions from thy hart.

[10]

Since *Christ* from sinne vs to release  
hath suffered all this payne,  
Why doe we not from sinne then cease,  
but still in sinne remaine ?

## BEHOLD OUR SAVIOUR CRUCIFIED

Let vs hate sinne with all our hartes  
that wrought our lord this woe ;  
True Christianes all, it is our partes  
in earnest to doe soe.

[11]

O man vnkynd, forgetfull in  
thy loue and sirvice due,  
And hast thou still such mynd to sinne,  
and yet this mirror vewe ?  
In thy temptations doe not say  
thou hast noe power to stand,  
For *Christ* his grace shall be thy stay,  
sent from his mightie hand.

[12]

The well of grace standes open wyde,  
and bounteously doth springe,  
Since Lungeus speare first pearst his syde,  
that fountaine foarth to bringe ;  
Within the holie Sacramentes  
throughe *Crist* his Church doth flowe,  
Whereby to verteous complementes  
eache Christian soule may growe.

[13]

The Crucifix is now our owne,  
behould it well therefore ;  
In brason serpent once fore showne  
to heale each deadlie sore.  
His Crosse, his Nailes, his crowne of thorne,  
his speare, his spunge, his reede,  
His bitter gaule and bodie torne,  
his lancèd woundes that bleede,

[12] 3 Lungeus : *i.e.* lungeous = violent, spiteful.

[13] 3 Numbers xxi., 8, 9.

## BEHOLD OUR SAVIOUR CRUCIFIED

[14]

His streatchèd armes vpon the crosse,  
and all admonish thee,  
In tyme he will repaire thy losse,  
if thou repentante bee.  
If in this tyme, throughe worldlie pelfe,  
thou lose this libertie,  
In time to come accuse thy selfe,  
fore-warnèd thus to bee.

[15]

In all affares yet rightlie scanne,  
and beare it well away,  
What to the soule of sinfull man  
the Crucifix doth say :  
“ For thee, from heavenlie maiestie  
I did my selfe Imbase ;  
As Erringe shippe, I haue sought thee  
in manie a wearie place ;

[16]

“ I thee pursude with hartes desire,  
I ranne with faintinge breath ;  
Wilt thou vnkinde from me retyre,  
and frustrate soe my death ?  
My enemies they did not payne  
my bodie halfe so sore,  
As thy vnykynnesse doth constraine  
my sorrowes tennes more.

[17]

“ Shall *satanus*, my deadlie foe,  
my labors all defeate,

[15] 1 affares : *i.e.* affairs ; 7 shippe : *perhaps* sheep.

[16] 8 tennes : *possibly* temès or tonnès or ten times.

## BEHOLD OUR SAVIOUR CRUCIFIED

And with that pearle away to goe  
I sought with bloodie sweate ?  
O that thy soule I loue soe much,  
and was soe deare to mee,  
Should in thy handes, I say, of such  
a carelesse keeper bee !

[18]

“ How deepe a danger was thou in,  
inwrapt through *Adam's* fale,  
Whome none but I could freedome winne,  
and my hartes blood recalle ;  
Which like the Pelicanne I giue,  
even everie droppe for thee,  
That thou the foode of life might haue,  
a[nd] soe regayned bee.

[19]

“ How deare a Gemme thy soule, I thought,  
then vmbethinke the[e] well,—  
Which with soe deare a pryce I bought  
from *Sathan*, death, and hell.

[17] 7 thy : read the.

[18] 5 Pelicanne : cf. “The Waterman's Delight,” *Bagford Ballads*, I., 259 :—

“ My loves she's like a Pelican,/that sucks blood from her breast,  
And feeds her young ones every day/as they lye in her nest.”

There seems to be no foundation for this ancient belief : cf. *Proceedings of the Zoological Society*, 1869, p. 146. In William Hunnis's *Seven Sobs*, 1583, p. 61, there is a peculiar passage :

“ The pelican as some report,/hir harmelesse birds doth kill,  
And three daies after mourneth shee,/and is vnquiet still ;  
Then with her beake hir breast she plucks/till blood gush out amaine,  
Which she lets drop vpon hir young,/till they reuiue againe.”

In Hunnis's *Recreations*, 1595, p. 49, he speaks of the Pelican restoring to life in this fashion her young who have been killed by a serpent.

## BEHOLD OUR SAVIOUR CRUCIFIED

Thou maist well thinke there was more losse  
then man's tonge can expresse,  
Which naillèd *Christ* vnto the Crosse,  
this danger to redresse.

[20]

“ And wilt thou, then, in franticke moode,  
soe smale the same esteeme,  
As not regarde my precious blode  
which did thy soule redeeme ?  
O heaven, O earth, astonisht bee,  
and stand amazèd mute :  
This thanklesse sinner thus to see  
my precious blood polute.

[21]

“ Though mercie now doe plead thy case,  
expectinge thee a whyle ;  
Yet Justice once must needes take place,  
and change my former stile ;  
Though like a lambe I earst haue borne  
my passions all for thee,  
Yet lyon-lyke I will retorne  
and once revengèd bee ;—

[22]

“ When all men's bodies must aryse,  
both from the sea and lande,  
And at that day in dreadfull wyse  
before my Judgment stande ;  
When heaven and earth shall moouèd bee  
before my fearfull Throne,  
Where thou in endlesse shame shall see  
thy thankelesse hart made know[n]e.”

## BEHOLD OUR SAVIOUR CRUCIFIED

[23]

O lord, those wordes doe me agri[e]ue,  
and thrilleth throughe my hart ;  
And on my knees, in humble wyse,  
I heere to thee convert.  
Heere cut, o lord, and turne away,  
with fier of tribulation,  
My soules defectes, that at that day  
I may 'scape thyne Indignation.

[L'ENVOY]

And soe thy bitter passion deere,  
which thou for me hast taken,  
Let vs on thy right hand appeare,  
and not to bee forsakenne.

**Finis.**

*When as mankind through Adam's  
fall*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 27<sup>v</sup>-29<sup>v</sup>. In several places holes have been eaten in the leaves by inferior ink.

Protestant ballads on the cross are not unusual. One, registered in 1568-69 as "a frutfull songe of bearynge of Christes Cross" is preserved in MS. Ashmole 48 (ed. Thomas Wright, *Songs and Ballads*, Roxburghe Club, No. 30); another, "The lamentacion of the crosse," is in MS. Cotton Vespasian A. XXV. (ed. Boeddeker, *Jahrbuch für romanische und englische sprache*, N.F., III., 95); earlier than these is a long ballad in the *Gude and Godlie Ballatis* of 1567 (ed. A. F. Mitchell, pp. 79-82) with the refrain

And gloir in the Croce of Christ Jesu.

I do not know of any other Elizabethan or Jacobean ballad written by a Catholic in glorification of the cross and its symbolism in the Catholic faith. The author gives a spirited defence (stanzas 14, 15) against contemporary criticism of crucifixes. He was evidently a man of learning, with considerable knowledge of the works of the Church Fathers. Most of the ballad is made up of comments on the crucifix culled from these Latin writers,—the source of which it has not seemed worth while to attempt to trace.

*A song of the crosse.*

To the Tune of [none given]

[1]

When as mankind; through *Adam's fale*,  
to endlesse greefe was led,  
God promisèd the woman's seede  
should breake the serpentes head ;

## WHEN AS MANKIND

And though four thousand yeares and moe  
man was the Chyld of death,  
God sent his sonne him to redeeme,  
for soe the scripture saith.

[2]

Whoe wrought it not with sacrifice  
of Ca[l]fe, younge lambe, or kidde,  
But by his death vpon the crosse  
from thrall he did vs ridde ;  
Whose benefittes soe great we may  
within our hartes renewe,  
The crosse when as before our face  
we daylie see and vew.

[3]

This crosse was plaine prefigurèd  
in *Exodus*, we knowe,  
By wood that made the waters sweete,  
as St. *Sirill* doth shewe.  
To call the crosse the tree of life  
*damasine* doth not let,  
Which in the middes of *Paradice*  
god planted and it set.

[4]

The arke of *Noe* man for to sauе,  
great floodes when god them send,  
This marke *Esekeall* speaketh of  
his people to defend.

[1] 7 him to redeeme : *MS. substitutes for to suffer death.*

[3] 2 *i.e.* Exodus xvi., 25 ; 4 Sirill : *i.e.* Cyril ; 6 *damasine* ; *i.e.* St. Damasus ; 6 *let* : *i.e.* leave undone.

[4] 1 *Noe* : *i.e.* Noah ; 3 *Esekeall* : *i.e.* Ezekiel ix., 4-7.

## THROUGH ADAM'S FALL

This is our maister's badge that we  
must daylie were in feild,  
The speare where-with our deadlie foe  
wee doe enforce to yeald.

[5]

Because (St. *Austine* saith) you are  
beset with manie a foe,  
With this sine of the crosse still blesse  
you daylie where you goe.  
St. *Hierome* willes vs with this signe  
our foreheades to be sign'd,  
Lest he that *Egipt* did destroy  
in vs should restinge fynd.

[6]

*Chrisosdome* biddes vs make this signe  
daylie vpon our face,  
Whereby thou shall the wicked sprites  
cleane frome thee driue and chase ;  
“ For how dare they him set vpon,”  
saith he, “ in rageinge broyle,  
When as they see the speare where with  
*Christ* did their kingdome foyle ? ”

[7]

This is the marke by *damasine*,  
as we may plainlie learne,  
*Panims* and *Jewes* from Christian men  
derecteth to disserne.  
“ I doe not blush,” St. *Austine* saith,  
“ this holie signe to weare,  
Nor seeke to hyde my selfe since on  
my forehead I it beare.”

[4] 6 were : *i.e.* wear.

[6] 1 *Chrisosdome* : *i.e.* Chrysostom.

[7] 1 by : *read* that.

## WHEN AS MANKIND

[8]

*Chrisosdome* alsoe doth vs charge,  
and warne both more and lesse,  
And teach our Children with this signe,  
them daylie for to blesse ;  
Before that they this thinge can doe,  
the nurse their head must take  
Vpon the Infantes yonge, saith he,  
that they this crosse still make.

[9]

This Crosse is of such force and might,  
as *Origine* doth wryte,  
That haueinge *Christ* and crosse in sight  
to sinne non[e] hath delight ;  
And as a shippe, St. *Ambrose* saith,  
without mast cannot saile,  
Lykewise whereas the crosse doth want  
that Church forthwith shall quaile.

[10]

Without the crosse noe sacrament  
can ministred right be due,  
St. *Austine*, if we credite which,  
the same to vs doth shew.  
Both prince and subiect, great and smale,  
the crosse did on them weare ;  
In everie place, *Chrisosdome* saith,  
this signe did then appeare.

[11]

Did not god shew to *Constantine*,  
for ayde when he did call,

[8] 3 And : read To ; 6 head : read heed.

[9] 2 Origine : i.e. Origen.

## THROUGH ADAM'S FALL

The crosse, and h[e]ard a voyce that said,  
“ in this signe winne you shall ? ”  
Wherfore he straitlie gau in charge  
eich souldier should it weare,  
And on his standard after still  
in feild he did it beare.

[12]

What strength it hath by *Julian*  
and power, all men may know,  
Whoe, being an apostata,  
this signe droue sperites him froe.  
When *Austen* came *England* for to  
convert vnto the faith,  
The crosse before him still was borne,  
as holie *Bede* he saith.

[13]

Yet some will say, to haue the crosse  
at all it is not fitt,  
Because there-with Idolatrie  
the people doe commit.  
Thinke they that man whome god hath made  
heere ruler of the rest,  
In sence and reason nothinge doth  
excell the brutishe beast ?

[14]

What hound doth hunt at painted hare,  
with coullers wrought full new ?  
Or where at painted partridge yet  
ever any sparhauke flew ?  
If they diserne the quicke from dead,  
whom sences onelie scoole,

[12] 1 Julian : MS. badly damaged by action of ink here ; 3 apostata : i.e. Julian the Apostate, Roman Emperor, 331-63 ; 5 Austen : i.e. St. Augustine ; 8 Bede : i.e. *Ecclesiastical History*, Bk. I., chap. 25.

## WHEN AS MANKIND

He that doth Judge farre worse of man  
shall proue himselfe a foole.

[15]

Lyke cryme to *Athanatius* once  
the heathen did obiect,  
Whoe did their errores confounde in this,  
and did plainlie them detect.  
You say our godes are made of wood,  
which thinge you cannot prooue,  
And that yours ours doe farre excell  
in starrie skyes that mooue.

[16]

Our Crosse consistes of peeces fourre,  
in sunder if wee it take ;  
And from eich other seperate  
noe count thereof we make ;  
But made in cosse we honour it,  
although not with devine,  
Whereby you see wee doe not weigh  
the substance bvt the signe.

[17]

Which signe it selfe hath not such health  
vnto mankynd heere brought,  
But by the sheedeinge of his blood,  
which all thereon hath wrought ;  
And when all flesh shall ryse againe,  
at the last dreadfull day,

[15] 1 Athanatius : *i.e.* St. Athanasius, 293-373. "Athanasius his Creed, *Quodcumque vult*" found a place, with musical score, in William Hunnis's *Handfull of Honeysuckles*, 1583, pp. 16 ff.

[16] 1, 2 MS. damaged by ink, though deciperable ; 5 cosse = exchange, barter.

## THROUGH ADAM'S FALL

This holie signe will then appeare,  
As *Ephraim* doth say.

[18]

A Joy to those that faithfull heere  
at everie time are tryde,  
A torment to all such as leavue  
heere *Christ* his crosse denyde.  
God grant heerein we may reioyce,  
lyke as st. *Paule* doth say,  
And learne to beare the crosse of *Christ*  
vpon vs night and day.

**Finis.**

[17] 8 Ephraim : I do not find this prophecy.

[18] 3 leavue : *read have* ; 6 Paule : *i.e.* in Galatians vi., 12, 14.

*In days of yore when words did  
pass for bands*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 29<sup>v</sup>-30<sup>v</sup>. The numbers of stanzas 1-5 have been cut off in binding, and the leaf is damaged in several places, though still decipherable. The interest of this ballad as a contemporary condemnation of Jacobean Puritans by a Catholic poet is undeniable. No other ballad of this nature has yet come to light.

*Heere followeth a songe of the puritan.*

[1]

In dayes of yore when wordes did passe for bandes,  
before deceit was bread or fraud was seene,  
When tounges did signe and seale with clappe of handes,  
before the purt 'gainst Christians tooke their spleene,—  
The maister paid, and pleased was the man,  
and then vnborne was anie *Puritane*.

[2]

In those good daies liued hospitalitie ;  
men hoarded not, nor did they hyde their pelfe ;  
Then liuèd resident kynd Charitie,  
and then plaine dealinge bouldlie show'd himselfe ;  
The blacke Jacke vs'd,—noe pewter nor noe canne,—  
nor men neare heard of anie *Puritanne*.

[1] 1 bandes = obligations ; 2 bread : *i.e.* bred.  
[2] 5 blacke Jacke = a leather jar for beer, etc.

## WHEN WORDS DID PASS FOR BANDS

[3]

But now of late they all are growne soe holie,  
puer, vnspotted, alwayse vpright treadinge ;  
Yet vnto practice lewd they are bent wholelie,—  
*Lucifer's* lantorns vnto hellmouth leadinge,—  
Puer in show, an vpright holie manne,  
corrupt within, and cal'd a *Puritanne*.

[4]

These fellowes haue both day and nightlie meeinge,  
where Tinkers comment, most of gouldsmiths' trade ;  
And there the sisters take their brothers' greeinge,  
they wreth and wrest the word which god hath made ;  
They make new lawes accordinge to their functionne  
against the ould and against the kinges Iniunctionne.

[5]

Then there is *Rachell, maude, Doll, Jane, and Grace,*  
*kate* starchèd with a ruffe halfe an inch longe ;  
And mistris *mince-pepin* with her mumpinge face,  
*Peg* that hates musique, yet she loues prick songe ;  
And prittie *malle* that loues the place soe well,  
she will not leaue meetinge till her bellie swell.

[6]

When these haue had their conference a space,  
and they growe something wearie with longe sittinge,  
And see they haue a good convenient place,  
with each thinge necessarie and well fittinge ;—

[4] 4 wreth : *i.e.* writhe.

[5] 2 On the introduction of starch and ruffs (against the use of which ballad-writers continually inveighed) see Stow's *Annals*, 1615, p. 869. Many proclamations restricting the making and use of starch were issued by Queen Elizabeth ; 3 pepin : *i.e.* pippin ; mumpinge = grimacing ; 4 musiue : *MS.* musiuqe ; 6 she will : *read* she'll.

## IN DAYS OF YORE

Out goes the light, the brethren swere they loue them,  
they must increase, for why, the spirit mooues them !

[7]

If *Puritans* plucke downe the house of prayer,  
oppresse the crosse whereon our sauior dyde ;  
If *puritans* preach nothinge but dispaire,  
and noe good recreation can abyde ;  
And if they thus will frame a new religion,  
beleeue me, I will be noe *puritanne* !

[8]

But if in Chambers wiues haue nightlie meeinge,  
and the[y] be free the time their husbandes sleepe ;  
And if the spirit mooue to seuerall greetinge,  
and they may say and doe what eare vnmeete ;  
And if with these vile sinnes dispence they canne,  
I'le change my note and be a *Puritanne* !

**Finis.**

[8] 4 what eare : *i.e.* whate'er.

## *Winter cold into summer hot*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 33<sup>v</sup>-35. Everything's going to the dogs, this extremely interesting ballad tells us ; for England hangs priests as traitors, jeers at and scorns the doctrines and faith of the Catholic Church, and substitutes therefor a new error—"a bird of Calvin's brood"—that neither demands nor expects obedience to Government and God : only the true faith can help and can preserve England. The mildness of tone is quite remarkable when one recalls the cruelties heaped upon Catholics in James I.'s reign : it is never found in the anti-Catholic ballads of the Jacobean writers. In connection with stanza 6, it may be remarked that the King seems to have attempted to put a stop to the "killing, dressing, and eating Flesh on Fish days" and in Lent, issuing proclamations dealing with this on November 14, 1619, January 30, 1621, February 4, 1622, January 30, 1623, December 27, 1623, and February 7, 1625.

[1]

Winter could into summer hoate  
 well changèd now may bee ;  
 For thinges as strange doe come to passe,  
 as wee may plainlie see :  
*England* priestes which honour'd hath  
 soe manie hundred yeares,  
 Doth hange them vp as Traytors now,  
 which causeth manie teares.

[2]

She doeth condemne her elders all,  
 as all the world besyde,—  
 Religion ould, which long hath beene  
 in landes both farre and wyde.

[2] *i* doeth : *i.e.* doth.

## WINTER COLD INTO SUMMER HOT

A gospell new she hath found out,  
a bird of *Caluin's* broode,  
Abandoninge all memorie  
of *Christ* his holie roode.

[3]

Abstinence is *Papistrie*,  
as this new error saith ;  
Fastinge, praier, and all good works  
avoyde ; for onelie faith  
Doth bringe vs all to heauen straight,—  
a doctrine verie strange,  
Which causeth men at libertie  
of vice and sinne to range.

[4]

From Angelles, honour taken is ;  
from saintes, all worshippe dewe ;  
The mother of our liuinge god  
(a thing most strang yet true)  
Comparèd is by manie a *Jacke*  
vnto a safron bagge,  
To a thinge of nought, to a paltrie patch,  
and to our vicar's hagge !

[5]

Vnitie is cleane exilde ;  
for preachers doe agree,  
As doe our clockes when they strike noone—  
now one, now two, now three ;  
But all together never Jumpe—  
when as our elders all

[5] 3 This figure foreshadows Pope's famous simile :—

“ 'Tis with our Judgments as our watches, none  
Goes just alike, yet each believes his own.”

## WINTER COLD INTO SUMMER HOT

Of faith and doctrine did accorde  
in poyntes both great and smale.

[6]

Noe restitution they teache—  
pill, robbe, pole, rape, and steale.  
Thine ownlie faith cleane freeth all,  
amendes doth nought prevaile.  
Noe vow obseru'd, noe promise kept,  
flesh *frydaies* now afoarde ;  
Which of our elders, as great sinne  
and vice, was much abhorde.

[7]

Fastinge did enrich the Relme,  
feastinge the same distroyes ;  
Single life helpt poore men's needes,  
wiufde life church weale annoyes ;  
Raysinge of rentes pi[c]kes poore men's purse ;  
divorcem[en]tes doe devyde  
The husband from his wedded wife,  
whom god him selfe hath tyde.

[8]

Obedience to magistrates  
this gospell nought esteemes ;  
For that their lawes in conscience  
to bind it noe way deemes.  
Concupiscence is counted sinne  
which non[e] at all can shunne ;  
Therefore in vaine they doe resist,  
for neede int' vice they runne.

[6] 2 This line uses five words to express one idea, namely, pilfering.  
cf. *Mercurius Fumigosus*, November 1-8, 1654, p. 199 : "We are not  
ke men, That *Pill, Poll, Rob* . . . for a little *Earthly Pelf*."

## WINTER COLD INTO SUMMER HOT

[9]

Contrition a trashe is cal'd,  
confession scofte and scorn'd ;  
And soe is satisfaction,  
purgatorie paines forlorn'd ;  
Which causeth feare of sinne to flee,  
where sole faith doth suffice  
To amend all that is amisse,—  
but non[e] thinkes soe that's wise.

[10]

They deeme them selues predestinantes,  
yet reprobates indeede ;  
Free will they will not haue ; good works  
with them are voyd of neede ;—  
Which poyntes of doctrine doe destroy  
eich common-wealth and land,  
Religion ould in order due  
makes Kingdoms longe to stand.

[11]

Their fruities doe prooue their gospell false,  
their liues most lewd are seene ;  
For sinne and all Iniquetie,  
the like hath never beene ;  
Noe feare of god, noe dread of manne,  
of Prince, nor yet of lawes ;  
Almes-deedes, as all devotion,  
esteemèd are as strawes.

[12]

Wherfore I hould him verie wise  
which doth their gospell flee,  
And cleave vnto religion ould,  
and therein liue and dye,

[9] 8 that's : *MS. thates.*

## WINTER COLD INTO SUMMER HOT

As all his elders ever did  
whoe afraid were to offend ;  
Which feare god grant vs all, and then  
our daies wee well shall end.

**Finit.**

*Sweet music mourns and hath  
done long*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 35-36.

This interesting ballad was written by a lover of music and a hater of Puritans shortly after the accession of James I. (see line 2), in the hope that James would relieve the "poor songmen." The Injunctions of Queen Elizabeth referred to in stanza 10 were issued to Clergy and Laity in the first year of her reign (1559), expressly provided for the continuance and maintenance of singing in the Church, and forbade any alteration whatever to be made in the livings "appointed for the maintenance of men and children, to use singing in the church." Later on, however, the Queen gave control of the lands intended for the support of singers into the control of deans and chapters, by which act, said William Chappell (*Popular Music*, II., 402), "she did more injury to the cause she desired to advocate than all puritanism could effect." Elizabeth's love for music and her own remarkable skill as a musician are matters of general knowledge. Early in her reign she issued proclamations providing for an increase in the number of singing men and children at Windsor Castle, and she had singing-boys also at St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the Household Chapel. Yet only three years after her 1559 Injunctions were issued, "six articles, tending to a farther reformation of the liturgy, were presented to the lower house of convocation, the last whereof was that the use of organs be removed from churches ; which, after great debate, were so near being carried, that the rejection of them was owing to a single vote, and that, too, by the proxy of an absent member" (*Hawkins's History of Music*, 1875, II., 543).

Misappropriation of the funds which the Queen turned over to the deans and chapters grossly increased during the reign of James I. The conditions described in the ballad are not exaggerated, and the ballad furnishes contemporary evidence and comment of great interest. A paper on "The Occasions of the decay of Music in Cathedral and College Churches" (preserved in a British Museum MS. and quoted in Chappell's *Popular Music*, II., 402) informed James that, in spite of all previous grants and the late Queen's Injunctions, the funds had been "swallowed up by the Deans and Canons, because they are the only body of that incorporation, and the singing men are but inferior members." In other words, as the ballad phrases it, the "velvet beggars" alone were profiting.

## MUSIC MOURNS AND HATH DONE LONG

It complains also that the places of singing men are bestowed "upon Tailors, and Shoemakers, and Tradesmen," that "divers of the said places are bestowed upon their own men, the most of which can only read in the church, and serve their master with a trencher at dinner, to the end that the founder may pay the Dean's or the Prebend's man his wages, and save the hire of a servant in the master's purse"; that deans and canons are living in ease and wealth, while "the poor singing men do live like miserable beggars." It recommended to the King that the statutes of every foundation be examined, and "if the said lands be not employed to the true use and intention of the founder, as the members are sworn to preserve them, the aforesaid oath is violated and broken, and the abuse needeth reformation." So, too, does the ballad appeal to James.

Many Elizabethan ballads attacking and defending music are extant: a number are discussed in my notes on MS. Ashmole 48 in *Modern Language Notes*, XXXIV. (1919), 341. It will be observed that the ballad proceeds along the customary lines in its defence of music: such a defence was always felt to be necessary. Even after the Restoration John Forbes thought it necessary to put an apology in the preface of his *Cantus* :—

See how much the Royall *Psalmist*, Holy *King David* is taken up in singing Praises to his Creator, for you shall seldom meet Him, without an *Instrument* in his Hand, and a *Psalm* in his Mouth: having Dedicated Fifty-three Holy *Meeters* or *Psalms* to his Chief Musician *Ieduthun*, to compose *Musick* to them. . . .

Some of the reasons for learning singing given by William Byrd in 1588 (*Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs*, preface) were :—

- [1] It is a Knowledge easily taught, and quickly learned, where there is a good Master, and an apt Scoller.
- 2 The exercise of singing is delightfull to Nature, & good to preserue the health of Man.
- 3 It doth strengthen all parts of the brest, & doth open the pipes.
- 4 It is a singuler good remedie for a stutting & stamering in the speech.
- 5 The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour and serue God there-with: and the voyce of man is chiefly to be imployed to that ende.

### A songe in praise of musique.

[I]

Sweete musique mournes and hath donne longe—  
these fortie yeares and almost fие—  
God knowes it hath the greater wronge  
by *puritanes* that are alive,  
Whose hautie, proude, disdainfull myndes  
Much fault agaynst poore musique findes.

[Title] musique : MS. throughout has musiuqe.

## SWEET MUSIC MOURNS

[2]

Yet haue they nothinge to replye  
within godes bookes that they canne finde  
Against sweete musique's harmonye,  
but their owne proude, disdainfull myndes :  
They are soe holie, fyne, and pure,  
Noe melodie they canne endure.

[3]

They doe abhorre, as devilles doe all,  
the pleasant noyse of musique's sounde,  
Although kinge *David* and st. *Paule*  
did much commend that art profound ;  
Of sence thereof they haue noe smell,  
Noe more then hath the develles in hell.

[4]

The devilles in noe wise can abyde  
the pleasant noyse of musiques sent,  
As in the booke of kinges is tryde  
by *david* and his Instrument :  
When *David* tooke his harpe to play,  
The spirit from *Saul* vanisht away.

[5]

But marke the sequell of the thinge,  
and where-vpon we doe relye,  
In heaven the blessed saintes doe singe  
before the Throne continuallly :  
“ O holie, holie, lord god,” they say,  
“ Which was, and is, for ever and aye ! ”

[6]

In hell there is the contrarie,—  
continuall sorrow without release,  
[4] 3 kinges : i.e. 1 Samuel xvi., 14-23 ; xix., 9.

## AND HATH DONE LONG

Amongst the dampnèd companie,  
where is weeping, wailinge, and gnashinge teeth :  
All pleasant noyse they doe detest,  
And soe doth euerie hellish beast.

[7]

When that our sauour *Christ* was borne  
in *Bethla[b]em*, that faire Citie,  
To sauе mankind that was forlorne,  
the Angelles songe continuallie.  
Thus saintes and Angelles, in heven aboue,  
And godlie men doe musique loue.

[8]

*Licurgus*, also, you may reade,  
whoe did establishe holsome lawes,  
By him alsoe it was decreeede  
(as manie auntiente wryters knowes),  
He gaue commaund to euerie man  
That noble art to learne and scanne.

[9]

In Churches, alsoe, we may knowe,  
our ancient fathers did alowe  
The vse of songe *cum Organo*  
(which from the Church is taken nowe),  
In skilfull partes where man and Child  
Did praise our lord with voyces myld.

[10]

The Queene's Iniunctions did allowe  
the laudable vse of songe to bee,

[6] 5 noyse : *i.e.* music.

[7] 4 songe: *i.e.* sung.

[8] 1 Licurgus : *i.e.* Lycurgus.

[10] 1 Queene's : *MS.* substitutes for kings.

## SWEET MUSIC MOURNS

Eike to be vsde in Churches now,  
yet shame they not this to denye.  
Let everie man liue by his arte,  
Denye him not his due desert.

[11]

Some velvet beggars, lykewise, they  
haue begde Church landes (poore songmen's right),  
And in their plase doe beare a sway  
in open vew to all men's sight :  
Poore ragged beggars they get smal[l]e,  
For velvet beggars beg vp all.

[12]

O noble kinge, restore againe  
Church landes and liuinges as the[y] were,  
Which did poore songe men well maintaine  
and little Children in the Queere.  
Now skilfull songe is laid asyde,  
Church landes maintaineth nought but prydē.

[13]

I say noe more, god speede the plowe !  
god sauē kinge *James* from treators' bane !  
That poore men may haue ioy enoughe,  
god make him carefull for their gaine,  
And eike godes glorie to advance,  
God sauē his grace from all mischance !

**Finis.**

[10] 4 they : *i.e.* the Puritans.

[12] 1 kinge : *i.e.* James I. ; 4 Queere : *i.e.* choir.

## *Calvary mount is my delight*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 2<sup>v</sup>-3. Written in stanzas of four long lines.

This fluent and most remarkable ballad is the work of a fervent Catholic, probably a priest, who knew only too well the tortures meted out to Catholics in the reign of James I. In a mood of religious fervour and exaltation he professes an eagerness to undergo every punishment—even hanging, bowelling, and quartering—in order to attain the joys of Calvary Mount. Such ballads as this, passed about in MS. or in print, may well have served to stimulate the courage of Catholic Englishmen.

[1]

*Caluarie* mount is my delight,  
a place I loue so well,  
*Calvarie* mount, O that I might  
deserue on thee to dwell ;  
O that I might a pilgrime goe,  
that sacred mount to see ;  
O that I might some seruice doe,  
where *Christ* died once for me !

[2]

O that I had some hole to hyde  
my head, on thee to stay ;  
To vewe the place where *Jesu* dyed  
to wash my sinns away.  
Lyke wordes then would I vtter there  
that *Peter* sometim[e]s did :  
“ Lord, well it is that I am heare,  
let me still heere a-bide ! ”

[2] 6 Peter : see St. Matthew xvii., 4.

## CALVARY MOUNT IS MY DELIGHT

[3]

Let me still heere abyde and be  
and never to remooue ;  
Heere is a place to harbour me,  
to ponder on thy loue ;  
To ponder, lord, vpon thy paines  
that thou for me hast felt,  
To wonder at the firvent loue,  
where with thy hart did melt.

[4]

Loe heere I see thee faintinge goe  
with Crosse which thou hast borne,  
Imbrude with blood from top to toe,  
lyke one that were forlorne ;  
Like one forlorne, alacke for greefe !  
with torm[en]ts over runne,  
And alle, deare lord, to seeke releefe  
for that which man hath done.

[5]

With vile rebukes, with scourges whipt,  
most greeuous to behould,  
And lappèd lyke one naked stript,  
as earst he had fore-tould ;  
His handes and feete, with nailes full stronge,  
were fixèd to the roode ;  
And there he houng three houers longe,  
imbrude with sacred blood ;

[6]

With sacred blood to quench men's wrath  
to god for man's decay,  
And with a pure and sacred bath  
to wash man's sinns a-way.

[5] 3 lappèd = disguised, appearing ; 4 St. Matthew xx., 17-19.

## CALVARY MOUNT IS MY DELIGHT

*Caluarie mounte*, thus would I muse  
if I migh[t] come to thee,  
All earthlie thinges I would refuse,  
    might there my dwelinge bee.

[7]

Might there my dwellinge be, noe foarce  
    nor feare should me remooue,  
To meditate with great remorse  
    vpon my sauiour's loue.  
Noe *herode* nor *herodiane*  
    should cause me thence to flee ;  
Noe *Polat*, *Jew*, nor soldier  
    should mooue me till I dye,

[8]

Nor all the helpe that they would haue  
    from *Caluin's* cu[r]sed crue.  
There would I make my tombe and graue,  
    and never wish for new.  
Noe pursuant I would esteeme,  
    nor craftie catchpole feare ;  
Of gaile nor gailer nothinge deeme,  
    if I might harboure there.

[9]

Noe rope nor cruell tortour then  
    should cause my minde to faile ;  
Nor lewde deuice of wicked men  
    should cause my corage quaile,

[7] 5 *herodiane* : *i.e.* Herodias ; 7 *Polat* : *read* Pilate ; 8 *mooue me* :  
*MS. substitutes for* cause me.

[8] 2 *crue* : *i.e.* crew ; 5 *pursuant* = here specifically a priest-hunter ;  
dozens of such pursuivants were employed by the authorities.

## CALVARY MOUNT IS MY DELIGHT

On racke in *tower* let me be lead,  
    let Joynts at large be stretched ;  
Let me abyde each cruell braid,  
    till blood frome vaines be fetched.

[10]

And if they can devise worse waies  
    to vtter thinges vntrue,  
Let them proceede by all assaies  
    to frame Inventions newe ;  
Let all distresse to me befall  
    to doe my Countrie good ;  
And let the thirst of Tyrantes all  
    be quenchèd in my blood.

[11]

Let me be falslie condemnèd ;  
    let Sherife on me take charge ;  
With bo[w]es and billes let me be led,  
    least I escape at large ;  
Let me from prison passe away  
    on hurdle hard to lye,  
To *Tyburne* drawne without delay  
    in tormentes there to dye.

[12]

Let mee be hang'd and yet, for doubt  
    least I be dead too soone,  
Let there some devillish spirit start out  
    in hast to cut me downe ;  
Let bowells be burnt, let paunch be fryde  
    in fier or I be dead ;  
O *London* bridg, a poule provide,  
    thereon to set my head.

[9] 6 joynts : *MS. originally joyes.*

[11] 4, [12] 2 least : *i.e.* lest.

[12] 6 or = ere.

## CALVARY MOUNT IS MY DELIGHT

[13]

O *London*, let my quarters stand  
vpon thy gates to drye ;  
And let them beare the world in hand  
I did for treason dye ;  
Let cro[w]es and kytes my carkas eate ;  
let ravens their portion hau[e],  
Least afterwardes my frendes intreate  
to lay my corpes in graue.

[14]

Sweete *Jesu*, if it be thy will,  
vnto my plaintes attend :  
Grant g[r]ace I may continue still  
thy seruant to the end ;  
Grant, blessed lord, grant, sauiour sweete,  
grant, *Jesu*, kinge of blisse,  
That in thy loue I liue and dye,  
sweete *Jesu*, grant me this.

**Finis.**

[14] 5-8 These lines form the last stanza of No. 16.

*Amount, my soul, from earth  
awhile*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 3<sup>v</sup>-6<sup>v</sup>. Stanzas 53-55 are written in two-line stanzas so that they can be crowded on the last folio. The margins are closely trimmed.

This unique ballad is a remarkable one. No man knows the glory of the New Jerusalem save he who actually experiences it, says our ardent Catholic poet; yet he manages to give a concrete and detailed account of its unparalleled joys. Into these joys, however, only true Catholics can hope to enter: there is no place for heretics or for those potentates who use Tyburn and the rack in an attempt to root out the true faith. The other ballads in this volume describing Heaven are only slightly Catholic in tone, and were, with slight and judicious excisions, acceptable to Protestants. The present ballad would mortally have offended them.

[1]

Amounte, my soule, from earth awhyle,  
sore vp with wings of loue,  
To see where S[ain]tes and Angelles dwell  
with god in blisse aboue.

[2]

Remember thou a stranger art,  
a wanderinge pilgrime heere,  
A pilgrime heere till thou depart  
to S[ain]tes, thy fellowes, there.

[3]

An exile poore, in earth alone,  
among professèd foes—  
The world, the devill, the flesh, and non[e]  
but such as seeke thy woes.

# AMOUNT, MY SOUL, FROM EARTH AWHILE

[4]

O spouse of *Christ*, why doest thou stay  
to build thy house on sand ?  
The bridgrome comes, the minstrill playes,  
the mariage is at hand.

[5]

A weddinge garment thou must haue, I say  
(I meane a vertuous life),  
For other garmentes are not gay  
for such a prince's wife.

[6]

Therefore, renounce this eart[h]lie pelfe  
a heavenlie race to runne,  
Forsake the world, and frame thy selfe  
to liue as S[ain]tes haue donne.

[7]

Passe over ayre aizar skye  
and thinges that mortall bee,  
Aboue the spheare of heaven to flye,  
if thou these ioyes would see.

[8]

A Citie there renownèd is  
for statlie structure rare,  
A princlie place, adorn'd with blisse,  
for costlie buildinges faire.

[4] i doest : *read* dost.

[5] i garment : *a later insertion in the MS. For the sake of the rhythm omit weddinge in this line.*

[7] i ayre aizar : *i.e. airy azure.*

# AMOUNT, MY SOUL, FROM EARTH AWHILE

[9]

*Hierusalem* the place is cal'd,  
most sumtuos to behould ;  
The place with precious stones is wal'd,  
and streetes are paued with gould.

[10]

The gates with precious pearles are framed,  
there rubies doe abound ;  
The precious pearles that can be namde  
are there in pleantie found.

[11]

Amidst the streetes the well of life  
with goulden stremme doth flowe ;  
Vpon whose bankes the tree of life  
in statelie sort doth growe ;

[12]

Whos[e] pleasant fruites of euerie kind,  
delightinge mortall eies,  
Hard by whose roote there you shall find  
where heauenlie manna lyes.

[13]

The Citie shines with endlesse blisse  
and glorie passinge bright,  
For god himselfe the Lantorne is  
and lampe that giueth light.

[14]

The bodie there of everie one  
is like to Cristale fine,  
And sho[w]es as bright as doth the sunne  
when it most cleare doth shine.

[9] 3 place : *MS. placle.* [10] 3 namde : *MS. substitutes for made.*

# AMOUNT, MY SOUL, FROM EARTH AWHILE

[15]

There thou shalt see the Cherubins  
in glorious state excell,  
There Angelles and the Seraphins  
and soules of saintes doe dwell.

[16]

There *Noe* and all the iust doe dwell,  
there doe the prophets stand ;  
The Patriarkes ould there doe remaine  
with Cepters in their hand.

[17]

There marters and apostles liue,  
there sacred virgins stay ;  
There they doe waite, there they doe giue  
attendance night and day.

[18]

Our Ladie there most heauenlie singes,  
with sweete melodious voyce ;  
The saintes and all Celestiall things  
for ioy of her reioyce.

[19]

Good *Magdalene* hath lefte her mone,  
her sighs and sobes doe cease ;  
And since her teares and plaintes are gone,  
she liues in endlesse peace.

[20]

There thousand thousand Angells bee  
and soules in glorie braue ;  
And everie one doth ioy to see  
the ioy their fellowes haue.

[15] 2 excell : *MS. substitutes for to be.* [16] 1 *Noe* : *i.e. Noah.*  
[19] 2 sighs : *MS. sightes.*

# AMOUNT, MY SOUL, FROM EARTH AWHILE

[21]

The precious pearle the marchant sought,  
with longe and restles toyle,  
Is here to vew ; the ground he bought,  
in this most happie soyle.

[22]

Tenne thousand tounges cannot expound,  
nor Angells' skill indite,  
The passinge pleasures there abounde,  
and ioyes that doe delight.

[23]

Heere all thy faithfull frendes remaine,  
here doe thy parentes dwell,  
Here thou in blisse shall meete againe  
with them thou louedst soe well.

[24]

There all thy good progenitors  
doe watch and wish for thee,  
And thousandes of thine ancestors,  
which thou didest never see.

[25]

O speachles ioy to meete our frends  
and louinge kinsfolke there ;  
And liue in life that never endes  
with them we loued soe deare.

[26]

Noe blisse, noe pleasure there doth want  
that man may wish to haue ;  
Noe ioy nor braue delight [is] scant,  
thou canst devise to craue.

[21] 1 Cf. St. Matthew xxii., 45-46.

[24] 4 didest : *read didst.*

# AMOUNT, MY SOUL, FROM EARTH AWHILE

[27]

If wealth or honour thou desyre,  
or happie daies to see,  
Here nothinge wantes thou wilt require,  
for thou a kinge shalt be.

[28]

Thy cloathinge shale be all of blisse,  
and thou a Cepter beare  
And diademe, that better is  
then earthlie princes weare.

[29]

If thou desyrest daintie cheere,  
or rich or costlie meate,  
The bread and drinke of life are there,  
and foode that Angells eat.

[30]

In agèd yeares if thou request  
to liue with faithfull frendes,  
With saintes and Angells thou shalt rest  
in life that never endes.

[31]

If learning, skill, or wit thou would,  
in booke of life that's there,  
Most plainlie there thou shalt behould  
the thinges thou knowest not heere.

[32]

Or if thou would, by good advice,  
the will of god goe doe,  
Here is the priest and sacrifice,  
the Church and alter, too.

[31] 4 knowest : *read know'st.*

# AMOUNT, MY SOUL, FROM EARTH AWHILE

[33]

Here god himselfe doth heare our plaintes  
and pittieth cristiane cause ;  
Here all his frendes and holie saintes  
be-hould him face to face.

[34]

Here euerie word and godlie thought,  
each greife and great annoy,  
And euerie worke in vertue wrought  
rewarded is with ioy.

[35]

The widdowes myte here [has] rewarde,  
could water wantes not meede,  
For god respectes and hath regard  
to each good worke and deede.

[36]

Noe eye hath seene, nor eare hath h[e]arde,  
noe creatur ever found,  
Nothinge on earth may be compar'd  
to ioyes that there abound.

[37]

The pleasures thou shalt there behould  
were not with treasure bought,  
For gould nor pearles nor siluer sould,  
or thinges that nature wrought.

[38]

Noe value worthie was to buy  
the ioyes are heere to see,  
Till *Christ*, the sonne of god, did dye  
to purchace them for thee.

[33] 2 cause : *read case.*

# AMOUNT, MY SOUL, FROM EARTH AWHILE

[39]

O then what ioyes shall these be deemde,  
how great and passing good,  
Which with noe price would be redeemde,  
but with our sauour's blood ?

[40]

O blisfull ioyes, nothinge there was  
in heauen or earth belowe,  
But *Christ* alone to bring to passe  
that man such ioyes should knowe.

[41]

St. *Paule* that did these secretees see  
could not their pleasures name ;  
Their glorie noe man knowes but hee  
that doth enjoy the same.

[42]

Noe neede is there, noe want of wealth,  
no death nor deadlie paine,  
Where *Christ*, the cause of all our health  
and heauenlie life, doth raigne.

[43]

There thou shalt rest foarth of the reach  
and waies of wicked men,  
Blasphemous tounges and filthie speac[h]e  
shall not annoy thee then.

[44]

Noe threateninge wordes to prison vile  
shall terrifie thy mynd,  
But Angeles sweete and saintes most mild  
will welcome the[e] most kind.

AMOUNT, MY SOUL, FROM EARTH AWHILE

[45]

For noe blasphemers there remaine,  
non[e] that in blood delight,  
Noe vile adulterer there doth raigne,  
noe lewde nor wicked wight ;

[46]

Noe rude nor raillinge heretikes  
that new religions make,  
Noe temperisinge scismatickes  
that *Christ* and Church for-sake ;

[47]

Noe persecutinge potentate  
doth rule and gouerne there ;  
Noe workmaister or pursivant  
hath office there to beare.

[48]

There *tiburne* nothinge hath to doe,  
noe rope nor racke is knowne ;  
Tormenters all and *sathan*, too,  
are fullie over-thrown.

[49]

There triumph over sinne is wonne,  
the devill and death devided,  
The kingdome of the iust begunne,  
and they in glorie placed.

[47] 1 potentate substituted in MS. for protestant. The change is significant—a direct slur at James I.

[49] 4 placed : no rhyme here.

# AMOUNT, MY SOUL, FROM EARTH AWHILE

[50]

Concupiscence is rooted out,  
temptations all doe cease,  
Noe motions of the flesh dare roote  
in thy triumphant peace.

[51]

Nothinge that tastes of wickednesse,  
nothinge defiled with sinne,  
Doth harbour there or hath accesse  
that place to enter in.

[52]

For it was made for purified soules  
before the world was made,  
Where they possesse both crownes and states  
of ioyes that never fade.

[53]

Then, o my soule, take thou thy winges  
and faith of hope and loue,  
And soare alofte to vew the thinges  
prepar'd for thee aboue.

[54]

O happie day when thou shalt leaue  
this flesh those ioyes to see !  
What hart can thinke and once conceiue  
the ioyes remaine for thee ?

[51] 2 defiled : *i.e.* defil'd.

[53] 2 and faith : *read* of faith.

AMOUNT, MY SOUL, FROM EARTH AWHILE

[55]

O mightie god, grant one request  
and boone that I shall craue,  
O lord, my sute is there to rest  
and there my dwellinge haue !

**Finis.**

## *Jerusalem, my happy home*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 36<sup>v</sup>-37<sup>v</sup>. Reprinted from this MS. in *The Month*, September, 1871, III., 232 ff., with no reference to other versions, in John Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, 1907, p. 580, 2nd ed., p. 1656; and in Eleanor M. Brougham's anthology, *Corn from Olde Fieldes*, 1918, pp. 19-24.

Other early versions of this not unjustly celebrated hymn are:—

1. "The zealous Querister's songe of Yorke, in the prayse of heaven, to all faithfull singers and godlye readers in the world. To the Tune of *O man in desperation*," 80 lines, in the *Shirburn Ballads*, pp. 170 ff. This version (S.) differs so widely in order of stanzas, in omission of certain stanzas found in the MS. and in the introduction of additional stanzas, and in phraseology that no attempt is made at a complete collation here, only a very few of the variations being noted.
2. "Another on the same subiect" [i.e. "The description of heauenly Jerusalem"] : cf. the following ballad, No. 25], in *The Song of Mary The Mother of Christ*, 1601, pp. 38-41. This version (A.) consists of 19 four-line stanzas, of which three are identical—i.e. stanza 1 is thrice repeated, evidently as a sort of refrain. In the foot-notes, where elaborate collations are made of the MS. and A., the superiority of the MS. readings (as in stanza 8) will generally be obvious.
3. "The true description of the everlasting ioys of Heaven. To the Tune of, *O man in desperation*," 152 lines, a black-letter ballad in a Bodleian collection (4to Rawlinson, 566, fol. 167) "printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright." This ballad was registered under the title of its first line on December 14, 1624, and has been only partially reprinted,—by the editor of the *Shirburn Ballads* in continuation of his incomplete MS. version. It is an apparently unique copy, but calls for no special attention here.

4. "The Queristers song of yorke in praise of heaven," Addit. MS. 38,599, fols. 133<sup>v</sup>-134<sup>v</sup>. A line of music, preceded by the words "this is the tune," follows the title. This version (F.) consists of 19 eight-line stanzas. It is a contemporary copy of the ballad that was registered for publication in 1624, and is practically identical with the Shirburn and Rawlinson copies. "The Seconde parte" begins with stanza 13, at the point where S. breaks off.

## JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME

I can throw no light on the initials F. B. P., though the *F.* may be an abbreviation for "Father" or the *P.* for "Priest." Various identifications of these initials are proposed in Julian's *Dictionary*; while Gillow (Catholic Record Society's *Publications*, XVI., 421) thinks that the initials should be "J. B. P." that is, "John Brereley, Priest," an alias of Laurence Anderton, S.J. (1575-1643). The tune of *Diana* [and her darlings dear] is evidently equivalent to *O man in desperation*, but neither of these tunes was found by William Chappell (cf. *Popular Music*, II., 770). The ballad is, it hardly need be said, a distinctly Catholic production, and in the printed copy lines 93-98 (stanza 23) were omitted. For Jerusalem ballads in general, consult Philipp Wackernagel's *Das deutsche Kirchenlied, passim*. A comparison should also be made between this ballad and the three other similar ballads printed in this volume.

### A song mad[e] by F. B. P.

To the Tune of *Diana*.

[1]

*Hierusalem, my happie home,*  
when shall I come to thee ?  
When shall my sorrowes haue an end ?  
thy ioyes when shall I see ?

[2]

O happie harbour of the saintes,  
O sweete and pleasant soyle,  
In thee noe sorrow may be founde,  
noe greefe, noe care, noe toyle.

[3]

In thee noe sickenesse may be seene,  
noe hurt, noe ache, noe sore :  
There is noe death nor vglie devill,  
there is life for euermore.

[2] 1 harbour : Citty (*A.*) ; 4 stanza 3 is not in the *Shirburn* copy.  
Stanza 4 precedes stanza 3 in *A.*

[3] 1 seene : found (*A.*) ; 3 In thee there is no dread of death (*A.*) ;  
4 there is : there's (*A.*).

# JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME

[4]

Noe dampishe mist is seene in thee,  
noe could nor darksome night ;  
There everie soule shines as the sunne,  
there god himselfe giues light.

[5]

There lust and lukar cannot dwell,  
there envie beares noe sway ;  
There is noe hunger, heate, nor coulde,  
but pleasure everie way.

[6]

*Hierusalem, Hierusalem,*  
god grant I once may see  
Thy endlesse ioyes, and of the same  
partaker aye to bee.

[7]

Thy wales are made of precious stones ;  
thy bulwarkes, diamondes square ;  
Thy gates are of right Orient pearle,  
exceedinge riche and rare.

[4] 1 There is no dampe nor foggy mist (*A.*) ; 3 soule : Saint (*A.*).  
[5] 1 Stanza 5 is not in *A.* It has instead :—

There is no raine, no sleete, no snow,  
no filth may there be found :  
There is no sorrow, nor no care,  
all ioy doth there abound,

and then repeats stanza 1.

[6] 1 Stanza 6 is not in *A.*

[7] 2 thy streetes paued with golde (*A.*) ; 3 are . . . Orient : are eke  
of precious (*A.*) ; 4 most glorious to beholde (*A.*).

# JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME

[8]

Thy terrettes and thy Pinacles  
with Carbuncles doe shine ;  
Thy verie streetes are paued with gould,  
surpassinge cleare and fine.

[9]

Thy houses are of Ivorie,  
thy windoes Cristale cleare ;  
Thy tyles are mad[e] of beaten gould,—  
O god, that I were there !

[10]

Within thy gates nothinge doeth come  
that is not passinge cleane ;  
Noe spider's web, noe durt, noe dust,  
noe filthe may there be seene.

[11]

Ay my sweete home, *hierusalemē*,  
would god I were in thee ;  
Would god my woes were at an end,  
thy ioyes that I might see !

[12]

Thy saintes are crown'd with glorie great,  
they see god face to face ;  
They triumph still, they still reioyce,  
most happie is their case.

[8] 1 Thy Pinacles and Carbuncles (*A.*) ; 2 Carbuncles : Diamondes (*A.*) ; 3, 4 Thy houses couered are with golde, / most perfect, pure and fine (*A.*).

[9] 1 Stanzas 9-14 are not in *A.* ; 3 And tyles of burnisht bright red gould (*S.*).

[10] 2 passinge cleane : verye cleere (*S.*) ; 3 noe durt . . . dust : noe filthy thinge (*S.*) ; 4 in thee may once appeare (*S.*).

[11] 1-4 not in *S.* [12] 4 *Shirburn* version ends here.

# JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME

[13]

Wee that are heere in banishment  
continuallie doe mourne ;  
We sigh and sobbe, we weepe and weale,  
perpetually we groane.

[14]

Our sweete is mixt with bitter gaule,  
our pleasure is but paine,  
Our ioyes scarce last the lookeing on,  
our sorrowes still remaine ;

[15]

But there they liue in such delight,  
such pleasure, and such play,  
As that to them a thousand yeares  
doth seeme as yeaster-day.

[16]

Thy Viniardes and thy Orchardes are  
most beutifull and faire,  
Full furnishèd with trees and fruites,  
most wonderfull and rare.

[17]

Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes  
continually are greene ;  
There gro[w]es such sweete and pleasant flowers  
as noe where eles are seene.

[14] 4 Stanza 15 comes next to the last stanza in *A.*

[15] 3 That thousand thousand yeares agoe (*A.*).

[16] 1-4 not in *A.*

[17] 3 such : the (*A.*) ; 4 as . . . are : that euer erst was (*A.*).

# JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME

[18]

There is nector and Ambrosia made,  
there is muske and Civette sweete ;  
There manie a faire and daintie drugge  
are troden vnder feete.

[19]

There Cinomon, there sugar, gro[w]es ;  
there narde and balme abound.  
What tounge can tell or hart conceiue  
the ioyes that there are found ?

[19a]

[Thy happy Saints (Ierusalem)  
doe bathe in endlesse blisse :  
None but those blessed soules can tell  
how great thy glory is.]

[20]

Quyt through the streetes with siluer sound  
the flood of life doe flowe ;  
Vpon whose bankes, on everie syde,  
the wood of life doth growe.

[21]

There trees for euermore beare fruite,  
and evermore doe springe ;  
There euermore the Angels sit,  
and evermore doe singe.

[18] 1-4 not in A.

[19] 2 there, Balme springs from the ground (A.).

[19a] 1-4 added from A.

[20] 1 sound : streames (A.) ; 2 doe : *read* does.

[21] 3 Angels : Saints doe (A.).

# JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME

[22]

There *David* standes, with harpe in hand,  
as maister of the Queere.

Tenne thousand times that man were blest  
that might this musique heare.

[23]

Our Ladie singes *magnificat*,  
with tune surpassinge sweete,  
And all the virginns beare their partes,  
sitinge aboue her feete.

[24]

*Te Deum* doth sa[i]nt *Ambrose* singe,  
saint *Augustine* dothe the like ;  
Ould *Simeon* and *Zacharie*  
haue not their songs to seeke.

[25]

There *Magdalene* hath left her mone,  
and cheerefullie doth singe,  
With blessed saintes whose harmonie  
in everie streete doth ringe.

[26]

*Hierusalem*, my happie home,  
would god I were in thee ;  
Would god my woes were at an end,  
thy ioyes that I might see !

**Finis.**

[23] 1-[24] 2 do not appear in the printed (Rawlinson) ballad or in F.

[23] 4 aboue : read about (A.).

[24] 2 dothe : A. omits ; 3 and : and good (A.).

[25] 2 cheerefullie : she likewise (A.).

[26] 2-4 A. omits and here repeats lines [1] 2-4.

## *Jerusalem, thy joys divine*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 39-42<sup>v</sup>. Text reprinted from this MS. in *The Month*, September, 1871, and said to be a translation by Father Henry Walpole,<sup>1</sup> S.J., from St. P. Damian's *Ad perennem vita fontem* (cf. *Dublin Review*, CXXXIII., 354). This editor was unaware that another version (*A.*) of the ballad occurs in *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ . . . With The description of heauenly Ierusalem*, 1601, pp. 30-37, whence it is reprinted in Edward Farr's *Select Poetry of the Reign of Elizabeth*, pp. 427 ff. Nor did he note the gross error in the MS. which makes the first stanza begin with lines 5-8 instead of lines 1-4 (cf. notes on these lines). Version *A.*, called "The description of heauenly Ierusalem," consists of 52 four-line stanzas: the MS. version is twelve lines longer, and affords several readings superior to those of *A.* The chief variations are given in the foot-notes.

This ballad well deserves a place in the present collection not only for the purposes of comparison with the other descriptions of heaven printed herein, but also for its intrinsic merits. As always there is a tendency to make the description so specific as to verge on the ridiculous, but on the whole the picture presented is attractive. Some of the stanzas (5 ff.) remind one of the celebrated passages in Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*.

### *A prisoner's songe.*

My thirstie soule desyres her drought  
at heavenlie fountains to refresh ;  
My prisoned mynd would faine be out  
of chaines and fetters of the flesh.

<sup>1</sup> Lines 5-8 should be here, and lines 1-4 should open the first stanza as in *A.* The arrangement in the MS. destroys the sense. The phrase "The vnder songe" is not in *A.*, and applies only to lines 5-8.

<sup>1</sup> Walpole was executed for religion at York on April 17, 1595. The best account of his life is that of an Anglican minister, Augustus Jessopp, in *One Generation of a Norfolk House*, 1878.

# JERUSALEM, THY JOYS DIVINE

*The under songe.*

[1]

*I*herusalem, thy ioyes devine—  
noe ioyes may be compar'd to them ;  
Noe people blessed soe as thine,  
noe Cittie like *hierusalem*.  
She looketh vp vnto her state  
from whence she downe by sinne did slyde,  
She mournes the more the good she lost,  
for present ill she doeth abyde.

[2]

She longes, from roughe and dangerous seas,  
to harbour in the hauen of blisse,  
Where safelie ancoreth at her ease  
and shore of sweete contentment is.  
From bannishment she more and more  
desyres to see her countrie deare ;  
She sittes and sendes her sighes before ;  
her ioyes and treasures all be there.

[3]

From *Babilon* she would retorne  
vnto her home and towne of peace,  
*Hierusalem*, where ioyes abound,  
continuue still, and never cease.  
There blusteringe winter never blowes,  
nor summer's parchinge heate doth harme.  
It never freeses there nor snowes ;  
the weather euer temperate warme.

[1] 2 may : to (A.) ; 5 She : *i.e.* My thirstie soule of *line* 1 ; her : the (A.) ; 8 ill : euill (A.) ; doeth : *i.e.* doth.

[2] 3 ancoreth : anchor (A.).

# JERUSALEM, THY JOYS DIVINE

[4]

The trees doe blossom, bud, and beare,  
    the birdes doe ever chirpinge singe,  
The fruit is mellow all the yeare,  
    they haue an euerlastinge springe ;  
The pleasant gardens ever keepe  
    their hearbes and flowers, fresh and greene ;  
All sortes of pleasant, daintie fruities  
    at all times there are to be seene.

[5]

The lillie white, the ruddie rose,  
    the crimsone and carnation flowers,  
Be wattered there with honie dewes  
    and heavenlie droppes of goulden showers.  
Pome-grannat (prince of fruit), the peach,  
    the daintie date, and pleasant figge,  
The almond, muscadell, and grape,  
    exceedinge good and wonderous bigge ;

[6]

The lemmond, Orange, medler, Quince,  
    the apricocke, and *Indie* spice,  
The Cherrie, warden, plumbe, and peare,—  
    more sortes then were in Paradice,—  
The fruite more eisome, toothsome, farre  
    then that which grew on *Adames* tree ;  
With whose delightes assailèd were,  
    and both suppressèd, *Eaue* and *hee*.

[4] 2 chirpinge : chirpe and (A.) ; 7 pleasant . . . fruities : dainty plants and fruities (A.).

[6] 2 Indie : Indian (A.) ; 5 With fruite more tooth-some, eye-some, faire (A.) ; 6 Adames : *i.e.* Adam's ; 8 and both suppressèd : Wher-with suppris'd were (A.) ; Eaue : *i.e.* Eve.

## JERUSALEM, THY JOYS DIVINE

[7]

The swellinge, Odoriferous balme  
most sweetely there doth sweate and droppe;  
The fruitfull and victorious palme  
layes out her mountie loftie tooppe;  
The river wine most pleasant flowes,  
more pleasant then the honie combe,  
Vpon whose bankes the sugar growes,  
enclos'd in reedes of Cinomond.

[8]

The wales of Jasper stone be built,  
most rich and faire that ever was;  
The streetes and houses paued and guilt  
with gould more cleare then Christall glasse.  
Her gates in equall distance bee,  
and eac[h]e a glisteringe margerite,  
Which commers-in farre of[f] may see,—  
a gladsome and a glorious sight.

[9]

Her inward Chambers of Delight  
be decte with pearle and precious stone;  
The Doares and posternes all be white,  
of wrought and burnisht Ivorie bone,  
Her sunne doth never eclips nor cloud,  
her moone doth never there wax wanne;  
The lambe with lighte hath her endowde,  
whose glorie pen cannot explane.

[10]

The glorious saintes there dwellers bee,  
in number more then man can thinke,

[7] 4 mountie . . . tooppe : lofty mounting top (A.).

[9] 1 of : and (A.) ; 5 eclips : Clipse (A.) ; 6 there wax : wax nor (A.) ; 7 endowde : endued (A.).

[10] 1 there : her (A.).

## JERUSALEM, THY JOYS DIVINE

Soe manie in a companie  
as loue in likelinesse doth thinke.  
The starrs, in brightnesse, they doe passe ;  
in swiftnesse, arrowes frome a bo[w]e ;  
In strength and feircenesse, steele and brasse ;  
in lightnesse, fire ; in whitenesse, snowe.

[11]

Their cloathinge is more softe then silke,  
with guirdles guirt of beaten gould ;  
They in their handes (more white then milke),  
of Palme triumphant, branches hould ;  
Their faces, shininge like the sunne,  
shoote out their gladsome, glorious beames ;  
The feild is fought, the battell woone,  
their heades be crown'd with diademes.

[12]

Rewarde, as merit, different is ;  
distinct, their Joy and happinesse ;  
But each, in Joy of others' blis,  
doth as his owne the same possesse :  
Soe each in glorie doth abounde,  
and all their glories doe excell ;  
But where as all to each redownd,  
woe canne th' exceeding glorie tell ?

[13]

Triumphant marters, you may heare  
recount their dangers, which doe cease.  
And noble Citicens ever weare  
their happie gownes of ioy and peace.

[10] 4 in . . . thinke : in likenes doth them linke (A.) ; 5 doe passe : surpassse (A.) ; 7 and feircenesse : in firmnes (A.).

[11] 1 is : are (A.) ; 3 more, then : as, as (A.) ; 6 out : forth (A.).

[12] 1 merit : vertue (A.).

[13] 1 marters : warriours (A.) ; 3 ever weare : euery where (A.) ; 4 gownes : gaines (A.).

## JERUSALEM, THY JOYS DIVINE

There learnèd clarkes, with sharpened wittes,  
their maker's wonderous workes doe tell.  
The Judges graue on benc[h]e doe sitte,  
to Judge the tribes of *Israell*.

[14]

The glorious courtiers ever there  
attend on person of their kinge,  
With Angells, ioynèd in a Queere,  
melodious himmes of praises singe.  
The virginne chast, in lillie white,  
the marteres clad in scarlet red,  
The holie fathers which did write,  
weare Lawrell garelandas on their heads.

[15]

Each Confessèr a goulden crowne,  
adorn'd with pearle and precious stone,  
Th' apostles (pearles in renowne)  
like princes sit in regall throne ;  
Queene mother, virgine Iminent,—  
then saintes and Angels more devine,—  
Like sunne amids the firmament,  
aboue the planetes all doth shine.

[16]

The King, that heavenlie pallace rules,  
dothe beare vpon his goulden sheld  
A crosse in signe of triumph,—gules  
erected in a vardiant feild.  
His glorie saith as doeth behooue  
him in his manhood for to take,

[14] 4 himmes of praises : praise of hymmes to (A.) ; 5-8—[15] 1-4  
are not in A.

[15] 3 pearles : *i.e.* peerless.

[16] 1 that : *i.e.* who that ; 4 vardiant : *i.e.* verdant (A.) ; 5 saith :  
read such (A.).

## JERUSALEM, THY JOYS DIVINE

Whose godhead earth, and heauen aboue,  
and all that dwell therein did make.

[17]

Lyke frendes, all partners as in blis  
with *Christ*, their lord and maister deare ;  
Lyke spouses, they the brydgroome kis,  
whoe feasteth them with heauenlie cheere :  
With tree of life and manna sweete,  
which, tasted, doth such pleasure bringe  
As non[e] to Judge thereof be meete  
but such as banquet with the kinge.

[18]

With Cherubims their wings they mooue  
and mount in contemplation highe ;  
With Seraphims the[y] burne in loue,  
the beames of glorie be soe nigh.  
The virgin's Children deare they bee,  
her louinge sonne for to imbrace,  
And *Jesus* his brethren, for to see  
his heavenlie father's glorious face.

[19]

O sweete aspecte, vision of peace,  
happie regard, and heauenlie sight !  
O en[d]les ioy without surcease,  
perpetuall day which hath noe night !  
O well and wale, fountaine of life,  
offspringe of everlastinge blis,  
Eternall sunne, resplendant light,  
and eminent cause of all that is !

[17] 1 as : *read* are (A.) ; 6 tasted, such : taste, such a (A.) ; 8 such as : they which (A.).

[18] 5-8 not in A. ; 7 *Jesus* his : *i.e.* *Jesus's*.

[19] 5 and wale : of weale (A.) ; 6 offspring : a spring (A.).

## JERUSALEM, THY JOYS DIVINE

[20]

Riuer of pleasure, sea of delight,  
garden of glorie ever greene !  
O glorious glasse and mirror bright,  
wherein all truth is euer seene !  
O princlie palace, royall court,  
monarchall seate, imperiall throne,  
Where kinge of kinges and soueraigne lord  
for ever ruleth all alone,—

[21]

Where all the glorious saintes doe see  
the secretes of the deitie,—  
The godhead and, in persons three,  
the super-blessèd trinitie :  
The depth of wisdome most profounde,  
all puisant, high sublimitie,  
The breadth of loue, without all bound,  
in endlesse longe eternitie.

[22]

The heauie earth belowe by kynd  
aboue ascendes the mountinge fier,  
Be this the Center of my mynd  
and loftie speare of her desyre !  
The Chasèd deare doe take the soyle,  
the tyrèd hart the thicke and wood ;  
Be this the comfort of my toyle,  
my refuge, hope, and soueraigne good.

[23]

The marchant cutes the seas for gaine,  
the soldier serues for his renowne,

[20] 4 euer : clearely (A.).

[21] 3 and : one (A.).

[22] 4 speare : *i.e.* sphere ; 6 thicke : thickes (A.).

[23] 1 cutes : *i.e.* cuts ; 2 serues for : serueth (A.).

## JERUSALEM, THY JOYS DIVINE

The tilman plowes the ground for graine,—  
    be this my ioy and lastinge crowne !  
The falkener seekes to see a flight,  
    the hunter beates to see his gamme,—  
Longe thou, my soule, to see that sight,  
    and labor to enjoy the same.

[24]

Noe houre without some one delight  
    which he endevours to attaine,—  
Seeke thou, my soule, both day and night  
    this one, which euer shall remaine :  
This one containes all pleasure true ;  
    all other pleasures are but vaine,  
Bid thou the rest, my soule, adew,  
    and seeke alone this one to gaine.

[25]

Goe count the grasse vpon the ground,  
    or sandes that be vpon the shoare,  
And when you haue the number found,  
    the ioyes thereof be manie more.  
More thousand, thousand yeares they last  
    and lodge within the happie minde,  
And when soe manie yeares be past,  
    yet more and more bee still behind.

[26]

Far more they be then we can weene,  
    they doe our Judgment much excell ;  
Noe eare hath hard nor eie hath seene,  
    noe pen can wryte, noe toungue can tell.

[23] 6 see his : view the (A.).

[24] 1 houre : one (A.).

[25] 1 Goe : to (A.) ; 4 thereof : heereof (A.).

## JERUSALEM, THY JOYS DIVINE

An Angell's tonge cannot recyte  
the endlesse ioyes of heauenlie blis,  
Which, beinge whollie infinite,  
behond all speach and wrytinge is.

[27]

We can imagine but a shade,—  
it never entred into thought  
What ioy he is enioyn'd that made  
all ioy, and them that ioy, of nought.  
My soule cannot the ioyes contayne,—  
let her, lord, enter into them,  
For euer with thee to remayne,  
within thy towne *hierusalem*.

**Finis.**

[27] 3 What ioyes he hath enioyed, that made (A.).

*If England will take heed*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 56<sup>v</sup>-58. This curious ballad, with its slurs at "the Romish rout," "popish tyrants," and "prateing Papists," affords a striking contrast to the ballads from Additional MS. 15,225.

In 1560 the Spanish Ambassador wrote to Philip II.: "Two thousand families of Flemish Protestants are established in England," and by 1570 Flemings had "crowded across the Channel in tens of thousands" (Froude's *History*, 1870, VII., 202; X., 106). The ballad was written about 1570—apparently its author refers to the Northern Rebellion of 1569 in the last stanza—and reproaches those Englishmen who objected to the influx of oppressed Protestants as if these unfortunate refugees came "to make things dear and vanish wealth away." The ballad, then, has some historical value. Notice the internal rhyme in the fifth line of each stanza.

God doth blesse this realme for the  
receyving of straungers being persecuted  
for the gospell, although some do repine  
therat.

[1]

If *England* will take heede,  
as cause ther is indeede,  
Then let them lo[o]k about,  
and wede abuses out.  
For if they range, the state will change  
from weale to wo, no doubt.

[2]

It is not as some deeme,  
which by their carping seme

## IF ENGLAND WILL TAKE HEED

Pore straungers to invay,  
as all the matter laye—  
That they be here to make thinges deare  
and banishe wealth away.

[3]

Theise men, as may apeare,  
came never yet so neare  
The scripture to discerne ;  
wherin we ought to learne  
With those to beare that strangers are—  
their stomakes are to[o] sterne.

[4]

It semes well by their hast  
in tyme of turmoyles past,  
Ye lovde your ease and slepe  
with house and landes to keepe ;  
Else would not you pore strangers now  
dispise, that succor seeke.

[5]

If they had bene exilde,  
as others were turmoylde,  
And so had learnde to knowe  
what kindenesse suche did showe,  
As straungers are to straungers were  
suche blastes they would not blowe.

[6]

We would as well as theise  
that god and prince may please,  
This *englishe* yle to guyde  
and for the same provyde ;  
As it may gaine a wealthfull raign  
with all good thinges besyde.

[2] 3 invay = inveigh ; 4 all : read if.

# IF ENGLAND WILL TAKE HEED

[7]

And eke we wishe also  
    that suche as come and goe  
From forraine realmes about  
    may well be syfted out :  
If sound they be, and hither fle,  
    to voyde the *romishe* route.

[8]

And suche as be not found  
    sincerely bent and sound,  
But make it their pretence  
    and have their secrete sence,  
For game to fyshe, to theise we wishe  
    let them be banished hence.

[9]

Howbeit suche straungers poore,  
    as we have bene to fore,  
That fle the bloudy trayne,  
    where *popishe* tirantes raygne,—  
Let vs no wise such gestes despise,  
    but well them entartayne.

[10]

Thou shalt not be the worse,  
    o *england*, if thou nourse  
Theise exiles come of late  
    (What so theise *papistes* prate ?),  
Who, to retaine their *christ*, are faine  
    to chose this banisht state.

[11]

But god with good successe  
    in mercy shall the[e] blesse ;

## IF ENGLAND WILL TAKE HEED

And make thy fruites abound,  
thy cattell, and thy ground,  
And corne by heape shall force a cheap,  
if thou in fayth be sound.

[12]

And eke if thou repent  
thy synne and tyme mispent,  
And lyve as god doth will  
in his apointed still,  
Then god, in love, that raignes above  
shall the[e] defend from ill.

[13]

As for our noble Quene  
in trouble she hath bene  
For truth, and therfore nowe  
poore straungers doth alowe  
A quyet state, thoughe brablers prat,  
they wot not why nor howe.

**Finis.**

[11] 5 heape = a definite measure, cheap = a bargain.

[13] 1 Quene : *i.e.* Elizabeth ; 2 Possibly an allusion to her imprisonment by Queen Mary, or to the Catholic Rising of 1569 ; but only a general reference to religious disturbances may be intended.

*A happy wind those locusts hence  
doth blow*

From a unique broadside in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London (Lemon's *Catalogue of Broadsides*, p. 67) : printed in white-letter type in four columns, with one wood-cut showing the four personages, Truth, Time, Popery, and Politic.

On May 6, 1624, James I. issued *A Proclamation charging all Iesuites, Seminaries, &c., to depart the Land*, which recites that the King "doth by this his Proclamation strictly charge and command all Iesuites, Seminary Priests, and all others that haue taken Orders by any authority deriuied from the Sea [sic] of *Rome*, now resident, or being within this His Maiesties Realme of *England*, or the Dominion of *Wales*, That they, and euery one of them, doe before the fourteenth day of Iune next ensuing the date hereof, make their repaire to some of His Maiesties Ports within the said Realme or Dominion, and from thence to Transport themselues out of the same, with the first opportunitie of Winde and Weather, into some forreine parts beyond the Sea, and neuer after to returne into this Realme." Those found in England or Wales after June 14 "shall vndergoe the vttermost seuerity and punishment, which by the Lawes, in that behalfe made, can bee inflicted vpon them." (The copy of this proclamation in the British Museum has the press-mark C.83.k.1/3.) Line 88 shows that the broadside was printed sometime between May 6 and June 14, 1624. Earlier proclamations to this same effect had been issued by James I. in February, 1604; June, 1606, and June, 1610.

**The Travels of Time:  
Loaden with Popish Trumperies:  
from Great Britaine to Rome.**

**With**  
**A Dialogue betwixt Time and Truth, Popery and Policy:**  
**each of them declaring what seruice they haue done**  
**to their Masters.**

# THOSE LOCUSTS HENCE DOTH BLOW

## TIME.

A Happy winde those *Locusts* hence doth blow  
That would our Church and Common-wealth o'rethrowe;  
Who all (so ill) did play their parts so well,  
Stout *Actors* and true *Factors* vnto Hell,  
Men's soules and hearts from God and King to steale,  
*Cum Priuilegio*, vnder Hel's great Seale ;  
That true *Religion* (to whom all must stoope),  
Like [a] Decaying *Tree*, did seeme to droope,  
*Rome*'s caterpillers did so multiply,  
And in her boughes and branches lurking lye,  
That all true hearts that saw how thicke they swarm'd  
Were (God be thanked) much more fear'd then harm'd.  
Yet no conniuence or no toleration  
Inferr'd a feare of any alteration ;  
But when their Insolence was at the height,  
Then topsie turuy downe it tumbled streight.  
When TIME's Great Maker (the most high ETERNAL)  
In mercy lookèd from his Throne supernall,  
And saw the *Euils* which began to grow  
In his deare Vine, here Militant below,  
HE to my Daughter TRVTH gaue straight command  
That SHEE those dang'rous ERRORS should withstand.  
Then vp I tooke vpon my agèd Backe  
This load of *Vanitie*, this *Pedler's packe*,  
This *Trunke* of Trash, and *Romish Trumperies*,  
Deluding showes, infernall forgeries.  
This Burden backe to *Rome* I'le beare againe  
From thence it came, there let it still remaine.

## TRVTH.

Deare Father, though I seem'd asleepe a while,  
'Twas but to note their Insolence and Guile,  
Their vndermining trickes, their iugling shifts,  
Their Practice, politicke, and deuillish drifts ;  
Whilst vnder shadowes and meere showes of TRVTH,  
They sought to blinde and coozen age and youth,

## A HAPPY WIND

Which my Great Master, God Omnipotent,  
Foresaw ; and, seeing, timely did preuent.  
The Sunne-Beames of his Gospell he displayes,  
Whose glorious lights (eternall, piercing Rayes)  
Shines with such burning heate through TRVTH's bright  
Glasse

That errors are consum'd like withered grasse.  
But say, old Father TIME, what's that, I pray,  
Which on your backe you beare so swift away ?

## TIME.

Beloued Daughter, I haue said before  
It is the Figure of the purple *Whore*,  
Which, like a fugitiue, I beare with shame  
From Tything vnto Tything, whence she came.  
But what is Hee that followes thee behinde,  
Yet to ore-take thee seemes no way inclin'd ?

## TRVTH.

It is a trusty, seruiceable *Don*,—  
A Vassall to the Beast of *Babylon*,—  
Who doth his best and worst, where he doth come,  
To make all Kingdomes subiect vnto *Rome*.  
He followes TRVTH, but 'tis farre off you see ;  
He neuer meanes to lay true hold on MEE.  
Yet with my Robes himselfe doth oft disguise,  
And make the simple swallow downe his lyes.  
Indeed hee's but a Furie in man's shape,  
His name is *Politick*, Religion's Ape.  
And, I perceiue, his minde he faine would breake  
To your sweet Load ; Harke, he beginnes to speake.

## POLITICK.

Say, wherefore are you hence in poste thus riding ?

## THOSE LOCUSTS HENCE DOTH BLOW

### POPERY.

To *Rome* againe, for here is no abiding ;  
Our labour's lost, my deare adopted Sonne,  
And all that we haue done is quite vndone.  
The things we thought more secret then the night,  
TIME and his Daughter TRVTH hath brought to light.

### POLITICK.

Al times and seasons I with care haue watcht,  
And sate on *Egges*, in hope they would be hatcht ;  
Which, had they taken life, had been a brood  
Of Cockatrices (for our Gen'rall good).  
They were my scrues, my engins, and my trickes,  
Surpassing Machiuilian Politicks.  
Oh had they come to haue a happy birth,  
'T had beene an vniuersall day of mirth ;  
O[u]r great Cause Catholike had beene aduanc'd,  
And all our enemies discountenanc'd.  
Then came a *Parliament*, whose weighty stroake,  
Found out my Nest, and all my Egges *they* broke.  
Thus (*Father*) all our paines and labour's lost,  
And you and I must needs depart this Coast.  
The Catholikes of vs are growne suspitious—  
Our Iesuit-Priests haue beene so auaritious,  
And with such holinesse haue pick'd their purse,  
Which being spyde, our cause is much the worse ;  
And thus old TIME and TRVTH hath giuen such light  
That Catholikes themselues distaste vs quite.  
Then let's be iogging, here's no staying here,  
The fourteenth day of Iune is full of feare,  
For then a Proclamation doth take force,  
To Hang vs all. *Pray God it prove no worse.*

### TRVTH.

This sweet Discourse exceeding pleasing was,  
Prais'd be the GOD of TRVTH that brings to passe

## A HAPPY WIND

These wondrous things for his beloued VINE,  
Which makes *her* Militant on Earth to shine,  
And by his mercy here such Grace is giu'n  
That shee shall shine Triumphant in Heau'n.

### TIME.

And TIME ascribes all praise and thankes therefore  
Vnto his Glorious Name for euermore.

[**Finis.**]

## *Famous Brittany, give thanks*

Reprinted from a unique black-letter broadside in the Pepys Collection, I., 60. Part I. is printed in three columns, Part II. in two, each separated by a heavy rule. There are three good wood-cuts. The margins are badly torn : in stanza 2 it has been necessary to fill in the gaps more or less by guess.

This ballad has the distinction of being the earliest work extant by Martin Parker, that prince of ballad-mongers. Though not dated or entered in the Stationers' Registers, it was printed shortly after the Proclamation against Jesuits and seminary priests issued by James I. on May 6, 1624. Parker here appears in no very pleasant light, but it is not to be expected that a mere ballad-writer should be more tolerant and charitable than "the patterne of pietie," James I., whom he so devotedly admired. There is a brief sketch of Parker in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and a more elaborate sketch by the present writer in *Modern Philology*, XVI. (1919), 449-474.

The celebrated printer, John Trundle, was noted for his ballads even before 1600, as readers of Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour* will remember. No other ballad of Parker's came, I believe, from his press ; but the widow Trundle, later on, not infrequently published the work of M. P.

For the tune, *Room for Cuckolds*, see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I., 322.

A Scourge for the POPPE,  
Satyrically scourging the itching sides of his  
obstinate Brood in ENGLAND.

To the Tune of *Roome fir, etc.*

[1]

Famous *Brittany*,  
Giue thankes to God on high  
Who hath deliuered thee  
from Popish fictions.

## FAMOUS BRITTANY, GIVE THANKS

Thy Religion free  
With God's Word doth agree,  
While *Rome*'s false doctrine  
    imply contradictions.  
With subtil intrusion,  
They sought Truthe's confusion ;  
I trust the conclusion  
    will frustrate their hope.  
Our King doth defy them,  
Our Commons descry them,  
'Tis fit they should hye them  
    away to the Pope.

[2]

Where are the Iesuites  
That late were so arrogant ?  
That they would needs  
    take vpon them to teach vs,  
In euery corner  
Seduceing the ignorant ;  
But now I hope they  
    no more shall ore-reach vs.  
They are best be packing  
(Their power is slacking),  
Unlesse they loue cracking  
    [th]eir necks in a rope.  
[Now] Truth's manifested,  
[Religion's unm]olested,  
[For we have pro]tested  
    [against the fals]e Pope.

[3]

Long haue they looked  
To get toleration,  
But God kept the heart  
    of our King in his Hand ;

[1] 8 imply : *read* implies.

## FAMOUS BRITTANY, GIVE THANKS

That would haue wrought  
Our Truth's extirpation,  
If they had diuulgèd  
    their lyes through the Land.  
But now 'tis otherwise :  
All popish trumperies,  
With faignèd forgeries,  
    shall haue no scope ;  
Our Laws will preuent them,  
And shrewdly torment them,  
There's none to content them  
    so soone as the Pope.

[4]

You fond Papists  
That late were seducèd,  
In time be resoluèd  
    to make recantation,  
That your poore soules may  
Againe be reducèd  
Unto his blest Gospell  
    who bought your saluation.  
Shake hands and bid adue  
To that deceitfull crue ;  
What pittie 'tis that you  
    in blindnesse grope ;  
Make haste and come from thence,  
Submit for your offen[ce],  
Put no more consider[ence],  
    in the false Pope.

[5]

Now we shall haue  
No secret Assemblies,  
Nor meeting houses  
    to celebrate Masse ;

[3] 7 diuulgèd : *i.e.* divulgèd.

## FAMOUS BRITTANY, GIVE THANKS

Now the Iesuit  
With feare made to tremble is,  
To thinke what strange euent  
will come to passe.  
This great vexation,  
Beyond expectation,  
A strange alteration  
hath bred in their hope ;  
They Arguments framèd  
And priuiledge claimèd,  
But now they are tamèd,  
and fly to the Pope.

[6]

All Prófessors true  
Lately were sore afraid,  
For feare the Papists would  
get some permission  
To haue free vse of their  
Seditious, lying trade ;  
But now, I hope,  
there's no cause of suspicio[n].  
Our Parliament Royall  
Will giue them deniall,  
A meanes to destroy all  
their causes of hope ;  
Our King will requit th[em].  
And worthily fit them,  
Their best waie's to [flit them]  
with speed to the [Pope].

# FAMOUS BRITTANY, GIVE THANKS

## The second part.

To the same tune.

[7]

Farewell, Masse-mongers,  
With all your iuggling tricks ;  
Your puppet plaies will not  
here be allow'd.  
Haue me commended  
Unto your great Pontifex,  
Tell him Saint *Peter*  
was neuer so proud ;  
And say 'tis needfull,  
That he should be heedfull,  
Lest God's Judgements dreadfull  
do light on his Cope.  
*Dominic* nor *Francis*,  
Whom *Rome* so aduances,  
Cannot from mischances  
secure the proud Pope.

[8]

Our good King is  
The patterne of pietie,  
And well deserueth  
his Stile, Faith's Defender.  
He, like a Shepheard,  
Ordained by the Deity,  
His Flocks most safely  
will nourish and tender.  
The Pope he excludeth :  
Though oft he intrudeth,  
Yet, like zealous *Iudeth*,  
his head he will crop ;

[8] i King : *i.e.* James I. ; ii *Iudeth* : *i.e.* Judith, the apocryphal heroine.

## FAMOUS BRITTANY, GIVE THANKS

Like good *Hezekias*  
And feruent *Iosias*,  
He serues the *Messias*,  
and hateth the Pope.

[9]

Then, Prófessors true,  
Plucke vp a courage good,  
Feare the Lord truely,  
    dread not your foes ;  
Keepe your faith still pure,  
And doe not spare your bloud,  
Let not the Papists  
    delude you with showes.  
Giue no permission  
To *Rome*'s superstition,  
Upon no condition  
    of promise or hope ;  
Let due execution  
And stout resolution  
Expell all pollution  
    that springs from the Pope.

[10]

That we may effect  
What we desire to see,  
Let vs to God direct  
    our supplications  
For our dread Soueraigne ;  
Under whose Maiestie  
We doe enioy the true  
    meanes of Saluation ;  
Giue him strength to subdue  
*Antichrist* and his crue ;  
With zeale Prince *Charles* endu[e],  
    our second hope ;

## FAMOUS BRITTANY, GIVE THANKS

Good Lord, be thou present  
In our high Parliament  
That none may giue consent  
to loue the Pope.

**finis.**

*Per me, Martin Parker.*

London : printed for *John Trun[dle]*  
and are to be sold at his Shop  
in *Smithfield.*

*Who would not be a cuckold*

Harleian MS. 3910, fols. 41<sup>v</sup>-42. This ballad, wholly unobjectionable in its phrasing, belongs to the reign of James I., and is worth including here not only because of its tone of genuine indignation, but because its slurs at Bishops and Catholics give it a real connection with many of the other ballads in this collection. The measure, too, is attractive.

[1]

Whoe would not be a Cuckold,  
To haue a hansom wife ?  
Whoe would not be a wittold,  
To lead a merry life ?

Though many do disdayne it,  
And scorne to haue the name,  
Yet others intertayne it,  
And neuer blush for shame.

[2]

The good-wife, like a Peacock,  
She getts in braue attyre ;  
The good-man, like a Meacock,  
Sitts smoaking ore the fyre :

Hee neuer dares reprooue her,  
But letts her haue her will ;  
Nor cares how many loue her,  
So shee the purse do fille.

[3]

Some men attayne to Maces,  
Through bounty of their Dames,

[2] 3 Meacock an effeminate and cowardly man.

## WHO WOULD NOT BE A CUCKOLD

And couer all Disgraces,  
Yf well they playe their games ;  
But when the sole comanding  
Emongst the females fall,  
For want of vnderstanding  
They comenly marre all.

[4]

Nor doth alone the Citty  
Such præsidents afford :  
In Courte, the more the pitty,  
Some Ladies playe the lorde :  
And then to be in fashion  
Shee turnes Catholicall,—  
O vile abhomynation,  
The pope can pardon all !

[5]

Are women thus devoted  
To levities by kinde ?  
Or are the men so doted  
To see and yet be blynde ?  
But proffitt and promotion  
The worlde do over rule,  
And counterfett Devotion  
Can make the wise a foole.

[*Finis.*]

[4] 2 præsidents : *i.e.* precedents.

## *Jesus, my loving spouse*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 7-7<sup>v</sup>. Written in double columns. The title is taken from the only other copy known: that in the *Shirburn Ballads*, pp. 84 ff. The present version is, on the whole, superior to the Shirburn copy (S.), and is one stanza longer. The chief variations between the two are cited in the foot-notes. The ballad was entered in the Stationers' Registers (Arber's *Transcript*, I., 380) in 1568-69 as "A tru invocation of God in the name of Christe Jesus."

For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, II., 517.

[The sinner, dispisinge the world and  
all earthly vanities, reposeth his whole  
confidence in his beloved Saviour, Jesus  
Christ.

To the Tune of *Dainty, come thow to mee.*]

[1]

Jesus, my louing spouse,  
eternall veritie,  
Perfect guide of my soule,  
way to eternitie,—  
Strengthen me with thy grace,  
from thee Ile never flee,  
Let them all say what they will,  
*Jesu, come thou to me.*

[2]

Poore men seeke after wealth ;  
blind men seeke libertie ;

[2] 2 blind : bond (S.).

## JESUS, MY LOVING SPOUSE

Crazed corpses cry for health ;  
all seeke prosperetie ;  
I seeke nothinge but *Christ*,  
he alone pleaseth mee ;  
Let them all say what they will,  
*Jesu, come thou to mee.*

[3]

Some wearie out themselues  
in waies of vanitie ;  
Some followe painted flees  
in feeldes of miserie ;  
Some, in the mouthes of men,  
place their felicitie ;—  
Such tryfles I contemne,  
*Jesus, for loue of thee.*

[4]

Feruent loue longeth sore  
his ladies face to see ;  
Discarded courtiers seeke  
in princes' grace to be ;  
Noe want nor woe I feele,  
whilst I doe inioy thee.  
Let them all say what they will,  
*Jesu, come thou to mee.*

[5]

Some passe through surginge seas,  
in daylie jeopardie ;  
Hazardinge life and limme,  
to bee inricht thereby ;

[2] 3 crazed corpses : *read craz'd corpses* ; 6 he alone : *read alone he.*

[3] 3 flees : *i.e.* flies, trifles. [4] 1 Stanza 4 follows stanza 5 in S. ; 3 seeke : not in S. ; 6 while I remane with thee (S.).

## JESUS, MY LOVING SPOUSE

In toyle at home, therefore,  
I, by possessinge thee,  
Haue all they haue and more.  
*Jesu, come thou to mee.*

[6]

What can this wretched world  
(repleat with miserie)  
Yeald to delight my soule  
(made for eternitie)?  
All is vaine, all is fraile,  
all that compar'd to thee,  
All earthlie thinges doe faile.  
*Jesus, come thou to mee.*

[7]

All that hart can conceiue,  
eares can heare, eies can see,—  
All and more I posses,  
sweete *Jesus Christ*, by thee ;  
Heauen and earth—all therein—  
life and lime thou giuest mee ;  
Haue I not then cause to singe,  
*Jesu, come thou to mee ?*

[8]

If pleasure mooue my mynde,  
power, or nobillitie,  
All this in thee I fynd,—  
strenght and agilltie,  
Wisdome, wit, bewtie, wealth,  
peace, and all sanc[ti]tie,  
Perfecte health of my soule.  
*Jesu, come thou to mee.*

[5] 5 In : some (S.). [7] 2 Read eares heare or eies can see.  
[8] 4 strenght : i.e. strength ; 6 peace, and felicity (S.).

## JESUS, MY LOVING SPOUSE

[9]

Though the world tempt me sore,  
    though the flesh trouble me,  
Tho the devill would devoure,  
    my refuge is to thee ;  
Though heaven and earth doe faile,  
    tho all perplexèd bee,  
Thou art and euer shall  
    *my cheefest comfort bee.*

[10]

Thou art my sauiour sweete,  
    foode and delight to mee,  
A medicine most sweete  
    to eich infirmitie ;  
To my tast, honnie sweete ;  
    to my eare, melodie ;  
Perfecte guyde to my feete ;  
    *to my hart, Jubelie.*

[11]

Not my will, sauiour myne,  
    but thine performèd bee.  
All thinges I count as dung,  
    Jesu, for loue of thee.  
Pleasure, pompe, all delight,—  
    that I may blessed bee,—  
I doe abandon quyte,  
    *Jesu, for loue of thee.*

[12]

If I faile for thy sake  
    in seas of miserie,  
Noe account thereof I make,  
    soe thou abyde with me.

[10] 2 to : MS. originally vnto ; 3 sweete : read meete (S.).  
[12] 1 Stanza 12 not in S.

## JESUS, MY LOVING SPOUSE

Thou alone hast my hart  
in all extremitie,  
From thee Ile never part,  
*Jesu, come thou to mee.*

[13]

Hauinge thee, tho I dye,  
I liue most ioyfullie ;  
Wantinge thee, thoe I liue,  
such life is death to me ;  
Thou art my blisse, my ioy,  
my soules felicitie,  
Cheefe succour in annoy,  
*Jesu, come thou to me.*

[14]

For thee my soule was made,  
nought eles contenteth mee ;  
All earthlie pleasures fade,  
thou liuest eternallie ;  
Strengthen mee with thy grace  
that I may warthie bee,  
In heauen to see thy face.  
*Jesu, come thou to mee.*

**Finis.**

[12] 5 Thou alone : *read* Alone thou.

[14] 8 and burne in loue of thee (S.).

## 31

*A word once said, Adam was made*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 10-10<sup>v</sup>. A pleasant little ballad summarizing the life of Christ, and suggestive of early Latin hymns. On the title, *Verbum caro*, see *The Gude and Godlie Ballatis*, 1567 (ed. A. F. Mitchell, 1897, p. 52), and P. Wackernagel's *Das deutsche Kirchenlied*, I., Nos. 264-266 *et passim*.

**Verbum caro factum est et habitatuit in nobis,  
Quodcunque ab os dictum est, credite mando  
vobis.**

[1]

A word once said, *Adam* was made,  
(*the truth I say to you*),  
And of his rib a woman's seede—  
but whoe cann tell me how ?

[2]

A maiden pure, nothinge more sure  
(*the truth I say to you*),  
Did beare a Child, she vndefield,  
but who can tell mee how ?

[3]

This Child he wrought woonders full ofte  
(*the truth I say to you*) :  
The lame did walke, the dumbe did talke,  
but whoe cann tell mee how ?

# A WORD ONCE SAID, ADAM WAS MADE

[4]

In wildernesse vpon the grasse  
(*the truth I say to you*);  
Fiue loaues of bread fiue thousand fed—  
*but whoe cann tell me how?*

[5]

This Child hath made in forme of bread  
(*the truth I say to you*),  
His bodie and blood to be our foode—  
*but whoe can tell me how?*

[6]

This Childe did dye vpon a tree  
(*the truth I say to you*),  
And buried then did ryse againe—  
*but whoe can tell me how?*

[7]

The ston[e] vnroul'd, the cloathes vnfould  
(*the truth I say to you*),  
He, whole and sound, rose from the ground—  
*but whoe cann tell mee how?*

[8]

Like gardiner he did appeare  
(*the truth I say to you*),  
To *magdalene* with spade in hand—  
*but whoe cann tell me how?*

[9]

Vnto *Emaus* the scripture sais  
(*the truth I say to you*),

[7] 1 cloathes : *i.e.* cloths = the shroud.

[9] 1 Emaus : *i.e.* Emmaus (*cf.* St. Luke xxiv., 13).

## A WORD ONCE SAID, ADAM WAS MADE

With *Cleophas* he yeede, in Palmer's weede,—  
*but whoe cann tell me how?*

[10]

Then after all in cloasèd hal[1]e  
(*the truth I say to you*),  
His apostles there saw him appeare—  
*but whoe cann tell me how?*

[11]

He made an end and did assend  
(*the truth I say to you*)  
To his father aboue, whoe did him loue,—  
*but whoe cann tell me how?*

[12]

Beleeue all this or eles, doubtlesse  
(*the truth I say to you*),  
Hence shall you goe to sorrow and woe,  
*and I shall tell you how.*

[13]

At the last day this Child shall say  
(*the truth I say to you*),  
“ [Ye]a cursèd, goe to endlesse woe.”  
[N]ow haue I tould you how.

**Finis.**

[9] 3 Cleophas : *i.e.* Cleopas (St. Luke xxiv., 18).  
[13] 3 Yea : *MS. torn.* Read ye.

*Who is my love? I shall you tell*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fol. 11. The two lines of the heading are bracketed in the MS. and possibly the name of a tune was written, but the margin after the bracket is torn away. Stanza 1 is written as two long lines. From stanza 4 on, the refrain is written as an extension of the third line, with the result that in stanza 8 and 9 a number of letters have been trimmed off by the binder.

*I loue him, I loue him, the truth for to say,  
I purpose to loue him, wh[o]e euer sais nay.*

[1]

Whoe is my loue? I shall you tell:  
Even he that made both hea[ven] and hell,  
And dyed for me on good fryday.  
*I purpose to loue him whoeuer sais na[y].*

[2]

My loue hath made this world of nought,  
All things therein by him was wrought,  
The sunne and moone, the sooth to say.  
*I purpose to loue him whoe ever sais nay.*

[3]

He made the sea, alsoe the sand,  
The grasse to gro[w]e vpon the land,  
The fish, the foule, the sooth to say.  
*I purpose to loue him whoe ever sais nay.*

[1] 2 heaven: MS. torn; 4 nay: y cut off by binder.

# WHO IS MY LOVE ? I SHALL YOU TELL

[4]

He hath me made to his likenesse,—  
Neither in bone not yet in flesh,—  
But in soule, the sooth to say.  
*I purpose to loue, &c.*

[5]

He doth my bodie cloath and feede,  
It lackes nothinge that it doth neede,  
Meate ney drinke, the sooth to say.  
*I purpose to loue, &c.*

[6]

He hath set about my soule  
Mercie and grace, to keepe out all  
My ghostlie enemyes night and day.  
*I purpose to, &c.*

[7]

Three foes I haue which would me quell,—  
The world, the flesh, the devill of hell,  
But all three stroakes my loue doth stay.  
*I purpose, &c.*

[8]

He hath bought my loue full deare,  
His hart was cloven with a speare,  
To dye for me he tooke the paine.  
*Alacke, I will loue him, an[d] loue him aga[ine].*

[5] 3 ney : *i.e.* ne = nor.

[7] 1 quell = kill.

WHO IS MY LOVE ? I SHALL YOU TELL

[9]

I haue not lou'd him as I should ;  
But what of that ? I will be bould  
To aske him mercie night and day—  
*And still for to loue him whoe[ver] sais na[y].*

**Finis.**

## *Walking alone not long agone*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 16<sup>v</sup>-17. Reprinted from this MS. in Collier's *Extracts from the Stationers' Registers*, I., 92 ff.

The ballad was registered in 1564-65 by John Kyngeston as "a ballatt intituled the story of Jobe the faythfull servaunte of God, &c.," and was re-entered a few days later by William Pekering (Arber's *Transcript*, I., 260, 262). It was transferred on December 14, 1624, as "Patient Job." Late copies of the ballad, "printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray and T. Passenger" (on the same sheet as "The Shaking of the Sheets," a copy of which is also in this MS., fols. 15-16), are preserved in the Pepysian (I., 62), Rawlinson (4to Rawlinson, 566, fol. 203), and Crawford (*Bibliotheca Lindesiana, A Catalogue of English Ballads*, Nos. 202, 1239) Collections. The title runs:—

"A Godly Ballad of the Just Man Job.  
Wherein his great patience he doth declare,  
His plagues and his miseries, and yet did not despair.

The Tune is, *The Merchant.*"

These copies, none of which has been reprinted, are arranged in sixteen six-line stanzas, of which the first runs:—

Walking all alone,  
No not long agone,  
I heard one wail and weep ;  
Alas, he said,  
I am laid  
In sorrow strong and deep.

In the MS. the ballad is written in eight four-line stanzas. Complete collations of the MS. copy and the Pepys copy are given in the footnotes. On the whole, the MS. has the better readings. Laurence Price also wrote a ballad on Job: "Bee Patient in Trouble. To the Tune of Bodkin's Galliard," reprinted in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, III., 174.

# WALKING ALONE NOT LONG AGONE

A pleasant ballad of the iust man *Jobe*,  
shewing his patience in extremitie.

[1]

Walking alone not long agone,  
I heard one weale and weep.  
“ Alas,” he said, “ I am now laid  
in sorrowes strong and deepe.”  
To heare him cry, I did apply,  
and priuile aboade ;  
There did I find, in secret mind,  
the iust and patient *Jobe*.

[2]

His wooffull paine did me constraine  
by foarce to waile and mone ;  
God did him proue how he did loue  
his liueing lord alone.  
In heauiness he did expresse  
these words, with bitter tears :  
“ Alas, poore man ! wretched I am,  
in care my life out-weares.

[3]

“ This mortall life is but a strife  
and battell mightie and stronge ;  
My yeares, also, doe wast and goe  
and not continue longe.

[1] 1-4 cf. the stanza quoted in the introduction.

[2] 8 life : self (P.).

[3] 2 mightie : great (P.) ; 3 doe : to (P.).

# WALKING ALONE NOT LONG AGONE

The time wherin I did beginne  
to mooue and stir my breath,  
Would god I had to earth beene made  
and turnèd vnto death !

[4]

“ Then should not I in miserie  
beene wrappèd as I am ;  
The time and day well curse I may  
when into this world I cam[e].  
For my faults past I am out cast,  
and of all men abhorde ;  
O that I might once stand in sight  
to reason with my lord !

[5]

“ Then should I know why he did show  
this extreame cruetie  
Vpon such flesh that is but nesh,  
and borne is for to dye.  
From top to toe I feele such wooe  
that sorrow is my meate ;  
Put to exile with botch and byle  
the dunghill is my seate.

[6]

“ My kinsfolke walke, and by me talke,  
much wonderinge at my faule ;  
They count my state vnfortunate,  
and thus forsake me all.

[3] 5 time : day (P.) ; 7 to earth beene : an exchange (P.).

[4] 1 Then : So (P.) ; 2 beene : be (P.) ; 4 into : to (P.) ; 8 my : the (P.).

[5] 1 Then . . . I : I should then (P.) ; did : doth (P.) ; 3 such : his (P.) ; nesh : grass (P.) : 5 such : with (P.) ; 8 the : and (P.).

[6] 1 walke, talke : talk, walk (P.) ; 2 much : *not in P.* ; 4 thus : so (P.).

## WALKING ALONE NOT LONG AGONE

My children fiue that were aliuie,  
they be all cleane distroy'd ;  
The like plague fell on my cattell,  
and all that I inioy'd.

[7]

“ Should I for them my god blaspheme,  
and his good giftes dispise ?  
That will I not, but take my lot,  
giuing his name the praise.  
They were not mine but for a time,  
I know well it is soe ;  
God gaue them me, why should not he  
againe take them me froe ? ”

[8]

When he thus had said, full still I staid  
his end for to behould.  
There did I see his felicitie  
encreasing maniefould.  
I know well then that patient men  
should not suffer in vaine,  
But should be sure t' haue great pleasure  
rewarded for their paine.

**Finis.**

[6] 5 that : which (P.) ; 6 cleane : quite (P.) ; 7 like : *P. omits* ;  
plague : *MS. plaug* ; 8 and : with (P.).

[8] 1 When . . . said : Thus having said (P.) ; 3 There . . . see : I  
there did see (P.) ; 5 that : how (P.) ; 7 should : shall (P.) ; great :  
*P. omits.*

## *To passe the place where pleasure is*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 17<sup>v</sup>-18. Printed from this MS. in Collier's *Extracts from the Stationers' Registers*, I., 48-50. The ballad was registered for publication under the title of "to passe the place, &c.," in 1561-62, and under the title of "to passe the place where pleasure ys, &c.," in 1564-65 (*Arber's Transcript*, I., 179, 265). The latter registration was made by Thomas Colwell, who obviously printed the ballad on the same sheet as "I might have lived merrily," a copy of which follows in this MS. and is the next ballad in this volume. The ballad appears to be a moralization of a popular song.

[1]

To passe the place where pleasure is,  
 it ought to please our fantasie ;  
 If that the pleasure be amis  
 and to godes word plaine contrarie ;  
 or eles we sinne, we sinne,  
 and hell we winne,—  
 great paine there-in,  
 all remedie gone  
 except in *Christ* alone, alone.

[2]

The liues that we long liuèd haue  
 in wantonnesse and iolitie,  
 Although the[y] seeme and show full braue,  
 yet is their end plaine miserie.  
 Let vs therefore, therefore,  
 now sinne noe more,  
 but learne this lore :  
 all remedie gone  
 except in *Christ* alone, [alone].

TO PASS THE PLACE WHERE PLEASURE IS

[3]

And say we then, with *Salomon*,  
that bewtie is but vanitie,  
Yet they that feare the lord alone  
shall sure enjoy felicitie.  
For this may wee, may we,  
perceiue and see  
most true to be :  
all remedie gone  
except in *Christ* alone, alone.

[4]

Our perfett trust and confidence  
must fixèd be on *Christ* onelie,  
Serueinge our lord with pure pretence,  
and shunning all hipocrisie,—  
which might vs draw, vs draw,  
from godes true law,  
marke well this saw :  
all remedie gone  
except in *Christ* alone, alone.

[5]

If godes true word, by preaching plaine,  
might anie wise vs certifie,  
We should not, then, soe blind remaine,  
but should imbrace the verietie ;  
for why ?—the word, the word,  
of god our lord  
doth well record,  
all remedie gone  
except in *Christ* alone, alone.

[3] <sup>1</sup> Salomon : *i.e.* Solomon. Cf. Proverbs xxxi., 30.

[4] <sup>1</sup> perfett : *i.e.* perfect.

# TO PASS THE PLACE WHERE PLEASURE IS

[6]

Our faithfull frendes, the pastors pure,  
doe giue vs councell, certainlie,  
From wickednesse, for to be sure,  
to leaue our fooleish fantasie,—  
which is the springe, the spring,  
that doth vs bring  
to eich ill thing :  
all remedie gone  
except in *Christ* alone, alone.

[7]

What wisdome haue our wicked wittes  
to worke all thinges vntowardlie ;  
What reason restes in such fond fittes  
to cause things chance so fowardlie ?  
Therefore betime, betime,  
leaue we our crime  
and learne this rime :  
all remedie gone  
except in *Christ* alone, alone.

**Finis.**

[6] 9 The word *finis* follows this line in the MS.

## 35

*I might have lived merrily*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 18-18<sup>v</sup>. Text arranged in four-line stanzas. The ballad was entered in the Stationers' Registers in the year 1564-65 (Arber's *Transcript*, I., 265) thus:—

T. Colwell      Receaved of thomas Colwell for his lyicense for  
pryntinge of ij balletes the one intituled *to passe the  
place where pleasure ys &c/and the other I myghte have  
leved meryly morralysed*. . . . .      iiijd

From the license fee of fourpence it is evident that Colwell printed the two ballads on a single broadside. As a copy of "To pass the place" occurs in the MS. just before this ballad (see No. 34), it is very probable that the compiler of the MS. took the two ballads from Colwell's, or a later, single sheet.

[1]

I might haue liued merelie  
If I had sinned never ;  
But now, forsooth and verelie,  
condemp'd I am for ever,  
Except I turne right towardlie  
to god with hart and glee,  
And leaue my sinnenge fowardlie,  
and true repentant bee !

[2]

I haue beene alwais necligent  
to doe the best I canne,  
My sinnes they are most evident  
both vnto god and man ;

[1] i liued merelie : *read liv'd merrily.*

## I MIGHT HAVE LIVED MERRILY

And if my sinning wickedlie  
    doe happen to my thrall,  
Then let me know assuredlie,  
    I might haue with all.

[3]

For where my god of gentlenes  
    doth offer loue soe kind,  
Loe I that in my stubburnnesse  
    fulfill my sinfull mynd,  
His grace and eake his godlines,  
    his mercie kept in store,  
But onelie for my fowardnes  
    were myne for euermore.

[4]

I offered once a reminent  
    to god of godlie life,  
But yet alas ! incontinent  
    I fell to sinne and strife ;  
Which makes me thinke most suerlie,  
    construinge in my braines,  
My god I serue not puerlie,  
    I looke for other gaine[s].

[5]

But though that I most wickedlie  
    my lord god haue offended,  
Yet doe I hope most stidfastlie  
    my faultes shall be amended ;  
And heere repenting puerlie  
    my former necligence,  
I know my lord god suerlie  
    will pardon my offence.

[3] 3, 4 Written in two lines in the MS. The word *Loe* is badly blurred.

## I MIGHT HAVE LIVED MERRILY

[6]

So *Sathan* shall not iuggle me  
for all his craftie wiles,  
But I will stretch and struggle me  
for to withstand his guiles ;  
And will display his dubbleing  
by help of god most highest,  
And be free from his troubleing  
through faith and hope in Christ.

**Finis.**

[6] 6 highest : *read* high'st.

## *Old Toby called his loving son*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 19-20.

“A pleasant new Ballad of Tobias, wherein is shewed the wonderfull things which chanced to him in his youth: and how he wedded a young Damsell that had had seven husbands and never enioyed their company: who were all slaine by a wicked spirit,” beginning

In Ninivie old Toby dwelt,

occurs in most of the great ballad collections, and is reprinted in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, 1723, II., 158, and in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, II., 621. Registered at Stationers' Hall on December 14, 1624 (as a transfer), and on March 1, 1675, it summarizes the first eleven chapters of the Apocryphal Book of Tobit. The ballad printed below is decidedly interesting because it is a sequel, apparently unique, to the “Ballad of Tobias,” dealing solely with the concluding (the twelfth) chapter of Tobit. It was, I think, the “godly ballet taken out of ye iiiijth [= xij<sup>th</sup>?] chapter of Tobeas” which was licensed for publication in 1568-69 (Arber's *Transcript*, I., 378).

The fish mentioned by young Toby in stanza 4 is dealt with in the Book of Tobit, vi., 2,—“a fish leaped out of the river, and would have devoured him,”—but has a far from formidable appearance in the wood-cuts that accompany the printed ballads. “The error of our days” (stanza 17) is possibly Protestantism, though only a general reference to sin may have been intended.

[1]

Ould *Tobie* calde his lovinge sonne  
and eike that faire and loulie bryde ;  
Quoth hee, “ my will, Iwisi, we are  
to recompence this carefull guyde.”

[2]

Younge *Tobie* said, “ my father deere,”  
with Joyfull moode and merry glee,

[1] 2 loulie : *i.e.* lovely ; bryde : *i.e.* Sara.

## OLD TOBY CALLED HIS LOVING SON

“ Nothinge of woorth wee haue, I feare,  
To recompence his loue to mee.

[3]

“ He brought me foarthē and backe agayne,  
both safe and sounde, as you haue seene ;  
He kept me that I was not slayne,  
or now at home I had not beene.

[4]

“ Hee causde *Gabella* pay the debte,  
and droue the spiritt frome my wife.  
A happie Day when I himē mete,  
or eles the fishe had had my life !

[5]

“ Your selfe was blind and coulde not see,  
which causēd sorrow to vs all ;  
By him, the brightnesse of the skye  
you doe behould, which is not smale.

[6]

“ Wee were in want and verie poore,  
now riche as *cressus* at this tyde ;  
Then render thankes to him therefore,  
and giue him halfe we haue besyde.”

[7]

They cal'd the angell then apart,  
and humblie offered halfe the[y] had.  
He thankēd them with all his hart.  
“ Praise god,” he said, “ and eike be gladde ;

[4] I *Gabella* : *i.e.* Gabael ; 3 mete : *read* met.

[5] I not : *MS.* non.

[6] *cressus* : *i.e.* Croesus.

## OLD TOBY CALLED HIS LOVING SON

[8]

“ Our lord this favour hath you donne  
for prayer good, with holie fast,  
And good almes-deedes which non[e] should shunne,  
noe gould doth Equall them at last.

[9]

“ The truth I doe intende to tell,  
and eake my counsell to vnfould :  
Thy workes of mercie helpe thee well,  
from Deathe and sinne they doe thee hould.

[10]

“ When thou in prayer did daylie sitte,  
and tricklinge teares runne downe thy face ;  
When thou at dinner eate noe bitt,  
then was I ever still in place.

[11]

“ When thou tooke vp the corpse of those  
which lay for want of buriall ;  
When thou would such good deedes inclose,  
for thee I did both cry and call.

[12]

“ When thou did break thy sleepe by night  
to doe such deedes of Charitie,  
I offered vp thy prayers aright  
to god in Throwne of Maiestie ;

[13]

“ Whoe hath rewarded all thy deedes  
and sent me to doe all I haue.

[10] 3 eate : *read ate.*

## OLD TOBY CALLED HIS LOVING SON

The man is blest which soe proceedes,  
and hath a care his soule to sauē.

[14]

“ I am the Angell of our lord,  
*Raphaell* am I call’d by name,  
One of the seven which accorde  
to stand and waite from whence I came.”

[15]

The[y] were amazēd at his speeche,  
and grou[e]linge fell vpon the ground.  
But then affrighted, with his speach  
they Joyfull rose, out of their s[w]oound.

[16]

With wordes of praise the Angell bright  
assended hath the Airie skyes.  
In prayer and Joy they spent the night,  
and pra[i]s’d our lord in humble wise.

[17]

To god be honour, laude, and prayse ;  
to Angelles Eake be reverend due.  
God mend the error of our dayse,  
and holie customes soone renue !

**finis.**

[17] 2 reverend : *read reverence.*

*The thoughts of man do daily  
change*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fol. 38. This beautiful little ballad is very much earlier than the only printed copy I have found ; namely, that in John Forbes's *Cantus, Songs and Fancies* (2nd ed., 1666, song VII.). All the important variations between the MS. and Forbes's version (F.) are given in the foot-notes, from which it will be seen that the two are very different. Furthermore, there are two additional stanzas in the *Cantus* (here printed), while there also stanza 4 of the MS. precedes stanza 3. The last two lines of stanza 3 of the MS. and stanza 6 of F. are identical : probably stanzas 5 and 6 are a later edition to the original ballad, these two lines being transferred to the sixth stanza to make a fitting conclusion.

Ballads and songs on the scarcity or falsity of true friends were written out of number by Elizabethans. See, for example, *Tottel's Miscellany*, ed. Arber, p. 110 ; Collier's reprints of the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, pp. 10, 59, 105, 128, and *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, pp. 85, 124. Among the ballads registered were "the Dyscryption of a tru frynde, &c.," in 1563-64, "shewyng how a man shall knowe his frynde and What fryndshippe ys, &c.," in 1565-66, "the treasure of frynshippe" in 1569-70, and "howe hard it is a faithfull frend to find" on August 1, 1586 (Arber's *Transcript*, I., 237, 305, 417 ; II., 450). Some of these entries seem applicable to this ballad.

## [I]

The thoughts of man doe daylie change,  
as fancie growes within their brestes ;  
For now their nature is soe strange,  
a few can finde where frenshippe restes.  
The hautie hart soe plentie growes  
That everie weede doth seeme a rose.

[1] 1 man : read men (F.) ; 2 fancie growes : fantasie breeds (F.) ; 4 a : that (F.) : 5, 6 For double dealing bears such sway,/That honest meaning doth decay (F.).

# THE THOUGHTS OF MAN DO DAILY CHANGE

[2]

The stidfast faith that frendes professe  
is fled a-way, and little vs'd.  
Whoe hath soe sure a frend possest  
by whome he never was abus'd ?  
But where thou findst a frend indeed,  
A score there be faile at neede.

[3]

A frend in wordes, where deedes be dead,  
is like a well that water wantes ;  
And he that with faire wordes is fead,  
doth looke for fruited plantes.  
But there as wordes and deedes agree,  
Accept that frend, and credit mee.

[4]

The barren tree doth blossomes beare  
as well as those that good fruited yeald ;  
And boughes and branches beene soe faire,  
as any tree within the feild :  
As simply lookes the subtil man  
As he that of noe falsehood can.

[5]

[The fairest way that I can find,  
Is first to try, and then to trust ;  
So shal affections not be blind :  
For proof will soon spy out the just :  
And tryal knows who means deceit,  
And bids us be-ware of their bait.

[2] 1 professe : profest (F.) ; 2 a-way : from them (F.) ; 3 He who a faithful friend profest (F.) ; 4 Doth make his friendship now abus'd (F.) ; 5 But . . . findst : Where one is found (F.) ; 6 be : *read* be that (F.).

[3] 2 well : spring (F.) ; 4 looke : hope (F.) : 5, 6 But who can judge by hew of eye, / Since deeds are dead, where truth should be (F.).

[4] 1 For barren trees will bloom right fair (F.) ; 2 good fruits : fruit will (F.) ; 3 Whose bark and branches seems as fair (F.) ; 5 simply : simple (F.) ; 6 of no : no kind (F.).

[5] 1 Stanzas 5 and 6 occur only in F.

# THE THOUGHTS OF MAN DO DAILY CHANGE

[6]

Without good proof be not too bold,  
If thou my counsel list to take :  
In painting words there is no hold,  
They be but leaves that wind do shake :  
But where that words and deeds agree,  
Accept that friend, and credit me.]

**Finis.**

*Seek wisdom chiefly to obtain*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 38<sup>v</sup>-39. This ballad is a sort of *Poor Richard's Almanac* that must have delighted the pious Catholic who compiled the MS. : seek wisdom, it advises ; waste not, shun borrowing, value true friends, avoid drink and dice, lose no time, envy not thy neighbour—good advice expressed in a pithy line or two, every item of which was both before and after the date of this MS. fully emphasized in separate ballads.

[1]

Seeke wisdome cheefly to obteine,  
 delight not much in worldlie gaine,  
 For riches bringes men's soules in thrall,  
 but wisdome suffereth non[e] to fale.  
 Much better is the wise man poore  
 then welthie churles with all their store.

[2]

Wast[e] thou noe more then thou hast got ;  
 if thou dost want, yet borrowe not ;  
 Thoughe coyne be sweete when thou dost borrowe,  
 yet wilt thou pay it home with sorrowe.  
 Better it were thy bodie pyne,  
 then borrowed goodes should make thee fine.

[3]

Doe not aquynt thy selfe with stelth,  
 thou knowest it brings a shamefull death,  
 Though it at first haue pleasant tast,  
 yet it is bitter at the last.

[3] *i aquynt* : *i.e.* acquaint.

## SEEK WISDOM CHIEFLY TO OBTAIN

Better thou were thy mouth withdrawe,  
then such vnsavorie meate to gnawe.

[4]

If thou haue smale to keepe thy state,  
doe not dispaire of this thy fate ;  
But giue god thankes for that thou hast,  
and of thy little make noe wast.  
For better is little with quyet life  
then store of gould with woe and strife.

[5]

If thou doest find a frend at neede,  
him to requyte see thou make speede ;  
Of all thinges this remember still,  
be not vnthankefull for good will.  
For better is one frend in thy scant  
then thousandes when thou hast noe want.

[6]

An honest conscience is a treasure ;  
in drinke be sure thou keepe a measure ;  
To dice and Cardes make thou noe hast ;  
of all thinges see thou keepe thee chast.  
For lust makes purse and bodies bare,  
and throwes the soule downe to dispaire.

[7]

In youth remember to take paine,  
be sure thou spend noe time in vaine ;  
Remember time will not come backe,  
when time requeeres, then, be not slacke.  
For losse of goodes may greeue thee sore,  
but losse of time will greeue thee more.

[5] *i doest* : *read dost.*

SEEK WISDOM CHIEFLY TO OBTAIN

[8]

Search not in other men too neare,  
first see that thou thy selfe bee cleare ;  
For he that seekes an other's spite,  
in others' harmes oft takes delight.  
Whoe soe ioyes to see his neighbour's thrall  
is soonest like him selfe to fale.

**finis.**

[8] 5 *Omit soe.*

## O man that runneth here thy race

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 43<sup>v</sup>-44<sup>v</sup>. This ballad obviously was printed in two parts, the second part beginning with stanza 6, where the refrain changes ; but the copyist numbered the stanzas consecutively from beginning to end, although the numbers of stanzas 1-7 have been trimmed from the leaves by the binder.

Stanzas 6-11 are printed as a separate poem, called "Remember thy ende," in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1578 (Collier's reprint, pp. 34-35), where it is signed D. S. The identification, sometimes proposed, of D. S[ands] with Dr. (Edward) Sandys, Archbishop of York, is very doubtful. The six stanzas in the *Paradise* differ considerably from those in the MS., not only in their order but in phrasing : they are arranged thus—8, 9, 6, 7, 10, 11. Collations with Collier's reprint (P.) are given in the notes.

There is nothing noteworthy about this ballad : many similar ballads are extant ; e.g. a ballad in John Forbes's *Cantus* (Song VIII.) with the refrain "A Conscience clear is worth a world of treasure"—corresponding to stanzas 1-5—and a ballad "To the toune of *The raire and greatest gift*" in MS. Cotton Vesp. A. XXV. (ed. Boeddeker, *Jahrbuch für romanische und englische sprache*, N.F., II., 326), with the refrain,

Yet hap what hap, fall what may fall,  
A lyffe content excedethe all,—

corresponding to stanzas 6-11.

For the title and the date of registration see Appendix II.

### [A Table of Good Counsel.]

[I]

O man that runneth heere thy race  
in worldlie wealth, yet rapt in wooe,  
Provide betime, while thou hast space,  
the ioyfull way and path to goe.  
*Though life and liveinge thou refuse,*  
*Let never conscience thee accuse.*

[I] <sup>2</sup> rapt : i.e. wrapped.

# O MAN THAT RUNNETH HERE THY RACE

[2]

Thy time is short, thy daies but fewe,  
this life is but a miserie ;  
And marke what after will ensue,  
if thou liue in iniquitie.  
*Though life and liuinge thou refuse,*  
*Let [never conscience thee] accuse.*

[3]

Although the world doe thee disdaine,  
and feinèd frendes vpon thee lower,  
Yet if thou thinke to obtaine the sweete,  
first thou must tast heere of the sower.  
*Though life and liuinge thou refuse,*  
*Let neuer conscience thee accuse.*

[4]

For in this life nought canst thou gaine,  
which to thy soule may comfort bee,  
Except that meeklie thou sustaine  
such troubles as shall happe to thee.  
*Though life and liuinge thou refuse,*  
*Let neuer conscience thee accuse.*

[5]

Therefore, in time the world reiect,  
account these pleasures all but vaine,  
That thou maist be of godes elect,  
in heauenlie blisse with him to raigne.  
*Though life and liueinge thou refuse,*  
*Let neuer conscience thee accuse.*

[2] 6 Binder has cut off three words in this line.

# O MAN THAT RUNNETH HERE THY RACE

## [The Second Part.]

[6]

The happie life, in these our daies,  
that all doe seeke, boath small and great,  
Is all for gaine, or eles for praise,  
or whoe may sit highest in seat.  
But in this life happe what happe shall,  
*the happie end exceedeth all.*

[7]

A good beginninge oft we see,  
but seeldome stand the[y] at one stay,  
For they doe like the meane degree  
then praise at partinge, some men say.  
The thinge where each wight is in thrall,  
*the happie end exceedeth all.*

[8]

To be as wise as *Cato* was,  
or riche as *Cressus* in his life,  
To haue the strength of *Hercules*,  
whoe did subdue by foarce of strife,—  
What helpeth it when death doth call ?  
*The happie end exceedeth all.*

[6] 1 happie life : happiest end (P.) ; 3 Is . . . gaine : Is eyether for Fame (P.) ; 4 highest in seate : in highest seate (P.) ; 5 in this life of these thinges (P.).

[7] 2 stand they : standing (P.) ; 3 they : few (P.) ; 5 The thinges wherto each wight is thrall (P.).

[8] 2 Cressus : *i.e.* Crœsus ; 4 whoe, of : which, or (P.).

# O MAN THAT RUNNETH HERE THY RACE

[9]

The rich may well the poore releue,  
the rulers may redresse each wronge,  
The learnèd may good councell giue,  
but marke the end of this my songe,—  
Whoe doe this may the[y] happie call,  
*the happie end exceedeth all.*

[10]

The meane estate, the quiet life,  
which liueth vnder gouernment,  
Which moues noe hate nor breedes noe strife,  
but takes in worth his happie chance,—  
If contentation him befall,  
*the happie end exceedeth all.*

[11]

The longer life that we desire,  
the more offence doth dailie groe ;  
The greater paine it doth requeere,  
except the Judge some mercie showe.  
Wherefore I thinke, and euer shall,  
*the happie end exceedeth all.*

**finis.**

[9] 5 Who doth these thinges, happy they call (P.) ; 6 the : their (P.).

[10] 2 gouernment : gouernance (P.) ; 3 moues : seeks (P.) ; 6 the : his (P.).

## *From sluggish sleep and slumber*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 45<sup>v</sup>-47. The only other copy of this ballad now known is that printed from a manuscript in the *Shirburn Ballads* (pp. 182-185). The Shirburn copy (S.) has an additional stanza (after stanza 6) not found in this MS., and was made from an earlier broadside that concluded with a prayer for Queen Elizabeth. This ballad ends with a prayer for James I. The most important variations between the two versions are given in the foot-notes. Two stanzas of the ballad from this MS. are printed in Collier's *Extracts from the Stationers' Registers*, I., 229. In subject-matter it is a loose paraphrase of St. Matthew xxii., xxiv.

Perhaps this was the ballad of "Awake out of your slumb're" which was registered for publication in 1568-69: it was certainly "the bell mannes good morrowe" and "From sluggish sleepe" that were licensed on November 21, 1580, and December 14, 1624, respectively. The tune, *Awake, Awake, O England!* (equivalent to *O man in desperation*), comes from the first line of "A Bell-man for England" (*Shirburn Ballads*, p. 36; *Roxburghe Ballads*, IV., 467), which appears in the Stationers' Registers for the first time on December 6, 1586.

### *The bellmanes goodmorrowe.*

To the Tune of *awake, awake, o England.*

[I]

From sluggishhe sleepe and slumber,  
good *Christians*, all aryse.  
For *Christ* his sake, I pray you,  
lift vp your drowsie eies.  
The night of shame and sorrow  
is partinge cleane away,—  
*God giue you all good morrowe,*  
*and send you happie day.*

[I] 2 aryse: substituted in a later hand for awake; 6 partinge: parted (S.).

## FROM SLUGGISH SLEEP AND SLUMBER

[2]

The King of glorie greeteth you,  
desyreinge you to come  
Vnto the mariage banquet  
of his belouèd sonne.  
Then shake of[f] shame and sorrowe,  
put on your best array,—  
*God giue you all good morrowe,*  
*and send you happie day.*

[3]

From all the rage of wickednesse  
looke that you strip you quite ;  
In garmentes of true godlinesse  
see that your selues be decte.  
Shake of[f] all shame and sorrowe  
which doth your soules distroy,—  
*God giue you all good morrowe,*  
*and send you happie day.*

[4]

And ryse not to revenge thee  
of any trespass past ;  
Thou knowest not of a certaintie  
how longe thy life will last.  
Seeke not thy neightbour's sorrow  
in any kind of way,—  
*God giue you all good morrow,*  
*and send you happie day.*

[5]

Forgiue thy brother frendlie,  
for *Christ* doth will thee soe ;

[2] 7 Refrain here and later written in one long line in the MS.

[3] 1 rage : *read rags* (S.) ; 4 be decte : *delight* (S.). *Read be dight* ;  
8 day : *read joy*. [4] 2 of : for (S.).

## FROM SLUGGISH SLEEP AND SLUMBER

And let not spyte and envie  
within thy stomoke growe,  
Least god shoote foarth his arrowe  
thy malice to distroy,—  
*God giue you all good morrow,  
and send you happie day.*

[6]

Seeke not, by fraude and falsehood,  
for to procure thy gaine ;  
But beare in thy rememberance  
all earthlie thinges are vaine ;  
For he which searcheth norrowlie  
thy secrete will beray,—  
*God giue you all good morrowe,  
and send you happie day.*

[7]

In whoredome, pryme, and drunckenesse,  
doe not thy pleasure traine ;  
Wish not thy neightbour's hinderance,  
nor blemish his good name ;  
And never take thy sorrowe  
for losses gone away,—  
*God giue you all good morrow,  
and send you happie day.*

[6] 5 norrowlie : *read narrow (S.).*

[7] 1 S. adds the following stanza :—

Vnto the poore and needye  
stretch forth thy helping hand,  
And thow shalt be most happye,  
and blessed, in thy lande.  
From him that fayne would borow  
turne not thy face awaye ;

2 traine : *frame (S.).*

## FROM SLUGGISH SLEEP AND SLUMBER

[8]

Be thankefull to thy maker  
eich day, vpon thy knee,  
For all his gratiouse benefites  
he hath bestoed on thee ;  
And let thy greatest sorrowe  
be for thy sinnes, I say,—  
*God giue you all good morrow,*  
*and send you happie day.*

[9]

And, beinge thus attyred,  
you may in peace proeede  
Vnto the heauenlie table  
of *Christ* our lord indeede ;  
Where neither shame nor sorrowe  
shall you in ought annoy,—  
*God giue you all good morrow,*  
*and send you happie day.*

[10]

Then looke your lampes be readie,  
and that with oyle of store,  
To waite vpon the bryd-groome  
euen at his Chamber doore ;  
Where neither shame nor sorrowe  
shall you in ought annoy,—  
*God giue you all good morrow,*  
*and send you happie day.*

[11]

Then shall you rest in blessednesse  
which never shall haue end,  
Inioyinge *Christ* his presence,  
our sweete and sureest frend ;

[9] 8, [10] 8 day : read joy.

## FROM SLUGGISH SLEEP AND SLUMBER

Where nether shame nor sorrow  
shall you in ought annoy,—  
*God giue you all good morrow,*  
*and send you happie day.*

[12]

Thus with my bell and lantorne,  
I bid you all farewell ;  
And keepe in your rememberance  
the soundinge of my bell,  
Least that with sinne and sorrowe,  
you doe your selues distroy,—  
*God giue you all good morrow,*  
*and send you happie ioy.*

[13]

Lord, sauе our gratiouſ ſoueraigne,  
yea, *James* our king, by name,  
That long vnto our comfort  
he may both rule and raigne.  
His foes with shame and sorrow,  
o lord, doe thou distroy :  
*And thus, with my good morrowe,*  
*god ſend you a happie day.*

**finis.**

[11] 8 day : *read* joy.

[12] 5 Least : *i.e.* leſt ; 8 ioy : *substituted in the MS. for day, the only place in which the correction is made.*

[13] 2 Elizabeth by name (S.) ; 4 he : she (S.) ; 8 day : *read* joy.

*From Virgin's womb this day to  
us did spring*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fol. 47<sup>v</sup>. There is a copy of this pretty carol ("For Christmas day") in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1578 (Collier's reprint, pp. 17-18), signed F. Kindlemarsh, i.e., Francis Kinwelmersh, the friend of George Gascoigne ; and another in William Byrd's *Songs of Sundry Natures*, 1610 (Songs XXII. and XXXV.),—"A Carowle for Christmas day, the quire whereof (*Reioyce*) being of 4 parts, is the XXII. song,"—with a musical score for five voices. Byrd's music for the chorus is given also in Bodleian MS. Mus. f. 11, No. 24. There is an eighteenth-century copy, with musical score, in Addit. MS. 23,626, fols. 45 and 75<sup>v</sup>. The *Paradise* poem is reprinted in Edward Farr's *Select Poetry of the Reign of Elizabeth*, p. 291. Collations with Byrd (B.) and Collier's reprint (P.) are given in the foot-notes, and show no great variations from the MS. What version the compiler of the MS. followed cannot be told, though one is naturally inclined to think that some printed broadside copy was available. "A ballad entytuled, A Christmas Caroll," licensed on October 9, 1593, may have been the original of this MS. ballad. "A godly hymne or carol for Christmas" was also licensed by John Alde on December 3, 1579,—possibly a reprint of this ballad from the *Paradise*.

*A Carall For Christmas Day.*

*Reioyce, Reioyce, with hart and voice,  
In Christ his birth this day reioyce.*

[I]

From *Virgin's wombe* this day to vs did springe  
the precious seede that onelie sauèd manne ;  
This day let man reioyce and sweetelie singe,  
since on this day salvation first beganne ;  
This day did *Christ* man's soule from death remooue,  
With glorious saintes to dwell in heauen aboue.

[1] 1 to vs : B. and P. omit ; 2 onelie : B. omits ; 5 man's : P. has man.

## FROM VIRGIN'S WOMB

[2]

This day to man came pledge of perfit peace ;  
this day to man came loue and vnitie ;  
This day man's greefe began for to surcease ;  
this day did man receiue a remedie  
For each offence and everie deadlie sinne,  
With guilt of hart that earst he wandred in.

[3]

In *Christ* his flocke let loue be surelie plas'd,  
from *Christ* his flocke let concorde hâte expell,  
In *Christ* his flocke let loue be soe Imbras'd,  
as we in *Christ* and *Christ* in vs may dwell ;  
*Christ* is the author of all vnitie,  
From whence proceedeth all felicitie. ·

[4]

O singe vnto this glitteringe glorious kinge,  
and praise his name let everie liueinge thinge ;  
Let hart and voyce, let belles of silver ringe,  
the comfort that this day to vs did bringe ;  
Let Lute, let shaulme, with sound of sweete delight,  
The ioy of *Christ* his birth this day recyte.

**finis.**

[2] 1 perfit : *i.e.* perfect (B., P.) ; 6 guilt of : guiltie (B., P.).

[3] 3 In : of (B., P.) ; 5 all : sweet (B.) ; 6 felicitie : *MS. perhaps* felicitie.

[4] 2 and : O (B., P.) ; 3 let : like (B., P.) ; 4 to vs : *P. omits. B.* has to man doth bringe ; 5 shaulme : *MS. substitutes for shalme (B., P.)* = psaltery ; 6 the ioy : these ioyes (B.).

*What means this careless world  
to vance*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 45<sup>v</sup>-47. A good specimen of the Judgment-Day ballad. According to the author the time for the fearful trump is almost at hand, and he finds it peculiar that any one should dislike the thought of the imminent change. Like all his associates in balladry, he delights in warning his social superiors—kings, princes, and bishops—that before the Awful Judge they shall be equal with him and exactly as accountable. Possibly this was the ballad “Remembering Man of the Judgment Day” or “The Day of the Lord Is at Hand,” registered in 1557-58 and 1568-69; and very probably it was the ballad of “Christes commynge to Judgemente” that was licensed on August 1, 1586, and the “Dittie worthie to be viewed of all people declaringe the dreadfull comynge of Christ to Judgement and howe all shall appeare before his presence” that was licensed on July 4, 1595.

*A warning vnto repentaunce and of  
christes comming vnto Judgement.*

[1]

What meanes this carelesse world to vance  
in course of carelesse race,  
And will no warning voyce regard,  
but raunge in carelesse case ?

[2]

Licentious dealing beares the sway,  
and all delightes the same ;  
Noe feare of hell nor Judgement great  
can aught their wildnesse tame.

[2] 4 their : *i.e.* the world's.

# WHAT MEANS THIS CARELESS WORLD

[3]

Althoughe the throne preparèd be  
wheron the Judge most hie  
Shall sit to aske and call accompt,  
in glorious maiesty,—

[4]

Yea, thoughe the heavenly powers above  
already glowe with fyre,  
The world will not reclaymèd be  
nor leave their lewd desyre.

[5]

Though blast of trumpe be eke at hand,  
when heaven and earth shall teare,  
Yet, loe, they will not warnèd be,  
so far they are from feare.

[6]

All seasoned care is throwne asyde ;  
the people, carelesse nowe,  
Go forth in vayne and carnall race,  
to carnall lyfe they bowe.

[7]

The threates of god they nought regard ;  
his Judgementes nothing move,  
Nor *christes* appearaunce in the skies  
they nought desyer or love.

[8]

But rather wishe, and wishe againe,  
that he would byde for aye ;  
And that ther wer no heaven nor hell  
nor yet noe Judgement day.

## WHAT MEANS THIS CARELESS

[9]

But, loe, the Judge will not be stayed  
that comes in flaming skyes,  
But cause the trumpe so shrill to sound  
that quicke and dead must rise,

[10]

To make accompte before his throne  
and make a reckening plaine :  
Yea, all estates and sortes of men—  
not one may thence remayn.

[11]

The emperores, with mighty kinges,  
must stand before the barre,—  
Before thie greate and fearfull Judge,  
to make or all to marre.

[12]

For why ? accompte they render must  
of that their highe degree ;  
And howe their talentes vsèd have.  
They shall enquirèd be

[13]

If they in feare of god have walked  
amidst their worldly might,  
And if they have his honor vaunst,  
as them became aright.

[14]

Yea, princes, then, with dukes and lordes,  
with all that honor beare,  
Before that Judge must yeeld accompt,  
thoughe most with trembling feare.

[11] 3 thie = the.

[13] 3 vaunst : *i.e.* advanced.

## WORLD TO VANCE

[15]

Yea, bishoppes, to[o], and those that take  
the cure of soule in hand,  
A reconing streight must yeld when they  
at barre of Judgement stand.

[16]

If they not nowe the gospell teache,  
and so their soldes defend,  
From gredy guttes (devouring wolves),  
repent they shall at end.

[17]

Then meane and basest sorte of men  
may not exempted be,  
But nedes perforce to Judgement come,  
both hie and lowe degree.

[18]

Yea, man and woman, old and yong,  
must perforce ther appeare  
To yeld accompte, and shortly nowe,—  
the tyme aproceth neere.

[19]

For why ?—the signes expirèd are,  
the tokens sure are past,  
And onely nowe remaines behinde  
of trompe the fearfull blast,

[20]

To call vs vp to this accompt,  
this sessions greate proclaime ;  
Let vs, therfore, the life reiect  
that hath bene to[o] to[o] vaine.

[16] 2 soldes : *i.e.* souls.

# WHAT MEANS THIS CARELESS WORLD

[21]

Let vs, I say, with hasty spedē  
our carelesse lyfe of[f] shake ;  
Let love and dread of Judgement day  
from vaine delightes vs wake.

[22]

Yea, let vs all with virgins wise  
our oyle in lampes have prest,  
To enter when the bridegrom comes  
to that immortall rest.

[23]

O graunt vs grace, thou blessed god,  
that we may so have power,  
And that our hartes so longinge wishe  
for *christ*, our saviour ;

[24]

With whome the faithfull and elect  
shall reign in blisse alwaies,  
To whome, with his deare father and  
the holy ghost, be praise.

[**Finis.**]

[22] 2 prest = ready.

[23] 4 saviour : *read* sav-i-our.

## *Why should not mortal men awake*

MS. Rawlinson Poet. 185, fols. 2-4<sup>v</sup>. The title given in the MS. to this splendid Judgment-Day ballad does not seem appropriate. The ballad itself was registered for publication on August 19, 1584, as "a godly exhortacon of Doomes Daie is at hand &c." ; and, again, as a ballad of "Doomes Daie is at hand &c." on August 1, 1586.

The author, R. D., contributed a poem, "No wordes, but deedes," to the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1578 (Collier's reprint, pp. 24-25).

Thomas Deloney's "Lamentation of Beccles," 1586, was sung to *Wilson's Tune*, and "A proper newe Ballad, declaring the substaunce of all the late pretended Treasons against the Queenes Majestie," 1586 (in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries), was sung to *Wilson's new Tune*. Cf. also Chappell's *Popular Music*, I., 86.

### *A godly and good examyle to avoyde all Inconveniencies as hereafter followeth.*

To *wilson's tune.* R. D.

[1]

Why should not mortall men awake  
and see the day appere ?  
Why should we not shake of[f] our pride  
and serue the lord with fere ?  
Men are so drowned in peevishe pride  
the worser parte they take ;  
But what attaines to perfect good,  
they wholly do forsake.  
*The day is nye, for shame awake,*  
*with humble hartes, therfore,*  
*Approche the place where mercy is,*  
*and lerne to sinne no more.*

[Title] examyle : i.e. example.

## WHY SHOULD NOT MORTAL MEN AWAKE

[2]

How lounge shall we forgett our god  
and laye his law aside ?  
How lounge shall we procure his wrath  
by this excesse of pride ?  
High tyme it is for *Englishe* harts  
to god for grace to call,  
With bensinge knees, and liftinge hands,  
and shrikinge woiche withall.  
*The day is nye, for shame awake,  
with humble hartes, &c.*

[3]

The axe is sett vnto the tree :  
then if we be not rotton,  
Let vs shake of[f] our vanitie,  
let pride be quite forgotton ;  
For god hath shewed examples store  
to move vs to repente,  
But we, alas, sinne more and more,  
we are so lewdly bente.  
*The day is nye, for shame awake,  
with humble hartes, &c.*

[4]

For pride, alas, doth bere the swaye  
in outward shewe and harte,  
But meeknes of the minde, we maye  
perceau, is put aparte :  
Haue minde, therfore, howe angells bright  
that once with god did dwell  
for pride, wherin they tooke delight,  
were headloung throwne to hell.  
*The day is nye, for shame awake,  
with humble hartes, &c.*

[2] 8 shrikinge woiche : *i.e.* shrieking voice.

# WHY SHOULD NOT MORTAL MEN AWAKE

[5]

Proud *Iesabell*, whose sinne so great  
did move the lorde to Ire,  
Was headlonge from her tower so neat  
cast in the filthy myre ;  
The raveninge dogges, in open streates,  
devored her wicked corse ;  
Her fleshe and blood with horses' feett  
was trode without remorse.  
*The day is nye, for shame awake,*  
*with humble hartes, &c.*

[6]

*Nabuchadnezar* so greate,  
of *Babylon* the kinge,  
Was quite excluded from his seate,  
which plague his pride did bringe ;  
For when that pride in him encrest,  
he therin did abounde ;  
But for his pride he was a beast,  
and eat the grasse on grounde.  
*The day is nye, for shame awake,*  
*with humble hartes, &c.*

[7]

*Antiochus*, through pride, thought good  
equall to be with god ;  
Whose thoughts most vile the Lord withstoode  
by his reuenging rod,  
He made this wicked king accurst,  
who showed him selfe so stout,

[5] i Iesabell : *i.e.* Jezebel (1 Kings xxi. ; 2 Kings ix., 11).

[6] i Nabuchadnezar : *i.e.* Nebuchadnezzar ; 4 plague : *MS. originally*  
*playge.*

[7] i Antiochus : *i.e.* Antiochus Epiphanes (2 Maccabees ix., 1-18)

## WHY SHOULD NOT MORTAL MEN AWAKE

And caused his bowells so to burst  
that wormes came cra[w]llinge out.  
*The day is nye, for shame awake,  
with humble hartes, &c.*

[8]

The daughter of a merchant late,  
in *Italy* that dwelt,  
Accepted pride to be her mate,  
which caused her soule to swelt ;  
Whose ruffes to sett none plesed her sight,  
she was so Coye a dame,  
*Tyll sathan had her for his right  
vnto her parentes' shame.*  
*The day is nye, for shame awake,  
with humble hartes, &c.*

[9]

The *Gyantes* once to haue the seat  
of suprem head presumed,  
The which was very hard to gett—  
at length they were consumed.  
The bewtye of *narcis* so strainge,  
which did his wittes devoure,  
The godes decree the same did chainge  
into a yellow flower.  
*The day is nye, for shame awake,  
with humble hartes, &c.*

[10]

Loe, daintye dames of *London* braue,  
that now in pleasure's barge,  
How mighty kinges and ladies haue  
from vertue runne at large,

[9] 1 Gyantes : *i.e.* the Titans ; 5 narcis so : *read* Narcissus.  
[10] 2 now : *read* row.

# WHY SHOULD NOT MORTAL MEN AWAKE

By hauty hertes before the lord—  
of sinnes which is the worst ;  
And angells bright, with one accord,  
howe pride hath made accurst.  
*The day is nye, for shame awake,  
with humble hertes, &c.*

[11].

What makes the rich, without all feare,  
disdaine the lowly minde ?  
What causes the sonne his father dere  
denye against all kinde ?  
What cавses whordome now prevayle,  
or theft so muche to raigne ?—  
This filthy pride, for why, some steale  
ther mynions to maintaine.  
*The day is nye, for shame awake,  
with humble hertes, &c.*

[12]

Leave off[f], therfore, this vaine excesse  
whilst mercye may be had ;  
Abandon all presumptuousnes,  
which makes your soules full sad ;  
For god lifted vp the humble harte,  
he lawdes the lowly minde,  
But puffinge pride he puttes aparte,  
as chaffe against the winde.  
*The day is nye, for shame awake,  
with humble h[arts, &c.].*

[13]

God doth compare vnto a Child  
his glorious Kingdome wholly,  
And to the little dove so milde  
that sheweth her selfe so lowly :

[12] 5 lifted : read lifts.

[13] 1 Child : i.e. St. Matthew xix., 14.

## WHY SHOULD NOT MORTAL MEN AWAKE

The first, saith *Christ*, shalbe the last,  
the gretest shalbe lest,  
And he that never pride did tast  
with god shall live in rest.

*The day is nye, for shame awake,  
with humble h[arts, &c.].*

[14]

Strive not for welth, let vertue bounde,  
with lowly minds accord ;  
For when god doth the prowed confound,  
the meeke shall see the lorde.  
The meeke who seekes the lord to plesse  
for his deseruèd hire,  
Shalle were a Crowne of Blisfull bayes,—  
what more can he desire ?  
*[The day is nye, for shame awake,  
with humble harts, &c.]*

[15]

What can avayle your velvet gownes,  
your Caules of glitteringe golde,  
Your ruffes so deepe, your chaines of Iette,  
when you are tourn'd to mould ?  
Your painted face, your fristed heare,  
your Cotes of scarlet red,  
Your coloured hose, your Iewells deare,  
your hoodes vpon your head ?  
*The day is nye, for shame awake,  
with humble, &c.*

[16]

Your fingers fine, bedect with ringes,  
your countenance braue and bolde ;

[13] 5 Christ : i.e. St. Matthew xix., 30 ; 6 lest : read least.

[15] 2 Caules=caps, or nets, for the hair ; 5 fristed heare : i.e. frizzled hair.

## WHY SHOULD NOT MORTAL MEN AWAKE

Your tatlinge tounges and other thinges,  
most sinfull to beholde ;  
Your trippinge pace and gaddinge grace,  
your lives to *venus* bente ;  
Your lofty lookes, with lustfull hookes ;—  
will cause your soules be shente.  
*The day is nye, for shame awake,*  
*with humble harts, &c.*

[17]

When doomes-day comes, as it is nye,  
all thinges shall loose thire light,  
Those which are ioyned with meeknes clere  
shall shine in glory bright ;  
For shame, therfore, shake of[f] your pride,  
put vaine delights awaye,  
And let dame vertue be your guide,—  
your state shall not decaye.  
*The day is nye, for shame awake,*  
*with humble hartes, therfore,*  
*Approch the place where mercye is,*  
*and lerne to sinne no more.*

**Finis.**

[17] *z* loose thire : *i.e.* lose their.

*Come on, good fellow, make an end*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 6<sup>v</sup>-8. The tops of most of the letters in the title have been clipped by the binder, and the ink throughout the ballad is badly faded.

This really good ballad was licensed for publication by John Cherlewood under the title of "betwene Death and yowte" in 1563-64 (Arber's *Transcript*, I., 237). There is an especially disconcerting reference to the frailty of life in stanza 16.

*A dialogue betwene death and youthe.*

DEATH [1]

Come on, good fellowe, make an end,  
for you and I must talke ;  
You may noe longer soiourne here,  
but hence you must goe walke.

YOUTH [2]

What wofull wordes, alas,  
be theise that I do heare ?  
Alas, and shall I now forthewith  
forsake my lyfe so deare ?

DEATH [3]

Come on, come on, and lynger not,  
ye tryfle but the tyme ;  
Ye make to[o] muche of that, Iwis,  
which is but dirt and slyme.

COME ON, GOOD FELLOW, MAKE AN END

YOUTH [4]

O cursèd death, what dost thou mean,  
so cruell for to be,  
To him that neuer thought the[e] harm  
nor once offended the[e] ?

[5]

O death, behold ; I am but younge  
and of a pleasaunt age :  
Take thou some old and crokèd wight,  
and spare me in thy rage.

[6]

Behold, my lymmes be lyvely now,  
my mynd and courage strong,  
And by the verdit of all men  
lyke to continew long ;

[7]

My bewty like the rose so red,  
my heare like glistring gold ;—  
And canst thou now of pity then  
transforme me into molde ?

[8]

O gentle death, be not extreme ;  
thy mercy heare I craue ;  
It is not for thyne honor nowe  
to fetche me to my grave :

[9]

But rather let me lyve a while,  
till youth consumèd be,—

[5] 1 younge : *MS. yougne* ; 2 pleasaunt : *badly blurred in MS.*  
[6] 3 verdit : *i.e. verdict.* [7] 2 heare : *i.e. hair.*

# COME ON, GOOD FELLOW, MAKE AN END

When crooked age doth me opres,  
then welcome death to me.

## DEATH [10]

O fo[ol]lishe man, what dost thou meane  
to strive against the streme ?  
Nothing there is that can the[e] nowe  
out of my handes redeame.

## [11]

Thy time is past, thy daies are gone,  
thy race is fully runne ;  
Thou must of force nowe make an end,  
as thou hadst onse begunne.

## [12]

O foole, why dost thou beag and boast  
of theise thy youthfull dayes ?—  
Which passeth fast and fadeth swifte,  
as flowers freshe decayes.

## [13]

Both youth and age to me be one—  
I care not whome I stryke :  
The child, the man, the father old,  
doe I reward alyke.

## [14]

The proudest of them all, Iwis,  
can not escape my darte :  
The lady fayre, the lazer fowlle,  
shall both posses a parte.

[12] 1 beag : *i.e.* beg.

[14] 3 fowlle : *i.e.* foul.

# COME ON, GOOD FELLOW, MAKE AN END

[15]

Thou art not nowe the first, I say,  
that I haue earèd vppe ;  
Ne yet shalt be the last, pardy,  
that drincketh of my cuppe ;

[16]

For he that doth vs nowe behold,—  
perusing this our talke,—  
He knoweth not yet how sone, god wot,  
with thee and me to walke !

[17]

Dispatche, therfore, and make an end,  
for ne[e]des you must obey ;  
And as thou camest into this world,  
so shalt thou nowe away.

YOUTH [18]

And must I passe out of this world  
in-dede, and shall I soe ?  
May noe man me restrayn a while,  
but ne[e]des nowe must I goe ?

[19]

Why, then, farewell my lyfe and landes,  
adiew my pleasures all !  
Loe dredfull deth doth vs departe,  
and me away doth call.

[20]

My chearfull dayes be worne a-way,  
my pleasaunt tyme is past,

[15] *z* eared = ploughed up (< O.E. *grian*).

[17] *z* camest : *read* cam'st. [19] *z* departe = separate.

## COME ON, GOOD FELLOW, MAKE AN END

My youthfull yeares are spent and gone,  
my lyfe it may not last ;

[21]

And I (for lacke of lyfe and breath)  
whose like hath not bene sene,  
Shall straight consumèd be to dust,  
as I had never bene.

[22]

But thoughe I yeld as now to thee,  
when nothing me can save,  
Yet I am sure that I shall lyve  
when thou thy death shalt haue.

**finis.**

*Lo here I vance with spear and  
shield*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 51<sup>V</sup>-52<sup>V</sup>. A ballad of a conventional type in which Death, after gloating over his victory in destroying Crœsus, warns all estates of his power and urges them to be ready. He seems to be uncertain as to whether his master is God or Jove. In the woodcuts that ornament most of the ballads on Death, he is depicted as a skeleton with an hour-glass in one hand, a dart (or spear) in the other. A ballad much like this appears in the *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1579 (Collier's reprint, pp. 119 ff.).

**Deth with houreglass in the one hand  
and speare in the other threatneth all  
estates.**

[1]

Loe heare I vaunce, with speare and shield,  
To watche my pray, to spoyle, to kill ;  
By day, by night, on sea, one land,  
Noe tyme I stay ; but toyling still,  
My force I try, to worcke the will  
Of ruling *Jove* : with deathfull dint,  
Eache hart I reave, though hard as flint.

[2]

My shape is dread of wor[1]dly wightes ;  
My piercing darte, abhorèd sore ;  
Which them devides from vayne delights,—  
From glaring pompe possest before,

[1] 3 one : *read on.*

## LO HERE I VANCE

From scepter, croune, and earthly glore :  
With Pallas, throne, yea reign and power,  
I them bereave at 'pointed howre.

[3]

No king so sure nor keyser founde  
But I remove from ruling seate ;  
No wight but when he heres my sound  
Must yeld perforce, thoughe force be great.  
Sith lord of lyfe as man did sweate,  
With trickling droppes of watry bloud,  
Who dare resist, be he never so good ?

[4]

Thoughe thou, a king, thy selfe enclose  
In Iron, in brasse, in stone, in stele,—  
Which may defend the[e] from suche foes  
As thou on earth their force might fele,—  
Yet I, not rulde by fortune's whele,  
But stay'd on god at tourne of glasse,  
Will sparce thy stele, thy stone, thy bra[sse].

[5]

One godes decre dependes my power ;  
And serve I do at 'pointed will :  
If he commaund and lot myne houre,  
Then forth I fare to spoile and kill ;  
If he restraine, then rest I still  
(As momme, and eke as cheynèd, to[o]),  
Not able ought gaine him to doe.

[2] 6 Pallas : *i.e.* palace.

[3] 3 heres : *i.e.* hears.

[4] 7 sparce : *i.e.* sparche = scorch ; brasse : Clipped by the binder.

[5] 1 One : *read on* ; 6 momme = mum, quiet ; 7 gaine : *i.e.* against.

## WITH SPEAR AND SHIELD

[6]

And thoughte in hand I vaunce this speare,  
Whose dint is death and wound to grave,  
Yet loe this glasse againe I beare,  
To shewe that I noe fredome have  
For hate to strike, for love to save,  
Till mighty *Joue* appoint the houre ;  
And then I want no will nor power.

[7]

Defer noe tyme, therfore, I say,  
Ye sonnes of men, your selves prepare ;  
For hence, perforce, ye must away :  
No keyser, kyng, nor Quene, I spare ;  
But when their times fulfillèd are,  
I strike them doune, whome none may save,  
But dust to dust I fling in grave.

[8]

Yeld, therfore ; yeld, thou *Cresus* crounde,  
For glasse is out, hence must thou wend :  
Though pompe, thoughte welth do large abound,  
Yet can not life from death defend.  
Doune, *Cresus*, doune ; for fatall end,  
By ruling will, hath thronne my speare—  
Ha, sturdy wight, now lyest thou there !

[9]

Sith *Cresus* now is doune in dust,  
And could not shunne this mortall hour,  
Who may to wealth or worship trust ?—  
He wanted neyther pomp nor power :  
Thus death in fyne will all devoure.

[8] 1 *Cresus* : *i.e.* Crœsus ; 6 *thronne* : *i.e.* thrown.

[9] 5 *fyne* : *i.e.* fine = end.

## LO HERE I VANCE

Then note the swiftnesse of this glasse ;  
For tyme decreed, thou canst not passe.

[10]

A kyng is now a clod of claye,  
His breathlesse corse must hence to grave ;  
Report shall good or ill display,—  
If well be done, he well shall have.  
But thus no graunt they got that crave  
Of me, but doun with *Cresus* kyng,  
With vnresisted force, I slyng.

[11]

For sith that he, this princely wight,  
Could not resist my dint of speare,  
Whoe else may thincke to have suche might  
That cause he hath not like to feare ?  
Prepare your selves, therfore, prepare :  
The glasse is swift and runnes out fast,  
Then earth to earth must needs be cast.

[12]

He shrouded lyes in lynnен shete  
That lately was clothed in Pall ;  
His croune bereft and throwen at fete,  
With scepter, mace, he rulde withall,  
In pieces wroong ; his carcase thrall  
To crowling woormes, to feed their fill :—  
Wachte, therfore, wachte, I warn you still.

[13]

For eache may thus perceyve and se  
That naught can force of death withstand ;

[12] 2 was clothed : *read clothēd* was ; 3 throwen : *read thrown*.

## WITH SPEAR AND SHIELD

For I depend on *Joue's* decree,  
And forth will walke with glasse in hand  
To slay, to spoile, by sea and land ;—  
Prepare yourselves, therfore, I say,  
Ye knowe noe tyme, no houre, nor day.

[**F**inis.]

## *I am that champion, great of power*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 54-54<sup>v</sup>. In this fluent but conventional ballad Death enumerates distinguished persons whom he has “flang” to the dust. Antony Munday has several ballads in his *Dainty Conceits*, 1588 (*Harleian Miscellany*, IX., 227, 230, 238, 252), shewing that “divers worthy personages past in auncient time” could not resist death,—a truth that might be supposed to be self-evident. One of the *Gude and Godlie Ballatis*, 1567 (ed. A. F. Mitchell, p. 167), asks:—

Quhair is Adam and Eue his wife  
And Hercules, with his lang stryfe,  
And Matusalem, with his lang lyfe?  
They all ar cum downe ay, downe ay.

And in his poem “Upon the Image of Death” the talented Catholic priest Robert Southwell (*Poems*, ed. A. B. Grosart, p. 157) falls into the ballad style:—

Though all the East did quake to heare  
Of Alexander’s dreadfull name,  
And all the West did likewise feare  
To heare of Iulius Cæsar’s fame,  
Yet both by Death in dust now lie;  
Who then can ‘scape, but he must die?

## *The triumphhe of death.*

[I]

I am that champion, greate of power,  
one barbèd horse, with coulor pale,  
Which all that lyve will onse devoure  
and thrust in grave with forcèd bale.  
Against me naught thou canst prevayle,  
what so thou art,—the reason why,  
All men that lyve are borne to dye.

[I] 2 one : *i.e.* on.

# I AM THAT CHAMPION, GREAT OF POWER

[2]

Yeeld, princes ; yeld, ye men of might ;  
resign to me your rule and croune ;  
Or, if you will presume to fight,  
do on, you lordes that grimly frowne,  
Your steely cotes, you of renowne.  
Come breake a staffe with me who dare :  
No kyng except, no prince I feare.

[3]

Not *Nemrod*, with his sturdy lookes,  
could me repulse ; but forcibly  
(As standes in first of *Moyses* booke),  
amiddes his prude and tyranny,  
Doune, doune, he fell confusedly,  
and (nilling-wise) thus catching, fall ;  
By wofull force became my thrall.

[4]

The spoyling *Sampson*, prince of strength,  
thoughe noble actes by force he wrought,  
Was forcibly enforst at length  
his force to yeld, which holp him nought ;  
But doune I flang him, yea, and brought  
to mouth of grave his vanquisht strength.  
Thus none may dure but yeld at length.

[5]

To speake of noble conqueroures,  
as *Alexander* (warlike wight),  
*Cæsar*, with *Romaine* emperours,  
whose fame one earth remayneth bright ;—

[3] 1 Nemrod : *i.e.* Nimrod ; 3 Moyses : *i.e.* Moses. Cf. Genesis x., 8-9 ; 6 nilling = unwilling.

[4] 1 spoiling = despoiling, ravaging ; strength : *MS.* strength ;  
4 holp : old strong form of the verb *help*. [5] 4 one : *i.e.* on.

# I AM THAT CHAMPION, GREAT OF POWER

They all at beck obeyed my might,  
and groveling fell, resigning croune  
To me, their lord, that threw them downe.

[6]

Wher is that *Hector*, croune of *Troye*,  
whose wing'd renoune no tyme can staye ?  
Wher is, o *Jewe*, thy boasting Joy ?—  
thy *Dauyd* he but past my way,  
With yong *Josias* swete, I say :  
theise all ar now in dusty plight.  
Then yeld, perforce, your force and might.

[7]

Now come, contend with me who list ;  
for doune they must, who euer they be ;  
Theise namde, you se[e], could not resist  
my force, but captives now they be.  
Looke, therfore, lo[o]k alwayes for me ;  
for when thy glasse is full runne out,  
I come with speare, be out of doubt.

[**Finis.**]

[6] 5 Josias : 2 Kings xxii.-xxiii.      [7] 2 euer : read e'er.

## *O mortal man, behold and see*

MS. Rawlinson Poet. 185, fols. 4<sup>v</sup>-5<sup>v</sup>. This MS. preserves an almost entirely new ballad, which is longer than, and much superior to, the two other extant versions. The two-line chorus is written as the opening lines of the first stanza, and in an effort to normalize the form of this stanza, the copyist did not repeat the last line as he did elsewhere. Other copies of the ballad occur: (1) In Additional MS. 15,233 (Halliwell-Phillipps, *The Moral Play of Wit and Wisdom*, Shakespeare Society, 1848, pp. 110-111). This version (H.) has nine stanzas: it omits three of those in the Rawlinson MS., but adds a new stanza, here reprinted as stanza 13. It does not repeat the last line of each stanza—using instead the chorus—and is signed “Fynis, quod Mr. Thorne.” (2) In the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1578 (Collier’s reprint, pp. 121-122). The chorus is printed at the head of this version (P.), but neither chorus nor the last line of the stanzas is repeated at the conclusion of each stanza. Of the eight stanzas in this version four (printed here as stanzas 2-5) do not occur in either the Rawlinson or the Additional MS. copies. It is signed “Finis. M[r.] Thorne.”

The ballad seems to have been registered in 1563 by John Cherlewood (cf. especially stanza 15) as “ye vanitie of this worlde and the felycite of the worlde to come” (Arber’s *Transcript*, I., 231).

Two other ballads by Thorne are preserved in Addit. MS. 15,233 (ed. Halliwell-Phillipps, *op. cit.*, pp. 65, 102), and one of these is included in the *Paradise*.

## *A pretie dittie and a pithie intituled O mortall man.*

*O mortall man, behold and see,  
This world is but a vanetie.*

[1]

Who shall profoundly way and scan  
the vnassurèd state of man

[1] 1 way: *i.e.* weigh; 2 vnassured: assured (P.).

## O MORTAL MAN, BEHOLD AND SEE

Shall well perceue by reson, then,  
that ther is no stabilitie.

All is subièct to vanety,  
[all is subièct to vanety].

[2]

[For what estate is there thinke ye,  
throughly content with his degré,  
Whereby we may right plainly see :  
That in this vale of miserie,  
remaineth nought but vanitie.

[3]

The great men wish  $y^e$  meane estate,  
mean men again their state do hate,  
Olde men thinke children fortunate :  
A boy a man would faynest be,  
thus wandereth man in vanitie.

[4]

The country man doth daily swel,  
with great desire in court to dwell,  
The Courtier thinkes him nothing well :  
Till he from Court in country be,  
he wandreth so in vanitie.

[5]

The sea doth tosse  $y^e$  marchants brains,  
to wish a farme & leue those pains,  
The Farmer gapeth at marchants gaines :  
Thus no man can contented be,  
he wandreth so in vanitie.]

[6]

If thou be kinge or emperoure,  
prince, ether lord of might or powre,

[1] 4 ther : where (P.) ; 5 remayneth nought but vanitie (P.).

[2] 1 Stanzas 2-5 appear only in P.

[5] 5 Stanzas 6 and 7 omitted in P.

## O MORTAL MAN, BEHOLD AND SEE

Thy poore subiectes do not devoure ;  
beware of pride and Crueltye,  
Lose not thy fame for vanetie,  
lose not thy fame, &c.

[7]

If thou be set to do Iustice,  
reward vertue and punish vice ;  
Oppresse no man, I thee advice ;  
abuse not thine aut[h]oritye  
To vex poore men for vanetie,  
to vex poor men, &c.

[8]

If thou haue landes or goodes great store,  
consider then thy charge is more,  
Sith that thou must accompt therfore ;  
they are not thine but lent to thee,  
And yet they are but vanetie,  
and yet they are, &c.

[9]

And if thou forten to be poore  
so that thou go from dore to dore,  
Humble giue thankes to god therfore,  
and thinke in thine aduersetie,  
This world is but a vanetie,  
this world is but, &c.

[10]

Yf thou of youth haue oversight,  
refraine thy will with all thy might ;

[7] 3 Oppresse : O ! pres (H.).

[8] 1 or : and (H.) ; 3 Sync howe must make acownt therfore (H., P.) ; 6 Stanzas 9-13 are not in P.

[9] 1 forten : i.e. fortune. [10] 1 Stanza 10 is not in H.

## O MORTAL MAN, BEHOLD AND SEE

For wicked will doth worke his spight.  
Let them at no tyme idle bee,  
For that encreseth vanetie,  
for that encreseth, &c.

[11]

If to serue others thou be bent,  
serue with goodwill, and be content  
To do thy lordes commandément.  
Serue trew and eeke painfully,  
Do not delight in vanetie,  
do not delight, &c.

[12]

But if thou haue men's soules in cure,  
thy charge is great, I thee assure ;  
In wordes and deedes thou must be pure,  
all vertue must abound in thee.  
Thow must eschew all vanetie,  
thow must eschew, &c.

[13]

[Then since ye do perseve right clere,  
That all is vayne as doth apeere  
Lerne to bestow while thou art heere,  
Your wyt, your powre, your landes, your fees ;  
Lerne to bestow thes vanitees.]

[14]

Yf thou be stronge and faire of face,  
sikenes or age doth both deface ;  
Then be not proud in any case ;  
for how can ther more follye be,

[11] 1 Stanza 11 is not in *H.*

[13] 1 Stanza 13 added from *H.*

[14] 2 deface : disgrace (*H.*, *P.*). Stanza 14 follows stanza 8 in *H.* ;  
3 proud : *i.e.* proud.

## O MORTAL MAN, BEHOLD AND SEE

Then to be prowed in vanetie,  
then to be proued, &c.

[15]

Now, finally, be not infectt  
with worldly care, but haue respect  
How god rewardes his trew elect  
with most perfect felicitie,  
Voide of all worldly vanetie,  
voide of all worldly, &c.

[16]

Now let vs pray to god aboue  
that he voutsaffe our harts to moue,  
Each one another for to loue  
and flye from all inyquitie ;  
So shall we 'voide all vanetie,  
so shall we 'voide all vanetie.

**Finis.**

[14] 5 For to be prowed in *P.* reads for to bost of.

[15] 3 rewardes : rewardth (*H.*, *P.*) ; 4 with glorious felicitie (*P.*) ;  
5 Voide of : Fre from (*H.*, *P.*).

[16] 1 Stanza 16 is not in *H.* or *P.* ; 2 voutsaffe : *i.e.* vouchsafe.

## *Alas how long shall I bewail*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 25-25<sup>v</sup>. This ballad is evidently incomplete. Its interest lies in the fact that it was entered in the Stationers' Registers on August 1, 1586 (several years after the MS. was written), as a ballad called "a Dialoge betwene Christ and a sinner." Similar ballads abound : e.g. "a christian conference betwene Christe and a synner," registered on November 7, 1586, printed in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, III., 164 ; "A Dialog betwene Christ and a Sinner," two poems in William Hunnis's *Comfortable Dialogs betwene Christ and a Sinner*, 1583 [added to his *Handfull of Honeysuckles*, pp. 51 ff., 56 ff.] ; a song beginning "Satan, my foe, full of iniquity" in John Forbes's *Cantus, Songs and Fancies*, 1666, sig. B 2.

### *A Dialogue betwene Christe and the pore oppreßed synner.*

#### [1] SYNNER

Alas, how long shall I bewaile  
my wofull case to the[e] ?  
O lord, how long shall teares complaine,  
and yet refusèd be ?  
Alas, my *Christ*, hath mercy end  
that scepter vsde to beare ?  
Hath grace forgot his wonted trade,  
hath pity closde her eare ?

#### [2] CHRIST

Poore synfull soule that dost bewaile  
thy dolefull case to me,  
Thoughe long the[e] seme thy sute delay'd,  
I yet refuse not the[e].

## ALAS HOW LONG SHALL I BEWAIL

No, mercy hath not end for ay,  
but ruling scepter beares ;  
Nor grace forgot his wonted trade  
nor pity closde her eares.

### [3] SYNNER

Why, then, what workes this cause of griefe,  
thine absence still to have ?  
And so to want that swetest ioye  
that most my soule doth crave ?  
Thoughe, dearest *christ*, confes I do  
my soule vnworthy muche,  
To fele indeede possessing-wise  
thy swetest treasures suche.

### [4] CHRIST

O mourning soule, thoughe cause of myne  
absēnce bringes indeede griefe,  
It is not the[e] to speale of Joye  
that I thus-wise proceede ;  
But that, by feeling thus this want,  
thou mightst be forst to cry,  
And therwith, eke, to know thy selfe,  
and sue for grace on hye.

[**Finis.**]

[4] 1 of : *Line ends with this word in MS., myne beginning the next line ;*  
3 speale : *i.e. spiel = to make off with, to deprive of.*

*There is no man so lewd of life*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 26-27<sup>v</sup>. There is no stanza-division in the MS. The thoroughly disheartened early Elizabethan poet who wrote this ballad enumerates not only venial sins that masquerade as vices but also condemns the people's craze for dancing, fencing, over-dressing, and for eating imported foods. Especially curious and interesting are the stanzas (9-11) which describe Elizabethan styles in dress. The poet was evidently an advocate of strict sumptuary laws, and he would have enjoyed reading "An excellent newe ballad Declaringe the monsterous abuse in apparrell and the intollerous pride nowe a daies vsed, &c.," that was printed in December, 1594.

*How every vice crepeth in vn[der] the  
name and shew of a vertue.*

[1]

Ther is noe man so lewde of lyfe,  
so fond in fylthy talke,  
That doth not still perswade him selfe  
in perfect path to walke.  
The covetous carle whose hart and hand  
doth lust and reache for coyne,  
He thinckes it is a glory great  
his bages and heapes to Joyne.

[2]

And *Bacchus'* knightes whose grapy bowe  
do budde with in their braine,  
They thincke it is good fellow-shippe  
in ryot to remayne.

[2] *i* bowe : *i.e.* bough.

## THERE IS NO MAN SO LEWD OF LIFE

The lusty laddes whose lecherous lust  
their wanton ladyes fele,  
Do thincke with goddesse for to spinne  
and with a god to reele.

[3]

“ Tushe, tushe, whoe would not take,” say they,  
“ dame nature for his guyde ?  
And we from nature’s wanton will,  
we know, do never slyde ;  
We shewe our selves we[e] dwarfes to be  
in doing suche a dede,  
But manly mates to fyght in field  
when *England* shall haue nede.

[4]

“ We store the realme with basterd borne,  
to help our natyve soyle ;  
Whose strength, since parentes were so strong,  
must nedes put foes to foyle.”  
The Clyent thinckes he geues noe more  
then larges do requyre ;  
The lawyer thinckes he takes noe more  
then clyentes would desyre.

[5]

So both agre to swymme in synne  
or lurcke in hell,—they care not ;  
So both their willes be brought to passe,  
for wyly wayes they spare not.  
The proude doe thincke it comlynesse  
to vaunt in Jolly Jagges,  
And compteth other garmentes all  
to be but rotten ragges.

[4] 6 larges : *i.e.* largess.

# THERE IS NO MAN SO LEWD OF LIFE

[6]

The ha[i]rbrain'd heades esteme the stoute  
but cowherdes in the fyeld,  
And therfore thincke it manlynesse  
at noe man's sute to yeld :  
The lyver by extorcyon,—  
whose wealth is others' woe,—  
Hath reasons sound, or else he lyes,  
his foes to ouerthrowe.

[7]

“ The losse to ritche is small,” saith he,  
“ their gaynes were greate of late ;  
The poore that begge devote men’s almes,  
it kepeth in their state :  
The myser feeles noe hurt by stealth,  
for he doth robbe him selfe,  
And gathereth goodes, but wantes the vse  
of all his gotten pelfe. -

[8]

“ The ryotous man which to the dyce  
his father’s landes doth send,  
I helpe to throwe a losing chaunce  
to bring him to his end.”  
Excesse in meate is Friendlynnesse,  
so names do vs beguyld ;  
Carouse is made a harty draught,  
to pynche the pottes a while.

[9]

And fylthy woordes are mery iestes  
to sporte the gestes with all ;  
And knavyshe dedes are youthfull toyes,  
which still in youthe doe fall ;

[6] 5 lyver : *perhaps Th' usurer.*

[8] 6 beguyld : *read beguile.*

## THERE IS NO MAN SO LEWD OF LIFE

  Greate hose be comely for the legge,  
    and makes one semely cladde ;  
  *Frenche* cappes are nowe the fashion,  
    and therfore must be had ;

[10]

  Pincke pumpes are good to let in wynde,  
    and must in heate be worne ;  
  Cut elbowes are as coole as they,  
    and cannot be forborne ;  
  In sommer bumbast makes a brest,  
    wher lately ther was none,—  
  In wynter bumbast kepes from cold,  
    when harvest heate is gone.

[11]

  And gaskins now are worne for ease,  
    to stretche both leg and arme ;  
  Eache one hath now a dagger gotte  
    to save himselfe from harme ;  
  A handsome hatte is not without  
    a tassell hanging downe,  
  And custome byddes vs now to weare  
    a felt with loftye croune.

[12]

  In mockes there is a certaine grace  
    which youthfull youthes doe vse,  
  And will somtymes, for want of foes,  
    their freindes therwith abuse.  
  Now should'ring vp of symple soules  
    is signe of courage bold ;  
  Now hoary heares ar in contempt,  
    their age is doting old.

[10] 1 Pincke : read pink'd ; 5 bumbast = a stuffing.

[12] 7 heares : i.e. hairs.

## THERE IS NO MAN SO LEWD OF LIFE

[13]

Nowe dauncing shewes hir good effectes,  
    to hyde her lewde conceiptes,  
And Joyfull lymmes will daunce a dumpe  
    to worcke some depe deceiptes.  
Her nymble trickes, her capers cros[s],  
    do well become our feete,  
And toes that earst did come behinde  
    againe before must mete.

[14]

Nowe fencinge must be vsde and had,  
    our foes to ouer throwe  
With sleightes and feates of reaching armes  
    to strike a quarter blowe,  
I would theise fetches were the worst  
    that *england* nowe doth breed.  
But all the world can scarse, I feare,  
    our rage and fury feede.

[15]

Our natyve soyle cannot afforde  
    suche meates as may content,  
But shippes must seke for *spanishe* spice  
    till all our goodes be spent.  
God make vs thanckefull for his giftes,  
    which he so freely doth bestowe,  
Least other do obtaine our wealth,  
    which will them selves more thankfull shew.

[**finis.**]

[15] 6 *Read which freely He doth bestow* ; 8 *Omit which will*.

## *What way is best for man to choose*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 27<sup>v</sup>-28<sup>v</sup>. There is no stanza-division in the MS. The melancholy, pessimistic tone that appealed to the compiler of the MS. finds its full expression in this ditty. Stanzas 2-4 throw interesting light on the street-brawls of the Elizabethan period, when the phrase "More work for the Cutler" had actual, as well as proverbial, significance ; but in the remaining stanzas the author expresses the futility of human life only in wise saws and general instances. Possibly this was the ballad called "a Dyscription of this mortall lyfe," licensed for publication in 1561 (Arber's *Transcript*, I., 175).

### *Man's lyfe is full of mysery.*

[1]

What way is best for man to chuse,  
what path to lyve in rest ?  
What trade of lyfe can man invent  
to chose or lyke for best ?  
Ther is not one amongst them all,  
so pleasant to the ey[e],  
Which hath not thousand thoughtes and cares  
to ban the pleasures bye.

[2]

Abroad the cutlers rule the roast,  
with frayes in every streate ;  
And daggers drawen, with pearcing pointes,  
in tender fleshe doe mete.

[2] *i rule the roast* : *i.e.* rule the roost, *a proverbial phrase for assuming authority or leadership.*

## WHAT WAY IS BEST FOR MAN TO CHOOSE

I thincke since first the world was made  
and fleshe was framèd out,  
Suche losse of lyves was never yet  
in countreys round about.

[3]

Suche searching out for *turkye* blades,  
of highe and lofty prycce,  
Doth make the cutler now-a-dayes  
alofte in wealth to rise.  
The daggers now be all of steele,  
to flashe and cracke the croune,  
With hiltes and pommelles pouncèd out  
to beate their neigbores downe.

[4]

The buckelers, made of beastly horne,  
which furious hand doth graspe,  
In soke must lye before they fight  
their enmyes' sword to claspe.  
And theise be all the goodly sightes  
which we in stretes can fynde :  
At home the grieves of carking cares  
do pinche our wearyed mynde.

[5]

Somtymes we feare the losse of house  
by servauntes' retchlesse hede ;  
Somtymes we spend vp all our gaynes,  
our houshold folkes to feede :  
The countrey all is full of cares ;  
and plowes must play their parte,  
If hopèd harvest we will have  
to glad our heavy hart.

[3] 7 pounced : *i.e.* chased, embossed.

[4] 1 buckelers : *i.e.* bucklers.

# WHAT WAY IS BEST FOR MAN TO CHOOSE

[6]

The sease be full of raggèd rockes  
and sands to sincke thy shippe ;  
Whose billowes, beating on thy barcke,  
doth make it mount and skippe.  
If thou abounde in worldly wealth  
and bagges be stuffèd vppe,  
For feare of sworde or flashing flames,  
thou canst not dyne or suppe.

[7]

Againe, if want do pynche thy purse  
when naught in chestes be left,  
Then wilt thou wishe thy bones in grave,  
and lyfe, with purse, bereft.  
If thou be lynckt in maryage knotte,  
whoe can expresse thy care ?  
And if thou have noe wyfe at all,  
full simply thou shalt fare.

[8]

To fynde thy sonnes, which thou hast gotte,  
will ask great paine and cost ;  
And then thou semest left alone  
when all thy sonnes be lost.  
If youthfull yeares do the[e] beseke  
with bewtyes rytche aray,  
Then fancyes fond will rage in head,  
for youth must have his swaye.

[9]

If crookèd age have dried thy lymmes  
and suckèd vp thy sappe,  
Then hoary heares for[e]shew that death  
will bring his fatall happe.

[6] 7 flashing : *MS.* flasyhing. [8] 1 fynde = support.  
[9] 3 heares : *i.e.* hairs.

## WHAT WAY IS BEST FOR MAN TO CHOOSE

What then is left for man to wishe,  
thus borne and nurst in grieve ?  
What comfort shall he seke on earth,  
to fynde him some relieve ?

[10]

The best is, eyther not be borne  
by mother's pensyve payne ;  
Or, after death, from whence he came  
straight-wayes to tourne againe.

[**finis.**]

## *The lord that guides the golden globe*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 30<sup>v</sup>-31<sup>v</sup>. There is no stanza-division in the MS. The ink is badly faded. This ballad, imploring Englishmen "born of Brutus's blood" to be wise, just, and attentive to reason's lore, ends with a heart-felt prayer for Queen Elizabeth, part of which at least was granted. During all the long years of her reign, the Queen's popularity with ballad-writers was unfailing.

**It is not god but we our selves seke the  
euersion of our own countrey.**

[1]

The lord that guydes the golden globe  
hath not his heavenly army sent  
To lay our cityes in the dust,  
nor yet at them their batt'ry bent ;  
For *Pallas*, in our stately tower,  
doth stand with speare and shaken shield,  
And myghty *mars* hath got the walles  
to beate them downe, that will not yeld.

[2]

But we our selves, lyke wretched wightes,  
doe seke to vndermyne the towne ;  
A civill discord hath begonne  
to make our walles come tumbling downe.

[Title] euersion = overthrowing.

## THE LORD THAT GUIDES

By wicked thought of divelyshe hart,  
    we still provoke our god to yre ;  
By carelesse lyfe, we him procure  
    to wast our walles with flaming fyre.

[3]

For they whose hungre is for gold  
    and thirst for silver's shining gaine,  
They breake the lawes, forswere the faith,  
    as though ther wer no punishing Payne.  
Some seke by force of bloudy blade  
    a trade of lyving to beginne ;  
Some seke, by open tirranny,  
    the princely seate and lyfe to winne.

[4]

So that noe marvaile now it is,  
    though simple soules take sword in hand,  
And grieve constraines their yerning harteres  
    to ayd and help their native land.  
Some spoile abrode, and bring it home,  
    not caring how they winne their welth,  
And leave their countrey sicke in woe,  
    dispairing quyte of happy health.

[5]

No shifte be left for getting goodes ;  
    and loke, wher force will not prevayle,  
Ther sleightes and pievyshe pollicyes  
    shall geue the onset and assayle.  
They bring *Astrea* in contempt,  
    and iustice can them never fray,  
Her power, her might, her maiesty,  
    her anger doth them not dismay.

[5] 3 pievyshe . i.e. peevish ; 6 fray = frighten.

# THE GOLDEN GLOBE

[6]

Yet she beholdes their wicked woorckes,  
and will reward when tyme shall serve :  
Eache one shall then receive reward  
as he by woorckes doth well deserve ;  
Thoughe god to stay his heavy hand  
from powring out his plagues beneath,  
Yet trust the sworde shall once be drawen,  
which lyeth nowe so depe in sheath.

[7]

Thoughe he be close within his cloudes,  
and semes to mortall men to slepe,  
Yet doth he seke, with mighty arme,  
his glory still on earth to kepe.  
The longer leave that he doth geue  
our naught, and synfull lyves, to mend,  
The greater plagues one careles men  
his armēd arme shall surely send.

[8]

And, therfore, do thou not thy selfe  
with faire and flattering wordes beguild,  
The money is not alwayes lost,  
whose payment is differd a while.  
Ye *Britaines*, borne of *Brutus'* bloud,  
leave of[f], therfore, to walcke at will,  
That all your woordes and deedes may be  
to reason's lore attentive still.

[9]

Then god will blesse this litle Ile  
with corne and grasse, in plenteous store,

[6] 5 to : read do.

[7] 6 naught and : possibly read naughty ; 7 one : read on.

[8] 2 beguild : read beguile ; 4 differd : i.e. deferred.

## THE LORD THAT GUIDES

Then peace, as it hath well begonne,  
so shall it flourishe more and more.  
God save our Quene *Elysabeth*,  
and ayd her alwaies at her nede,  
That earth may bring her hartes desyre,  
and heavenly foode her soule may fede.

[10]

God graunt full long her noble grace  
with vs in *England* to remayne,  
And graunt her in the world to come  
with the[e] and all the sainctes to raign ;  
Wher angelles sing suche heavenly songes,  
with their most swetly-sounding voyce,  
Where all the cherfull cherubins  
with Joyfull hart and mouth reioise.

[**Finis.**]

*The covetous carl when greedy  
eyes*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 33-35. There is no stanza-division in the MS. The ballad is probably "a ballett agaynste covetous[ness]," which Owen Rogers licensed on October 30, 1560 (cf. No. 15), though, to be sure, it is an invective rather against hoarding than against covetousness. Addressing his remarks to fathers, the balladist urges them to spend their money in their own lifetime rather than leave it for idle sons to spend lewdly, thus foreshadowing Martin Parker's ballad on "Gathergood the Father, Scattergood the Son" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, I., 129). The moral is emphatically stated in stanzas 14-16. But whatever point this ballad had in the Elizabethan age has been removed, one may well think, by our inheritance, income, and luxury taxes.

*A generall discourse vpon Covetousnesse.*

[1]

The covetous carle, when gredy eyes  
the glittering gold doth blynde,  
Noe place so safe, noe tyme so sure,  
that doth not feare his mynde.  
At table tyme, when meate and drincke  
before his eyes doth stand,  
And Gesse declare the wondrous workes  
that chaunce in straungest land;

[2]

Suche meate and drincke he doth not wey,  
they can him not content;

[1] 4 feare = make afraid ; 7 Gesse : *i.e.* guests.  
[2] 1 wey : *i.e.* weigh.

## THE COVETOUS CARL WHEN GREEDY EYES

For all the ioyes of mery mates  
    his mynde will not relent,  
“ Alas,” he sayth, “ that blustering prince  
    which one the windes doth reign,  
Hath sent his imps amongst the floudes  
    to teare my shippe in twayne ;

[3]

“ Else *Neptune*, with his forckèd mace,  
    hath stroke the swelling wave,  
Whose fomyng force with violence  
    my barcke in sonder clave.  
And thoughte the godes should be my freindes  
    till wyndes and waves were past,  
Yet sandes wold sincke my shaken shippe,  
    and make it sticke full fast.

[4]

“ Or raggèd rockes would strike her syde[s],  
    till they did cleave in sonder ;  
And gaping gulfes would get alofte,  
    till all my goodes were vnder.”  
And thus he feares his goodes abroad  
    and doubtes their safe retourne ;  
At home he feares *Vulcamis* force,  
    his buildinges brave to burne.

[5]

So that he is vnto him selfe  
    the cause of all his care ;  
Whilst he in hope of *Nestor's* yeares,  
    from spending still doth spare.

[2] 4 relent : *i.e.* soften in temper ; 5 prince : *i.e.* Æolus ; 6 one : *read* on ; 7 imps = children, attendants.

[3] 2 stroke : *i.e.* struck.

[4] 7 feares Vulcanis : *read* feareth Vulcan's.

[5] 3 whilst : *i.e.* whilst.

# THE COVETOUS CARL WHEN GREEDY EYES

He hath enoughe, yet wanteth all  
    that he with payne hath gotte,  
For who will thincke a man to have  
    the thing he vseth not ?

[6]

Who will believe him satisfyed  
    that still doth thirst for drincke ?  
Who thinckes that ground is wet enoughe  
    wher raine doth quicklyly syncke ?  
What man will deme his cofers full  
    with gripes of gotten gold,  
If that his chestes and cofers yet  
    a greater somme would hould ?

[7]

Soe whoe can well accompt him rytche  
    that gapeth still for gayne ?—  
Althoughe his bagges lye strouting full,  
    and so in chest remayne.  
Yea, lo[o]ke, the more he hath of goodes,  
    the more he wantes of fill ;  
Muche lyke the dropsye drye desease  
    that craveth water still.

[8]

He is good to none, yet to himselfe  
    he is the worst of all :  
His goodes do never profyt one  
    till death on him befall ;  
And then most lyke the wrouting sowe,  
    which never bringeth good

[5] 5 wanteth : *i.e.* lacks.

[6] 6 gripes = handfuls ; 8 somme : *i.e.* sum.

[7] 3 strouting : *i.e.* strutting.

[8] 5 wrouting sowe : *i.e.* rooting sow.

# THE COVETOUS CARL WHEN GREEDY EYES

Till meate be of her body made  
by letting of her bloud,

[9]

So he that in his lyfe was naught,  
by leaving good behinde,  
Hath rakèd vp for ryotus sonnes  
their lyfe a while to fynde.  
And, lo[o]ke, as he with car[e]full cloulthe  
did scrape his goodes together,  
So they will send them out agayne  
at euery tyde and weather.

[10]

Some is on bancketes brave bestowed  
in grocers' sugred shoppes ;  
Some hangs in neate and statly house,  
with brave and golden knoppes ;  
Some *Bacchus* doth devoure in cuppes,  
and drincketh all away :  
Yea, freindes carousing to and froe  
bringes heapes vnto decay.

[11]

When *Venus* shewes her darlings deare,  
which earst in chambers lay,  
And do them selves in whoorishe weedes  
before their eyes display :  
One comes with wanton lute in hand,  
in hope of lucky chaunce ;  
Another leades about the house  
some new disguyseèd daunce ;

[9] 4 fynde = to support ; 5 cloulthe : MS. perhaps cloulche. Read clutch.

[10] 1 bancketes : i.e. banquets ; 4 knoppes : i.e. knobs.

# THE COVETOUS CARL WHEN GREEDY EYES

[12]

The third hath fyngers redy lymde,  
whilst youthes do tourne aboute,  
To catche their purses in her clawes  
and steale the money out ;  
The fowerth, the 5th, and all the rest  
of all the lecherous trayne  
Doth bid them eyther geve their goodes,  
or else they shalbe slayne.

[13]

This is the end of goodes ill gott :  
they wilbe lewdely spent,  
And as they safely came to hand,  
so swiftly are they sent.  
Beware therfore, ye mysers all,  
and learne to vse your owne,  
That they may still enioye the fruictes  
which first the sedes have sowne.

[14]

Who could abyde to play the asse  
with dainties one his backe,  
Yet he him selfe to feed one thornes  
for needy hunger's lacke ?—  
Then vse thy gold both thou and thyne  
in honest state to fynde,  
For sparing fathers oftentymes  
leave spending sonnes behinde.

[15]

Thou thinck'st by hoording vp of heapes  
thou shalt be Ritcher still :

[12] 1 lymde = ready for pilfering ; *lime-fingered* occurs often in Elizabethan usage ; 6 lecherous : *MS.* lecherour ?

[14] 2, 3 one : *i.e.* on.

## THE COVETOUS CARL WHEN GREEDY EYES

Nay, nay, thou art more pore, indeede,  
when chestes thou sek'st to fyll ;  
For whoe is ritche ?—even he that doth  
content him with his store ;  
And whoe is pore ?—even he that sekes  
to gather more and more.

[16]

The vnthrifte wilbe quickly pore  
when tyme shall geue him leave ;  
And thou thy selfe vnwittingly  
of substaunce dost bereave :  
Then spend thy goodes among thy freindes,  
whilst lyfe doth lycense lend,  
And let thy sonnes know how to gett  
before they knowe to spend.

[**Finis.**]

## *Where pensive hearts relieved are*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 42, 43<sup>v</sup>-44. Because on fols. 42<sup>v</sup>-43 an entirely different song is inserted, the copyist has written in the margin of stanza 1, "tourne to the next leafe saue one fore the rest of this sonet." The "sonet" is a delightful little poem that well deserves rescuing from oblivion: I have met with no printed copy.

### *A Joyfull consolacion wher Christ is lyvely felt.*

[1]

Wher pensive heartes relieved are  
with dewes of grace,  
And peace succeeds turmoyling care  
and takes his place,  
Ther ioyfull Joy the hart doth fede  
That comfortes swete therout procede,  
And they reioyce, with thankfull voice,  
their happy case.

[2]

Wher *christ* is felt in lyvely wise  
by fayth sincere,  
And that they doe with inward eyes  
behold him cleare,  
O ther the soule, with Joy replete,  
Doth crave no better drincke or meate,  
But wisheth she may enjoy for aye  
that lyfe most deare.

## WHERE PENSIVE HEARTS RELIEVED ARE

[3]

Wher *christ* embraceth in armes of love  
the synfull soule,  
And eke in heavenly booke above  
his name enrowle,  
When fayth, perswaded, feles it sure,—  
What turmoyles then may grefe procure ?  
Suche ioye, by grace, triumphes in place,  
and rappes the soule.

[4]

Wher sence of *christ* is surely had,  
as sainctes possesse,  
And wher the hart, with grefe sor[e] clad,  
hath swete redresse,  
Oh ther they feele the blisfull gaine  
Of pleasure, tourn'd from pinching paine,  
And are, therby, enforst to crye  
with thanckefullnesse.

[5]

Wher sinfull soule persuasion hath,  
when she doth crave  
Of freedome from deservèd wrath  
and grace to have,  
Ther dolefull sighes departe their way,  
And Joyfull hymnes their ioy display ;  
Yea, god hath praise, whoe grauntes alwayes  
suche soules to save.

[6]

Therfore, thoughe we, o blessed lord,  
corrupted be,  
And merite still to be abhor'd,  
oh wretches we !

[3] 8 rappes : *i.e.* wraps.

## WHERE PENSIVE HEARTS RELIEVÈD ARE

Extend thy love, extend thy grace,  
In armes of mercy vs embrace,  
For *christe* we pray that laude we may,  
    both him and the[e].

[**Finis.**]

*Should my poor heart, O dearest  
Lord*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 44<sup>v</sup>-45.

**A Chankesgeving for one from perill of  
death restored to former health.**

[1]

Should my pore hart, o dearest lord,  
thy goodnesse greate from minde reiect,  
Sith thou in mercy hast restorde  
my health, whiche long thou didst correct ?  
O lord, should I vnmyndefull be  
of theise, thy giftes, bestowed on me ?

[2]

I 'knowledge, lord, protesting-wise,  
that health of our procedes from the[e],  
Therfore, with lifted hart and eyes,  
I beg'd thy grace to comfort me ;  
So now thou hast thus curèd me,  
should I not, therfore, thanckefull be ?

[3]

Not that I haue suche cause to love  
this life, alas, with greate delight,  
But rather long for lyfe above  
with angelles swete to gaine thy sight.  
But sith thy will is suche to me,  
lord, let me, therfore, thanckefull be.

## SHOULD MY POOR HEART

[4]

Let me thy grace in mynd retaine,  
yea, all thy mercies old and newe,  
That thanckefull so I may remaine,  
and fruictes of love therout ensue.  
Sith thou hast done so muche for me,  
let me againe yeld thanckes to the[e].

[5]

Let me the course of lyfe direct  
thy blessed name to laude and praise,  
And, lord, vouchesafe me to protect  
with grace of thine in all my wayes ;  
That then I may, for love to me,  
breake out againe in love to the[e].

[6]

And while thou shalt this life maintaine,  
thoughe feble fayth oft stag'ring reele,  
Graunt, lord,—or else the rest were vaine,—  
that thy swete mercyes I may fele ;  
Which are most deare, o *christe*, to me.  
Then shall I alwaies thanckfull be.

[**finis.**]

*Dear Christ, my poor and pensive  
breast*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 45-45 .

**The grieved synner acknowledgeth his  
sinne, and craveth pardon for the same.**

[1]

Deare *christe*, my pore and pensive brest  
I wailing lift to the[e];  
Thy chering face, swete lord, let rest,  
and tourne thy grace to me  
That have, alas, offended sore,  
Oh, wo is hart of myne therfore !

[2]

My thoughtes disperst in strugling-wise,  
now here, now ther, they raunge,  
By greedy sight of wand'ring eyes,  
alas, to[o] woondrous straunge,—  
Oh that I might from strayeing cease,  
And the[e] possesse, my Joye and peace.

[3]

O that thou wouldest, displeasèd lord,  
thy mercy large extend,  
Thoughe I deserve to be abhor'd,  
that dayly so offend.

[3] *i* wouldest : *read* wouldest.

## DEAR CHRIST

O swetest *christe*, retourne thy face,  
And me relyeve with lokes of grace.

[4]

My wretched sinne I now confesse,  
as rightfull cause I have ;  
And pardon, lord, with swete redresse  
in fearfull wise I crave.  
With quaking feare my body chilles,  
And wofull teares doun trikling trilles.

[5]

Let theise the[e] move (o mercy, thou !)  
that mercy hast in store,  
To geve and graunt thy mercy nowe  
to me that synned haue sore.  
Thy face convert, or loe ! I dye,  
And let me, lord, obtaine mercye.

[6]

Then aulters I shall make and raise,  
suche as thou dost requyre,  
And offer sacrifice of prayse,  
with ever-burning fyre.  
Yea, never then my lippes shall stay,  
But thy ritche grace, swete *christ*, display.

[**Finis.**]

[5] + haue : *changed by a later hand to had* ; 5 convert = turn.

*If thou wilt, Lord, extend thy grace*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 47-47<sup>v</sup>. A charming little pious ditty with a conventional refrain.

*A prayer of one being afflicted with sinne.*

[1]

If thou wilt, lord, extend thy grace,  
 if thou wilt yet thy favour show  
 To chaunge my state and ruthfull case,  
 which sence of sinne enforcth to grow,  
 I vowe and promise, then, to thee  
*from this time forth more ware to be.*

[2]

But dashe me not, I the[e] desyer,  
 though I thus oft have promyse made,  
 Nor me reiect in grievous Ire,  
 sith I repent my sinfull trade,  
 And vowe with promise, lord, to the[e]  
*from this tyme forth more ware to be.*

[3]

Of right thou mayest my soule denye  
 and chase me, wretche, from mercies throne;  
 But canst thou, lord, reiect the crye  
 of broken heartes that sighe and grone ?  
 Yea, vowe and promise, lord, to the[e]  
*from this time forth more ware to be.*

[2] 2 thus : MS. thue.

[3] 1 mayest : i.e. may'st.

# IF THOU WILT, LORD, EXTEND THY GRACE

[4]

Thoughe blust'ring storme and tempest great,  
confounding-wise, my soule assayle,  
Which flatt to *Pluto's* gulfe me beate,  
yet mercy, lord, least theise prevaile.  
Then vow and promise, lord, to the[e]  
*from this time forth more ware to be.*

[5]

Thy heavy wrath so heavy lyes  
(which guilt of myne deserveth right)  
That vp to heaven resound my cries  
for grace, that else am damnèd quyte ;  
Which graunted, lord, I vow to the[e]  
*from this tyme forthe more ware to be.*

[6]

And thus my dolfull sute I end ;  
let me atchive that I desyer.  
Then shall my dolfull state amend,  
and I to comfort swete aspyre ;  
And for thy grace thus geven to me,  
*from this time forth still thankfull be.*

[**Finis.**]

[4] 4 least : *i.e.* lest.

*Judge me not, Lord, in wrathful ire*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 48<sup>v</sup>-49. The ink is badly faded, and in stanzas 6 and 7 is almost indecipherable.

The guilty conscience, acknowledging  
her sinne, craveth pardon for the same,  
appealing from Justice vnto mercye.

[1]

Judge me not, lord, in wrathfull Ire,  
ne yet reiect me vtterly,  
But way my ruthfull hartes desyer  
that pantes, alas, dispairingly ;  
For feare of thy displeasure greate,  
O lord, in mercy me entreat.

[2]

My wretched synne, as *david* cryes,  
lyke mountaine huge, alas and woe,  
Before my face, in lothsome wise,  
remaynes, and me amaseth so  
That feare (o wretche) oppresth me still,  
But, lord, let mercy rule thy will.

[3]

Loke not one my deformèd synne,  
nor to[o] precisely viewe my case,

[1] 3 way : *i.e.* weigh.

[3] 1 one read on.

## JUDGE ME NOT, LORD, IN WRATHFUL IRE

For from corrupted hart within  
what fruictes corrupt in me have place !  
I dye for feare (o Justice, thou),  
Extend, therefore, thy mercy nowe.

[4]

And enter not thy Judgement throne  
to Judge by Justice' scales, alas !  
Am I so right (what, I alone ?)  
that thou shouldst bring it thus to passe ?  
Sith that all flesh quailes in thy sight,  
How should I, then, be Just and right ?

[5]

To mercies sentence, therfore, lord,  
I now appealle ; o mercy graunt,  
That I may feele thy swete accord,  
and boldly, then, bid *Sathan* vaunt ;  
Who now turmoyles me in dispaire,  
And drounes my soule in dreadfull care.

[6]

Sith blame I do, in earnest wise,  
my wretched heart, offending so,  
And sith to the[e] I tourne myne eyes,  
in this distresse to cure my woe,  
Thy grace and mercy, lord, extend,  
My ruthfull plight so to amend.

[7]

And let me tast thy goodnes swete,  
which cruell synne hath reft me long,

## JUDGE ME NOT, LORD, IN WRATHFUL IRE

Then shall my soule be made full mete  
to spread thy praise in cherfull song.  
Grant this, therfore, o father good,  
I the[e] beseeche for *Christ* his blood.

[**Finis.**]

*What cause there is, alas, to wail*Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 49-49<sup>v</sup>.

The wretchednesse of man's estate vntill  
redresse and comfort come from Christe.

[1]

What cause ther is, alas, to waile  
the wretched wofull state,  
Wherin we (sowing) plungedè lye  
in wretched, wofull rate ;

[2]

Whose heart cannot conceive at full,  
whose eyes not clearly se,  
That wayes the state where in we were,  
and vewes what now we be.

[3]

By synne bereft, and spoylèd quyte,  
of noble treasures all,  
Which nature had, in noble wise,  
before that ruthfull fall.

[1] 3 sowing : *i.e.* sousing = soaking, drenched.[2] 2 clearly : *MS.* crearly ; 3 wayes : *i.e.* weighs ; where in we were : *MS.* blurred and ink badly faded here, but these four words can be deciphered.

[3] 1 spoyled = despoiled.

# WHAT CAUSE THERE IS, ALAS, TO WAIL

[4]

In-stead of which (o cursèd chaunge !)  
corrupcon is infusde,  
And vices reign for giftes devine,  
thus *Sathan* vs abusde.

[5]

Among them all (for many be),  
as Judgement shewes it cleare,  
'The frozen, flynty hartes of ours,  
me thinkes, do straunge appeare.

[6]

Corrupcon added hath to them  
suche steely hardnesse nowe,  
That naught can bring at all remorse,  
nor ought suffise to bowe ;

[7]

Or pierce theise rockes, these stony flintes,  
at least to make them softe,  
But heavenly showers alone may help  
by their distilling ofte.

[8]

Yet meanes are made, and 'pointed, to[o],  
by him that heavenly is,  
For earthly men to put in proufe ;  
and chefe of those are this :—

[9]

To read, to thincke, to muse and way,  
of *christe* the bytter payne,  
His passion, panges, and tormentes large,  
to view them all againe.

## WHAT CAUSE THERE IS, ALAS, TO` WAIL

[10]

And therwith, eke, to beare the cause  
of all this grieve in mynde,  
For vs that damnèd were by synne  
that we release may fynde.

[11]

This, this should melt the frosen hart,  
this same should pierce the flintes,  
And bring vs ioye and make our mouthes  
with prayses not to stint.

[**Finis.**]

*In rage of storm and tempests all*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 49<sup>v</sup>-50<sup>v</sup>. The refrain presents rather a novel picture.

How happy and assured they are, in all  
stormes, that firmly depend vpon god.

[1]

In rage of storme and tempestes all,  
which syn or *Sathan* vp dōth raise  
To beate the[e] doune, to make the[e] fall,  
pore soule, for ayd in theise assayes,  
Flee to thy heavenly father's will  
*That sittes betwene the cherubbes still.*

[2]

Comfort thy selfe in all distresse,  
sith god supreamely sceptre beares ;  
Who can and will give swete redresse,  
and cleane dispatche all cause of teares.  
Oh, therfore, stay vpon his will  
*Who sittes betwene the Cherubbes still.*

[3]

What thoughe we feele our weakenes so  
that ofte we slippe (oh wretches we !) ;  
From god and *christe* why should we goe,  
sith fleshe from sinne cannot be fre ?  
Nay, runne, pore soule, vnto his will  
*That sittes betwene the cherubbes still.*

# IN RAGE OF STORM AND TEMPESTS ALL

[4]

Confesse thy faulte, and pardon crave ;  
appeale to grace in constant wise,  
And so be sure thy sute to have ;  
and then sho[u]te forth, with ioyfull cryes :  
“ My god, with lyfe praise the[e] I will,  
*That sittes betwene the cherubbes still.*”

[5]

This done, let synne and *Sathan* rage ;  
yea, thoughe they breake them selves with spit[e] ;  
With all that fowle and vgly rage  
nought can they doe but take their fligh[t],  
And in noe wise resist his will  
*That sittes betwene the cherubbes still.*

[6]

Oh, happy soule, that canst believe  
and stay thy selfe one him therfore,  
Thoughe grawing synne cease not to greve,  
yet happy thou for evermore ;  
Sith sure thou art of his good will  
*That sittes betwene the cherubbes still.*

[7]

Now then with *Davyd* take thy rest,  
slepe thou with *Peter* quietly.  
Repose thy head on that swete brest  
wher happy *John* was wont to lye.  
Yea, stay one god thy father’s will  
*Who sittes betwene the cherubbes still.*

[5] 2 spite : e cut off by the binder ; 4 flight : t cut off by the binder.

[6] 2 one : read on ; 3 grawing : obsolete form of growing.

[7] 5 one : read on.

# IN RAGE OF STORM AND TEMPESTS ALL

[8]

And while one earth thou shalt remaine  
till thou to heaven assumptèd be,  
For love love god and *christ* againe,  
let hart, let tongue, let lyfe agre,—  
To spread his mercy and good will,  
*To whome be praise and honor still.*

[Finis.]

[8] i one : *read on.*

*Till Christ our Lord return*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 51-51<sup>v</sup>. This Protestant ballad should be compared with the Catholic ballads on the same subject printed earlier in this volume. It is a bit unusual to find a ballad actually praying for the Judgment Day, though ballad-writers often characterized the world as a vale of tears and sin, with an ominous Doomsday close at hand.

**The faithfull desyre, according to god's  
will, to make exchange of earth for  
heaven, and therfor wish the coming of  
christ.**

[1]

Till *Christe* our lorde retourne  
to throne his sainctes in blesse,  
We must content our selves  
with griefe and pensivenesse.

[2]

For earth wheron we byde,  
this world wherin we dwell,  
Wilbe noe heaven nor resting place,  
as wofull chaunges tell.

[3]

Nought here, alas, so sure  
but melting vades awaye :  
Our gaine is griefe, our life is losse,  
all which my hart dismay.

[1] 2 blesse : *i.e.* bliss.

[3] 2 vades : *i.e.* fades.

## TILL CHRIST OUR LORD RETURN

[4]

For meerly vaine, alas,  
theise thinges on earth we try ;  
What then, should those that heaven desire  
on earth turmoylng lye ?

[5]

But shriking clamours send  
from pore distresfull hart,  
That *christ* from heaven will come with sped  
to end this earthly smart ;

[6]

That then the carfull toyle,  
of those that banisht be  
By earth from heaven may throughly cease,  
and they from grieve set free ;

[7]

That wofull plaintes may end,  
which worldly happenes procure ;  
That sinne may cease and saintes possesse  
those ioyes that aye endure ;

[8]

That thine redemèd deare,  
with bloud to the[e] most swete,  
May the[e] enioye in heavenly reign,  
thoughe they, alas, vnmete.

[9]

O ryeve the heavens in twaine,  
breake out throughge toppes of skye,

[4] 3 What : *read why.*

[6] 1 carfull : *i.e.* careful ; 3 throughly : *i.e.* thoroughly.

[9] 1 ryeve : *i.e.* reave.

## TILL CHRIST OUR LORD RETURN

Let Angell sound his trumpe with spede,  
oh shewe thy selfe on hye !

[10]

With armes bespread embrace  
thy saintes that then apere,  
And let them yeld eternall praise  
to the[e], their lord most deare.

[**Finis.**]

*Alas, for shame, how dare I sue*Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 53-53<sup>v</sup>.**The synner, being ashamed of his synne,  
dareth hardly crave release for the same.**

[1]

Alas, for shame, how dare I sue  
to the[e], my god, for grace ?  
How dare I (wretche) present my selfe,  
how dare I shew my face ?

[2]

That so polluted am with synne,  
that so offended have  
My dearest god, in heapèd-wise,  
how dare I pardon crave ?

[3]

How dare I lyft my synfull hart  
and synfull eyes to the[e] ?  
O wretche, howe dare I thus presume ?  
alas, for shame I flee.

[4]

I dare not, lord, my god, my *christ* !—  
“ Why, man, what hast thou done,  
That thus oppressing feare and sham[e],  
from me should cause the[e] runne ? ”

[4] 2-4 Represented as being words spoken by God.

## ALAS, FOR SHAME, HOW DARE I SUE

[5]

Ah, luring synne with tysing speache  
hath caught my soule in snare,  
As oft before, yet could I not,  
vnhappy man, beware

[6]

To shunne her cruell, bayted hooke,  
her lure did so provoke,  
Whose pleasures while I thought to tast,  
I caught her deadly stroke ;

[7]

That wounded hath my wofull soule,  
yea, pierst my synfull heart,  
And reft me of my swetest ioye,  
with plunge of deadly smart.

[8]

And yet I dare not seke redresse,  
I dare not sue for ayde ;  
So shame and feare doth hold me back,  
and kepe my hart dismayed.

[9]

Howbeyt, except his grace I crave,  
and, sueng, seke redresse,  
The wound of synne is suche, that dye  
I must, in this distresse.

[10]

And, therfore, Payne and perill both,  
encount'ring feare and shame,  
Have vanquisht both, and forst me (loe !)  
to beg in *christ* his name.

[5] i tysing = enticing.

ALAS, FOR SHAME, HOW DARE I SUE

[11]

Now, therfore, lord, and father deare,  
my often synnes forgeve,  
And cure my Justly pinchèd soule,  
let mercy it relyeve.

[12]

With depest hart-rote sighes, I crave  
that grace of thine in the[e]  
May cleane remytt and pardon, lord,  
this synne of myne in me.

[13]

And that I may, in feeling-wise,  
so feele thy swetest grace,  
That ioyfull hart may thankfull be  
while lyfe in me hath place.

[**finis.**]

[12] 1 hart-rote : *i.e.* heart-root.

## *As I on New Year's Day*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 29-30. This ballad may have been that called : (1) "xij wittie warninges shewinge faultes to be Refrained," entered in the Stationers' Registers on September 18, 1579 ; and (2) the "Dozen of pointes" entered for transfer on December 14, 1624, although there is extant a printed ballad, on a different subject, with that title (*Roxburghe Ballads*, VII., 780). It is printed from this MS., somewhat inappropriately, in F. W. Fairholt's *Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume*, Percy Society, XXVII. (1849), 79-83,—the only piece, I believe, hitherto reprinted from the MS. Fairholt thought that the ballad was alluded to by Ben Jonson in *Bartholomew Fair*, II., iv. ; but the allusion is not altogether certain. Cf. also *Roxburghe Ballads*, VII., 823.

Fairings, gifts bought at a fair, often "posies" and "points" like this ballad, were enormously popular. Very many such ballads are entered in the Stationers' Registers, and a number are preserved. For example, ballads called "The newe married wyfes fayringe" and "a maydes lamentacon for lack of a fayringe," originally licensed on June 26, 1594, were relicensed by an enterprising printer for "timely" publication on August 21, just before Bartholomew Fair was to be held. The present ballad is an excellent example of the type. With it may be compared George Whetstone's "Verses written of 20. good precepts, at the request of his Especiall good freend and kinseman, M. Robart Cudden of Grayes Inne," printed in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises* (Collier's reprint, pp. 118 ff.). Whetstone's points are "shun many words," "be merciful," "cherish the poor," "serve God," "obey thy Prince," etc.

**A dossen of pointes, sent by a gentle-  
woman to her lover for a new yeares  
gifte.**

[I]

As I on new yeare's day  
did walcke amidst the streate,  
My restlesse eyes for you, my hart,  
did seke a fayring mete.

## AS I ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

[2]

I sercht throughout the faire,  
but nothing could I fynde.  
No, no, of all ther was not one  
that would content my mynde.

[3]

But all the boothes wer filled  
with fancyes fond attyre,  
And trifling toyes were set to sale  
for them that would requyre.

[4]

Then to my selfe quoth I,  
“ what meanes theise childish knackes ?  
Is all the faire for children made  
or fooles that bables lackes ?

[5]

“ Are theise the goodly giftes,  
the new yeare to beginne,  
Which friendes present vnto their freindes  
their fayth and love to winne ?

[6]

“ I se[e] I came in vayne,  
my labour all is lost,  
I will departe and kepe my purse  
from making any cost.”

[5] 2 new yeare : Began in England on March 25 down to the year 1752.

## AS I ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

[7]

But se[e] my happy chaunce :  
whilst I did hast away,  
Dame vertue doth display her booth  
my hasty feete to stay.

[8]

I, Joyfull of the sight,  
did preace vnto the place  
To se[e] the tricke and trimmèd tent  
for suche a ladyes grace.

[9]

And after I had viewed  
eache thing within her seate,  
I found a knotte of perlesse pointes,  
beset with posyes neate.

[10]

Theise pointes, in number twelve,  
did shew them selves to be ;  
The sence wherof, by poetes skill,  
I will declare to the[e].

[11]

1. With meate before the[e] set,  
suffise but nature's scant ;
2. Be sure thy tongue at table tyme  
noe sober talke doe want.

[12]

3. Let word, let thought and dede,  
in honest wise agree ;

[8] 2 preace : *i.e.* press.

[9] 4 posyes : *i.e.* posies = brief mottoes, or maxims, in verse.

## AS I ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

4. And loke that pore in tyme of nede  
thy helping hand may see.

[13]

5. When foes invade the realme,  
then shew thy might and strength ;
6. Tell truth in place wher thou dost come,  
for falshed failes at length.

[14]

7. Be fast and firme to freinde,  
as thou wouldest him to be ;
8. Be shamefast ther wher shamfull dedes  
be offred vnto the[e].

[15]

9. Weare not suche costly clothes  
as are not for thy state ;
10. Heare eache man's cause as thoh he wer  
in wealth thine equall mate.

[16]

11. In place thy manners shewe,  
in right and comly wyse ;
12. From the[e] let peace and quietnesse,  
and wars from others, ryse.

[17]

With theise 12 vertuous pointes,  
se[e] thou do tye the[e] round ;  
And lyke and love this simple gifte  
till better may be found.

[13] 4 falshed : *i.e.* falsehood.

[14] 2 wouldest : *read* wouldest ; 3 shamefast = modest, virtuous.

[17] 1, [18] 1 pointes, point : Here *point* assumes the ordinary Elizabethan meaning of tagged laces used to attach the hose to the doublet.

AS I ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

[18]

Yet one point thou dost lacke  
to tye thy hose before:  
Love me as I love the[e] and shall  
from hence for evermore.

**Farwell.**

*Though others have their sight  
at will*

Sloane MS. 1896, fol. 30. In this very pretty ditty a pious author offers a consolation for blindness that may possibly have been efficacious. At any rate, it has the merit of novelty—if of specious logic.

*A Comfort vnto him that is blynde.*

[1]

Though other[s] have their syght at will,  
with vayne delightes their mynde to fill ;  
Yet when the day is Passed away,  
the night her pleasures doth display.  
Then blynd doth se as well as he  
that hath most perfecte eyes to se.

[2]

The losse of eyes is losse of vyce,  
which through the eyes in hart doth rise :  
The eyes do kindle first the flame,  
and hart doth nourishe vp the same ;  
But blyndenesse cannot onse perceyve,  
with folly, reason to disceyve.

[3]

O happy *troye* haddest thou bene,  
if eyes fayre *Helene* had not sene ;

[1] *i* Though : *MS.* thought.

[3] *i* haddest : *read* hadst.

## THOUGH OTHERS HAVE THEIR SIGHT

The mighty walles might yet haue stood,  
which *Greece* destroyed in angry mo[o]de !  
In fame thou, *Lucrece*, mightst haue died,  
if *Tarquyne* had the[e] not espyed.

[4]

Thus eyes are workers of our woe,  
still seking vs to overthrowe ;  
And semely sightes that shew so gay  
be framinge of our depe decay.  
And, therfore, happy thrice is he  
which synfull sightes could never se.

[**Finis.**]

## *Fain wold I have a pretty thing*

MS. Rawlinson Poet. 108, fol. 44. This ballad, with two additional stanzas, is printed in Clement Robinson's *Handfull of Pleasant Delights*, 1584 (ed. Edward Arber, p. 50). The exceptional interest taken in this poetical miscellany (extant in a single imperfect copy at the British Museum) from Shakespeare's day to the present time, as well as the fact that only one other ballad in the *Handfull* has as yet been met with in a second copy, urges the reprinting of this MS. version,—itself approximately contemporary with the *Handfull*,—which was made from an entirely different broadside and which furnishes a few interesting variant readings. In the *Handfull* (H.) the first stanza is repeated as a chorus at the conclusion of each of the nine other stanzas.

In MS. Ashmole 48 (Thomas Wright's *Songs and Ballads*, Roxburghe Club, p. 195) there is a ballad on Troilus and Cressida, registered in 1565-66 (Arber's *Transcript*, I., 300), "To the tune of Fayne woold I fynd sum pretty thynge to geee unto my lady," a tune without question named from the present ballad. (Cf. also *Popular Music*, I., 91.) A moralization of the ballad, too, entitled "A fayne wolde I have a godly thynge to shewe vnto my ladye," was licensed in 1566-67 (Arber's *Transcript*, I., 340), while a further moral parody, "fayne wolde I have a vertuous wyfe adourned with all modeste bothe mylde and meke of quyett lyf esteemynge chef hyr chastetye," licensed in the same year (*ibid.*, p. 342), shows how extensive was its popularity.

[A proper Song, Intituled: Fain wold  
I haue a pretie thing to giue vnto my  
Ladie.]

To the Tune of *lustye gallaunt*.

[1]

Fayne wold I haue a pretye thinge  
to geue vnto my ladye.  
I meane no hurt, I meane no harme,  
but as pretye a thinge as may be.

Title from H. [1] 3 I name no thing, nor I meane no thing (H.).

# FAIN WOULD I HAVE A PRETTY THING

[2]

Twentye Iourneyes wold I make,  
and twentye ways goo hye me,  
To geue adventures for her sake,  
to sett some matter by me.

[3]

Some do longe for pretye knackes,  
and some for strange devises ;  
God send me that my ladye lakes,  
I care not what the p[r]ice is.

[4]

Some go here, and some go there,  
where gapings be not geason ;  
And I goo wandringe euer where,  
and styll come owt of season.

[5]

[I walke the towne, and tread the streeete,  
in euery corner seeking :  
The pretie thinge I cannot meete,  
that's for my Ladies liking.]

[6]

The mercers pull me goyng by,  
the sylke wyffes say, "what lake you ?"  
"A thinge that you haue not," say I,  
"you folyshe fooles, go packe you."

[7]

Yt is not all the gold in cheape,  
nor all the golden treasure,

[2] 3 geue : make (H.) ; her : MS. here. [3] 3 lakes : *i.e.* lacks.

[4] 2 gapings : gases (H.) ; geason = rare, extraordinary ; 3 wan-  
inge : gaping (H.). [5] 1-4 added from H.

[6] 3 that you haue not : you haue not, then (H.).

[7] 1 gold : Silke (H.).

## FAIN WOULD I HAVE A PRETTY THING

Nor twentye busshels in a heape  
can do my ladye pleasure.

[8]

[The Grauers of the golden showes,  
with Iuelles do beset me.  
The Shemsters in the shoppes that sowes,  
they do nothing but let me.]

[9]

For weare yt in the wytte of man  
by anye meanes to make hit,  
I wold for mony by hit than,  
and say, " faire ladye, take hit."

[10]

But, ladye, what a lucke is this  
that my good wyllynge mysethe,  
To find what preatyng thinge hyt is  
that my good ladye wyssheth.

**finis.**

[7] 3 in : on (H.).

[8] 1-4 added from H.

[9] 1 For: But (H.) ; 3 wold : could (H.) ; by, than : *i.e.* buy, then.

[10] 1 But : O (H.).

## *Assist me now, you doleful dames*

MS. Rawlinson Poet. 185, fols. 9-10. A splendid amatory lyric with a very attractive refrain. The MS. cannot date later than 1592, and the ballad itself may be considerably older: in any case the tune is distinctly important, for it comes from the traditional song of Hobby Noble and John a Side, "one of the best ballads in the world," which is No. 187 in Professor Child's superb edition of *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. So extremely rare are allusions to these traditional ballads before 1600 that the present instance of a street ballad sung to a traditional-ballad tune assumes considerable importance, and proves that at least one Scottish traditional song was well known in Elizabethan London. For the tune itself see F. J. Child's *Ballads*, V., 408.

### *A verie pretie sounge.*

To the Tune of *Hobbinoble and Iohn a Side*.

[1]

Assist me now, you dolefull dames,  
*sing hevely now my ioyes do weare,*  
 Sound forth your rewfull morning plantes,  
*lament my sorofull, wayling cheare;*  
 Lament with me, for I am he  
*who lives (alas !) and faine would die,*  
*Oh paine, sorofull paine, paine that nipes me sore.*

[2]

Great cause I haue, alas, to morne,  
*sing hevely now my ioyes do weare,*  
 Woe worth the tyme that I was borne,  
*to tast of this my wayling cheare !*

[1] 3 morning plantes: *i.e.* mourning plaints; 7 nipes: an obsolete form for *nips*.

## ASSIST ME NOW, YOU DOLEFUL DAMES

And cursèd be that crewell happ,  
that fostred me to this ill happ.

*Oh paine, sorofull paine, paine that nipes, &c.*

[3]

Did ever weight feell halfe such woe ?  
*sing hevely now my ioyes do weare.*

O fortune fraile, why frownest thou so,  
to make me langvish still in feare ?

Relent, you stoney hartes, I saye,  
my heapes of greefes for to beraye.

*Oh paine, sorofull paine, paine that nipes me s[ore].*

[4]

My sighes and sobes doth testefie,  
*sing hevely now my ioyes do weare,*

What greefe within my hart do lye ;  
lament my sorofull, wailing cheare.

The grones that comes from my poore hart  
beres witnes of my wofull smarte.

*Oh paine, sorofull, &c.*

[5]

If that I might my ladie vew,  
*sing hevely now my ioyes do weare,*

I know she is a dame so trew

she would redresse my wayling cheare,  
And shew remorse of me, poore rache,  
which liveth heare comfortles.

*Oh paine, sorofull, &c.*

[6]

What dost thou meane, thou crewell spight,  
*sing hevely now my ioyes do weare,*

[3] 1 weight : i.e. wight.

[5] 5 rache : i.e. wretch ; 6 heare : read heare so.

## ASSIST ME NOW, YOU DOLEFUL DAMES

To keep me from my ladies sight,  
  who should this wailling cheare ?  
Did ever I deserue of thee  
  that thow shouldest worke such woe to me ?  
*Oh paine, sorofull paine, &c.*

[7]

Full oft I tooke my penn in hand,  
  *sing hevely now my ioyes do weare,*  
To let my ladie vnderstand  
  of this sorofull, wailing cheare ;  
But then dispaire arresteth me,  
  and saith : “ in vaine thy swet shalbe.”  
*Oh paine, sorofull, &c.*

[8]

Then home she comes and comforts me,  
  *sing hevely now my ioyes do weare,*  
And bides me of good cheare to be,  
  and not to languish still in feare ;  
And biddes me write vnto my love  
  that she my sorroes might remove.  
*Oh paine, sorofull, &c.*

[9]

The same is donne in-continent,  
  *sing hevely now my ioyes do weare,*  
And to my ladie it is sente,  
  who shoulde redresse my wailing cheare,  
To see if she will pittie me  
  and show some love of ametie.  
*Oh paine, sorofull, &c.*

[6] 4 this : *perhaps read this sorrowful.*

[8] i home : *read hope.*

## ASSIST ME NOW, YOU DOLEFUL DAMES

[10]

With hope and déspaire am I fed,  
*sing hevely now my ioyes do weare,*  
With trobles tombling in my bed,  
lament my sorofull, wailing chear ;  
Till that I meete with *venix* mine,  
whose grace excells the muses nine.  
*Oh paine, sorofull paine, paine that nipes me sore.*

**finis.**

[10] 5 *venix* : *i.e.* phœnix.

*In Crete when Dædalus first began*

Harleian MS. 7578, fol. 103. The text and music of this incomplete ballad on the exploits of Dædelus and Icarus were discovered by Mr. F. Sidgwick and printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1906, pp. 179-181. It has seemed worth while, in view of the importance of the two stanzas and the unexpected place in which they are printed, to give them here. Mr. Sidgwick has mentioned all the allusions given below except that in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*.

The MS. is perhaps of the early part of the seventeenth century, but the ballad was printed at least by 1591, the year in which one "Simon Smelknav," in his *Fearfull effects of two Comets*, sig. B 1, scoffed at "you Ale-knights . . . that sing *In Creete when Dedalus, ouer a cup.*" Thomas Nashe (*Have With You to Saffron Walden*, 1596, *Works*, ed. McKerrow, III., 67) said of Gabriel Harvey: "*In Creete when Dedalus*, a song that is to him food from heauen, and more transporting and rauishing than *Platoes Discourse* on the immortalitie of the soule was to *Cato*." In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, III., iii., Thomas says he can sing, among other ballads, "*In Crete when Dædimus first began*," and shortly afterwards he sings two lines of it:—

The love of Greece, and it tickled him so,  
That he devised a way to go.

Two lines—which have not previously been identified—are sung by Merrythought in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, I., iii. :—

When earth and seas from me are reft,  
The skies aloft for me are left.

Possibly there is some faint reference to the ballad in 1 *Henry VI.*, IV., vi., 54, and 3 *Henry VI.*, V., vi., 18, 22. The tune of *In Crete* is not infrequently used for other ballads.

[1]

In *creat* when *dedylus* fyrst began  
his stait and long exile to wayle,

[1] 1 *creat*, *dedylus* : *i.e.* Creet, Dædalus.

## IN CRETE WHEN DÆDALUS FIRST BEGAN

When *mynus'* wrath had shutt vpp then  
yche way by land, eche way by Sayle,  
The love of *creett* hyme pryckèd So,  
that he devysed away to goo.

[2]

His tender Sonn, yonge *Icarus*,—  
his fatheres cayre and onlye Joy,—  
Bedewed with teares, dyd comfort thus :  
“ Be of good chear, myne owen sweet boy ;  
Thoughe land and Seas be from vs Raft,  
the skyes aloft befor vs laste.”

[1] 3 mynus : *i.e.* Minus ; 5 creett : *read* Greece.

[2] + owen : *read* own.

## *All you that with good ale do hold*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 58<sup>V</sup>-60<sup>V</sup>. This curious and delightful ballad on drunkenness may at first sight seem out of place among the pious and religious verse that makes up the remainder of the MS. No other ballad of the same type is extant, though one of much later date,

“A Pleasant New Ballad to look upon,  
How *Mault* deals with every man,”

printed in the *Roxburghe Ballads* (II., 379), has some resemblances. For example, the stanzas (quoted from the Pepys copy),—

The Shoemaker sitting on his seat,  
At Master *Mault* began to fret,  
He said he would the Knave so beat,  
    *with his sharp Spanish Knife, Sir.*

But *Mault* came peeping through the Hall,  
And did his Brains so fiercely maul,  
He turned round and caught a fall,  
    *you never [saw the like, Sir].*

The Weaver sitting in the Loom,  
He threatned *Mault* a cruel doom,  
And make him to repulse the room,  
    *or throw him in a Dike, Sir.*

The doughty warrior Good-ale is given a place of prominence also in the ballad of “Sir John Barleycorn” (*ibid.*, II., 373).

When Sir John Good-ale heard of this,  
    he came with mickle might,  
And there he tooke their tongues away,  
    their legs, or else their sight.

And thus Sir John, in each respect,  
    so paid them all their hire,  
That some lay sleeping by the way,  
    some tumbling in the mire.

Some lay groning by the wals,  
    some in the streets downe right,  
The best of them did scarcely know  
    what they had done ore-night

## ALL YOU THAT WITH GOOD ALE DO HOLD

Thomas Robins, a well-known ballad-writer, wrote a pamphlet in prose and ballad-verse called *The Arraigning and Indicting of Sir John Barley-Corn, A Man of Noble blood, and well-beloved in England*,—a much less stupid work than the majority of chap-books.

In the final stanza the author states that he wrote “this merry jest” to declare the loathsomeness of drunkenness, a statement that may serve to connect his jest with ballads “agaynst Dronkerdes” and “aganste Drunckers” which were licensed in 1560-61 and 1562-63 (Arber’s *Transcript*, I., 153, 205). Entries of “a ballad being a Jest of bottell ale” (August 19, 1583) and of “A proper newe ballad whiche without any fayle will shewe all the hurte in a pott of good ale” (May 27, 1612) could appropriately refer to the present ballad.

[1]

All you that with good ale doe hould,  
Draw neere, I say, both young and ould,  
and listen to my tale ;  
And you shall heare how in what wether  
A sort of Souldiers met together  
for to devour good alle.

[2]

It chanc’d of late, in smale *braynshire*,  
One maister *good-ale* did appeare  
out of a lether canne ;  
He held the countrie for his owne,  
Where he by strength had overthrowne  
manie a proper manne.

[3]

It fell about the *whitsontyde*,  
The Countrie rose on everie syde  
on him to make a ryot ;  
They mustered all at one ale-stake  
With stronge *good-ale* a feilde to make,  
which did them sore disquiet.

[1] 6 alle : *read ale.*

ALL YOU THAT WITH GOOD ALE DO HOLD

[4]

Thither came a full heuge hoast  
With pompe, with prid[e], with bragge, and boast,  
against *good-ale* the[y] goe ;  
But if a while you will giue eare  
Their names in order you shall heare  
out of the *Christ* crosse-rowe.

[5]

Now *Christ* his crosse be my good speede  
That I may shew that doughtie deede  
by *good-ale* doone that day !  
There was never fought with speare and sheild  
Such a battell as he held,  
I dare be bould to say.

[6]

**A** *Adam, Austine, and Adrian,*  
The first stout skirmiche they beganne  
with Polax in their hand.  
But *good-ale* arrest them with his mase,  
And brought them soone in such a case,  
much care they had to stande.

[7]

**B** *Benet, Brandon, Barnard, Beede,*  
With *Blase* and *Bryan*, made great speede  
with their bo[w]es readie bent ;  
But *good-all* smote them on the heades  
That they were caried home on sleades,  
sore mainèd home they went.

[4] 6 Christ crosse-rowe : *i.e.* the alphabet.  
[7] 4 good-all : *read* good-ale.

# ALL YOU THAT WITH GOOD ALE DO HOLD

[8]

**C** Clement and Crabbe came cracking in,  
And swore they would lay on the skinne  
    all that durst carpe one worde ;  
But good-ale troubled soe their braine  
That they to looke their bedes were faine,  
    all nigh vnder the board.

[9]

**D** David, Denis, Dicke, and Daniell  
Came rydeing in vpon a paniell,  
    for saddles non[e] they had ;  
But good-ale seru'd on them a writ  
That on their mares the[y] could not sit  
    nor speake, they were soe madde.

[10]

**E** Edmunde, Elvish, and sir Elis  
Provided harnes for their bellies,  
    their backes were bare, god wot !  
They linde their salletes soe with barme,  
And couch'd vnder the stayers warme  
    for feare of the gunshotte.

[11]

**F** Francis and Fabian fought full sore,  
The space of halfe an houre and more,  
    thinkinge to winne the flagge ;  
But good-ale gaue them such a bloe  
That they their best frendes could not knowe  
    nor scarce their heades to wagge.

[9] 2 paniell : *i.e.* pannel, a sort of saddle without a cantle.

[10] 2 harnes : *i.e.* harness ; 4 linde : *i.e.* lined ; salletes : *i.e.* heads ;  
barme : the froth that forms on malt liquors.

# ALL YOU THAT WITH GOOD ALE DO HOLD

[12]

**G** *Gawine and Guy, George and Gyles,*  
Came leaping in on merrie styles,  
and rushinge on they runne.  
They fought lyke hardie men and bould,  
Till noe man wist whither they would  
nor yet from whence they come.

[13]

**H** *Henrie was hardie and soe was hugh,*  
And cryed, “a new feild, a new,  
in spite of th’ villaines nose”;  
But *good-ale* with his good Blacke boule  
Soe beate them both about the noule  
that the[y] bepist their hose.

[14]

**I** *Iainkin, Ierome, Jonas and Iude,*  
With *Iames* and *Iefferey*, did conclude  
they would not bee opprest.  
But *good-ale* troubled soe their pates  
That all night vnder the towne gates  
they tooke their naturall rest.

[15]

**K** *Kidwallader stode and beheld*  
How *good-ale* troubled all the feild,—  
he was of such a might;  
He tooke soe longe his fellowes’ parte  
Till he fell drunken vnder th’ carte,  
and there he lay all night.

[12] 2 in on : perhaps reading should be on in.

[14] 1 Iainkin : i.e. Jenkin.

[15] 3 he : i.e. good-ale ; 4 He : i.e. Kidwallader.

# ALL YOU THAT WITH GOOD ALE DO HOLD

[16]

**L** *Lawrence, Lewis, and long Leonard*  
Kept them selues in the middleward  
lyke warlike men and tawlle ;  
But *good-ale* arrest them to the peace  
That all the night they did not cease  
to sleepe vnder the wale.

[17]

**M** *Michaell, Matthew and Morison*  
All that night full fast had runne  
with *good-ale* for to meete ;  
But *good-ale* paid them soe their hyre  
That they lay tumblinge in the mire  
and swearing in the streete.

[18]

**N** *Nicolas* came in with his browne bill,  
And swore, and stared that he would kill  
all that durst him abyde ;  
But *good-ale* shew'd him such a game  
That all his limmes were taken lame,  
he could neither goe nor ryde.

[19]

**O** *Oliver* though he were [ould]  
Came in most like a Champion bould  
in a pair of blew socks ;  
But as he pressèd to the boule  
*Good-ale* full sore did pearse his noule  
with all his hoarie lockes.

[16] 3 tawlle : *i.e.* tall.

[18] 2 stared : *Read* said.

[19] 1 ould : *MS. torn* ; 5 noule : *i.e.* noll, head.

ALL YOU THAT WITH GOOD ALE DO HOLD

[20]

**P** *Peter, Patricke, and prateing Peers*  
Held out the stirre lyke valiant Sqyres,  
with everie man a tunne ;  
Lyke hardie fellowes then they say  
That they would carrie *good-ale* away,  
but then the sport beganne.

[21]

**Q** *Quarters of malt* came in apase  
To strengthen *good-ale* in that case,  
that all these men were faine,  
First, to lay their cloathes to pledge  
And, after, creepe vnder a hedge  
to sauе themselues from raine.

[22]

**R** *Richard, Reinold, Rowland, and Raufe*  
In great anger beganne to chaufe,  
like franticke boares did fome ;  
But *good-ale* taried them aright,  
And fought with them such a might  
that they came speechles home.

[23]

**S** *Simkin, Sabastion, and steven*  
With all the world they made cleane even  
before they went to battaile ;  
But yet, as holie as they went,  
*Good-ale* them home full naked sent  
without either corne or cattell.

[20] 3 tunne : a tub, a barrel ; 6 beganne : *read* begunne.

ALL YOU THAT WITH GOOD ALE DO HOLD

[24]

**T** *Thomas* saw this soe feirse a fray,  
How *good-ale* bare the name away  
    all that longe afternoone ;  
He thought [to] haue fled and fought noe more,  
But *good-ale* tooke him prisoner thore—  
    he had no legges to runne.

[25]

**W** The whole hoast beinge soe neere distroyde,  
*Walter* and *William* would not abyde,  
    but thought t' haue stol'ne away ;  
But *good-ale* got of them a sight  
And lodgèd them as frendes al night  
    besydes a cocke of hay.

[26]

**X** *Xpofur* made a rufull mone  
When he saw all his fellowes gone,  
    he waxèd wonderous sad ;  
For why ? he would noe more strife make,  
He offered to the good ale-stake  
    even all that ever he had.

[27]

All you that now be present heere  
Thinke on this frey in smale *brainshire*,  
    and note it in your braine ;  
Keepe you from thence if you be wyse  
And with good ale be not too nyce,  
    least it put you to paine.

[24] 5 thore : *i.e.* there.

[26] 1 *Xpofur* : *i.e.* Christopher.

[27] 6 least : *i.e.* lest.

ALL YOU THAT WITH GOOD ALE DO HOLD

[28]

This merrie Jest thus did I wryte,  
Meaning noe man hurt nor noe man spite,  
but onelie to declare  
The loathsome life and beastlie waies  
Daylie vsed in these our daies  
by those that drunkards are.

**Finis.**

Finis : MS. repeats this word three times.

## *O high and mighty God*

Sloane MS. 1896, fols. 8-11. There is no division into stanzas in the MS., save perhaps on fols. 9<sup>v</sup> and 10 (see note on stanza 10), where an attempt seems to be made to group the lines in fours.

The crime bewailed in this ballad—the murder of George Saunders (or Sanders), a London merchant, in 1573, by George Browne, the lover of Mrs. Saunders, with the connivance of herself, Roger Clement, and Anne Drewry—is too familiar to students of Elizabethan literary history to need discussion here. There are accounts of the murder in Stow's *Annals* (1615, pp. 674 f.), in Antony Munday's *View of Sundry Examples Reporting Many Strange Murders*, 1580 (edited by J. P. Collier, Shakespeare Society, 1851, pp. 78-80), in a tract called *Sundry Strange and Inhuman Murders Lately Committed*, 1591 (Lambeth Palace Library), and in A[rthur] G[olding's] *Briefe discourse of the late murther of master George Saunders*, 1573. Saunders was murdered on March 25, 1573. On April 18 following, Browne was arraigned in the King's Bench, Westminster Hall; he was executed two days later, and his body was hanged in chains. "Trusty Roger," Mrs. Saunders, and Mrs. Drewry were hanged in Smithfield on May 13. For a time it had seemed as if Anne Saunders, by the aid of her confederates and of an infatuated minister, George Mell, would escape punishment: her scheme was unmasked, and on May 12 the Privy Council sent a peremptory letter to the Sheriffs of London, instructing them "to procede to the execution of . . . Saunders' wyfe, according to the judgment given at their condemnacion; and also to put one Mell, a mynister, to some shame, who have been a practiser to move Saunders' wyfe to conceyyle her facte" (*Acts of the Privy Council*, ed. Dasent, VIII., 121; cf. pp. 91, 92, 94, 105). The author of this ballad would have us believe that it was actually Mrs. Saunders's own work: evidently she must have composed it after this order from the Privy Council was communicated to her along with the news that she was to be hanged on the following day! Mell, as students of the drama know, was "put to some shame" in the pillory.

To-day the chief interest in the murder lies in the fact that it was written up for dramatic presentation in the play called *A Warning for Fair Women*, variously attributed to Lyl, Lodge, and Kyd. In the editions of this play by Richard Simpson (*School of Shakspere*, II., 219) and by A. F. Hopkinson (London, 1904) most of the contemporary

## O HIGH AND MIGHTY GOD

accounts mentioned above are reprinted. But both editors agree in saying that "probably ballads were written on the events dramatised in *A Warning*, but if there were they have not, unfortunately, come down to the present time." The Stationers' Registers for the years 1571-76 are lost; so that no record exists of the ballads that were undoubtedly licensed for publication on the murder. (The ballad of "George Sanders," transferred among a large number of old ballads on December 14, 1624, and doubtfully connected by Arber, in his *Transcript*, IV., 131, with Anne Saunders's husband, dealt with an entirely different person: it was "The Confession and Repentance of *George Sanders*, Gent., late of *Sugh*, in the County of *Hertford*," and is reprinted in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, VIII., 72.) But at least one ballad on the murder, not improbably that here reprinted, was still in circulation in 1596, for in that year Thomas Lodge (*Wits' Misery*, sig. F iiij<sup>v</sup>) wrote of Cousenage: "Shee will reckon you vp the storie of Mistris SANDERS, and weepe at it, and turne you to the Ballad ouer her chimney, and bid you looke there, there is a goodly sample."

The ballad here reprinted has escaped the notice of all commentators on the *Warning for Fair Women* and all writers on the murder. It has no poetical merit whatever, but is an interesting example of a "good-night," and is preserved in a MS. itself contemporary with the murder. The contents of the ballad harmonize well with "Anne Saunders confession as she spake it at the place of execution" and "The Prayer whiche was said by Anne Saunders at the place of execution," both of which are given in Arthur Golding's tract. Significantly enough, the ballad makes no mention of the intrigue between Mrs. Saunders and George Mell, while only by implication is her earlier *liaison* with George Browne noticed. The theological views expressed in the ballad are, to say the least, dubious.

### The wofull lamentacon of mrs. Anne Saunders, which she wrote with her own hand, being prisoner in newgate, Justly condemned to death.

*I lament, I repent, I beleve, I reioyce,  
I trust in the lord christ, he will here my voyse.*

[I]

O highe and mighty god,  
which reignst the skyes above,

## O HIGH AND MIGHTY GOD

With watred eyes I muche commend  
thy provydence and love.  
With wofull broken hart,  
with swolne and blobred face,  
I wayle my wanton lyfe long spent,  
which had noe better grace.

[2]

I make my mone to the[e],  
with sighes and sobbing teares ;  
In what distresse and heavy case,  
my conscience wytnesse beares.  
Depryved of worldly joye,  
which late I had at ease,  
Depryved of wealth and clad with care,  
which sought not thee to please.

[3]

Depryved of pleasures greate,  
bewrapt in griefe and payne,  
And all throughe synne which thus to mourne,  
deare god, doth me constraine.  
My babes and children deare,  
can heart of myne but sobbe  
To lose them thus, o gryping griefe,  
can intrelles sease to throbbe !

[4]

Alake, I cannot stay,  
myne eyes will not byde dry,  
To thincke what sinne hath brought me to,  
out one me wretche, fye, fye !  
Let tender mothers judge  
and gushe out teares with me,  
When as the[y] wey my inward doubt  
and eke my anguishe se.

[4] 4 one : read on ; 7 wey = weigh.

# O HIGH AND MIGHTY GOD

[5]

For naught besyde my facte,  
I more lament then they ;  
God send them better grace to lyve  
and not to walke my way.  
For wealth did pricke me soe,  
being well and could not se,  
Oh swetest god, I say thou knowest  
this is performed in me.

[6]

And righteous is thy rodde,  
a plague procurèd long ;  
And those that warned me of my fault,  
I thought they did me wronge.  
I lyncked my selfe in love  
to hatefull bitter bale,  
Through which my barcke is ouertourn'd  
with quyte contrary gale.

[7]

*Anne Drewry*, woe to thee,  
which drewe me to decaye !  
And woe the tyme I loved thy lure,  
woe me and wele away !  
Woe worth thy false entent,  
woe worth thy bloudy mynde,  
And woe thy flattering wordes which made  
my doting hart so blynde !

[8]

And, *Roger*, woe to the[e],  
in whome it was to staye  
*Browne*'s handes from slaughter of my deare  
and vs from this decaye !

[5] 1 facte = crime.

## O HIGH AND MIGHTY GOD

Take hede, all honest dames,  
what seruautes ye retayne,  
For if thou, *Roger*, hadst feared god,  
we had not felt this payne.

[9]

O righteous god, thou knowest  
their councell wrought me ill ;  
And yet, *Anne Saunders*, woe to the[e]  
that leanedst so muche thertill !  
My husband to betray  
(a grieffe to say or thinke),  
And iustly weighed as I haue brewed  
this bitter drafte to drincke.

[10]

Behold, all honest wyves,  
and fynest *london* dames,  
Beare to your husbandes trusty hartes,  
procure not to your shames ;  
Tacke patterne playne by mee,  
well vewe my race and end ;  
And while yow stand, see to your stepes,  
and lett the faultye amend.

[11]

For god, thoughe longe hee Beares,  
att lenghte will sharply paye,  
As may bee Sine by my fyrist State  
and now by mee decaye.

[10] 6 Fols. 9<sup>v</sup>-10 are in a vicious and illiterate handwriting, quite different from that of all the other leaves in the MS. The scribe has written the lines as if they were prose, paying no attention to the metre (which is here restored), though apparently he attempted to break up his work into four-line stanzas ; 8 amend : *read mend*.

## O HIGH AND MIGHTY GOD

Trust never Trustles tayles,  
detest that odius love,  
Defie suche frindship fraughte with fraude,  
as matrones dothe beehove ;

[12]

For I beewailinge told  
off this my fau[l]te the causse,  
I had noe perfytte loue nor care  
to godes wourd nor y[e]tt his Lawes  
My Love was daylie hate,  
my faythe was flatteringe sure ;  
O cvrsyd *Sathan*, I lament  
thow didest mee Soe A-lure !

[13]

I yellded to to myche  
to thie Foulle helliche lore,  
I gaue the[e] Rainge to Rulle the Fleche,  
which nowe I rew full Sore.  
For grudginge att my State,  
I thought to mend the Sam[e],  
Thoughe which, in-stede of lyfe, to deathe  
a Foulle and [hate]full sham[e].

[14]

See what A gayne ys gotte,—  
o god, see whate A gayne,  
off my childerne, goodes, and Frindes,  
and more which dothe Remayne.

[11] 6 odius : *MS.* odious ? 8 beehove : *i.e.* behoove.

[12] 2 off : *read* of ; 4 yett : *omit* ; 6 sure : *MS.* Suer.

[13] 1 yellded to to : *read* yielded too too ; 3 Fleche : *read* flesh ;  
8 hatefull : *MS.* indecipherable.

[14] 3 off : *read* of all.

## O HIGH AND MIGHTY GOD

A losse Farre mountinge this,  
for breche off my deare,  
My Soule and Bodie bothe quytte Spylte,  
*christ*, where ytt not For thee.

[15]

*Chryst*, For thie presious deathe,  
thie woundes, and Blodie harte,  
Which are my pardone by thie crosse  
and my Releyffe From Smarte ;  
Thou arte all which nowe Remaynes,  
com dayned wrothe dysmaye,  
Thou, *crist*, arte all my anker-hould,  
which hast my Ransom paye ;

[16]

Which cheres my wounded harte,  
and mackes mee glad to dye,  
A thousand Times mor[e] cruell deathe  
my Sellffe I quytte defye.  
Oute of this carnall wourld,  
deare god, I longe For thee :  
O when shall I bee ryd of Sin  
that I thic face maye see !

[17]

I am Full Redie prest,  
my Sines I doe Repent,  
O for my Blodie facte, o god,  
lett notte my Soule bee shentte !

[14] 6 breche = breach, an assault on, an injury to. *Murder* would restore the rhythm. 8 where : *read were*.

[15] 5, 6 Possibly Thou (all which now remains), condemned wrath dismay ! the last three words also being parenthetical.

## O HIGH AND MIGHTY GOD

Noe, noe, I am full sure  
thy promyse is full just ;  
*Christes* bloud my bloudy facte hath clensde,  
and therto will I trust.

[18]

And nowe behold and se  
what for me god hath done,  
A lost and infected wandring shepe  
his merry home hath woonne ;  
Whose love so let me fall,—  
and justice threw me downe,  
From worldly pompe to foule reproche,  
and losse of all renowne,—

[19]

That he might rayse me vp  
from death to state of blisse,  
From *Sathan's* baytes, by his rebukes,  
to be a child of his ;  
In flower of constant age  
my dayes to end with shame,  
To my immortall blisse and joye  
set fre from synne and blame.

[20]

And yet what shame is this  
for me, so clad with synne,  
To take noe more then I shall tast  
the lasting throne to wynne ?  
And, therfore, nowe farewell,  
all thinges corrupt and vayne,  
It is not longe til heavenly throng  
will make me vppe agayne,

[17] 5 The original copyist resumes his work here.

[18] 3 infected : "Evilly affected or contaminated in respect of moral character, opinions, etc."—N. E. D. ; 5 love : MS. lore.

[20] 3 tast, 8 make : read take.

# O HIGH AND MIGHTY GOD

[21]

In this my very fleshe  
to se *christe* with myne eyes,  
And sould and body dwell with him  
aboue the christall skyes.  
For whome my freindes prepare,  
and so I yow commend  
To *Jesus Christ*, who shall ye kep,—  
and thus I make an end.

**Finis.**

[21] 3 sould : *read* soul.

## *The noble peer while he lived here*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 13-15. This ballad, except for two stanzas gratuitously printed in Collier's *Extracts from the Stationers' Registers*, I., 4, has not been reprinted. There is another, and a much later version, in the *Percy Folio MS.*, edited by Hales and Furnivall, II., 255 ff. The P.F. version differs considerably from this, among other things being five stanzas longer : the most important variations are indicated in the foot-notes.

The ballad does not appear to have been entered in the Stationers' Registers : a ballad called "The murnyng of Edward Duke of Buckyngham," which was registered in 1557-58 (Arber's *Transcript*, I., 75) is that reprinted in the Ballad Society's *Ballads from MSS.*, I., 62 ; and another called "A mournefull songe comparatiuelye of the miserable ende of Bannister that betraied the duke of Buckingham his lord and master to the punishment of mystres Shore, &c.," which was registered on January 18, 1600, is "A most Sorrowful Song, setting forth the end of Banister, who betrayed the Duke of Buckingham, his Lord and Master," reprinted from the unique copy in the Pepys Collection (I., 64) in Evans's *Old Ballads*, 1810, III., 23. There is in Richard Johnson's *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*, 1612 (Percy Society ed., pp. 25 ff. ; *A Collection of Old Ballads*, 1725, III., 38), a ballad of 24 stanzas called "The Life and Death of the Great Duke of Buckingham ; who came to an untimely End, for consenting to the deposing of two gallant young Princes, King Edward the Fourth's Children. To the tune of *Shore's Wife*."

The historical background has been only vaguely hinted at by previous editors, though there are full accounts in both the *Annals of Stow* (1615, p. 466) and the *Chronicles of Holinshed* (III., 743). Briefly, Buckingham's fatal mistake came in his attempt to further the cause of the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., against King Richard III., before time was ripe. After the unfortunate and premature defiance of Richard III., the Duke found himself (as the ballad describes) deserted by his men. He then, to quote Holinshed,

conueied himselfe into the house of Humfreie Banaster his seruant beside Shrewes-burie, whome he had tenderlie brought vp, and whome he aboue all men loued, fauoured, and trusted. [A proclamation offering £1000 reward for information leading to his capture was issued by the King, whereupon] Humfreie Banaster (were it more for feare of life and losse of goods, or allured & prouoked by

## THE NOBLE PEER WHILE HE LIVED HERE

uaricious desire of the thousand pounds) he bewraied his guest and maister to John Mitton then shiriffe of Shropshire: which suddenlie with a strong power of men in harness apprehended the duke in a little groue adioining to the mansion of Humfreie Banaster, and in great hast and euill speed conueied him apparellled in a pilled blacke cloake to the towne of Shrewesburie, where king Richard then kept his housshold. Whether this Banaster bewraied the duke more for feare than couetous, manie men doo doubt: but sure it is, that shortlie after he had betraied the duke his master, his sonne and heire waxed mad, & so died in a bores stie; his eldest daughter of excellent beautie, was suddenlie striken with a foule leprosie; his second sonne maruellouslie deformed of his lims, and made lame; his yoonger sonne in a small puddle was strangled and drowned; and he being of extreame age, arraigned, and found guiltie of a murther, and by his cleargie saued. And as for his thousand pounds, K. Richard gaue him not one farthing.

Buckingham "without arraignment or judgment" was beheaded at Salisbury on All-Souls' day, 1483.

No subject more appealing to Elizabethan and Jacobean ballad-writers could be conceived of than Holinshed's straightforward account of the woes resulting from Bannister's treachery. Richard Johnson thus chronicles these woes:—

Thus Banester was forst to beg,  
And crave for food with cap and leg,  
But none to him would bread bestow,  
That to his master prov'd a foe.

Thus wand'red he in poor estate,  
Repenting his misdeed too late,  
Till starvèd he gave up his breath,  
By no man pittied at his death.

To wofull ends his children came,  
Sore punisht for their father's shame;  
Within a kennell one was droun'd,  
Where water scarce could hide the ground.

Another, by the powers devine,  
Was strangely eaten up by swine;  
The last a woefull ending makes,  
By strangling in a stinking jakes.

In the Pepysian ballad Bannister in person relates his misfortunes, following the historical account fairly closely:—

My eldest, first, through misery  
Did hang himself in a pig-sty,  
Whilst over him we sat and mourn'd,  
My youngest in a ditch was droun'd.

Where we did leave our children dead,  
Above the ground unburièd,  
Myself, my wife and daughter dear  
Did range the country far and near. . . .

# THE NOBLE PEER WHILE HE LIVED HERE

Then we returnēd home again  
At our own door to end our pain,  
Whilst I sought sticks to make a fire,  
My daughter's death brought her desire.

His servant which my land possess'd  
Came first, and found my child deceased,  
Mitton's young son my wife there kill'd,  
His father's heart with sorrow fill'd.

Bannister, so the ballad goes on, himself killed the servant's "only son,"

And after this my wife and I  
Ended our lives in misery.

## A song of the Duke of Buckingham.

[1]

The noble Peere, while he liued heere,  
the worthie Duke of *Buckingham*,  
Whoe florish't in king *Edwardes* raigne,  
the fourth king of that name;

[2]

Which did in seruice keepe a man,  
of meane and low degree,  
Which of a child he had brought vp  
from base to dignitie,—

[3]

He gaue him landes and liuinge good,  
of which he was noe heire,  
And maried him to a galant Dame,  
as rich as she was faire.

[1] 1 *P.F.* begins with this stanza :

You Barons bold, ma[r]ke and behold  
the thinge that I will rite;  
A story strange and yett most true  
I purpose to Endite;

3 raigne : *MS. substitutes for daies.*

[2] 3 of : *read as.*

[3] 4 The two stanzas following are added from *P.F.*

# THE NOBLE PEER WHILE HE LIVED HERE

[It came to passe in tract of time  
his wealth did soe excell,  
His riches did surpassee them all  
that in that shire did dwell.

Who was soe braue as Banister ?  
or who durst with him contend ?  
Which wold not be desirous still  
to be his daylye freind ?]

[4]

But out, alas ! it came to passe,  
and soe the strife beganne,  
The maister he constrainèd was  
to seeke succour at the man.

[5]

King *Richard* the third he got the sword,  
forswore himselfe t' bee king ;  
Murdered two princes in their beddes,  
the which much strife did bringe.

[6]

This noble Duke when he saw that,  
that vile and wicked deed,  
Against this Tyrant rais'd an hoast  
of armèd men with speede.

[7]

But when the king that he heard tell,  
a mightie hoast he sent

[4] 1, 2

For then it came to passe ; more woe, alas !  
for sorrowes then began (P.F.).

[5] 1 he got : swaying (P.F.) ; 2 cryed himselfe a kinge (P.F.).  
[6] 1, 2

And then the duke of Buckingham  
hating this bloody deede (P.F.).

## THE NOBLE PEER WHILE HE LIVED HERE

Against the Duke of *Buckingham*,  
his purpose to prevent.

[8]

When the Duke his souldiers they h[e]ard tell,  
feare pearst their hartes eich on[e] ;  
That all his souldiers fled by night  
and left this worthie Duke alone.

[9]

Then in extreame neede he tooke his steede,  
and poasted night and day ;  
Vnto his owne man *Banister*,  
these wordes to him did say :

[10]

“ O *Banister*, sweete *Banister*,  
pittie thou my cause,” quoth hee ;  
“ And hyde me from my cruell foes,  
which thus pursueth mee.”

[11]

“ O you are welcome, my maister deere,  
you are hartelie welcome heere ;  
And like a frend I will you keepe,  
although it cost me deere.”

[8] 1 Duke his : *read Duke's*. P.F. has and when the duke's people of this heard tell ; 3 all : many of (P.F.) ; 4 and left : *perhaps* and left the Duke alone. P.F. has and left him one by one.

[9] 4 in secrett there to stay (P.F.).

[10] 4 thus pursueth : here accuseth (P.F.).

[11] 3 And as my liffe Ile keepe you safe (P.F.).

# THE NOBLE PEER WHILE HE LIVED HERE

[12]

His velvet sute then he put of[f],  
his chaine of gould likewise ;  
An ould letherne coate he put vpon,  
and all to blinde the people's eise.

[13]

Sayinge, “ *Banister, O Banister,*  
O *Banister*, be true ! ”

“ *Christ* his curse then light on me and myne,  
if ever I be false to you.”

[14]

An ould felt hat he put on his head,  
ould letherne slopes also ;  
A hedginge bill vpon his necke,  
and soe to the woodes did goe.

[15]

This worthie Duke went to the woodes,  
as did not him beseeme,  
And soe in sorrow spent his dais,  
as he some drudge had beene.

[And there he liued long vnknownen,  
and still vnknowne might bee,  
Till Banister for hope of gaine  
betray'd him Iudaslye.]

[12] 1 The order of stanzas 12 and 13 is reversed in *P.F.* ; 3 And soe he did his veluett capp (*P.F.*) ; 4 and all : *omit*.

[13] 3 Christ his : *read* Christ's ; 4 *omit* ever.

[14] 1 a lethern Ierkyn on his backe (*P. F.*) ; 2 slopes : *i.e.* trousers ; 4 Here *P.F.* adds the following stanza :—

An old felt hat vpon his head,  
with 20 holes therin ;  
And soe in labor he spent the time,  
as tho some drudge he had beene.

[15] 1-4 Not in *P.F.* The stanza following is added from *P.F.*

# THE NOBLE PEER WHILE HE LIVED HERE

[16]

A proclamation there was made,  
whosoeuer then could bringe  
Newes of the Duke of *Buckingham*  
vnto *Richard* the kinge,

[17]

A thousand pound should be his fee,  
of gould and money bright,  
And be preferrèd by his grace  
and made a worthie knight.

[18]

When *Banister* that he h[e]ard tell,  
he to the Court did hye ;  
And he betraide his maister deere  
for luker of that fee.

[19]

King *Richard* then he sent in hast  
a mightie hoast with arrowes good,  
And for to take this worthie Duke,  
as he was wanderinge in the wood.

[17] 1 thousand pound : 1000 markes (P.F.).

[18] 2 straight to the court sent hee (P.F.).

[19] 1-4 Not in P.F., which has instead

A herald of armes there was sent  
and men with weapons good,  
Who did attach this noble Duke  
where he was labouring in the wood ;

2, 4 Both lines have too many syllables.

# THE NOBLE PEER WHILE HE LIVED HERE

[20]

And when the Duke that he saw that,  
he wronge his handes with wooe,  
“ O false *Banister*,” quoth he,  
“ why hast thou serued thy maister soe ?

[21]

“ O *Banister*, false *Banister*,  
woe worth thy fainèd hart !  
Thou hast betraid thy maister deere,  
and play'd a treator's part ! ”

[22]

The noble Duke to *London* was brought,  
in his great feare and dread,  
And straight in prison he was cast  
and Judg'd to loose his head.

[23]

Then *Banister* went to the court,  
hopeinge these gifts to haue ;  
And straight in prisson he was cast,  
and hard his life to sauue.

[24]

Noe frend he found in his distresse,  
nor yet noe frend at neede ;

[20] 1 Stanzas 20-21 have a wholly different wording, though the same general contents, in the P.F. ; 3 *Perhaps O thou false, etc.* ; 4 thy maister : *perhaps reading should be me, for sake of the metre.*

[22] 1-4 In the P.F. this stanza runs :—

Then Fraught with feare and many a teare,  
with sorrowes almost dead,  
This noble Duke of Buckingham  
att Salsbury lost his head.

RE THE NOBLE PEER WHILE HE LIVED HERE

But euerie man revilèd him  
for his most hatefull wicked deed.

[25]

His eldest sonne starke mad did runne ;  
his daughter drounèd was  
Within a shallow runninge streme,  
which did all danger passe.

[26]

Accordinge to his owne desyre,  
godes curse did on him fale ;  
That all his wealth consumèd quyte,  
and soe was wasted all.

[27]

Yonge *Banister* liu'd longe in shame,  
but at the length did dye ;  
And soe our lord he shew'd his wrath  
for his father's villanye.

[24] 4 Omit wicked.

[25] 1 The P.F. reverses the order of stanzas 25 and 26. For

[25] 1, 2 it reads :—

For one of his sones for greeffe Starke madd did fall ;  
the other For sorrow drowned was.

It then adds this stanza :—

His daughter right of bewtye bright,  
to such lewde liffe did Fall  
That shee dyed in great miserye ;  
and thus they were wasted all.

[27] 1 Yonge : Old (P.F.) ; 3, 4

And thus they Lord did plague them al.  
For this his trecherye (P.F.).

## THE NOBLE PEER WHILE HE LIVED HERE

[28]

Good lord, preserue our noble kinge,  
and send him longe proceede ;  
And god send euerie distressèd man  
a better frend at need !

**Finis.**

[28] 1 kinge : *i.e.* James I. *P.F. has* Now god blesse our king and councell graue.

## Of Catesby, Faux, and Garnet

Stowe MS. 182, fols. 47-47<sup>V</sup>. In the MS., which belongs to the latter part of the reign of James I., the ballad is written in three-line stanzas. Though the metre is rough, as a burlesque the ballad is wholly delightful, and it is perhaps more nearly contemporaneous with the Plot than any other ballad yet discovered. For other poetical effusions on the Gunpowder Plot see Professor C. H. Firth's excellent *Ballad History of the Reign of James I.* (*Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, 3rd Series, Vol. V.).

It is a striking commentary on the personality of James I. that even during his lifetime, and quite openly in the reign of Charles I., the Gunpowder Treason was regarded as a legitimate subject for burlesque. There is a ridiculous ballad "Upon the Gun-powder Plot" in *Choyce Drollery*, 1656 (ed. J. W. Ebsworth, p. 40 : cf. *Roxburghe Ballads*, IV., 273 ; VIII., 757),—certainly somewhat older than the date 1656 would indicate,—of which one stanza may be quoted for illustration :—

And will this wicked world never prove good ?  
 Will Priests and Catholiques never prove true ?  
 Shall *Catesby*, *Piercy*, and *Rookwood*  
 Make all this famous Land to rue ?  
 With putting us in such a feare,  
 With huffing and snuffing and guni-powder,  
 With a Ohone hononoreera tarrareera, tarrareero hone.

As another illustration take this passage from the post-Restoration ballad of "The Loyal Subject" (Pepys, IV., 243 ; 4to Rawlinson, 566, fol. 84 ; Douce, II., 143<sup>V</sup>, etc.) :—

See the Squibs, and hear the Bells,  
 the fifth day of November,  
 The Preacher a sad Story tells,  
 And with horror doth remember,  
 how some dry-brain'd traitors wrought  
 Plots, that would to ruine brought,  
 both King and every member.

One of Antony à Wood's MS. ballads (Wood, 417, fols. 24-24<sup>V</sup>) is a quaint disputation between a Jesuit and a Presbyterian, in which the crux of the discussion hinges upon the question whether the Gunpowder Plot or the execution of Charles I. was the more heinous crime. It begins :—

## OF CATESBY, FAUX, AND GARNET

Jack presbiter & a sonn of the pope  
had of late a dispute of aright to the rope :  
who meritted hanging without any hope ?—  
*wch nobody can deny.*

First Jack began, and bade him remember  
A horrible plott on the 5th of nouember,  
that very month preceedeing december,  
*wch Sc.*

“ The 30th of January,” the other replied,  
“ wee heard on ‘t at Roome, it can’t be denyed ;  
had Jack bin Loyall, then Charles had not dy’d,  
*wch Sc.*”

A later stanza runs :—

“ Oh powder treason, oh horrible plott ! ”  
“ I prethee, deare brother, be not soe hott ;  
for Charles was kil’d, but Jammy was not.  
*wch Sc.*”

But occasionally ballad-writers treated the Plot seriously : of such a nature are the lines beginning “ My Masters all, awake from sleep, I pray ” in *A Loyal Garland of Mirth and Pastime*, 1685, and the ballad on “ The Gun-Powder Plot ” in the Pepys Collection. The latter, as well as a broadsheet in the Collections of the Society of Antiquaries, is reprinted for comparison with the present ballad.

### A Song.

[1]

Of *Catesby, Faux, and Garnet*,  
a Story I’le you tell-a,  
And of a Rare Plott,  
ne’re to be forgott,  
And eke how it befell-a.

[2]

All on the 4th of *November*,  
the *Papists* they had a drift-a  
Quite for to destroy  
brave *England’s* joy,  
And to blow it all vp on the fifth-a.

## OF CATESBY, FAUX, AND GARNET

[3]

Soe many Barrells of Gunpowder,  
the like was never seen-a,  
That eke that the match  
had chanc'd for to catch,  
Good L[or]d, where should we all have been-a ?

[4]

Why we should all have been slaine outright,  
for marke what thee varlets had don-a,  
They had sett soe many Barrells  
to decide all our Quarrells,  
Nay they had don't as sure as a Gun-a.

[5]

O Varlets that esteeme noe more  
3 K[ing]doms than 3 shillings !  
It were a Good deed  
to hang 'm with Speed,—  
Oh out vpon them Villaines !

[6]

But now these *Papists* their designs  
we care not for a louse-a ;  
For fit as it was,  
it soe came to passe  
That the Plot was blown vp, not the house-a.

[7]

For our King he went to the Parliam[en]t  
to meet his Noble Peers-a ;  
But if he had knowne  
where he should have been blown,  
He durst not have gon for his Eares-a.

[3] 3 that the : *read* if the.

[4] 2 thee : *i.e.* the ; 5 don't : *i.e.* done 't.

## OF CATESBY, FAUX, AND GARNET

[8]

Then, “ Powder I smell,” quoth our gracious King  
(now our King was an excellent smeller) ;  
And lowder and lowder,  
quoth the King, “ I smell powder ” ;  
And downe he run into the Cellar.

[9]

And when he came the Cellar into,  
and was the danger amid-a,  
He found that the traine  
had not been in vaine,  
Had he not come downe as he did-a.

[10]

Then the Noble-men that there stood by  
and heard the words of the King-a,—  
“ Ah, my So[u]l, if the Fire  
had come a little nigher,  
’Twould have made vs all flye without wing-a ! ”

[~~Finis.~~]

[10] 3 Fire : *read* Fi-er.

## *O Lord, we have continual cause*

From a broadside in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London (Lemon's *Catalogue of Broadsides*, p. 77) : white letter, no cuts, printed in two columns with ornamental border running around the four edges of the sheet. There is no stanza-division in the original. The sheet appeared only a short time before the death of James I.

### *A Song or psalme of Thanksgiving, in remembrance of our great deliuerance from the Gun-powder Treason, the fift of Nouember, 1605.*

[1]

O Lord, we haue continuall cause  
thy mercies to remember ;  
For thou hast bin our God and guide,  
our Keeper and Defender,  
Deliuering vs from those Attempts  
that wicked men haue sought  
Against thy truth, against thy Saints,  
to bring them vnto nought.

[2]

Amongst the great Deliuerances,  
thou hast this Land affoorded,  
There is one chiefe, that doth deserue  
in heart to be recorded :  
O let vs not forget, good Lord,  
but grant we may remember,

# O LORD, WE HAVE CONTINUAL CAUSE

What thou didst do for vs and ours,  
the fift day of Nouember.

(1605)

[3]

That when we on our beds did rest,  
the night before, secure ;  
Next day preparèd was for vs  
great sorrowes to endure.

When that our King, Queene, Prince & Peeres,  
our commons chiefe and best,  
In Parliament should meet to make  
good Lawes to guide the rest,

[4]

A hellish blast with powder mad  
from vnder them should rise,  
To cast them vp into the aire  
betwixt the earth and skies.

When as in health and strength they were,  
and danger none did feare,  
A hideous cracke and cruell blow  
in peeces them should teare.

[5]

No cruell beast more eager then,  
and greedier of his pray,  
Then Antichrist his priests and slaues  
were of our liues that day.

They thought our ruine to haue wrought  
in twinckling of an eye,  
But God, our great Deliuerer,  
this mischiefe did descry.

[4] *i mad* : *i.e.* made.

[5] *3 Then* : *i.e.* than.

## O LORD, WE HAVE CONTINUAL CAUSE

[6]

And when that they the spoile did thinke  
amongst them to deuide,  
The high and mighty Lord of hoasts  
their counsels did deride,—  
By making *Iames*, our royll King,  
so quicke in apprehension,  
As to discouer and preuent  
Rome's Diuels' deepe intention.

[7]

So that the net and snare is broke,  
Hel's counsell is reuelèd,  
That from the ages for to come  
it may not be concealèd.  
Now we that liue may sing a Psalme  
of praise and thankes to him ;  
And where that they with shame did end,  
with ioy we may begin.

[8]

And say : “ O Lord, to thee alone,  
alone to thee, O Lord,  
The Praise is due, the praise is due,”  
euen all with on[e] accord ;  
Nothing there was in vs that did  
deserue this loue of thee ;  
It was thy loue and mercie great  
bestowed on vs most free.

[9]

It was thy loue vnto thy name,  
and to thy Saints most deare,  
That mou'd thee thus to deale with vs  
in danger when we were ;

## O LORD, WE HAVE CONTINUAL CAUSE

Euen while we liue we will confesse,  
to thy eternall praise,  
That by this great Deliuerance wrought  
thou hast renewed our daies.

[10]

And giuen vs time for to repent  
and to amend our liues,  
And of thy mercies manifold  
the higher for to prize.  
O let the practise of these men  
against thy children deare  
Make vs to hate their wicked wayes,  
and thee the more to feare.

[11]

And grant that we may still detest  
that doctrine and that sinne  
That teacheth vs to eate our God  
and eke to kill our King.  
And euermore whil'st that our liues  
and breath in vs doth last,  
To lay vp in our hearts thy law,  
and there to keepe it fast;

[12]

That by the same we may be kept  
from errors grosse and nought,  
Vntill we haue obtain'd that crowne  
that Christ for vs hath bought.

[11] 2 doctrine : *i.e.* of transubstantiation.

## O LORD, WE HAVE CONTINUAL CAUSE

Lord blesse thy Church, preserue our King  
and Prince and Race royall,  
Prolong their dayes, make them the meanes  
of Antichrist's downfall.

**Amen.** T. S.

London, Printed by William Jones. 1625.

1 [12] 5 King : *i.e.* James I. ; 6 Prince : *i.e.* Charles, Prince of Wales.

*True Protestants, I pray you, do  
draw near*

From a printed broadside, probably unique, in the Pepys Collection, II., 370. The text dates several years after the Restoration, though it may be considerably older originally. For the tune see Chappell's *Popular Music*, I., 167.

**Gun-Powder Plot:**  
Or,

**A Brief Account of that bloudy and subtle Design  
laid against the King, his Lords and Commons  
in Parliament, and of a Happy Deliverance by  
Divine Power.**

To the Tune of *Aim not too high. Licensed according to Order.*

[1]

True Protestants, I pray you, do draw near,  
Unto this Ditty lend attentive Ear ;  
The Lines are New, although the Subject's Old,  
Likewise it is as true as e'er was told.

[2]

When *James* the First in *England* Reignèd King,  
Under his Royal, Gracious, Princely Wing  
Religion flourish'd, both in Court and Town,  
Which wretched *Romans* strove to trample down.

[3]

To their old plotting Trade they strait did go  
To prove Three Kingdom's final Overthrow,—

## TRUE PROTESTANTS DO DRAW NEAR

A Plot contriv'd by Catholicks alone,  
The like before or since was never known.

[4]

*Rome's* Counsel did together often meet,  
For to contrive which way they might compleat  
This bloody Treason ; which they took in hand  
Against the King and Heads of all the Land.

[5]

At length these wretched *Romans* all agreed  
Which way to make the King and Nation bleed ;  
By Powder, all agreed with joint Consent,  
To Blow up both the King and Parliament.

[6]

For to keep secret this their Villany  
By solemn Oaths they one another tye ;  
Nay farther, being void of Grace and Shame,  
Each took the Sacrament upon the same.

[7]

Their Treason wrapt in this black Mantle then,  
Secure and safe from all the Eyes of Men,  
They did not fear ; but by one fatal Blow  
To prove the Church and Kingdom's Overthrow.

[8]

*Catesby*, with all the other *Romish* Crew,  
This Powder Plot did eagerly pursue ;  
Yet after all their mighty cost and care,  
Their own Feet soon was taken in the Snare.

## TRUE PROTESTANTS I PRAY YOU

[9]

Under the House of the Great Parliament,  
This *Romish* Den and Devils, by consent,  
The Hellish Powder-Plot they formèd there,  
In hopes to send all flying in the Air.

[10]

Barrels of Powder privately convey'd,  
Billets and Bars of Iron, too, was laid,  
To tear up all before them as they flew,  
A black Invention by this dismal Crew.

[11]

And with the fatal Blow all must have flown,—  
The gracious King upon his Royal Throne,  
His gracious Queen, likewise their Princely Heir,—  
All must have dy'd and perish'd that was there.

[12]

The House of Noble Lords of high Degree,  
By this unheard of, bloody Tragedy,  
Their Limbs in sunder strait would have been tore,  
And fill'd the Air with noble, bloody gore.

[13]

The worthy, learnèd Judges, Grave and Sage,  
The Commons, too, all must have felt *Rome's* rage ;  
Had not the Lord of Love stept in between,  
Oh, what a dismal Slaughter had there been.

[14]

The King, the Queen, and Barons of the Land,  
The Judges, Gentry, did together stand  
On Ruine's brink, while *Rome* the blow should give,—  
They'd but the burning of a Match to live.

## DO DRAW NEAR

[15]

But that the Great God that sits in Heaven high  
He did behold their bloody Treachery ;  
He made their own Hand-writing soon betray  
The Work which they had Plotted many a day.

[16]

The Lord in Mercy did his Wisedom send  
Unto the King, his People to Defend ;  
Which did reveal the hidden Powder-Plot,  
A gracious Mercy ne'er to be forgot.

[17]

And brought *Rome's* Faction unto Punishment,  
Which did the Powder Treason first invent ;  
And all that ever Plots I hope God will,  
That the true Christian Church may flourish still.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

[15] 1 But that : *read* But.

*Christmas is my name*

Addit. MS. 38,599, fols. 142-143. This interesting MS., a seventeenth-century commonplace book, account book, and diary of the Shanne family of Yorkshire, contains thirteen ballads, which are prefaced by the title, "Certainte pretie songes hereafter followinge, Drawn together by Richard Shanne, 1611," but a number of which, like the present ballad, date about 1624.

This ballad is a distinctly Catholic production, lamenting the decay of Christmas festivities under the régime of Protestants and Puritans. The ballad was sung to the tune of *Now the Spring is come* (cf. *Roxburghe Ballads*, I., 154; *Popular Music*, II., 464), and not improbably it was connected with the "northerne songe of *Ile awaie*" that was licensed for publication on August 15, 1586. A non-extant ballad of "Christmas Delightes" was licensed on December 12, 1593, and a far from gloomy account of Christmas is given in a prose and verse pamphlet, by the celebrated ballad-monger, Laurence Price, called *Make Room for Christmas*.

*A Songe bewailinge the tyme of Christmas,  
So much decayed in Englande.*

[I]

*Christmas is my name,*

Farr have I gone, have I gone, have I gone,  
Have I gone with out regarde,

Where as great men by flockes they be flowen, they be  
flowen,

They be flowen, they be flowen to *London* warde,

Where they in pompe and pleasure do waste  
That which *Christmas* had wont to feast,

*Wellay daie!*

Houses where musicke was wonted to ringe,

Nothinge but Batts and Ouls now do singe.

*Wellay daie, wallay daie, wallay daie, where should I stay ?*

## CHRISTMAS IS MY NAME

[2]

*Christmas* bread and Beefe is turn'd into stons, into  
stons, into stons,  
Into Stones and Silken ragges ;  
And ladie *monie* it doth slepe, It doth slepe, It doth  
slepe,  
It doth slepe in Mysers' bagges.  
Where manie gallantes once abounde  
Nought but A dogg and A Sheperd is founde,  
*Wellay day !*  
Places where *Christmas* revells did keepe  
Are now becom habitations for Sheepe.  
*Wallay day, wallay day, wellay day, where should I stay ?*

[3]

*Pan*, the Shepherdes God, doth deface, doth deface,  
doth deface,  
Doth deface Ladie *Ceres*' crowne ;  
And Tilliges doth decay, doth decay, doth decay,  
Doth decay in everie towne.  
Landlordes their rentes so highly Inhaunce  
That *Peares* the plowman barefoote doth daunce,  
*Wellay day !*  
Farmers that *Christmas* would Intertaine  
Hath scarselie withall them selves to mantaine.  
*Wellay day, wellay day, wellay day, where should I stay ?*

[4]

Go to the *Protestant*, hele protest, hele protest, hele  
protest,  
He will protest and bouldlie boaste ;  
And to the *Puritine*, he is so hote, he is so hote, he is so  
hote,  
He is so hote he will burne the Roast ;

[2] 5 abounde : read did abounde. [3] 3 Tilliges : i.e. tillage.  
[4] 3 The last he is written in MS. as one word ; 4 he is : one word in MS.

## CHRISTMAS IS MY NAME

The *Catholike* good deedes will not scorne,  
Nor will not see pore *Christmas* for-lorne,  
*Wellay Day!*

Since Holines no good deedes will do,  
*Protestantes* had best turn *Papistes*, too,  
*Wellay day, Wellay day, wellay day, where should I stay?*

[5]

Pride and Luxurie doth devoure, doth devoure, doth  
devoure,  
Doth devoure house-kepinge quite,  
And Beggarie doth beget, doth begett, doth begett,  
Doth begett in manie A knight.  
Madam, for-sooth, in Cooch she must reele,  
Although she weare her hoose out at heele,  
*Wellay day!*

And on her backe were that for her weede  
That woulde both me and manie other feede.  
*Wellay day, Wallay day, wellay day, where should I stay?*

[6]

Breefelye for to ende, here I fynde, here I fynde,  
Here I fynde such great vacation  
That some great houses do seeme to have, Seme to have,  
seeme to have,  
For to have some great Purgation ;  
With Purginge Pills such effectes they have Shewed  
That out of dores theyr owners they have spewed.  
*Wellay day!*

And when *Christmas* goes by and calleς,  
Nothinge but solitude and naked walls.  
*Wellay day, Wellay day, wellay day, where should I staie?*

[5] 5 Cooch : *i.e.* Coach ; 8 were : *i.e.* wear.

## CHRISTMAS IS MY NAME

[7]

Philemel's Cottages are turn'd into gould, into gould,  
    Into gould for harboringe *Jove* ;  
And great men's houses vp for to hould, vp for to houlde,  
    Vp for to hould make great men mone ;  
But in the Cittie they saie they do live,  
    Where gould by handfulls away they do give,  
        *Wellay day !*  
And, therefore, thither I purpose to passe,  
    Hopinge at *london* to fynde the goulden Asse.  
*Ile away, Ile away, Ile away, Ile no longer staie.*

[**finis.**]

[7] 1 Philemel's : *i.e.* Philemon's.

*Let bare-footed beggars still walk  
in the street*

Addit. MS. 23,723, fols. 17<sup>v</sup>-18. Several bars of music are given at the end of this attractive ballad. The MS. dates about 1620, but the ballad is several years older. At the beginning of the verses the compiler of the MS. wrote : "His witte was indifferent that made this following rime, but for his wisedome I leave it to the grave and wise to be censured."

The extravagant gifts which James I. bestowed upon his countrymen, somewhat at the expense of the English, caused much ill feeling. Many ballads on the Scotch "beggars" are extant : they were widely circulated at the time, and versions almost identical with the present ballad (a very early specimen) are preserved in other MSS. Of the same general description, too, are "A Songe of a fine Skott" printed in Fairholt's *Satirical Songs and Poems*, Percy Society, 1849, p. 127 ; "Our Scottish-men are beggars yet," in MS. Rawlinson Poet. 160, fol. 179 ; and a ballad in the Percy Folio MS. (ed. Hales and Furnivall, II., 43). The subject is adequately discussed by Professor C. H. Firth in the *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, 3rd Series, V., 23 f. Addit. MS. 23,723, it may be added, contains a number of songs on James I., some of which have not been reprinted.

[1]

Let barefooted beggars still walke in the streete  
in ragged attire, as for them it is meete ;  
For it is most certaine, and ofte hath bene triede,  
set a beggar on horsebacke, and then he will ride  
a-galloppe, a-galloppe.

[2]

Our ould *English* beggars in summer did swarme  
at Fayers and markets, at feaste and at ferme ;

[2] *z ferme* : *i.e.* farme.

## LET BEGGARS STILL WALK IN THE STREET

Theire certaine, by begging, eche day was supplide ;  
also for a peny for good ale they'de ride  
a-begging, a-begging.

[3]

But nowe in these dayes from *Scotland* we see,  
for one *English* begger, of *Scottes* there come three ;  
In fayers and markets they scorne to abide,  
the courte is theire Couerte to mainteine theire pride  
by begging, by begging.

[4]

Theire bonny blewe bonnets [ar]e nowe caste away,  
and beaver and fether for *Jocky* is gay ;  
With brave golden hatte-bandes to mainteine theire  
pride,  
with guilte sworde and dagger now *Jocky* must ride  
a-begging, a-begging.

[5]

Theire russet gray mantles both threedbare and ould  
are turnèd to scarlet, all lacèd with gould,  
Theire belte of horse-leather to velvet and pearle,  
and *Jockie* will caper as high as an Earle  
by begging, by begging.

[6]

Too many *Scottsh* beggars in *England* doe dwell,  
by *Hobbie* and *Jockie* and *Jenny* and *Nell* ;  
A page at the first, of a page grewe a knight,  
a Lord and a vicounte, an Eirle (by this light)  
by begging, by begging.

[2] 3 Theire : i.e. there.

## LET BEGGARS STILL WALK IN THE STREET

[7]

You lusty young gallants, looke well to your handes,  
  lest stabbing or striking you forfeite your landes ;  
At one place or other theire palfries abide,  
  your living once forfeite, then *Jockie* will ride  
    on-begging, a-begging.

[8]

I think, if the devill of hell could be gotte,  
  that *Jockie* would begge him, or some other *Scotte*  
Our noble king *James*, Lord ever defend,  
  and all *Scottish* beggars soone home againe send  
    a-gallope, a-gallope.

[**Finis.**]

*I, a Constable, have took mine oath*

Harleian MS. 367, fol. 159. The ballad is in six-line stanzas on a single "broad-sheet" of paper which has been pasted into the MS. Practically all the initial letters of the lines are torn off or smudged, and many are indecipherable.

I have been unable to discover any facts about the author of this somewhat cryptic production. It appears from stanza 8, with its address to "hearers, sayers, and singers," that the ballad was actually circulated in print. The metre is rough, the phrasing disjointed and occasionally vague; but the curious account here retailed of the difficulties attendant on a constable's office, and especially the description of the procedure of the courts, is of considerable interest. Albury is presumably the Surrey parish. In connection with the tune, it may be remarked that in John Hilton's *Catch That Catch Can*, 1663, p. 73, one of the catches runs:—

Come jump at thy Cosen and kiss,  
that men may say another day,  
What jumping call you this?

Though the date 1626 given in the title is later than that of the other ballads in this volume, the ballad is included because it obviously applies to Jacobean courts quite as well as to those of Charles I., who had just come to the throne when Mr Gyffon wrote his song.

**The song of a Constable: made by  
James Gyffon, Constable of Alburye,  
a[nn]o 1626.**

To the Tune of *Jump to me, Cossen.*

[I]

I, a constable, haue took myne oath  
by which shall plaine appeere  
The troth and nothing but the troath,  
whos[o]euер my song will heare.

# I, A CONSTABLE, HAVE TOOK MINE OATH

[O]ne greate Constable of *Ingland* was,  
another late should haue ben ;  
But little ones now 'tis found will serue,  
so they be but honnest men.  
A Constable must be honnest and Just,  
haue knowledge and good Reporte,  
And able to straine with bodie and braine,  
ells he is not fitting for't.

[2]

Some parish puttts a constable on,  
alas without vnderstanding ;  
By cause they'd Rule him when they haue done,  
and haue him at their comanding ;  
And if he commaunds the poore, they'le grutch  
and twit him with partial blindnes ;  
[A]gaine and if he commaunds the rich,  
they'le threaten him with vnkindnes.  
To charge or compell 'im hee's busie, they'le tell 'im,  
in paying of rat[e]s they'le brawle.  
Falls he but vnto do that he should do,  
I'le warnt you displease them all.

[3]

Whip he the roagues, they'le raile and they'le curse,  
soldiers as rude cause they are ;  
Sent to the treasurer with their passe,  
and may not beg euerye where.  
[I]f warrantes do come, as often they do,  
for money, then he it demaundes.  
To eu'rye one with's rate he does go,  
wherein they are leuied by landes.  
They'le say then he gathers vp money of others  
to put to vse for Increase ;  
Ells gathers it vp to run awaye wu't,—  
what terrible wordes be these !

[2] 12 warnt : *i.e.* warrant.

# I, A CONSTABLE, HAVE TOOK MINE OATH

[4]

Hearing a presse for souldiers, they'le start ;  
ells hide them selues when we come.  
Their wiues then will saye, " to presse wee yee maye,  
our husbands are not at home."  
Coyne for magazens sent for in hast,  
much ado was eare they yeilded ;  
Yet's gather'd and paid, and I am afraid  
they will not in hast be builded.  
The Justices will set vs by the heeles  
if wee do not do as we should ;  
Which if we performe, the townsmen will storme,—  
some of them hang's if they could.

[5]

The constable's warnde to th' sessions then,  
vnwilling some goes, alas !  
Yet there maye wit and experience lerne,  
if that he be not an asse.  
There shall he see the Justices set,  
here three of *O yeses*, And  
Then shall he here the comission Read,  
though little he vnderstand.  
[Fo]ur free landed men are call'd for in, then,  
to be of the great inquest :  
the cheife of our townes, with hoare on their crownes,  
that what should be done knowes best.

[6]

Choice men of euerye towne in the sheire,  
3 Juries their must be more,

[4] 3 A ballad of a Constable in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719, VI.,  
236, has the refrain,

" If I miss the Man, I'll Press the Wife " ;

5 magazens : *i.e.* magazines.

# I, A CONSTABLE, HAVE TOOK MINE OATH

Cal'd vnto the booke with *here, sir, here,*  
the wisest of twentye Before.

Then there shal he see whom hath transgrest  
punishèd for his Offence ;

There shall he here an number amerct,  
along of their negligence.

What things are amisse, what doings there is,  
Justices charge them enquier

'Fore clarke of the peace and baylies, at least  
a dozen, besides the Crier.

[7]

Verdicts must come from these Juries then,  
but howsoeare they endite them,

They'le not be tooke till next day by ten,  
vnlesse that their clarkes do wright them.

Ruffe wordes or smoth are all but in vaine,  
all courts of proffit do sauour ;

And though the case be neuer so plaine,  
yet kissing shall go by fauour.

They'le punish the leastest and fauour the greatest,  
nought may against them proceede,

And who may dare speak 'gainst one that is great—  
lawe what a powlder indeede !

[8]

[T]hus Now my constableship's neare done,  
marke heareres, sayers, and singers,—

Not an officer vnder the sunne  
but does looke through his fingers.

[7] 8 Cf. *Mercurius Melancholicus*, No. 24 (1648), p. 142 :—"I see the old Proverb verified, *Kissing goes by favour* but marriage and hanging goes by destiny." There is a ballad of "Kissing goes by Favour. To the tune of *I marry and thank you too*," in the British Museum (c. 20. f. 14/1).

# I, A CONSTABLE, HAVE TOOK MINE OATH

Yet where I see one willing to mend,  
not prating nor making excuses,  
Such a one if I can I'le befreind,  
and punish the grosse Abuses.

My counsel now vse, you that are to chuse,  
put able man euer in place ;  
For knaues and fooles in authoritye do  
but them selues and their countrie disgrace.

finis.

## Appendix I

### *When Mary was great with Gabriel*

Addit. MS. 15,225, fols. 48-55<sup>v</sup>. This is in no sense a ballad but is included because it furnishes a good, and almost unknown, text of an interesting old Catholic poem. Furnivall edited another version, *A Song Called Ye Deuelis Perlament, Or Parliamentum of Feendis* (F.), from MS. 853, Lambeth Palace Library, for the Early English Text Society (*Hymns to the Virgin*, etc., pp. 41-57) in 1867. He mentions the 1509 version (W.) printed by Wynkyn de Worde, a unique copy of which is preserved in the Cambridge University Library. There is a modern reprint of this work made by Heber for presentation to the Roxburghe Club but never put into circulation by him (Lowndes's *Bibliographers' Manual*, s.v. *Parliament of Fiends*). In Warton-Hazlitt's *History of English Poetry*, III., 166, reference is made to the Lambeth MS., to the 1509 edition, and to editions, without date, by Richard Fakes and Julian Notary. Perhaps older than any of these is the version preserved in Addit. MS. 37,492, fols. 83-90<sup>v</sup> (A.). It is considerably shorter than the other versions named, and varies widely from them, among other things transposing whole blocks of lines. E.g., stanzas 2-14, as printed below, come after stanza 18. It ends at stanza 58, line 4.

F. and W. consist of 504 lines. This copy has but 490, twelve lines (21-32) perhaps being purposely omitted, two (stanza 20) inadvertently. It agrees sometimes with W., sometimes with F., and sometimes differs from both: it was evidently made from a different printed version, perhaps from Fakes's or Notary's (though I know nothing about these editions). No attempt is made here at printing a "critical text," so that only a few of the variant readings from A., W., and F. are given. In all these versions the metre is irregular.

The poem covers sketchily the life of Christ, chief emphasis being placed on the Temptation and the Harrowing of Hell. Ballads dealing with the life and miracles of Christ were a staple production of the professional ballad-mongers. Typical titles are those of "a mournefull memory of the Death of Christ," "The Devils temptacon to Christ our salvacon," and "ye fyrst fall of our father Adam and Eve for the breache of Gods commandement and of his Recouerye againe by the promised seede Jesus Christe," ballads registered during 1578-79 (Arber's *Transcript*, II., 342, 348).

# WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

## The Parliament of devills.

[1]

When *marie* was great with *Gabriell*,  
and had conceuid and borne a child,  
All the devills of th'ayre, of the earth, and hell,  
held their Parliament of that maiden myld.  
What man had made her wombe to swell,  
or whoe had wrought with her those workes wyld,  
That child his father's name,—whoe could tell ?  
or whoe had *marie* soe beguilde ?

[2]

In hell the feindes they answerèd :  
“ We near knew father that he had,  
But amongst Prophets we haue learned  
that god with man had covenant made :  
‘ As a serpent in desert was reared,  
soe shall godes sonne to glorie be led ;  
The soule of hime is yet vnspyred ;  
his hart the[y] cloue and he sore bled.’

[3]

“ The Prophetes spake soe, in the myst,  
that what the[y] meant we never knew ;  
They spake of one whoe should high[t] *Christ*,  
but *marie*'s sonne he hight *Jesu*.

[And they sayd y<sup>e</sup> Cryst w<sup>t</sup> god sholde be at wyst ;  
But this Ihesu never in the godhede grewe.  
We ben begyled all with our lyst,  
The clothe is all of another hewe.

[2] 2 near : i.e. ne'er ; 5 cf. Numbers xxi. ; 7 vnspyred : i.e. unspoiled. F. reads vnsperid = set free, unlocked.

[3] 5-[4] 8 Added from W. Also in F.

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

[4]

And though god make his parlyment  
Of peas, mercy, trouthe, and reason,  
And from heuen to erthe his sone he sent  
In mankynde to take a ceason,  
We shall ordayne, by one assent,  
A preuy cunceyle all of treason,  
And clayme Ihesu for our rent ;  
For y<sup>r</sup> he is kynde of man, it is good cheson.]

[5]

“ We will worke whether that we speede,  
for vnto vs he is vnknowne ;  
And although he be come of a strange seede,  
yet in *Adam's* ground was he sowne.  
When he is rype, doe we our deede ;  
and looke we doe him reape and mowe,  
Though he him selfe our roule in reede,  
by right we chaleng him for our owne.”

[6]

The maister devill said : “ it lyes in mee ;  
to *Jesu* will I take good heede,  
To norish him in fantasies,  
his fraile flesh to cloath and feede.  
And though he be never soe wyse,  
yet out of th' way I shall him leade ;  
To make of him both foolish and wyse,  
and into hell his soule to breade.”

[7]

Thus the devilles their wyles did cast,  
with argumentes many and great ;  
And thirtie years they founded fast  
to tempt *Jesu* in many a heate.

[5] 7 our . . . reede : our rolles rede (*W.*), oure rollis rede (*F.*).

[6] 7 foolish and wyse : fool and nice (*W.*, *F.*).

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

Into a wilderness with *Jesu* I past,  
of him knoledg for to gett,  
And fortie dais there did he fast,  
without either sleepe, drinke, or meate.

[8]

The maister devill wonder thought  
of *Jesus'* worthie complection :  
By man's foode liuèd he nought,  
but by prayer and devotion.  
But when he hungered, as I thought,  
to tempt him then I made boune :  
“ Loo, heere be stones that be hard wrought,  
make thereof bread to man's feson.”

[9]

“ Forsooth,” *Jesu* said, “ not onelie by bread  
is everie man's proper liuinge,  
But everie word of the godhead  
to bodie and soule is comfortinge.”  
Vpon a high pinacle I him brough[t] anon  
and left him there, and downe I sprunge,  
And said : “ sauе thee harmeles, both limme and bone,  
and doe noe masteries, whilst thou art younge.

[10]

“ If thou be godes sonne, let vs see ;  
for of thee it's writen long agone  
That Angelles in handes shall hould thee,  
least thou spurne thy foote against a stone.”  
*Jesu* said : “ in holie writ thou maist see,  
‘ tempt not thy lord god liuing alone ;  
With all thy might, in everie degree,  
thou shalt him serue and other non[e].’ ”

[8] 6 boune : *i.e.* ready, prepared ; 8 feson : foysowne (*W.*), foisoun (*F.*), from French foison = plenty. *A. has seson.*

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

[11]

The devill saw it might not gaine,  
but of *Jesus* his purpose he did mysse.  
He brought him to a high mountaine,  
and bade him doe as he would wish.  
There he shewèd him certaine  
Jewells, riches, and worldlie blisse,  
And said : “ worship me heere and become my swayne,  
and I will giue thee all this.”

[12]

“ Avant, *Satanus* ; from blisse thou hye,  
from heaven rich, that royall tower ;  
In *Exodus* it is written certainly :  
‘ the lord thy god thou shalt honour.’ ”  
“ Alas,” quoth the devill, “ art thou soe wittie ?  
thy wordes be bitter, thy workes be sower,  
Thy conclution kniteth me soe ferventlye,  
that I neare aboade soe sharpe a shower.”

[13]

The devilles gathered a great nome,  
and held their parlament ’nith myst :  
One would reaue vs at home,  
and gather the flower out of our twist.  
New Jeolors would wait vs shame ;  
one (they called him *John Baptist*)  
Now he hath turnèd *Jesus*’ name,—  
it first was *Jesus*, now is *Christ*.

[11] 7 And said : *Omit (W. and F.)*.

[12] 3 Exodus xxi., 3 ; 8 neare : *i.e.* ne’er.

[13] 1 nome : *i.e.* number. *A.*, *W.*, and *F.* read frame ; 2 ’nith  
myst = ’neath mist ; in the mist (*A.*, *F.*, *W.*).

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

[14]

Laugh nor sport I him never saw,  
but in stableness he is alway,  
And straitlie keepeth godes holie law,  
and stronglie withstandeth myne affray.  
To workes of vice he will not draw,  
a wonderous worde I heard him say,—  
That the great Temple he would downe draw  
and raise it agayne on the third day.

[15]

When he was borne, wonders fell :  
over all was peace, both East and west ;  
In *Rome* of Oyle there sprang a well,  
from *Trestmore* t' *Tybur* it ranne prest ;  
In *Rome* the Temple it downe fell,  
and their *Mahometes* did all to burst,  
Angelles to shepardes glorie can tell  
and to all mankind both peace and rest.

[16]

The Emperour in *Roome* stood hee,  
three sunns in one he saw shineinge cleare ;  
In the mids of them a maid he see  
that a man child in her armes did beare.  
The Emperour and *Cibell* spake Profhesie,  
and the[y] accorded both, in feare,

[15] 4 Trestmore : *Trystyvere* (*A.*), *trystmer* (*W.*), *tristiuier* (*F.*).  
"Is this Trastevere ?"—*F.* ; 6 Mahometes : *Mawmettes* = *idols* (*A.*, *W.*,  
*F.*) ; 7 can : *read gan*.

[16] 5 *Cibell* : *i.e.* *Sibylla Cumana* (*cf.* *Vergil*, *Eclogues*, IV., 4 ff.).  
"Certayne Verses of one *Cibila*, a Prophetis among the heathen. . . .  
By me, *Henry Sutton* for the buke of *Mr. Rich. Bradgere*" are  
preserved, with a musical score, in *Addit. MS. 4900*, fol. 8.

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

And said, “godes sonne mankind should buy,—  
it is a token the time drawes neare.”

[17]

Also three kings came from a farre,  
to worshippe *Jesu* all they sought,  
Which raisèd *Herodes* hart soe there  
him for to slay, for soe he wrought.  
By the lighteninge of a starre  
all three to *Jesu* presentes brought ;  
Homwardes an Angell taught them faire  
an other way then they had thought.

[18]

There I counsaillèd *Herod* within a while  
to distroy the former Prophesie,  
To slay all men children in Towne and pyle,  
that *Jesu* might amonge them dye.  
He fled into *Egipt* in that while :  
their *mahometes* fell downe from on hye ;  
He knew my thought, he saw my guile,  
I could not hyde it from his eye.

[19]

To tempt *Jesu* it will not availe :  
of the worldes good, he hath noe neede ;  
I loose in him soe much travaile,  
the more I soe worke, the worse I speede.  
With the sharper assaults I him assaile,  
the les of me he standes in dread ;  
The boulder in bicker I bid him battaill,  
the lesse of me he taketh heede.

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

[20]

If I tempt him with welth or pryde,  
he voydeth me of[f] with chastitie ;  
In gluttonie and Envie he'll not abyde,  
but is euer in largnesse and pouertie.  
In covetousnes and avarice he will not ryde,  
but alwais is full liberall.

• . . . .

[21]

The devill said, “ nether in heate nor could,  
I may not make him stumble or faale.  
I wist him never goe to scoole,  
yet I see him dispute in the scoole haule :  
He set him selfe on the highest stoole  
and a[r]gued against the maisters all.  
Some cal'd him wyse, some cal'd him foole,  
but godes sonne he did him selfe cale.

[22]

“ His workes passeth all man-kind,  
for crooked cripples he makes right,  
The deafe and dumbe and the borne blind,  
he giueth them speach, hearinge, and sight.  
Mad men he giueth them their mynd,  
he maketh measells whole and light ;

[20] 1 The copyist got confused in stanza 20, changing his original considerably and omitting two lines. In *W.* the stanza runs :—

For yf I tempte hym with wrathe or pryde  
With pacynce and mekenes he scomfyteth me  
If I tempte hym w<sup>t</sup> lechery I must me hyde  
He voydeth me of with chastyte  
In glotony and enuy he wyll not abyde  
But is euer in mesure and charyte  
In couetyse and auaryce he wyll not ryde  
But is euer in largesse and pouerte.

[21] 2 faale : read fall.

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

A legion of feindes in a man he did finde,  
all he droue out throughe his great might.

[23]

“ Wyne of water he maketh blyth,  
and doth many a wonderous deede ;  
With two fishes and loaues fyue,  
fyue thousand men I see him feede.  
Twelue Basketes of releife thereof did thriue  
to men and children that had neede ;  
Dead men he raised againe on liue,  
and yet he neare weare but one weede.

[24]

“ He handleth neither money nor knife,  
nor in sinne he desyres noe woman to kisse,  
But once he saued a wedded wife  
that in spousage had donne amisse.  
He is soe wonderfull in life,  
I cannot know well what he is ;  
I would that we had ended our strife,  
and he out of our booke and we out of his.

[25]

“ Sith I him first to tempt beganne,  
I saw him never change his hewe.  
Once he bade mee ‘ goe, foule *sathanne*,’  
ever that reproofe I rewe.  
In workes he is god ; in personne, man :  
the like to him I never knew ;  
Where learned he all wit ne know I canne,  
euerie day he doth wonders new.

[23] 3 wt to loues And fyssches fyue (A.).-

[24] 4 spousage : spousayle (A.), spousebriche (F.).

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

[26]

“ I followed him once vnto a place,  
vnto a mountaine vpon height,  
*Peter, John, and James* there was,  
*Elie and Moyses* stoode there vp right.  
I would haue seene *Jesus*’ face,  
but I could not, it shone soe bright :  
The southwest sunne did him embrace,  
the bright beames blinded my sight.

[27]

“ To let the Prophesie soone I went ;  
the *Jewes* to slay *Jesus*, I gaue them choyse ;  
If he did dye on th’ roode we shale be shent,—  
I would I had not giuen them that voyce.  
I was woee for that Judgment,  
of ‘ crucifie ’ to heare the voyce :  
*Pylates* wife I bade buselie giue tent  
that *Jesus* were not done vpon the crosse.

[28]

“ Yet the *Jewes*, for his deedes good,  
false witnesse against him conspyrèd ;  
And nailed him vpon the rood,  
and slew him which was vndefyld.  
Vnder his left syde my selfe I stoode,  
and after his soule full fast I spyd ;  
But I wist never whither it yeewd,  
when he gaue it vp, soe manlie he cryed.

[26] 4 Elie : *i.e.* Elias. Moyses = Moses ; 7 southwest : stedfast (*A.*), so[o]thfast (*W.*, *F.*).

[27] 7 wife : *cf.* Matthew xxvii., 19.

[28] 7 yeewd : yode (*A.*, *W.*, *F.*).

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

[29]

“ The sunne and moone, they lost their light ;  
the Elementes fought as leight and thunder ;  
The earth quak'd and mountaines on height ;  
wal[l]es and stones did burst a-sunder.  
Dead men arose, through his great might,  
to beare witnesse of that wonder.  
My strength failed, and I lost my sight ;  
I wist not how soone I came there vnder.

[30]

“ *Jesus'* soule is gone (I wot not whither),  
soe priuelie it did from mee passe ;  
When his heart was pearsèd with a speare,  
full well then wist I whoe he was.  
Ordeyne we vs with all our geere,  
for hither hee thinkes to make a race ;  
Aryse we all that ly bounden heere,  
and stifflie defend wee our place.

[31]

“ For if that he would hither come,  
wee shall aryse, euerie each one,  
And goe against him, all and some,  
and teare of[f] him, bone from bone.”  
Then said *Lucifer* a-non :  
“ it is but wast[e] for to speake soe,  
The soule of him is now hither come  
to vs, for to worke all wooe.”

[32]

There as the good soules did then in dwell  
they chainèd the gates and bar'd them fast.

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

*Jesus* said : “ yea Princes fell,  
open the gates that eare shall last,  
And let in your king of heauen and hell ! ”

The devilles askèd him in hast[e] :  
“ Whoe is the king that that doest of tell ?  
weenest thou for to make vs agast ? ”

[33]

“ Stronge god and king of might  
I am ; lord of lordes, and king of blisse,  
Vsurer of death[’s] mightie feight,—  
everlasting [gates], open without misse !  
Both peace, mercie, grace, and rest,  
I brought them at once and made them kisse.  
Everlasting gates, open on high,  
and let in your king to take out his.

[34]

“ I, the soule of *Jesus Christ*, am comon hither  
(witnes my bodie in earth lyes dead),  
The holie ghost with the soule together  
that never shall part from the godhead.  
In heauen’s blisse thou stooode full shider,  
through prydē thou offended my father’s beed ;  
Man’s soule for meekenes shall come thither,  
there as the feinds forfeted that stid.”

[35]

Then said *Lucifer* : “ god did forbid  
to *Adam* in Paradice but one tree  
On paine of death, to haue for that deede  
and ever after hell to bee.

[32] 3 yea : *read ye* ; 4 eare = e[v]er ; 7 that that ; *read that thou*.

[33] 4 gates : *so W. and F.*

[34] 5 shider : *slyddyr, slyder, slider (A., W., F.). F. explains the word as equivalent to lubricas.*

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

And thou art come of *Adam's* seede,  
therefore by right we chaleng thee ;  
For in holie writ thou maist see  
that in hell there is noe remedie."

[36]

*Jesus* said : " *Lucifer*, truth thou tellest mee,  
but thy selfe thou wots not how ;  
There is a bond hell, but this is free,  
the bond hell is ordein'd for you.  
For that which *Adam* forfeited through a tree,  
through a tree againe is bought now ;  
Thou mad'st him to sinne, the paine 'longeth to thee,  
for thou was never good vnto man's prow.

[37]

" *Lucifer*, thou me vndername,  
and said I was of the seed of man ;  
For sooth I did out of the godhead come  
and tooke flesh and blood of a maid within :  
As of the earth there springeth a bloome,  
soe met we and parted without sinne ;  
Thine argument is false, soe is thy doome,  
by what right wouldest thou me winne ?

[38]

" Whoe was the cheifest of thy councell,  
in heauen when thou forfeited thy blisse ?  
In Paradice thou didst *Adam* assaile,  
and tempted him to forfeit his.  
And I in his quarrell tooke battell  
vnto my father, to mend his misse ;  
Therefore of thy purpose thou shalt faile,  
for thy quarrell nought it is."

[36] 8 prow = advantage.

[38] 7 Therefore : MS. threrfore.

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

[39]

Then *Lucifer* answered againe :

“ why speakest thou soe to me heare ?  
It was but wanton wordes in vaine,  
I tro thou comest hither vs to feare.  
Somtime when I was in heauen hye,  
that I lost for my pryd certaine ;  
Heereafter I hope full sicarlie  
for to come to that blis agayne.”

[40]

*Christ Jesus* s[p]ake vnto him againe,  
and said to him on this manner :  
“ It is but wast[e] for thee to speake soe,  
or any such wordes to vtter heere.  
That time while thou in heauen were,  
full much ioy hadest thou thoe ;  
For all thy fellowes were glad there,  
but right soone it was overgoe.”

[41]

*Lucifer* spake vnto him againe,  
and said to him with wordes in feare :  
“ Heere haue I dwelled, in woe and paine,  
more then four thousand yeaire.  
Helpe me to that blisse againe,  
which for my pryde I did loose there ;  
For there is blisse and pleasure certaine  
to dwell with angells shininge cleare.”

[42]

“ Heare me, *Lucifer*, I shall thee tell,  
or ever any thinge was wrought

[39] 4 feare = make afraid ; 7 sicarlie = certainly.

[41] 2 in feare : sere (W., F.) ; 6 loose : read lose.

[42] 2 or = ere.

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

(Either in heaven, earth, or hell),  
forsooth I did make thee of nought.  
In heaven when thou stodest well,  
I made thee aboue Angells all ;  
But thereof cared thou never a deall,  
till thou was come to miserable fale.

[43]

“ In heaven when thou was at thy will,  
thou might haue beene in peace and rest ;  
I tooke thee in my seat full still,  
it to serue thou was full prest.  
And whylle I went where soere I list  
and came againe anon on hye,  
Thou said that thou were the worthiest  
to sit there as well as I.

[44]

“ And thou repentest thee never the more,  
but ever agredest thy trespassse :  
*Adam* wept and sighèd sore,  
and askèd mercie and oyle of grace.  
My father sent mee hither, therefore,  
and on a tree let death me chace ;  
A speare through my hart can boare,  
let out the worthiest oyle that euer was.

[45]

“ In my father his name in heauen,  
open the gates now against mee.”  
As leyt of earth and thunder even,  
the gates open can burst and flye.

[42] 8 Suche pryde in thyn herte gan fall (W., F.).

[44] 2 agredest = encreaseth (A.); 7 can : read gan.

[45] 3 As lyght of ayre and thonder leuen (A.); 4 can : read gan.

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

God tooke out *Adam* and *Eaue* full even,  
and all his chosen companye ;  
The Prophetes said with myld steven,  
“ a songe of wonder now singe wee.”

[46]

“ A,” quoth *Adam*, “ my god I see,—  
he that made me with his hande.”  
“ I see,” quoth *Noy*, “ where commeth hee  
that saued me, both on water and land.”  
Quoth *Abraham*, “ my god I see  
that sau’d my sonne from bitter brande.”  
*Moyses* said, “ the tables he betooke me,  
his lawes to preach and vnderstand.”

[47]

Quoth *David*, “ we spake of one soe stout  
that should breake the brason gates.”  
Quoth *Zacharie*, “ and his flocke take out,  
and leaue there still such as he hates.”  
Quoth *Simon*, “ he lighteneth his flocke in dime,  
whereas darkenesse shadoweth their state.”  
Tho said *John*, “ this lambe, I spoke of him,  
that all the worldes sinne abates.”

[48]

Our lord tooke them by the hand,  
and brought them to the place of blis,  
And said to them (I vnderstand) :  
“ this bargaine haue I bought for this :  
For rich and poore, both free and bond,  
that will aske grace and mend their misse,

[46] 3 *Noy* : i.e. Noah ; 6 *brande* : *bonde* (*W.*), *bande* (*F.*) ;

7 *Moyses* : i.e. Moses.

[47] 5 *dime* : *read dim.*

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

Shall be with you heere for aye iocand  
in my kingdome, heaven's blis."

[49]

Thus *Iesu Christ* he harrowed hell,  
and led his servantes t' Paradice ;  
With the other hells would he not meddell,  
where feindes blacke bounden lyes,  
And where dampnèd soules ever shall dwell,—  
that will not mend, but doe a-misse,—  
Tormented sore with divells fell,  
that some times were angells of price.

[50]

Hell reproud the Devill *Sathanne*,  
and a rablelie can him dispise :  
“ To me thou art a shrewd captaine,  
a combred wretch in cowardice.”  
Tho said *Lucifer* : “ since the world beganne  
I haue brought hither manie a prize ;  
Yea, I haue brought of all kinde of men,—  
both true, false, foolish, and wise.

[51]

“ Soe worshipèd never thou were,  
if thou couldst haue kept thee soe ;  
I brought thee both god and mann in feare,—  
why was thou soe foolish as let them goe ? ”  
Quoth hell : “ not with thy power  
I might not warne him one of tho ;  
He tooke out all that weare to hime deare,  
I could not let though he would had moe.”

[48] 7 iocand : *i.e.* jocund.

[49] 6 doe a-misse : euer be nyse (*W.*, *F.*) ; 7 Tourmented with  
horryble deuyelles [fell] (*W.*), [of hell] (*F.*).

[50] 2 rablelie : horrably (*W.*, *F.*).

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

[52]

Quoth *Belsabub*, “ I bar’d full fast  
with locke, chaine, boult, and pinne ;  
With one word of his mouthes blast,  
the gates brake vp, and he came in.  
He bound me fast, and downe me cast,—  
it is noe boote to striue with him,—  
When the dreadfull day is come and past,  
our endlesse paine is now t’ beginne.”

[53]

Though the *Jewes* made *Jesu* to dye,  
on the third day he rose againe ;  
It was to him more victorie  
then all the *Jewes* if he had slaine.  
Some were glad when they him see,  
some were sorie, and some were faine ;  
And sometime, in one companie,  
amonge fие hundred he was seene.

[54]

Of oyntmentes full manie a drope  
*Marie magdalen* to *Jesu* brought ;  
*Jesu* from her a little of[f] loape,  
and said, “ *marie*, touch me not ! ”  
All his disciples were in one hope,  
for to comfort them *Jesu* thought ;  
And bade them his wounds handle and groape,—  
“ I haue flesh and blood, soe spirittes haue nought.”

[55]

*Thomas* was of right hard beleefe  
till he had spoken with *Jesu* tho ;

[52] 2 with : The gate with (W., F.).  
[54] 5 one hope : wanhope (W., F.).

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

*Jesu* spake with wordes soe breefe,  
“ come hither, *Thomas*, and speake me too.  
For heere thou may the sooth soone prooue,  
how I was on the roode doo ;  
And he that will not it beleue  
shall vnto paine for ever goe.”

[56]

Then said *Jesu*, with a mild speach,  
to his disciples : “ I will that yea goe,  
To all creatures about, to preach  
my vpriseinge to frend and foe ;  
And he that beleeueth that which yea preach,  
bodie and soule sauued shall be ;  
And they that beleue not, I say to each,  
they shall for eare tormented be.

[57]

“ From you feindes shall flee, for my name ;  
adders and vermine shall from you stay ;  
Thoughe you drinke poyson, it shall not tame,  
nor yet you greeue in anye way.  
I shall new tonges within you frame,  
all manner of languages foarthe to deale ;  
And they that yea touch, sicke or lame,  
bodie and soule I shall them heale.”

[58]

Our lord, after his resurrection here,  
on earth was for sooth dwellinge,  
Till holie *thursday* it come were  
that he stept to heauen where he is kinge.  
At the dreadfull day without leasinge,  
both quick and dead he shall them deeme ;  
God giue vs grace in our beginninge  
to serue our god and *marie* our queene.

[56] 2, 5 yea : read ye.

## WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

[59]

Of all the Children that euer were borne,  
sauē onelie *Christ* him selfe a-loane,  
Was non[e] soe holie here be forme  
as was the holie child, saint *John*,  
That baptiz'd our lord in flem *Jordanne*,  
with full devout and good devotion,  
And for *Jesus*' loue to death was donne,  
and for his loue suffred his passionne.

[60]

Now shall I tell, with full good cheere,  
of that holie ascention ;  
And of his blessed mother deere,  
how she was taken vp, with great devotion,  
Vnto her blessed sonne, as his will were,  
that thereto sent his Angells downe ;  
And vp they bare that maiden cleare,  
and Queene of heauen they did her crowne.

[61]

Then all Angelles that were in heauen  
were at the crowning of that maiden free,  
And sung all, with mild steven,  
*Omnis gloria tibi, domine.*  
That is a songe of ioy and blisse ;  
god giue vs grace that light to see,  
Of his mercie that we may not misse,  
*qui natus est de virgine.*

[59] 3 be forme : beforne, biforn (*W.*, *F.*) ; 8 And suffred full grete  
passyon (*W.* ; similarly *F.*).

[60] 2 ascention : assumpycon (*W.*, *F.*).

[61] 4 *Omnis not in W. and F.* ; 8 est : es (*W.*, *F.*).

# WHEN MARY WAS GREAT WITH GABRIEL

[62]

This tale that I haue tould you heare  
is cal'd the vivell parliament ;  
Therefore is red in time of yeare  
on the third *sunday* in cleane *lent*.  
Whosoeuer will that heuen procure,  
keepe him from divelles comberant ;  
In heven his soule may then be sure  
with Angelles t' singe in light splendent.

[63]

This lesson new was made of late,  
there be no tryfles in't at all ;  
The divelles boast thus can he abate,  
our curteous *Christ* soe ryall.  
Help vs all in at heauen gates,  
with s[ain]ts to sit there, out of thrall ;  
*Christ* keepe vs out of harme and bate,  
for thy holie spirit soe speciall.

**Finis.**

[62] 2 vivell : *read* divell's ; 6 comberant : combrement, combirment  
(W., F.).

[63] 5-8 These lines are jammed together as two lines in the MS. ;  
7 bate : hate (W., F.).

## Appendix II

### *A Singular Salve for a Sick Soul*

Addit. MS. 15,225. The title is on fol. 44<sup>v</sup>, the text on fol. 45-45<sup>v</sup>.

Valentine Sims registered for publication a broadside called "a table of good Counsell" on December 11, 1598, and on May 7, 1599, transferred his rights in it to John Brown. In the assignment the full title is given as "The table of good Counsell with a singular salve for the syck soule" (Arber's *Transcript*, III., 133, 144); from which it seems certain that "A Table of Good Counsel" in verse and "A Singular Salve" in prose were printed on the broadside, and that a copy of the broadside was followed by the compiler of the MS. In that case "The Table of Good Counsel" was probably the ballad (No. 39) that on fol. 43<sup>v</sup>-44<sup>v</sup> of the MS. directly precedes the "Singular Salve." The title fits that ballad admirably. Ballads were not infrequently called "tables": an example is "A Table of Good Nurture" reprinted in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, II., 570.

The "Salve" is a curious, highly figurative work with enough intrinsic interest to justify its reproduction here. Much longer but of similar nature are *The Sick Man's Salve* by Thomas Beacon (1580, 1585, 1631, etc.), and *A Soveraigne Salve to cure a sicke Soule, infected with the poyson of sinne* (1624) "by I. A. Minister and Preacher of Gods Word."

#### *A singuler salue for a sicke soule.*

Take a quart of the repentance of Niniuie, and put thereto both thy handes full of fervent faith in Christes blood, with as much hope and Charitie of the purest you can get in Christes shop (a like quantitie of each), and put it into a vessell of a cleane conscience, and let it boyle well together in the fier of loue soe longe till thou seest, by the eye of faith, the blacke foame of this worldes loue stinke in thy stomake: then scumme it of[f] cleane with the spoone of faithfull prayers; that donne, put in the powder of patience, and bake the imaculate cloath of Christes pure Inocentie, and throwe <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i.e. through.

## A SINGULAR SALVE FOR A SICK SOUL

it straine altogether in to Christes cup ; then drinke it burninge hoat,<sup>1</sup> betimes, next thy hart.

This done, lay thee downe vpon the bed of Christes pure inocencie, and caver<sup>2</sup> thee warme with as manie cloathes of amendement of life as god shall strengthen thee to beare, where-by thou maist sweat out all the vile poyson of Couetousnesse and Idollatrie, with all kynde of pride, whoredome, oppression, extortion, vsurie and prodigallitie, swearinge, lieinge, slanderinge, envyngre, wrath, sedition, sectes, theft, murther, drunkennesse, gluttonie, sloath, and such like sinnes. All which sweate cleane out of thy hart, thy head, thy boanes, and thy bodie, with all the other partes and powers of thee, and ever wash thy hart and eies well with the pure water of humilietie mixt with the feare of god.

And when thou feelst thy selfe altered from all these forenamed vices, then take the powder of say-well and lay it vpon the top of thy tonge to sauour thy mouth, wit[h]all, and the eares of the hearer. But drinke thrise as much doe-well daylie, mixt with the same mercie that god hath willed vs to vse, and annoynt therewith thine eies, thine eares, thy lippes, thy hart, and thy handes throughlie,<sup>3</sup> that they may bee light, nimble, and quicke to minister to the poore and dispersed members of Jesus Christ, ever as you are able and see occasion.

But beware thou takest not wynd in ministeringe thereof, least<sup>4</sup> the deadlie dust of vaine-glorie doe thee much harme. Also, to keepe a dyet for thy head, vse the hot broath of righteousnes continually, and feede thee well with the spoone of godlie meditacons ; then annoynt thy selfe well with the Oyle of godes peace : this beinge done, aryse from sinne willinglie, & thou shalt liue euerlastinglie.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. hot.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. thoroughly.

<sup>2</sup> Read cover.

<sup>4</sup> i.e. lest.

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