

Remarks on the Tunes.

No. 1 & 2. Reference is frequently made to these Tunes under different names. Both are called CHEVY CHACE, and it is often difficult to ascertain which is intended. The first is also entitled NOW PONDER WELL, YOU PARENTS DEAR, or THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD, and NEW ROGERO, which latter title it bears in the black-letter copies of THE NORFOLK GENTLEMAN'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, and in "A Handefull of Pleasant Delites,"* published in 1584. The second is also called FLYING FAME, or WHEN FLYING FAME, and to this Tune the old Ballads of *King Lear and his three Daughters*,† *Henry the Fifth at the Battle of Agincourt*,‡ *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, or "*When Arthur first in Court began*,"§ *King Alfred and the Shepherd's Wife*,|| and numberless others, were sung.

Both Tunes are probably older than the improved Ballad of Chevy Chace, nor does that name appear to have been exclusively confined to the one or the other at any precise time, as copies of each are found, bearing the title of Chevy Chace, at nearly the same periods. In the first edition of the Beggar's Opera, (1728) where both airs are introduced, the second is called Chevy Chace. The first is also the air of the grave-digger's song in Hamlet.

Not one of the least curious Ballads to the Air may be seen among the King's Pamphlets, (No. 5) in the British Museum, entitled "Strange and true newes of an Ocean of Flies dropping out of a Cloud upon the Towne of Bodnam in Cornwall, to the tune of Chevy Chace, Printed in the Yeare of Miracles, 1647." It is difficult, however, to say which Air is intended, as the same metre may be sung to both.

Although the Tunes are presumed only to have reference to the second Ballad, still the interest attaching to this fine heroic song will sufficiently justify the reproduction of both, with the following prefatory remarks¶ from Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*: "The fine heroic song of Chevy Chace has ever been admired by competent judges. Those genuine strokes of nature and artless

* As this book will frequently be mentioned, a copy of the title is here subjoined: "A Handefull of pleasant Delites, containing sundrie new Sonets and delectable Histories in divers kinds of Meeter, newly devised to the newest tunes, that are now in use to be sung, everie Sonet orderly pointed to his proper tune, with new additions of certain Songs to verie late devised Notes, not commonly knowen, nor used heretofore, by Clement Robinson and divers others. At London, Printed by Richard Ihones: dwelling at the Signe of the Rose and Crowne, near Holburne Bridge, 1584." The song

itself is at page 82 in the above work, entitled "A faithfull Vow of two constant Lovers," to the "New Rogero," &c.

† Vide Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."

‡ In "D'Urfey's Pills to purge Melancholy," vol. v. p. 49, and elsewhere.

§ See Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."

|| See D'Urfey's "Pills to purge Melancholy," vol. v. p. 289, and elsewhere.

¶ Some farther quotations and remarks upon this Ballad, are to be found at page 18 of the preceding Essay.

passion which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favourite of our riper years. . . . The reader that would see the general beauties of this ballad set in a just and striking light, may consult the excellent criticism of Mr. Addison; * he is, however, "mistaken with regard to the antiquity of the common-received copy; for this, if one may judge from the style, cannot be older than the time of Elizabeth, and was probably written after the eulogium of Sir Philip Sidney :† perhaps the encomiums of so admired a writer excited some bard to revise the ballad, and free it from those faults he had objected to it. That it could not be much later than that time, appears from the phrase 'doleful dumps;' which in that age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. . . . The true original song, however, which appeared rude even in the time of Sir Philip, and caused him to lament that it was so evil-apparelled in the rugged garb of antiquity, is here printed from an old manuscript at the end of Hearne's Preface to Gul. Newbrigiensis Hist. 1719, 8vo. vol. 1. To the MS. copy is subjoined the name of the author, Rychard Sheale,‡ whom Hearne had so little judgment as to suppose to be the same with a R. Sheale, who was living in 1588. But whoever examines the gradation of language and idiom, will be convinced that it is the production of an earlier poet. It is indeed expressly mentioned among some very ancient songs, in an old book entitled "The Complaint of Scotland," (fol. 42) under the title of the *Huntis of Chevet*,|| where the two following lines are also quoted :

‘ The Perssee and the Mongumrye mette§
That day, that day, that gentil day :’ ¶

which, though not quite the same as they stand in the ballad, yet differ not more than might be supposed from the author's quoting from memory. Indeed, whoever considers the style and orthography of this old poem, will not be inclined to place it lower than the time of Henry VI. as on the other hand the mention of *James the Scottish King*,** with one or two anachronisms, forbids us to assign it an earlier date. King James I, who was prisoner in this kingdom at the death of his father, did not wear the crown of Scotland till the second year of our Henry VI, but before the end of that long reign a third James had mounted the throne. A succession of two or three Jameses, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the English, and dispose a poet in those rude times to give it to any Scottish king he happened to mention.

"So much for the date of this old ballad: with regard to its subject, although it has no countenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact. It was one of the Laws of the Marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors or their deputies.†† There had long been a rivalry between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which, heightened

* In the Spectator, No. 70, 74.

† "Sir Philip Sidney, when he complains of the antiquated phrase of Chevy Chase, could never have seen the improved copy, the language of which is not more ancient than he himself used."

‡ Subscribed after the usual manner of our old poets, *Explicit* (explicit) *quoth Rychard Sheale*.

|| The original title of the Ballad was the *Hunting a' the Chevat*.

§ See Part ii. v. 25.

¶ See Part i. v. 104.

** Part ii. v. 36, 140.

†† Item . . . "Concordatum est, quod, . . . *nullus* unius partis vel alterius ingrediatur terras, boschas, forrestas, warrenas, loca, dominia quæcunque alicujus partis alterius subditi, causa venandi, piscandi, aucupandi, disportum aut solatium in eisdem, aliave quæcunque de causa, *absque licentia* ejus . . . ad quem . . . loca . . . pertinent, aut de deputatis suis prius capt. et obtent." Vid. Bp. Nicholson's *Leges Marchiarum*, 1705, 8vo. pp. 27, 51.

by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honour ; which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind, we may suppose, gave rise to the ancient ballad of the *Hunting a' the Cheviat*.* Percy, Earl of Northumberland, had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil, or lord warden of the marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force : this would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties ; something of which, it is probable, did really happen, though not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad : for these are evidently borrowed from the *Battle of Otterbourn*, a very different event, but which aftertimes would easily confound with it. That battle might be owing to some such previous affront as this of *Chevy Chace*, though it has escaped the notice of historians. Our poet has evidently jumbled the two subjects together : if indeed the lines† in which this mistake is made, are not rather spurious, and the after-insertion of some person who did not distinguish between the two stories.”

On presenting the more improved edition, Dr. Percy observes : “It will afford an agreeable entertainment to the curious to compare them together, and to see how far the latter bard has excelled his predecessor, and where he has fallen short of him. For though he has everywhere improved the versification, and generally the sentiment and diction, yet some few passages retain more dignity in the ancient copy ; at least the obsolescence of the style serves as a veil to hide whatever may appear too familiar or vulgar in them. Thus, for instance, the catastrophe of the gallant Witherington is in the modern copy exprest in terms which never fail at present to excite ridicule : whereas in the original it is related with a plain and pathetic simplicity, that is liable to no such unlucky effect. See the stanza, which, in modern orthography, &c. would run thus :

‘ For Witherington my heart is woe,
That ever he slain should be :
For when his legs were hewn in two,
He knelt and fought on his knee.’

“ So again the stanza which describes the fall of Montgomery, is somewhat more elevated in the ancient copy :

‘ The dint it was both sad and sore,
He on Montgomery set :
The swan-feathers his arrow bore
With his hearts blood were wet.’

“ We might also add, that the circumstances of the battle are more clearly conceived, and the several incidents more distinctly marked in the old original, than in the improved copy. It is well known that the ancient English weapon was the long-bow, and that this nation excelled all others in archery ; while the Scottish warriors chiefly depended on the use of the spear : this characteristic difference never escapes our ancient bard, whose description of the first onset is to the following effect : ‘ The proposal of the two gallant earls to determine the dispute by single combat being over-ruled ; the English, says he, who stood with their bows ready bent, gave a general discharge of their arrows,

* See Note 4, p. 22. See the ballad, Pt. 1, v. 106. Pt. 2, v. 165.

† Vid. Pt. 2, v. 167.

which slew seven score spearmen of the enemy : but notwithstanding so severe a loss, Douglas, like a brave captain, kept his ground. He had divided his forces into three columns, who, as soon as the English had discharged their first volley, bore down upon them with their spears, and breaking through their ranks, reduced them to close fighting. The archers upon this dropt their bows, and had recourse to their swords, and there followed so sharp a conflict, that multitudes on both sides lost their lives.' In the midst of this general engagement, at length the two great earls meet, and after a spirited rencounter agree to breathe ; upon which a parley ensues, that would do honour to Homer himself.

" Nothing can be more pleasingly distinct and circumstantial than this : whereas, the modern copy, though in general it has great merit, is here unluckily both confused and obscure. Indeed, the original words seem here to have been totally misunderstood. 'Yet bydys the yerl Douglas upon the *bent*,' evidently signifies, 'Yet the earl Douglas abides in the *field*;' whereas the more modern bard seems to have understood by bent, the inclination of his mind, and accordingly runs quite off from the subject :

' To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Douglas had the bent.'

" One may also observe a generous impartiality in the old original bard, when in the conclusion of his tale he represents both nations as quitting the field, without any reproachful reflection on either : though he gives to his own countrymen the credit of being the smaller number :

' Of fifteen hundred archers of England
Went away but fifty and three ;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,
But even five and fifty.'

" He attributes *flight* to neither party, as hath been done in the modern copies of this ballad, as well Scotch as English. For, to be even with our latter bard, who make the Scots to flee, some reviser of North Britain has turned his own arms against him, and printed an edition at Glasgow, in which the lines are thus transposed :

' Of fifteen hundred Scottish speirs
Went hame but fifty-three :
Of twenty hundred Englishmen
Scarce fifty-five did flee.'

And to countenance this change, he has suppressed the two stanzas between verses 240 and 249. From that edition I have here reformed the Scottish names, which in the modern English ballad appeared to be corrupted. . . . In the second volume of Dryden's *Miscellanies* may be found a translation of *Chevy-Chace* into Latin rhymes. The translator, Mr. Henry Bold, of New College, undertook it at the command of Dr. Compton, Bishop of London ; who thought it no derogation to his episcopal character, to avow a fondness for this excellent old Ballad. See the Preface to Bold's *Latin Songs*, 1685, 8vo."

The Ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chace,

ABOUT 1450.

THE FIRST FIT.⁽¹⁾

THE Persè owt of Northombarlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
Off Chyviat within dayes thre,
In the mauger⁽²⁾ of doughtè Doglas,
And all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
He sayd he wold kill, and cary them away:
Be my feth, sayd the doughteti Doglas agayn,
I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may.

Then the Persè⁽³⁾ owt of Banborowe cam,
With him a myghtye meany;
With fifteen hondriith archares⁽⁴⁾ bold;
The wear chosen out of shyars thre.⁽⁵⁾

This begane on a monday at morn
In Cheviat the hillys so he;
The chylde may rue that ys un-born,
It was the more pittè.

The dryvars thorowe⁽⁶⁾ the woodes went
For to reas the dear;
Bomen bickarte uppone the bent
With ther browd aras cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went
On every syde shear;
Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent
For to kyll thear dear.

The begane in Chyviat the hyls above
Yerly on a monnyn day;
Be that it drewe to the oware off none
A hondriith fat hartes ded ther lay.

The blewe a mort⁽⁷⁾ uppone the bent,
The semblyd on sydis shear;
To the querry then the Persè went
To se the bryttlynge off the deare.

He sayd, It was the Duglas promys
This day to meet me hear;
But I wyste he wold faylle verament:
A gret oth the Persè swear.

At the laste a squyar of Northombelonde
Lokyde at his hand full ny,
He was war ath the doughtetic Doglas comynge:
With him a mightè⁽⁸⁾ meany,

Both with spear, ' byll,⁽⁹⁾ and brande:
Yt was a myghti sight to se.
Hardyar men both off hart nar hande
Wear not in Christiantè.

The wear twenty hondriith spear-men good
Withouten any fayle;⁽¹⁰⁾
The wear borne a-long be the watter a Twyde,
Yth bowndes of Tividale.

Leave off the brytlyng of the dear, he sayde,
And to your bowys⁽¹¹⁾ look ye tayk good heed;
For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne
Had ye never so mickle need.⁽¹²⁾

The doughteti Dogglas on a stede
He rode att his men beforne;
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glebe;
A bolder barne was never born.

Tell me 'what'⁽¹³⁾ men ye ar, he says,
Or whos men that ye be:
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this
Chyviat chays in the spyt of me?

The first mane that ever him an answeare mayd,
Yt was the good lord Persè:
We wyll not tell the 'what'⁽¹⁴⁾ men we ar, he says,
Nor whos men that we be;
But we wyll hount hear in this chays
In the spyte of thyne, and of the.

The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat
We have kyld, and cast to carry them a-way.
Be my troth, sayd the doughtè Dogglas agayn,⁽¹⁵⁾
Ther-for the ton of us shall de this day.

Then sayd the doughtè Doglas
Unto the lord Persè:
To kyll all thes giltless men,
A-las! it wear great pittè.

(1) *Fit, fitt, fyt, fytt*, a part or division of a song.

(2) "Magger" in Hearne's PC. [Printed Copy.]

(3) "The the Persè." PC.

(4) "Archardes bolde off blood and bone." PC.

(5) By these "*shyars thre*" is probably meant three districts in Northumberland, which still go by the name of *shires*, and are all in the neighbourhood of *Cheviot*. These are *Islandshire*, being the district so named from Holy-Island; *Nore-*

hamshire, so called from the town and castle of Noreham, or Norham; and *Bamboroughshire*, the ward or hundred belonging to Bamborough-castle and town.

(6) "Throrowe." PC. (7) "Blwe a mot." PC.

(8) "Myghtte." PC. *passim*. (9) "Brylly." PC.

(10) "Withowte feale." PC. (11) "Boys." PC.

(12) "Ned." PC. (13) "Whos." PC.

(14) "Whoys." PC. (15) "Agay." PC.

But, Persè, thowe art a lord of lande,
I am a yerle callyd within my countre;
Let all our men uppone a parti stande;
And do the battell off the and of me.

Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne, sayd the⁽¹⁶⁾ lord Persè,
Who-soever ther-to says nay.
Be my troth, doughtè Doglas, he says,
Thow shalt never se that day;

Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But and fortune be my chance,
I dar met him on man for on.⁽¹⁷⁾

Then bespayke a squyar of Northombarlande,
Ric. Wytharynton⁽¹⁸⁾ was his nam;
It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde, he says,
To kyng Herry the fourth for sham.

I wat youe byn great lordes twaw,
I am a poor squyar of land;
I wyll never se my captayne fyght on a fylde,
And stande my-selffe, and looke on,
But whyll I may my weppone welde,
I wyll not 'fayl' both harte and hande.

That day, that day, that dredfull day:
The first Fit⁽¹⁹⁾ here I fynde.
And youe wyll here any mor athe hountyng athe Chyviat,
Yet ys ther mor belynde.

THE SECOND FIT.

The Yngglishe men hade ther bowys yebent,
Ther hartes were good yenough;
The first⁽²⁰⁾ of arros that the shote off,
Seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

Yet bydys⁽²¹⁾ the yerle Doglas uppon the bent,
A captayne good yenoughe,
And that was sene verament,
For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

The Doglas pertyd his ost in thre,
Lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde,
With suar speares off myghttè tre
The cum in on every syde.

Thrughe our Yngglishe archery
Gave many a wounde full wyde;
Many a doughete the garde to dy,
Which ganyde them no pryde.

The Yngglishe men let thear bowys be,⁽²²⁾
And pulde owt brandes that wer bright;⁽²³⁾
It was a hevy syghte to se
Bryght swordes on basnites lyght.

Thorowe⁽²⁴⁾ ryche male, and myne-ye-ple
Many sterne the stroke downe⁽²⁵⁾ streght;
Many a freyke, that was full free,
Ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Doglas and the Persè met,
Lyk to⁽²⁶⁾ captayns of⁽²⁷⁾ myght and mayne;
The swapte togethar tyll the both swat
With swordes, that were of fyn myllàn.

Thes worthè freckys for to fyght
Ther-to the wear full fayne,
Tyll the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprete,
As ever dyd heal or rayne.⁽²⁸⁾

Holde⁽²⁹⁾ the, Persè, sayd the Doglas,
And i' feth I shall the brynge
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis
Of Jamy our Scottish kyng.

Thoue shalte have thy ransom fre,
I hight the hear this thinge,
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe,
That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng.

Nay 'then' sayd the lord Persè,
I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
To no man of a woman born.

With that there cam an arrowe hastily
Forthe off a mightie wane,⁽³⁰⁾
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Douglas
In at the brest bane.

Thoroue⁽³¹⁾ lyvar and longs bathe
The sharp arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe days,
He spake mo wordes but ane,
That was,⁽³²⁾ Fyghte ye, my merry men, whylls ye may,
For my lyff days ben gan.

The Persè leanyde on his brande,
And saw the Douglas de;
He took the dede man be the hande,
And sayd, Wo ys me for the!

To have savyde thy lyffe I wold have pertyd with
My landes for years thre,
For a better man of hart, nare of hande,
Was not in all the north countre.

(16) "Sayd the the." PC. (17) "On," i.e. one.

(18) This is probably corrupted in the manuscript for Rog. Widdrington, who was at the head of the family in the reign of King Edward III. There were several successively of the names of Roger and Ralph, but none of the name of Richard, as appears from the genealogies in the Heralds' office.

(19) See note (1).

(20) i.e. flight. (21) "Byddys." PC.

(22) "Boys." PC. (23) "Briggt." PC.

(24) "Throrowe." PC. (25) "Done." PC.

(26) i.e. two. (27) "And of." PC.

(28) "Ran." PC. (29) "Helde." PC.

(30) i.e. ane, one, se. man. An arrow came from a mighty one: from a mighty man.

(31) "Throroue." PC.

(32) This seems to have been a gloss added.

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,
Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght;
He spendyd a spear a trusti tre:

He rod uppon a corsiare
Throughe a hondrith archery;
He never styntyde, nar never blane,
Tyll he cam to the good lord Persè.

He set uppone the lord Persè
A dynte, that was full soare;
With a suar spear of a myghte tre
Clean thorow the body he the Persè bore,⁽³³⁾

Athe tothar syde, that a man myght se,
A large cloth yard and mare:
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Christiantè,
Then that day slain wear ther.

An archer off Northomberlonde
Say⁽³⁴⁾ sleane was the lord Persè,
He bar a bende-bow in his hande,
Was made off trusti tre:

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,
To th' hard stele halyde⁽³⁵⁾ he;
A dynt, that was both sad and soar,
He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and soar,⁽³⁶⁾
That he of Mongon-byrry sete;
The swane-fethars, that his arrowe bar,
With his hart blood the wear wete.⁽³⁷⁾

Ther was never a freake wone foot would fle,
But still in stour dyd stand,
Heaving on yche othar, whyll the myght dre,
With many a bal-ful brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat,
An owar befor the none,
And when even-song bell was rang
The battell was nat half done.

The tooke 'on' on ethar hand
By the lyght off the mone;
Many hade no strenght for to stande,
In Chyviat the hyllys aboun.⁽³⁸⁾

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
Went away but fifti and thre;
Of twenty hondrith spearmen of Skotlonde,
But even five and fifti:

But all were slayne Cheviat within:
The had no strengthe⁽³⁹⁾ to stand on hie;
The chylde may rue that ys un-borne,
It was the mor pittè.

Thear was slayne with the lord Persè
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roge the hinde Hartly,
Sir Wyllyam the bolde Hearone.

Sir Jorg the worthè Lovele⁽⁴⁰⁾
A knyght of great renowen,
Sir Raff the ryche Rugbè
With dyntes wear beaten dowene.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
That ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,⁽⁴¹⁾
Yet he knyled and fought on hys kne.⁽⁴²⁾

Ther was slayne with the dougheti Douglas
Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthè was,
His sistars son was he:

Sir Charles a Murrè, in that place,
That never a foot wolde fle;
Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
With the Duglas dyd he dey.

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears
Off byrch, and hasell so 'gray';⁽⁴³⁾
Many wedous with wepyng tears⁽⁴⁴⁾
Cam to fach ther makys a-way.

Tivydale may carpe off care,
Northombarlond may mayk grat mone,⁽⁴⁵⁾
For towe such captayns, as slayne wear thear,
On the march perti shall never be none.⁽⁴⁶⁾

Word ys comen to Edden-burrowe,
To Jamy the Skottishe kyng,
That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the Merches,
He lay sleane Chyviot with-in.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,
He sayd, Alas, and woe ys me!
Such another captayn Skotland within,
He sayd, y-feth⁽⁴⁷⁾ shuld never be.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone
Till the fourth Harry our kyng,
That lord Persè, leyff-tennant⁽⁴⁸⁾ of the Merchis,
He lay slayne Chyviat within.

God have merci on his soll, sayd kyng Harry,
Good lord, yf thy will it be!
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde, he sayd,
Hs good as ever was hee:
But Persè, and I brook my lyffe,
Thy deth well quyte shall be.

(33) "Ber." PC.

(34) i.e. saw.

(35) "Haylde." PC.

(36) "Sar." PC.

(37) This incident is taken from the battle of Otterbourne: in which Sir Hugh Montgomery, Knt. (son of Lord Montgomery) was slain by an arrow. Vid. Crawford's Peerage.

(38) "Abou." PC.

(39) "Strenghe... by." PC.

(40) "Ioule." PC.

(41) i.e. in two.

(42) "Kny." PC.

(43) "Gay." PC.

(44) A common pleonasm. (See the next poem, Fit. ii.

ver. 155.) So Harding, in his Chronicle, chap. 140, fol. 148, describing the death of Richard I. says:

He shrove him them unto abbots thre
With great sobbyng... and wepyng teares.

So likewise Cavendish, in his Life of Cardinal Wolsey, chap. 12, p. 31, 4to. "When the Duke heard this, he replied with weeping teares," &c.

(45) "Mon." PC.

(46) "Non." PC.

(47) "Ye seth." PC.

(48) "Cheyff tennante." PC.

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,
 Lyke a noble prince of renowen,
 For the deth of the lord Persè,
 He dyd the battel of Hombyll-down :

Wher syx and thritte Skottish knyghtes
 On a day wear beaten down :
 Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,
 Over castill, towar, and town.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat ;
 That tear begane this spurn :
 Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe,
 Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne
 Uppon a monnyn day :
 Ther was the dougghtè Doglas sleane,
 The Persè never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the march partes
 Sen the Doglas and the Persè met,
 But yt was marvele, and the redde blude ronne not,
 As the reane doys in the stret.

Jhesue Christ our balys bete,
 And to the blys us brynge !
 Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat :
 God send us all good ending !*

The More Modern Ballad of Chevy Chace,

ABOUT 1600-10.

God prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safetyes all ;
 A woefull hunting once there did
 In Chevy-Chace befall ;

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
 Erle Percy took his way,
 The child may rue that is unborne,
 The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make,
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods
 Three summers days to take ;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-chace
 To kill and beare away.
 These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
 In Scotland where he lay :

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
 He wold prevent his sport.
 The English erle, not fearing that,
 Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold ;
 All chosen men of might,
 Who knew full well in time of neede
 To ayme their shafts arright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
 To chase the fallow deere :
 On munday they began to hunt,
 Ere day-light did appeare ;

And long before high noone they had
 An hundred fat buckes slaine ;
 Then having dined, the droviers went
 To rouze the deare againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
 Well able to endure ;
 Their backsides all, with speciall care,
 That day† were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
 The nimble deere to take,†
 That with their cryes the hills and dales
 An eeche shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
 To view the slaughter'd deere ;
 Quoth he, Erle Douglas promised
 This day to meet me heere :

But if I thought he wold not come,
 Noe longer wold I stay.
 With that, a brave younge gentleman
 Thus to the Erle did say :

* The style of this ballad is uncommonly rugged and uncouth, owing to its being written in the very coarsest and broadest northern dialect.

The battle of Hombyll-down, or Humbledon was fought Sept. 14, 1402 (anno 3 Henry IV), wherein the English, under the command of the Earl of Northumberland, and his son Hotspur, gained a complete victory over the Scots. The village of Humbledon is one mile north-west from Wooler, in Northumberland. The battle was fought in the field below the village, near the present turnpike road, in a spot called ever since Red-Riggs. Humbledon is in Glendale Ward, a district so named in this county, and mentioned above :

"Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght."

† "That they were," fol. MS.

‡ The Chiviot Hills and circumjacent wastes are at present void of deer, and almost stript of their woods : but formerly they had enough of both to justify the description attempted here and in the ancient ballad of "Chevy-Chace." Leyland, in the reign of Hen. VIII, thus describes this county : "In Northumberland, as I heare say, be no forests, except Chivet Hills ; where is much brushe-wood, and some okke ; grownde ovargrowne with linge, and some with mosse. I have harde say that Chivet Hills stretchethe xx miles. There is a greate plenté of redde-dere, and roo bukkes."—Itin. vol. vii. p. 56. This passage, which did not occur when the ballad was printed, confirms the accounts there given of the "stagge" and the "roe."

Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede:
Then cease your sport, Erle Percy said,
And take your bowes with speede:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yett,
In Scotland nor in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spere.

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bolde,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

Show me, sayd hee, whose men you bee,
That hunt soe boldly heere,
That, without my consent, doe chase
And kill my fallow-deere.

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy hee;
Who sayd, Wee list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men wee bee:

Yet wee will spend our deerest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay.
Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,
And thus in rage did say,

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an erle thou art;
Lord Percy, soe am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside.
Accurst bee he, Erle Percy sayd,
By whome this is denied.

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on.
You be two erles, sayd Witherington,
And I a squier alone:

Ile doe the best that doe I may,
While I have strength to stand:
While I have power to weeld my sword
Ile fight with hart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their hearts were good and trew;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full four-score Scots they slew.

* To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Douglas bade on the bent
Two captaines moved with mickle might
Their speres to shivers went.

They closed full fast on every side,
Noe slacknes there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might:
Like lyons wood, they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight:

They fought untill they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steele;
Untill the blood, like drops of rain,
They tricklin downe did feelee.

Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd;
In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advanced bee
By James our Scottish king:

Thy ransome I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight,
That ever I did see.

Noe, Douglas, quoth Erle Percy then,
Thy proffer I doe scorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yett was borne.

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deepe and deadlye blow:

* Instead of this verse Dr. Percy suggests the insertion of the following four stanzas, borrowed chiefly from the ancient copy:

[Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good.
As valiant Captain all unmov'd
The shock he firmly stood.

His hoste he parted had in three,
As Leader ware and try'd,

And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound:
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground:

And throwing strait their bows away,
They grasp'd their swords so bright:
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.]

Who never spake more words than these,
Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then leaving life, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land.

O Christ! my verry hart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance did never take.

A knight amongst the Scotts there was
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy:

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spere most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread or feare;
And through Erle Percy's body then
He thrust his hatefull spere;

Against Sir Hugh Montgomerie,
So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose-winge that was thereon,
In his harts bloode was wett.*

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine:
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble erle was slaine;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew hee:

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerie,
So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose-winge that was thereon,
In his harts bloode was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day,
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,†
The battel scarce was done.

With stout Earle Percy, there was slaine
Sir John of Egerton,‡
Sir Robert Ratcliff,‡ and Sir John,
Sir James that bold barron:§

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby|| there was slaine,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes:
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.¶

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerie,
Sir Charles Murray,** that from the feeld
One foote would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray,†† of Ratcliff, too,
His sisters sonne was hee;
Sir David Lamb,‡‡ so well esteem'd,
Yet saved cold not bee.

* The dint it was both sad and sore
He on Montgomery set:
The swan-feathers his arrow bore
With his hearts blood were wet.

The Older Ballad.

† Sc. the Curfew bell, usually rung at eight o'clock: to which the modernizer apparently alludes, instead of the "Evensong bell," or bell for vespers of the original author, before the Reformation.

‡ Ogerton, in the common editions.

‡ This was a family much distinguished in Northumberland. Edw. Radcliffe, mil. was sheriff of that county in 17th of Henry VII, and others of the same surname afterwards. (See Fuller, p. 313.) Sir George Ratcliff, Knt. was one of the commissioners of inclosure in 1552. (See Nicholson, p. 330.) Of this family was the late Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1715. The Editor's folio manuscript, however, reads here, "Sir Robert Harcliffe and Sir William."

The Harcleys were an eminent family in Cumberland. (See Fuller, p. 224.) Whether this may be thought to be the same name, I do not determine.

§ This is apparently altered (not to say corrupted) from Hearone.

|| This might be intended to celebrate one of the ancient possessors of Raby Castle, in the county of Durham. Yet it is written Rebbye, in the fol. manuscript, and looks like a corruption of Rugby or Rokeby, an eminent family in Yorkshire. It will not be wondered that the Percies should be thought to bring followers out of that county, where they themselves were originally seated, and had always such extensive property and influence.

¶ For Witherington my heart is woe,
That ever he slain should be:
For when his legs were hewn in two
He knelt and fought upon his knee.

The Older Ballad.

** So the Scottish copy. In the com. edit. is Carrel or Currel; and Morrell in the fol. manuscript.

†† So the Scot. edit. The common copies read Murrel. The folio manuscript gives the line in the following peculiar manner:

"Sir Roger Heuer of Harcliffe too."

‡‡ The folio manuscript has

"Sir David Lambwell, well esteemed."

This seems evidently corrupted from "Lwdale" or "Liddell," in the old copy of the ballad.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye :
Of twenty hundred Scottish speres,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three ;
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chace,
Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widowcs come,
Their husbands to bewayle ;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple gore,
They bare with them away :
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were cladd in clay.

The news was brought to Edinborrow
Where Scottlands king did raign,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine : .

O heavy newes, King James did say,
Scotland may witnesse be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chace :

Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith 'twill noe better bee ;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hec :

Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take :
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Erle Percy's sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, at Humbledowne ;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With lords of great renowne :

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye :
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace ;
And grant henceforth, that foule debate
"Twixt noblemen may cease.*

AN unusually large space has already been devoted to the two first *Airs* ; but as No. I. is better known as *THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD*, or *NOW PONDER WELL, YOU PARENTS DEAR*, than by any other name, the account would be incomplete, were so old and popular a *Ballad* to be omitted.

The Children in the Wood,

OR

THE NORFOLK GENTLEMAN'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.†

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
These wordes which I shall write ;
A doleful story you shall heare,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save ;
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
And both possest one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde,
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,
And left two babes behinde :

* "Collins's Peerage," 1779, contains, in vol. ii. p. 344, an historical passage, which may be thought to throw considerable light on the subject of the preceding ballad: viz.

"In this . . . year, 1436, according to Hector Boethius, was fought the Battle of Pepperden, not far from the Cheviot Hills, between the Earl of Northumberland [2d Earl, son of Hotspur] and Earl William Douglas, of Angus, with a small army of about four thousand men each, in which the latter had the advantage. As this seems to have been a private conflict between these two great chieftains of the borders, rather than a national war, it has been thought to have given rise to the celebrated old ballad of Chevy-Chace; which to render it more pathetic and interesting, has been heightened with

tragical incidents wholly fictitious." See Ridpath's *Border Hist.* 4to. p. 401.

The surnames in the foregoing ballad are altered, either by accident or design, from the old original copy, and in common editions extremely corrupted. They are here rectified, as much as they could be.

† This ballad was very successfully dramatized at the Haymarket theatre in 1793. It was a piece possessing great interest; but the children (contrary to the ballad story) were saved from destruction,—a circumstance highly gratifying to the feelings of the audience. For more particular notice of this ballad, see Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, and *Spectator*, No. 85.

The one a fine and pretty boy,
 Not passing three years olde ;
 The other a girl more young than he,
 And fram'd in beautyes molde.
 The father left his little son,
 As plainye doth appeare,
 When he to perfect age should come,
 Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
 Five hundred poundes in gold,
 To be paid downe on marriage-day,
 Which might not be controll'd :
 But if the children chance to dye,
 Ere they to age should come,
 Their uncle should possesse their wealth ;
 For so the wille did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
 Look to my children deare ;
 Be good unto my boy and girl,
 No friendes else have they here :
 To God and you I recommend
 My children deare this daye :
 But little while be sure we have
 Within this world to staye.

You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle all in one ;
 God knowes what will become of them,
 When I am dead and gone.
 With that bespake their mother deare,
 O brother kinde, quoth shee,
 You are the man must bring our babes
 To wealth or miserie :

And if you keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward ;
 But if you otherwise should deal,
 God will your deedes regard.
 With lippes as cold as any stone,
 They kist their children small :
 God bless you both, my children deare ;
 With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
 To this sick couple there,
 The keeping of your little ones
 Sweet sister, do not feare :
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor aught else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children deare,
 When you are layd in grave.

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

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
 Which were of furious mood,
 That they should take these children young,
 And slaye them in a wood.
 He told his wife an artful tale,
 He would the children send
 To be brought up in faire London,
 With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
 Rejoycing at that tide,
 Rejoycing with a merry minde,
 They should on cock-horse ride.
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,
 As they rode on the waye,
 To those that should their butchers be,
 And work their lives decaye :

So that the pretty speech they had,
 Made Murder's heart relent ;
 And they that undertooke the deed,
 Full sore did now repent.
 Yet one of them more hard of heart,
 Did vowe to do his charge,
 Because the wretch, that hired him,
 Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
 So here they fall to strife ;
 With one another they did fight
 About the childrens life :
 And he that was of mildest mood,
 Did slaye the other there,
 Within an unfrequented wood ;
 The babes did quake for feare !

He took the children by the hand,
 Teares standing in their eye,
 And bad them straitwaye follow him,
 And looke they did not crye :
 And two long miles he led them on,
 While they for food complaine :
 Staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
 When I come back againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wandering up and downe ;
 But never more could see the man
 Approaching from the town :
 Their pretty lippes with black-berries,
 Were all besmear'd and dyed,
 And when they sawe the darksome night,
 They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these poore innocents,
 Till deathe did end their grief,
 In one anothers armes they dyed,
 As wanting due relief :
 No burial 'this' pretty 'pair'*
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robin-red-breast piously
 Did cover them with leaves.

* "These" "babes." PP.

And now the heavy wrath of God
 Upon their uncle fell;
 Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt an hell:
 His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,
 His landes were barren made,
 His cattle dyed within the field,
 And nothing with him stayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal
 Two of his sonnes did dye;
 And to conclude, himselfe was brought
 To want and miserye:
 He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
 Ere seven yeares came about.
 And now at length this wicked act
 Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,
 Such was God's blessed will:
 Who did confess the very truth,
 As here hath been display'd:
 Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
 Where he for debt was layd.

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

No. III. HEY BOYS, UP GO WE. This Tune, which was for a long time popular, is called by D'Urfey* "an old ballad tune of forty-one." (i.e. 1641, the first year of the civil war between Charles I and the Parliament.) The air itself is in nearly all the editions of *The Dancing Master*,† from 1652 to 1721, as well as in most of the Ballad Operas which appeared after the great success of *The Beggar's Opera*; such as *The Patron*, 1729; *Silvia, or The Country Burial*, 1731; *The Quaker's Opera*, 1728; *The Lover's Opera*, 1729; *The Devil to pay*, 1731, &c. The words of the song are not worth printing.

No. IV. is another copy of the same Tune as the above, from one of Playford's earliest editions of *The Dancing Master*, but with the difference of being in common time, in which it becomes excellent as a slow tune.

No. V. HEY THEN, UP GO WE. A Song by Francis Quarles. This was a great favourite with the Roundhead Party in the time of Charles I; the Cavaliers, however, added the two last verses, and sang it to the gayer tune of *Cuckolds all a-row*.‡ The words are here given from "A Collection of Loyal Songs written against the Rump Parliament, between the years 1639 and 1661," first published in 1662, and reprinted in 1731.§

* "D'Urfey, (Thomas) poet-laureate, a popular satirist and songster, whose name is well known, but of whose life few particulars are to be collected. He was born in Devonshire: but when, where, or of what family, are uncertain. He was bred to the law, which he forsook for the more agreeable employment of writing plays and songs; and the latter he had so happy a talent both of writing and singing, that he received many favours from persons of quality on that account. The writer of *The Guardian*, No. 67, tells us, he remembered to have seen Charles II. leaning on Tom D'Urfey's shoulder more than once, humming over a song with him. This indeed was not extraordinary in so merry a monarch; but even the phlegmatic king William could relax his museles on hearing him sing. D'Urfey grew poor as he grew old, and prevailing on the managers of the playhouse to act his comedy of the Plotting Sisters, for his benefit, Addison wrote the above-mentioned paper in the *Guardian*, with another, No. 82,

representing him in a good humored light, to procure him a full house. He died very old, in 1723."

† "The English Dancing Master, or Directions for Dancing Country Danes, with the Tunes to each Dance for the Treble Violin." This work, which went through a great number of editions, contains a large collection of tunes, once popular. The first edition was published in 1650-51, by Playford; and the seventeenth edition, which in the two volumes contains more than seven hundred "of the choicest old and new Tunes used at Court and other public Places," was printed by W. Pearson, for John Young, "at the Dolphin and Crown, at the west end of St. Paul's Church Yard," in 1721. The eighteenth edition, which is the last we have seen, bears no date.

‡ See Tune 92.

§ It appears probable that this Song may also have been sung to Tune No. 3, as D'Urfey calls that "a tune of forty-one," (1641) and the metre and the burthen are the same of both.

"HEY THEN UP GO WE."

Know this my brethren heaven is clear,
And all the clouds are gone,
The righteous men shall flourish now
Good days are coming on;
Come then my brethren and be glad,
And eke rejoyce with me,
Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,
And hey then up go we.

We'll break the windows which the whore
Of Babylon hath painted,
And when the Popish Saints are down,
Then Burges shall be sainted;
There's neither cross nor crucifix
Shall stand for men to see,
Rome's trash and trumpery shall go down,
And hey then up go we.

Whate'er the Popish hands have built,
Our hammers shall undoe,
We'll break their pipes, and burn their copes,
And pull down churches too:
We'll exercise within the groves,
And teach beneath a tree,
We'll make a pulpit of a cask,
And hey then up go we.

We'll put down Universities,
Where learning is profest,
Because they practice and maintain
The language of the beast;
We'll drive the doctors out of doors,
And all that learned be;
We'll cry all arts and learning down,
And hey then up go we.

We'll down with deans and prebends too,
And I rejoyce to tell ye
How then we shall eat pig our fill,
And capons by the belly;

We'll burn the Fathers' learned books,
And make the school-men flee;
We'll down with all that smells of wit,
And hey then up go we.

If once the antichristian crew
Be crush'd and overthrown,
We'll teach the nobles how to stoop,
And keep the gentry down:
Good manners have an ill report,
And turn to pride we see,
We'll therefore cry good manners down,
And hey then up go we.

The name of lords shall be abhorr'd,
For every man's a brother,
No reason why in church and state
One man should rule another;
But when the change of government
Shall set our fingers free,
We'll make these wanton sisters stoop,
And hey then up go we.

What though the King and Parliament
Do not accord together,
We have more cause to be content,
This is our sunshine weather;
For if that reason should take place,
And they should once agree,
Who would be in a roundhead's case,
For hey then up go we.

What should we do then in this case,
Let's put it to a venture,
If that we hold out seven years space,
We'll sue out our indenture.
A time may come to make us rue,
And time may set us free,
Except the gallows claim his due,
For hey then up go we.

No. VI. HALFE HANNIKIN, or HALF HANIKIN, a favourite old Tune, to be found in *The Dancing Master* of 1650, and many subsequent editions.

No. VII. is the Air to which Sheridan wrote the Song "HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN," in his comedy of *The School for Scandal*. The second part of this Tune is nearly the same as the first part of No. VI.

"HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN."

HERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Now to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty:
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the damsel with none, sir,
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And now to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her that's as brown as a berry,
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

For let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill up a bumper, nay fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast 'em together.
Let the toast pass, &c.

No. VIII. An old Sea Song, called COME AND LISTEN TO MY DITTY, or THE SAILOR'S COMPLAINT, is to be found in the Universal Musician, or in vol. 4 of the British Musical Miscellany, published by Walsh. It was to this air George Alexander Stevens wrote the song CEASE, RUDE BOREAS, by which title it is now better known. In the Ballad Opera of *Silvia, or the Country Burial*, printed in 1731, the song *On some rock by seas surrounded*, is adapted to this Tune, and the old name is there given as *How happy are young lovers*. The song of *Hosier's Ghost*, and many others, were sung to this Air, of which we give two different copies.

“COME AND LISTEN TO MY DITTY.”

COME and listen to my ditty,
All ye jolly hearts of gold;
Lend a brother Tar your pity,
Who was once so stout and bold.
But the arrows of Cupid,
Alas! have made me rue,
Sure, true love was ne'er so treated,
As I am by scornful Sue.

When I landed first at Dover,
She appear'd a goddess bright;
From foreign parts I was just come over,
And was struck with so fair a sight.
On the shore pretty Sukey walk'd,
Near to where our frigate lay,
And altho' so near the landing,
I, alas! was cast away.

When first I hail'd my pretty creature,
The delight of land and sea,
No man ever saw a sweeter,
I'd have kept her company;
I'd have fain made her my true love,
For better, or for worse;
But, alas! I cou'd not compass her,
For to steer the marriage course.

Once, no greater joy and pleasure
Could have come into my mind,
Than to see the bold DEFIANCE
Sailing right before the wind:
O'er the white waves as she danced,
And her colours gaily flew,
But that was not half so charming
As the trim of lovely Sue.

On a rocky coast I've driven,
Where the stormy winds do rise,
Where the rolling mountain billows,
Lift a vessel to the skies:
But from land, or from the ocean,
Little dread I ever knew,
When compared to the dangers
In the frowns of scornful Sue.

Long I wonder'd why my jewel
Had the heart to use me so;
Till I found, by often sounding,
She'd another love in tow:
So farewell, hard-hearted Sukey,
I'll my fortune seek at sea,
And try in a more friendly latitude,
Since in yours I cannot be.

THE STORM, OR “CEASE, RUDE BOREAS.”

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer!
List ye landsmen, all to me!
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea:
From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies!

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
“By topsail sheets, and haulyards stand;
Down top-gallants quick be hawling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The topsail-sheets now let go;
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew.”

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms;
Round us roars the tempest louder;
Think what fears our minds enthrall;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls!

“The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear;
Hands up, each preventure brace set,
Man the foreyard; cheer, lads, cheer!”

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash;
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky,
Different deaths at once surround us,
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

“The foremast's gone (cries every tongue out)
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well—the leak increases,—
Four feet water in the hold.”

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn ;
 Alas ! from hence there's no retreating,
 Alas ! to them there's no return.
 Still the leak is gaining on us,
 Both chain-pumps are chok'd below—
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us !
 For only that can save us now.

"O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;
 To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
 See ! our mizen-mast is gone.

The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
 Up, and rig a jury foremast,
 She rights, she rights, boys, we're off shore."

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind Heav'n has sav'd our lives ;
 Come, the can, boys ! let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts and our wives.
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
 Close to our lips a brimmer join ;
 Where's the tempest now, who feels it ?
 None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

No. IX. In the first volume of Watts' Musical Miscellany, 1729, is a Song to "the *old* Tune of THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY," (or DERRY DOWN) ; and in the second volume of the same work A COBLER THERE WAS, set by Mr. Leveridge, who was then living. The Tunes are, however, evidently the same ; but Leveridge's alterations having been adopted, it has generally been called by the latter name. There is nevertheless but the difference of one note in the first six bars of the two copies. This Air has always been and remains popular at the present time. It was introduced into many of the Ballad Operas one hundred years ago, such as *The Boarding School*, or *The Sham Captain*, 1733 ; *The Devil to pay*, 1731 ; *The Village Opera*, &c. We give two versions of the Tune, the first of which is from the *Beggar's Opera*, 1728, and is the way in which it is now usually sung.

Dr. Percy remarks, that this "common popular Ballad of King John and the Abbot, seems to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I. from one much older, entitled *King John and the Bishop of Canterbury*. . . . The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad makers ; for besides the two copies above mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject, entitled *King Olfrey* and the Abbot*. Lastly, about the time of the Civil Wars, when the cry ran against the Bishops, some Puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning *King Henry and a Bishop*, with this stinging moral :

'Unlearned men hard matters out can find,
 When learned bishops princes eyes do blind.'

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

AN ancient story Ile tell you anon
 Of a notable prince, that was called King John ;
 And he rul'd over England with main and with might,
 For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrie,
 Concerning the Abbot of Canterbūrye ;
 How for his housekeeping, and high renowne,
 The king, he sent for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
 The abbot kept in his house every day ;
 And fifty gold chaines, without any doubt,
 In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
 Thou keepest a far better house than mee,
 And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
 I fear thou work'st treason against my crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,
 I never spend nothing but what is my owne ;
 And I trust your grace will doe me no deere,
 For spending of my owne true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
 And now for the same thou needest must dye ;
 For except thou canst answer me questions three,
 Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead,
 With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
 Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
 Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
 How soon I may ride the whole world about.
 And at the third question thou must not shrink,
 But tell me here truly what I do think.

* Olfrey is supposed to be a corruption of Alfred. The song and tune are in the Editor's possession.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet :
But if you will give me but three weekes space,
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weekes space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live ;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.

Away rode the abbot, all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford ;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot, of comfort so cold,
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold :
How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home ;
What newes do you bring us from good King John ?

" Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard I must give ;
That I have but three days more to live :
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liegemen so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about :
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

" Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man witt ?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And Ile ride to London to answe're your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath been told unto mee
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee :
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne."

" Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave ;

With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope."

" Now welcome, sire abbot, the king he did say,
'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day ;
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

" For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Amonge the false Jewes, as I have bin told ;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke thou art one penny worsen than hee."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
" I did not thinke I had been worthe so littel !
—Now, secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about."

" You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth againe ;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
" I did not think it could be gone so soone !
—Now from the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke."

" Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merrie :
You thinke I'm the Abbot of Canterburye ;
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee."

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
Ile make thee lord abbot this day in his place !
" Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke I can neither write ne reade."

" Four nobles a weeke, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee ;
And tell the old abbot, when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

" A COBBLER THERE WAS."

A COBBLER there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and all,
No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate ;
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,
If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy :
How he'd laugh then, & whistle, & sing too most sweet,
Saying, just to a hair I have made both ends meet :
Derry down, down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau ;
He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart :
I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.
Derry down, down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay ;

Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day,
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way :
Derry down, down, &c.

He sang her love-songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk :
Whenever he spake, she would flounce and would fleer,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair :
Derry down, down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd ;
He pierc'd through his body instead of the sole,
So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.
Derry down, down, &c.

And now in good-will I advise as a friend,
All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's end ;
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's past,
That love brings us all to an end at the last.
Derry down, down, &c.

No. X. The name of this Air is PRETTY POLLY OLIVER; but as the *original* words are not worth printing, we have substituted Lord Cantalupe's Song, FAIR HEBE. The original begins thus :

"As pretty Polly Oliver was lying in bed,
This comical thought came into her head."

And the old song on the Pretender, beginning,

"As Perkin one morning lay musing in bed,
The thought of three kingdoms ran much in his head;"

appears to have been a parody upon it.

FAIR HEBE.

FAIR Hebe I left, with a cautious design
To escape from her charms and to drown Love in wine;
I tried it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, but still Love in my heart.

I repair'd to my Reason, entreating her aid,
She paus'd on my case, and each circumstance weigh'd;
Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, replied I, I've no need be taught,
I came for a Council to find out a fault;
If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,
When like lightning she darts thro' each throbbing vein;
My senses surpris'd, in her favour took arms,
And Reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

No. XI. GREEN SLEEVES, or WHICH NOBODY CAN DENY, has been, if we may judge by the constant allusions to it, a great favourite, from the time of Elizabeth down to the present; and it is still frequently to be heard in the streets of London, with the old burthen, "Which nobody can deny." It will also be easily recognised as the Air of CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR, and many another merry Song.

"And set our credits to the tune of *Greene Sleeves*."—*The Loyal Subject*, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

Falstaff.—"Let the sky rain potatoes! let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes, let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here." (*Embracing her*).—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, act V, scene 5.

Mrs. Ford.—"I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking. And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundreth psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, act II, scene 1.

That the original was a "wanton ditty," may be inferred from the above quotations, and from *A Reprehension against Green Sleeves*, by Elderton, the ballad maker, licensed in the month of February, 1580; but nevertheless, the proofs of its great popularity are to be found in the number of others which followed it, bearing nearly the same title, and sung to the same tune. One, *A newe courtly Sonnet of the Lady Green Sleeves, to the new Tune of Green Sleeves*, is to be seen in the *Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, published in 1584; and it appears by the books of the Stationers' Company to have been licensed to Richard Jhones, (publisher of the above) in the month of September, 1580. From this, as affording an insight into the dress and manners of an age with which we cannot be too well acquainted, we furnish the following extract:

LADY GREENSLEEVES.

ALAS! my love, ye do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously,
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company.
Greensleeves was all my ioy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my hart of gold,
And who but *Ladie Greensleeves*?

I have been readie at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave,
I have both waged life and land,
Your love and good-will for to have.
I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly,
I kept thee booth at board and bed,
Which cost my purse well favouredly.

I bought thee petticoates of the best,
The cloth so fine as might be ;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee.

Thy smocke of silke, bothe fair and white,
With gold embroidered gorgeously ;
Thy petticoate of sendall* right,
And these I bought thee gladly.

He then describes her girdle of gold, her purse, the crimson stockings all of silk, the pumps as white as milk, the gown of grassy green, the satin sleeves, the gold fringed garters ; all of which he gave her with his gayest gelding, and his men decked all in green to wait upon her :

They set thee up, they tooke thee down,
They served thee with humilitie ;
Thy foote might not once touch the ground,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

She could desire no earthly thing but what she had it :

Wel I wil pray to God on hie,
That thou my constancie mayst see,
And that yet once before I die
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

Greensleeves, now farewell ! adieu !
God I pray to prosper thee !
For I am still thy lover true,
Come once again and love me.

Almost immediately after the preceding, came the answer to it, *A Ballad, beinge the Ladie Greene Sleeves, answered to Jenkyn her friend*, and within the space of a year the four following also appeared : 1. *Green Sleeves moralized to the Scripture*. 2. *Green Sleeves and countenaunce, in countenaunce is Green Sleeves*. 3. *A New Northern Song of Green Sleeves*, beginning, "The bonniest lass in all the land." 4. A new Ballad, *Greene Sleeves is worn away*, &c. About sixty years after this, it became one of the party tunes of the Royalists ; and in the Collection of Songs written against the Rump Parliament, there are no less than fourteen different Songs to be sung to it. In D'Urfeys *Pills to purge Melancholy*, there are an equal number, one of which is "The Sexton's Song, sung by Ben Jonson, in the play of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, acting the Grave-maker." In some of the earliest copies of *The Dancing Master*, the tune is called GREEN SLEEVES AND PUDDING PIES ; and in the seventeenth and eighteenth editions, GREEN SLEEVES AND YELLOW LACE. It was introduced into *The Beggar's Opera*, and several others about that date. The following extract from one of the Songs in the *Pills to purge Melancholy*, will serve as a specimen of the rest.

THE TRIMMER.

1.
PRAY lend me your ear, if you've any to spare,
You that love Commonwealth as you hate Common Prayer,
That can in a breath pray, dissemble, and swear.
Which nobody can deny.

5.
Of our gracious king William I am a great lover,
Yet side with a party that prays for another ;
I'll drink the king's health, take it one way or other.
Which nobody can deny.

12.
The times are so ticklish, I vow and profess
I know not which party or cause to embrace ;
I want to join those that are least in distress.
Which nobody can deny.

14.
Each party, you see, is thus full of hope ;
There are some for the devil, and some for the Pope ;
And I am for anything else but a rope.
Which nobody can deny.

No. XII. is a tune called JAMAICA, from Playford's *Dancing Master* ; and

No. XIII. is Ford's SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE, (1607) which are here placed side by side, on account of the resemblance in the construction of the second parts. Although the latter is called a Madrigal, it has far more the appearance of a Harmonized Air ; for the great aim of Madrigal writing was so to interweave one part with another, that they could not possibly be detached ; whereas this (by the omission of the half-bar's rest after "wrangle") has, unlike any other Madrigal we have seen, a perfect and continuous melody in the upper part :—

* Thin silk.

"SINCE FIRST I SAW."

SINCE first I saw your face, I resolv'd
 To honour and renown you :
 If now I be disdain'd, I wish
 My heart had never known you.
 What? I that lov'd, and you that lik'd,
 Shall we begin to wrangle?
 No, no, no, no, my heart is fast,
 And cannot disentangle.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are,
 Rejecteth no beholder ;
 And your sweet beauty, past compare,
 Made my poor eyes the bolder.
 Where beauty moves, and wit delights,
 And signs of kindness bind me ;
 There, O there, where'er I go,
 I'll leave my heart behind me.

NO. XIV. BALANCE A STRAW. This was formerly a great favourite with the Rope and Morris Dancers. It acquired the name of *Balance a Straw*, from a Song written to it about 1750, on a celebrated balancer named Mattocks. In 1672 it was introduced into the Ballad Opera of *Love in a Village*, since which time it has retained its popularity. It is frequently to be heard on the chimes of country churches.

NO. XV. POOR ROBIN'S MAGGOT.* From the third and subsequent editions of *The Dancing Master*. D'Urfey wrote a song to this tune, beginning WOULD YOU WIN A YOUNG VIRGIN ;† and that is given as the name of the tune in *The Beggar's Opera*, where it is adapted to the Song IF THE HEART OF A MAN BE DEPREST WITH CARE. It was also introduced in the *Generous Freemason*, and other Operas, a hundred years ago ; but will be better known to young ladies at the present time, as the Air of one of the Lancers' Quadrilles.

NO. XVI. is the fine-spirited and characteristic Air of OLD KING COLE, the half of which tune is singularly like the latter part of *The British Grenadiers* ;‡ the one being, however, major, and the other minor. This Song, like *The Barley Mow*, and some others, requires the repetition of a part of the tune in all verses after the first, as the words also multiply :

OLD King Cole was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he ;
 He call'd for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
 And he call'd for his fiddlers three.
 Ev'ry fiddler he had a fine fiddle,
 A very fine fiddle had he ;
 Then twee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the
 (*imitating the fiddle*) [fiddler,
 And so merry we'll all be.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he ;
 He call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl,
 And he call'd for his harpers three.
 Ev'ry harper he had a fine harp,
 And a very fine harp had he ;
 Then twang, twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang, went
 (*imitating the harp*) [the harper,
 Twee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddler,
 And so merry we'll all be.

In the third verse Old King Cole calls for his pipers three, and the words are the same as before, except the change of the word fiddle or harp for pipe :

Then tootle, tootle too, tootle too, went the piper,
 Twang, twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang, went the harper ;
 Tweedle, tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddler,
 And so merry we'll all be.

In the fourth verse he calls for his drummers three :

"Then rub a dub, a dub, rub a dub, went the drummer," &c.

And thus in each verse the strain, with the line "Twee, tweedle dee," &c. is repeated as often as the imitation of the different instruments may require.

* Whimsy, or fancy.

† See "Pills to purge Melancholy," vol. i.

‡ See Tune 52.

No. XVII. THE GARLAND; or, AS ON A SUMMER'S DAY. The Song of a poor madman, who fell in love with Queen Anne.

No. XVII. *bis*. UPON A SUMMER'S DAY; from the first edition of *The Dancing Master*, 1650-1, is the same tune as the above, but in a major key instead of minor, which renders it much more agreeable to modern ears. In the absence of the original Song, perhaps the following one, written in the old style by Mr. Wade, may not prove unacceptable:

“ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY.”

ALL on a summer's day,
Within a shady grove,
I heard a shepherd say
He would forget his love:
He call'd her name, and cried,
“Oh! wert thou but as true
As thou art fair, my pride
Would be to marry you!”
“Would be to marry you!”
I said in mimic strain:
The shepherd turn'd to view,
And smil'd—to see his Jane!

“Oh! were I false,” I said,
“I would not wander nigh
This melancholy shade,
To hear your jealous sigh!”
All on that summer's day,
And in that shady grove,
I heard my shepherd say,
“No more I'll doubt thy love!”
He call'd me true as fair,
And said 'twould be his pride
To fold me in his care:
I'm now his happy bride!

No. XVIII. and XVIII. *bis*. OLD SIMON THE KING, or OLD SIR SIMON THE KING. This Song, the favourite of Squire Western, in Fielding's novel of *Tom Jones*,* is from D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*. The Air is also in *The Musical Miscellany*, (1721) vol. 3, (to other words); and in almost every edition of *The Dancing Master*, whether published by Playford or Young. The best copies of the Tune itself are in the earliest editions (Playford's) of *The Dancing Master*. In the later editions, the flat which should be at the signature, is omitted; and from the circumstance of the Tune being also playable in that way, it has been copied by others, apparently without discovery.† D'Urfey gives but half the Tune; and in *The Dancing Master*, there are generally additions to it, in the form of variations. About 1641, it was one of the favourite party Tunes of the Cavaliers; and in the Collection of Songs written against the Rump Parliament, are several to be sung to it. Others may also be seen in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, and Ritson's *Collection of English Songs*.

Upon the margin of a copy of Sir J. Hawkins' *Dictionary of Music*, formerly belonging to Dr. Burney, and now in the British Museum, is the following note, in the Doctor's handwriting.‡ “This is the Tune to an old Song, which see in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. iii. p. 144. It is conjectured that the subject of it was Simon Wadloe, who kept the Devil Tavern,§ at the time

* “It was Mr. Western's custom every afternoon, as soon as he was drunk, to hear his daughter play upon the harpsichord.” . . . “He never relished any music but what was light and airy; and, indeed, his most favourite tunes were *Old Sir Simon the King*, *St. George he was for England*, and some others.” . . . “The Squire declared, if she would give him t'other bout of *Old Sir Simon*, he would give the gamekeeper his

deputation the next morning. Sir Simon was played again and again, till the charms of music soothed Mr. Western to sleep.”—*Tom Jones*, vol. i. p. 169.

† Probably the copy in Sir John Hawkins' *History of Music*, vol. v. was taken from this, as it is equally defective.

‡ At page 481, vol. v.

§ At Temple Bar.

when Ben Jonson's Club, called the Apollo Club, met there. In the verses over the Apollo Room, was this couplet :

Hang up all the poor hep-drinkers,*
Cries *old Sim the King* of Skinkers.†

"In Camden's *Remains*, is the following epitaph on this person :

Apollo et Cohors Musarum,
Bacchus vini et uvarum,
Ceres pro pane et cervisia
Adeste omnes cum tristitia
Diique Deæque lamentate cuncti
Simonis Vadloe funera defuncti
Sub signo malo bene vixit, mirabile !
Si ad cœlos recessit, gratias, Diabole !

"As to the Song, there is nothing characteristic of the man ; but it attributes to him the following two strings of aphorisms ; each of them forming that kind of argument which the logicians call a *Sorites* :

Drink will make a man drunk, &c."—(see verse 3.)

The following, from Playford's *Pleasant Musical Companion*, second edition, 1687, appears to refer to the same person :

AN EPITAPH ON AN HONEST CITIZEN, AND TRUE FRIEND TO ALL CLARET-DRINKERS.

Here lieth Symon cold as clay,
Who whilst he lived cry'd "Tip away ;"
And when Death puts out his taper,
He needeth no "*touch upon paper*."
Now let him rest since he is dead,
And ask'd not for a bit of bread
Before he dy'd ; and that is much,
For Death gave him a racey touch.

Now although this same epitaph was long since given,
Yet Symon's not dead, more than any man living.‡

OLD SIMON THE KING.

In a humour I was of late,
As many good fellows may be,
To think of no matters of state,
But to seek for good company,
That best might suit my mind.
So I travell'd both up and down,
No company I could find,
Till I came to the sight of the Crown.
My hostess was sick of the mumps,
The maid was ill at her ease,
The tapster was drunk in his dumps,
They were all of one disease,
Says Old Simon the King.§

Considering in my mind,
I thus began to think :
If a man be full to the throat,
And cannot take off his drink,
If his drink will not go down,
He may hang up himself for shame,
So the tapster at the Crown.
Whereupon this reason I frame,
Drink will make a man drunk,
Drunk will make a man dry,
Dry will make a man sick,
And sick will make a man die,
Says Old Simon the King.

* A term of derision, applied to those who drank a weak infusion of the hep (hip) berry or sloe. Hence the exclamation of "Hip, hip, hurra," corrupted from "Hip, hip, away."

† A skinker is one that serves drink.—*Johnson's Dictionary*.

‡ If from the two last lines we are to infer that Symon was living at the time of this publication, (1687) it could not well be the same person ; but as the *Pleasant Musical Companion* was a collection from older works, and contains some that are also to be found in *Melismata*, *Pammelia*, and *Deuteromelia*, eighty years before, it may very probably be an exact reprint,

as the point of the jest would be lost without the two last lines. This is the more likely, because, although most of the pieces bear the names of the composers, this one does not ; and had the author been known to Playford, (who was then seventy-four years old) it is reasonable to suppose that his name would have appeared in the work.

§ It appears to have been formerly, as well as now, the custom in "jovial companies" to repeat the last phrase of the air as chorus, which in this case seems necessary, as otherwise the words "says old Simon the king," would have no music.

If a man should be drunk to-night,
And laid in his grave to-morrow,
Will you or any man say
That he died of care or sorrow?
Then hang up all sorrow and care,
'Tis able to kill a cat,
And he that will drink all right,
Is never afraid of that;
For drinking will make a man quaff,
And quaffing will make a man sing,
And singing will make a man laugh,
And laughing long life doth bring,
Says Old Simon the King.

If a Puritan skinker do cry,
Dear brother, it is a sin
To drink unless you be dry,
Then straight this tale I begin:
A Puritan left his cann,
And took him to his jugg,
And there he played the man
As long as he could tug;
And when that he was spyed,
Did ever he swear or rail?
No, truly, dear brother, he cry'd,
Indeed all flesh is frail,
Says Old Simon the King, &c.

NO. XIX. FROM OUR BASE INVADERS. A sort of Hymn, which appears to have been written at the time of the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, and is here given from a manuscript in the possession of — Pearsall, Esq. bearing the date of 1588. The mixture of devotion and defiance in the words, forms a curious sample of the spirit of the times.

FROM our base invaders,
From wicked men's device,
O God! arise and aid us,
And crush our enemies.
Sink deep their potent navies,
Their strengthen'd spirit break,
O God! arise and help us,
For Jesus Christ, his sake.

Though cruel Spain and Rome
With heathen legions arm,
O God! arise and help us,
We will perish for our home;
We will not change our Credo
For Pope, nor Book, nor Bell;
And if the devil comes himself,
We will drive him home to hell.

NO. XX. HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY. A loyal Song, by Jer. Saville, for Charles II. It is to be found in Playford's *Musical Companion*, and others. Dr. Kitchener, who published a Collection of Loyal and National Songs, has given the tenor part of an arrangement for four voices, as the *Melody*; and has put to it the name of Jer. *Savage*, as the composer!

NO. XXI. A LOVELY LASS TO A FRIAR CAME. This quaint and characteristic Melody is to be admired, not merely for its antiquity, but from its intrinsic merit and aptitude for the words to which it was first adapted. The original Song is in the sixth volume of *The Musical Miscellany*, (1721) and was introduced into *The Beggar's Opera*, (1728) *The Patron's Opera*, (1730) and several others.

NO. XXII. THE BUDGEON, IT IS A FINE TRADE. This Tune is curious, as being the original of *The Jolly Miller*; and from the etymon of the word Budgeon, it appears to have been a cant song. A budge is one that slips into houses in the dark, to steal cloaks and other clothes. See Grose's *Slang Dictionary*. This Tune was introduced into *The Devil to pay*, 1730; and in *The Quaker's Opera*, 1728, &c.

NO. XXIII. THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER. It will be evident to all who have heard the preceding, from whence the beautiful Air of *The Jolly Miller* was derived. The words were written by Bickerstaffe, for the Opera of *Love in a Village*, which came out at Covent Garden in the year 1762; but having only one verse, various attempts have since been made to complete them.

There is an evident reminiscence of this Air in Mozart's Opera of *Il Seraglio*. "Faded ideas," says Sheridan, "float upon the imagination, like half-forgotten dreams ; and imagination, in her fullest enjoyments, doubts whether she creates or adopts."

THERE was a jolly miller once
Liv'd on the river Dee ;
He work'd and sung from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he.
And this the burthen of his song
For ever used to be :
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me.

An additional verse by another author :

I love my mill, she is to me
Both parent, child, and wife ;
I would not change my station
For any other in life.
Then push, push, push the bowl, my boys,
And push it round to me ;
The longer we sit here and drink,
The merrier we shall be.

NO. XXIV. THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE. The subject of this Ballad has continued so long popular, that as recently as 1765 it was dramatized as a musical entertainment by Thomas Hull, and acted at Covent Garden Theatre. The tune is to be found in *The Quaker's Opera*, 1728 ; *The Jovial Crew*, 1731, &c. Dr. Percy has remarked, that "this beautiful old Ballad most probably took its rise from one of those descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of Queen Elizabeth ; and in all likelihood from the taking of the city of Cadiz, (called by our sailors corruptly Cales) on June 21, 1596, under the command of the Lord Howard, admiral, and of the Earl of Essex, general.

"It was a tradition in the west of England, that the person admired by the Spanish lady was a gentleman of the Popham family, and that her picture, with the pearl necklace mentioned in the ballad, was not many years ago preserved at Littlecot, near Hungerford, Wilts, the seat of that respectable family.

"Another tradition has pointed out Sir Richard Levison, of Trentham, in Staffordshire, as the subject of this ballad ; who married Margaret, daughter of Charles Earl of Nottingham ; and was eminently distinguished as a naval officer and commander in all the expeditions against the Spaniards in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, particularly in that to Cadiz in 1596, when he was aged twenty-seven. He died in 1605, and has a monument, with his effigy in brass, in Wolverhampton church."

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
How shee wooed an English man ?
Garments gay and rich as may be
Decked with jewels she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.
As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lye ;
Cupid's bands did tye them faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild, Full woe is me ;
O let me still sustain this kind captivity !
Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a ladye in distresse ;
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heaviness :
Thou hast this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou knowest thy country's foe?
Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee:
Serpents lie where flowers grow."
All the harme I wishe to thee, most courteous knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully light.

Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground;
If our foes you may be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts eche one,
Then to your country bear away, that is your owne.

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there is plenty,
Spain doth yield a wonderous store."
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
You alone enjoy my heart:
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.

"It wold be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page Ile follow thee, where'er thou go.

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place."
My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies unknown.

"On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes."
Well in troth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

"Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife:
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her;
Of my suit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold;
And these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defye;
In a nunnery will I shroud mee
Far from any companie:
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewell too my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee!
"The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie."

NO. XXV. THE VICAR OF BRAY.* The oldest title for this fine bold melody appears from Playford's *Dancing Master* to be THE COUNTRY GARDEN: the popularity, however, of the song "The Vicar of Bray" made it so much more easily recognized under that name, that in all the later editions of the same work it is so called. Of the Tune itself it is needless to speak, but of the words by which it is generally accompanied it may not be amiss to observe that *the Vicar of Bray* was Simon Aleyn, Canon of Windsor. See Ashmole's *History of Berkshire*, vol. iii. p. 77.

In *The Quaker's Opera*, 1728, the original name is also given as *The Country Garden*.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

In good King Charles's golden days
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-church man I was,
And so I got preferment:
To teach my flock I never miss'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those that do resist,
Or touch The Lord's Anointed.
And this is law I will maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James obtain'd the crown,
And popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

* Bray in Berkshire.

When William was our King declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Ann became our queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a tory:
Occasional conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation;
And thought the church in danger was,
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, sir,
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's-defender;
And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession;
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty,
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, &c.

The above air has also more recently been popular under the title of *THE NEGLECTED TAR*, on which account the song is here given.

THE NEGLECTED TAR.

I SING the British seaman's praise;
A theme renown'd in story;
It well deserves more polish'd lays;
Oh! 'tis your boast and glory.
When mad-brain'd War spreads death around,
By them you are protected;
But when in peace the Nation's found,
These bulwarks are neglected.
Then, oh! protect the hardy tar;
Be mindful of his merit;
And when again you're plung'd in war,
He'll shew his daring spirit.

When thickest darkness covers all,
Far on the trackless ocean;
When lightnings dart--when thunders roll,
And all is wild commotion;
When o'er the bark the white-topp'd waves,
With boist'rous sweep, are rolling,
Yet coolly still, the whole he braves,
Serene amidst the howling.
Then, oh! protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in sulph'rous smoke,
He feels a glowing pleasure;
He loads his gun, right heart of oak,
Elated beyond measure.
Though fore and aft the blood-stained deck,
Should lifeless trunks appear;
Or should the vessel float a wreck
The sailor knows no fear.
Then oh! protect, &c.

When long becalm'd, on southern brine,
Where scorching beams assail him;
When all the canvas hangs supine,
And food and water fail him;

Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
Where plenty still is reigning;
They call the watch--his rapture's o'er,
He sighs, forbears complaining.
Then, oh! protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
Where death so oft befriends him;
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's frost,
True courage still attends him;
No clime can this eradicate;
He's calm amidst annoyance;
He fearless braves the storms of fate,
On heav'n is his reliance.
Then, oh! protect, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fear
In peace be then neglected?
Behold him move along the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected!
Behold him begging for employ!
Behold him disregarded!
Then view the anguish in his eye,
And say, are Tars rewarded?
Then, oh! protect, &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe;
In peace then would you starve them?
What say ye, Britain's sons? oh! no!
Protect them, and preserve them.
Shield them from poverty and pain,
'Tis policy to do it;
Or when grim war shall come again,
Oh! Britons, ye may rue it!
Then, oh! protect the hardy tar;
Be mindful of his merit;
And when again you're plung'd in war,
He'll shew his daring spirit.

Nos. XXVI AND XXVI BIS. Are only other editions and arrangements of the same Air as the above, and probably altered from their original time, for dancing. In several of the later editions of the *Dancing Master* they are found in this measure.

No. XXVII. This Air, for which no authentic old name has been found, but which for distinction's sake is here called *Somersetshire* Tune, bears a strong resemblance in parts to No. 9, but its general character is sufficiently bold and independent. It is much sung in the West of England.

No. XXVIII. The Song of JOHN DORY and the tune to it were a long time popular in England. In Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of *The Chances*, Antonio, a humorous old man, receives a wound, which he will only suffer to be dressed upon condition that the song of *John Dory* be sung the while.

Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, A.D. 1602, calls *John Dory* an old three-man's song, and gives a statement in accordance with the legend of the ballad, which is this :—that being a sea captain, or perhaps a pirate, John Dory engaged to the King of France to bring the crew of an English ship bound as captives to Paris, but was himself taken prisoner in the attempt.

This song, which has been designated by an acute critic as “the constant companion of the minstrels” is to be found in the *Deuteromelia, or the Second Part of Musick's Melodie*, &c. 1609; in the Second Book of Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1687; and elsewhere. The name of the fish John Dory, corrupted from Doree or Dorn, is another proof of the popularity of this song.

JOHN DORY.

As it fell on a holyday,
And upon a holytide a;
John Dory bought him an ambling nag,
To Paris for to ride a.

And when John Dory to Paris was come,
A little before the gate a;
John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted
To let him in thereat a.

The first man that John Dory did meet,
Was good King John of France a:
John Dory could well of his courtesie,
But fell down in a trance a.

A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king,
For my merry men and for me a:
And all the churls in merry England
I'll bring them bound to thee a.

And Nichol was then a Cornish man
A little beside Bohyde a;

He manned him forth a goodly bark,
With fifty good oars of a side a.

Run up, my boy, into the main top,
And look what thou canst spy a;
Who, ho! who, ho! a good ship do I see,
I trow it be John Dory a.

They hoist their sails, both top and top,
The mizen and all was tried a.
And every man stood to his lot,
Whatever should betide a.

The roaring cannons then were plied,
And dub-a-dub went the drum a:
The braying trumpets loud they cried,
To courage both all and some a.

The grappling hooks were brought at length
The brown bill and the sword a:
John Dory at length, for all his strength,
Was clapt fast under board a.

A parody was made upon the above song on the occasion of Sir John Suckling's troop running away in the civil war in 1639, and was much sung by the Parliamentarians at that time. It commenced thus :—

“Sir John got him an ambling nag,” &c.

and was by some attributed to Sir John Suckling himself, by others to Sir John Mennis.

No. XXIX. THE ROGUE'S MARCH. Why so graceful and pastoral a Melody as this should have been condemned to be the “cantio in exitu” of deserters and reprobates who are to be drummed out of the regiments, is not easily to be accounted for, but such is the case, and has been for centuries. Many songs have been written to this air, among others one terminating in each verse with “You mustn't sham Abraham Neuland.”

No. XXX. HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND. This is commonly called General Wolfe's Song, and is said to have been written by him on the night before the Battle of Quebec; but upon what authority this tradition rests it is difficult to learn. If the words be General Wolfe's, they are merely a rewriting and modernizing of an older song called WHY, SOLDIERS, WHY? which coupled with its tune is to be found thirty years before the Battle of Quebec, and probably much earlier. *How stands the Glass?* was arranged for two voices, and introduced by Shield into the *Siege of Gibraltar*, in 1780.

"HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?"

How stands the glass around?

For shame, ye take no care, my boys!

How stands the glass around?

Let mirth and wine abound!

The trumpets sound:

The colours flying are, my boys,

To fight, kill, or wound:

May we still be found

Content with our hard fare, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why

Should we be melancholy, boys!

Why, soldiers, why?

Whose business 'tis to die?

What! sighing? fie!

Damn fear, drink on, be jolly boys!

'Tis he, you, and I.

Cold, hot, wet, or dry,

We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,

(I mean not to upbraid you, boys)

'Tis but in vain

For soldiers to complain:

Should next campaign

Send us to Him that made you, boys,

We're free from pain;

But should we remain,

A bottle and kind landlady

Cures all again.

No. XXXI. WHY, SOLDIERS, WHY? is evidently the same tune as the preceding, and is to be found under this title to other words in the first edition of the *Patron, or the Statesman's Opera*, performed at the little theatre in the Haymarket, in 1729.

No. XXXII. DULCINA; or, AS AT NOON DULCINA RESTED. This Tune is better known coupled with Ben Jonson's words, FROM OBERON IN FAIRY LAND, although the former title is the more ancient. It is thus mentioned by Izaak Walton, in company with several others of acknowledged antiquity:—"Milk Woman. What song was it, I pray you?—was it 'Come, Shepherds, deck your Herds,' or, 'As at noon Dulcina rested,' &c.

DULCINA.

As at noone Dulcina rested

In her sweete and shady bower,

Came a shepherd, and requested

In her lapp to sleepe an hour.

But from her looke

A wounde he tooke

So deepe, that for a further boone

The nymph he prayes.

Wherto shee sayes,

Forgoe me now, come to me soone.

But in vayne shee did conjure him

To depart her presence soe;

Having a thousand tongues to allure him,

And but one to bid him goe:

Where lipps invite,

And eyes delight,

And cheeks, as fresh as rose in June,

Persuade delay;

What boots, she say,

Foregoe me now, come to me soone.

There are three more verses to the above song, which is printed complete in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.

The following song, which in the old black-letter copies is entitled THE MERRY PRANKS OF ROBIN GOODFELLOW, to the tune of *Dulcina*, has been reprinted by Percy, Ritson, and others.

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.

FROM Oberon, in fairye land,
The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to viewe the night-sports here.

What revell rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry bee,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightening can I flye
About this aery welkin soone,
And, in a minute's space, descrye
Each thing that's done belowe the moone.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, ware Goblins! where I go,
But Robin I
Their feates will spy;
And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sports they trudge home;
With counterfeiting voice I greete
And call them on, with me to roame
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
Or else, unseene, with them I go,
All in the nicke
To play some tricke
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man;
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can;
To trip and trot about them round.
But if, to ride,
My backe they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
O'er hedge and lands,
Thro' pools and ponds
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with juncates fine;
Unseene of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine;
And, to make sport,
I start and snort;
And out the candles I do blow:
The maids I kiss;
They shrieke—Who's this?
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wooll;
And while they sleepe and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow,
If any 'wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When house or hearth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bed pull I,
And leave them their mischance, to rue.
'Twixt sleepe and wake,
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw:
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrowe ought,
We lend them what they do require:
And for the use demand we nought;
Our owne is all we do desire.
If to repay,
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And, night by night,
I them affright
With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lye;
To make debate and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretlye:
I marke their gloze,
And it disclose,
To them whom they have wronged so:
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engins set
In loop holes, where the vermine creepe,
Who from their foldes and houses, get
Their duckes and geese, and lambes and sheepe:
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seeme a vermine taken so;
But when they there
Approach me neare,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows greene,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
And to our fairye king and queene
We chant our moon-light minstrelsies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling;
And babes new borne steal as we go,
And elfe in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro:
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellōw.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nightes,
The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old
My feates have told;
So *Vale, Vale*; ho, ho, ho!

NO. XXXIII. THE TIMES MAY MEND. A common and well-known popular tune in the Southern Counties, particularly in Kent and Dorsetshire.

NO. XXXIV. ONE EVENING HAVING LOST MY WAY. There is much correct design and beauty in this melody, which is now better known by the words *I'm like a skiff on ocean toss'd*, in the *Beggar's Opera*. The original words are by Burkhead.

NO XXXV. SWEET MARGARET is a curious specimen of the Galliard,* a dance anciently in great request. It consisted of two different parts, in which, at first, the dancers moved slowly and smoothly along, afterwards, capering, sometimes along the room, and sometimes across. Thomot Arbeau, in his *Orchesography*, describes it as consisting of "five steps and five positions of the feet, which the dancers performed before each other." The word Galliard was formerly much used in our language, although now obsolete, and the dance is frequently mentioned by our oldest writers. For instance, Chaucer,—“Galliard he was, as goldfinch in the showe.” By Shakspeare (*Twelfth Night*)—"I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a Galliard." And by Bacon,—“If there be any that would take up all the time, let him find means to take them off and bring others on; as musicians used to do with those that danced too long Galliards.”

The Tune of this Galliard is taken from a very curious and valuable Collection of English Airs, published at Haerlem, in 1626, and which formerly belonged to the great book-collector Richard Heber. In this and another equally rare Collection, published in Amsterdam, in 1634, many highly interesting airs are preserved, which might have been sought for in vain elsewhere.

NO. XXXVI. JOAN'S PLACKET† is a very old tune, to be found in almost every edition of *The Dancing Master* from 1652 to 1721. It was introduced by Colley Cibber into *Love in a Riddle*, in 1729, coupled with the words WHEN I FOLLOWED A LASS, both which (Words and Tune) were inserted by Bickerstaff in *Love in a Village*, thirty years after, without acknowledgment of the source from whence he derived them.

NO. XXXVII. MARCH AT THE EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. "This piece of music is the air which was played by the band, at Fotheringay Castle, while Mary Queen of Scots was proceeding to her execution.‡ The air itself is a very touching one, and appears, from its extreme simplicity, well fitted for the rude instruments which were then in use. A fortunate accident threw it in my way, and I have inserted it because I see no reason to doubt the tradition which connects it with this period in English history." G. R. G.

The above quotation is from the Rev. G. R. Gleig's *Family History of England*, vol. ii. p. 111, where it is accompanied by the tune of the march, which is evidently the same with the Air of *Joan's Placket*, (see No. 36) and it is singular, if the tradition be correct, that (presuming *Joan's Placket* to be the original) an air of so opposite a character should have been converted to such a purpose.

* Galliard, from Icel. *gaida*, to allure.—*Todd*.

† Petticoat.

‡ A.D. 1587.

NO. XXXVIII. YOU'LL THINK ERE MANY DAYS ENSUE. The original name of this melody is not known ; the line quoted above being the commencement of a song in the *Beggar's Opera*, and it is the only song in the *Beggar's Opera* of which the original name is not found in the first edition of that work. This copy is given in the usual notation.

NO. XXXVIII BIS. Another edition of the same Air, freed from the defective mode of barring by which hitherto all the accents have been thrown into the wrong places.

Although the original name of this air has not been found in print, little doubt can exist of its having sprung from the same source as the old song* *How should I your true love know*, "snatches" of which are sung by Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, and which have been so admirably connected by Dr. Percy, in the following ballad.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

It was a friar of orders gray
Walkt forth to tell his beades ;
And he met with a lady faire,
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true love
From many another one ?
O by his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoone.†

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view ;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone !
Lady, he's dead and gone !
And at his head a green grass turfe,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloysters long
He languisht, and he dyed,
Lamenting of a ladyes love,
And 'playning of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth !
And art thou dead and gone !
And didst thou dye for love of me !
Break, cruel heart of stone !

O weep not, lady, weep not soe ;
Some ghostly comfort seek :
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
No teares bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove ;
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er won ladyes love.

And nowe, alas ! for thy sad losse,
I'll evermore weep and sigh ;
For thee I only wisht to live,
For thee I wish to dye.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrowe is in vaine :
For violets pluckt the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow againe.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,
Why then should sorrow last ?
Since grief but aggravates thy losse,
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not soe, thou holy friar ;
I pray thee, say not soe :
For since my true-love dyed for mee,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again ?
Will he ne'er come again ?
Ah ! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose ;
The comeliest youth was he !
But he is dead and laid in his grave :
Alas, and woe is me !

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever :
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy ;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.

* See the following Tune.

† These are the distinguishing marks of a pilgrim. The chief places of devotion being beyond sea, the pilgrims were

wont to put cockle-shells in their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion. Warb. Shaksp. vol. viii. p. 224.

Now say not soe, thou holy friar,
 I pray thee say not soe :
 My love he had the truest heart :
 O he was ever true !

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
 And didst thou die for mee ?
 Then farewell home ; for ever-more
 A pilgrim I will bee.

But first upon my true-love's grave
 My weary limbs I'll lay,
 And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
 That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady ; rest awhile
 Beneath this cloyster wall :
 See through the hawthorn blows the wind,
 And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar ;
 O stay me not, I pray :

No drizzly rain that falls on me,
 Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
 And dry those pearly tears ;
 For see, beneath this gown of gray
 Thy own true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,
 These holy weeds I sought ;
 And here amid these lonely walls
 To end my days I thought.

But haply for my year of grace*
 Is not yet past away,
 Might I still hope to win thy love,
 No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
 Once more unto my heart ;
 For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
 We never more will part.

NO. XXXIX. HOW SHOULD I YOUR TRUE LOVE KNOW, is from Dr. Arnold's Collection of the songs sung by Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, which were noted down from the singing of Mrs. Jordan. The late W. Linley also collected and published "the wild and pathetic melodies of Ophelia, as he remembered them to have been exquisitely sung by Mrs. Forster, when she was Miss Field, and belonged to Drury Lane Theatre ; and he remarks that "the impression remained too strong on his mind to make him doubt the correctness of the airs, agreeably to her delivery of them." The notes of this tune are the same in Dr. Arnold's and Mr. Linley's versions, but Mr. Linley has put this song in $\frac{3}{4}$ -time, Dr. Arnold in common time. The latter is generally supposed to be the more correct.

How should I your true love know
 From another one ?
 By his cockle hat and staff
 And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
 He is dead and gone ;
 At his head a green grass turf,
 At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as mountain's snow
 Larded with sweet flowers,
 Which bewept to the grave did go
 With true-love showers.

NO. XL. GOOD MORROW, 'TIS ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, is another of Ophelia's songs, in the melody of which both the aforementioned Collectors agree. It is also to be found in the first edition of the *Quaker's Opera* (1728) with the slight difference in its title of *To-morrow for Good* morrow, the melody being exactly the same.

NO. XLI. AND WILL HE NOT COME AGAIN ? The present setting is copied from the notation of the late W. Linley.

* The year of probation or novitiate.

No. XLI BIS. The same Air, as noted by Dr. Arnold.

No. XLII. THE MERRY MILKMAIDS IN GREEN. This tune is taken from the eighteenth edition of *The Dancing Master*, but it is also in the first Edition (1650). The first part (though in the major of C) strongly resembles the foregoing tune, but its general character, which is light, sufficiently vindicates its independence.

No. XLIII. THE LEATHER BOTTEL. A favourite Song, well known the country round, and of which, there is a black-letter copy in the British Museum, at least two hundred years old. It is a very rude attempt at poetry, but such as it is we subjoin it.

THE LEATHER BOTTEL.

'Twas God above that made all things,
The heav'ns, the earth, and all therein;
The ships that on the sea do swim,
To guard from foes that none come in;
And let them all do what they can,
'Tis for one end—the use of man.
So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

Now, what do you say to these cans of wood?
Oh no, in faith they cannot be good;
For if the bearer fall by the way,
Why, on the ground your liquor doth lay:
But had it been in a leather bottèl,
Although he had fallen, all had been well.
So I wish in heav'n, &c.

Then what do you say to these glasses fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the liquor and all therein;
But had it been in a leather bottèl,
And the stopple in, all had been well.
So I wish, &c.

Then what do you say to these black pots three?
If a man and his wife should not agree,
Why they'll tug and pull till their liquor doth spill:
In a leather bottèl they may tug their fill,
And pull away till their hearts do ake,
And yet their liquor no harm can take.
So I wish, &c.

Then what do you say to these flagons fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For when a Lord is about to dine,

And sends them to be filled with wine,
The man with the flagon doth run away,
Because it is silver most gallant and gay.
So I wish, &c.

A leather bottèl we know is good,
Far better than glasses or cans of wood,
For when a man's at work in the field,
Your glasses and pots no comfort will yield;
But a good leather bottèl standing by,
Will raise his spirits, whenever he's dry.
So I wish, &c.

At noon, the haymakers sit them down,
To drink from their bottles of ale nut-brown;
In summer too, when the weather is warm,
A good bottel full will do them no harm.
Then the lads and the lasses begin to tattle,
But what would they do without this bottle?
So I wish, &c.

There's never a Lord, an Earl, or Knight,
But in this bottèl doth take delight;
For when he's hunting of the deer,
He oft doth wish for a bottel of beer.
Likewise the man that works in the wood,
A bottel of beer will oft do him good.
So I wish, &c.

And when the bottel at last grows old,
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the side you may make a clout,
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Or take and hang it up on a pin,
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.
So I wish, &c.

No. XLIV. A DANCE TUNE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, from the *Musica Antiqua* of the late J. Stafford Smith. The abundance of appoggiaturas in so ancient a melody, and the number of bars in the phrases, four in one and five in another—nine in each part, are its most striking peculiarities. It is formed on an excellent design, similar to that of several fine airs of different nations. It consists of three parts, resembling each other excepting in the commencement of their

phrases, in which they tower above each other with increasing energy, and is altogether a curious and very favourable specimen of the state of music at this very early period.

The omission of a bar in each movement (marked by brackets) would make it strictly in modern rhythm.

NO. XLV. ROGER OF COVERLEY, (*Cowley*, near Oxford) is the old Dance Tune from which Addison took the name of SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY in the *Spectator*, and by which the dance itself is now better known. From Allan Ramsay's having written a song, called *The Mautman comes o' Monday*, to this tune, it has erroneously been placed under that name in some modern Scotch Collections. As this old favourite has recently come again into fashion, a description of the figure (as now danced) may interest some of our readers.

FIGURE OF ROGER DE COVERLEY. The couples stand as in other English Country Dances, the gentlemen facing the ladies. First—The gentleman at the top and the lady at the bottom of the dance advance to the centre, and turning round each other (giving the right hand) return to places (four bars of music). Second—The same figure repeated, but giving the *left* hand (four bars). Third—The same couple advance a third time, and the gentleman bowing and the lady courtesying, retire (four bars). The fourth is a chain figure, the first gentleman gives his right hand to his partner and left to the second lady, right to partner and left to third lady, and so on, the lady, in like manner, at the same time, giving her right hand to her partner and left to every gentleman, till they reach the bottom of the dance. They then hold up their hands joined, and every couple pass under them (beginning with the second gentleman and his partner) and turning outwards, i.e. gentlemen to the right and ladies to the left, return to places. Then the figure recommences with the second gentleman (now at the top) and the first lady, now at the bottom of the dance.

NO. XLV. MY LODGING IT IS ON THE COLD GROUND. This Song is taken from Sir William Davenant's Comedy of *The Rivals*, "acted by His Highness the Duke of York's servants" in 1668, and printed by William Cademan, at the Pope's Head, in the lower walk of the new Exchange, in the same year. Downes, in his *Roscius Anglicanus, or an Historical View of the Stage*, relates that King Charles II was so pleased on hearing Mrs. Davis sing this song in the character of Celania, the shepherdess mad for love, that he took her off the stage, and had a daughter by her, who was named Mary Tudor, and was married to Francis, Lord Ratcliffe, afterwards Earl of Derwentwater. Mrs. Davis (better known as Moll Davis) was one of the female actresses who boarded with Sir William Davenant, and was the first who played that part. The air as it is *usually* played is very different from any of the old printed copies, which are interspersed with a number of paltry symphonies and imitations, detracting very much from the beauty of the melody. See No. 46 bis, which is taken from an old edition printed on a half sheet, and is presented in *statu quo*. The following is a reprint of the song from the first edition of the play.*

* As this Song has been published by Moore in his admirable collection of *Irish Melodies*, the Editor wishes to state it as the opinion of Mr. Bunting, who has devoted his life to the collection of Irish music,—of Mr. Wade, who has also made it a particular study,—of Mr. Edward Taylor, the Gresham lecturer,—of Dr. Crotch, Mr. Ayrton, and many

other eminent musical antiquaries, that from internal evidence of the tune itself, it is *not* Irish, but English; nor indeed has he hitherto met with any difference of opinion amongst musicians upon the subject. About the time that it was printed in Moore's *Irish Melodies*, it was also published (in Dublin) in Clifton's *British Melodies*.

"MY LODGING IT IS ON THE COLD GROUND."

My lodging it is on the cold ground,
 And very hard is my fare ;
 But that which troubles me most is
 The unkindness of my dear.
 Yet still I cry, O turn love,
 And prethee love turn to me,
 For thou art the man that I long for,
 And alack what remedy !
 I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,
 And I'll marry thee with a rush ring,
 My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
 And merrily we will sing ;

O turn to me, my dear love,
 And prethee love turn to me,
 For thou art the man that alone canst
 Procure my liberty.
 But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
 And be deaf to my pittyful moan,
 Then I must endure the smart still,
 And tumble in straw all alone ;
 Yet still I cry, O turn love,
 And prethee love turn to me,
 For thou art the man that alone art
 The cause of my misery.

NO. XLVII. TOUCH THE THING, is better known as PUSH ABOUT THE JORUM, a Song written to the Air in the *Golden Pippin*, a burletta produced in 1773, and in which Miss Catley sang with great success. In Ritson's *Durham Garland* is a song to this tune, beginning *Ye Stockton Lads and Lasses*. The following song was written expressly, by Mr. W. Ball.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S LAMENT.

In Georgy's days, when war's alarms from shore to shore were bandied,
 And Nelson, like his country, fought his battles single-handed,
 My eyes ! a British sailor then (mayhap you'll call to mind, sir ?
 Look'd like a jolly lion bold, with *such* a tail behind, sir !
 Oh ! long shall poor old England that unlucky day bewail, sir,
 That turn'd her tars to croppies, and left Jack without his tail, sir !

When a younker, in the Thunderer, I sported such a beauty !
 I'll tell ye how it sav'd my neck, when up aloft on duty ;
 I slipp'd my stays, and down I dropp'd,—amid the shrouds it tangled,
 " Hollo there, shipmates ! here he comes !" but there I dingle-dangled !
 Sing Ri tol lol, and tow de row ! poor Jack has lost his tail, sir !

One day, among the Sandwiches, old Hokey Pokey's daughter,
 A little toppish heavy, tumbled right into the water ;
 I clear'd the side, and fish'd her up, and tightly she laid hold of
 (It sav'd her life) the article that you have just been told of.
 Sing Ri tol lol, &c.

Among the land sharks, on a time, I got into a row, sir,
 And just had put a brace to flight, (I think I see 'em now, sir !)
 I felt a thump, and turning quick, my tail at once swung round, sir ;
 And there the lubber's poor remains lay shiver'd on the ground, sir !
 Sing Ri tol lol, &c.

As for our wives and sweethearts, you may guess how they were shock'd, sir,
 When all the navy, as they heard, was order'd to be *dock'd*, sir ;
 We didn't mind it, now and then, a leg or arm to spare, sir,
 But all our tails to lose at once, 'twas *cutting* work to bear, sir !
 Sing Ri tol lol, &c.

Now, what the nobbs and great ones, in the name of common-sense, meant,
 No soul could tell, but some suppose 'tis what they call retrenchment :
 And as for that there Adm'rality (with me you must accord, sir)
 They all must have, among 'em, no more feeling than a *Board*, sir !
 Sing Ri tol lol, &c.

We ax'd the captain,—some of us were in a thund'ring passion,—
 But mightily consol'd, when told, *in short*, 'twas all the fashion :
 " The *Queux* were all *disbanded* now, so bear the lot assign'd ye ;
Sheer off ! says he, " but mind, d'ye see, to leave your *tails* behind ye !"
 Sing Ri tol lol, &c.

We set our tails all handsome, and to save 'em tried once more, sir,
 And such a grand array *behind*, you never saw before, sir :
 But all our 'monstrances were vain, old Bluff was at his fun again ;
 " I'll trouble you to *cut*," says he, " but not at all to come again."
 Sing Ri tol lol, &c.

Oh ! had you but have seen us, on that sharp and bitter morn, sir,
 When all was over, such a squad ! the shaven and the shorn, sir !
 To view ourselves without our tails, amid the waters bright, sir,
 The very dog-fish cock'd up theirs, and laugh'd at us outright, sir !
 Sing Ri tol lol, &c.

Nos. XLVIII AND XLIX. Two different editions of the BARKING BARBER. The first from a very old copy, the second from a modern edition, varying considerably from each other. It would puzzle a modern musician to construct an air of so much apparent simplicity, combined with such really good design. A great number of comic songs are sung to this tune, and on account of its popularity we have selected the following.

GUY FAWKES.

I sing a doleful tragedy,—
Guy Fawkes, that prince of sinisters,
 Who once blew up the house of Lords,
 The King and all his ministers :
 That is, he would have blown 'em up,
 And folks won't soon forget him :
 His will was good to do the deed,
 That is if they'd ha' let him.
 Tow row row !

Straightway he came from Lambeth side,
 And wish'd the state was undone,
 And crossing over Vauxhall bridge,
 Came that way into London :
 That is, he would have come that way,
 To perpetrate his guilt, sir ;
 But, the river was too wide to jump,
 And the bridge, it wasn't built, sir.
 Tow row row !

Then, he sneak'd into the dreary vault,
 At 'witching time o' night, sir,
 Resolv'd to fire the powder train
 With portable gaslight, sir !
 That is, he would have us'd the gas,
 But solely was prevented,
 'Cause *Gas*, you know, in James's time,
 It wasn't then invented.
 Tow row row !

Now, James, you know, was always thought,
 To be a very sly fox,
 So he bid 'em search th' aforesaid vault,
 And there they found poor Guy Fawkes,

For that he meant to blow them up,
 I think there's little doubt, sir,
 That is, I mean, provided he
 Had not ha' been found out, sir !
 Tow row row !

So, having caught him in the fact,
 So very near the crown's end,
 Away they sent to Bow-street,
 For that fam'd old runner Townsend :
 That is, they would have sent for him,
 For fear he was no starter at,
 But Townsend wasn't living then,
 He warn't aborn till arter that.
 Tow row row !

So, as he did not live that reign,
 No folks knew ought about him,
 And so they did the best they could,
 That is, they did without him.
 They quickly hung poor Guy aloft,
 The gallows held him high, sir ;
 But, tho' it sav'd the parliament,
 'Twas gallows hard for Guy, sir.
 Tow row row !

Now let us sing long live the king,
 And bless his royal son, sir ;
 And may he never be blown up !
 That is, if he have one, sir.
 For, if he has, he'll surely reign,
 For so predicts my song, sir ;
 And if he don't, why then he won't,
 And so I can't be wrong, sir.
 Tow row row !

No. L. BLACK-EYED SUSAN, OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS. This popular melody, the excellence of which has caused it to be attributed to Handel, was composed by Leveridge, author of *The roast beef of Old England*, and several other favourite songs. He was a bass singer at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and, when more than sixty years of age, still thought his voice so good that he offered for a wager of a hundred guineas to sing a bass song with any man in England.

Dr. Burney mentions having heard him sing in a style truly antediluvian. That Leveridge drew more upon memory than imagination will be seen by a comparison of the present air with that to the ballad *Send back my long strayed eyes*, which he appears to have had in view in the same manner (but not to the same extent) that he founded his *A Cobbler there was* upon *The Abbot of Canterbury*. The words of this beautiful song are by Gay, and it is to be found in the *Musical Miscellany*, vol. iv. The air was also introduced into *The Devil to Pay*, *The Village Opera*, &c. One of Ophelia's songs, in *Hamlet*, also begins in nearly the same manner, see Tune 38 bis.

BLACK EYED-SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board :
" Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew !"

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below :
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If, chance, his mate's shrill voice he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

" O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain :
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind :
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright ;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
No longer must she stay on board :
They kiss, she sigh'd, he hung his head ;
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land ;
Adieu ! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

NO. LI. BLOW THY HORNE, HUNTER. This fine old Song, is from a manuscript of the time of Henry VIII, in the British Museum.

NO. LII. THE BRITISH GRENADIERS. The date of this fine old melody appears altogether uncertain, as it is to be found in such different shapes at different periods. The present copy is about eighty years old, but Tunes 52 and 53, the one two hundred and the other probably three hundred years old, are evidently from the same source. The commencement of the air is also like a tune called New Bath, in the *Dancing Master*, and like Prince Rupert's March, the end also resembles *Old King Cole* (Tune 16) with a difference of being major instead of minor. Next to the National Anthems there is not any tune of a more spirit-stirring character, nor is any more truly characteristic of English national music.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these ;
But of all the world's brave heroes there's none that can compare
With a tow, row row, row row, row row, to the British Grenadiers.
Chorus, But all the world, &c.

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,
 Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal ;
 But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
 Sing tow, row row, row row, row row, to the British Grenadiers.
Chorus, But our brave boys, &c.

Then Jove the god of thunder, and Mars the god of war,
 Brave Neptune with his trident, Apollo in his car,
 And all the gods celestial descending from their spheres,
 Behold with admiration the British Grenadiers.
Chorus, And all the gods, &c.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
 Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand grenades,
 We throw them from the glacis, about the Frenchmen's ears,
 Sing tow, row row, row row, row row, the British Grenadiers.
Chorus, We throw them, &c.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
 The townsmen cry Hurra, boys, here comes a Grenadier,
 Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears,
 Then sing tow, row row, row row, row row, the British Grenadiers.
Chorus, Here come the, &c.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
 Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the louped clothes,
 May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
 With a tow, row row, row row, row row, for the British Grenadiers.
Chorus, May they, &c.

NO. LIII. SIR EDWARD NOUWELL'S DELIGHT. This is an exact copy of the title of a tune as given in the aforementioned Collection, printed at Amsterdam in 1634. It is evidently misspelt, but so found in the original. It is one of those tunes which strongly resemble *The British Grenadiers*. See also the following.

NO. LIV. ALL YOU THAT LOVE GOOD FELLOWS. This Song, the words of which the Editor regrets not having found, must be older than THE LONDON PRENTICE, because that ballad was originally sung to the tune, as an examination of any of the black-letter copies in the British Museum will prove. The air (as well as No. 55) was afterwards called by the latter name. It is here given from the copy in Ritson's English Songs.

THE HONOUR OF A LONDON PRENTICE.

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

He was born [and bred] in Cheshire,
 The chief of men was he ;
 From thence brought up to London,
 A prentice for to be.
 A merchant on the bridge
 Did like his service so,
 That, for three years, his factor
 To Turkey he should go.

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

In armour richly gilded,
 Well mounted on a steed,
 One score of knights most hardy
 One day he made to bleed ;
 And brought them all to ground,
 Who proudly did deny
 Elizabeth to be the pearl
 Of princely majesty.

The king of that same country
 Thereat began to frown,
 And will'd his son, there present,
 To pull this youngster down ;
 Who, at his father's words,
 These boasting speeches said,
 "Thou art a traitor, English boy,
 And hast the traitor play'd."

"I am no boy, nor traitor,
 Thy speeches I defy,
 For which I'll be revenged
 Upon thee, by and by ;
 A London prentice still
 Shall prove as good a man,
 As any of your Turkish knights,
 Do all the best you can."

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

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

Two lions were prepared
 This prentice to devour,
 Near famish'd up with hunger,
 Ten days within a tower,
 To make them far more fierce,
 And eager of their prey,
 To glut themselves with human gore,
 Upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment
 At length grew nigh at hand,
 Where all the noble ladies
 And barons of the land
 Attended on the king,
 To see this prentice slain,
 And buried in the hungry maws
 Of those fierce lions twain.

Then in his shirt of cambric,
 With silk most richly wrought,
 This worthy London prentice
 Was from the prison brought,
 And to the lions given
 To stanch their hunger great,
 Which had not eat in ten days' space
 Not one small bit of meat.

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

For when the hungry lions
 Had cast on him their eyes,
 The elements did thunder
 With the echo of their cries :
 And running all amain
 His body to devour,
 Into their throats he thrust his arms,
 With all his might and power :

From thence, by manly valour,
 Their hearts he tore in sunder,
 And at the king he threw them,
 To all the people's wonder.
 "This have I done, (quoth he)
 For lovely England's sake ;
 And for my country's maiden-queen
 Much more will undertake."

But when the king perceived
 His wrothful lions' hearts,
 Afflicted with great terror,
 His rigour soon reverts ;
 And turned all his hate
 Into remorse and love,
 And said, "It is some angel,
 Sent down from heaven above."

"No, no, I am no angel,
 (The courteous young man said,)
 But born in famous England,
 Where God's word is obey'd ;
 Assisted by the heavens,
 Who did me thus befriend ;
 Or else they had, most cruelly,
 Brought here my life to end."

The king, in heart amazed,
 Lift up his eyes to heaven,
 And for his foul offences
 Did crave to be forgiven ;
 Believing that no land
 Like England may be seen,
 No people better governed
 By virtue of a Queen.

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

NO. LV. THE LONDON PRENTICE, OR ALL IN A MISTY MORNING. The latter song is by D'Urfey, and is to be found in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. iv. p. 148, entitled THE WILTSHIRE WEDDING. The tune was introduced into *The Devil to Pay* and *The Beggar's Opera* a century ago, about which time it was also often called by the former name. See the preceding.

NO. LVI. DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN. Taken from a very old copy, printed only on one side. This was a great favourite with the late Samuel Wesley, who used constantly to fugue upon it. The passages of the melody to the words "Down among the dead men" are particularly vigorous and effective.

HONEST HEALTHS, OR "DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN."

HERE's a health to the king and a lasting peace,
To faction an end, to wealth increase;
Come let's drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he that will this health deny
Down among the dead men let him lye.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found,
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless women-hating crew;
And they that women's health deny,
Down among the dead men let them lye!

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to Love.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lye.

May love and wine their rites maintain,
And their united pleasures reign,
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford;
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lye.

NO. LVII. AS DOWN IN THE MEADOWS. This pretty and graceful song is to be found in the *Musical Miscellany*, vol. i. p. 62. It was a great favourite a hundred years ago, and was introduced into the ballad opera of *Polly, The Cobbler's Opera*, and several others. It begins very much like the old masonic song which follows.

SUSAN'S COMPLAINT AND REMEDY.

As down in the meadows I chanced to pass,
Oh! there I beheld a young beautiful lass;
Her age, I am sure, it was scarcely fifteen,
And she on her head wore a garland of green:
Her lips were like rubies, and as for her eyes,
They sparkled like diamonds or stars in the skies:
And then, oh her voice, it was charming and clear,
As sadly she sung for the loss of her dear.

Why does my love Willy prove false and unkind,
Oh why does he change like the wavering wind,
From one that is loyal in every degree?
Ah! why does he change to another from me?
In the meadows as we were a making of hay,
Oh there did we pass the soft minutes away;
And then was I kiss'd and set down on his knee,
No man in the world was so loving as he.

But now he has left me, and Fanny the fair
Employs all his wishes, his thoughts and his care;
He kisses her lip as she sits on his knee,
And says all the sweet things he once said to me:
But if she believe him, the false-hearted swain
Will leave her, and then she with me may complain;
For naught is more certain, believe, silly Sue,
Who once has been faithless can never be true.

She finished her song, and rose up to be gone,
When over the meadow came jolly young John;
Who told her that she was the joy of his life,
And if she'd consent, he would make her his wife:
She could not refuse him, to church so they went,
Young Willy's forgot, and young Susan's content.
Most men are like Willy, most women like Sue,
If men will be false, why should women be true?

THE WOMEN ALL TELL ME I'M FALSE TO MY LASS, was sometimes sung to this tune.

NO. LVIII. A FREE AND ACCEPTED MASON, also frequently called only FREEMASON'S TUNE, as the vehicle of many other masonic songs. It was popular at the time *The Beggar's Opera* came out, and was introduced into *The Village Opera*, *The Chambermaid*, *The Lottery*, and others. It is also in the *Musical Miscellany*.

A FREE AND AN ACCEPTED MASON.

WHEN quite a young spark,
I was in the dark,
And wanted to alter my station;
I went to a friend,
Who proved in the end,
A free and an accepted Mason.

At a door he then knocked,
Which quickly unlocked,
When he bid me to put a good face on;
And not be afraid,
For I should be made
A free and an accepted Mason.

My wishes were crowned,
And a master I found,
Who made a most solemn oration;
Then showed me the light,
And gave me the right
Sign, token, and word, of a Mason.

How great my amaze,
When I first saw the blaze,
And how struck with the mystic occasion!
Astonished, I found,
Though free, I was bound
To a free and an accepted Mason.

When clothed in white,
I took great delight,
In the work of this noble vocation;

And knowledge I gained,
When the Lodge he explained
Of a free and an accepted Mason.

I was bound, it appears,
For seven long years,
Which to me is of trifling duration;
With freedom I serve,
And strain ev'ry nerve,
To acquit myself like a good Mason.

A bumper, then, fill,
With a hearty good will,
To our master pay due veneration;
Who taught us the art
We ne'er will impart,
Unless to an accepted Mason.

The following is the Song more usually sung at masonic meetings, and by which it will be better known.

A FREE AND ACCEPTED MASON.

Come, let us prepare,
We *brothers* that are
Assembled on merry occasion;
Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
Our wine has a spring,
Here's a health to an accepted mason.

The world is in pain
Our secret to gain,
And still let them wonder and gaze on,
They ne'er can divine
The word or the sign
Of a free and an accepted mason.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why so many great men of the nation,
Should aprons put on
To make themselves one
With a free and an accepted mason.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
Have laid by their swords,
Our mysteries to put a good grace on,
And ne'er been ashamed
To hear themselves named
With a free and an accepted mason.

Still firm to our trust
In friendship we're just,
Our actions we guide by our reason,
By observing this rule,
The passions move cool
Of a free and an accepted mason.

All idle debate
About church or the state,
The springs of impiety and treason,
These raisers of strife
Ne'er ruffle the life
Of a free and an accepted mason.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our side,
Which adds high renown to our station,
There's nought but what's good
To be understood
By a free and an accepted mason.

The clergy embrace,
And all Aaron's race,
Our square actions their knowledge to place on;
And in each degree
They'll honoured be
With a free and an accepted mason.

We're true and sincere
In our love to the fair,
Who will trust us on every occasion;
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a free and an accepted mason.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm stand;
Let's be merry and put a good face on;
What mortal can boast
So noble a toast
As a free and an accepted mason!

No. LIX. and LIX. *bis*. A TRIP TO MARROW BONE, probably the village of Mary-le-bone, the gardens* of which were a favourite public resort. This fine spirited air is to be found in the twelfth and other editions of *The Dancing Master*. No. 59 *bis*, has the original bass copied from *The Dancing Master*. It was to this air that D'Urfey wrote his Song *Maiden fresh as a Rose*, which was sung by Mr. Pack, "acting a quaker," in *The Richmond Heiress*.

* A public house, formerly pertaining to one of the entrances of Marylebone Gardens, is yet to be seen. It now forms No. 32, High Street, the sign "The White Rose of Normandy;" and the doorway is considerably below the level of the street.

No. LX. IN THE SEASON OF THE YEAR, sometimes called THE POACHER'S SONG, the date or origin of which it is difficult to trace; but so well known among the peasantry, that it has been sung by several hundred voices together at Windsor, at the harvest-homes of George the Fourth.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER.

WHEN I was bound apprentice in fair Lincolnshire,
Full well I serv'd my master for more than seven year,
'Till I took up to Poaching, as you shall *quickly* hear,
O 'tis my delight, on a shining night, in the season of the year.

As me and my comarade were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper, for him we did not care,
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump o'er anywhere,
O 'tis my delight, on a shining night, in the season of the year.

As me and my comarade were setting four or five,
And taking on him up again, we caught the hare alive,
We took the hare alive, my boys, and thro' the woods did steer,
O 'tis my delight, on a shining night, in the season of the year.

We threw him over our shoulder, and then we trudged home,
We took him to a neighbour's house, and sold him for a crown,
We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell you where,
O 'tis my delight, on a shining night, in the season of the year.

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every Poacher that wants to sell a hare,
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer,
O 'tis my delight, on a shining night, in the season of the year.

To this we subjoin, by permission of D'Almaine and Co., Planché's beautiful Song *In the Spring-time of the Year*, written to the same air.

IN THE SPRING-TIME OF THE YEAR.

O, WELL do I remember that lone but lovely hour,
When the stars had met
And the dews had wet
Each gently-closing flower.
When the moon-lit trees
Wav'd in the breeze
Above the sleeping deer,
And we fondly stray'd
Through the green-wood shade
In the spring-time of the year.

When all was still beneath the bright moon's chaste and
Save the ceaseless flow [quiet eye,
Of the stream below,
And the night-wind's fragrant sigh,
Which brought the song

Of the distant throng
So faintly to the ear,
As we fondly stray'd
Through the green-wood shade
In the spring-time of the year.
O, like an infant's dream of joy was that sweet hour to
As pure as bright, me!
As swift in flight,
From care, from fear as free!
And from my heart
The life must part,
Which now it's pulse doth cheer,
Ere the thought shall fade
Of that green-wood shade
In the spring-time of the year.

No. LXI. UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE is to be found in nearly every edition of *The Dancing Master*. In the edition of 1686, and some others, it is in common time, but generally in 6-4 time. Its popularity caused it to be introduced into *The Devil to pay*, *The Village Opera*, *The Jovial Crew*, *The Cobbler's Opera*, &c. From the similiarity of the title of this song to that of Shakspeare's in *As you like it*, we were, at first, led to suppose that the tune might be the same to which those words were sung, before Dr. Arne composed the one now adopted; but a song in *D'Urfey's Pills to purge Melancholy*, called "The Countryman's delight" appears to be the original.

In a collection in 1590, reprinted by Andro Hart in 1621, under the title of "Ane compendious Booke of godly and spiritual Songs, collectit out of sundrie parts of Scripture, with sundrie of other Balates changed out of prophane Songs for avoiding of sinne and harlotrie," &c., one of the Songs so transformed, and of which the first lines are preserved, is "Hay, trim goe trix, *under the Greenwood Tree*." The tunes of three others "John, come kiss me now," "Goe from my Window," and "The Hunt's Up," are preserved in Queen Elizabeth's and Lady Nevill's Virginal Books. For these tunes see Index.

No. LXII. Three different copies of the tune of FORTUNE; the first, as given by Dr. Burney, the second from Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, and the third from the before-mentioned collection of English Airs published at Haarlem in 1626. This tune is invested with particular interest from the old ballad of "Titus Andronicus"* (on which Shakspeare founded his play of the same name) having been sung to it. A black-letter copy of the original is in the collection of Ballads in the British Museum, entitled "A sweet Sonnet, wherein the lover exclaimeth against Fortune for the loss of his Lady's favour, almost past hope to get it again, and in the end receives comfortable answer, and attains his desire as may here appear."

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT FOR THE LOSS OF HIS LOVE.

FORTUNE, my foe, why dost thou frown on me?
And will thy favours never greater be?
Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed me pain,
And wilt thou ne'er restore my joys again?

Fortune hath wrought me grief and great annoy;
Fortune hath falsely stol'n my love away,
My love and joy, whose sight did make me glad;
Such great misfortunes never young man had, &c.

There are a great number of verses in the above, of which these are a sufficient specimen; but as the ballad of *The Devil and Dr. Faustus*, which was also sung to this tune, has not appeared in any modern collection, its former popularity entitles it to a place. The following is from a black letter copy in the British Museum. It is illustrated by two wood-cuts at the top: one representing Dr. Faustus signing the contract with the Devil, and the other representing him standing in his magic circle, with a wand in his left hand, and what appears to be meant for a flaming sword in his right. A little devil is seated on his right arm.

THE JUDGMENT OF GOD SHEWED UPON DR. JOHN FAUSTUS.

Tune of Fortune, my Foe.

Licensed and entered.

All christian men give ear awhile to me,
How I am plunged in pain but cannot die;
I liv'd a life, the like did none before,
Forsaking Christ, and I am damn'd therefore.
At Wittenburgh, a town in Germany,
There was I born and bred, of good degree,
Of honest stock, which afterwards I sham'd,
Accurst therefore, for Faustus was I nam'd.
In learning low my uncle brought me up,
And made me doctor in divinity;
And when he dy'd he left me all his wealth,
Whose cursed gold did hinder my soul's health;
Then did I shun the holy bible-book,
Nor on God's word would ever after look,

But studied accursed conjuration,
Which was the cause of my utter damnation.
The devil in friar's weeds appeared to me,
And streight to my request he did agree
That I might have all things at my desire,
I gave him soul and body for his hire;
Twice did I make my tender flesh to bleed,
Twice with my blood I wrote the devil's deed,
Twice wretchedly I soul and body sold,
To live in pleasure, and do what things I would,
For four and twenty years this bond was made,
And at the length my soul was truly paid.
Time ran away, and yet I never thought
How dear my soul our saviour Christ had bought.

* "Titus Andronicus' Complaint," printed in *Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.

Would I had first been made a beast by kind,
 Then had not I so vainly set my mind;
 Or would, when reason first began to bloom,
 Some darksome den had been my deadly tomb.
 Woe to the day of my nativity,
 Woe to the time that once did foster me,
 And woe unto the hand that sealed the bill,
 Woe to myself the cause of all my ill!
 The time I past away, with much delight,
 'Mongst princes, peers, and many a worthy knight,
 I wrought such wonders by my magic skill,
 That all the world may talk of Faustus still.
 The devil he carry'd me up in the sky,
 Where I did see how all the world did lie;
 I went about the world in eight days space,
 And then return'd unto my native place.
 What pleasure I did wish to please my mind,
 He did perform, as bond and seal did bind;
 The secrets of the stars and planets told,
 Of earth and sea, with wonders manifold.
 When four and twenty years was almost run,
 I thought of all things that were past and done,
 How that the devil would soon claim his right,
 And carry me to everlasting night.
 Then all too late I curst my wicked deed,
 The dread whereof doth make my heart to bleed;

All days and hours I mourned wondrous sore,
 Repenting me of all things done before:
 I then did wish both sun and moon to stay,
 All times and seasons never to decay:
 Then had my time ne'er come unto an end,
 Nor soul and body down to hell descend.
 At last, when I had but one hour to come,
 I turn'd my glass for my last hour to run;
 And called in learned men to comfort me,
 But faith was gone, and none could comfort me.
 By Twelve o'clock, my glass was almost out,
 My grieved conscience then began to doubt;
 I wisht the students stay in chamber by,
 But as they staid they heard a dreadful cry,
 Then presently they came into the hall,
 Just as my brains were cast against the wall,
 Both arms and legs in pieces torn they see,
 My bowels gone; this was an end of me.
 You conjurors and damned witches all,
 Example take by my unhappy fall,
 Give not your souls and bodies unto hell,
 See that the smallest hair you do not sell,
 But hope that Christ his kingdom you may gain,
 Where you shall never fear such mortal pain;
 Forsake the devil, and all his crafty ways,
 Embrace true faith that never more decays.

No. LXIII. THE DUSTY MILLER, from *Crotch's Specimens*, vol. i. The syncopation in this Air is a common feature in old English tunes, of from two to three hundred years old. The same is observable in the *Carman's Whistle* and others, in Queen Elizabeth's and Lady Neville's Virginal Books.

No. LXIV. and LXIV. *bis*. FAREWELL MANCHESTER, OR FELTON'S GAVOT. This tune was played by the troops of Charles Stuart on leaving Manchester in December, 1745, at which time it was extremely popular, and a Song was written to it, which we have not been able to recover. It is now better known by Mr. Haynes Bayly's words "Give that wreath to me," which Sir John Stevenson adapted to the tune. It was composed by the Rev. Wm. Felton, prebendary of Hereford. No. 64 is the original copy, and No. 64 *bis*, the modern version.

No. LXV. NEW WELLS. A tune resembling the foregoing, from Walsh's *New Country Dancing Master*.

No. LXVI. THE JOLLY BACCHANAL, from Walsh's *British Musical Miscellany*, or *Delightful Grove*, vol. i. p. 92.

THE JOLLY BACCHANAL.

LET's tope and be merry, be jolly and cherry,
 Since here is good wine, good wine;
 Let's laugh at the fools that live by dull rules,
 And at us good fellows repine,
 And at us good fellows repine.
 Here, here, are delights to amuse the dull nights,
 And equal a man with a god;

To enliven the clay, drive all care away,
 Without it a man's but a clod.

Then let us be willing to spend t'other shilling,
 Since money we know is but dirt;
 It suits no design like paying for wine,
 T'other bottle will do us no hurt.

No. LXVII. THE MITTER RANT, from Playford's *Music's Handmaid*, 1678.

No. LXVIII. THE BARLEY MOW is an old Song still well known in Hertfordshire and the adjoining counties, where it is very generally sung by the countrymen in alehouses after their daily labour. At the end of each verse, all join in chorus, repeating the words "A health to the Barley Mow," and prolonging the final note. It bears a strong resemblance to the two preceding tunes.

THE BARLEY MOW.

AND we'll drink out of the nipperkin, boys,
A health to the Barley Mow;
And we'll drink out of the pipperkin, boys,
A health to the Barley Mow.
The nipperkin, pipperkin, and the brown bowl,
A health to the Barley Mow, my boys,
A health to the Barley Mow.

And we'll drink out of the half-quartern, boys,
A health to the Barley Mow;
Here's a health to go merrily round, boys,
A health to the Barley Mow.
The half-quartern, pipperkin, and the brown bowl,
A health to the Barley Mow, my boys,
A health to the Barley Mow.

And we'll drink out of the quartern, my boys, &c.

At each verse, the measure increases gradually from half-pint, pint, quart, half-gallon, gallon, to barrel or hogshead, according to the number of verses the lungs of the singer enable him to sing; and, sometimes, the words are made to multiply at each verse by speaking or chanting after the words "nipperkin, pipperkin," half-quartern, quartern, half pint, &c. one being added at each verse, and always finishing (as in verse 1) "and the brown bowl."

There is another tune under the same name in *The Dancing Master*.

No. LXIX. DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES. All attempts to discover the author of this exquisite air have hitherto proved unavailing, and, in all probability, will now remain so. Dr. Burney, who was extremely anxious to ascertain its origin, confessed to a friend that he could not even guess the source from whence it came. The words are by Ben Jonson.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be:
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when, it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!

No. LXX. A MORRIS OR BELL DANCE, taken from a collection of English Tunes published at Haarlem in 1626; and also included in the collection printed in Amsterdam in 1634.

The Morris Dance was sometimes performed by itself, but was much more frequently joined to processions and pageants, especially to those appointed for the celebration of the May Day Games. The festival, instituted in honour of Robin Hood, was usually solemnized on the first and succeeding days of May, and owes its original establishment to the cultivation and improvement of the manly exercise of archery, which was not, in former times, practised merely for the sake of amusement.

"I find," says Stow, "that in the moneth of May, the citizens of London, of all estates, lightlie in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joyning together, had their severall *mayinges*, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers *warlike shewes*, with good *archers*, *morrice-dancers*, and

other devices for pastime all the day long : and towards the evening they had stage-plays and bone-fires in the streetes. . . . These great Mayinges and Maygames, made by the governors and masters of this citie, with the triumphant setting up of the greate shafte, (a principal Maypole in Cornhill, before the parish church of St. Andrew, which, from the pole being higher than the steeple itself, was called St. Andrew Undershafte) by 'meane of an insurrection of youtnes against alianes on Mayday, 1517,* the ninth of Henry the Eighth, have not beene so freely used as afore."—*Survey of London*, 1598, p. 72.

Henry the Eighth appears to have been particularly attached to the exercise of archery, and the observance of May. "Some short time after his coronation," says Hall, "he came to Westminster, with the quene, and all their traine : and on a tyme being there, his grace, therles of Essex, Wilshire, and other noble menne, to the numbere of twelve, came sodainly in a morning into the quene's chambre, all appareled in short cotes of Kentish Kendall, with hodes on their heddes, and hosen of the same, every one of them his bowe and arrowes, and a sworde and a bucklar, like outlawes, or 'Robyn' Hodes men ; whereof the quene, the ladies, and al other there, were abashed, as well for the straunge sight, as also for their sodain commyng : and after certayn daunces and pastime made thei departed."—*Hen. VIII.* fo. 6, b. The same author gives a curious account of "A Maiynge" in the seventh year of that monarch, 1516.

In some places these games were nothing more than a Morris Dance ; and, on these occasions, the hobby-horse, or a dragon, with Robin Hood, a boy dressed up like a girl to represent Maid Marian, (Robin Hood's mistress) Friar Tuck, Little John, and other characters, supposed to have been the companions of that famous outlaw, made the principal group in the dance.

In Sir W. Davenant's play of *The Rivals* we have the following :

Arcon. This seems to be the country poet : what represent you first ?

First Countryman. We represent a morrice for the first thing,
Whose 'coutrements hang heavy on my purse string,
Tho' lightly on the hobby-horse and danciers,
He learns to wigby, and the rest to prance, sirs,
They're all so skittish that when you behold them,
You may e'en swear the hobby-horse has foaled them.

Arcon. Are they ready ?

First Coun. They're entering ; and to prove I do not bob ye,
The horse comes first here, which is called the hobby,
Some with long spoons, (quoth proverb stale and addle)
Eat with the devil ; this, sir, has a ladle.
Next comes the man with tabor, which, by some
Among the pigmies is yclep'd a drum ;
Then, with the rest, comes in that ugly carrion
Which country bachelors do call Maid Marion.
(*They dance a morris here.*)

The garments of the morris dancers were adorned with bells, which were not placed there merely for the sake of ornament, but were sounded as they danced. These bells were of unequal sizes, and differently denominated ; as the fore bell, the second bell, the treble, the tenor or great bell, and mention is also made of double bells. The principal dancer in the morris was more superbly habited than his companions ; as appears from a passage in an old play, *The blind Beggar of Bethnall*

* The 'story of Ill May day, in the time of Henry the Eighth, and why it is so called ; and how Queen Catherine begged the lives of two thousand London apprentices," is the

subject of an old ballad in Johnson's *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*, and has been reprinted in Evans' *Old Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 76, edition of 1810.

Green, dramatized from the ballad of the same name, by John Day, 1659, wherein it is said of one of the characters, "He wants no clothes, for he hath a cloak laid on with gold lace, and an embroidered jerkin; and thus he is marching hither like the foreman of a morris."

The morris dancers were not confined to any particular number. In an engraving in Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, there are five; and Dr. Johnson (see Dictionary, word "morris dance,") speaks of a set of morris dancers who went about the country, consisting of ten men, who danced besides Maid Marian, and one who played upon the pipe and tabor.

Strutt says "The hobby-horse, which seems latterly to have been almost inseparable from the morris-dance, was a compound figure; the resemblance of the head and tail of a horse, with a light wooden frame for the body, was attached to the person who was to perform the double character, covered with trappings reaching to the ground, so as to conceal the feet of the actor, and prevent its being seen that the supposed horse had none. Thus equipped, he was to prance about, imitating the curvetings and motions of a horse, as we may gather from the following speech in an old tragedy, called the *Vow-breaker*, or *Fair Maid of Clifton*, by William Sampson, 1636. 'Have I not practised my reines, my carreeres, my praukers, my ambles, my false trots, my smooth ambles, and Canterbury paces—and shall the mayor put me, besides the hobby horse? I have borrowed the fore-horse bells, his plumes, and braveries; nay, I have had the mane new shorn and frizelled. Am I not going to buy ribbons and toys of sweet Ursula for the Marian—and shall I not play the hobby-horse? Provide thou the dragon, and let me alone for the hobby-horse.' And afterwards; 'Alas, sir! I come only to borrow a few ribbandes, bracelets, ear-rings, wyertyers, and silk girdles, and handkerchers, for a morris and a show before the queen; I come to furnish the hobby-horse.'"

"The word morris applied to the dance is usually derived from Morisco,* which in the Spanish language signifies a Moor, as if the dance had been taken from the Moors; but I cannot help considering this as a mistake, for it appears to me that the Morisco or Moor dance is exceedingly different from the morris-dance formerly practised in this country; it being performed by the castanets, or rattles, at the end of the fingers, and not with bells attached to various parts of the dress. In a comedy called *Variety*, printed in 1649, we meet with this passage; 'like a Bacchanalian, dancing the Spanish Morisco, with knackers at his fingers.' This dance was usually, I believe, performed by a single person, which by no means agrees with the morris-dance." I make no doubt the morris-dance, which was exceedingly popular in this country, originated from the fool's dance,† and thence we trace the bells which characterised the morris dancers.

Other particulars of the morris-dance are contained in Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, in Ritson's *Robin Hood*, and in an account of a painted window, appended to part of Henry the Fourth, in Stevens' Shakspeare, the fifteen volume edition. For the other morris dances in this Collection, see Index.

NO. LXXI. ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD. Of all fertile sources for the invention of the English Ballad maker, none has appeared so inexhaustible and universally acceptable to the hearers, as the life and adventures of Robin Hood: "and it is indeed singular that an outlaw of the twelfth or thirteenth century should continue traditionally popular, be chanted in ballads, have given rise to numerous proverbs, and still be 'familiar in our mouth as household words' in the nineteenth."

* See "A Morisco" from *The Dancing Master* of 1665.

† The Fool's Dance is fully described in Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*.

“ In this our spacious isle I think there is not one
 But he of ‘ Robin Hood hath heard,’ and Little John ;
 And to the end of time the tales shall ne’er be done
 Of Scarlock, George a Greene, and Much the miller’s son,
 Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
 In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.”

Drayton.

In the *Vision of Pierce Ploughman*, an allegorical poem, thought to have been composed soon after the year 1360, the author introduces a drunken priest in the character of Sloth, who makes the following confession :

“ I cannot parfitli mi paternoster, as the priest it singeth,
 But I can RYMS OF ROBEH HOODE, ‘ and *Randolf*’ *erl of Chester*,
 But of our lorde or our lady I lerne nothyng at all.”

“ Fordun, the Scottish historian, who wrote about 1340, speaking of Robin Hood and Little John, and their accomplices, says, ‘ of whom the foolish vulgar in comedies and tragedies make lewd entertainment, and are delighted to hear the jesters and minstrels sing them above all other ballads :’ and Mair (or Major), whose history was published by himself in 1521, observes that ‘ the exploits of this Robert are celebrated in songs throughout all Britain.’ So, likewise, Hector Bois, or Boethius, who wrote about the same period, having mentioned, ‘ that waithman Robert Hode with his fallow litil Johnne,’ adds, ‘ of quhom ar mony fabillis and mery sportis sounge amang the vulgar pepyll.’

Bishop Latimer, in his sixth sermon before King Edward the Sixth, complains that having sent word overnight to a town that he would preach there in the morning, when he arrived he found the church door locked, and after waiting half an hour and more for the key, one of the parish came to him, and said : “ Syr, this ys a busye daye with us, we cannot heare you ; it ys *Robyn Hoodes daye* ;” and he was obliged to give place for Robin Hood ; and adds, “ It is no laughyng matter, my friends, it is a wepyng matter, a heavy matter, under the pretence for gatherynge for Robyn Hoode, a traytoure and a thefe, to put out a preacher, to have his office less esteemed, to prefer Robyn Hoode to Goddes Worde.”

Tyndale, in his *Obedyence of Chrysten man*, 1561, advises his readers to “ gyrd on the swerd of the spirit, which is God’s worde, and take to the shyld of fayth, whiche is *not* to beleue a tale of Robyne Hode, &c. but to beleue Gods worde that lasteth ever.” Fry, in his *Clergy in their Colours*, 1650, says, “ for such, as by a fine distinction they call laity, they should spend their time in reading tales of Robin Hood ;”—indeed quotations might be endlessly heaped together to prove his popularity at all periods, but it is greatly to be regretted that with the numerous ballads so few of the tunes have been preserved.

Ritson, who collected many curious and highly interesting particulars of his life, with a large number of the best ballads concerning him, could only discover two of the tunes, (No. 71 and 72) although the following are constantly referred to in old songs, and must have been very generally known : *Robin Hood and the Beggar*, *Robin Hood and the Stranger*, *Robin Hood and Queen Katharine*, *Robin Hood and the Fifteen Foresters*, *Robin Hood and the Shepheard*, *Robin Hood and Arthur a Bland*, *Robin Hood and the Tinker*, or “ In summer time,” *Robin Hood’s last Farewell*, *Robin Hood was a tall young Man*, *Robin Hood*, or “ Hey down, down, a down,” *Robin Hood in the Greenwood stood* ; and many of the other songs about Robin Hood are to be sung to one or other of the above tunes. Hitherto we have succeeded in finding but one more of them, and that having been only traditionally preserved, is not to be entirely relied on ; but should any of the

public libraries* take the trouble to catalogue the music in their possession, it is to be hoped that the others may yet be brought to light.

As Robin Hood is so constantly the theme of our old ballads, the following particulars of him may probably be acceptable to many who are not in possession of Ritson's historical anecdotes of his life, from which they are chiefly abbreviated.

"Robin Hood was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, in the reign of King Henry the Second, and about the year of Christ 1160. His extraction was noble, and his true name Robert Fitzooth, which vulgar pronunciation easily corrupted into Robin Hood. He is frequently styled, and commonly reputed to have been Earl of Huntingdon; a title to which, in the latter part of his life, at least, he actually appears to have had some sort of pretension. In his youth he is reported to have been of a wild and extravagant disposition; insomuch, that his inheritance being consumed or forfeited by his excesses, and his person outlawed for debt, either from necessity or choice, he sought an asylum in the woods and forests, with which immense tracts, especially in the northern parts of the kingdom, were at that time covered. Of these he chiefly affected Barnsdale in Yorkshire, Sherwood in Nottinghamshire, and, according to some, Plompton-park, in Cumberland. Here he either found, or was afterwards joined by, a number of persons in similar circumstances;

‘ Such as the fury of ungoverned youth
Thrust from the company of lawful men;’

who appear to have considered and obeyed him as their chief or leader, and of whom his principal favourites, or those in whose courage and fidelity he most confided, were Little John, (whose surname is said to have been Nailor,) William Scadlock, (Scathelock or Scarlet), George a Greene pinder (or pound-keeper) of Wakefield, Much, a miller's son, and a certain monk or friar named Tuck. He is likewise said to have been accompanied in his retreat by a female, of whom he was enamoured, and whose real or adopted name was Marian.

"His company, in process of time, consisted of a hundred archers; 'men,' says Major, 'most skilful in battle, whom four times that number of the boldest fellows durst not attack. His manner of recruiting was somewhat singular; for, in the words of an old writer, 'whersoever he hard of any that were of unusual strength and 'hardines,' he would desgyse himself, and rather then fayle, go lyke a begger, to become acquaynted with them; and, after he had tryed them with fyghting, never give them over tyl he had used means to drawe [them] to lyve after his fashion:' a practice of which numerous instances are recorded in the more common and popular songs, where, indeed, he seldom fails to receive a sound beating. In shooting with the long bow, which they chiefly practised, 'they excelled all the men of the land; though as occasion required, they had also other weapons.'

"In these forests, and with this company, he for many years reigned like an independent sovereign; at perpetual war, indeed, with the king of England, and all his subjects, with an exception, however, of the poor and needy, and such as were 'desolate and oppressed,' or stood in need of his protection. When molested, by a superior force, in one place, he retired to another, still defying the power of what was called law and government, and making his enemies pay dearly, as well for their open attacks, as for their clandestine treachery.

"The deer with which the royal forests then abounded would afford our hero and his companions

* The state of our public libraries as regards the music is a national reproach, and the difficulty of procuring works of reference has undoubtedly prevented the appearance of many a valuable publication illustrative of the music of our forefathers. So greatly has the want of a musical library been felt, that an endeavour has been recently made by the Society

of British Musicians, and a similar attempt is now in progress by the Gresham Lecturer, to form a public collection; but, unfortunately, in either case, the want of funds is an obstacle as yet too great for the due and adequate advancement of an object so desirable.

an ample supply of food throughout the year; and of fuel, for dressing their venison, or for the other purposes of life, they could evidently be in no want. The rest of their necessities would be easily procured, partly by taking what they had occasion for from the wealthy passenger, who traversed or approached their territories, and partly by commerce with the neighbouring villages or great towns.

“It may be readily imagined that such a life, during great part of the year at least, and while it continued free from the alarms or apprehensions to which our foresters, one would suppose, must have been too frequently subject, might be sufficiently pleasant and desirable, and even deserve the compliment which is paid to it by Shakspeare, in his comedy of *As you like it*, (act i. scene 1) where on Oliver’s asking, ‘Where will the old duke live?’ Charles answers, ‘They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England;—and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.’

“That our hero and his companions, while they lived in the woods, had recourse to robbery for their better support, is neither to be concealed nor to be denied. Testimonies to this purpose, indeed, would be equally endless and unnecessary. Fordun, in the fourteenth century, calls him, ‘*ille famosissimus siccarius*,’ that most celebrated robber; and Major terms him and Little John, ‘*famatissimi latrones*.’ But it is to be remembered, according to the confession of the latter historian, that, in these exertions of power, he took away the goods of rich men only, never killing any person, unless he was attacked or resisted; that he would not suffer a woman to be maltreated; nor ever took anything from the poor, but charitably fed them with the wealth he drew from the abbots. ‘I disapprove,’ says he, ‘of the rapine of the man; but he was the most humane, and the prince of all robbers.’ In allusion, no doubt, to this irregular and predatory course of life, he has had the honour to be compared to the illustrious Wallace, the champion and deliverer of his country; and that, it is not a little remarkable, in the latter’s own time.

“Our hero, indeed, seems to have held bishops, abbots, priests, and monks, in a word, all the clergy, regular or secular, in decided aversion.

‘These byshoppes and thyse archebyshoppes,
Ye shall them bete and bynde,’

was an injunction carefully impressed upon his followers: and, in this part of his conduct, perhaps, the pride, avarice, uncharitableness, and hypocrisy, of the clergy of that age, will afford him ample justification. The abbot of Saint Mary’s, in York, from some unknown cause, appears to have been distinguished by Robin’s particular animosity; and the sheriff of Nottinghamshire, who may have been too active and officious in his endeavours to apprehend him, was the unremitted object of his vengeance.

“Notwithstanding, however, the aversion in which he appears to have held the clergy of every denomination, he was a man of exemplary piety, according to the notions of that age, and retained a domestic chaplain (friar Tuck no doubt) for the diurnal celebration of the divine mysteries.

“Having, for a long series of years, maintained a sort of independent sovereignty, and set kings, judges, and magistrates, at defiance, a proclamation was published, offering a considerable reward for bringing him in either dead or alive; which, however, seems to have been productive of no greater success than former attempts for that purpose. At length, the infirmities of old age increasing upon him, and desirous to be relieved, in a fit of sickness, by being let blood, he applied for that purpose to the prioress of Kirkley’s-nunnery, in Yorkshire, his relation, (women, and particularly religious women, being, in those times, somewhat better skilled in surgery than the sex is at present,) by whom he was treacherously suffered to bleed to death. This event happened on the 18th of November, 1247, being the 31st year of king Henry III, and (if the date assigned to

his birth be correct) about the 87th of his age. He was interred under some trees at a short distance from the house ; a stone being placed over his grave, with an inscription to his memory. Such was the end of Robin Hood ; a man, who, in a barbarous age, and under a complicated tyranny, displayed a spirit of freedom and independence which has endeared him to the common people, whose cause he ever maintained.

“ With respect to his personal character, it is sufficiently evident that he was active, brave, prudent, patient ; possessed of uncommon bodily strength, and considerable military skill ; just, generous, benevolent, faithful, and beloved or revered by his followers or adherents for his excellent and amiable qualities. Fordun, a priest, extols his piety ; Major, as we have seen, pronounces him the most humane and the prince of all robbers ; and Camden, whose testimony is of some weight, calls him, ‘ *prædonem mitissimum*,’ the gentlest of thieves. As proofs of his universal and singular popularity, his story and exploits have been made the subject, as well of various dramatic exhibitions, as of innumerable poems, rhymes, songs, and ballads : he has given rise to divers proverbs ; and to swear by him, or some of his companions, appears to have been an usual practice : he may be regarded as the patron of archery : and, though not actually canonized, (a situation to which the miracles wrought in his favour, as well in his life-time as after his death, and the supernatural powers he is, in some parts, supposed to have possessed, give him an indisputable claim) he obtained the principal distinction of sainthood, in having a festival allotted to him, and solemn games instituted in honour of his memory, which were celebrated till the latter end of the sixteenth century ; not by the populace only, but by kings or princes and grave magistrates, and that as well in Scotland as in England ; being considered, in the former country, of the highest political importance, and essential to the civil and religious liberties of the people, the efforts of government to suppress them frequently producing tumult and insurrection : his bow, and one of his arrows, his chair, his cap, and one of his slippers, were preserved with peculiar veneration, till within the present century ; and not only places which afforded him security or amusement, but even the well at which he quenched his thirst, still retain his name ; a name, which, in the middle of the present century, was conferred as an honourable distinction upon the prime minister to the king of Madagascar.

“ After his death his company was dispersed. History is silent in particulars : all that we can, therefore, learn is, that the honour of Little John’s death and burial is contended for by rival nations ; that his grave continued long ‘celebrious for the yielding of excellent whetstones ;’ and that some of his descendants, of the name of Nailor, which he himself bore, and they from him, were in being so late as the last century.”

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD. This excellent ballad is given by Ritson from the Aldermary Church-yard edition, compared with the York copy. The full title is “The bishop of Hereford’s entertainment by Robin Hood and Little John, &c. in merry Barnsdale.”

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

OH some they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
And some of barons bold ;
But I’ll tell you how he serv’d the bishop of Hereford,
When he robb’d him of his gold.
As it befel in merry Barnsdale,
All under the green-wood tree,
The bishop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.
Come, kill me a ven’son, said bold Robin Hood,
Come, kill me a good fat deer,

The bishop of Hereford is to dine with me to-day,
And he shall pay well for his cheer.
We’ll kill a fat ven’son, said bold Robin Hood,
And dress it by the highway side ;
And we will watch the bishop narrowly,
Lest some other way he should ride.
Robin Hood dress’d himself in shepherd’s attire,
With six of his men also ;
And, when the bishop of Hereford came by,
They about the fire did go.

O what is the matter? then said the bishop,
 Or for whom do you make this a-do?
 Or why do you kill the king's venison,
 When your company is so few?
 We are shepherds, said bold Robin Hood,
 And we keep sheep all the year,
 And we are disposed to be merry this day,
 And to kill of the king's fat deer.
 You are brave fellows! said the bishop,
 And the king of your doings shall know:
 Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
 For before the king you shall go.
 O pardon, O pardon, said bold Robin Hood,
 O pardon, I thee pray;
 For it becomes not your lordship's coat
 To take so many lives away.
 No pardon, no pardon, said the bishop,
 No pardon I thee owe;
 Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
 For before the king you shall go.
 Then Robin set his back against a tree,
 And his foot against a thorn,
 And from underneath his shepherd's coat
 He pull'd out a bugle horn.
 He put the little end to his mouth,
 And a loud blast did he blow,
 Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's men
 Came running all on a row:
 All making obeysance to bold Robin Hood;
 'Twas a comely sight for to see.
 What is the matter, master, said Little John,
 That you blow so hastily?

O here is the bishop of Hereford,
 And no pardon we shall have.
 Cut off his head, master, said Little John,
 And throw him into his grave.
 O pardon, O pardon, said the bishop,
 O pardon I thee pray;
 For if I had known it had been you,
 I'd have gone some other way.
 No pardon, no pardon, said bold Robin Hood,
 No pardon I thee owe;
 Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
 For to merry Barnsdale you shall go.
 Then Robin he took the bishop by the hand,
 And led him to merry Barnsdale;
 He made him to stay and sup with him that night,
 And to drink wine, beer, and ale.
 Call in a reckoning, said the bishop,
 For methinks it grows wond'rous high.
 Lend me your purse, master, said Little John,
 And I'll tell you bye and bye.
 Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,
 And spread it upon the ground,
 And out of the bishop's portmantua
 He told three hundred pound.
 Here's money enough, master, said Little John,
 And a comely sight 'tis to see;
 It makes me in charity with the bishop,
 Tho' he heartily loveth not me.
 Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
 And he caused the music to play;
 And he made the old bishop to dance in his boots,
 And glad he could so get away.

No. LXXII. ROBIN HOOD, ROBIN HOOD, SAID LITTLE JOHN. This is taken from *Pam-melia*, or *Musick's Miscellanie*, a collection of Ravenscroft's, published in 1609. It resembles *Packington's Pound* (Tune 145). See also the preceding.

No. LXXIII. THE HATHERSAGE COCKING.* The barbarous amusement which is the subject of this song, was with the Athenians at first partly a religious and partly a political institution, and afterwards continued for improving the seeds of valour in the minds of their youth, but eventually perverted, both there and in other parts of Greece, to a common pastime, without any political or religious intention. It was afterwards adopted by the Romans, and by them probably introduced into England. Cockfighting has been called by some a royal diversion; and the Cockpit at Whitehall was added to the palace by Henry the Eighth, and enlarged by Charles the Second, for the purpose of giving to this amusement greater patronage and importance.

This tune is an especial favourite in Derbyshire and Warwickshire, and may frequently be heard in the alehouses, to these and to other words. It was given to the editor by the late Mr. Ward of Manchester, with several which he had collected, and occasionally entertained his friends by singing in the provincial dialect. From the testimony of two persons he traced it back one hundred and twenty years.

* Cock-fight.

NO. LXXIV. THE FARMER'S SON. This song appears, from the numerous printed copies, to have been formerly very popular. It is to be found in vol. i. of *The Musical Miscellany*, 1729, in *The British Musical Miscellany*, or *The Delightful Grove*, published by Walsh, and was introduced into the *Lover's* and other ballad operas about that time.

NO. LXXV. A tune called MAY DAY, from the fifteenth edition of *The Dancing Master*.

"On the calends or first of May," says Bourne, (*Antiq. Vulgares*, chap. 25) "commonly called May-day, the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight, and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with music and blowing of horns, where they break down branches from the trees, and adorn them with nosegays and crowns of flowers; when this is done, they return with their booty homewards about the rising of the sun, and make their doors and windows to triumph with their flowery spoils; and the after part of the day is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall poll, which is called a May-poll; and being placed in a convenient part of the village, stands there, as it were, consecrated to the goddess of Flowers, without the least violation being offered to it in the whole circle of the year."

May games are without doubt of long standing, though the time of their institution cannot be traced. "Mention is made of the May-pole at Cornhill,* in a poem called the *Chaunce of the Dice*, attributed to Chaucer. In the time of Stow, who died in 1605, they were not conducted with so great splendour as they had been formerly, owing to a dangerous riot which took place upon May-day, 1517, in the ninth year of Henry the Eighth, on which occasion several foreigners were slain, and two of the ringleaders of the disturbance were hanged."

Philip Stubbs, a puritanical writer, whose invectives against Maying are very severe, gives the following description in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, printed in 1595. "Against Maie-day, Whitsunday, or some other time of the year, every parish, towne, or village, assemble themselves, both men, women, and children; and either all together, or dividing themselves into companies, they goe some to the woods and groves, some to the hills and mountaines, some to one place, some to another, where they spend all the night in pleasant pastimes, and in the morning they return, bringing with them birche boughes and branches of trees to deck their assemblies withal. But their chiefest jewel they bring from thence is the Maie-pole, which they bring home with great veneration, as thus; they have twentie or fourtie yoake of oxen, every oxe having a sweete nosegaie of flowers tied to the tip of his hornes, and these oxen drawe home the May-poale, their stinking idol rather, which they covered all over with flowers and hearbes, bound round with strings from the top to the bottome, and sometimes it was painted with variable colours, having two or three hundred men, women, and children, following it with great devotion. And thus equipped it was reared with handkerchiefes and flagges streaming on the top, they strawe the ground round about it, they bind greene boughs about it, they set up summer halles, bowers, and arbours hard by it, and then fall they to banquetting and feasting, to leaping and dauncing about it, as the heathen people did at the dedication of their idolls."

It appears also to have been the constant custom to choose a Lord and Lady of the May, who were to preside over the sports. In 1557, the fourth year of Queen Mary, "was a goodly May-game in Fenchurch Street, with drums, and guns, and pikes; and with the nine worthies who rode, and each of them made his speech, there was also a morrice dance, and an elephant and castle, and the Lord and Lady of the May appearing to make up the show. We also read that the Lord of the

* See also Morris Dance, pages 65 and 66.

May, and no doubt his Lady also, was decorated with scarfs, ribbands, and other fineries. Hence, in the comedy called *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, written by Beaumont and Fletcher in 1611, a citizen, addressing himself to the other actors, says, 'Let Ralph come out on May-day in the morning, and speak upon a conduit, with all his scarfs about him, and his feathers, and his rings, and his knacks, as Lord of the May.' His request is complied with, and Ralph appears upon the stage in the assumed character, where he makes his speech, beginning in this manner :

' With gilded staff and crossed scarf the May Lord here I stand.' "

The chimney-sweepers of London have singled out the first of May as their festival : it is also still kept up in some country places, as thus described in the *Spectator*, (vol. v. no. 365) a century ago. " It is at this time (May) we see the brisk young wenches, in the country parishes, dancing round the May-pole. It is likewise on the first day of this month that we see the ruddy milk-maid exerting herself in a most sprightly manner under a pyramid of silver tankards, and like the virgin Tarpeia, oppressed by the costly ornaments which her benefactors lay upon her. These decorations of silver cups, tankards, and salvers, were borrowed for the purpose, and hung round the milk-pails, with the addition of flowers and ribbands, which the maidens carried upon their heads when they went to the houses of their customers, and danced in order to obtain a small gratuity from each of them. In a set of prints called *Tempest's Cryes of London*, there is one called the Merry Milkmaid's,* whose proper name was Kate Smith. She is dancing, with the milk-pail decorated as above mentioned, upon her head. Of late years the plate, with the other decorations, were placed in a pyramidal form, and carried by two chairmen upon a wooden horse. The maidens walked before it, and performed the dance without any incumbrance. I really cannot discover what analogy the silver tankards and salvers can have to the business of the milk-maids.† I have seen them act with much more propriety upon this occasion, when in place of these superfluous ornaments they substituted a cow. The animal had her horns gilt, and was nearly covered with ribbands of various colours, formed into bows and roses, and interspersed with green oaken leaves and bunches of flowers."

There is a song in Evans' *Collection of Old Ballads* vol. i. p. 243, (1810) the burden of which is

" Then to the May-pole come away,
For it is now a holyday !"

No. LXXVI. An air introduced by Coffey in the ballad opera of *The Beggar's Wedding*, (1729) to the words YOUNG VIRGINS LOVE PLEASURE. It is here taken from vol. v. of *The Musical Miscellany*, where the *original* name is not given.

It bears a great resemblance in character to the preceding tune. See also No. 77.

No. LXXVII. THE BATH MEDLEY. Another version of the preceding tune. The words of this are by Tony Aston, an actor, who, in 1735, petitioned the House of Commons to be heard against the bill then pending for regulating the stage, and was permitted to deliver a ludicrous speech, which was afterwards published. His way of living was then peculiar to himself; resorting to the principal cities and towns in England with his *Medley*, as he called it, which was composed of some capital scenes of humour out of the most celebrated plays, and filling up the interval between every scene by a song or dialogue of his own writing.

* A tune called *The Merry Milkmaids*, from *The English Dancing Master* of 1650, is No. 42 of this Collection.

† The articles of silver plate borrowed by the milkmaids

from their several customers, were exhibited in the manner described, for the purpose of shewing themselves in the eyes of the public as trustworthy persons.

This song is printed in vol. i. of *The Musical Miscellany*; and the tune was introduced into *The Lover's Opera*, 1730, *The Devil to pay*, 1731, and *The Wedding*, acted at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1729.

NO. LXXVIII. PARTHENIA, or FAIN I WOULD. The resemblance of this tune, when played slowly, to the beginning of the Pastoral Symphony in *The Messiah*, is too striking to pass unnoticed; and it is unquestionably older than Handel, being contained in Playford's *Introduction to the Skill of Music*, printed in 1655, and in *The Dancing Master* of 1665. In the seventh edition of *The Dancing Master*, 1686, a totally different version is given, under the same name; and in the eighteenth, this is called *The Jovial Beggars*, and unless the wrong tune be inserted, (see No. 86) was then probably played quickly. Parthenia was one of the names given to queen Elizabeth.

NO. LXXIX. THE KEEL ROW is perhaps the most popular of all the Northumbrian tunes; and is to be found in every collection of our northern songs. Its date appears uncertain; but the following are generally given as the original words.

THE KEEL ROW.

As I came thro' Sandgate,
Thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate,
As I came thro' Sandgate,
I heard a lassie sing
O weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
O weel may the keel row,
That my laddie's in.
O who's like my Johnny,
So leish, so blithe, so bonny,
He's foremost among the mony
Lads o' coaly Tyne,
O weel may, &c. (as above.)

He'll sit and row so tightly,
Or in the dance so sprightly,
He'll cut and shuffle sightly
'Tis true, were he not mine.
O weel may, &c.
He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet,
A dimple in his chin.
And weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
O weel may the keel row,
That my laddie's in.

NO. LXXX. GREENWICH PARK, a tune to be found in the second edition of *The Dancing Master*, part ii. 1698, also in the fifteenth and other editions.

The song of "Come, sweet Lass!" which is printed in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, became very popular, and was sung to this tune, and from 1720 to 1730 it was more frequently called by that name, as, for example, in the first edition of *The Beggar's Opera*.

SLIGHTED JOCKY: OR, COY MOGGY'S UNSPEAKABLE CRUELTY.

Come, sweet lass!
This bonny weather,
Let's together;
Come, sweet lass,
Let's trip it on the grass!
Every where
Poor Jocky seeks his dear,
And unless you appear,
He sees no beauty here.

On our green
The loons are sporting,
Piping, courting,
On our green
The blithest lads are seen;
There all day
Our lasses dance and play,
And every one is gay,
But I, when you're away.

How can I
Have any pleasure
While my treasure
Is not by?
The rural harmony
I'll not mind,
But captive like confin'd
I lie in shades behind,
'Cause Moggy proves unkind.

There is none
That can delight me,
If you slight me;
All alone,
I ever make my moan.
Life's a pain
Since by your coy disdain,
Like an unhappy swain,
I sigh and weep in vain.

I could be
Right blythe and jolly;
Melancholy
Ne'er should be
My fatal destiny,
If I might
But have my love in sight,
Whose angel-beauty bright
Was ever my delight.

Have I not,
In Moggy's dances
Seen those glances,
Which have shot,
And like a fowler, caught
My poor heart,
Yes, and I feel the smart
Of Cupid's fatal dart,
Since we have been apart.

Jemmy can,
With pretty Nancy
Please his fancy;
Jemmy can,
Tho' not so blythe a man,
Have his will,
Kiss and delight her still,
While I on each green hill,
Weep and lament my fill.

I'll not wear
The wreath of willow;
Floramella,
Charming fair,
Shall ease me of my care:
Who can tell,
But she may please as well?
No longer will I dwell
In love's tormenting cell.

No. LXXXI. RED BULL, a tune from *The Dancing Master* of 1651. In Evans' *Collection of Old Ballads*, vol. i. p. 312, edition of 1810, is "A mad kinde of wooing, or a dialogue betweene Will the Simple, and Nan the Subtill, with their loving agreement;" to the tune of "The new dance at the Red Bull play-house."* It begins, "Sweet Nancy, I do love thee dear!" and is taken from a black-letter copy printed for the assigns of T. Symcocke. It is exactly in the measure of, and in all probability refers to, this tune.

No. LXXXII. SELLINGER'S (i.e. ST. LEGER'S) ROUND, OR THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD, is to be found in Queen Elizabeth's and Lady Nevill's Virginal Books; also in the seventh and some other early editions of *The Dancing Master*. In the two first-named books, it is entitled Sellinger's or Sillinger's Round, but in *The Dancing Master* both titles are given. Sir John Hawkins, who saw it in Lady Nevill's Virginal Book, mentions it as "the oldest *country-dance-tune* now extant," but there are several in Queen Elizabeth's: "Paul's Wharfe," &c. and others in the present collection, such as Nos. 44, 114, and 144, which have proofs of equal antiquity, and some of unquestionably greater. It is difficult to say from which of the ancient family of St. Leger it acquired its name; as the founder, Sir Robert Sent Legere, to whom William the Conqueror gave the manor of Ulcombe, in Kent, is in the list of those who accompanied him from Normandy; but, probably, it was from Sir Antony St. Leger, whom Henry the Eighth appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland, in 1540, and who was one of the most active in the downfall of Cardinal Wolsey.

This is the more probable from the following passage in the history of Jack of Newbury by Tho. Delony. The company being seated in a tavern, "in comes a noise (i.e. company) of musicians in tawney coats, who, taking off their caps, asked if they would have any music? The widow answered, 'No; they were merry enough.' 'Tut,' said the old man, 'let us hear, good fellows, what you can do; and play me *The beginning of the World*.'" The times here referred to are those of Henry the Eighth; and as tunes occasionally took the names of courtiers with whom they were in particular favour, it is probable that *The beginning of the World* is the more ancient title. The copy we have given is from Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, with the old harmony by Byrd, the notation, being modernized, to render it generally intelligible; and it is very superior to the more

* The Red Bull was one of the playhouses in London in Shakspeare's time.

modern copy which Sir John Hawkins* has taken from Playford's *Dancing Master* of 1679. The tune is mentioned by Morley, in his Introduction (page 118); and by Taylor, the Water poet, in his tract entitled "The World runs on wheels." It was an old round dance; and the figure is thus curiously described in *The Dancing Master* of 1686.

"Round for as many as will.

"Take hands, and go round twice, back again.—All set, and turn S, that again.—Lead all in a D forward and back, that again.—Two Singles and a D back, set and turn single, that again.—Sides all, that again.—Arms all, that again.—As before, as before."

Country dances were formerly as often danced in circles as in parallel lines; and the round dances are usually placed first in *The Dancing Master*. The others are described as "Longways for as many as will." *Sellinger's Round*, or *The Beginning of the World*, is usually the first tune in the Book.

NO. LXXXIII. EARLY ONE MORNING. Of this song, though very generally known, and frequently sung, we have seen no printed copy, nor have we been enabled to ascertain anything more than that only the first verse of the words now adopted is old, and the others added by Mr. Paul. The following doggrel lines, taken from a volume of old Penny Song Books, collected by Ritson, are probably the original words, and, possessing no pretension to rhyme beyond the first verse, may, for that reason, have been thrown aside and forgotten, while the beautiful melody to which they were coupled has deservedly survived.

THE MAID'S LAMENTATION, from *The Songster's Magazine*.

EARLY one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a pretty damsel to sigh and complain,
"Oh gentle shepherd, why am I forsaken?
Oh why should I in sorrow remain!

How can you slight a pretty girl that loves you,
And one to whom you are dear as her life?
But love is a folly, a foolish, foolish fancy,
Still it proved my overthrow!

But whene'er you meet a pretty woman,
You will go and court her too, for a while:
You are always ranging, chopping, and changing,
Always seeking a girl that is new.

Thro' yonder grove there is a pleasant bower,
Where you and I have spent many an hour
In kissing and courting, and in gentle sporting,
Oh! my innocent heart you've betray'd."

THE WORDS USUALLY SUNG.

EARLY one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below;
"Oh don't deceive me! Oh do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?

Oh! gay is the garland, and fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow;
Oh, don't deceive me! Oh, do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?

Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bow'r where you vow'd to be true;
Oh, don't deceive me! Oh, do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

Thus sung the poor maiden, her sorrows bewailing,
Thus sung the poor maid in the valley below;
"Oh, don't deceive me! Oh, do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

A hornpipe occasionally played at the theatres, which will perhaps be recognized by the name of a slang song, "Come all ye young blades that in robbing take delight," (words sung to that tune) is also apparently founded upon this melody.

* The copies of the old English tunes in Sir John Hawkins' History are occasionally neither the most ancient nor the best, being only inserted for the purpose of illustration. Thus of "Old Sir Simon the king" we have but half the tune, and a flat is wanting at the signature; of "Green Sleeves" but half the tune is given; "Stingo," or "Cold and Raw," is taken

from Hilton's *Catch*, where the melody is altered to suit the other parts; "Hey boys, up go we" is in common time instead of 6-4; the time in the second bar of "Roger de Coverley" is not filled up; and "The Shaking of the Shetes" is a poor tune, and differs entirely from the one so called in *The Dancing Master*. See No. 158.

No. LXXXIV. LIGHT O'LOVE. This beautiful air is so frequently mentioned by writers of the sixteenth century, that it is much to be regretted the words of the original song have not been discovered. Shakspeare alludes to it in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,

“ Best sing it to the tune of Light o'Love;”

and again in *Much ado about Nothing*,

“ *Hero*. Why how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beatrice. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Margaret. Clap us into Light o'Love, that goes without a burden;
Do you sing it, and I'll dance it.”

It is mentioned in Fletcher's *Two noble Kinsmen*. The gaoler's daughter, speaking of a horse, says,

“ He gallops to the tune of Light o'Love;”

and in *The noble Gentleman* of Beaumont and Fletcher. Again, in a *Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 4to. 1578, the lover exhorteth his lady to be constant to the tune of “Attend,* go play thee!” not “Light o'Love.” As a slow tune the air is truly beautiful.

No. LXXXV. THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND. This famous old song has been admirably illustrated by Hogarth† in his picture of “The Gate of Calais:”

“ With lanthorn jaws and meagre cut,
See how the half-starved Frenchmen strut,
And call us English dogs!
But soon we'll teach these bragging foes
That *Beef and Beer* give heavier blows
Than soup and roasted frogs!”

There are two songs on this subject; the one by Henry Fielding, in his comedy of *Don Quixote in England*, the other by Richard Leveridge, the composer of the tune.

Fielding's song, which was sung to the air of “The Queen's old Courtier,”‡ consists of but two verses, and the comedy in which it is contained was published in 1733. Leveridge's song is printed in Walsh's *British Musical Miscellany*, and in the *Universal Musician*, both undated; in the absence therefore of any direct proof as to priority of claim, both are subjoined.

H. FIELDING'S SONG.

WHEN mighty Roast Beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.

Oh! the Roast Beef of old England,
And oh! for old England's Roast Beef.

Then Britons, from all the nice dainties refrain,
Of effeminate Italy, France, or Spain;
And mighty Roast Beef shall command on the main.

Oh! the Roast Beef of old England,
And oh! for old England's Roast Beef.

* The song of “Attend thee, go play thee!” is contained in “A handfull of Pleasant Delites, containing sundrie new sonets and delectable histories in divers kindes of meeter, newly devised to the newest tunes that are now in use to be sung, every sonet orderly pointed to his proper tune, with new additions of certain songs to verie late devised notes, not commonly knowen, nor used heretofore, by Clement Robinson, and divers others. At London, printed by Richard Jhones, dwelling at the signe of the Rose and Crowne, near Holburne

bridge, 1584.” This work also contains “A newe courtly sonnet of the Lady Green Sleeves.” See tune 11, p. 38.

† Hogarth was very inveterate in his enmity to the French, having been seized, and narrowly escaping being shot as a spy, whilst sketching the gate of Calais.

‡ The song of “The Old English Gentleman,” which has recently been so popular, is a modernized copy of “The Queen's Old Courtier.”

R. LEVERIDGE'S SONG.

WHEN mighty Roast Beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.

Oh! the Roast Beef of old England,
And oh! for old England's Roast Beef.

But since we have learn'd from effeminate France
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
We are fed up with nothing but vain complaisance.

Oh! the Roast Beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open house, with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song.

Oh! the Roast Beef, &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee and tea, and such slip-slops were known,
The world was in terror, if e'en she did frown.

Oh! the Roast Beef, &c.

In *those* days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again;
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.

Oh! the Roast Beef, &c.

Oh! then we had stomachs to eat and to fight,
And when wrongs were cooking, to set ourselves right;
But now we're a—hm!—I could, but good night.

Oh! the Roast Beef, &c.

Many other songs have been written to this tune, one in praise of old English brown beer, and several Anti-Jacobite songs; but the new application of the fable of the Frog and the Ox, written by Hogarth's friend, Theophilus Forest, as an illustration for his picture of "The Gate of Calais," must not be omitted.

THE ROAST BEEF CANTATA.

'TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where sad despair and famine always dwells,
A meagre Frenchman, Madame Grandsire's cook,
As home he steered, his carcase that way took.

Bending beneath the weight of famed sirloin,
On whom he'd often wish'd in vain to dine,
Good Father Dominick by chance came by,
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;

Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
His benediction on it he bestowed;
And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight address'd:

"Oh, rare roast beef! lov'd by all mankind,
If I was doom'd to have thee,
When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
And swimming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country's force combin'd
Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd sirloin, oft-times decreed
The theme of English ballad;
On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate:
Then how much more thy taste exceeds
Soup meagre, frogs, and sallad!"

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
Who such a sight before had never seen,
Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping, stood,
And gazed with wonder on the British food.

His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,
And in small streams along the pavement stole;
He heav'd a sigh which gave his heart relief,
And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief:

"Ah! sacre Dieu! vat do me see yonder,
Dat look so tempting red and vite?
Begar, it is de roast beef from Londre;
Oh, grant to me von litel bite!

But to my pray'r if you give no heeding,
And cruel fate dis boon denies,
In kind compassion unto my pleading,
Return, and let me feast mine eyes!"

His fellow guard, of right Hibernian clay,
Whose brazen front his country did betray,
From Tyburn's fatal tree had thither fled,
By honest means to gain his daily bread,
Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,
In blubb'ring accents, dolefully he cried:

"Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise!
So taking thy sight is,
My joy that so light is,
To view thee, by pailsfull, tears run from my eyes.

While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing;
Ah, hard-hearted Lewy!
Why did I come to ye? [starving."
The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me from

Upon the ground, hard by, poor Sawney sate,
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate;
But when old England's bulwark he espy'd,
His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside:
With lifted hands he blest his native place,
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case:

"How hard, O Sawney, is thy lot,
Who was so blithe of late,
To see such meat as can't be got,
When hunger is so great.
Oh! the beef! the bonny, bonny beef!
When roasted nice and brown;
I wish I had a slice of thee,
How sweet it would gang down!

Ah, Charley! hadst thou not been seen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me:
I wou'd the de'il had pick'd mine ey'n,
Ere I had gang'd with thee.
Oh! the beef!" &c.

But, see my muse to England takes her flight!
Where health and plenty socially unite;
Where smiling freedom guards great George's throne,
And whips, and chains, and tortures, are not known.
That Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,
In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

As once on a time, a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing on the wide plain,
He boasted his size he could quickly attain.

Oh! the roast beef of old England;
And oh, the old English roast beef!

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame.

Oh! the roast beef, &c.

But, deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst,
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
Till swelling and straining too hard, made him burst.
Oh! the roast beef, &c.

Then Britons be careful, the moral is clear,
The ox is old England, the frog is Monsieur;
Whose threats and bravadoes we never need fear,
While we have roast beef in old England.

Sing oh, for old England's roast beef!

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the sirloin smoking hot on our table,
The French must e'en burst, like the frog in the fable.

Oh! the roast beef, &c.

No. LXXXVI. A BEGGING WE WILL GO. The first mention we have found of this tune is in one of the Cavaliers' songs: *Col. John Okie's Lamentation, to the tune of A begging we will go*, to be seen among the king's pamphlets in the British Museum, and published on the 28th of March, 1660. The song itself is printed in Book V of a collection of "Choice Ayres and Songs to sing to the Theorbo or Bass Viol," printed by Playford, in 1684, and in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*. We have seen a copy of the song, without music, in black letter.

THE JOVIAL BEGGARS.

THERE was a jovial beggar,
He had a wooden leg,
Lame from his cradle,
And forced for to beg.
And a begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
And a begging we will go!
A bag for his oatmeal,
Another for his salt;
And a pair of crutches
To shew that he can halt; and a begging, &c.

A bag for his wheat,
Another for his rye;
A little bottle by his side
To drink when he's a-dry; &c.

Seven years I begg'd
For my old master *Wild*,
He taught me to beg
When I was but a child, &c.

I begg'd for my master,
And got him store of pelf;
But Jove now be praised,
I'm begging for myself, &c.

In a hollow tree
I live, and pay no rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content, &c.

Of all the occupations
A beggar's life's the best;
For whene'er he's weary,
He'll lay him down and rest, &c.

I fear no plots against me,
I live in open cell;
Then who would be a king
When beggars live so well.
And a begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
And a begging we will go.

This air was introduced into the ballad operas of *Polly*, *The Lover's*, *Don Quixote in England*, &c. besides being the prototype of many others, such as "A bowling we will go," "A fishing we will go," "A hawking we will go," and "A hunting we will go." The last-named is printed in the sixth volume of *The Musical Miscellany*, 1731. As the song is still popular with those who take pleasure in that amusement, and the air scarcely known by any other title, we have added it.

THE STAG CHACE.*

I AM a jolly huntsman,
My voice is shrill and clear,
Well known to drive the stag,
And the drooping dogs to cheer,
And a hunting we will go, will go, will go,
And a hunting we will go!

I leave my bed betimes,
Before the morning's grey;
Let loose my dogs, and mount my horse,
And hallo "come away!" &c.

* In the original there are twenty-nine verses, twelve of which are here omitted, being principally a description of the dogs and catalogue of their names; indeed, it is presumed, that seventeen verses will be sufficient.

The game's no sooner rous'd,
But in rush the cheerful cry,
Thro' bush and brake, o'er hedge and stake,
The noble beast does fly, &c.

In vain he flies to covert,
A num'rous pack pursue,
That never cease to trace his steps,
Even tho' they've lost the view, &c.

Now sweetly in full cry
Their various notes they join;
Gods! what a concert's here, my lads!
'Tis more than half divine. &c.

The woods, the rocks, and mountains,
Delighted with the sound,
To neighb'ring dales and fountains
Repeating, deal it round, &c.

A glorious chace it is,
We drive him many a mile,
O'er hedge and ditch, we go thro' stich,
And hit off many a foil, &c.

And yet he runs it stoutly,
How wide, how swift he strains!
With what a skip he took that leap,
And scowers o'er the plains! &c.

See how our horses foam!
The dogs begin to droop;
With winding horn, on shoulder born,
'Tis time to cheer them up. &c.

Hark! Leader, Countess, Bouncer!
Cheer up, my good dogs all;

To Tatler, hark! he holds it smart,
And answers ev'ry call. &c.

Up yonder steep I'll follow,
Beset with craggy stones;
My lord cries, "Jack, you dog! come back,
Or else you'll break your bones!" &c.

See, now he takes the moors,
And strains to reach the stream!
He leaps the flood, to cool his blood,
And quench his thirsty flame. &c.

He scarce has touch'd the bank,
The cry bounce finely in,
And swiftly swim across the stream,
And raise a glorious din. &c.

His legs begin to fail,
His wind and speed is gone,
He stands at bay, and gives 'em play,
He can no longer run. &c.

But vain are heels and antlers,
With such a pack set round,
Spite of his heart, they seize each part,
And pull him fearless down, &c.

Ha! dead, 'ware dead! whip off,
And take a special care;
Dismount with speed, and pray take heed,
Lest they his haunches tear! &c.

The sport is ended now,
We're laden with the spoil;
As home we pass, we talk o' th' chace,
O'erpaid for all our toil. &c.

No. LXXXVII. GRIM KING OF THE GHOSTS. This song is in the Collection of Ballads in the British Museum, in black-letter, and also in the Pepys Collection. The tune is in Vol. I. of *The Musical Miscellany*, and was introduced into *The Devil to pay*, *The Beggar's Opera*, &c.

GRIM KING OF THE GHOSTS.

GRIM king of the ghosts! make haste,
And bring hither all your train;
See how the pale moon does waste,
And just now is in the wane!
Come, you night-hags, with all your charms,
And revelling witches away,
And hug me close in your arms;
To you my respects I'll pay!

I'll court you, and think you fair,
Since love does distract my brain:
I'll go, I'll wed the night-mare,
And kiss her, and kiss her again:
But if she prove peevish and proud,
Then, a curse on her love! let her go;
I'll seek me a winding shroud,
And down to the shades below.

A lunacy sad I endure,
Since reason departs away;
I call to those hags for a cure,
As knowing not what I say.

The beauty, whom I do adore,
Now slights me with scorn and disdain;
I never shall see her more:
Ah! how shall I bear my pain?

I ramble, and range about
To find out my charming saint;
While she at my grief does flout,
And smiles at my loud complaint.
Distraction I see has my doom,
Of this I am now too si
A rival is got in my room,
While torments I do endure.

Strange fancies do fill my head,
While wandering in despair,
I am to the deserts lead,
Expecting to find her there.
Methinks in a spangled cloud
I see her enthroned on high;
Then to her I cry aloud,
And labour to reach the sky!

When thus I have raved awhile,
 And wearied myself in vain,
 I lie on the barren soil,
 And bitterly do complain.
 Till slumber hath quieted me,
 In sorrow I sigh and weep;
 The clouds are my canopy
 To cover me while I sleep.
 I dream that my charming fair
 Is then in my rival's bed,
 Whose tresses of golden hair,
 Are on the fair pillow bespread.

Then this doth my passion inflame,
 I start, and no longer can lie:
 Ah! Sylvia, art thou not to blame
 To ruin a lover? I cry.
 Grim king of the ghosts, be true,
 And hurry me hence away,
 My languishing life to you
 A tribute I freely pay.
 To the Elysian shades I post
 In hopes to be freed from care,
 Where many a bleeding ghost
 Is hovering in the air.

It was to this tune that the following beautiful and pathetic ballad by Rowe was written; in which he alludes to his own situation with the Countess Dowager of Warwick, and his successful rival Addison.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid;
 And while a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head:
 The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.
 Alas! silly swain that I was!
 Thus sadly complaining he cried,
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had died.
 She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
 When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great:
 I listen'd, and cried, when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet?
 How foolish was I to believe
 She could dote on so lowly a clown;
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine folk of the town?
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove;
 Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
 Or live in a cottage on love?
 What though I have skill to complain,
 Though the muses my temples have crown'd;
 What though when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around:

Ah Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
 Thy false one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.
 And you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd;
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.
 Though through the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly:
 'Twas her's to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.
 If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground.
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.
 Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array;
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day:
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of, or seen;
 Unless when, beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

In *The Beggar's Opera* the song, "Can love be controlled by advice," sung to this tune, is a parody upon the following song by Berkeley, said to have been written for the once well-known Lady Vane, for a memoir of whom see the *early* editions of *Peregrine Pickle*.

CAN LOVE BE CONTROLLED BY ADVICE.

CAN love be controlled by advice?
 Can madness and reason agree?
 O Molly! who'd ever be wise,
 If madness is loving of thee?
 Let sages pretend to despise
 The joys they want spirits to taste;
 Let us seize old Time as he flies,
 And the blessings of life while they last.

Dull wisdom but adds to our cares;
 Brisk love will improve every joy;
 Too soon we may meet with grey hairs,
 Too late may repent being coy.
 Then, Molly, for what should we stay,
 Till our best blood begins to run cold?
 Our youth we can have but to-day,
 We may always find time to grow old.

NO. LXXXVIII. GOD SAVE THE KING. The simplicity and grandeur of "God save the King!" is too universally admitted to require comment; and its adoption in Prussia, Saxony, Weimar, Brunswick, and Hanover, as their national anthem,* proves that its admiration is not confined to England. Much research has been bestowed in the endeavour to ascertain its origin; and to collect all that has been said would fill volumes, and far exceed the limits we can devote to it. Dismissing therefore many of the vague and unsupported assertions that have at various times been made, we shall confine ourselves to five of the favourite theories which have obtained more or less credence as they have appeared to be supported by proof.

1. "God save the King!" is said to have been composed by Dr. John Bull, and written by Ben Jonson.

2. It has been said to be a French tune.

3. To be a Scotch tune.

4. To have been composed by Henry Purcell.

5. To be an original Jacobite song, written and composed by Harry Carey, (author of *Sally in our Alley*, see tune 124) and first applied to James, "God save great James our King!"

1. Mr. James Clark having observed, in Dr. Ward's *Lives of the Gresham Professors*, (p. 205), the words "God save the King" affixed as the title of the contents of a volume of Organ music by Dr. John Bull, at that time in the library of Dr. Pepusch, was induced to search the records of the Merchant Tailors' company, respecting the entertainment given by them to King James the First, on the sixteenth of July, 1607; and finding there that Ben Jonson was employed to write, and Dr. Bull to compose, "something applicable to the occasion; and that during the performance a piece was sung, which so much delighted the king that it was encored," concluded that it must have been our national anthem: but all reasoning founded on the conjectured identity of the tune with that so called by Dr. Bull, was utterly exploded by the publication of the latter by Dr. Kitchener in his *Loyal and National Songs of England*, from the original manuscript then in his possession. It is nothing more than a ground for the organ on four notes C, G, F, E, with twenty-six different basses, and bearing not the most distant resemblance to the air in question.

2. The Duchess of Perth has stated in her Memoirs that the said anthem is of French origin, and was first sung by the nuns of St. Cyr, to James the Second; and that Handel procured a copy of it when in France, and then passed it on George the First and the English nation as his own composition. The Duchess has also given a verse of the anthem to confirm her account. But the works of Handel are much better known in England than in France; and not one syllable can be found throughout his life or writings about his claiming to be the author or composer of "God save the King." On the contrary, his own musical amanuensis, John Christopher Smith, commonly called Handel Smith, is the very individual who, in a letter to Dr. Harrington, declares that Harry Carey was both the author and composer. The verse her Grace has given is also at variance with her statement; for the verses or stanzas of our national anthem have each seven lines, the one given in French has ten lines; and it is absolutely impossible to adapt all the syllables in those ten lines to the notes of "God save the King!" unless we add six bars to the last strain.

3. Mr. Pinkerton, in his *Recollections of Paris*, vol. ii. p. 4, says that "the supposed national

* The German "God save the King!" begins "Heil dir im sieger Kranz," and is sung to our tune. The Austrians sing Haydn's hymn "Got erhalte Franz den Kaiser!" but "with all its melody and sweetness the Austrian hymn has too much of

the psalm in it; it wants the manly, majestic, full-hearted boldness of the strains in which we are accustomed to express, not more our respect for our monarch, than our own national pride."

air is a mere transcript of a Scottish anthem" in a collection printed in 1682. In this bold assertion, he, no doubt, alludes to a work which excited some interest* a few years ago from this imagined discovery: "Cantus.—Songs and fancies to several musical parts, &c. as taught in the music school of Aberdeen, printed by John Forbes in Aberdeen." This singular publication, commonly called *Forbes' Cantus*, is an odd voice part† of some old English glees, Christmas carols, &c. and yet in its imperfect shape it went through three editions, viz. in 1662, 1666, and 1682; moreover, this, the only known publication of music in Scotland during the whole of the seventeenth century, is now universally admitted not to contain a single Scottish air. The tune in question "Remember, Oh thou Man!" (see tune 89) is a Christmas carol, taken from Ravenscroft's *Melismata*, printed in London, in 1611.

4. A writer in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for March 1796, p. 208, says "the original tune of 'God save the King!' the tune at least which evidently furnished the subject of it, is to be found in a Book of Harpsichord Lessons, published by Purcell's widow, in Dean's Yard, Westminster." The best test of this assertion is to place the two tunes in juxtaposition, transposing Purcell's, (originally in D) into the same key, that the comparison may be the more easily made.

From No. 2 of a Set of Sonatas, published by H. Purcell in 1683, dedicated to King Charles the Second, as printed in Mr. R. Clark's Pamphlet.



The first printed copy of "GOD SAVE THE KING," taken from *The Gentleman's Magazine*, for October, 1745.



That there is a great resemblance in the *construction* of these tunes is evident, but the *melodies* cannot be said to be alike; for, after the key note at starting, there is but a C in the third bar, and an A in the fifth common to both, nor can it be justly said that the one is a plagiarism or copy from the other. It is also certain, that "God save the King" has never yet been discovered in Purcell's Works, or with his name attached to it, in any manner whatever.

Besides Purcell, the air has been attributed, without any proof, to Anthony Young, the father, and Anthony Jones the grandfather, of Mrs. Arne; but if either had been the composer, Dr. Arne would assuredly have been acquainted with that fact.

5. In proceeding to the consideration of Henry Carey's‡ claim to the authorship, we shall first class the remaining objections which have been urged to it under three heads.

Firstly, that a copy is said to have been discovered in manuscript, of the year 1676.

Secondly, that he laid no claim to it when it became so highly popular.

* Mr. Cross, in his account of the Yorkshire Musical Festival, informs us that a copy of this work was sold by auction, by Evans, in February, 1819, for £11. on the supposition of its containing the original of "God save the King!"

† That the remaining voice parts were never printed is evident, not merely because no others have been discovered, but from the end of the work itself, where there are "severall

the choicest Italian songs and new English ayres," perfect in *three* parts; and had the second and third voice parts of the former portion been in *separate* books, these would undoubtedly have accompanied them.

‡ The mother of the late Edmund Kean, the actor, was the grand-daughter of Henry Carey.

And thirdly, that Dr. Arne, Dr. Burney, and Dr. Cooke, recollected having heard it sung to the words, "God save great James our King!"

The first objection is urged in the following passage of "An enquiry into the origin of the National Anthem," from "An account of the Grand Musical Festival at York, by John Crosse, Esq. F.S.A. F.R.S." "But the earliest known copy certainly appears to be the one in four parts, without words, and entitled 'God save our noble-King!' which is taken from an old book, once the property of the celebrated Thomas Britton, the musical small-coalman, who died in 1714, and now in the possession of J. S. Hawkins, Esq. F.S.A., son of Sir John Hawkins. This curious volume has the following memorandum on the title-page, 'Deane Monteage, given him by his father, 1676.'" From this, Mr. Crosse considers the existence of a copy of that date to be proved, and adds, "higher than 1676 the air has not yet been traced."

We have been favoured by Mr. Hawkins with a sight of the manuscript book here mentioned, and he entirely dissents from Mr. Crosse's opinion of the age of the copy of "God save the King" it contains; indeed, although a small, and a very small proportion of the music is in a style of notation corresponding with the age of the title-page, by far the larger portion, including the copy of our national anthem, is in the same handwriting as "Sweet Annie fra the seabeach came," by Dr. Greene, several pieces by Bononcini and Handel, among others "The Dead March" in *Saul*, all arranged for two violins, tenor and bass; now as Handel's oratorio of *Saul** was first published in 1740, and Thomas Britton† died in 1714, it cannot be even in the handwriting of the latter, and all attempts to prove from *this* the existence of a copy earlier than the printed one in 1745 fall to the ground. Mr. Crosse probably copied this paragraph without enquiry into its truth; as the only two persons to whom Mr. Hawkins had previously shewn the manuscript were Mr. Clark and the late Dr. Kitchener.

Before endeavouring to answer the second and third objections, we quote the passages mentioned, from Dr. Burney, Dr. Arne, and Dr. Cooke. Dr. Burney‡ stated to the duke of Gloucester that the earliest copy of the words with which we are acquainted begins "God save great James our King!" (see *Morning Post*, Nov. 2, 1814); and in Rees' *Cyclopædia*, he says, "We believe that it was written for king James the Second, while the Prince of Orange was hovering over the coast. And when he became king, who durst own or sing it? We are certain that in 1745, when Dr. Arne harmonized it for Drury Lane, and C.B. (himself) for Covent Garden, the original author of the melody was wholly unknown." Dr. Arne,§ when interrogated, said, "He had not the least knowledge, nor could he guess at all who was either the author or the composer, but that it was a received opinion that it was written for the Catholic chapel|| of James the Second." In *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Jan. 20, 1796, E. T. (*quere* Edward Taylor) states that Dr. Cooke,¶ organist of Westminster Abbey, remembered to have heard the tune sung to the words "God save great James our King!"

In explanation of these objections, we quote the following passages from a note at p. 283, vol. ii. of the Rev. W. L. Bowles *Life of Bishop Ken*, published in 1831.

* The oratorio of *Samson*, in which the Dead March was also introduced, came out two years after *Saul*.

† His death was occasioned by a sudden alarm, caused by the joke of a ventriloquist, who foretold his death in a mysterious manner at one of his concerts.

‡ Dr. Burney was born in 1726, and died in 1814.

§ Dr. Arne died in 1778.

|| The Catholic chapel of King James the Second was originally built of wood, and had wheels to allow of its removal from one place to another. It stood on the site now occupied by Trinity Chapel, Conduit Street, Hanover Square.

¶ Dr. Cooke was organist in 1780, and died in 1793.

"Admitting the song to have been originally 'God save great James our King,' of which, there cannot be a shadow of doubt, a question arises, when was it written? who composed it? who wrote the words? How came the name George to be substituted for James? and on what occasion?

"First, when was it written? Some say on the eve of the contest with the Pretender, 1715; others, 1745.

"Now, it could not have been originally written in 1745, if written by Carey; for Carey went to his grave three years before, at the advanced age of eighty, by self-destruction.* Carey was upwards of fifty in 1715, and *in this year, or the year before*, Carey, a Jacobite in common with all who fixed their hopes on James, wrote it, and, according to his constant practice, set his own music to his own words. But the hopes of the Jacobites were defeated, and the song laid by and forgotten till 1739-40. It has been proved that the author sang it publicly,† and with the greatest success, at a dinner given to celebrate the victory of Admiral Vernon, 1740, when Glover's fine ballad was written,

'As near Carthage lying,' &c.

On this occasion, Carey himself applied the song to George, in consequence of the recent splendid victory.

'Send him *victorious*,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us.'

"We have shown that Carey could not have written the song in 1745, for he was dead.‡ The original words were applied to James, '*soon to reign over us.*' Carey himself applied the words (altering '*soon*' to '*long*') to George. Thus applied, it then became popular beyond conception. By Dr. Pepusch, not by Smith, it was altered in the melody of the first bar, and immediately afterwards, with a perfect bass, introduced on the stage, and it has been constantly and enthusiastically sung to the same words, which it has retained from 1740 till the death of the last George; and singular indeed it is that the song which was composed under the hopes of the restoration of king James, should be, in some degree, the means, I verily believe, of preserving the throne of George the Second and George the Third.

"As to its being the composition and words of Henry Carey, besides the testimony of Smith and Dr. Harington,§ minute unexpected coincidences are often found stronger corroborations than elaborate arguments. Let us then look at the rhymes of this song. Would any other writer in England, except Carey, admit such rhymes as these?

* When found dead, he had but one halfpenny in his pockets.

† "The first time I ever heard the anthem of 'God save the King,' was about the year 1740, on some public occasion, at a tavern in Cornhill."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1796.

The above has also been corroborated by Mr. Townsend, who informed Mr. John Ashley, in 1794, (two years before the above letter) that his (Townsend's) father dined with Henry Carey, at a tavern in Cornhill, at a meeting convened to celebrate Vernon's capture of Porto Bello, in the year 1740, and that the applause he received was very great, *especially when he announced it to be his own composition.*"—*Vide Ashley's Letter to the Rev. W. L. Bowles*, 1828.

‡ George Savile Carey, his son, was born in 1742.

§ *A Letter from Dr. Harington to G. S. Carey*, June 13th, 1795.—"Dear Sir,—The anecdote you mention, respecting

your father's being the author and composer of the words and music of 'God save the King,' is certainly true. That most respectable gentleman, my worthy friend and patient, Mr. Smith, has often told me what follows: viz. 'that your father came to him with the words and music, desiring him to correct the bass, which was not proper; and at your father's request, Mr. Smith wrote another bass in correct harmony.' Mr. Smith, to whom I read your letter this day, repeated the same account, and on his authority I pledge myself for the truth of the statement.—H. HARINGTON."

On this letter, Mr. John Ashley remarks, that Mr. Smith was "one who possessed a thorough knowledge of the works of our old musicians; and had such a song as Carey took him been previously known, he of all persons would have been most likely to detect the imposition."

born Prince,' was he who came an adventurer in 1745 to Scotland; 'true-born,' in allusion to what had been said of his father. 'Restore the family,' doubtless alludes to Charles the Second's restoration."

About the year 1795, George Savile Carey asserted his father's claim to the authorship of this Song, and made a journey to Windsor, in the hope of obtaining some pecuniary recompense from the King.

His claim was acquiesced in by Archdeacon Coxe, in his *Anecdotes of J. C. Smith*, Handel's Amanuensis; and by Mr. S. Jones, in his *Biographia Dramatica*. It was by no means G. S. Carey's wish, though he claimed the authorship for his father, to prove *also* that it was first written for king James, as that would have defeated his hopes of reward; and probably his concealment of that fact tended more than anything else to throw a suspicion upon his statement. It was immediately proved, by concurrent testimonies, to have been sung "God save great James our King," and from that time we may date the endless discussions and assertions on the subject. Although it is impossible, at this distance of time, to assert positively that Harry Carey was actually the author and composer of the National Anthem, yet, there being not a shadow of proof of any other claim, his having the direct and positive attestations of J. C. Smith and Dr. Harington, coupled with the strong internal evidence in both words and music, leave little doubt on the subject.

Add to this, that the accounts of Dr. Arne, Dr. Burney, and Dr. Cooke, of its having been sung "God save great James," are clearly reconcileable with its being his production; that all attempts to prove a copy before Carey's time, have failed; moreover, it is admitted that he sang it in public (announcing it as his own production) five years before the first publication; and his not claiming it, when it attained its great popularity in 1745,* being explained by his having put an end to his existence three years before, at the advanced age of eighty, and leaving his son an infant.

A SONG FOR TWO VOICES, SUNG AT BOTH PLAYHOUSES.

[From *The Gentleman's Magazine*, October, 1745, p. 252.]

God save great George our king!
Long live our noble king,
 God save the king!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
 God save the king!

O Lord! our God arise!
Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall.

Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
 God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To say with heart and voice,
 God save the king!†

Then follows the verse, which was evidently added on that occasion :‡

Lord grant that Marshal Wade,
May by thy mighty aid,
 Victory bring!
May he sedition hush,
And like a torrent rush,
Rebellious Scots to crush,
 God save the king!

* The year of the rebellion in Scotland.

† The word *say* is now changed to *sing*.

‡ In the table of contents of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, it

is called "God save our Lord the King!" a *new* song, probably in allusion to this verse. At page 252, where it is printed, the word "new" does not occur.

As early as 1754, the words were rendered into Latin, a copy of which may be seen in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1795, Supplément, part ii. And "on the 15th of May, 1800, his Majesty having been shot at by James Hatfield, at Drury Lane Theatre, the following Stanza, said to have been written on the spot by the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, was sung by Mr. Kelly at the end of the farce, when it was enthusiastically encored by the agitated but delighted audience. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1800, it is, however, stated to have been produced, *impromptu*, originally at Quebec."

From every latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
God save the king.
O'er him thine arm extend,
For Britain's sake defend,
Our father, prince, and friend,
God save the king.

Other additions have been made at various times, but none have attained any permanent popularity; and the three original verses are what are still usually sung.

No. LXXXIX. REMEMBER, O THOU MAN. A Christmas Carol, from *Melismata*, 1609, is one of those said to been the original of GOD SAVE THE KING.—*See the preceding.*

No. XC. THE MAID PEEP'D OUT OF THE WINDOW, OR THE FRIAR IN THE WELL. We regret very much not having found the words to this beautiful Air. The Tune is from the first edition of *The Dancing Master*, (1650-51) and is also to be found in many of the subsequent editions. It ends like Tune 96.

No. XCI. LILLIBURLERO, OR OLD WOMAN, WHITHER SO HIGH.* A popular tune composed by Henry Purcell, taken from Playford's *Music's Handmaid*, published in 1678. Of Lord Wharton's words to this tune Dr. Percy remarks, "The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the Philippics of Demosthenes, or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. Let us hear a contemporary writer: 'A foolish ballad was made, at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, 'Lero, lero, lilliburlero,' that made an impression on the (king's) army, that cannot be imagined by those who saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect.'—*Burnet.*

"It was written, or at least republished, on the Earl of Tyrconnel's going a second time to Ireland, in October 1688. Perhaps it is unnecessary to mention, that General Richard Talbot, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, had been nominated by King James the Second to the lieutenancy

* Quere, are the following rhymes, for the preservation of which we are indebted to the nursery, the original words of "Old Woman, whither so high?"

There was an old woman tossed up in a blanket
Seventeen times as high as the moon:
Old woman, old woman, old woman, says I,

Where are you going, *whither so high?*
To sweep the cobwebs off of the moon,
And I'll be with you back again soon.

They are in the measure of "Lilliburlero," without the repeat of the first four bars.

of Ireland in 1686, on account of his being a furious papist, who had recommended himself to his bigoted master by his arbitrary treatment of the Protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant-general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears. The violence of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of those times; particularly in Bishop King's *State of the Protestants in Ireland*, 1691, 4to.

“‘Lilliburlero’ and ‘Bullen-a-lah’ are said to have been the words of distinction used among the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641.”

Hume says, in his *History of England*, “It may not be unworthy of notice, that a merry ballad, called ‘Lilliburlero,’ being at that time published in derision of the Papists and the Irish, it was greedily received by the people, and was sung by all ranks of men, even by the king’s army.” Lord Wharton boasted publicly of having rhymed King James out of his dominions; but he might with far greater justice have given the credit to Purcell, for without his irresistibly fascinating tune, his lordship’s rhymes would, in all probability, have fallen as harmless as his enemies could have wished.

The name of the tune ‘Lilliburlero,’ will be familiar to most of our readers as the favourite of Corporal Trim, in *Tristram Shandy*; and is mentioned in *The Scowerers*, a play by Thomas Shadwell, 1691. “*Eugenia*. And another music master from the next town, to teach one to twinkle out ‘Lilliburlero’ upon an old pair of virginals, that sound worse than a tinker’s kettle, that he cries his work upon.”

There are many songs to this tune in the collection of Ballads, and among the King’s Pamphlets, in the British Museum; such as “The courageous soldiers of the West,” “The Reading Skirmish,” “Undaunted London Derry,” &c. also in D’Urfey’s *Pills to purge Melancholy*, in the *Collection of State Songs*, 1716, and others. One of D’Urfey’s songs has this burden,

“Hey down derry, hoa down derry,
Mirth is better than sorrow by half;
List to my ditty, ’tis merry, ’tis witty,
And if ye a’n’t sullen, ’twill make ye all laugh.”

But the air is perhaps now better known in England by the following chorus, when a singer has finished a successful song, than by any other words:

“A very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one.”

In Ireland it is still retained as a party tune.

LILLI BURLERO.

Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la,
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.
Ho! by shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote: lilli, &c.
And he will cut de Englishmen’s troate. lilli, &c.
Dough by my shoul de English do praat, &c.
De law’s on dare side, and Creish knows what, &c.

But if dispence do come from de pope, &c.
We’ll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope. &c.
For de good Talbote is made a lord, &c.
And with brave lads is coming aboard: &c.
Who all in France have taken a sware, &c.
Dat they will have no protestant heir, &c.
Ara! but why does he stay behind? &c.
Ho! by my shoul ’tis a protestant wind! &c.
But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore, &c.
And we shall have commissions gillore, &c.

And he dat will not go to de mass, &c.
 Shall be turn out, and look like an ass. &c.
 Now, now de hereticks all go down, &c.
 By Chrish and shaint Patrick, de nation's our own, &c.

Dare was an old prophecy found in a bog, &c.
 "Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass and a dog." &c.
 And now dis prophesy is come to pass, &c.
 For Talbot's de dog, and Ja--s is the ass. &c.*

No. XCII. CUCKOLDS ALL A ROW, taken from *The Dancing Master*, 1650-51. In Pepys' *Memoirs*, we have the following account of a court ball, in the reign of Charles the Second.

"31st Dec. 1662. By and bye comes the king and the queene, the duke and the duchesse, and all the great ones; and, after seating themselves, the king takes out the duchesse of York, and the duke the duchesse of Buckingham, the duke of Monmouth my lady Castlemaine, and so other lords and ladies; and they danced the bransle. After that, the king led a lady a single coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies; very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then the country daunces, the king leading the first, which he called for, which was *Cuckold's all arow*, the old dance of England."

This tune is mentioned in the old song, "Oh, London is a fine town;" and the following, from a black letter copy, printed for Henry Gosson, is one of the many ballads sung to it.

THE CRUELL SHROW; OR, THE PATIENT MAN'S WOE.†

Declaring the misery and the great pain,
 By his unquiet wife he doth dayly sustain.

To the tune of "Cuckold's all a row."

COME bachelors and married men,
 And listen to my song,
 And I will shew you plainly then
 The injury and wrong,
 That constantly I do sustain
 By the unhappy life,
 The which does put me to great pain
 By my unquiet wife.

She never linnés her bawling,
 Her tongue it is so loud,
 But always she'll be railing,
 And will not be controlled:
 For she the breeches still will wear,
 Although it breeds my strife,
 If I were now a bachelor,
 I'd never have a wife.

Sometimes I go in the morning
 About my daily work,
 My wife she will be suorting,
 And in her bed she'll lurk,
 Until the chimes do go at eight,
 Then she'll begin to wake,
 Her morning's draught well spiced straight,
 To clear her eyes she'll take.

As soon as she is out of bed,
 Her looking-glass she takes,
 So vainly is she daily led,
 Her morning's work she makes
 In putting on her brave attire,
 That fine and costly be,
 While I work hard in dirt and mire,
 Alack what remedy?

Then she goes forth a gossiping
 Amongst her own comrades;
 And then she falls a boosing
 With all her merry blades:
 When I come from my labour hard,
 Then she'll begin to scold,
 And call me rogue without regard,
 Which makes my heart full cold.

When I come home into my house,
 Thinking to take my rest;
 Then she'll begin me to abuse,
 Before she did but jest:
 "With out, you rascal, get you gone,
 And quickily, to the door;"
 Then she takes up a cudgel's end,
 And breaks my head full sore.

* "The foregoing song is attributed to Lord Wharton in a pamphlet, intituled, 'A true relation of the several facts and circumstances of the intended riot and tumult on Queen Elizabeth's birth-day,' &c. third edition. London, 1712, price 2d. See page 5, viz. 'A late viceroy (of Ireland), who has so often

boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention, lying, and for making a certain *Lilliburlero song*, with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms."

† Each strain of the air must be sung twice to these words.

When I for quiet's sake desire
 My wife for to be still,
 She will not grant what I require,
 But swears she'll have her will:
 Then if I chance to heave my hand,
 Straightway she'll murder cry;
 Then judge all men that here do stand,
 In what a case am I.

And if a friend by chance me call
 To drink a pot of beer,
 Then she'll begin to curse and brawl,
 And fight, and scratch, and tear;
 And swears unto my work she'll send
 Me straight without delay,
 Or else with the same cudgel's end,
 She will me soundly pay.

And if I chance to sit at meat
 Upon some holiday,
 She is so sullen she'll not eat,
 But vex me ever and ay;
 She'll pout and lower, and curse and bann;
 This is the weary life
 That I do lead, poor harmless man,
 With my most dogged wife.

Then is not this a piteous cause,
 Let all men now it try,
 And give their verdicts by the laws,
 Between my wife and I;
 And judge the cause who is to blame,
 I'll to their judgment stand,
 And be contented with the same,
 And put thereto my hand.

If I abroad go any where,
 My business for to do,
 Then will my wife anon be there,
 For to increase my woe:

Straightway she such a noise will make
 With her most wicked tongue,
 That all her mates her part to take
 About me soon will throng.

Thus am I now tormented still
 With my most cruel wife,
 All through her wicked tongue so ill,
 I am weary of my life:
 I know not truly what to do,
 Nor how myself to mend;
 This lingering life doth breed my woe,
 I would 'twere at an end.

O that some harmless honest man,
 Whom death did so befriend,
 To take his wife from off his hand,
 His sorrows for to end,
 Would change with me to rid my care,
 And take my wife alive,
 For his dead wife unto his share,
 Then I would hope to thrive.

But so it likely will not be,
 That is the worst of all,
 For to increase my daily woe,
 And for to breed my fall:
 My wife is still most froward bent,
 Such is my luckless fate,
 There is no man will be content
 With my unhappy state.

Thus to conclude, and make an end
 Of these my verses rude,
 I pray all wives for to amend,
 And with peace be endued:
 Take warning all men by the life
 That I sustained long,
 Be careful how you choose a wife,
 And so I'll end my song.

No. XCIII. and XCIII. bis. THE COUNTRY BUMPKIN. This tune, which is perhaps a corruption of the former, is to be found in most of the ballad operas at the beginning of the last century, such as *The Cobbler's Opera*, *Momus turned Fabulist*, or, *Vulcan's Wedding*, and H. Fielding's *Don Quixote in England*.

No. XCIV. CARE THOU CANKER OF OUR JOYS. This exquisite air, better known as "When the rosy Morn appearing," in *Rosina*, is said to have been composed by John Garth of Durham,* but has never been published with any name attached to it. The original words are by Dr. Grant.

CARE, THOU CANKER OF OUR JOYS.

CARE, thou canker of our joys,
 Now thy tyrant reign is o'er;
 Fill the mystic bowl, my boys,
 Join the bacchanalian roar.
 Seize the villain, plunge him in,
 See the hated miscreant dies.—

Mirth and all thy train come in,
 Banish sorrow, tears, and sighs.
 O'er our merry midnight bowls,
 O! how happy shall we be;
 Day was made for vulgar souls,
 Night, my boys, for you and me.

* Mr. R. Banks, organist of Rochester Cathedral, is our informant.

NO. XCV. THE WILLOW TREE. This is one of the common ballad tunes, still sung about the counties of Derbyshire, Warwickshire, and Lancashire ; and we have been informed that only a few years ago, in a burlesque of ballad singing, at the Manchester theatre, one of the fraternity of blind ballad singers was introduced chaunting the old doggrel rhymes to this tune, as peculiarly characteristic of their manner, with pauses at the end of each phrase. The verse printed with the music is from a ballad of *the same title* in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, but we have no reason to believe in their identity. The following is a specimen of the original words :

“ Oh this willow tree will twist,
And this willow tree will twine ;
And I wish I was in that young woman's arms,
That once had a heart of mine,
That once had a heart of mine.”

As the air is beautiful,* and may be made peculiarly expressive of deep pathos, we have been much gratified by receiving the following lines adapted to it by Mr. H. F. Chorley.

THE WIDOW'S SONG.

OH! leave me to dream and weep,
Or lift ye the church-yard stone,
And send me my dead, through the twilight deep,
For I sit by my hearth alone!

They were three of the blythest fays!
But their mirth—it all is done!
Oh I never could think in those glad, glad days!
I must sit by my hearth alone!

The spring mid her bloom goes by,
And the summer's glorious sun,
Ere I know there are flowers, or a bright blue sky,
While I sit by my hearth alone!

Then leave me to dream and weep!
Or lift ye the church-yard stone:
I am weary, weary; better sleep,
Than sit by my hearth alone!

NO. XCVI. SIR EGLAMORE. This ballad is contained in a book entitled *The Melancholy Knight*, 1615 ; in *Merry Drollery compleat*, printed in the time of Charles the Second ; in the Collection of Old Ballads in the British Museum ; and in Part II of *Playford's Pleasant Musical Companion*, second edition, 1687. It is thought to have been “a satire on a knight who ran away in battle.” The full title is “Courage crowned with conquest;” or, “A brief relation how that valiant knight, and heroick champion, Sir Eglamore, bravely fought with, and manfully slew, a terrible, huge, great monstrous dragon ; to a pleasant new tune.”

SIR EGLAMORE.

At the end of each line occur the words “Far la lankee down dilly,” which it is not necessary to repeat here.

SIR Eglamore, that valiant knight,
He took up his sword, and went to fight ;
And as he rode o'er hill and dale,
All armed with a coat of mail,
There starts a huge dragon out of his den,
Which had kill'd, I know not how many men ;
But when he saw Sir Eglamore,
If you had but heard how the dragon did roar !
This dragon he had a plaguy hard hyde,
That could the strongest steel abide ;
He could not enter him with cuts,
Which vex'd the knight to the heart and guts.
Then the trees began to shake,
Horses did tremble, and man did quake ;
The birds betook them all to peeping,
Oh! 'twould have made a man's heart fall weeping.

But now it was no time for fear,
So to it they fall, fight dog, fight bear ;
And as the dragon a yawning did fall,
He thrust in his sword, down hilt and all.
Then the dragon, a coward, began to fly
Into his den, which was hard by ;
And there he laid him down, and roar'd ;
The knight was sorry he'd lost his sword.
But when all was done, to the alehouse he went,
And presently his twopence he spent ;
He was so hot with tugging at the dragon,
That nothing would quench his thirst but a flagon.
Well now let us pray for the King and Queen,
And eke in London may there be seen
As many knights, and as many more,
And all as good as Sir Eglamore !

* Quere, is No. 106. the original of this tune?

No. XCVII. A tune called PORTSMOUTH, from the fifteenth edition of *The Dancing Master*.

No. XCVIII. NANCY DAWSON, from whom this tune is named, was a celebrated dancer in the reign of George the Second. One of her portraits is at the Garrick Club; and there are four different prints of her, one of which, by Spooner, is in Dr. Burney's Collection of Theatrical Portraits in the British Museum. Another is by G. Pulley, folio, dancing a hornpipe with the song, and a third by Watson. Her life was published in 1760; and Stevens' *Dramatic History of Master Edward, Miss Ann, and others*, "the extraordinaries of these times," was "a satire upon Edward Shuter, the comedian, and Nancy Dawson, the far-famed toast." From this work it appears that she made her debut, as a dancer, at Sadler's Wells; and "as she was extremely agreeable in her figure, and the novelty of her dancing added to it, with her excellence in her execution, she soon grew to be a favourite with the town; and, at the ensuing season, was engaged at Covent Garden playhouse. She became vastly celebrated, admired, imitated, and followed by every body." She had many good qualities, and amongst others was very charitable. The tune will be recognized as that of the Housemaid's song in *Love in a Village*.

No. XCIX. Now, OH Now! An air by Dowland, from the *Collection of English Airs*, printed at Haerlem in 1626. The author of this beautiful melody is immortalized in one of Shakspeare's sonnets.

"If music and sweet poetry agree,
 As they must needs, (the sister and the brother)
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
 Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
 Upon the lute, doth ravish human sense;
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
 As passing all conceit, needs no defence;
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
 That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes,
 And I, in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
 When as himself to singing he betakes;
 One God is good to both, as poets feign,
 One knight loves both, and both in these remain!"

Passionate Pilgrim, No. 6.

Anthony Wood says of Dowland, that "he was the rarest musician that the age did behold." He was particularly famous for his playing on, and singing to, the lute. In *No Wit, no Help, like a Woman's*, a comedy by Thomas Middleton, (1657) the servant tells his master bad news; and is thus answered: "No, thou plaiest Dowland's Lachrimæ to thy master."

In Peachum's *Garden of Heroical Devices*, are the following verses, portraying Dowland's forlorn condition in the latter part of his life.

"Here Philomel in silence sits alone
 In depth of winter, on the bared briar,
 Whereon the rose had once her beauty shown,
 Which lords and ladies did so much desire!
 But fruitless, now in winter's frost and snow,
 It doth despis'd and unregarded grow.

So since (old friend) thy years have made thee white,
 And thou for others hast consum'd thy spring,
 How few regard thee, whom thou didst delight,
 And far and near came once to hear thee sing!
 Ungrateful times, and worthless age of ours,
 That lets us pine when it hath cropt our flowers."

NOW, OH NOW!

Now, oh now, I needs must part,
 Parting though I absent mourn,
 Absence can no joy impart,
 Joy once fled cannot return;
 While I live I needs must love,
 Love lives not when life is gone;
 Now, at last, despair doth prove
 Love divided loveth none.
 Sad despair doth drive me hence,
 That despair unkindness sends;
 If that parting be offence,
 It is she which then offends.

Dear, when I from thee am gone,
 Gone are all my joys at once!
 I loved thee, and thee alone,
 In whose love I joyed once.
 While I live I needs must love,
 Love lives not when life is gone:
 Now, at last, despair doth prove
 Love divided loveth none.
 And although your sight I leave,
 Sight wherein my joys do lie,
 Till that death do sense bereave,
 Never shall affection die.

No. C. THE RUMMER. From the seventh edition of *The Dancing Master*, 1686. In the fifteenth edition, this tune is called THE DEVIL IN THE BUSH, and in the eighteenth THE RUMMER.

No. CI. THE BOATMAN. From the first edition of *The Dancing Master*, 1650-51.

No. CII. COME SHEPHERDS DECK YOUR HEADS. This is one of the songs mentioned in Walton's *Angler*. "*Milkwoman*. What song was it, I pray? was it 'Come Shepherds deck your Heads;'^{*} or, 'As at noon Dulcinea rested;' or, 'Phillida flouts me;' or, 'Chevy Chace;' or, 'Johnny Armstrong;' or, 'Troy town.'"

Izaak Walton was born in 1593, and married Rachell Cranmer, niece of that distinguished prelate Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1624.

This air is contained in the *Collection of English Songs*, printed at Haerlem in 1626; and also in that printed at Amsterdam in 1634. The words[†] are from a manuscript in the collection of the late Mr. Heber.

THE PLAINE DEALINGE WOMAN.

COME, shepheards, deck your heads
 No more with bayes, but willowes;
 Forsake your downie beds,
 And make the downes your pillowes;
 And mourn with me, since crost
 As never yet was no man,
 For shepheard neaver lost
 So plaine a dealinge woman.

All yee forsaken wooers,
 That ever care oppressed,
 And all you lusty doers,
 That ever love distressed,
 That losses can condole,
 And all together summon,
 Oh! mourne for the poor soule
 Of my plaine dealinge woman.

Fair Venus made her chaste,
 And Ceres beauty gave her;
 Pan wept when shee was lost,
 The Satyrs strove to have her;
 Yet seem'd she to their view
 So coy, so nice, that no man
 Could judge but he that knew
 My own plaine dealinge woman.

At all her pretty parts
 I nere enough can wonder;
 She overcame all hearts,
 Yet shee all hearts came under;
 Her inward minde was sweete,
 Good tempers ever common;
 Shepheard shall never meet
 So plaine a dealinge woman.

* In the late editions of Izaak Walton, this is erroneously printed "deck your Herds."

† The words were discovered too late for insertion in the musical part, which is too closely engraved to admit them.

No. CIII. IF I HAD WYTT FOR TO INDITE. A song from a manuscript of the time of Henry the Eighth, in the British Museum.

No. CIV. COME, JOLLY BACCHUS! In the first edition of *The Devil to pay*, 1731, the original name of this tune is given as CHARLES OF SWEDEN. Charles the Twelfth, from whom the tune was probably named, ascended the throne of Sweden in 1697, and was killed by a musket ball in 1718.

COME, JOLLY BACCHUS!

COME, jolly Bacchus, God of wine!
Crown this night with pleasure;
Let none at cares of life repine,
To destroy our pleasure:
Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal soul
May drink and sing without controul,
To support our pleasure.
Let lovers whine, and statesmen think,
Always void of pleasure;
And let the miser hug his chink,
Destitute of pleasure:

But we like sons of mirth and bliss,
Obtain the height of happiness,
Whilst brimmers flow with juice like this,
In the midst of pleasure.
Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
Guardian to our pleasure;
That under thy protection we
May enjoy new pleasure;
And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
And sing thy praises, that we may
Live and die in pleasure!

No. CV. OF ALL COMFORTS I MISCARRIED. This is the name of a tune introduced into *The Devil to pay*, into *Momus turned Fabulist*, or, *Vulcan's Wedding*, and other ballad operas. The original song is in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*. It begins thus:

"Of all comforts I miscarried,
When I play'd the fool and married,
'Tis a trap, there's none need doubt on't,
Those that are in would fain get out on't."

No. CVI. COME OPEN THE DOOR, SWEET BETTY, or, RANTING ROARING BILLY. This is the air referred to in Ritson's *Northumberland Garland*, as the one to which "The Midford Galloway's Ramble" is to be sung. In Gay's ballad opera of *Achilles*, 1733, it is called "Come open the Door, sweet Betty," and in *Flora*, 1730, it is called "Ranting roaring Billy." The Scotch have a tune called "Rattlin roaring Willie," which bears no resemblance to this tune.

No. CVII. A MORRIS DANCE, common in Derbyshire and Lancashire. (See *Morris Dance*, page 65.)

No. CVIII. ADMIRAL BENBOW. This favourite old sea song is in a Collection of Penny Song books formerly belonging to Ritson, and, with music, in Dale's *Collection*, book 5.

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

O, we sail'd to Virginia, and thence to Fayal,
Where we water'd our shipping, and then we weigh'd all;
Full in view on the seas, boys, seven sail we did espy;
O, we manned our capstan, and weigh'd speedily.
The first we came up with was a brigantine sloop,
And we ask'd if the others were big as they look'd;
But turning to windward as near as we could lie,
We found there were ten men of war cruising by.

Oh! we drew up our squadron in very nice line,
And boldly we fought them for full four hours' time;
But the day being spent, boys, and the night coming on,
We let them alone till the very next morn.
The very next morning the engagement prov'd hot,
And brave Admiral Benbow receiv'd a chain shot;
And when he was wounded, to his merry men he did say,
"Take me up in your arms, boys, and carry me away."

Oh the guns they did rattle, and the bullets did fly,
But Admiral Benbow for help would not cry;
Take me down to the cockpit, there is ease for my smarts,
If my merry men see me it will sure break their hearts.
The very next morning, by break of the day,
They hoisted their top sails, and so bore away;

We bore to Port Royal,* where the people flocked much
To see Admiral Benbow carried to Kingston Church.

Come all you brave fellows, wherever you've been,
Let us drink to the health of our King and our Queen,
And another good health to the girls that we know,
And a third in remembrance of brave Admiral Benbow.

Admiral Benbow was born about 1650; and received his commission in the navy from king James the Second, in consequence of his gallantry in beating off a Sallee rover, when in command of a merchant vessel. He was sent to the West Indies by king William, and relieved the British colonies. He was afterwards a second time dispatched to that quarter, and fell in with the French admiral Du Casse, near the Spanish coast. A skirmishing action continued for three or four days; but on the last, the admiral was left alone to engage the French, the other ships having fallen astern. Although thus single-handed, and having his leg shattered by a chain shot, he would not suffer† himself to be removed from the quarter-deck, but continued fighting till the following morning, when the French sheered off. The admiral made signal for his ships to follow, but his orders received no attention, and he was obliged to return to Jamaica, where he caused the officers who behaved so basely to be tried, and the most culpable suffered deservedly. The brave tar did not long survive this disappointment; it aggravated the effects of his wound, and he expired.

No. CIX and CIX *bis*. Two copies of BUMPER SQUIRE JONES. The first from an old half sheet copy in the editor's possession, the other from a modern edition. The words of this song are by Baron Dawson, and the tune is claimed in Bunting's *Irish Melodies* as the composition of Carolan,, but it is evidently only an alteration of the tune of "The Rummer," (see tune 100) and has very little, if any, Irish character about it. The edition we have given of the "Rummer," is from a copy printed in London in 1686, at which time Carolan was but 16 years old.

BUMPER SQUIRE JONES.

YE good fellows all,
Who love to be told, where there's claret good store,
Attend to the call
Of one who's ne'er frightened,
But greatly delighted
With six bottles more!
Be sure you don't pass,
The good house Money-glass,
Which the jolly red God so peculiarly owns,
'Twill well suit your humour,
For pray what would you more,
Than mirth, with good claret, and bumpers, squire Jones?

Ye lovers who pine
For lasses, that oft prove as cruel as fair,
Who whimper and whine
For lilies and roses,
With eyes, lips, and noses,
Or tip of an ear;

Come hither! I'll shew you
How Phillis and Chloe,
No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans:
For what mortal so stupid,
As not to quit Cupid,
When call'd by good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones?

Ye poets, who write,
And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's brook,
Tho' all you get by 't
Is a dinner oft-times,
In reward for your rhymes,
With Humphry, the Duke,
Learn Bacchus to follow,
And quit your Apollo;
Forsake all the muses, those senseless old crones;
Our jingling of glasses,
Your rhyming surpasses,
When crown'd with good claret, and bumpers, squire Jones.

* Port Royal, Kingston, Jamaica.

† In this respect the ballad is incorrect.

Ye soldiers, so stout,
 With plenty of oaths, tho' no plenty of coin,
 Who make such a rout
 Of all your commanders,
 Who served us in Flanders,
 And eke at the Boyne ;
 Come leave off your rattling,
 Of sieging and battling,
 And know you'd much better to sleep with whole bones ;
 Were you sent to Gibraltar,
 Your note you'd soon alter,
 And wish for good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye clergy, so wise,
 Who mysteries profound can demonstrate clear,
 How worthy to rise !
 You preach once a week,
 But your tithes never seek
 Above once in a year.
 Come here, without failing,
 And leave off your railing
 'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones.
 Says the text so divine,
 What is life without wine ?
 Then away with the claret ;—a bumper, Squire Jones !

Ye lawyers, so just,
 Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly plead ;
 How worthy of trust !
 You know black from white,
 Yet prefer wrong to right,
 As you chance to be fee'd.

Leave musty reports,
 And forsake the King's courts,
 Where dulness and discord have set up their thrones ;
 Burn Salkeild and Ventris,
 With all your damn'd entries,
 And away with the claret, a bumper, Squire Jones !

Ye physical tribe,
 Who's knowledge consists in hard words and grimace,
 Whene'er you prescribe,
 Have at your devotion,
 Pills, bolus, or portion,
 Be what will the case.
 Pray where is the need,
 To purge, blister, and bleed ?
 When, ailing *yourselves*, the whole faculty owns
 That the forms of old Galen,
 Are not so prevailing,
 As mirth with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye fox-hunters, eke,
 That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
 Who your ladies forsake,
 Before they're awake,
 To beat up the break,
 Where the vermin is found ;
 Leave Piper and Blueman,
 Shrill Duchess, and Trueman,
 No music is found in such dissonant tones ;
 Would you ravish your ears,
 With the songs of the spheres,
 Hark ! away to the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones !

No. CX. Another tune from the Haerlem collection, 1626. It is there called "Op de Engelsche Foulle. Of: Walsch Wallinneken."

No. CXI. GATHERING PEASCODS. The commencement of this air is the same as tune 133. It is taken from the seventh edition of *The Dancing Master* (1686) ; and is also included in other editions.

The following lines, in which the pastoral character of the original is retained, are adapted to this beautiful air by Mr. Wade.

GATHERING PEASCODS.

How pleasant is it in the blossom of the year,
 To stray and find a nook,
 Where nought doth fill the hollow of the list'ning ear
 Except the murm'ring brook ;
 Or bird in neighb'ring grove,
 That in solitude doth love
 To breathe his lonely hymn !
 Lost in their mingled song,
 I careless roam along
 From morn to twilight dim.

And as I wander in the blossom of the year,
 By chrystal waters' flow,
 Flow'rs sweet to gaze on, as the songs of birds to hear,
 Spring up where e'er I go !
 The violet agrees,
 With the honey-suckle trees,
 To shed their balms around !—
 Thus from the busy throng,
 I careless roam along,
 Mid perfume and sweet sound.

No. CXII. I LOVE A SAILOR BOLD. This is another of the common West of England ditties, very generally known, but the music, we believe, never before printed.

I LOVE A SAILOR BOLD.

'Twas down in Cupid's garden
 For pleasure I did go,
 To see the fairest flowers
 That in that garden grow;
 The first it was the jessamine,
 The lily, pink, and rose,
 And surely they're the fairest flow'rs
 That in that garden grows,
 That in that garden grows!

I'd not walk'd in that garden,
 The past of half an hour,
 When there I saw two pretty maids,
 Sitting under a shady bow'r.
 The first was lovely Nancy,
 So beautiful and fair,
 The other was a virgin,
 Who did the laurel wear, &c.

I boldly stepp'd up to her,
 And unto her did say,
 Are you engaged to any young man?
 Do tell to me, I pray!
 I'm not engag'd to any young man,
 I solemnly do swear,
 I mean to live a virgin
 And still the laurel wear, &c.

Then hand in hand together,
 This lovely couple went;
 Resolved was the sailor boy
 To know her full intent;
 To know if he would slighted be,
 When to her the truth he told:
 Oh no! oh no! oh no! she cried,
 I love a sailor bold,
 I love a sailor bold!

NO. CXIII. PRINCE RUPERT'S MARCH. From *The Dancing Master* of 1650-51. The commencement of this march resembles *The British Grenadiers*, and the two tunes on which it appears to have been founded, (see Nos. 52, 53, and 54) but is in a minor key and the others in major. Prince Rupert commanded the Royalists at the battle of Edgehill in 1642, and died and was interred with great magnificence in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, in 1682. He was a nephew of Charles the First, and the discoverer of mezzotinto, the hint of which he is said to have taken from seeing a soldier scraping his rusty fusil. The first mezzotinto print ever published was the work of his hands, and may be seen in the first edition of *Evelyn's Sculptura*.

NO. CXIV. DARGASON.* In Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, class 4, (from the reign of Edward the Sixth to Elizabeth) is "A merry Ballet of the Hathorne Tre," to be sung to the tune of "Donkin Dargeson." This curiosity is copied "from a miscellaneous collection in the Cotton Library (marked Vespasian, A. XXV.);" and Ritson remarks, "This tune, whatever it was, appears to have been in use till after the Restoration. In a volume of old Ballads in the possession of John Baynes, Esquire, is one to the tune of *Dargeson*." It is to be found in the first edition of *The Dancing Master*, 1650-51, where it is called *Dargason*, or, *The Sedany*. In the seventh edition it ends as at the eighth bar, (if this version of the tune may be said to end at all), and in the first edition, as in the sixteenth bar of the copy here printed.—*See also the following*.

* This tune is inserted in Jones' *Musical and Poetical Relics of the Welsh Bards*, p. 129, under the name of "The melody of Cynwyd;" and some other curious coincidences occur in the same work. At page 172, the tune called "The Welcome of the Hostess" is evidently "The Mitter Rant," (see tune 67.) At page 176, the tune called "Flaunting two," is the country dance of "The Hemp Dresser, or The London Gentlewoman," (see tune 155.) At pages 129 and 164 are two versions of an air called "The Delight of the men of Dovey," which appears to be an inferior copy of "Green Sleeves," (see tune 11.) At page 174, is "Hunting the Hare," which we also claim, (see tunes 161 and 162.) At page 162, "The Monks'

March" is "General Monk's March," published by Playford, and the quick part "The Rummer," (see tune 100); and at page 142, the air called "White Locks" is evidently Lord Commissioner *Whitelocke's* coranto, an account of which, with the tune, is contained in Sir J. Hawkins' *History of Music*, vol. iv. page 51, and in Burney's *History of Music*, vol. iii. page 378. In several of these, particularly in the last, which is identified by the second part of the tune, (and especially by a very different version, under the same name, in Parry's *Cambrian Harmony*, published about fifty years ago) there is considerable variation, as may be expected in tunes traditionally preserved for so long a time, but their identity admits of little question.

No. CXV. OFT HAVE I RIDDEN UPON MY GREY NAG. In *Pammelia*, or, *Musick's Miscellanie*, 1608, three old airs, "Oft have I ridden," "Robin Hood, Robin Hood, said little John," (tune 72) and "Shall I go walke the woods so wilde," (tune 116,) are printed together, to be sung by three persons at the same time. "Oft have I ridden," is evidently the same as "Dargason," or "Donkin Dargason," (see No. 114) but this copy was printed forty-two years before the preceding, and ends differently.

No. CXVI. SHALL I GOE WALKE THE WOODS SO WILDE. Of this tune there are three copies in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*, one at page 40, another at page 67, and a third at page 276, all with variations by Byrde. It is also contained in *Pammelia*, or, *Musick's Miscellanie*.—See the foregoing.

No. CXVII. THE COBBLER. From *The Collection of English Tunes* printed at Haerlem in 1626.

No. CXVIII. THE HIGHLAND LADDIE. This is a song by Dr. Arne, from Vol. I, (page 51) of *Clio* and *Euterpe* (1762). It was introduced by Sheridan in *The Duenna* in 1775, and, as "Ah! sure a pair were never seen," has since continued popular.

No. CXIX. OF ALL THE SIMPLE THINGS WE DO. This song, called *Marriage*, or, *The Mouse Trap*, is contained in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, and in the *Musical Miscellany*, Vol. V., page 108. The air was introduced into *The Beggars' Opera*, *The Generous Freemason*, and *The Patron*, or, *an Old Man taught Wisdom*. In *The Dancing Master* it is called "Old Hob," or *The Mouse Trap*.

MARRIAGE, OR, THE MOUSE TRAP.

Of all the simple things we do,
To rub over a whimsical life,
There's no one folly is so true
As that very bad bargain a wife.
We're just like a Mouse in a trap,
Or a Rat that is caught in a gin;
We start and fret, and try to escape,
And rue the sad hour we came in.
I gam'd and drank, and played the fool,
And a thousand mad frolicks more;
I rov'd and ranged, despised all rule,
But I never was marry'd before.

This was the worst plague could ensue,
I'm mew'd in a smoky house;
I us'd to tope a bottle or two,
But now 'tis small beer with my spouse!
My darling freedom crown'd my joys,
And I never was vexed in my way;
If now I cross her will; her voice
Makes my lodging too hot for my stay.
Like a Fox that is hamper'd, in vain
I fret out my heart and soul,
Walk to and fro the length of my chain,
Then am forc'd to creep into my hole.

No. CXX. THERE WAS A PRETTY LASS AND A TENANT OF MY OWN. This air is sometimes called only "A Tenant of my own," and sometimes "I had a pretty Girl and a Tenant," &c. It is to be found in *The Beggar's Wedding*, in *The Jovial Crew*, in *The Livery Rake*, 1733, in *The Generous Freemason*, and in several other ballad operas about the same time; also in the fifth volume of *The Musical Miscellany*.

The song in *The Livery Rake* contains a complaint often heard at the present time.

The Italian nymphs and swains,
That adorn the Opera stage,
With their fal, lal, la, &c.

How we die upon their strains!

They so sweetly do engage,
With their fal, lal, la, &c.

Their ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, without a grain of sense,
Has mollified our brains, and we're fobb'd out of our pence,
By their ha, ha, ha, &c.

But I hope the time will come,
When their favourers will find,
With their fal, lal, la, &c.

They have paid too great a sum
To Italian pipes for wind,
With their fal, lal, la, &c.

When English wit again, and merit too shall thrive,
And men of fortune to support that wit and merit strive,
Without ha, ha, ha, &c.

No. CXXI and CXXI *bis*. STINGO,* OR OYLE OF BARLEY, (and sometimes called SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN), is contained in "The English Dancing Master, or plaine and easie rules for the dancing of country dances, with the tune to each dance." Entered at Stationers' Hall on the 19th of March, 1650, and published by Playford in 1651. This is the first edition, and it is probably to be found in every other of the same work. No. 121 *bis*, is a copy of the same tune from the first edition of *The Beggar's Opera*. In *The Dancing Master*, down to the year 1686, (seventh edition) it is called *Stingo*, or, *Oyle of Barley*, but in all the later copies we have seen, and of which five are now before us, it is called COLD AND RAW, from the greater popularity of a song of that name then newly written by Tom D'Urfey,† and first printed by John Carr in the second book of "Comes Amoris, or the Companion of Love," 1688.

The success of this song set a fashion for writing "new Scotch and Irish songs and tunes" as they were called, and many of those now included in Scotch collections owe their parentage to the same source, such as "De'il take the Wars," the words by D'Urfey, the music by Powell; "Sweet Annie frae the Sea Beach," by Dr. Greene; "At Setting Day," by Howard; the "Highland Laddie," by Dr. Arne; and more recently, "Auld Robin Grey," by the Rev. Wm. Leeves, and "O Nanny wilt thou gang wi' me,"‡ the words by Bishop Percy and the music by T. Carter, the last named being an Irishman. The introduction of a Jocky, a Jenny, a Sandy, or a Moggy, into a song, and often without a word of the peculiar dialect, seems to have been considered as sufficient to constitute a Scotch song, and many of the tunes, like the present, have little or no Scotch character.

In the *Comes Amoris*, 1688, it is called "the last new Scotch song," which can only be in reference to the words, as the tune was printed thirty-eight years before, and a few pages further in the same book is another "new Scotch song," set by Mr. Ackeroyd. Hilton wrought this tune into a catch for three voices, and published it in his collection of catches in 1652, and it was afterwards reprinted by Playford in his *Musical Companion* in the editions of 1667, 1673, &c. The following are the words of the Catch.

FIRST VOICE.—(1st Tenor.)

I'SE goe with thee my sweet Peggy, my honey,§
Fa la la, la la la, la la la la.
Thou's be welcome to me with thy money,

Sing fa la la, la la la.
Then strike it up, piper, let's ha' e'en a spring,
Gid feth Sir, and that's you's, ha, hey ding, hey ding.

* Stingo, old beer, or ale; hence the sign of "The Yorkshire Stingo."

† D'Urfey wrote several other "Scotch songs" besides "Cold and raw;" such as "De'il take the wars," in his play of *A Wife for any Man*. A Scotch song made to the Irish jig, contained in Playford's *Choice New Songs*, 1684. "O Jenny, Jenny!" and several others reprinted in his *Collection of Songs*,

complete, pleasant, and divertive, 1719. Many of the tunes in the later editions of *The Dancing Master*, take the titles of D'Urfey's songs in preference to the original names.

‡ Dr. Percy wrote this "O Nancy, wilt thou go with me!"

§ Playford prints it "Ize ga with thee, my sweet Peggy, my honey, Thouz be welcome, &c."

SECOND VOICE.—(Bass.)

Brase your tabour, whilst we labour,
 Fa la la, la la la, la.
 Harke how the drone,* below alone
 Doth hum—,
 Whilst my pigsney cries fie, fie, fie, fie,
 I say no more but mum.

THIRD VOICE.—(2nd Tenor.)

Thou and I will foot it, Joe,
 Fa la, la la, la la,
 And what we'll doe neene shall know,
 But taste the *juice of barley*.
 We'll sport all night for our delight,
 And home in the morning early.

The third voice part is to the tune of *Stingo*, or, *Oyle of Barley*, but the air is altered to suit the melody of the first part. The Catch appeared one year after the dance tune, and the words "Juice of Barley," and "Thou and I will *foot* it, Joe," seem to refer to it.

The following anecdote is related by Sir John Hawkins in his *History of Music*, Vol. 4, page 6.

"This tune was greatly admired by Queen Mary, the consort of King William; and she once affronted Purcell by requesting to have it sung to her, he being present. The story is as follows: The Queen having a mind one afternoon to be entertained with music, sent to Mr. Gosling, then one of her Chapel, and afterwards Sub-Dean of St. Paul's, to Henry Purcell and to Mrs. Arabella Hunt, who had a very fine voice, and an admirable hand on the lute, with a request to attend her; they obeyed her commands; Mr. Gosling and Mrs. Hunt sung several compositions of Purcell, who accompanied them on the harpsichord; at length, the Queen beginning to grow tired, asked Mrs. Hunt if she could not sing the ballad of 'Cold and Raw†,' Mrs. Hunt answered, Yes, and sung it to her lute. Purcell was all the while sitting at the harpsichord unemployed, and not a little nettled at the Queen's preference of a vulgar ballad to his music; but seeing Her Majesty delighted with this tune, he determined that she should hear it upon another occasion; and, accordingly, in the next birth-day song, viz. that for the year 1692, he composed an air to the words 'May her bright example chace vice in troops out of the land,' the bass whereof is the tune to 'Cold and Raw.'"

SIR JOHN BARLEY-CORN.

A pleasant new ballad to sing even and morne,
 Of the bloody murder of Sir John Barley-corn.

As I went through the north country,
 I heard a merry meeting;
 A pleasant toy and full of joy;
 Two noblemen were greeting.
 And as they walked forth to sport,
 Upon a summer's day,
 They met another nobleman,
 With whom they had a fray.
 His name was Sir John Barley-corn;
 He dwelt down in a dale,
 Who had a kinsman dwelt him nigh,
 They call'd him Thomas Good-ale.
 Another named Richard Beer,
 Was ready at that time,
 Another worthy knight was there,
 Call'd Sir William White-wine.

Some of them fought in a black jack,
 Some of them in a can;
 But the chiefest in a black pot,
 Like a worthy nobleman.
 Sir Barley-corn fought in a bowl,
 Who won the victory;
 Which made them all to fume and swear,
 That Barley-corn should die.
 Some said "kill him," some said "drown,"
 Others wish to hang him high,
 For as many as follow Barley-corn,
 Shall surely beggars die.
 Then with a plough they plough'd him up,
 And thus they did devise,
 To bury him quick within the earth,
 And swore he should not rise.

* The drone of the tabour was produced by wetting the thumb, and rubbing it round as on the tambourine. The pipe and tabour were inseparable from the morris-dance, and the May-day games.

† Sir John Hawkins, who relates the anecdote *traditionally*, and who had evidently seen no older copy of the tune than that contained in the *Catch*, (as he elsewhere mentions Hilton's *Catches* as Playford's *first* publication,) calls it "the old Scots

ballad," but from the allusion to "the next birthday song," it must have happened within four years of the first publication. It is by no means unfrequent, at the present time, to hear Moore's melodies described as "Old Irish Ballads," applying the word ballad to the musical portion; and, in this sense only, can the word "old" be correct. The *tune* is older than either Queen Mary, Purcell, or D'Urfey.

With harrows strong they combed him,
 And burst clods on his head,
 A joyful banquet then was made,
 When Barley-corn was dead.
 He rested still within the earth,
 Till rain from skies did fall,
 Then he grew up in branches green,
 Which sore amaz'd them all.
 And so grew up till Midsummer,
 He made them all afraid,
 For he was sprouted up on high,
 And got a goodly beard.
 Then he grew till St. James's-tide,
 His countenance was wan,
 For he was grown unto his strength,
 And thus became a man.
 With hooks and sickles keen,
 Unto the fields they hied,
 They cut his legs off by the knees,
 And made him wounds full wide.
 Thus bloodily they cut him down,
 From place where he did stand,
 And like a thief for treachery,
 They bound him in a band.
 So then they took him up again,
 According to this kind,
 And packed him up in several stacks,
 To wither with the wind.
 And with a pitchfork that was sharp,
 They rent him to the heart,
 And like a thief for treason vile,
 They bound him in a cart.
 And tending him with weapons strong,
 Unto the town they hie,
 And straight they mow'd him in a mow,
 And there they let him lie.
 Then he lay groaning by the walls,
 Till all his wounds were sore,
 At length they took him up again,
 And cast him on the floor.
 They hired two with holly clubs,
 To beat at him at once;
 They thwacked so hard on Barley-corn,
 That flesh fell from his bones.
 And then they took him up again,
 To fulfil women's mind,
 They dusted and they sifted him,
 Till he was almost blind.
 And then they knit him in a sack,
 Which grieved him full sore,
 They steeped him in a fat,* God wot,
 For three days' space and more.

Then they took him up again,
 And laid him for to dry,
 They cast him on a chamber floor,
 And swore that he should die.
 They rubbed him and stirred him,
 And oft did toil and turn,
 The mault-man likewise vows his death,
 His body he would burn.
 They pull'd and haul'd him up in spite,
 And threw him on a kiln,
 Yea dried him o'er a fire bright,
 The more to work their will.
 Then to the mill they forc'd him straight,
 Whereas they bruise'd his bones,
 The miller swore to murder him
 Betwixt a pair of stones.
 The last time when they took him up,
 They served him worse than that,
 For with hot scalding liquor store
 They wash'd him in a fat.
 But not content with this, God wot,
 They wrought him so much harm,
 With cruel threat they promise next
 To beat him into barm.
 And lying in this danger deep,
 For fear that he should quarrel,
 They took him straight out of the fat,
 And tun'd him in a barrel.
 And then they set a tap to him,
 Even thus his death begun,
 They drew out every drop of blood,
 Whilst any drop would run.
 Some brought jacks upon their backs,
 Some brought bill and bow,
 And every man his weapon had
 Barley-corn to overthrow.
 When Sir John Good-ale heard of this,
 He came with mickle might,
 And there he took their tongues away,
 Their legs, or else their sight.
 Sir John at least in each respect
 So paid them all their hire,
 That some lay sleeping by the walls,
 Some tumbling in the mire.
 Some lay groaning by the walls,
 Some fell in the street downright,
 The best of them did scarcely know
 What he had done o'er night.
 All you good wives that brew good ale,
 God keep you all from teen,
 But if you put too much water in,
 The devil put out your eyne!

The following is another Ballad on the same subject, taken from Evans' *Collection of Old Ballads*, Vol. 1, page 156. Edition of 1810.

THE LITTLE BARLEY-CORN:

Whose properties and vertues here
Shall plainly to the world appeare;
To make you merry all the yeere.

To the tune of "Stingo."

COME, and do not musing stand,
If thou the truth discern;
But take a full cup in thy hand
And thus begin to learn,
Not of the earth nor of the air,
At evening or at morn,
But jovial boys your Christmas keep
With the little barley-corn.

It is the cunningest alchymist
That e'er was in the land,
'Twill change your mettle when it list,
In turning of a hand.
Your blushing gold to silver wan,
Your silver into brass;
'Twill turn a taylor to a man,
And a man into an ass.

'Twill make a poor man rich to hang
A sign before his door,
And those that do the pitcher bang,
Though rich, 'twill make them poor.
'Twill make the silliest poorest snake
The King's great porter scorn;
'Twill make the stoutest lubber weak,
This little barley-corn.

It hath more shifts than Lamb e'er had,
Or Hocus-pocus too;
It will good fellows shew more sport
Than Bankes his horse could do:
'Twill play you fair above the board,
Unless you take good heed,
And fell you, though you were a lord,
And justify the deed.

It lends more years unto old age,
Than e'er was lent by nature;
It makes the poet's fancy rage,
More than Castalian water.
'Twill make a huntsman chase a fox,
And never wind his horn;
'Twill cheer a tinker in the stocks,
This little barley-corn.

It is the only Will o' the Wisp
Which leads men from the way;
'Twill make the tongue-tied lawyer lisp,
And nought but hic-up say.
'Twill make the steward droop and stoop,
His bill he then will scorn,
And at each post cast his reckoning up,
This little barley-corn.

'Twill make a man grow jealous soon,
Whose pretty wife goes trim,
And rail at the deceiving moon
For making horns at him:
'Twill make the maidens trimly dance,
And take it in no scorn,
And help them to a friend by chance,
This little barley-corn.

It is the neatest serving-man,
To entertain a friend;
It will do more than money can
All jarring suits to end.
There's life in it, and it is here,
'Tis here within this cup;
Then take your liquor, do not spare,
But clear carouse it up.

The Second Part of the Little Barley-Corn,
That cheereth the heart both evening and morne.

If sickness come, this physick take,
It from your heart will set it,
If fear encroach, take more of it,
Your heart will soon forget it.
Apollo and the Muses nine
Do take it in no scorn,
There's no such stuff to pass the time
As the little barley-corn.

'Twill make a weeping willow laugh,
And soon incline to pleasure;
'Twill make an old man leave his staff,
And dance a youthful measure;
And though your clothes be n'er so bad,
All ragged, rent, and torn,
Against the cold you may be clad
With little barley-corn.

'Twill make a coward not to shrink,
But be as stout as may be,
'Twill make a man that he shall think
That Joan's as good as my lady.
It will enrich the palest face,
And with rubies it adorn,
Yet you shall think it no disgrace,
This little barley-corn.

'Twill make your gossips merry,
When they their liquor see,
Hey, we shall ne'er be weary,
Sweet gossip, here's to thee;
'Twill make the country yeoman
The courtier for to scorn;
And talk of law-suits o'er a can
With this little barley-corn.

It makes a man that write cannot
To make you large indentures,
When as he reeleth home at night,
Upon the watch he ventures;
He cares not for the candle-light,
That shineth in the horn,
Yet he will stumble the way aright,
This little barley-corn.

'Twill make a miser prodigall,
And shew himself kind-hearted,
'Twill make him never grieve at all
That from his coin hath parted;
'Twill make the shepherd to mistake
His sheep before a storm,
'Twill make the poet to excell,
This little barley-corn.

It will make young lads to call
Most freely for their liquor,
'Twill make a young lass take a fall
And rise again the quicker:
'Twill make a man that always he
Shall sleep all night profoundly,
And make a man, what'er he be,
Go about his business roundly.

Thus the barley-corn hath power,
Even for to change our nature,
And makes a shrew, within an hour,
Prove a kind-hearted creature:
And therefore here, I say again,
Let no man take 't in scorn,
That I the virtues do proclaim
Of the little barley-corn.

The following are two verses of D'Urfey's song of *Cold and Raw*, from book 2, page 16, of *Comes Amoris*, or, *The Companion of Love*, 1688.

THE LAST NEW SCOTCH SONG.

COULD and raw the North did blow,
Bleak in the morning early,
All the trees were hid with snow,
Dagled in winter's yearly;
As I came riding on the slow
I met with a farmer's daughter,
With rozie cheeks and a bonny brow,
Good faith made me mouth to water.

Down I veiled my bonnet low,
Thinking to shew my breeding;
She return'd a graceful bow—
A village far exceeding.
I ask'd her where she went so soon,
I long'd to begin a parley,
She told me to the next market town
On purpose to sell her barley.*

NO. CXXII. DULCE DOMUM. "The tradition connected with this song is, that a Wykehamist, being for some misdemeanor confined to his rooms at Winchester, during a vacation, and thus disappointed in his expectation of returning home, he composed and set this song to music, while languishing for domestic endearments, and that incessantly playing it to relieve his heart-ache, he pined away and died." It is sung annually by the Winchester scholars, and by all the Wykehamist Clubs at the commemoration of their founder.† Dr. Hayes attributes the composition of the air to Reading. Milner, in his *History of Winchester*, says, "We shall now conclude this account of the college, with inserting the famous song of *Dulce Domum*, which is publicly sung by the scholars and choristers, aided by a band of music, previously to the summer vacation. The existence of this song can only be traced up to the distance of about a century, yet the real author of it, and the occasion of its composition, are already clouded with fables."

AND see in durance vile the pale fast-fading boy,
Midst Wykeham's walls his dulcet sorrows leave;
Fled are his fairy dreams of homely joy.
Ah! frowns too chilling, that his soul bereave
Of all that frolic fancy long'd to weave
In his paternal woods. His hands he wrings
In anguish! Yet some balm his sorrows leave
To soothe his fainting spirits, as he sings,
And suits to every sigh the sweetly-warbling strings.

O he had watched, unweeting of distress,
The hours of school-boy toil! Nor irksome flew
The moments; for, each morn, his score was less.
Visions of vacant home yet brighter grew:—
When lo! stern fate obscured the blissful view,
Droops his sick heart; and "Ah, dear fields, (he cries)
"Ye bloom no more! dear native fields, adieu!"
"Home, charming home!" still plaintive Echo sighs,
And to his parting breath the dulcet murmur dies.
Polwheel's Influence of Local Attachment, p. 57.

* There are three other verses, which although unobjectionable in Queen Mary's time, are better omitted at the present. *Tempora mutantur*.

† William a Wykeham founded Winchester College; and New College, Oxford.

Dr. Busby, in his *Concert Room and Orchestra Anecdotes*, vol. I, p. 33, says, "The old and justly favoured song of *Dulce Domum*, the melody of which is so classical and pleasing, was written about two centuries ago, by a Winchester scholar, detained at the usual time of breaking up, and chained to a tree or pillar, for an offence to the master, when the other scholars had liberty to visit their respective homes. This unfortunate youth was so affected with the loss of his liberty, and at being detained from home, and all that was dear to him, that, before his companions returned to school, he died broken-hearted.

"In memory of this melancholy incident, the scholars of Winchester School, or College, attended by the master, chaplains, organist, and choristers, have an annual procession, and walk three times round the pillar, or tree, to which their unhappy fellow-collegian was chained, chaunting as they proceed, the following Latin verses:—"

DULCE DOMUM.

CONCINAMUS, O Sodales !
 Eja, quid silemus ?
 Nobile Canticum, dulce melos
 Domum resonemus.
 Domum, domum, dulce domum,
 Dulce domum resonemus !
 Appropinquat ecce ! felix !
 Hora gaudiorum :
 Post grave tedium,
 Advenit omnium
 Meta petita laborum.
 Musa, libros mitte, fessa,
 Mitte pensa dura :
 Mitte negotium,
 Jam datur otium ;
 Me mea mittito cura !

Ridet annus, prata rident ;
 Nosque rideamus.
 Jam repetit domum,
 Daulias advena :
 Nosque domum repetamus.
 Heus : Rogere ! fer caballos ;
 Eja, nunc eamus ;
 Limen amabile,
 Matris et oscula,
 Suaviter et repetamus !
 Concinamus ad Penates ;
 Vox et audiat :
 Phosphore ! quid jubar
 Segnius emicans,
 Gaudia nostra moratur ?

Amongst many translations of this celebrated Winchester ode, the following, which was given by a writer who signs himself J. R. in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1796, appears best to convey the sense, spirit, and measure of the original.

SING A SWEET MELODIOUS MEASURE.

SING a sweet melodious measure,
 Waft enchanting lays around ;
 Home's a theme, replete with pleasure !
 Home ! a grateful theme, resound !
 HOME, sweet home ! an ample treasure !
 Home ! with ev'ry blessing crown'd !
 Home ! perpetual source of pleasure !
 Home ! a noble strain, resound !
 Lo ! the joyful hour advances ;
 Happy season of delight !
 Festal songs, and festal dances,
 All our tedious toil requite.
 Leave, my wearied muse, thy learning,
 Leave thy task, so hard to bear ;
 Leave thy labour, ease returning,
 Leave my bosom, O my care !
 See the year, the meadow, smiling !
 Let us then a smile display :

Rural sports, our pain beguiling,
 Rural pastimes call away.
 Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,
 And no longer loves to roam ;
 Her example thus impelling,
 Let us seek our native home !
 Let both men and steeds assemble,
 Panting for the wide champaign,
 Let the ground beneath us tremble,
 While we scour along the plain.
 Oh, what raptures ! oh, what blisses !
 When we gain the lovely gate !
 Mother's arms, and mother's kisses,
 There our blest arrival wait.
 Greet our household gods with singing,
 Lend, O Lucifer, thy ray !
 Why should light, so slowly springing,
 All our promis'd joys delay ?

No. CXXIII. DRIVE THE COLD WINTER AWAY. This tune is from *The Dancing Master* of 1650-51, and is contained in every edition. The song is also, both words and music, in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*. There are many others among the cavaliers' songs at the time of Charles the First, (see *The Collection of Songs* written against the Rump Parliament and King's Pamphlets, British Museum), which were sung to the tune, and some are also to be seen in Evans' *Collection of Old Ballads*. The last strain of this is to be repeated in chorus, as in "Old Sir Simon the King," and many other old English ballads.

TO DRIVE THE COLD WINTER AWAY.

ALL hail to the days that merit more praise,
Than all the rest of the year,
And welcome long nights that bring us delights,
As well for the poor as the peer!
Good fortune attend each merry man's friend,
That doth but the best that he may:
Forgetting old wrong, with a cup or a song,
To drive the cold winter away.
To drive, &c.

Let Misery pack, with a whip at his back,
Down to the Tartarian flood;
In Lethe profound, let Envy be drown'd,
That pines at another man's good.
Let Sorrow's expence come a thousand years hence,
All payments have greater delay,
And we'll spend the long nights, in cheerful delights,
To drive the cold winter away.
To drive, &c.

Now the courtier in state, sets open his gate,
And gives a free welcome to all:
The city likewise, tho' somewhat precise,
Will help both the great and the small.

But yet by report, from city and court,
The country will e'er gain the day;
More liquor is spent, and with better content,
To drive the cold winter away.
To drive, &c.

Our good gentry there, for cost do not spare,
The yeomanry fast not till Lent;
The farmers and such, think nothing too much,
So they keep but to pay for their rent.
The poorest of all now do merrily call,
When at a fit place they can stay,
For a song or a tale, or a cup of good ale,
To drive the cold winter away.
To drive, &c.

'Tis ill for the mind, to envy inclin'd,
To think of small injuries now;
If wrath be to seek, do not lend her thy cheek,
Nor let her inhabit thy brow.
Cross out of thy books all malcontent looks,
Though beauty and youth may decay,
And wholly concert, with mirth and with sport,
To drive the cold winter away.
To drive, &c.

No. CXXIV and CXXV. SALLY IN OUR ALLEY. This beautiful song was written and composed by Harry Carey, (see remarks on "God save the King!" tune 88), and it appears probable that he set it a second time, as two distinct copies of the tune are frequently to be met with. It was introduced into *The Beggars' Opera*, *The Devil to Pay*, and *The Merry Cobbler*, in all of which the latter tune is taken. Possibly, No. 124 may have been an alteration by Incedon, who sang it with great success, as in Carey's *Collection of his Songs*. No. 125 alone is printed.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.
Her father, he makes cabbage nets,
And through the street does cry them,
Her mother, she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy them:

But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.
When she is by I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely,
My master comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang long as he will,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday:
 For then I'm drest in all my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
 And often I am blamed,
 Because I leave him in the lurch,
 Soon as the text is named:
 I leave the church in sermon time,
 And slink away to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
 O then I shall have money,
 I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
 I'll give it to my honey:
 I would it were ten thousand pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all,
 Make game of me and Sally,
 And but for her I'd better be
 A slave, and row a galley:
 But when my sev'n long years are out,
 Oh, then I'll marry Sally,
 And then how happily we'll live;
 But not in our alley!

Incedon sang only the first, second, fourth, and last verses.

No. CXXVI. A Somersetshire tune, the original of "All round my Hat."

No. CXXVII. WHAT IF A DAY. From *The Collection of English Tunes* printed at Amsterdam in 1634, and is also contained in several manuscript books in *Lute Tablature*, about the same date. The same words were differently set by Richard Allison in his "Howre's Recreation in Musicke," printed in London in 1608.

WHAT IF A DAY.

WHAT if a day, or a month, or a year,
 Crown thy delights with a thousand wisht contentings?
 May not the change of a night, or an hour,
 Cross thy delights with as many sad tormentings?
 Fortune, honour, beauty, youth,
 Are but blossoms dying;
 Wanton pleasures, doting love,
 Are but shadows flying.
 All our joys are but toys,
 Idle thoughts deceiving,
 None hath power of an hour,
 Of his life's bereaving.

Th' earth's but a point of the world, and a man
 Is but a point of the earth's compared centure:
 Shal then the point of a point be so vain,
 As to triumph in a silly point's adventure?
 All is hazard that we have,
 Here is nothing byding;
 Days of pleasure are as streams
 Through fair meadows gliding.
 Well or wo, time doth go,
 Time hath no returning.
 Secret Fates guide our states
 Both in mirth and mourning.

What if a smile, or a beck, or a look,
 Feed thy fond thoughts with many vain conceivings:
 May not that smile, or that beck, or that look,
 Tell thee as well they are all but false deceivings?
 Why should beauty be so proud,
 In things of no surmounting?

All her wealth is but a shrewd,
 Nothing of accounting.
 Then in this ther's no bliss,
 Which is vain and idle,
 Beauties flowrs have their hours,
 Time doth hold the bridle.

What if the world, with a lure of its wealth,
 Raise thy degree to great place of hie advancing;
 May not the world, by a check of that wealth,
 Bring thee again to as low despised changing?
 While the sun of wealth doth shine,
 Thou shalt have friends plentie;
 But come want, they repine,
 Not one abides of twentie.
 Wealth and friends holds and ends,
 As thy fortunes rise and fall:
 Up and down, smile and frown,
 Certain is no state at all.

What if a grip, or a strain, or a fit,
 Pinch thee with pain of the feeling pangs of sickness:
 May not that grip, or that strain, or that fit,
 Shew thee the form of thine own true perfect likeness?
 Health is but a glance of joy,
 Subject to all changes;
 Mirth is but a silly toy,
 Which mishap estranges.
 Tell me then, silly man,
 Why art thou so weak of wit,
 As to be in jeopardie,
 When thou mayst in quiet sit?

No. CXXVIII. MAY FAIR. From the third edition of *The Dancing Master*. In D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, there are two songs to this tune; one, THE WILLOUGHBY WHIM; the other, O JENNY, JENNY! by which latter title it is called in the first edition of *The Beggars' Opera*, adapted to the words "O Polly, you might have toyed." In the eighteenth edition of *The Dancing Master*, a different tune is called *May Fair*, or, *Grief-a-la-mode*.

No. CXXIX. THOMAS I CANNOT, from the seventh edition of *The Dancing Master*. In some editions this tune is called *Tumas I cannot*, or, *Tom Trusty*. It was introduced into *The Beggars' Opera*, *The Generous Freemason*, *The Mock Doctor*, and, *An Old Man taught Wisdom*.

No. CXXX. THE GARTER, or, KING JAMES' MARCH, from *The Dancing Master*, of 1695.

No. CXXXI. O DEAR TWELVE PENCE! I'VE GOT TWELVE PENCE. This old song affords a whimsical exhibition of the uncertainty of human resolution in point of matrimonial or domestic economy. It begins.—

"O dear twelvepence, I've got twelvepence,
I love twelvepence as I love my life;
I'll grind a penny on't, and I'll end another on't,
And I'll carry tenpence home to my wife."

The last named sum, however, by the "diminuendo" of two-pence at each verse, causes the song to end with "And I'll carry *nothing* home to my wife."

No. CXXXII. WHEN THAT I WAS A LITTLE TINY BOY. The fool's song in *Twelfth Night*. This old tune has been preserved by tradition, and is still sung in Shakspeare's play. It is said to have been composed by a person named Fielding.

WHEN THAT I WAS A LITTLE TINY BOY.

WHEN that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

No. CXXXIII. ALL IN A GARDEN GREEN, from *The Dancing Master* of 1650-51, and contained in most of the subsequent editions. In Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*, there is another tune under the same title. The commencement of this resembles "Gathering Peascods," (See tune 111,) which is also in the first edition of *The Dancing Master*. The following is from p. 58 of "A handeful of pleasant delites," printed in 1584.

AN EXCELLENT SONG OF AN OUTCAST LOVER.

To All in a Garden green.

My fancie did I fire,
 In faithful forme and frame,
 In hope ther shuld no blust'ring blast
 Have power to move the same.
 And as the Gods do know,
 And world can witness beare,
 I never served other saint,*
 Nor idoll other where,

But one, and that whas she,
 Whom I in heart did shrine;
 And made account that pretious pearle,
 And iewell rich was mine.
 No toile, nor labour great,
 Could wearie me herein,
 For still I had a Jason's heart,
 The golden fleece to win.

And sure my sute was hearde,
 I spent no time in vain;
 A grant of friendship at her hand
 I got, to quite† my paine.
 With solemne vow and othe,
 Was knit the true-love knot.
 And friendly did we treat of love,
 As place and time we got.

Now would we send our sighes,
 As far as they might go;
 Now would we work with open signes
 To blaze our inward wo.
 Now rings and tokens too,
 Renude‡ our friendship stil;
 And ech device that could be wrought,
 Exprest our plaine good will.

True meaning went with all,
 It cannot be denide;
 Performance of the promise past,
 Was hopte for of ech side;
 And lookt for out of hand:
 Such voves did we two make,
 As God himself had present been,
 Record thereof to take.

And, for my part, I sweere
 By all the gods above,
 I never thought of other friend,
 Nor sought for other love.
 The same consent in her,
 I saw ful ofte appeare,
 If eies could see, or head could iudge,
 Or eare had power to hear.

Yet, loe! wordes are but winde :—
 An other new come guest
 Hath won her favour, as I feare,
 As fancies rise in brest.
 Her friend, that wel deserves,
 Is out of countenance quite;
 She makes the game to see me shoot,
 While others hit the white.§

He may wel beat the bush,
 As manie thousands doo;
 And misse the birds, and haply loose
 His part of feathers too.
 He hops without the ring,||
 Yet daunceth on the trace;
 When some come after, soft and faire,
 A heavie hobling pace.

In these unconstant daies,
 Such troth these women have;
 As wavering as the aspen leaf,
 They are, so God be saved!
 For no deserts of men
 Are weid,¶ what ere they be:
 For in a mood their minds are led,
 With new delights we see.

The guiltlesse goeth to wrack,
 The gorgeous peacocks gay;
 They do esteem upon no cause,
 And turne their friends away.
 I blame not all for one;
 Some flowers grow by weeds,
 Some are as sure as lock and key,
 And iust of words and deeds.

And yet of one I waile,
 Of one I crie and plaine;
 And, for her sake, shall never none
 So nip my heart again.
 If, for offence or fault,
 I had been floong at heele;**
 The lesse had been my bitter smart,
 And gnawing greefe I feele.

But being once reteind
 A friend by her consent;
 And after that to be disdained,
 When best good will I ment;
 I take it nothing well:
 For if my power could shew,
 With larum bell, and open crie,
 The world should throughly know.

* The seventh line must be repeated for the music in each verse.

† "Quite," for requite.

‡ "Renude," for renewed.

§ An allusion to the practice of archery.

|| Quere, an allusion to the old game of hop-scotch?

¶ "Weid," for weighed.

** Contemptuously spurned.

No. CXXXIV. HAVE YOU HEARD OF A FROLICSOME DITTY. This tune was introduced by Gay in *The Beggars' Opera*, 1728, and by Fielding, in the ballad opera of *Don Quixote in England*, 1734; in neither of which copies is it barred correctly. It should be in 9-4, or in 9-8 time, and is there in 6-4, or 6-8, which gives a wrong accent. In Ritson's *Durham Garland*, there is a song to this tune, beginning—

“Come hither, attend to my ditty,
All you that delight in a gun;
And if you'll be silent a minute,
I'll tell you a rare piece of fun,” &c.

No. CXXXV. BUFF COAT, OR, EXCUSE ME. This tune is in the seventh, (1686) fifteenth, eighteenth, and other editions of *The Dancing Master*, and was introduced into the following ballad operas,—*The Lottery*, *An Old Man taught Wisdom*, *The intriguing Chambermaid*, *Polly*, and *The Lover's Opera*. It has been claimed as Irish by T. Moore, under the title of “My Husband's a Journey to Portugal gone,” but in the opinion of Dr. Crotch, Mr. Wade, and others, “It is not at all like an Irish tune,” nor have we yet met with any old copy of it under that name.

No. CXXXVI. WHEN DAPHNE DID FROM PHŒBUS FLY, is to be found in *The Collection of English Songs* printed at Haerlem in 1626, in *The Amsterdam Collection*, 1634, and in the first edition of *The Dancing Master*, 1650-51.

No. CXXXVII. BEGONE, DULL CARE. Mr. T. Dibdin informs us, that the present popularity of this old air, may be dated from its revival in a pantomime ballet called *William Tell*, performed at Sadler's Wells in 1793.* There was no dialogue, or other vocal music in the piece than this, which was arranged with a chorus by Reeve. It appears to be the same tune as “The Queen's Jigg,” (see tune 138.) One verse of *Begone old Care*, is in Part II of Playford's *Pleasant Musical Companion*, 1687, but the music is different. This was also originally sung, “Begone old Care.”

BEGONE DULL CARE.

BEGONE, dull Care, I prithee begone from me,
Begone, dull Care, you and I shall never agree.
Long time thou hast been tarrying here, and fain thou would'st me kill,
But, i'faith dull Care, thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man grey,
And too much care will turn an old man to clay.
My wife shall dance, and I will sing, so merrily pass the day,
For I hold it one of the wisest things to drive dull care away.

No. CXXXVIII. THE QUEEN'S JIGG is in the fifteenth, eighteenth, and other editions of *The Dancing Master*. The last four bars of this tune differ occasionally; in this copy they are a repetition of the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth.—*See the preceding tune.*

* Mr. T. Dibdin's first dramatic attempt in London was produced on the same night, under the title of *The Rival Loyalists*.

No. CXXXIX. MALL PEATLY, from the seventh edition of *The Dancing Master*, (1686). D'Urfey has written a song to this tune, called "Gillian of Croydon," (*Pills*, vol. II, p. 46); and there are also several in the "Collection of State Songs sung at the mug-houses in London and Westminster," published in 1716.

No. CXL. A DAMSEL I'M TOLD. From the ballad opera of *The Female Parson*, or, *The Beau in the Suds*, 1730.

No. CXLI and CXLI *bis*. Two copies of A HUNTING WE WILL GO, or, THE DUSKY NIGHT RIDES DOWN THE SKY. The first from *The Vocal Enchantress*, 1783, and the second from Dale's *Collection*. This song was originally to the tune of "A begging we will go." The words are by Henry Fielding, and are contained in his ballad opera of *Don Quixote in England*, but have since been somewhat altered.

H. FIELDING'S WORDS.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, and begs his stay;
My dear, it rains, and hails, and snows,
You will not hunt to day.
But a hunting we will go.

A brushing fox in yonder wood,
Secure to find we seek;
For why, I carried sound and good
A cartload there last week.
And a hunting we will go.

Away he goes, he flies the rout,
Their steeds all spur and switch;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch.
But a hunting we will go.

At length his strength to faintness worn,
Poor reynard ceases flight;
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night.
Then a drinking we will go.

THE RECEIVED VERSION.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn,
The hounds all make a jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
Then a hunting let us go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, to make him stay;
My dear it hails, it rains, it blows,—
You cannot hunt to-day!
But a hunting we will go, &c.

Th'uncavern'd fox, like lightning flies,
His cunning 's all awake;
To gain the race he eager tries;
His forfeit life the stake!
When a hunting we do go, &c.

Arous'd, e'en Echo huntress turns,
And madly shouts her joy;
The sportsman's breast enraptur'd burns,
The chace can never cloy.
Then a hunting we will go, &c.

Despairing! mark, he seeks the tide,
His heart must now prevail;
Hark! shout the hunters, death betide,
His speed, his cunning fail.
When a hunting we do go, &c.

For lo! his strength to faintness worn,
The hounds arrest his flight;
Then hungry homewards we return,
To feast away the night.
Then a drinking we will go, &c.

No. CXLII. HANG SORROW, from the eighteenth edition of *The Dancing Master*. In Hilton's *Catches*, 1658, there is one by William Lawes of the same name, but the music is different, and the words cannot be sung to this tune.

NO. CXLIII. THE CATCH CLUB, a very peculiar tune from the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth editions of *The Dancing Master*.

NO. CXLIV. THE PARSON AMONG THE PEAS. This Song is in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, (vol. i. p. 38), the tune in *The Dancing Master* of 1719, and in the ballad opera of *Love in a Riddle*, 1729. D'Urfey's song (beginning "One long Whitsun Holiday") is also contained in "The Antidote to Melancholy," 1709.

NO. CXLV. PAGGINGTON'S, OR PACKINGTON'S POUND. This tune is to be found in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*; in *A New Book of Tablature*, 1596; in the *Collection of English Songs* printed at Amsterdam in 1634; in *Select Ayres*, 1659; in a *Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs*, 1685; in Playford's *Pleasant Musical Companion*, Part II. 1687; in *The Beggar's Opera*, 1728; in *The Musical Miscellany*, vol. v.; and in many other collections.

In Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*, it is called PACKINGTON'S POUND, the name since generally adopted; but as Ben Jonson calls it PAGGINGTON'S POUND, and as Thomas Pagington was one of the Musicians* retained in the service of the Proteetor Somerset on the death of Henry the Eighth, (A.D. 1547) it was probably a Country Dance† composed by him.

Several of the Tunes in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*, appear to have been re-named from courtiers or eminent men: such as *Wilson's Wild* changed to *Wolsey's Wild* (see Tune 149); and *The Beginning of the World*, to *Sellenger's Round*, (Tune 82); this probably took its name from Sir John Packington, commonly called "lusty Packington," the same who wagered that he would swim from the Bridge at Westminster, i.e. Whitehall Stairs, to that at Greenwich, for the sum of £3,000. "But the good Queen, who had particular tenderness for handsome fellows, would not permit Sir John to run the hazard of the trial."

Some of the copies, viz. that in the *Virginal Book*, and the Amsterdam Collection, have the following difference in the melody of the first four bars:



and it is probably the more correct reading, as the other closely resembles the commencement of a different tune. (See No. LXXII.)

The Song in Ben Jonson's Comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*, commencing, "My masters and friends, and good people, draw near," is in the exact measure of "Packington's Pound," and is thus introduced:

Cokes. We shall find that in the matter: pray thee begin.

Night. To the tune of Paggington's Pound, Sir?

Cokes. (*Sings*) Fa, la la la, la la la, fa, la la la! Nay, I'll put thee in tune and all! Mine own country dance! Pray thee begin."—*Act 3.*

The Songs written to this Air are too many for enumeration. Besides those in the Collection

* The others were Hugh Pollard, Edward Lak, Thomas Lee, Thomas Curzon, Allwyn Robson, and Robert Mey. See Royal MSS. 7, C. xvi. Brit. Mus.

† Whalley, in a note upon the passage in *Bartholomew*

Fair, is "unable to assign the origin of the name," but conjectures that the term "pound" may have been derived from a figure of the dance in which the performers were 'pounded' or inclosed by each other.

of Ballads in the British Museum, in D'Urfey's *Pills*, and in the *Pill to purge State Melancholy*, 1716,—in one Collection alone, viz. *The Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs*, there are no less than thirteen. The following are curious :

No. 1. A popular Beggars' Song, by which the Tune is often named, commencing :

“ From hunger and cold who liveth more free?
Or who is so richly cloathed as we.”—*Select Ayres*, 1659.

No. 2. “ Blanket-Fair, or the History of Temple St. Being a Relation of the merry Pranks plaid on the River Thames during the great Frost.”

“ Come, listen awhile, though the weather be cold.”

No. 3. “ The North Country Mayor,” dated 1697, from a manuscript volume of Songs by Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, and others, in the Harleian Library :

“ I sing of no heretic Turk or of Tartar,
But of a suffering Mayor who may pass for a Martyr ;
For a story so tragick was never yet told
By Fox or by Stowe, those authors so old ;
How a vile Lansprado
Did a Mayor bastinado,
And played him a trick worse than any Strappado :
O Mayor, Mayor, better ne'er have transub'd,*
Than thus to be toss'd in a blanket, and drubb'd,” &c.

No. 4. In praise of milk, from Playford's *Musical Companion*, Part II. 1687 :

In praise of a dairy I purpose to sing,
But, all things in order ; first, God save the King !
And the Queen, I may say ;
That ev'ry May-day
Has many fair dairy maids all fine and gay ;
Assist me, fair damsels, to finish my theme,
Inspiring my fancy with strawberry cream !

The first of fair dairy maids, if you'll believe,
Was Adam's own wife, our great-grandmother Eve,
Who oft milk'd a cow,
As well she knew how ;
Tho' butter was not then so cheap as 'tis now,
She hoarded no butter nor cheese on a shelf,
For butter and cheese in those days made itself.

In that age or time there was no horrid money,
Yet the children of Israel had both milk and honey :
No queen you could see,
Of the highest degree,
But would milk the brown cow with the meanest she ;
Their lambs gave them clothing, their cows gave them meat,
And in plenty and peace all their joys were compleat.

Amongst the rare virtues that milk does produce,
For a thousand of dainties it's daily in use ;
Now a pudding I'll tell thee,
Ere it goes in the belly,
Must have from good milk both the cream and the jelly :
For a dainty fine pudding, without cream or milk,
Is a citizen's wife without satin or silk.

In the virtues of milk there is more to be muster'd,
The charming delights both of cheese-cake, and custard ;
For at Tottenham Court,
You *can* have no sport,
Unless you give custards and cheese-cake too for 't ;
And what 's the jack-pudding that makes us to laugh,
Unless he hath got a great custard to quaff ?

Both pancake and fritter of milk have good store,
But a Devonshire whitepot† must needs have much more ;
No state you can think,
Tho' you study and wink,
From the lusty sack-posset to poor posset drink,
But milk's the ingredient, tho' sack's ne'er the worse,
For 'tis sack makes the man, tho' 'tis milk makes the nurse.

No. CXLVI. CAVALILLY MAN. This tune is to be found in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, in the seventh, and all subsequent editions of *The Dancing Master* ; also in *The Village*, and other Ballad Operas. It bears some resemblance to “ Shall I goe walke the woods so wilde,” from *Pammelia*, 1608, (see tune 116) and appears to have been formerly very popular. In

* Turned to the doctrine of transubstantiation.

† Devonshire whitepot is what is elsewhere called hasty-pudding, consisting of flour and milk boiled together.

one collection, viz. *The Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs*, edition of 1685, there are six to this tune.

No. CXLVII. STILL I LIVE IN SORROW. From *The Haerlem Collection*, 1626, in which the title is given in Dutch : *Op de Engelsche Min. Of: Noch leef ick in verdriet*.

No. CXLVIII. KIND HUSBAND AND IMPERIOUS WIFE. In *The Collection of Old Ballads* printed in 1726, vol. II., p. 230, the song of AN OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GRAY is to be sung "to the tune of Kind Husband and Imperious Wife," but the air is much better known by the title of the Song we have just named, as it stands in *The Beggars' Opera*, adapted to the words "Thro' all the employments of life." The words of "Kind Husband," &c. are in *Wit and Drollery, Jovial Poems*, 1682, and, probably, in earlier collections. A copy of "An old Woman clothed in Gray," in Dr. Burney's *Collection of Songs*, (Brit. Mus.) has a manuscript date of 1662. The air was afterwards introduced by Henry Carey, in a Musical Hodge-podge in the second volume of his *Musical Century*.

No. CXLIX. WILSON'S, or WOLSEY'S WILD, or WILE. This tune is in William Ballet's *Lute Book* ;* in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book* ; and in *Musick's Delight on the Cithren*, 1666. In the *Virginal Book* it is called WOLSEY'S WILDE ; in *Musick's Delight*, WILSON'S WILD ; in *The Lute Book*, WILSON'S WILE.

No. CL. NEWCASTLE. A beautiful and very expressive melody, from *The Dancing Master* of 1650 ; and to be found in other early editions of the same work. The following fragment, which appears to be a portion of the first verse of the words, is contained in the folio manuscript formerly belonging to Bishop Percy (p. 95.) See Dr. Dibdin's *Decameron*, vol. III.

Come you not from Newcastle?
Come you not there away?
O met you not my true love
Ryding on a bonny bay?
Why should not I love my love?
Why should not my love love me?
* * * * *

The first line of the above is quoted in a little black-letter volume, called "The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon. Containing the Wonderfull Things that he did in his Life ; also the Manner of

* This highly interesting Manuscript, which has hitherto remained unnoticed in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, (D. I. 21) appears not only to be older than Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*, (some of the last pieces in which must have been entered after her death) but to contain a greater number of the popular tunes of the time. "Fortune my foe," "Peg a Ramsey," "Bonny sweet Robin," "Calleno," "Lightie Love Ladies," "Green Sleeves," "Weladay," (all mentioned by Shakspeare) besides "The Witches Dawnce," "The Hunt is up," "The Shaking of the Shetes," "The Quadran Pavan," "a Hornepipe," "Robin Reddocks," "Barrow Foster's

Dreame," "Dowland's Lachrimæ," "Lusty Gallant," "The Black smith," "Roger," "Turkeylony," "Staynes Morris," "Sellenger's Rownde," "All flowers in brome," "Baloo," "Wigmore's Galliard," "Robin Hood is to the Greenwood gone," &c. &c. are to be found in this valuable manuscript. "Queen Mariees Dump" (in whose reign it was, probably, commenced) stands first in the book. The whole of the tunes are in lute tablature, a style of notation now obsolete, in which the letters of the alphabet up to K are used to designate the strings and frets of the instrument.

his Death ; with the Lives and Deaths of the two Coniurers, Bungye and Vandermast. Very pleasant and delightfull to be read." 4to. N.D. "The second Time, Fryer Bungy and he went to sleepe, and Miles, alone to watch the brazen head ; Miles, to keepe him from sleeping, got a Tabor and Pipe,* and being merry disposed, sung this song to a northern tune of 'Cam'st thou not from New-Castle.' "

To couple is a custome,
All things thereto agree ;
Why should not I then love ?
Since love to all is free.

But Ile have one that's pretty,
Her cheekes of scarlet die,
For to breed my delight,
When that I ligge her by.

Though vertue be a dowry,
Yet Ile chuse money store :

If my love prove vntrue,
With that I can get more.

The faire is oft vnconstant,
The blacke is often proud ;
Ile chuse a lovely browne ;
Come, fidler, scrape thy crowd.†

Come, fidler, scrape thy crowd,
For *Peggie* the browne is she
Must be my bride ; God guide
That *Peggie* and I agree.

No. CLI. HUNTING THE HARE.‡ The words of this song, which are so well suited to the bustling character of the tune, are in *Wit and Drollery, Jovial Poems*, 1682 ; in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1727 ; and, in an improved shape, in *Ritson's English Songs* ; in *Dale's English Songs* ; and other collections. THE GREEN GOWN is another name for the tune ; and a song under that title is in D'Urfey's *Pills*, vol. iv. p. 26, (edition of 1719,) and in *The Antidote to Melancholy*, 1661. Other words, under the name of "The Green Gown," "to an excellent play-house tune," are in *Musick-à-la-Mode ; or, the Young Maid's Delight. Containing five excellent New Songs, sung at the Drolls, in Bartholomew Fair*, 1691. They were, probably, intended to be sung to the same air. In Gay's Ballad Opera of *Achilles*, 1733, it is called "A Minuet." See also No. 152.

THE HUNTING OF THE HARE.

Songs of shepherds, in rustical roundelays,
Form'd in fancy, and whistled on reeds,
Sung to solace young nymphs upon holidays,
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds.
Sottish Silenus
To Phœbus, the genius,
Was sent by dame Venus, a song to prepare,
In phrase nicely coin'd,
And verse quite refin'd,
How the states divine hunted the hare.

Stars quite tir'd with pastimes Olympical,
Stars and planets which beautiful shone,
Could no longer endure that men only shall
Swim in pleasures, and they but look on ;
Round about horned

Lucina they swarmed,
And her informed how minded they were,
Each god and goddess,
To take human bodies,
As lords and ladies, to follow the hare.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion,
While pale Proserpina sat in her place,
To light the welkin, and govern the ocean,
While she conducted her nephews in chase :
By her example,
Their father to trample,
The earth old and ample, they soon leave the air ;
Neptune the water,
And wine Liber Pater,
And Mars the slaughter, to follow the hare.

* On the title-page of this curious little volume, in which there are several other songs, is a wood-cut, representing Miles playing the pipe and tabor, his master and Fryer Bungye asleep ; and the head by which Fryer Bacon "would have walled England about with brasse" has three serolls from the mouth ; on one is written "Time is !" on the second, "Time was !" and on the third, "Time is past !" "Printed at Lon-

don, by A. E. for Francis Grove, and are to be sold at his shop at the upper-end of Snow-Hill, against the Sarazen's Head."

† Fiddle.

‡ This has been claimed as a Welsh tune, but neither Dr. Crotch nor Mr. Parry (editor of the *Welsh Melodies* and the present *Bard Alaaw*) consider it of Welsh origin, or to possess any of the characteristics of Welsh music.

Light god Cupid was mounted on Pegasus,
 Borrow'd of the Muses with kisses and pray'rs;
 Strong Alcides, upon cloudy Caucasus,
 Mounts a centaur, which proudly him bears;
 Postilion of the sky,
 Light-heel'd Mercury
 Made his courser fly, fleet as the air;
 While tuneful Apollo
 The kennel did follow,
 And hoop and halloo, boys, after the hare.
 Drown'd Narcissus from his metamorphosis,
 Rous'd by Echo, new manhood did take;
 Snoring Somnus upstart from Cimmeris,
 Before for a thousand years he did not wake;
 There was club-footed
 Mulciber bootied,
 And Pan promoted on Corydon's mare;
 Proud Pallas pouted,
 Loud Æolus shouted,
 And Momus flouted, yet follow'd the hare.

Hymen ushers the lady Astræa,
 The jest took hold of Latona the cold;
 Ceres the brown, with bright Cytherea;
 Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold;
 Shame-fac'd Aurora,
 With witty Pandora,
 And Maia with Flora did company bear;
 But Juno was stated
 Too high, to be mated,
 Although she hated not hunting the hare.
 Three brown bowls to th' Olympical rector,
 The Troy-born boy presents on his knee;
 Joy to Phœbus carouses in nectar,
 And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me;
 Wherewith infused,
 I piped and mused,
 In language unused, their sports to declare:
 Till the house of Jove
 Like the spheres did move:—
 Health to those that love hunting the hare!

NO. CLII. ROOM FOR CUCKOLDS. This is evidently another version of HUNTING THE HARE, but taken from an older copy than either of the preceding, viz. Playford's *Musick's Recreation on the Lyra Viol*, 1652. A song, called *Room for Gentlemen; or, Here comes my Lord Mayor*, is in vol. VI. of D'Urfey's *Pills*, and the tune, as there printed, corresponds with the copy before quoted for the *The Green Gown*, in vol. IV. of the same work.

CLIII. THE THREE RAVENS. A dirge from *Melismata, Musical Phansies, Fitting the Cittie, and Countrey Humours*, 1611. This was one of the four collections made by Ravenscroft; and Ritson, in his *Ancient Songs*, remarks, "It will be obvious that this ballad is much older, not only than the date of the book, but than most of the other pieces contained in it."

THE THREE RAVENS.

THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,
 Downe a downe, hay down, hay downe.
 There were three ravens sat on a tree,
 With a downe;
 There were three ravens sat on a tree,
 They were as blacke as they might be,
 With a downe dery downe.
 The one of them said to his mate,
 Where shall we our breakefast take?
 Downe in yonder greene field,
 There lies a knight slain under his shield.
 His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
 So well they their master keepe.

His hawkes they flie so eagerly,
 There's no fowle dare him come nie.
 Downe there comes a fallow doe,
 As great with yong as she might goe.
 She lift up his bloudy hed,
 And kist his wounds that were so red.
 She got him up upon her backe,
 And carried him to earthen lake.
 She buried him before the prime,
 She was dead herself ere even-song time.
 God send every gentleman,
 Suche hawkes, such hounds, and such a leman.

CLIV. UP TAYLES ALL. This tune is in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*, and in *The Dancing Master* of 1650 and 1676. In the *Virginal Book* the ground of the tune is taken as a subject for division or variations by Giles Farnaby. The burden of the song is sung by Silvio in

Act I of Beaumont and Fletcher's Comedy of *The Coxcomb*, and the words are in D'Urfey's *Pills*, vol. iv. p. 177, (edit. of 1719,) where, by a singular mistake, the title and tune of *The Fryer and the Nun*, to which this has no reference, are printed with it. There are several political songs of the Cavaliers to the air, in the King's Pamphlets, (Brit. Mus.) and in the Collection of Songs written against the Rump Parliament; but the virulence of party feeling was then so strong, and the invective so coarse, that few will bear republication.

CLV. NEW MAD TOM OF BEDLAM, or MAD TOM. The earliest printed copy hitherto discovered of the music of this celebrated song, which still retains undiminished popularity, after a lapse of two centuries, is to be found in the first edition of *The English Dancing Master*, entered in 1650, and published in 1651. This is the earliest known publication of Playford's,* before whose time music was sparingly printed, and small pieces, such as songs, ballad and dance tunes, or lessons for the Virginals, were chiefly to be bought in manuscript, as they are in many parts of Italy at the present time. In the first edition of *The Dancing Master* the tune is called *Gray's-Inne Maske*, and in later editions (for instance, the 7th, printed in 1686) *Gray's-Inne Maske; or, Mad Tom*. The black-letter copies of the ballad, in the Pepysian Library, and in the British Museum, are entitled *New Mad Tom of Bedlam; or,*

“The Man in the Moone drinks claret,†
With powder'd beef, turnip, and carret,
But a cup of old Malaga sack
Will fire the bush at his back.”

“The tune is *Gray's Inne Maske*.”

It was formerly the custom of the gentlemen of the Inns of Court to hold revels four times a year,‡ and to represent masks and plays in their own Halls or elsewhere. A curious letter on the

* Sir John Hawkins had seen no earlier publication of Playford's than Hilton's *Catches*, 1652.

† In the possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq., is another ballad, called “The Man in the Moon drinks Claret, as it was lately sung at the Curtain, Holy-well, to the same tune.” The Curtain Theatre (according to Malone and Collier) was in disuse at the commencement of the reign of Charles I, (1625) therefore this may be assumed to be an earlier ballad. It has three extraordinarily long verses, in the same measure as the other *Mad Tom*, and may be sung to the same music. The first is as follows:—

“Bacchus, the father of drunken nowls,
Full mazers, beakers, glasses, bowls,
Greezie flap-dragons, Flemish upsie freeze,
With health stab'd in arms upon naked knees;
Of all his wines he makes you tasters,
So you tippie like bumbasters;
Drink till you reel, a welcome he doth give;
O how the boon claret makes you live;
Not a painter purer colours shows
Then what's laid on by claret.
Pearl and ruby doth set out the nose,
When thin small beer doth mar it;
Rich wine is good,
It heats the blood,
It makes an old man lusty,

The young to brawl,
And the drawers up call.
Before being too much musty,
Whether you drink all or little,
Pot it so your selves to wittle;
Then though twelve
A clock it be,
Yet all the way go roaring.
If the band
Of bills cry stand,
Swear that you must a —
Such gambols, such tricks, such fegaries,
We fetch though we touch no canaries;
Drink wine till the welkin roars,
And cry out a — of your scores.”

An older copy of the same, is in the Pepysian Library, and, like the other Ballad, is entitled “The *New Mad Tom*,” from which it appears that there has been a third, still earlier, on the same subject.

‡ Another curious custom, of obliging lawyers to *dance* four times a year, is quoted from Dugdale by Sir John Hawkins. (*History of Music*, vol. II. p. 137.) “It is not many years since the judges, in compliance with ancient custom, danced annually on Candlemas day. And, that nothing might be wanting for their encouragement in this excellent study, (the law) they have very anciently had dancings for their recreations and delight, commonly called Revels, allowed at

subject of a mask, which for some unexplained reason did not take place, may be seen in Collier's "History of Early Dramatic Poetry and Annals of the Stage," vol. i. p. 268. It is addressed to Lord Burghley, by "Mr. Frauncis Bacon," (afterwards Lord Bacon) who in 1588 discharged the office of Reader of Gray's Inn. Many other curious particulars of their masks may be found in the same work, and some in Sir J. Hawkins' *History of Music*.

The song of "Mad Tom" is mentioned in Walton's *Angler*, the first edition of which was printed in 1653:

Piscator.—"I'll promise you I'll sing a song that was lately made at my request by Mr. William Basse, one that made the choice songs of 'The Hunter in his career,'* and 'Tom of Bedlam,' and many others of note."

William Basse had been so overlooked at the time Sir John Hawkins edited Walton's *Angler*, that he adds in a note: "No doubt a fictitious name, 'Mad Tom' being written for a bass voice;" and in *The Life and Remains of Dean Bathurst*, by Warton, (8vo. 1761) he also complains that he could "find no account of this writer or his poems." Basse was nevertheless famous in his time; and Anthony Wood (Athen. Oxon. edit. Bliss, iv. 222) states that he was of Moreton, near Thame, in Oxfordshire, and was sometime a retainer of Lord Wenman, of Thame Park, i.e. Richard Viscount Wenman, in the Peerage of Ireland.

Besides the song written at the request of Isaak Walton, and the two before-named, he was the author of a poem called "The Sword and Buckler," printed in 8vo. in 1602; of a poem on the death of Prince Henry, 12mo. 1613; of verses "On Mr. William Shakespeare, who died in April 1616," reprinted in Malone's edition of Shakspeare, vol. i. p. 470. Another of his Poems is contained in the "Annalia Dubrensis, upon the yearely celebration of Mr. Robert Dover's Olympick Games," 4to. 1636; and a volume in MS. entitled "Polyhymnia, a Poem by Mr. William Basse," was in Mr. Heber's Collection (see Bib. Heb. part II. no. 70.) In 1629 he was admitted into Emanuel College, created A.B. in 1632, and A.M. in 1636. (See Sir Egerton Brydges' *Restituta*.) The last notice is in some verses "to Mr. W. Basse upon the intended publication of his Poems, Jan. 13, 1651," in *The Life and Remains of Dean Bathurst*, before quoted, at which time an interval of forty-nine years having elapsed since his first publication, he must have arrived at an advanced age.

The authorship of the musical portion of this song has also been a subject of contention; and so little have dates been regarded, that it has long passed as the composition of Henry Purcell,† and

certain seasons; and that, by special order of the society, as appeareth in 9 Hen. VI, there should be four Revels that year, and no more," &c. And again he says, "Nor were these exercises of dancing merely permitted, but thought very necessary, as it seems, and much conducing to the making of gentlemen more fit for their books at other times; for, by an order made 6th Feb. 7 Jac., it appears that the under-bar-risters were by decimation put out of Commons for example's sake, because the whole bar offended by not dancing on the Candlemas day preceding, according to the ancient order of this society when the judges were present; with this, that if the like fault were afterwards committed, they should be fined or disbarred."

* The song of "The Hunter in his Career" is in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, printed in 1725, vol. III. p. 196; and in *Wit and Drollery, Jovial Poems*, 1682. The music is in the Skene manuscript and in Mr. Chalmers' manuscript.

† This is not the only composition that has been absurdly ascribed to Purcell. Whilst one writer would make him the composer of "God save the King," another gives it as his "firm opinion" that he was the composer of the music in *Macbeth*! It is true that *Macbeth* was revived, and the music added, when Purcell was thirteen years old, and it must therefore have been composed when he was little more than twelve;—that Downes, the prompter of the theatre at the time it was produced, asserts it to be by Matthew Locke;—and that Burney and Hawkins, who lived with many contemporaries of Purcell, follow Downes' account;—but in spite of these facts, it is still "the firm opinion" of the correspondent of *The Musical World*, that Purcell composed it.—Purcell composed the epitaph "of his worthy friend Mr. Matthew Locke," who died in August 1677. It is printed at p. 66 of "Choice Ayres and Songs," 1679.

is still published with his name. Walsh paved the way to this error, (in which Ritson and many others have followed him) by including it in a Collection of "Mr. Henry Purcell's Favourite Songs, out of his most celebrated Orpheus Britannicus, and the rest of his Works." It is *not* contained in the Orpheus Britannicus, (which was published by Purcell's widow) and both words and music may still be seen as *printed* eight years before Purcell's birth.

In a note upon the passage before quoted from Walton's *Angler*, Sir J. Hawkins* adds: "This song, beginning, 'Forth from my dark and dismal cell,' with the music to it, set by Henry Lawes, is printed in a book, entitled *Choice Ayres, Songs, and Dialogues, to sing to the Theorbo-Lute and Bass Viol*, fol. 1675; and in Playford's *Antidote against Melancholy*, 8vo. 1669."

Henry Lawes composed the original music to Milton's *Comus*, and stood first in repute among the musicians of his day. In the Preface to Part II. of his *Ayres and Dialogues*, he says: "As for my selfe, although I have lost my fortunes with my master, (of ever blessed memory) I am not so low to bow for subsistence to the follies of the age." To ridicule the encouragement for anything foreign, however indifferent, and the foolish preference shown for songs in a language the hearers did not understand, he took the initial words of some Italian Songs and Madrigals, which, when read together, made a strange medley of nonsense, and set them to a varied Air, giving out that it was a song newly imported from Italy. It took greatly; and passing off with a great part of the world, as an Italian song, he afterwards printed it at the end of his *Ayres and Dialogues*, (1653), confessing the deception, and his motive. He was the intimate friend of Milton, and, besides the well-known sonnet addressed to him, beginning:

"Harry, whose tuneful and well measured song,"

the poet passes a fine eulogium upon him in the Masque of *Comus*:

"A swain
That to the service of this house belongs,†
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods."

The following extract is from some lines addressed to him by Ed. Waller, 1635:

"For as a window thick with paint
Lets in a light but dim and faint,
So others with division hide
The light of sense, the poet's pride.
* * * * *
Let those which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a song,
Content themselves with ut, re, mi,
Let words and sense be set by thee."

* The authority of Sir John Hawkins, as to facts, may always be relied on. We have not seen the particular Editions he quotes, nor have we found Lawes' (nor any other) name to the song, in editions of the above works, both earlier and later. It might be expected in the *Choice Ayres* of 1676, as well as 1675, but is not there. Henry Lawes died in 1660. Query,—why does it not appear in either of the Collections of his Songs? and why was his name omitted until nine years after his death, and then only inserted to be again

withdrawn? These enquiries are the more necessary, because the music is not at all in Lawes' style, and the words of the earlier "Mad Tom," sung at the *Curtain*, are exactly in the measure of the tune. H. Lawes did not enter the Chapel Royal until 1626, and the *Curtain Theatre* is stated to have been in disuse at the commencement of the reign of Charles the First, A.D. 1625.

† Lawes taught music in Lord Bridgewater's family, and the Masque was represented at Ludlow Castle.

THE NEW TOM A BEDLAM, OR MAD TOM.

FORTH from my sad and darksome cell,
Or from the deepe abysses of hell,
Mad Tom is come into the world againe,
To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule ;
Harke ! howe the angrie Fureys houles !
Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladde
To see poor naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day,
To seek my straggling senses,
In an angrie moode I mett old Time,
With his pentateuch of tenses :

When me he spyed,
Away he hyed,
For time will stay for no man :
In vaine with cryes
I rent the skyes,
For pity is not common.

Colde and comfortless I lye :
Helpe, oh helpe ! or else I dye !
Harke ! I heare Apollo's teame,
The carman 'gins to whistle ;
Chast Diana bends her bowe,
The boare begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,
To knocke off my troublesome shackles ;
Bid Charles make ready his wain
To fetch me my senses againe.

Last night I heard the Dog-star bark ;
Mars met Venus in the darke ;
Limping Vulcan het an iron barr,
And furiously made at the God of warr.

Mars with his weapon laid about,
But limping Vulcan had the gout :
For his broad horns did so hang in his light,
He could not see to aim his blowes aright.

Mercurye, the nimble post of heaven,
Stood still to see the quarrell ;
Gorrel-bellied Bacchus, gyant-like,
Bestryd a strong-beere barrell.

To mee he dranke,
I did him thanke,
But I could get no cyder ;
He drank whole butts,
Till he burst his gutts,
But mine were ne'er the wyder.

Poore naked Tom is very drye :
A little drinke for charitye !
Harke, I hear Acteon's hounds,
The huntsmen whoop and hallowe :
Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,
All the chase do followe.

The Man in the moone drinckes clarret,
Eates powder'd beef, turnip, and carret,
But a cup of old Malaga sack
Will fire the bushe at his backe.

It will be observed, that the words of the latter half of this Song are not now sung. Another Song, set by George Hayden, also called "Mad Tom," the words of which commence, "In my triumphant chariot hurl'd," has been "stitched" upon it. Bishop Percy has remarked, that "the English have more Songs and Ballads on the subject of madness, than any of their neighbours ;" and this makes the *fourth* "Mad Tom,"—but the alterations have not even rested here. The original copies of George Hayden's song, (which look like the engraving of Walsh) have no 9-4 (or, as now printed, 9-8) movement, but continue in the same time to the end ; therefore, either George Hayden entirely remodeled the greater part, or some other person has engrafted the last movement upon the commencement of his song. The latter is the more probable, as the copies with the 9-4 movement were not printed by Walsh, but by Wright, his successor in the business.*

No. CLVI. THE SHAKING OF THE SHEET ; or, THE DANCE OF DEATH. This is frequently mentioned by writers of the 16th century, both as a country dance and ballad tune. It is coupled with two other country dances, viz. the "The Vicar of St. Fools," and "The Catching of Quails,"† in the recently discovered play of *Misogonus*, produced about 1560.‡ It is mentioned by Taylor,

* A long correspondence between the editor and a correspondent of *The Musical World*, was inserted in that periodical, in consequence of the latter not having seen a copy of Hayden's song without the 9-4 movement. The Editor has still a copy in his possession.

† A tune called "The Catching of Quails," is in "The Dancing Master" of 1650.

‡ See "Collier's History of Early Dramatic Poetry," vol. ii. p. 474.

the Water Poet; by Stephen Gosson, in the "Schoole of Abuse," 1579; by Rowley, in "A Match at Midnight," and by Heywood, in "A Woman kill'd with kindness," both about 1600. The music is contained in numerous publications, from *The Dancing Master* of 1650, down to *The Vocal Enchantress* of 1783, and many ballads were sung to it, of which "King Olfrey* and the Old Abbot," reprinted in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, 2nd edition, 1726, is most remarkable. It is on the same subject as "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury," (see No. 9) and is supposed by the editor of that Collection to be much older, but certainly not of equal merit. Another tune, under the same name, to which the words cannot be sung, is to be found in William Ballet's Lute Book,† and in the Appendix to Sir J. Hawkins' *History of Music*.

The following is from a black-letter copy, in the Ashmolean Museum. (Wood's Ballads, vol. 401, f. 60.)

"THE DOLEFULL DANCE AND SONG OF DEATH:

INTITULED DANCE AFTER MY PIPE.—TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE."

CAN you dance the shaking of the sheets,
A dance that every one must do;
Can you trim it up with dainty sweets,
And every thing that 'longs thereto?
Make ready then your winding sheet,
And see how ye can bestir your feet,
For Death is the man that all must meet.
Bring away the beggar and the king,
And every man in his degree;
Bring away the old and youngest thing,
Come all to death, and follow me;
The courtier with his lofty looks,
The lawyer with his learned books,
The banker with his baiting hooks.
Merchants have you made your mart in France,
In Italy, and all about,
Know you not that you and I must dance
Both our heels wrapt in a clout;
What mean you to make your houses gay,
And I must take the tenant away,
And dig for your sake the clods of clay?
Think you on the solemn 'sizes past,
How suddenly in Oxfordshire
I came, and made the judges all aghast,
And justices that did appear,
And took both Bell and Barham away,‡
And many a worthy man that day,
And all their bodies brought to clay.
Think you that I dare not come to schools,
Where all the cunning clerks be most;
Take I not away both wise and fools,
And am I not in every coast?
Assure yourselves no creature can
Make death afraid of any man,
Or know my coming where or when.
Where be they that make their leases strong,
And join about them land to land,
Do you make account to live so long,
To have the world come to your hand;

No, foolish nowle, for all thy pence,
Full soon thy soul must needs go hence;
Then who shall toyl for thy defence?
And you that lean on your ladies' laps,
And lay your heads upon their knee,
Think you for to play with beauties' paps,
And not to come and dance with me?
No! fair lords and ladies all,
I will make you come when I do call,
And find you a pipe to dance withall.
And you that are busy-headed fools,
To brabble for a pelting straw,
Know you not that I have ready tools
To cut you from your crafty law?
And you that falsely buy and sell,
And think you make your markets well,
Must dance with Death wheresoe'er you dwell.
Pride must have a pretty sheet, I see,
For properly she loves to dance;
Come away my wanton wench to me,
As gallantly as your eye doth glance;
And all good fellows that flash and swash
In reds and yellows of revell dash,
I warrant you need not be so rash.
For I can quickly cool you all,
How hot or stout soever you be,
Both high and low, both great and small,
I nought do fear your high degree;
The ladies fair, the beldames old,
The champion stout, the souldier bold,
Must all with me to earthly mould.
Therefore take time while it is lent,
Prepare with me yourselves to dance;
Forget me not, your lives lament,
I come oft-times by sudden chance.
Be ready, therefore,—watch and pray,
That when my minstrel pipe doth play,
You may to heaven dance the way.

* Olfrey, supposed by Dr. Percy to be a corruption of Alfred.

† See note at p. 115.

‡ Anthony Wood observes: "This solemn Assize, mentioned in the foregoing page, was kept in the Court-house in

the Castle-yard at Oxon. 4 Jul. 1577. The Judges who were infected and dyed with the dampe, were Sir Rob. Bell, Baron of the Exchequer, and Sir Nich. Barham, Serjeant at Lawe." See Hist. et Antiq. Univ. Oxon. lib. i. sub an. 1577.

NO. CLVII. THE OXFORDSHIRE TRAGEDY. This is one of the old and simple chaunt-like ditties, which seem to have been peculiarly suited to the lengthy narratives of the Minstrels, who, in the days of their decline, were content to give "a fytte of mirth for a groat."* The Ballad from which it derives its name, may vie with *Chevy-Chace* in length; and though now scarce, seems to have retained its popularity in the early part of the last century, when the tune was introduced into "The Cobbler's Opera," "The Village Opera," and the Ballad Opera of "Sylvia, or the Country Burial."

A Ballad of King Henry the Fifth and the Battle of Agincourt, beginning :

"As our King lay musing,
As on his bed lay musing he ;"

is still commonly sung to this Tune in parts of the country. We have not only heard it, but have received two copies, noted down by friends interested in the success of the Work.

The following is the original Ballad, taken from a copy "printed and sold in Bow Church Yard."

THE OXFORDSHIRE TRAGEDY: OR, THE DEATH OF FOUR LOVERS.

NEAR Woodstock town, in Oxfordshire,
As I walk'd forth to take the air,
To view the fields and meadows round,
Methought I heard a mournful sound.

Down by a crystal river side,
A gallant bower I espy'd,
Where a fair lady made great moan,
With many a bitter sigh and groan.

Alas! quoth she, my love's unkind,
My sighs and tears he will not mind;
But he is cruel unto me,
Which causes all my misery.

My father is a worthy knight,
My mother is a lady bright,
And I their only child and heir;
Yet love has brought me to despair.

A wealthy squire lived nigh,
Who on my beauty cast an eye;
He courted me, both day and night,
To be his jewel and delight.

To me these words he often said:
Fair, beauteous, handsome, comely maid,
Oh! pity me, I do implore,
For it is you I do adore.

He still did beg me to be kind,
And ease his love-tormented mind;
For if, said he, you should deny,
For love of you I soon shall die.

These words did pierce my tender heart,
I soon did yield, to ease his smart;
And unto him made this reply,—
For love of me you shall not die.

With that he flew into my arms,
And swore I had a thousand charms;
He call'd me angel, saint, and he
Did swear, for ever true to be.

Soon after he had gain'd my heart,
He cruelly did from me part;
Another maid he does pursue,
And to his vows he bids adieu.

'Tis he that makes my heart lament,
He causes all my discontent;
He hath caus'd my sad despair,
And now occasions this my care.

The lady round the meadow run,
And gather'd flowers as they sprung;
Of every sort she there did pull,
Until she got her apron full.

Now, there's a flower, she did say,
Is named heart's-ease, night and day;
I wish I could that flower find,
For to ease my love-sick mind.

But oh! alas! 'tis all in vain,
For me to sigh, and to complain;
There's nothing that can ease my smart,
For his disdain will break my heart.

The green ground served as a bed,
And flowers, a pillow for her head;
She laid her down, and nothing spoke,
Alas! for love, her heart was broke.

But when I found her body cold,
I went to her false love, and told
What unto her had just befel;
I'm glad, said he, she is so well.

* A groat was also the usual remuneration for "stryng Minstrels," long after Puttenham's time; hence the term "fidler's money," applied to sixpences, when groats were no

longer current. "I cannot hold now,—there's my groat, let's have a fit for mirth's sake."—Ben Jonson's *Masque of the Metamorphosed Gypsies*, 1621.

Did she think I so fond could be,
That I could fancy none but she?
Man was not made for one alone;
I take delight to hear her moan.

O! wicked man I find thou art,
Thus to break a lady's heart;
In Abraham's bosom may she sleep,
While thy wicked soul doth weep!

THE ANSWER.

A second part, I bring you here,
Of the fair maid of Oxfordshire,
Who lately broke her heart for love
Of one, that did inconstant prove.

A youthful squire, most unjust,
When he beheld this lass at first,
A thousand solemn vows he made,
And so her yielding heart betray'd.

She mourning, broke her heart, and dy'd,
Feeling the shades on every side;
With dying groans and grievous cries,
As tears were flowing from her eyes.

The beauty which did once appear
On her sweet cheeks, so fair, and clear,
Was waxed pale,—her life was fled;
He heard, at length, that she was dead.

He was not sorry in the least,
But cheerfully resolv'd to feast;
And quite forgot her beauty bright,
Whom he so basely ruin'd quite.

Now, when, alas! this youthful maid,
Within her silent tomb was lay'd,
The squire thought that all was well,
He should in peace and quiet dwell.

Soon after this, he was possess'd
With various thoughts, that broke his rest;
Sometimes he thought her groans he heard,
Sometimes her ghastly ghost appear'd

With a sad visage, pale and grim,
And ghastly looks she cast on him;
He often started back, and cry'd,
Where shall I go myself to hide?

Here I am haunted, night and day,
Sometimes methinks I hear her say,
Perfidious man! false and unkind,
Henceforth you shall no comfort find.

If through the fields I chance to go,
Where she received her overthrow,
Methinks I see her in despair;
And, if at home, I meet her there.

No place is free of torment now;
Alas! I broke a solemn vow,
Which once I made; but now, at last,
It does my worldly glory blast.

Since my unkindness did destroy
My dearest love and only joy,
My wretched life must ended be,
Now must I die and come to thee.

His rapier from his side he drew,
And pierced his body thro' and thro';
So he dropt down in purple gore
Just where she did some time before.

He buried was within the grave
Of his true love. And thus you have
A sad account of his hard fate,
Who died in Oxfordshire of late.

THE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

Forgive me if your looks I thought
Did once some change discover;
To be too jealous is the fault
Of every wounded lover.
Might truth those kind reproaches show,
Which you do blame severely,
A sight, alas! you little know
What 'tis to love sincerely.

The torments of a long despair
I did in silence smother;
But 'tis a pain I cannot bear
To think you love another.
My fate, alas! depends on you,
I am but what you make me;
Divinely blest if you prove true,
Undone if you forsake me.

In thee I place my chief delight,
I seek no other pleasure,
Then do not all my hopes destroy,
Who love thee out of measure.
Forbear to triumph in disdain,
Since here I lie and languish;
True love is a tormenting pain,
And fills my soul with anguish.

The silent night I spend in vain
And melting lamentation;
But yet no glance of love appears,
But utter detestation.
Regarding not my piteous moan,
My sighs, and sad lamenting;
Your heart, as flint or marble stone,
Feels not the least relenting.

Your beauty gave the fatal wound,
And did at first allure me;
In chains of love I now lie bound,
And you alone can cure me.
Cast not a loyal love away,
Who at your feet lies bleeding;
Unto my sighs one smile convey,
For which my tears are pleading.

Why should a charming beauty bright
Resolve to be so cruel?
Oh! let me not be ruined quite
In love's destroying fuel.
See, how my eyes like fountains flow
In crystal streams before thee!
So do not seek the overthrow
Of one who does adore thee.

Behold I am thy captive slave,
 Thy wounded slave believe me;
 And thou alone this life canst save,
 And therefore now reprieve me.
 The wound you gave has pierc'd my heart,
 And you no pity gave me;
 Yet I cannot forbear to love,
 Although with scorn you kill me.
 If thus you are resolv'd to frown,
 And slight my friendly favour,
 Soon to my grave I will go down;
 Farewell, farewell for ever!
 I find she triumphs in disdain,
 And still denies me blessing;
 Why should I live to feel this pain
 That is beyond expressing?
 This said; his naked sword he drew,
 And to his heart he sent it;
 And as he bid this world adieu,
 She bitterly lamented.
 Thus did she weep when 'twas too late,
 (Her tears could not restore him.)
 Crying, I was unfortunate,
 Would I had died before him!

THE LADY'S LAMENTATION.

And is my valiant 'squire gone,
 The glory of the nation?
 Then all my joys are from me flown,
 Behold my lamentation!
 These eyes of mine like fountains flow,
 As here you may discover,
 Because I prov'd the overthrow
 Of an entire lover.
 Ten thousand times I wish in vain
 That I had never slighted
 My worthy 'squire with disdain,
 When he would feign have plighted.
 A solemn vow he made to me,
 He dearly did adore me,
 But now 'tis to my grief I see
 He bleeding lies before me.
 All in the frozen arms of death
 My loyal love lies sleeping,
 Bereav'd of mortal life and breath;
 This causes all my weeping.
 My very heart for heaviness
 Ere long will break asunder;
 Nor am I able to express
 The grief that I lay under.

I must confess I stood awhile,
 And heard his mourning ditty,
 Without returning him a smile,
 Or any glance of pity;
 Because I was resolv'd to try
 His steadfastness of wooing,
 But little did I think that I
 Should thus have been his ruin.

Upon the sword he laid his hand,
 In grief and desperation;
 Conceal'd I could no longer stand,
 But straight, with admiration,
 More swift than eagle's wing, I flew
 To him, and kisses gave him;
 But oh! the sword was thro' and thro';
 Alas! I could not save him.

These words he utter'd as he died;
 Farewell, my dearest jewel,
 You should have been my lawful bride.
 Had you not been so cruel,
 To leave a lover all alone,
 In sorrow broken-hearted:
 This said, then, with a dying groan,
 He instantly departed.

Bath'd in streams of purple gore,
 My weeping eyes beheld him;
 My golden tresses then I tore,
 Crying; My frowns have killed him;
 For being of all hope bereft,
 Life's thread he vow'd to sever:
 Now, he is gone, and I am left
 To mourn his loss for ever!

But why should I presume to live
 Here in this world behind him?
 No! no! the fatal stroke I'll give,
 Then I perhaps may find him
 In the Elysian shades below,
 Where bleeding lovers wander,
 And still pour out the grief and woe,
 Which here they once lay under.

Then from his bleeding breast she drew
 The sword with might and power,
 Expressing of these mournful words:
 Now comes the fatal hour
 That I must leave this world! for why?
 My love is gone before me,
 The pattern of true loyalty,
 Who did in life adore me!

No. CLVIII. THE HEMP-DRESSER, OR, THE LONDON GENTLEWOMAN, from *The Dancing Master* of 1650-51. To this air D'Urfey wrote a song, beginning, "The sun had loos'd his weary team," printed in the third book of his *Songs*, edition of 1685; and in vol. I. of *Pills to purge Melancholy*, edition of 1719. In the former it is entitled, "A new Song, set to a pretty Country Dance, called The Hemp Dresser." "The first time at the Looking Glass," in *The Beggar's Opera*, and Burns' song, "The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman," were also written to this tune.

The original song ("The Hemp-dresser, or the London Gentlewoman") was translated into Latin by Henry Bold, and, after his death, published in a Collection of his "Latine Songs, with their English." (1685). *Chevy Chase*, and many others, are in the same volume. There are four verses to the song of "The Hemp-dresser;" the following are the two first:

There was a London gentlewoman
That lov'd a countryman, a,
And she did desire his company
A little now and then, a.
Fa, la, &c.

This man he was a hemp-dresser,
And dressing was his trade, a;
And he did kiss the mistress, sir,
And now and then the maid, a.
Fa, la, &c.

NO. CLIX. THE MAN OF KENT. This tune is by Leveridge, composer of "The Roast Beef of Old England," and of "Black-ey'd Susan." It was written for a song in *Masaniello*, in praise of fishing, the burden of which is:

"Then who a jolly fisherman, a fisherman will be,
His throat must wet
Just like his net,
To keep out cold at sea."

And its popularity induced Tom D'Urfey to write "a new Song, inscribed to the brave men of Kent, made in honour of the nobility and gentry of that renown'd and ancient County," to the same tune. Both are to be found, with the music, in the *Pills to purge Melancholy*, edition of 1719, vols. I. and II. and the tune was introduced in the Quaker's and other Ballad Operas.

Although D'Urfey's was "a new song," the idea was not new. A much older ballad on the same subject is contained in a black-letter volume, called *The Garland of Delight*; and the following account of the event that gave rise to both, is extracted from the Lives of the three Norman Kings of England, by Sir John Heyward, 4to. 1613, p. 97: "Further, by the counsaile of Stigand, Archb. of Canterbury, and of Eglesine, Abbot of St. Augustines (who at that time were the chiefe governours of Kent) as the king was riding towards Dover, at Swanescombe, two mile from Gravesend, the Kentishmen came towards him armed, and bearing boughs in their hands, as if it had bene a mooving wood; they enclosed him upon the sudden, and with a firme countenance, but words well tempered with modestie and respect, they demanded of him the use of their ancient liberties and lawes: that in other matters they would yield obedience unto him: that without this they desired not to live. The king was content to strike saile to the storme, and to give them a vaine satisfaction for the present; knowing right well, that the generall customes and lawes of the residue of the realme, would in short time overflow these particular places. So pledges being given on both sides, they conducted him to Rochester, and yielded the countie of Kent and the castle of Dover into his power."

The earlier ballad is entitled, "The valiant Courage and Policy of the Kentishmen, which overcame William the Conqueror, who sought to take from them their ancient laws and customs, which they retain to this day."

WHEN as the Duke of Normandy,
With glistening spear and shield,
Had entered into fair England,
And foil'd his foes in field;

On Christmas-day in solemn sort
Then was he crowned here,
By Albert archbishop of York,
With many a noble peer.

Which being done, he changed quite
The customs of this land,
And punisht such as daily sought
His statutes to withstand.

And many cities he subdued,
Fair London with the rest;
But Kent did still withstand his force,
And did his laws detest.

To Dover then he took his way,
 The castle down to fling,
 Which Arviragus builded there,
 The noble British king.
 Which when the brave archbishop bold
 Of Canterbury knew,
 The abbot of St. Augustines eke,
 With all their gallant crew,
 They set themselves in armour bright,
 These mischiefs to prevent,
 With all the yeomen brave and bold
 That were in fruitful Kent.
 At Canterbury did they meet
 Upon a certain day,
 With sword and spear, with bill and bow,
 And stopt the conqueror's way.
 Let us not yield like bondmen poor,
 To Frenchmen in their pride,
 But keep our ancient liberty,
 What chance soe'er betide,
 And rather die in bloody field,
 With manly courage prest,
 Than to endure the servile yoke,
 Which we so much detest.
 Thus did the Kentish commons cry
 Unto their leaders still,
 And so march'd forth in warlike sort,
 And stand at Swanscomb hill:
 There in the woods they hid themselves
 Under the shadow green,
 Thereby to get them vantage good.
 Of all their foes unseen.
 And for the conqueror's coming there
 They privily laid wait,
 And thereby suddenly appall'd
 His lofty high conceit;
 For when they spied his approach,
 In place as they did stand,
 Then marched they to him with speed,
 Each one a bough in hand,
 So that unto the conqueror's sight,
 Amazed as he stood,
 They seem'd to be a walking grove,
 Or else a moving wood.

The shape of men he could not see,
 The boughs did hide them so:
 And now his heart with fear did quake,
 To see a forest go;
 Before, behind, and on each side,
 As he did cast his eye,
 He spied the wood with sober pace
 Approach to him full nigh:
 But when the Kentish men had thus
 Enclos'd the conqueror round,
 Most suddenly they drew their swords,
 And threw their boughs to ground;
 Their banners they display in sight,
 Their trumpets sound a charge,
 Their rattling drums strike up alarms,
 Their troops stretch out at large.
 The conqueror, with all his train,
 Was hereat sore aghast,
 And most in peril, when they thought
 All peril had been past.
 Unto the Kentish men he sent,
 The cause to understand,
 For what intent, and for what cause,
 They took this war in hand;
 To whom they made this short reply,
 For liberty we fight,
 And to enjoy king Edward's laws,
 The which we hold our right.
 Then said the dreadful conqueror,
 You shall have what you will,
 Your ancient customs and your laws,
 So that you will be still,
 And each thing else that you will crave
 With reason at my hand,
 So you will but acknowledge me
 Chief king of fair England.
 The Kentish men agreed thereon,
 And laid their arms aside,
 And by this means king Edward's laws
 In Kent do still abide;
 And in no place in England else
 These customs do remain,
 Which they by manly policy
 Did of duke William gain.

The following song by D'Urfey is still sung at all social public meetings in the county of Kent; and although at Maidstone the old Tune has been discarded, in other parts of the county they have had the good taste to preserve it.

In *The Essex Champion; or, the famous History of Sir Billy of Billericay, and his Squire Ricardo*, 1690, the following songs are mentioned: "Three Merry Wives of Green Goose Fair,"* "Tom a Lincoln," and "The Man of Kent."

* Green Goose Fair is mentioned by Taylor, the Water Poet, as being held at Stratford-le-Bow. "Two leash of oyster wives hyred a coach on a Thursday after Whitsontide,

to carry them to the Green Goose Faire at Stratford the Bowe." From *The World runs on Wheelles*.—A tune called "Green Goose Fair," is in some editions of *The Dancing Master*.

THE BRAVE MEN OF KENT.

WHEN Harold was invaded,
And falling lost his crown ;
And Norman William waded
Thro' gore to pull him down ;
When counties round, with fear profound,
To mend their sad condition,
And lands to save, base homage gave ;
Bold Kent made no submission.

Cho. Sing, sing in praise of men of Kent,
So loyal, brave, and free ;
'Mongst Britons' race, if one surpass,
A man of Kent is he.

The hardy stout freeholders,
That knew the tyrant near,
In girdles, and on shoulders,
A grove of oaks did bear :
Whom when he saw in battle draw,
And thought how he might need 'em ;
He turn'd his arms, allow'd their terms,
Compleat with noble freedom.

And when by barons wrangling,
Hot faction did increase,
And vile intestine jangling
Had banished England's peace,
The men of Kent to battle went,
They fear'd no wild confusion ;
But joined with York, soon did the work,
And made a blest conclusion.

At hunting, or the race too,
They sprightly vigour shew ;

And at a female chase too,
None like a Kentish beau ;
All blest with health ; and as for wealth,
By fortune's kind embraces,
A yeoman gray shall oft outweigh
A knight in other places.

The generous, brave, and hearty,
All o'er the shire we find ;
And for the low church party,
They're of the brightest kind :
For king and laws, they prop the cause,
Which high church has confounded ;
They love with height the moderate right,
But hate the crop-eared roundhead.

The promised land of blessing,
For our forefathers meant,
Is now in right possessing,
For Canaan sure was Kent :
The dome at Knoll, by fame enroll'd,
The church at Canterbury,
The hops, the beer, the cherries here,
May fill a famous story.

Augmented still in story,
Their ancient fame shall rise,
And Wolfe with matchless glory,
High soaring reach the skies ;
Quebec shall own his great renown,
And France, with awful wonder,
His deeds can tell, how great he fell,
Amidst his godlike thunder.*

No. CLX. THE KING'S MAGGOT,† or NEW YORK. From *The Dancing Master* of 1652.

No. CLXI. MAD ROBIN. From *The Dancing Master* of 1686 (additional sheet to Part II.) ; also in that of 1698, and later editions. Introduced in *The Lover's Opera*, 1730.

No. CLXII. A HEALTH TO ALL HONEST MEN. In vol. II. of *The Dancing Master*, 1718 ; in vol. III. of *The Musical Miscellany*, 1730 ; and introduced in the Ballad Opera of *The Jovial Crew*. The old song called "Love and Innocence," beginning, "My days have been so wondrous free," is apparently the same air, slightly altered.

A HEALTH TO ALL HONEST MEN.

Ev'ry man take his glass in his hand,
And drink a health to our king,
Many years may he rule o'er this land,
May his laurels for ever fresh spring ;
Let wrangling and jangling straightway cease,

Let ev'ry man strive for his country's peace,
Neither Tory nor Whig,
With their parties look big,
Here's a health to all honest men.

* General Wolfe being a native of Kent, on his death this last stanza was added to the ballad.

† Whim, or fancy.

'Tis not owning a whimsical name
 That will prove a man loyal or just,
 Let him fight for his country's fame,
 Be impartial at home, if in trust;
 'Tis this that proves him an honest soul,
 His health we'll drink in a brimful bowl,
 Then leave off all debate,
 No confusion create,
 Here's a health to all honest men!
 When a company's honestly met,
 With intent to be jolly and gay,
 Their drooping souls for to whet,
 And drown the fatigues of the day;
 What madness it is thus to dispute,

When neither side can his man confute!
 When you've said what you dare,
 You're but just where you were:
 Here's a health to all honest men!
 Then agree, ye true Britons, agree,
 And ne'er quarrel about a nickname,
 Let your enemies tremblingly see
 That an Englishman's always the same.
 For our king, our church, our laws and right,
 Let's lay by all feuds, and straight unite.
 Oh then, why care a fig,
 Who's a Tory or Whig?
 Here's a health to all honest men!

NO. CLXIII. COME, HASTE TO THE WEDDING! This tune is more frequently to be heard upon the chimes of country churches than any other, and usually played when a wedding is about to take place. In 1767, it was introduced into a pantomime called *The Elopement*, performed at Drury Lane Theatre, and we have not yet seen any older copy.

COME, HASTE TO THE WEDDING!

COME, haste to the wedding, ye friends, & ye neighbours!
 The lovers their bliss shall no longer delay,
 Forget all your sorrows, your care, and your labours,
 And let every heart beat with rapture to-day;
 Ye votaries all,
 Attend to my call,
 Come revel in pleasures that never can cloy!
Chorus. Come see rural felicity which love and innocence
 ever enjoy!
 Let envy, let pride, let hate, and ambition,
 Still crowd to and beat at the breast of the great,
 To such wretched passions we give no admission,
 But leave them alone to the wise ones of state;

We boast of no wealth,
 But contentment and health,
 In mirth and in friendship our moments employ.
 Then come see, &c.
 With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure,
 With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl,
 Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,
 For fatal excess will enslave the free soul;
 Come, come at our bidding,
 To this happy wedding,
 No care shall intrude here our bliss to annoy!
 Then come see, &c.

NO. CLXIV. IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS, from a 4to. MS. which has successively passed through the hands of Mr. Cranston, Dr. John Leyden, and Mr. Heber; and is now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. It contains about thirty-four songs with words,* and sixteen song and dance tunes without. The latter part of the Manuscript, which bears the name of a former proprietor, William Stirling, and the date of May 1639, consists of Psalm Tunes, evidently in the same handwriting, and written about the same time as the earlier portion. This song is in the comedy of *As you like it*, the first edition of which was printed in 1623; and the inaccuracies in that copy, which have given much trouble to commentators on Shakspeare, are not to be found in this. In the printed copy, the last verse stands in the place of the second: this was first observed and remedied by Dr. Thirlby; and the words "ring time," there rendered "*rang* time," and by commentators

* Among these are Wither's song, "Shall I, wasting in despair," and "Farewell, dear love," quoted in *Twelfth Night*, the music of which, by Robert Jones, (twelfth from his first book, published in 1601) is reprinted in *Musica Antiqua: a*

Selection of Music from the commencement of the twelfth to the beginning of the eighteenth Century, &c. edited by John Stafford Smith.

altered to "*rank* time," were first restored to the proper meaning by Steevens, who explains them as signifying the aptest season for marriage. Other differences are pointed out in notes to the following, which is an exact transcript from the manuscript in the Advocates' Library, (fol. 18.)

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS.

It was a lover and his lasse,
With a hey, with a ho, with a hey, non ne no,
And a hey no nee no ni no,
Yat [that] ore the greene corne field did passe,
In spring tyme,* the onlie prettie ring tyme,
When birds doe sing hey ding, a ding, a ding,
Sueit lovers love the spring,
In spring tyme the onlie prettie ring tyme,
When birds doe sing, hey ding, a ding, a ding,
Sueit lovers love the spring.
Betwain the aikers of the ry,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey, no nee no, &c.

These prettie countrey foolst† did ly,
In spring tyme, &c.

This caroll‡ they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey, no nee no, &c.
How that a lyfe was bot a flour,
In spring tyme, &c.

Then prettie lovers take the tyme,§
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey, no nee no, &c.
For love is crowned with the pryime,
In spring tyme, &c.

No. CLXV. *TURKEYLONY*. From William Ballet's *Lute Book* (see note to p. 115.) It is mentioned as a dance tune by Nashe, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*,—"or doo as Dick Harvey did, that having preacht and beat downe three pulpits in inveighing against dauncing, one Sunday evening, when his wench or friskin was footing it aloft on the greene, with foote out and foote in, and as busie as might be at *Rogero*,|| *Basilino*, *Turkelony*, *All the flowers of the broom*, *Pepper is black*, *Greene Sleeves*, *Peggie Ramsey*, he came sneaking behind a tree, and lookt on; and though hee was loth to be seene to countenance the sport, having laid God's word against it so dreadfully; yet to shew his good will to it in heart, hee sent her eighteen pence in hugger mugger, to pay the fiddlers."

It is also mentioned with *Rogero*, *Trenchmore*, &c. in Stephen Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579; and the figure of the dance is in a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, (MSS. Rawl. Poet. 108) written about the year 1570. The same Manuscript contains also *The Old Allmayne*, *The Queen's Allmaine*, and *The Nyne Muses*.

No. CLXVI. *TOM TINKER'S MY TRUE LOVE*. This song, which was introduced in *The Beggars' Opera*, to the words "Which way shall I turn me," is to be found in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1719, vol. vi. p. 265. It is mentioned in a black-letter tract, called *The World's Folly*,¶ "A pot of strong ale, which was often at his nose, kept his face in so good a coulour, and his braine in so kinde a heate, as forgetting part of his forepassed pride, in the good humour of grieving patience, made him, with a hemming sigh, ilfavouredly singe the ballad of *Whilom I was*, to the tune of *Tom Tinker*." The song begins thus,—

* "In the Spring tyme" in the printed copy.

† "Country folks" in the printed copy.

‡ "The carol" in the printed copy.

§ "And therefore take the present time" in the printed copy.

|| "Rogero," "All the flowers of the broom," "Green

Sleeves," and "Peg a Ramsey," are in William Ballet's *Lute Book*. "Pepper's black," is in the seventh edition of *The Dancing Master*.

¶ See British Bibliographer, vol. ii. p. 559.

"Tom Tinker's my true love, and I am his dear;
And I will go with him his budget to bear,
For of all the young men he has the best way;
All the day he will fiddle, at night he will play,—
This way, that way, which way you will,
I'm sure I say nothing that you can take ill," &c.

In *The Dancing Master* of 1650, and in other early editions of the same work, another, and perhaps older, tune is to be found under the same name.

No. CLXVII. JOAN'S ALE IS NEW; or, THE JOVIAL TINKER. From D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. v. p. 61, edition of 1719. Ben Jonson, in his "Tale of a Tub," introduces "Old father Rosin, chief minstrel of Highgate, and his two boys," who play the tunes called for by the company, which are, "Tom Tiler," "The Jolly Joiner," and *The Jovial Tinker*. "Joan's ale is new," (the burden of the song) is enumerated in a curious list of some hundred "small books, ballads, and histories, printed for and sold by William Thackery, at the Angel in Duck Lane," about the year 1680.* The following quotation concerning the musical acquirements of tinkers, is from p. 94 of a "Declaration of Egregious Impostures," (1604) written by Samuel Harsnet, who died Archbishop of York. "Lustie Jolly Jenkin, by his name should seeme to be foreman of the motley morrice: he had under him, saith himselfe, forty assistants; or rather, (if I mistake not) he had beene by some old exercist allowed for the *master setter of Catches, or Roundes used to be sung by Tinkers*, as they sit by the fire, with a pot of good ale between their legges: *Hey, jolly Jenken, I see a knave drinking*,† &c." Quere, how many tinkers in the present day can be found to sing Catches?

No. CLXVIII. CEASE YOUR FUNNING. This, and *You'll think ere many days ensue*, are the only songs in *The Beggar's Opera*, which have not earlier names to the tunes. *Cease your funning* was introduced into several ballad operas after the appearance of *The Beggar's Opera*, and always called by that name: it was, therefore, probably composed for the words. We have a half-sheet song, called "Charming Billy," and beginning, "When the hills and lofty mountains," to this air; but it does not appear to be as old as 1728, in which year *The Beggar's Opera* was published. There is not a shadow of proof of its being either Welsh or Scotch. It is traditionally said to have been composed expressly for the opera by a lady, a friend of the poet.

Nos. CLXIX and CLXX. PEG A RAMSEY, or PEGGY RAMSEY, mentioned by Shakspeare in *Twelfth Night*, act ii. scene 3: "Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey," and "Three merry men we be,"‡ also by Nashe, with several others,§ in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*.

There are two tunes under this name, as old as Shakspeare's time, and several ballads to each. No. 169 is the one given by D'Urfey to the song of *Bonny Peggy Ramsey*, (see *Pills*, vol. v. 1719) and to which he wrote the song, "O London is a fine Town," printed in a book entitled *Le Prince d'Amour*, 1660; and in vol. iv. of the *Pills*. It is also in *The Dancing Master*, under the name

* This list is in one of the volumes of Old Ballads in the British Museum, 643, m.

† The words and music of the catch here named, are in

Pammelia, 1609 and 1618.

‡ See Arthur a Bland, tune 206.

§ See Turkeylony, tune 165.

of "Watton Town's End," and is so referred to in the second part of "Robin Good-fellow, commonly called Hob Goblin," in 1628. No. 170 is called Peg a Ramsey, in William Ballet's Lute Book ;* and is given by Sir John Hawkins, as the tune quoted in *Twelfth Night*. (See Steevens' edition of Shakspeare.) He says : "Peggy Ramsey is the name of some old song ; the following is the tune to it ;" but, as usual, does not cite his authority. "Little Pegge of Ramsie"† is one of the tunes in a manuscript by Dr. Bull, which formed a part of Dr. Pepusch's, and afterwards of Dr. Kitchener's library.

Several songs in a "Collection of State Songs, &c. that have been published since the Rebellion, and sung in the several Mug-houses in the cities of London and Westminster," 1716, and the following old ballads, were sung to one or other of these tunes.

- No. 1. "The common cries of London Town,
Some go up street, some go down."

"To the tune of Watton Townes End." Black Letter, 1662.

- No. 2. "The Sale of Esau's Birth-right, or the New Buckingham Ballad." Tune—"Little Peggy Ramsey."

"A wondrous tale I will relate,
The like was never told you,
Of Englishmen that England hate,
The town of Bucks has sold you," &c.

This is in the Collection of Ballads in the British Museum ; the two following are reprinted in *Evans' Collection of Old Ballads*, edition of 1810.

- No. 3. "How Robin Good-Fellow went in the shape of a Fidler to a Wedding, and of the sport that he had there." (From the second part of Robin Good-Fellow, commonly called Hob Goblin, 4to. 1628. "To the tune of Watton Townes end."

"It was a country lad,
That fashions strange would see ;
And he came to a vaulting schoole,
Where tumblers used to be," &c.

- No. 4. "A merry Jest of John Tomson, and Jackaman his wife,
Whose jealousy was justly the cause of all their strife."

"To the tune of Pegge of Ramsey."

WHEN I was a bachelor
I liv'd a merry life,
But now I am a married man,
And troubled with a wife,
I cannot do as I have done,
Because I live in fear ;
If I go but to Islington,
My wife is watching there.
Give me my yellow hose again,
Give me my yellow hose,
For now my wife she watcheth me,
See yonder where she goes.

But when I was apprentice bound,
And my indentures made,
In many faults I have been found,
Yet never thus afraid ;
For if I chance now by the way
A woman for to kiss,
The rest are ready for to say,
Thy wife shall know of this.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.
Thus, when I come in company
I pass my mirth in fear,

* See Note at p. 115.

† Ramsey, in Huntingdonshire, was formerly an important

town, and called "Ramsey the rich," before the destruction of its Abbey.

For one or other merrily
 Will say my wife is there.
 And then my look doth make them laugh,
 To see my woeful case,
 How I stand like John Hold-my-staff,
 And dare not show my face.
 Give me my yellow hose, &c.
 Then comes a handsome woman in,
 And shakes me by the hand,
 But how my wife she did begin,
 Now you shall understand.
 Fair dame (quoth she) why dost thou so?
 He gave his hand to me,
 And thou shalt know, before thou go,
 He is no man for thee.
 Give me my yellow hose, &c.
 Good wife (quoth she) now do not scold,
 I will do so no more,
 I thought I might have been so bold,
 I knowing him before.
 With that my wife was almost mad,
 Yet many did entreat her,
 And I, God knows, was very sad
 For fear she would have beat her.
 Give me my yellow hose, &c.
 Thus marriage is an enterprise
 Experience doth show,
 But scolding is an exercise
 That married men do know;
 For all this while there were no blows,
 Yet still their tongues were talking,
 And very fain would yellow hose
 Have had her fists a walking.
 Give me my yellow hose, &c.
 In comes a neighbour of our town,
 An honest man, God wot,
 And he must needs go sit him down,
 And call in for his pot;
 And said to me, I am the man
 Which gave to you your wife,
 And I will do the best I can
 To mend this wicked life.
 Give me my yellow hose again,
 Give me my yellow hose,
 For now my wife she watcheth me,
 See yonder where she goes.

SECOND PART.

I gave him thanks, and bad him go,
 And so he did, indeed,
 And told my wife she was a shrew,
 But that was more than need.
 Saith he, thou hast an honest man,
 And one that loves thee well;
 Saith she, you are a fool, good sir,
 It's more than you can tell.
 Give me my yellow hose, &c.
 And yet, in truth, he loveth me,
 But many more beside,
 And I may say, good sir, to thee,
 That cannot I abide.

For though he loves me as his life,
 Yet now, sir, wot you what,
 They say he loves his neighbour's wife,
 I pray you, how like you that?
 Give me my yellow hose, &c.
 Saith he, I hope I never shall
 Seek fancy fond to follow,
 For love is lawful unto all,
 Except it be too yellow;
 Which lieth like the jaundice so
 In these our women's faces,
 That watch their husbands where they go,
 And haunt them out in places.
 Give me my yellow hose, &c.
 Now comes my neighbour's wife apace
 To talk a word or two,
 My wife then meets her face to face,
 And saith, Dame, is it you
 That makes so much of my good man,
 As if he were your own?
 Then clamp as closely as you can!
 I know it will be known.
 Give me my yellow hose, &c.
 Now, when I saw the woman gone,
 I call'd my wife aside,
 And said, Why art thou such a one,
 That thou canst not abide
 A woman for to talk with me?
 This is a woeful case,
 That I must keep no company,
 Except you be in place.
 Give me my yellow hose, &c.
 This maketh bachelors to halt
 So long before they wed,
 Because they hear that women now
 Will be their husband's head.
 And seven long year I tarried
 For Jackaman my wife,
 But now that I am married
 I'm weary of my life.
 Give me my yellow hose, &c.
 For yellow love is too, too bad,
 Without all wit or policy,
 And too much love hath made her mad,
 And filled her full of jealousy.
 She thinks I am in love with those
 I speak to passing by;
 That makes her wear the yellow hose
 I gave her for to dye.
 Give me my yellow hose, &c.
 But now I see she is so hot,
 And lives so much at ease,
 I will go get a soldier's coat,
 And sail beyond the seas,
 To serve my captain where and when,
 Though it be to my pain,
 Thus farewell, gentle Jackaman,
 Till we two meet again.
 Give me my yellow hose, &c.

Quoth she, Good husband, do not deal
 Thus hardly now with me,
 And of a truth I will reveal
 My cause of jealousy.
 You know I always paid the score,
 You put me still in trust;
 I saved twenty pound and more,
 Confess it needs I must.
 Give me my yellow hose, &c.
 But now my saving of the same,
 For aught that I do know,
 Made jealousy to fire her frame
 To weave this web of woe.
 And thus this foolish love of mine
 Was very fondly bent,

But now my gold and goods are this,—
 Good husband be content.
 Give me my yellow hose, &c.
 And thus to lead my life anew
 I fully now purpose,
 That thou may'st change thy coat of blue,
 And I my yellow hose.
 This being done, our country wives
 May warning take by me,
 How they do live such jealous lives,
 As I have done with thee.
 Give me my yellow hose again,
 Give me my yellow hose,
 For now my wife she watcheth me;
 See yonder where she goes.

No. CLXXI. ROW WELL, YE MARINERS. Is in *The Dancing Master*, from the first edition in 1650, down to the eighteenth in 1719; and in various other Collections. "A proper Sonet, wherein the Lover dolefully sheweth his grief to his L. and requireth pity: To the tune of Row wel, ye Marriners," is in *A Handefull of pleasant Delites*, 1584; and the following three ballads, to the same tune, were in Heber's Collection.*

1. "A Lamentation from Rome how the Pope doth bewayle
 That the Rebelles in England can not prevayle."—1570.

2. "The End and Confession of John Felton, who suffred in Paules Churcheyard in London, the 8th August, for High Treason, 1570." And

"A Letter to Rome, to declare to the Pope
 John Felton, his freend, is hang'd in a rope;
 And farther, a right his grace to enforme,
 He dyed a Papist, and seemed not to turne."

3. "A Warning to London by the Fall of Antwerp," by Rafe Norris. *Imprinted by John Allde*, N.D.

No. CLXXII. THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME, from a Manuscript in the possession of Mr. E. Rimbault. This air has long been in use on the English Stage† as *the Morris Dance*, and introduced in all village festivities and processions. It is also played when a man of war weighs anchor; and by each regiment on leaving the town in which they have been quartered: indeed, no air has been, for the last fifty years, more universally popular. A version of it has been inserted in Moore's *Irish Melodies*, but with a common Irish termination, for which we find no authority in any earlier copy. Were the two alike, the question of its nationality might be easily determined; for the one is as common an English termination, as the other is Irish. Not wishing, therefore, to add to the number of those by whom Ireland has already been pilfered of many of her beautiful melodies, we shall briefly state our reasons for discrediting the correctness of Moore's version.

Firstly. In the month of July 1792, when the great meeting was held at Belfast, Mr. Edward

* See *Bibliotheca Heb.* part 4.
 fitting occasion.

† It was a great favourite with the late John Philip Kemble, who introduced it on every

Bunting was employed to note down all the airs played by the old harpers, then expressly assembled from every part of Ireland, to whom liberal premiums were distributed, according to their respective merits. Had this been one of the airs played on that occasion, it would undoubtedly have appeared in that admirable Collection, which has been the text book for all the more recent publications of Irish Music ; but not being there, it must either have been unknown to the harpers, or, what is far more probable, considered by them an English tune.

Secondly. The popularity of the air in Ireland may be readily accounted for, as it has been carried into every part by the army ; and, assuming the version in Moore's Melodies to be exact, (on which, however, no reliance can be placed*) it is also very probable that the air should receive a tincture of the national character, from the untutored singers who so frequently heard it.

And Thirdly. We can speak from the testimony of Dr. Crotch, and many other musicians, who recollect it at periods varying from twenty to thirty years before the publication of Moore's Irish Melodies, that the termination to the first and second parts of the tune, as there printed, is incorrect.

In Bell's Collection of the *Rhymes of Northern Bards*, printed in Newcastle, in 1812, is a song called "Blyth Camps," to the tune of "The Girl I left behind me."

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley ;
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
Since parting with my Sally.
I seek no more the fine or gay,
For each does but remind me
How swift the hours did pass away
With the girl I've left behind me.

O, ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silv'ry light,
When first she vow'd to love me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp,
Kind heaven then pray guide me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

Had I the art to sing her praise
With all the skill of Homer,
One only theme should fill my lays—
The charms of my true lover.
So let the night be e'er so dark,
Or e'er so wet and windy,
Kind heaven send me back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
May leave the swan repining.
Ye gods above ! oh, hear my prayer,
To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The falling waves shall cease to roar,
Ere I shall seek to change her.
The vows we register'd above
Shall ever cheer and bind me,
In constancy, to her I love—
The girl I've left behind me.

My mind her form shall still retain,
In sleeping or in waking,
Until I see my love again,
For whom my heart is breaking.
If ever I return that way,
And she should not decline me,
I evermore will live and stay
With the girl I left behind me.

* The late S. Chappell was engaged to arbitrate between Mr. Power, proprietor of the Irish Melodies, and another highly respectable publisher in Edinburgh, who, assuming the work to be a *faithful* and *unaltered* Collection of old Irish Airs, and in which, therefore, there could be no copyright, printed the Melodies with new symphonies, accompaniments, and words, in a work called "The Irish Minstrel." This, Mr. Power successfully resisted, proving that a very large proportion of the airs were so altered by the taste and judg-

ment of those engaged in the work, as to invest him with a copyright in them. The result of the arbitration therefore was, that every air, for which other authority could not be found, should be withdrawn, and all copies destroyed. Thus, when the pocket is touched, are facts elicited, which it would be very difficult to prove. Had not the interest of the proprietor been concerned in preventing another from publishing the same melodies, we should have heard nothing of any alterations having been made in them.

No. CLXXIII. ON YONDER HIGH MOUNTAIN. One of the airs introduced in *The Cobbler's Opera*, acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1729.

No. CLXXIV. DERRY DOWN. To this air George Alexander Stevens wrote the song of *Liberty Hall*, published in his Collection of Songs, 1772. It was introduced in *Midas*, 1764, and is now well known as the tune of Colman's song, "The fat single Gentleman," beginning, "Whoe'er's been in London, that overgrown place."

LIBERTY HALL.

OLD Homer,—but with him what have we to do?
What are Grecians or Trojans to me or to you?
Such heathenish heroes no more I'll invoke,
Choice spirits assist me, attend, hearts of oak!
Derry down, &c.

Sweet peace, belov'd handmaid of science and art!
Unanimity, take your petitioner's part;
Accept of my song, 'tis the best I can do,
But, sir, may it please ye, my service to you!
Derry down, &c.

Perhaps my address you may premature think,
Because I have mentioned no toast as I drink;
There are many fine toasts, but the best of 'em all
Is the toast of the times—that is, Liberty Hall.
Derry down, &c.

That fine British building by Alfred was fram'd,
Its grand corner-stone Magna Charta is named;
Independency came at Integrity's call,
And form'd the front pillars of Liberty Hall.
Derry down, &c.

This manor our forefathers bought with their blood,
And their sons, and their sons' sons, have prov'd the
deeds good;
By that title we live, with that title we'll fall,
For life is not life out of Liberty Hall.
Derry down, &c.

In mantle of honour, each star-spangled fold
Playing bright in the sunshine, the burnish of gold;
Truth beams on her breast, see at loyalty's call
The genius of England in Liberty Hall.

Derry down, &c.

Ye sweet-smelling courtlings of ribbon and lace!
The spaniels of power and bounty's disgrace!
So supple, so servile, so passive ye fall,
'Twas passive obedience lost Liberty Hall.

Derry down, &c.

But when revolution had settled the crown,
And natural reason knock'd tyranny down,
No frowns, cloth'd with terror, appear'd to appall,
The doors were thrown open of Liberty Hall.

Derry down, &c.

See England triumphant, her ships sweep the sea!
Her standard is justice, her watch-word "be free;"
Our king is our countryman, Englishman all,
God bless him, and bless us in Liberty Hall!

Derry down, &c.

Oh vere is des all? Monsieur wants to know.
'Tis neither at Marli, Versailles, Fontainebleau—
'Tis a palace of no mortal architect's art,
For Liberty Hall is an Englishman's heart!

Derry down, &c.

No. CLXXV. GEE HO, DOBBIN. This air is found in many Collections of Country Dances, published more recently than *The Dancing Master*; and was introduced in *Love in a Village*, in 1762, to the words, "If you want a young man with a true honest heart." The comic songs to the tune are very numerous.

No. CLXXVI. THOUGH YOU BY CONSTRAINT. An air introduced in the ballad opera of "The Boarding School; or, The Sham Captain," acted at Drury Lane in 1733.

No. CLXXVII. COUNTRY COURTSHIP, from Walsh's *New Country Dancing Master*, Book 3. It appears to be founded on "Oft have I ridden upon my grey Nag," and "Dargason."* It occurs in the ballad opera of *Flora*, (1729) under the name of "In Taunton Dean," but differing in the second part of the air.

* See Tunes 114 and 115.

No. CLXXVIII. HEART'S-EASE. This tune is to be found in *The Dancing Master*, from the first edition in 1650, down to that of 1698. It is, however, considerably older, being mentioned by Rychardes before 1570, and by Shakspeare, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597.

Pet.—Musicians, O musicians, *Heart's-ease, Heart's-ease*; O, an' you will have me live, play *Heart's-ease*!

1st Mus.—Why *Heart's-ease*?

Pet.—O, musicians, because my heart itself plays, *My heart is full of woe.** O play me some merry dump,† to comfort me.—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv. Scene 5.

The following song, to the tune of *Heart's-ease*, is from a MS. interlude, of recent discovery, entitled *Misogonus*, by Thomas Rychardes, which, as Collier remarks,‡ “recollecting that it was written about the year 1560, may be pronounced quite as good in its kind, as the drinking song|| in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*.”

Singe care away with sport and playe,
Pastime is all our pleasure;
Yf well we fare, for nought we care,
In mearth consists our treasure.

Let lungis lurke, and druges work,
We doe defie their slaverye;
He is but a foole that goes to schole,
All we delight in braverye.

What doth 't availe farr hence to saile,
And lead our life in toylinge?
Or to what end shoulde we here spende
Our dayes in urksome moylinge?

It is the best to live at rest,
And tak't as God doth send it;
To haunt ech wake, and mirth to make,
And with good fellowes spend it.

Nothing is worse than a full purse
To niggards and to pinchers;
They alwais spare, and live in care,
Ther's no man loves such flinchers.

The merye man, with cupp and cann,
Lives longer than doth twentye:
The misers wealth doth hurt his health,
Examples wee have plentye.

Tza ('tis a) bestly thinge to lie musinge
With pensivenes and sorrowe;
For who can tell that he shall well
Live here until the morowe.

We will therfore for evermore,
While this our life is lastinge,
Ete, drinke, and sleepe, and lemans keepe,
'Tis popery to use fastinge.

In cards and dice, our comforte lies,
In sportinge and in dauncinge;
Our minds to please, and live at ease,
And sometimes to use praunsinge.

With Bes and Nell we love to dwell,
In kissinge and in hakinge;
But whope hoe, hollie, with trolly lollye,
To them weil now be walking.

No. CLXXIX. THE GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS, from Dale's Collection of English Songs, Book XII. p. 187. The words of this song were written by Collins. The tune has also been known by the names of “Ally Croaker,” and “Unfortunate Miss Bailey,” both of which were sung to it. In Bell's *Rhymes of Northern Bards*, Newcastle, 1812, is a song called “Barber's News, or Shields in an uproar,” to the tune of “The Golden Days of Good Queen Bess.” “In Good Queen Bess's Golden Days,” is one of the airs in the ballad opera of *The Rape of Helen*, 1737.

* This is the burden of “A pleasant new Ballad of two Lovers, to a pleasant new tune,” beginning:

“Complaine my lute, complaine on him
That staves so long away.”

† A dump is a sort of dance. In William Ballet's Lute Book, is “Queene Marie's Dump;” and “My Lady Carey's Dompe,” is printed from a MS. in the British Museum, in Stafford Smith's “Musica Antiqua,” vol. i. p. 42.

‡ “History of Early Dramatic Poetry,” vol. ii. p. 470.

|| “I cannot eate but little meate,” the words of which are in Sir J. Hawkins' History of Music, vol. iii. p. 21, and the music in J. Stafford Smith's “Musica Antiqua,” vol. ii. Ritson has printed both music and words in his English Songs, putting the name of Walker instead of Weelkes, as the composer; and Stafford Smith calls it a round in *Deuteromelia*, where it is not to be found. The references in Stafford Smith's “Musica Antiqua,” abound with inaccuracies.

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.

To my muse give attention, and deem it not a mystery,
If we jumble together music, poetry and history;
The times to display, in the days of Queen Bess, sir,
Whose name and whose memory posterity may bless, sir.

O the golden days of good Queen Bess,
Merry be the memory of good Queen Bess.

Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of dons and armadas,
With their gunpowder puffs and blust'ring bravadoes;
For we knew how to manage both the musket and the
bow, sir,
And could bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a
crow, sir. O the golden days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses we
thatch'd, sir,
Our windows were lattic'd, and our doors only latch'd, sir;
Yet so few were the folks that would plunder or rob, sir,
That the hangman was starving for want of a job, sir.
O the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies, with large ruffs tied round about the
neck fast,
Would gobble up a pound of beef-steaks for their
breakfast;
While a close & quill'd up coif their noddles just did fit, sir,
And they trussed up as tight as a rabbit for the spit, sir.
O the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins, and doublets, and yellow worsted hose, sir,
With a huge pair of whiskers, was the dress of our
beaus, sir;
Strong beer they preferred, too, to claret or to hock, sir,
And no poultry they prized like the wing of an ox, sir.
O the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood was then just as plentiful as beef,
sir;
And the poor from the rich never wanted relief, sir;
While merry went the mill clack, the shuttle, and the
plough, sir,
And honest men could live by the sweat of their brow, sir.
O the golden days, &c.

Then football, and wrestling, and pitching of the bar, sir,
Were preferr'd to a flute, to a fiddle, or guitar, sir;
And for jaunting and junketting, the favourite regale, sir,
Was a walk as far as Chelsea, to demolish buns and
ale, sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then the folks, every Sunday, went twice, at least, to
church, sir,
And never left the parson, nor his sermon, in the
lurch, sir;
For they judg'd that the sabbath was for people to be
good in, sir,
And they thought it sabbath-breaking, if they din'd
without a pudding, sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men were
great, sir,
And the props of the nation were the pillars of the
state, sir;
For the sovereign and subject one interest supported,
And our powerful alliance by all powers then was
courted.

O the golden days, &c.

Then the High and Mighty States, to their everlasting
strain, sir,
By Britons were released from the galling yoke of
Spain, sir;
And the rous'd British Lion, (had all Europe then com-
bin'd, sir,)
Undismay'd would have scatter'd them, like chaff before
the wind, sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Thus they ate, and they drank, and they work'd, and
they play'd, sir,
Of their friends not ashamed, nor of enemies afraid, sir;
And little did they think, when this ground they stood
on, sir,
To be drawn from the life, now they're all dead and
gone, sir. O the golden days, &c.

No. CLXXX. COME, LIVE WITH ME. This tune, which was very popular in the reign of Elizabeth, was discovered by Sir John Hawkins, in a manuscript of that time. In Act III. scene 1, of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Sir Hugh Evans sings the following lines, which form a part of the song:

“ To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.”

The ballad of *Jane Shore*, beginning, “If Rosamond, that was so fair,”* “The Life and Death

* Reprinted in Ritson's English Songs, and Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

of the great Duke of Buckingham,"* and Thomas Deloney's ballad of "The Imprisonment of Queen Elinor,"† 1607, were sung to the tune. In "Choice, Chance, and Change: or, Conceits in their Colours," 4to. 1606, Arfolio, inviting his friend to partake of his humble state, concludes: "Therefore, I pray thee, let vs be merry, and let vs live together." Tidero replies: "Why, how now? doe you take me for a woman, that you come upon mee with a ballad of *Come, live with me, and be my love?*" Nicholas Breton, in his "Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters," 4to. 1637, alludes to the song in these words: "You shall hear the old song that you were wont to like well of, sung by the black browes with the cherrie-cheeke, under the side of the pide cowe: 'Come, live with me, and be my love;' you know the rest, and so I rest."

In the British Museum is a copy of "Psalmes or Songs of Sion, turned into the language, and set to the tunes of a Strange Land, by W(illiam) S(laty)er, intended for Christmas Carols, and fitted to divers of the most noted and common, but solemne tunes, every where in this land familiarly used and knowne," 1642. Upon this copy, a former possessor has written the names of some of the tunes to which the author designed them to be sung. These are: "All in a garden green,"‡ "Bara Faustus Dreame,"|| "Crimson Velvet," "The fairest nymph the valleys,"§ "What if a day,"¶ "Dulcina,"** "Walsingham,"†† "Jane Shore," &c. The tune of "Jane Shore," as we have before observed, is the same as "Come, live with me;" but by the following quotation from a black-letter tract called *The World's Folly*,‡‡ it appears probable that there was a still older name: "But there sat he, hanging his head, lifting vp the eyes, and with a deep sigh, singing the ballad of 'Come, live with me, and be my love,' to the tune of *Adew, my deere*."|||

"Come, live with me," was printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600, with the name of Chr. Marlow, followed by *The Nimph's reply to the Shepheard*, ("If all the world and love were young") and *Another of the same nature, made since*, ("Come, live with me, and be my deere") the two last being subscribed *Ignoto*.§§

The song is attributed to Marlow, and the answer to Sir Walter Raleigh, in the following passage from Walton's *Angler* (1653).

"As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me: it was a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom, as to load her mind with any fears of many things that never will be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale: her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song which was made by Kit. Marlow, now at least fifty years ago: and the milk-maid's mother

* In the "Crown Garland of Golden Roses," black letter.

† "The Imprisonment of Queen Elenor" is contained in a Collection of "Strange Histories; or, Songs and Sonets of Kings, Princes, Dukes, Lordes, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen. Very pleasant either to be read or songe," 12mo. 1607. A copy of this curious book is now in the possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq.

‡ See Tune 133.

|| In the Haerlem Collection, 1626; and in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book.

§ In the Amsterdam Collection, 1634.

¶ In the Amsterdam Collection, 1634. See Tune 127.

** See Tune 32.

†† See Tune 208.

‡‡ See British Biographer, vol. ii. p. 559.

||| This is probably the song in a manuscript of the early part of Henry the Eighth's time, (Bib. Harl. No. 2252) reprinted in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, (p. 98) "Upon the inconstancy of his Mistress."

"Morning, morning, thus may I sing
Adew, my dere, adew."

If intended for this tune, the last word "adew" must have been repeated in singing.

§§ Warton and Percy assert that *Ignoto* was the constant signature of Sir Walter Raleigh; Ritson, who also ascribes the song in question to Raleigh, that it is only used in *England's Helecon*, for *Anonymous*. See *Ancient Songs*, p. 178, 1790. Percy, Malone, and Ritson, also agree in ascribing the original song to Marlow

sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age."

Dr. Donne's song, beginning :

"Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove,
Of golden sands, and chrystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks," &c.

which, as Walton observes, he "made to shew the world that he could make soft and smooth verses, when he thought smoothness worth his labour," is also in the *Complete Angler*; and the three songs before quoted from *England's Helicon*, are reprinted in Ritson's English Songs and Ancient Songs, and two in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That vallies, groves, or hills and fields,
And all the steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

No. CLXXXI. JACK'S THE LAD, or THE COLLEGE HORNPIPE.

No. CLXXXII. MY LODGING IT IS ON THE COLD GROUND. Since the publication of the first part of this Collection, we have discovered an older, and, without doubt, the original tune sung by Mary Davis to Charles the Second. It always appeared singular to us, that notwithstanding the unquestionable popularity of the air at the time Sir W. Davenant's play of *The Rivals* was produced, we should not have met with any copy bearing the appearance of being more than a hundred years old; but, on deciphering a tune in tablature, called "On the cold ground," in *Musick's Delight on the Cithren*, 1666, and comparing it with another, called "I prithee, love, turn to me," in *Apollo's Banquet*, (both published by Playford) the melody proved to be precisely the same, and the names leave no question as to their having been originally coupled with the song. The copy in *Musick's Delight* is two years earlier than the published edition of the play. (See No. 45.) The words are also in Part II. of *Merry Drollery Complete*, edition of 1670.

No. CLXXXIII. MAULT'S COME DOWN. This tune is in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, with division by Byrde; and in *Deuteromelia*, 1609.

No. CLXXXIV. LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLINOR. This is a traditional version of the tune of this celebrated old minstrel ballad, taken from Sandys' Collection of Christmas Carols. On comparing it with "Who list to lead a souldier's life," in *The Dancing Master* of 1650 and 1686, it proves to be only another version of that tune. The song of "The Imprisonment of Edward II," to the tune of "Who list to lead a souldier's life," is contained in *Strange Histories; or, Songes and Sonets of Kings, Princes, &c.* by Thomas Deloney, 12mo. 1607.

At p. 17 of Ritson's "Observations on the Minstrels," in enumerating the probable "causes of the rapid decline of the minstrel profession, since the time of Elizabeth," he says: "It is conceived that a few individuals, resembling the character, might have been lately, and may possibly be still found, in some of the least polished or less frequented parts of the kingdom. It is not long since the public papers announced the death of a person of this description, somewhere in Derbyshire; and another was within these two years to be seen in the streets of London; he played on an instrument of the rudest construction, which he, properly enough, called a *hum-strum*, and chanted (amongst others) the old ballad of *Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor*, which, by the way, has every appearance of being originally a minstrel song."

"Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor" is one of the ballads still kept in print in *Seven Dials*.

No. CLXXXV. NOBE'S MAGGOT.* From the thirteenth edition of *The Dancing Master*, 1706. This tune having been supposed Irish by Malchair, was inserted with the Irish Music, in vol. I. of Crotch's *Specimens*; but since the publication of that work, Dr. Crotch has formed a different opinion as to this, and several other airs in the same collection.

No. CLXXXVI. OLD NOBE'S JIGG. From the eighteenth edition of *The Dancing Master*. It is also the tune to a song beginning, "When once Master Love gets into your head."

No. CLXXXVII. A common ballad tune, of which we have not been able to ascertain the name. This copy was noted down from a ballad singer by Mr. John Barnett.

No. CLXXXVIII. DEATH AND THE LADY. This tune, "to which," Ritson remarks, "the metrical lamentations of extraordinary criminals have been usually chanted, for upwards of these two hundred years,"† is to be found in the *Cobler's*, and several other ballad operas. Bolton's Tragedy, in Ritson's *Yorkshire Garland*, is to be sung to it. In Carey's *Musical Century*, 1738, it is called the *old* tune of Death and the Lady; perhaps the very one alluded to in Rowley's *Noble Souldier*, 1634:

"The King! Shall I be bitter 'gainst the King?
I shall have scurvy Ballads made of me,
Sung to the *hanging tune*!"

* Whim or Fancy.

† See note in Boswell's edition of Shakspeare, vol. viii. p. 122. Ritson erroneously supposes the tune of *Fortune* to be the same as that of *Death and the Lady*.

In "The Trimming of Thomas Nashe," (by Richard Lichfield) he says at the conclusion :
 "Lastly, all the ballad-makers of London, his very enemies that stayed his last grace, will be there to heare his confession, and out of his last words will make epitaphes for him, and afterwards ballads of the Life and Death of Thomas Nashe."

The following is from a copy printed in Seven Dials, ornamented with two woodcuts at the head.

THE GREAT MESSENGER OF MORTALITY ; OR, THE DIALOGUE BETWEEN DEATH AND THE LADY.

DEATH.

FAIR lady, lay your costly robes aside,
 No longer must you glory in your pride ;
 Take leave of all your carnal vain delight,
 I'm come to summon you away this night.

LADY.

What bold attempt is this? pray let me know
 From whence you come, and whither I must go!
 Shall I, who am a lady, stoop or bow
 To such a pale-fac'd visage? Who art thou?

DEATH.

Do you not know me? Well, I'll tell you, then.
 'Tis I who conquer all the sons of men.
 No pitch of honour from my dart is free:
 My name is Death; have you not heard of me?

LADY.

Yes, I have heard of thee time after time;
 But, being in the glory of my prime,
 I did not think you would have call'd so soon.
 Why must my sun go down before it's noon?

DEATH.

Talk not of noon, you may as well be mute;
 This is no more the time for to dispute.
 Your riches, jewels, gold, and garments brave—
 Houses and lands, must all new masters have.

LADY.

My heart is cold, it trembles at the news!
 Here's bags of gold if thou wilt me excuse,
 And seize on those, (thus finish thou the strife)
 On such as are most weary of their life.
 Are there not some who, bound in prison strong,
 In bitter grief of soul have languish'd long?
 All such would find the grave a place of rest
 From all the griefs by which they are oppress'd.
 Besides, there's many both with hoary head,
 And palsied joints, from which all strength is fled!

DEATH.

Though they, by age, are full of grief and pain,
 Yet their appointed time they must remain.
 Though thy vain heart to riches was inclin'd,
 Yet thou must die, and leave them all behind.
 I come to none but when my warrant's seal'd,
 And when it is, all must submit and yield;
 I take no bribe, believe me this is true;
 Prepare yourself, for now I come for you.

LADY.

Be not severe! O Death! let me obtain
 A little longer time to live and reign!
 Fain would I stay if thou my life wilt spare;
 I have a daughter, beautiful and fair;
 I wish to see her wed, whom I adore;
 Grant me but this, and I will ask no more.

DEATH.

This is a slender frivolous excuse,
 I have you fast, I will not let you loose;
 Leave her to Providence, for you must go
 Along with me, whether you will or no.
 I, Death, command e'en kings to leave their crown,
 And at my feet they lay their sceptres down.
 If unto kings this favour I don't give,
 But cut them off, can you expect to live
 Beyond the limits of your time and space?
 No! I must send you to another place.

LADY.

You learned doctors, now express your skill,
 And let not Death of me obtain his will;
 Prepare your cordials, let me comfort find,
 And gold shall fly like chaff before the wind!

DEATH.

Forbear to call, their skill will never do,
 They are but mortals here, as well as you;
 I gave the fatal wound, my dart is sure;
 'Tis far beyond the doctor's skill to cure.
 How freely can you let your riches fly
 To purchase life, rather than yield to die!
 But when you flourished in all your store,
 You would not give one penny to the poor,
 Who in God's name their suit to you did make;
 You would not spare one penny for his sake.
 The Lord beheld wherein you did amiss,
 And calls you hence to give account for this.

LADY.

O! heavy news! must I no longer stay?
 How shall I stand at the great judgment day?
 Down from her eyes the chrystal tears did flow,
 She said, "None knows what now I undergo.
 Upon a bed of sorrow here I lie,
 My carnal life makes me afraid to die;
 My sins, alas, are very gross and foul,
 Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on my soul!
 And though I much deserve thy righteous frown,
 Yet pardon, Lord, and send a blessing down!"

Then, with a dying sigh, her heart did break,
 And she the pleasures of this world forsake.
 Thus may we see the high and mighty fall;
 For cruel death shews not respect at all
 To any one of high or low degree:
 Great men submit to death, as well as we.
 If old or young, our life is but a span—
 A lump of clay—so vile a creature's man.
 Then happy they whom Christ has made his care—
 Die in the Lord, and then they blessed are!

NO. CLXXXIX. THE BEGGAR BOY. From the first, second, seventh, and other editions of *The Dancing Master*.

NO. CXC. THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER. From *The Dancing Master* of 1652. In the edition of 1665, and other later editions, the last four bars are repeated, with slight variation. The ballad was popular in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it, as Hearne informs us in his preface to "Gul. Neubrig. Hist. Oxon." 8vo. 1719, vol. 1. p. 70. Four lines of it are quoted in Fletcher's comedy of *The Pilgrim*, act iv. scene 2. "He called down his merry men all," &c.

THE KNIGHT AND SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

THERE was a shepherd's daughter
Came tripping on the waye;
And there by chance a knight she mett,
Which caused her to stayer.
Good morrowe to you, beauteous maide,
These words pronounced hee:
O I shall dye this daye, he sayd,
If I've not my wille of thee.
The Lord forbid, the maide replyde,
That you shold waxe so wode!
But for all that shee could do or saye,
He wold not be withstood.
Sith you have had your wille of mee,
And put me to open shame,
Now, if you are a courteous knight,
Tell me what is your name?
Some do call mee, Jacke, sweet heart,
And some do call me Jille;
But when I come to the kings faire courte
They call me Wilfulle Wille.
He sett his foot into the stirrup,
And awaye then he did ride;
She tuckt her girdle about her middle,
And ranne close by his side.
But when she came to the brode water,
She sett her brest and swamme;
And when she was got out againe,
She tooke to her heels and ranne.
He never was the courteous knight,
To saye, faire maide, will ye ride?
And she was ever too loving a maide
To saye, sir knight abide.
When she came to the king's faire courte,
She knocked at the ring;
So ready was the king himself
To let this faire maide in.
Now Christ you save, my gracious liege,
Now Christ you save and see,
You have a knight within your courte,
This daye hath robbed mee.

What hath he robbed thee of, sweet heart?
Of purple or of pall?
Or hath he took thy gaye gold ring
From off thy finger small?
He hath not robbed mee, my liege,
Of purple nor of pall:
But he hath robbed my maidenhood,
Which grieves mee worst of all.
Now if he be a batchelor,
His bodye Ile give to thee*;
But if he be a married man,
High hanged he shall bee.
He called downe his merrie men all,
By one, by two, by three;
Sir William used to bee the first,
But nowe the last came hee.
He brought her downe full fortye ponde,
Tyed up withinne a glove:
Faire maid, Ile give the same to thee;
Go, seeke thee another love.
O Ile have none of your gold, she sayde,
Nor Ile have none of your fee;
But your faire bodye I must have,
The king hath granted mee.
Sir William ranne and fetched her then
Five hundred pound in golde,
Saying, faire maide, take this to thee,
Thy fault will never be tolde.
'Tis not the gold that shall mee tempt,
These words then answered shee,
But your own body I must have,
The king hath granted mee.
Would I had dranke the water cleare,
When I did drinke the wine,
Rather than any shepherd's brat
Shold bee a ladye of mine!
Would I had drank the puddle foule,
When I did drink the ale,
Rather than ever a shepherd's brat
Shold tell me such a tale!

* This was agreeable to the feudal customs: the lord had a right to give a wife to his vassals. See Shakspeare's "All's well that ends well."

A shepherd's brat even as I was,
 You mote have let me bee,
 I never had come o' the king's faire courte,
 To crave any love of thee.

He sett her on a milk-white steede,
 And himself upon a graye;
 He hung a bugle about his necke,
 And soe they rode awaye.

But when they came unto the place
 Where marriage-rites were done,
 She proved herself a duke's daughter,
 And he but a squire's sonne.

Now marrye me, or not, sir knighte,
 Your pleasure shall be free:
 If you make me ladye of one good towne,
 Ile make you lord of three.

Ah! cursed bee the gold, he sayd,
 If thou hadst not been trewe,
 I shold have forsaken my sweet love,
 And have changed her for a newe.

And now their hearts being linked fast,
 They joynd hand in hande:
 Thus he had both purse, and person too,
 And all at his commande.

No. CXCI. I'M PLUNDER'D OF ALL MY GOLD; or, THE CRAFTY CRACKS OF EAST SMITH-FIELD. From D'Urfey's *Pills*, 1719, vol. v. p. 22.

No. CXCII. THE FIRST NOWELL. From a Collection of "Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern," by William Sandys, F.S.A. The custom of carol-singing at Christmas is of great antiquity, and some of the earliest songs in the English language are carols.*

The lewid peple than algates agre
 And caroles singen everi' criste messe tyde,
 Not with schamfastenes bot jocondle,
 And holey bowghes aboute; and al asydde
 The brenning fyre hem eten, and hem drinke,
 And laughen mereli, and maken route,
 And pype, and dansen, and hem rage; ne swinke,
 Ne noe thyng els, twalve daye' thei woldè not.

Lud. Coll. XLV. H. 1.

"Carols were of two sorts: one of a more Scriptural or serious nature,† sung in churches, and through the streets, and from house to house, ushering in the Christmas morning; and afterwards, morning and evening, until Twelfth-Day; the other of a more convivial nature, and adapted to the season of feasting and carousing. The convivial, or 'jolie carols,' as Tusser calls them, were sung by the company, or by the itinerant minstrels that attended the feasts for the purpose, during the daily revelry at the houses of the wealthy throughout the Christmas. Some were called Wassel Songs,‡ and may be traced back to the Anglo-Normans, who were very prone to conviviality, and encouraged every thing that was likely to aid it. An Anglo-Norman song of this description, as old as the thirteenth century, with an elegant translation by Mr. Douce, is printed in his 'Illustrations of Shakspeare,' and also, with some variations, in Brand's 'Popular Antiquities,' by Ellis."§

* As Christmas carols border more upon sacred than secular music, only half-a-dozen of the most popular specimens have been selected. To the admirers of carol tunes we recommend Sandys' excellent collection, and a small collection by the late Davies Gilbert, Esq. A few of the earlier carols are in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*.

† It was to this sort of carol that the term of "suffering ballads" was probably applied. Thus, in act iv. sc. 1 of the *Nice Valour*, a comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher—

"I shall be sure to find 'em at Church' corners,
 Where Dives and the suffering ballads hang."

Upon this one of the Commentators remarks,—“We suppose *gallows poetry*.” The carol of *Dives and Lazarus*, beginning “As it fell upon a day,” is one of those still in print.

‡ See No. 212.

§ From a collection of “Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern,” &c., by William Sandys, F.S.A.

"The oldest printed collection of Christmas Carols mentioned, is that published by Wynkyn de Worde, in the year 1521; and although carol-singing continued with unabated zeal till towards the end of the last century, since then the practice has declined, and many old customs have been gradually becoming obsolete."

"In the Northern and some of the Midland Counties, carol-singing is still preserved. In the Metropolis, a solitary itinerant may be occasionally heard in the streets, croaking out, 'God rest you merry, Gentlemen,' or some other old carol, to an ancient and simple tune. Indeed, many carols are yet printed in London for the chapmen, or dealers in cheap literature."* Hone gives a list of eighty-nine in use, and in print, at the present time, excluding the numerous compositions published by religious societies, under the name of carols. The chief printers of these are Catnach, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials; Pitts, St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials; and Batchelor, Long Lane, Smithfield;—who are also large vendors of ballads, and single or broadside pieces. Several of these carols have woodcuts of the rudest description, specimens of which, from the original blocks, are given by Hone in his "Ancient Mysteries described," &c. 1823. "Numerous single-sheet carols are also printed in different parts of the kingdom; and, in some very few instances, the tune is printed with them."†

"In the West of England, and especially in the western parts of Cornwall, carol-singing is still kept up, the singers going about from house to house, wherever they can obtain encouragement." In the West of England also, until very lately, rejoicings of all kinds commenced on Christmas Eve. The day was passed in the ordinary manner; "but at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, cakes were drawn hot from the oven; cyder or beer exhilarated the spirits in every house; and the singing of carols was continued late into the night. On Christmas Day these carols took the place of Psalms in all the churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining; and at the end, it was usual for the parish clerk to declare, in a loud voice, his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year to all the parishioners."‡ See also remarks on Tune 212.

CAROL FOR THE MORNING OF CHRISTMAS DAY.

The first Nowell the Angel did say
Was to three poor Shepherds in the fields as they lay;
In fields where they were keeping their sheep
In a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the East beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

Nowell, &c.

And by the light of that same Star,
Three Wise Men came from country far;
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.

Nowell, &c.

This Star drew nigh to the North West,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Nowell, &c.

Then did they know assuredly
Within that house the King did lie;
One entered in then for to see,
And found the Babe in poverty.

Nowell, &c.

Then enter'd in those Wise Men three
Most reverently upon their knee,
And offer'd there in his presence,
Both gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Nowell, &c.

* Sandys' Christmas Carols, p. 125.
by Davies Gilbert, Esq. 2nd edition, 1823.

† Sandys' Christmas Carols, p. 125.

‡ Preface to Christmas Carols, &c. collected

Between an ox-stall and an ass,
This Child truly there born he was ;
For want of clothing they did him lay,
All in the manger, among the hay.
Nowell, &c.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,

That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with his blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, &c.

If we in our time shall do well,
We shall be free from death and Hell,
For God hath prepared for us all
A resting place in general.
Nowell, &c.

No. CXCH. A VIRGIN MOST PURE. A Christmas carol, still used in the West of England, taken from Sandys' Collection, with the difference of being put into triple instead of common time, which the accent of both music and words seems to require. The tunes of this and other carols are not exclusively appropriated to the words with which they are here coupled ; a variety of different words are sung to each air.

A VIRGIN MOST PURE.

A VIRGIN most pure, as the Prophets do tell,
Hath brought forth a Babe, as it hath befell,
To be our Redeemer from death, hell, and sin,
Which by Adam's transgression hath wrapt us all in.
Rejoice, and be you merry, set sorrow aside,
Christ Jesus our Saviour was born on this tide.

In Bethlehem city, in Jewry it was,
Where Joseph and Mary together did pass,
And there to be taxed, with many one more,
For Cæsar commanded the same should be so.
Rejoice and be you merry, &c.

But, when they had entered the city so far,
The number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could get in the city no lodging at all.
Rejoice, &c.

Then they were constrained in a stable to lie,
Where oxen and asses they used to tie ;
Their lodging so simple, they held it no scorn,
But against the next morning our Saviour was born.
Rejoice, &c.

The King of all Glory to the world being brought,
Small store of fine linen to wrap him was brought ;
When Mary had swaddled her young Son so sweet,
Within an ox manger she laid him to sleep.
Rejoice, &c.

Then God sent an Angel from heaven so high,
To certain poor Shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bid them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.
Rejoice, &c.

Then presently after, the Shepherds did spy
A number of Angels appear in the sky,
Who joyfully talked, and sweetly did sing,
To God be all Glory, our Heavenly King.
Rejoice, &c.

Three certain Wise Princes, they thought it most meet
To lay their rich offerings at our Saviour's feet ;
Then the Shepherds consented, and to Bethlehem did go,
And when they came thither, they found it was so.
Rejoice, &c.

No. CXCV. GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN. Another West of England carol, from Sandys' Collection. See also No. 195.

GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN.

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on
Christmas day.

In Bethlehem in Jewry
This blessed babe was born,

And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn ;
The which his mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.
O tidings, &c.

From God, our Heavenly Father,
A blessed Angel came,
And unto certain Shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.
O tidings, &c.

Fear not, then said the Angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power, and might;
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite.

O tidings, &c.

The Shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This blessed babe to find.

O tidings, &c.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereas this infant lay,
They found him in a manger
Where oxen feed on hay,
His mother Mary kneeling
Unto the Lord did pray.

O tidings, &c.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.

O tidings, &c.

No. CXCV. GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN. This is the most common and generally popular of all carol tunes. In London, and about the Midland counties, it is sung both in the major and in the minor key. The following minor version, differing also in the second part, is taken from Hone's *Facetiae*. The words are a parody upon the original. (See No. 194.)

A POLITICAL CHRISTMAS CAROL.

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
Remember we were left alive
Upon last Christmas Day,
With both our lips at liberty
To praise Lord C (astlereag)h
For his "practical" comfort and joy! &c.



No. CXCVI. THE HUNT IS UP. From *Musick's Delight on the Cithren*, edition of 1666. The words from *Merry Drollery*, 1661, and the *Academy of Compliments*.

"Hunting thee hence, with *hunt's up* to the day."—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Scene 5.

Among the favourites of Henry the Eighth, Puttenham notices "one Gray, what good estimation did he grow unto with the same king Henry, and afterwards with the Duke of Sommerset, Protectour, for making certaine merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was, *The hunte is up, the hunte is up.*"

* This bar appears superfluous. The passage is little more than a repetition of the preceding strain.

Mr. Douce, in his "Illustrations of Shakspeare," "thinks it not improbable" that the following song, of which the music is by John Bennett, may be the one :

The hunt is up, the hunt is up, } Chorus
Sing merrily wee, the hunt is up; }
The birds they sing
The deere they fling:
Hey nony nony-no :
The hounds they crye,
The hunters they flye :
Hey trollo lo, trololio, &c.*

If this be the song, it must have had earlier music than Bennett's, as his "Madrigals for four voyces, being *his first works*," were published in 1599. Ritson cites the one we print to the music, as probably the "identical merry ballade," adding, that it is "very old." These are the only two, now known, which commence with the words, as quoted by Puttenham.

In Queen Elizabeth's and Lady Nevill's Virginal Books, is a piece, with twelve variations, by Byrde, called "The Hunt is up," which is also called "Pescod Time," in another part of the former book. It is nothing more than a repetition and imitation^f of a phrase of *one* bar, and bears no appearance of ever having been intended for words ;† certainly neither of the songs in question can be sung to it.

Musick's Delight on the Cithren, from which our copy of the music is taken, contains many very old and popular tunes, such as "Trip, and go," and "Light o' Love," (mentioned by Shakspeare), which we have found in no other printed collection. The words, also, are evidently much older than *Merry Drollery*, being parodied in "Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs, collectit out of Sundrie Partes of Scripture, with Sundrie of other Ballates changed out of prophaine Sanges, for avoyding of Sinne and Harlotrie," &c. ; reprinted in Edinburgh, by Andro Hart, in 1621, the original Edition having been published in 1590.

A "Hunt is up," or "Hunt's-up," was a general term for Hunting Songs, or rather an early song to rouse the party for the chase, something equivalent to the French *Réveillée*. It was afterwards generally used for any description of Morning Song.

"Maurus, *last morne*, at's mistress window plaid
An hunt's up on his lute ; but she (it's said)
Threw stones at him : so he, like Orpheus, there
Made stones *come flying* his sweet notes to heare."
Wits' Bedlam, 1617.

"And now the cock, the morning's trumpeter
Play'd hunt's up for the day-star to appear."—*Drayton*.

Cotgrave defines the word "Resveil," as "A Hunt's up, or *Morning Song*, for a new-married wife, the day after the marriage ;" and in "A Quest of Enquirie by Women, to know whether the

* Reprinted in Oliphant's *Musa Madrigalesca*, p. 258.

† A comedy, in two parts, by Richard Edwardes, called *Palæmon and Arcyle*, was acted before Queen Elizabeth, in Christ-church Hall, Oxford, on the 2nd and 3rd September, 1566, with which Her Majesty was very much delighted. Wood says,—“In the said play was acted a cry of hounds in the quadrant upon the train of a fox, in the hunting of The-seus, with which the young scholars, who stood in the remoter

part of the stage and windows, were so much taken and surprised, supposing it to be real, that they cried out, ‘There, there—he’s caught, he’s caught!’ All which the queen merrily beholding, said, ‘Oh! excellent! These boys, in very truth, are ready to leap out of the windows to follow the hounds,’ &c. The tune of “The Queene’s Maiesties New Hunt is up,” is often mentioned, but we have no account of this *acting* having been accompanied with music.

Tripe Wife were trimmed by Doll, yea or no," 4to. 1595, is "A Jigge* for the Ballad-Mongers to sing fresh and fasting, next their hearts, *everie morning*, instead of a new hunt's-up." Other instances occur in *The Scourge of Folly*; in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, act III. scene 2; in *The False One*, act IV. scene 2; and in a song by Ravenscroft, "A Hawk's up, for a Hunt's up," beginning, "Awake, awake, the day doth break." In Anthony Munday's "Banquet of Daintie Conceits," 4to. 1588, is a ballad with the following title: "Women are strongest, but trueth overcometh all things. This Dittie may be sung after the note of the Queene's Maiesties new Hunt is up."†

"It neither is the mightie King,
Nor any man beside,
Nor wine that may be strongest namde;
Alas! ye are too wide.
Who is it that doeth govern these,
And ruleth ore them all?
Women they are, and women's strength
May not be counted small," &c.

It will be observed, that this is in the measure of the tune we give. There are twenty-five more verses, which are reprinted at length in the Harleian Miscellany, 4to. vol. ix. p. 243. The subject of the Ballad is the three questions proposed by Darius, in the third chapter of the first book of Esdras.

The following is the parody from the "Compendious Booke of Godly Songs," upon which Ritson remarks‡ that, "As the measure was not taken up in the North, till there was no longer occasion for it in the South, and particularly as *The Hunt is up* was an English song, we may fairly enough lay claim to the travestie."§

With hunts up, with huntis up,
It is now perfite day;
Jesus our King is gane in hunting;
Quha (who) likes to speed they may.
Ane cursit fox lay hid in rox
This lang and mony ane day,
Devouring shep, whilk he might creep;
Nane might him shape away.
It did him gude to laip the blude
Of young and tender lammis:

Nane could him mis, for all was his,
The young anes with their dammes.
The hunter is Christ, that hunts in haist;
The hunds are Peter and Paul;
The Paip is the fox; Rome is the rox
That rubbis us on the gall.
That cruel beist, he never ceist,
By his usurpit power,
Under dispence, to get our pence,
Our saullis to devoure.

* The same use of the word "Jigge," for Song, occurs at the commencement of the pamphlet,

"Jesting at us with Ballads and with Jigs,
Enough to make kinde love unkinde debate."

and again the end: "Now all good lads, to whose reading this present Jigge shall come, I would not have ye mistake my meaning in the Song, that ye should goe about the streetes singing it, or chaunt it at her doore, ere she be up in a morning," &c.

† In the *Garland of Goodwill*, a curious little miscellany, by Thomas Deloney, is a ballad called "The Lamentation of Shore's Wife," to the tune of the "Hunt is up;" but the first four lines prove it to refer to another tune:—

"Listen, fair ladies,
Unto my misery,
That lived late, in pomp and state,
Most delightfully."

‡ Ancient Songs, p. 56.

§ Shakspeare ridicules this turning of popular song tunes into hymns, in his *Winter's Tale*, where he speaks of the Puritan who "sings psalms to hornpipes;" and certainly no tune can be more light and unfitted for the purpose, than "The Hunt is up." This practice was not, however, confined to Scotland. Besides the *Psalms and Songs of Zion turned into the Language, and set to the Tunes, of a Strange Land*, 1642, which, being "fitted to divers of the most noted and common, but *solemn*, tunes," and "intended as Christmas Carols," were not so incongruously associated, there appeared *A Small Garland of Pious and Godly Songs*, published at Ghent, in 1684, which were also to be sung to popular airs. The same practice still prevails with the Methodists; one of the leaders of whom used to say, that they were too good for, or had been too long devoted to, the Devil.

Quha could devise sic merchandise
 As he had there to sell,
 Unless it were proud Lucifer,
 The great Master of Hell?
 He had to sell the Tantonie bell,
 And pardons therein was;

Remissions of sins in auld sheep skinis,
 Our sauls to bring from grace.
 With buls of lead, white wax and reid,
 And either whiles with green,
 Closit in ane box, this usit the fox;
 Sic peltrie was never scene.

No. CXC VII. *GO FROM MY WINDOW.** This tune is in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book; in "A New Book of Tablature," 1596; and in Morley's "First Booke of Consort Lessons, made by divers exquisite Authors," 1611. In *The Knight of The Burning Pestle*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Old Merrythought sings a variety of fragments of old songs, and of this among the number:

"Go from my window, love, go;
 Go from my window, my dear;
 The wind and the rain,
 Will drive you back again:
 You cannot be lodged here.

"Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy,
 Begone my love, my dear;
 The weather is warm,
 'T will do thee no harm:
 Thou canst not be lodged here."

What appears to be another part, perhaps the last verse, or an alteration of the first, is quoted in *Monsieur Thomas*, act III. scene 3:

"Come up to my window, love,
 Come, come, come!
 Come to my window, my dear;
 The wind nor the rain,
 Shall trouble thee again:
 But thou shalt be lodged here."

The Ballad is again quoted in "The Woman's Prize; or, The Tamer tamed," act I. scene 3; and in Otway's "Soldiers' Fortune." It was also one of those turned into "Godly Songs," in Andro Hart's Compendium, (see No. 196) and, being short, is, in that shape, subjoined:

Quho (who) is at my windo, who, who?
 Goe from my windo, goe, goe.
 Quho (who) calls there, so like ane strangere?
 Goe from my windo, goe, goe.
 Lord, I am here, ane wrached mortal,
 That for thy mercie dois crie and call
 Unto thee, my Lord celestiall;
 See who is at my windo, who?

O gracious Lord celestiall,
 As thou art Lord and King eternal;
 Grant us grace that we may enter all,
 And in at thy doore let me goe.
 Quho is at my windo, quho?
 Go from my windo, go;
 Cry no more there, like ane strangere,
 But in at my doore thou go!

No. CXC VIII. A traditional version of *GO FROM MY WINDOW*; from a friend in Norfolk, who learnt it sixty years ago. The tune is not at all like the original, but has every appearance of

* The Editor of the new edition of Ritson's Songs is mistaken in saying that "the whole song, of which these two stanzas are a fragment, is, with some little variation, and the original music, preserved in the fourth volume of D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719. The song there printed is

to the tune of "Tomorrow it is St. Valentine's day," and the words, "Go from my window," do not occur in any part of it. The song in D'Urfey's *Pills* is a sort of companion to the other, and the words of it are to be found in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1620.

being old; and the words certainly promise an improvement upon the original version. It is, however, to be regretted that no more than the first verse could be recalled to memory.

No. CXCIX. PAUL'S WHARF. In Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, and in *The Dancing Master* of 1650. Paul's Wharf, "near the Tower," was one of the public places for taking water. In "The Prices of Fares and Passages to be paid to Watermen," printed by John Cawood, N.D. is the following: "Item, that no Whyry manne, with a pare of ores, take for his fare from Pawles Wharfe, Queen hithe, Parishe Garden, or the blacke Fryers to Westminster, or White hall, or lyke distance to and fro, above iij d."

No. CC. THE WOMEN ALL TELL ME I'M FALSE TO MY LASS. In *The Convivial Songster*, 1782; and in Ritson's Collection of English Songs.

THE WOMEN ALL TELL ME I'M FALSE TO MY LASS.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my glass;
But to you men of reason, my reasons I'll own;
And if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Although I have left her, the truth I'll declare;
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair:
But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That make it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own;
But, though she could smile, yet in truth she could frown:
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime;
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time:
But in wine, from its age such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd;
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy;
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love;
But in drinking, thank heaven, no rival contends,
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life,
With nurses and babies, and squalling and strife:
But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring;
And a big-bellied bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage,
It brings on diseases and hastens old age;
But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
She had left me, to get an estate, or a lord;
But my bumper (regarding nor title nor pelf)
Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain;
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain:
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy;
Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

No. CCI. GOOD MORROW, GOSSIP JOAN. This song is in D'Urfey's *Pills*, (vol. vi. p. 315, edition of 1719) and, with other words, in *The Musical Miscellany*, (vol. iv. p. 36, 8vo. 1729.) Half-sheet copies are frequently to be met with. It was introduced into *The Beggars'* and other ballad operas.

GOOD MORROW, GOSSIP JOAN.

Good morrow, Gossip Joan,
Where have you been a-walking?
I have for you, at home,
A budget full of talking, Gossip Joan.
My sparrow's flown away,
And will no more come to me;

I've broke a glass to-day,
The price will quite undo me, Gossip Joan.
I've lost a *Harry* Groat
Was left me by my granny;
I cannot find it out,
I've search'd in every cranny, Gossip Joan.

I've lost my wedding ring,
That was made of silver gilt;
I had drink would please a king,
But the cat has spilled it, Gossip Joan.
My pocket is cut off,
That was full of sugar-candy;

I cannot stop my cough
Without a gill of brandy, Gossip Joan.
Let's to the ale-house go,
And wash down all our sorrow;
My griefs you there shall know,
And we'll meet again to-morrow, Gossip Joan.

NO. CCII. COCK LORREL, or COOK LAWREL. This tune is in the *Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs*, &c. (edition of 1685); and in D'Urfey's *Pills*, vol. iv. p. 101; also in *The Dancing Master*, from the first edition in 1650, to the last, (eighteenth) in 1728, under the name of AN OLD MAN IS A BED FULL OF BONES. "Wynkyn de Worde printed a tract (without date, but in all probability before the death of Henry the Seventh) called *Cocke Lorells Bote*. Cocke Lorell summons persons of all classes to go on board his ship of fools, and among them the *Mynstrelles*, which proves, if proof were necessary, that minstrelsy was still looked upon as a regular profession."* Cocke Lorell's Bote is mentioned in a MS. poem in the Bodleian Library, called *Doctour Double Ale*:

"I holde you a grota
Ye wyll rede by rota,
That ye may wete a cota
In cocke lorel's bota."

Also in John Heywood's "Epigrams upon Three Hundred Proverbs," 1566. "A Busy Body," 189.

"He will have an ore in every man's barge,
Even in *cocke lorel's barge*, he berth that charge."

In S. Rowland's *Martin Markhall, his Defence and Answer to the Bellman of London*, 1610, Cock Lorell "is enumerated second in a list of rogues by profession, and he is thus described:" "After him succeeded, by the general council, one Cock Lorrell, the most notorious knave that ever lived. By trade he was a tinker, often carrying a pan and hammer for shew; but when he came to a good booty, he would cast his profession in a ditch, and play the padder." A book was printed in 1565, called "The Fraternitye of Vacabondes," "wherunto also is adjoyned the XXV orders of Knaves. Confirmed for ever by Cocke Lorell." The song of Cock Lawrell is by Ben Jonson, in the "Masque of the Gipsies Metamorphosed;" and besides the copy in D'Urfey's *Pills*, there is one in the Pepysian Library, and a third at p. 182 of Dr. Percy's folio MS.† The following are to be sung to the tune.

1. "The Rump [Parliament] roughly but righteously handled." 1659.‡
2. "The Cities Feast to the Lord Protector." 1661.§
3. "A Tory came late through *Westminster-Hall*: a new Song made by a Person of Quality, and sung before his Majesty at Winchester."||
4. "The Session of the Poets," or "Apollo concerned to see the Transgressions," &c.¶ containing a curious enumeration of Poets of the time, in forty-three verses.

* Collier's History of Early Dramatic Poetry, vol. i. pp. 55 and 56.

† See Dr. Dibdin's Decameron, vol. iii.

‡ King's Pamphlets, British Museum, No. 15, fol.; and Loyal Songs, &c. vol. ii. p. 109.

§ Ditto, Ditto, No. 20, fol.; and Loyal Songs written against the Rump Parliament, vol. ii. p. 34.

|| A Collection of 180 Loyal Songs, 1685, p. 113.

¶ Poems on Affairs of State, &c. &c. vol. i. 1703.

5. The House out of Doors. "You saw eleven Members turn'd out of doors."
6. The Fag-end of a long Parliament. "O foolish Britannicks," &c.
7. Saint George for England. "The Westminster Rump hath been little at ease."
8. A new Kickshaw for the queasy Stomach of Satan, and all those that fight under his banner. "You pittiful Rhimers, now be you all dumb."*
9. "The Whigs' Disappointment upon their intended Feast."†

In the Masque the song of Cock Lorrel is thus introduced :

Pat.—" Cocklorrel he hight,
On a time did invite
The Devil to a feast;
The tail of the jest
(Though, since it be long)
Lives yet in a song;
Which, if you would hear,
Shall plainly appear,
Like a chime in your ear.
I'll call in my clerk,
Shall sing like a lark."

COOK-LORREL.

" Cook-Lorrel would need have the devil his guest,
And bid him once into the Peak to dinner;
Where never the fiend had such a feast
Provided him yet at the charge of a sinner.
His stomach was queasie, for, coming there coach'd,
The jogging had caused some crudities rise;
To help it he call'd for a Puritan poach'd,
That used to turn up the eggs of his eyes," &c.‡

NO. CCIII. TRIP AND GO. A Morris Dance and Song, from *Musick's Delight on the Cithren*, edition of 1666. This was one of the favourite Morris Dances of the sixteenth century, and is often mentioned by writers of the time. It is alluded to by Shakspeare in *Love's Labour Lost*, and by Nashe in his Introductory Epistle to the surreptitious edition of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, 4to. 1591: "Indeede, to say the truth, my stile is somewhat heavie gated, and cannot daunce *trip and goe* so lively, with 'Oh my love, ah my love, all my love gone,' as other shepheards that have beene fooles in the morris, time out of minde." He introduces it more at length, and with a description of the Morris Dance, in the play of "Summer's last Will and Testament:"

"VER goes in and fetcheth out the Hobby-horse and the Morris-dance, who dance about.

Ver.—"About, about! lively, put your horse to it; rein him harder; jerk him with your wand. Sit fast, sit fast, man! Fool, hold up your ladle§ there."

Will Summer.—"O brave Hall!|| O well said, butcher! Now for the credit of Worcestershire. The finest set

* Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8, are from vol. ii. of the Collection of Loyal Songs written against the Rump Parliament, 1731.

† "Collection of 180 Loyal Songs," &c. 1685, p. 115.

‡ These are seventeen more verses.

§ The ladle is still used by the sweeps on May-day.

|| The tract of "Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Mayd-Marian, and Hereford Town for a Morris Dance," 4to. 1609, is dedicated "To that renowned Ox-leach, *old Hall*, Taborer of Herefordshire, and to his most invincible weather-beaten nut-browne Tabor; being already old and sound, three score

yeares and upwards." And the author says,—"The People of Herefordshire are beholding to thee; thou givest the men light hearts by thy pipe, and the women light heeles by thy tabor. O wonderful piper! O admirable tabor-man!" The description of his tabor is amusing:—"The wood of this olde Hall's tabor should have beene made a paille to carie water in at the beginning of King Edward the Sixt's reigne; but Hall (being wise, because hee was even then reasonably well stricken in yeares) saved it from going to the water, and converted it in these days to a tabor."

of morris-dancers that is between this and Streatham. Marry, methinks there is one of them danceth like a clothier's horse, with a wool-pack on his back. You, friend, with the hobby-horse, go not too fast, for fear of wearing out my lord's tile-stones with your hob-nails."

Ver.—"So, so, so; trot the ring twice over, and away. May it please my lord, this is the grand capital sum; but there are certain parcels behind, as you shall see . . ."

"Here enter three Clowns and three Maids, singing this song, dancing:

"Trip and go, heave and hoe
Up and down, to and fro;
From the town to the grove,
Two and two let us rove
A Maying, a playing:
Love hath no gainsaying;
So merrily trip and go."

The tune of "Trip and go" resembles "The Boatman," No. 101.

No. CCIV. SO FAREWELL TO YOU, YE FINE SPANISH LADIES. A popular old Sea Song, contributed by Lord Vernon. It is to be regretted that his Lordship could only recollect a portion of the words.

No. CCV. CORNISH MAY SONG, OR THE HELSTONE FOREY. From Gilbert's *Christmas Carols*, 2nd edition; and Jones' *Welsh Bards*, vol. II. p. 37, although the latter does not claim it *as a Welsh Tune*. Mr. Davies Gilbert remarks, that a forey was annually celebrated in the town of Helston, in Cornwall, "up to recent times, with all the pantomime of a predatory excursion into the country, and a triumphant return of the inhabitants, dancing to this air. Some shadow of the festival is even still preserved, in the more elegant amusements of the eighth of May, but with its nature totally changed, and its name obscured, by a fanciful allusion to Greek or Roman mythology." The following is Mr. Jones' account:

"The inhabitants of Cornwall, being a remnant of the Ancient Britons, still retain some of their ancient customs, as the Welsh do. This old traditional ballad is the source of conviviality to the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Helston, in Cornwall, where it is always sung, and universally danced by them, on the eighth of May, when they hail the summer with peculiar rejoicings, rural revelry, festivity, and mirth. The common people call the ceremony *Efyddu*, and *Efodi*, which implies prosperity and happiness; and others call it *Flora-day*. This custom seems to have originated from the Druids; because, the fruits of the earth are then tender; and to avert their being blasted, it was usual to return thanks to God for his infinite blessings, and to rejoice at the flourishing prospect of the produce of the earth, which was generally celebrated on the sixth day of the new moon.

"The custom now is this: at break of day, the commonalty of Helston go into the fields and woods, to gather all kinds of flowers, to decorate their hats and bosoms, to enjoy the flowery meads, and the cherishing of the birds; and during their excursions, if they find any person at work, they make him ride on a pole, carried on men's shoulders, to the river, over which he is to leap in a wide place, if he can; if he cannot, he must leap in, for leap he must, or pay money. After this rustic sport is over, they then return to the town, and bring their flowery garlands or summer home (hawthorn boughs, sycamore, &c.) Then they form themselves into various dancing groups with the

lasses, and they jig it, hand in hand, all over the town; claiming a right of dancing through any person's house, in at one door, out at the other, and so through the garden: thus they continue their *Ffodi*, or prosperous song and dance, until it is dark.

' Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.'—*Milton*.

"In the afternoon, the gentry of the place take their May excursions in parties, and some go to the farm-houses in the neighbourhood to drink sillabubs, cider, tea, &c.; and afterwards, they return to the town in a morrice-dance, both the ladies and gentlemen elegantly dressed in their summer attire, and adorned with nosegays, and accompanied with minstrels, who play for the dancers this traditional May-tune; so they whisk it along all through the streets,—and after a few dancing essays, each gentleman leads his partner into the assembly-room, where there is always a ball that evening; and such be vies of fair women, in their native simplicity, as are rarely to be seen. There they enjoy their happy dance until supper-time, when they repair to their festive houses to their convivial repasts: thus, the night is crowned with harmony, as well as the day. The inferior classes of the people pass their evening in similar merriments at the public houses, and at other places; which is continued until midnight, with the greatest hilarity and decorum.

"To welcome the summer was a very ancient custom among the old Britons, by the number of May carols which are still preserved among the Welsh; and, indeed, it is an universal custom among most nations. The month of May, among the ancient Romans, was consecrated to Maia, the daughter of Atlas, and mother of Mercury. Hall's *Chronicle* mentions king Henry the Eighth and queen Catherine's going a maying, from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill, accompanied with many lords and ladies."

THE CORNISH MAY SONG.

ROBIN HOOD and Little John, they both are gone to
fair O,
And we will to the merry green wood, to see what they
do there O;
And for to chase the buck and doe, to chase the
buck and doe O;
And for to chase the buck and doe, with Halan tô,*
sing merry O.
We were up as soon as day for to fetch the summer
home O;
The summer, and the May O, for summer is a-come O;
And winter is a-gone O, and summer is a-come O,
And winter is a-gone O; with Halan tô, sing merry O.
Those Frenchmen that make such a boast, they shall eat
the grey-goose feather O,
And we will eat up all the roast, in every land where-
e'er we go;

And we will eat up all the roast: sing Halan tô, and
merry O.

Saint George next shall be our song, Saint George he
was a knight O;
Of all the kings in Christendom, King Georgy is the
right O:

In ev'ry land that e'er we go, sing Halan tò and Georgy O,
Sing Halan tô and Georgy O.

Bless Aunt Mary with power and might; God send us
peace in merry England:

Pray send us peace both day and night, for ever more in
merry England;

Pray send us peace both day and night: with Halan tô,
sing merry O,

With Halan to, sing merry O.

* HALAN, or KALAN, mentioned above, is the Calends of May, or of any other month; and Tô, is what they call a large bunch of flowers, which is carried on a pole on men's shoulders.

No. CCVI. ARTHUR A BLAND, OR HEY DOWN A DOWN. This tune is introduced in *The Jovial Crew*, (1731) and several other ballad operas. It is often called ROBIN HOOD, and many of the Robin Hood ballads were sung to it, such as "Robin Hood and the Stranger," "Robin Hood and the Beggar," "Robin Hood and the four Beggars," "Robin Hood and the Bishop," (not the Bishop of *Hereford*) "Robin Hood's Chase," &c. There is also a song to it among the King's Pamphlets, British Museum, (No. 15, folio) called, "The Gang of the Nine Worthies,"* dated 1659. A line from the conclusion of the ballad, is quoted in *Twelfth Night*, act II. scene 3 :

"Malvolio's a 'Peg-a-Ramsey,' and 'Three merry men we be,'" &c.

The following is from a reprint of the "old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood :"

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER; OR, ROBIN HOOD MET WITH HIS MATCH.

"A merry and pleasant Song, relating the gallant and fierce combat fought between Arthur Bland, a tanner of Nottingham, and Robin Hood, the greatest and most noblest archer in England."

Tune is "Robin Hood and the Stranger."

IN Nottingham there lives a jolly tannèr,
With a hey down, down, a down down.
 His name is Arthur-a-Bland!
 There is nere a squire in Nottinghamshire
 Dare bid bold Arthur stand.
 With a long pike-staff upon his shouldèr,
 So well he can clear his way;
 By two and by three he makes them to flee,
 For he hath no list to stay.
 And as he went forth, in a summers morning,
 Into the 'forrest of merry' Sherwood,
 To view the red deer, that range here and there,
 There met he with bold Robin Hood.
 As soon as bold Robin 'he did' espy,
 He thought some sport he would make,
 Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand,
 And thus to him 'he' spake:
 Why, what art thou, thou bold fellòw,
 That ranges so boldly here?
 In sooth, to be brief, thou lookst like a thief,
 That comes to steal our king's deer.
 For I am a keeper in this forest,
 The king puts me in trust
 To look to his deer, that range here and there;
 Therefore stay thee I must.
 If thou beest a keeper in this forrèst,
 And hast such a great command,
 'Yet,' thou must have more partakers in store,
 Before thou make me to stand.
 Nay, I have no more partakers in store,
 Or any that I do not need;
 But I have a staff of another oke graff,
 I know it will do the deed.

For thy sword and thy bow I care not a straw,
 Nor all thine arrows to boot;
 If I get a knop upon the bare scop,
 Thou canst as well [spit] as shoot.
 Speak cleanly, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
 And give better terms to me;
 Else Ile thee correct for thy neglect,
 And make thee more mannerly.
 Marry gep with a wenion! quod Arthur-a-Bland,
 Art thou such a goodly man?
 I care not a fig for thy looking so big,
 Mend thou thyself where thou can.
 Then Robin Hood he unbuckled his belt,
 And laid down his bow so long;
 He took up a staff of another oke graff,
 That was both stiff and strong.
 Ile yield to thy weapon, said jolly Robin,
 Since thou wilt not yield to mine;
 For I have a staff of another oke graff,
 Not half a foot longer than thine.
 But let me measure, said jolly Robin,
 Before we begin our fray;
 For Ile not have mine to be longer than thine,
 For that will be counted foul play.
 I pass not for length, bold Arthur reply'd,
 My staff is of oke so free;
 Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a calf,
 And I hope it will knock down thee.
 Then Robin could no longer forbear,
 He gave him such a knock,
 Quickly and soon the blood came down,
 Before it was ten a clock.

* Also in vol. ii. of "Loyal Songs written against the Rump Parliament," p. 149; 1731.

Then Arthur he soon recover'd himself,
 And gave him such a knock on the crown,
 That from every side of bold Robin Hood's head,
 The blood came trickling down.

Then Robin raged like a wild boar,
 As soon as he saw his own blood:
 Then Bland was in hast, he laid on so fast,
 As though he had been cleaving of wood.

And about, and about, and about they went,
 Like two wild bores in a chace.
 Striving to aim each other to maim,
 Leg, arm, or any other place.

And knock for knock they lustily dealt,
 Which held for two hours and more;
 That all the wood rang at every bang,
 They ply'd their work so sore.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
 And let thy quarrel fall;
 For here we may thrash our bones all to mash,
 And get no coyn at all:

And in the forrest of merry Sherwood
 Hereafter thou shalt be free.
 God-a-mercy for 'nought,' my freedom I bought;
 I may thank my staff, and not thee.

What tradesman art thou? said jolly Robin,
 Good fellow, I prithee me show:
 And also me tell, in what place thou dost dwell,
 For both of these fain would I know.

I am a tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,
 In Nottingham long have I wrought;
 And if thou'lt come there, I vow and swear,
 I will tan thy hide for 'nought'.

God-a-mercy, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
 Since thou art so kind and free;
 And if thou wilt tan my hide for 'nought,'
 I will do as much for thee.

And if thou'lt forsake thy tanner's trade,
 And live in the green-wood with me,
 My name's Robin Hood, I swear by the 'rood,'
 I will give thee both gold and fee.

If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,
 As I think well thou art,
 Then here's my hand, my name's Arthur-a-Bland,
 We two will never depart.

But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John?
 Of him fain would I hear;
 For we are alide by the mother's side,
 And he is my kinsman dear.

Then Robin Hood blew on the beauble horn,
 He blew full lowd and shrill;
 But quickly anon appear'd Little John,
 Come tripping down a green hill.

O what is the matter? then said Little John,
 Master, I pray you tell:
 Why do you stand with your staff in your hand?
 I fear all is not well.

O man I do stand, and he makes me to stand,
 The tanner that stands thee beside;
 He is a bonny blade, and master of his trade,
 For soundly he hath tann'd my hide.

He is to be commended, then said Little John,
 If such a feat he can do;
 If he be so stout, we will have a bout,
 And he shall tan my hide too.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
 For as I do understand,
 He's a yeoman good of thine own blood,
 For his name is Arthur-a-Bland.

Then Little John threw his staff away,
 As far as he could it fling,
 And ran out of hand to Arthur-a-Bland,
 And about his neck did cling.

With loving respect, there was no neglect,
 They were neither 'nice' nor coy;
 Each other did face with a lovely grace,
 And both did weep for joy.

Then Robin Hood took them 'them both' by the
 hands,
 And danc'd round about the oke tree:
 For three merry men, and three merry men,
 And three merry men we be:

And ever hereafter, as long as we live,
 We three will be 'as' one;
 The wood it shall ring, and the old wife sing,
 Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.

No. CCVII. BRITONS, STRIKE HOME. This song was composed by Henry Purcell, for his opera of *Boadicea*. The melody seems evidently to have been intended to suit the scale of the trumpet. It was soon adopted as one of the National favourites, and played on public occasions, with "Rule Britannia," and "God save the King."

No. CCVIII. WALSINGHAM. From Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book; also in the list of pieces in one of Dr. Bull's manuscripts, which passed through the hands of Dr. Pepusch, and lately of Dr. Kitchener. The tune is often mentioned by writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In act v. of Fletcher's tragi-comedy of *The Honest Man's Fortune*, one of the servants says: "I'll

renounce my five mark a year, and all the hidden art I have in carving, to teach young birds to whistle *Walsingham*." It is also quoted in Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," act II. scene ult.; in an old play, called "Hans Beer-pot, his invisible Comedy," &c. 1618, act I.; and in "The Weakest goeth to the Wall," 1600. The scene of the last is laid in Burgundy, and the following lines are given:

"King Richard's gone to Walsingham, to the Holy Land,
To kill Turke and Sarasen, that the truth doe withstand;
Christ his crosse be his good speede, Christ his foes to quell;
Send him help in time of need, and to come home well."

It is one of the airs for the "Psalmes and Songs of Sion, turned into the language, and set to the tunes of a Strange Land,"* 1642.

Osborne, in his "Traditional Memoirs on the Reigns of Elizabeth and James," 1653, speaking of the Earl of Salisbury, says:

"Many a hornpipe he tuned to his Phyllis,
And sweetly sung *Walsingham* to's Amyrillis."

There appear to have been a succession of songs on the subject of a Pilgrimage to Walsingham, and in the same measure. Besides the one quoted above, there is a ballad in the Pepysian Collection, vol. I. p. 226, beginning:

"As I went to Walsingham,
To the shrine with speede,
Met I with a jolly palmer
In a pilgrim's weede."

A third, beginning:

"Gentle herdsman, tell to me
Of curtesy, I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way,"

is reprinted in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," and also the following, from which four lines are quoted in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle."

As ye came from the holy land
Of blessed Walsingham,
O met you not my true love
As by the way ye came?
How should I know your true love,
That have met many a one,
As I came from the holy land,
That have both come, and gone?
My love is neither white nor browne,
But as the heavens faire;
There is none hath her form divine,
Either in earth, or ayre.
Such an one did I meet, good sir,
With an angelike face;
Who like a nymphe, a queene appear'd
Both in her gait, her grace.
Yes: she hath cleane forsaken me,
And left me all alone;
Who some time lov'd me as her life,
And called me her owne.
What is the cause she leaves thee thus,
And a new way doth take,

That some time lov'd thee as her life,
And thee her joy did make?
I that loved her all my youth,
Growe olde now, as you see;
Love liketh not the falling fruite,
Nor yet the wither'd tree.
For love is like a carelesse childe,
Forgetting promise past;
He is blind, or deaf, whenere he list;
His faith is never fast.
His fond desire is fickle found,
And yeldes a trusteless joye;
Wonne with a world of toil and care,
And lost e'en with a toye.
Such is the love of womankind,
Of Love's faire name abusde;
Beneath which many vain desires
And follyes are excusde.
'But true love is a lasting fire,
Which viewless vestals tend;
That burns for ever in the soule,
And knows nor change, nor end.'

* See Tune 180.

“The scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous all over Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his account of the ‘Virgo Parathalassia,’ in his colloquy, intitled ‘Peregrinatio Religionis ergo.’ He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shewn him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present, to Our Lady of Walsingham. At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners; who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.”

No. CCIX. HOMBEY HOUSE. From the eighteenth edition of *The Dancing Master*. This was probably composed by Henry Purcell, as it is to be found in his opera of *The Indian Queen*, where it is entitled A HORNPIPE. He has, however, in some instances employed old airs as dance tunes. Hombey House, near Northampton, was where King Charles took refuge.

No. CCX. I TELL THEE, DICK. This celebrated ballad, by Sir John Suckling, was occasioned by the marriage of Roger Boyle, the first Earl of Orrery, (then Lord Broghill) with Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. The tune is in the “Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs,” &c. (3rd edition, 1685); in “The Convivial Songster,” 1782; and in many intermediate publications. The words are in the first edition of Sir John Suckling’s works, 1646; in “Wit’s Recreation,” 1654; in “Merry Drollery,” 1661; and in “The Convivial Songster,” 1782.

The following were written to the tune :

1. “The Cavalier’s Complaint,” 1661. (King’s Pamphlets, No. 19, fol. British Museum.)
2. “A Ballad on a Friend’s Wedding,” from “Folly in print, or a Book of Rhymes,” 1667, p. 116.
3. “I tell thee, Jack,” a parody upon Sir John Suckling’s Troop of a Hundred Horse, from “Le Prince d’Amour,” 1660.
4. “A new Ballad, called The Chequers Inn.”

“I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the Parliament have seen,” &c.

From “Poems on State Affairs,” &c. (vol. III. p. 57; 1704.)

5. “A Christmas Song, when the Rump (Parliament) was first dissolved,” from the “Collection of Loyal Songs written against the Rump Parliament,” vol. II. p. 99; 1731.
6. “Chil tell thee, Tom, the strangest Story.”
7. “A new Song upon Titus Oates’ retreat from Whitehall into the City.”

“Canst tell me, Ceres, what curst fate
Hangs o’er the head of *Oates* of late,” &c.

8. “The Plotting-Cards reviv’d, or The New Game of Forty-one.” (i.e. 1641.)

“Come, cut again; the game’s not done,
Though strangely yet the cards have run,” &c.

The three last from the “Collection of 180 Loyal Songs,” &c. 3rd edition, 1685. The original

ballad is reprinted at length in Ellis's "Specimens of Early English Poets," vol. III. p. 248; and in "Ritson's Ancient Songs," p. 223.

"The grace and elegance of Sir John Suckling's songs and ballads, are inimitable." "They have a pretty touch," says Phillips, "of a gentile spirit, and seem to savour more of the grape than lamp." The author of the song before quoted from *Folly in print*, says :

"I do not write to get a name,
At best this is but ballad fame;
And Suckling hath shut up that door
To all hereafter, as before."

Sir John raised a magnificent regiment of cavalry at his own expense, (£12,000) in the beginning of our civil wars, which became equally conspicuous for cowardice and finery. They rendered him the subject of much ridicule (as in the ballad, "I tell thee, Jack," and two others*); and although he had previously served in a campaign under Gustavus Adolphus, during which he was present at three battles, five sieges, and as many skirmishes, his military reputation did not escape. He died in 1641, at the early age of twenty-eight.

No. CCXI. THE GLORY OF THE WEST. Is in *The Dancing Masters* of 1650 and 1686; and in *Musick's Delight on the Cithren*, 1666. In the "Collection of Loyal Songs written against the Rump Parliament, between the years 1639 and 1661," is a song on General Monk, called "The Glory of the West: or, The tenth renowned Worthy and most Heroic Champion of the British Islands. Being an unparallel'd Commemoration of General Monk's coming towards the City of London." This is also in the Collection of Ballads in the British Museum. There is another ballad, called "*The Glory of the West, or the Virgins of Taunton-Dean, who ript open their silk petticoats, to make Colours for the late D(uke) of M(onmouth)'s Army, when he came before the Town;*" but this was sung to the tune of *The Winchester Wedding*.

No. CCXII. THE WASSAILING BOWL. This is an old song, sung in Gloucestershire on New Year's Day, by parties who go about dressed with boughs and ribbons, carrying a bowl, which they expect to have filled with beer or cider, and a toast put therein. The Wassail Bowl contained formerly a composition of ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted crabs or apples, denominated Lamb's Wool. In "Summer's last Will and Testament," by Nash, 1600, Christmas is personified,

—————"Sitting in a corner, turning crabs;
Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale."

And in "The Vindication of Christmas," 4to. 1653, Father Christmas, describing his welcome

* One of these, to the tune of John Dory, begins:—

"Sir John got on a bonny brown beast,
To Scotland for to ride a;
A brave buffe coat upon his back,
And a short sword by his side a."

The other:—

"Sir John got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to goe,
With a hundred horse, without remorse,
To keep ye from the foe:

No carpet knight ever went to fight
With half so much braveado;
Had you seen but his look, you would sweare on a book,
Hee'd conquered the whole Armado."

There are also two other versions of the latter; the one beginning, "Then as it fell out on a holiday," (see "Censura Litteraria," vol. vi. p. 269) and the other in Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, vol. ii. p. 326.

"with some country farmers in Devonshire," says: "After dinner we arose from the boord, and sate by the fire, where the harth was imbrodered all over with roasted apples, piping hot, expecting a bole of ale for a cooler, which immediately was transformed into warm Lamb Wool."

According to Vallancey,* the term Lamb's Wool is a corruption from *La Mas Ubhal*, the term of the apple fruit, pronounced *Lamasool*. The term Wassail, or Wassel, is generally derived from the salutation of Rowena, daughter of the Saxon Hengist, to the British king Vortigern, in the early part of the fifth century; when she presented him with a bowl of some favourite liquor, welcoming him with the words, "Louerd King wass-heil;" to which he answered, as he was directed, "Drinc heile." She appears, however, only to have made use of a form of speech already known. The term Wasseling has, at any rate, from a very early period, been used for jovial revelry and carousing;† and the wassel-bowl has been particularly appropriated to Christmas.‡ In monasteries, it was placed at the abbot's table, at the upper end of the refectory or eating-hall, and sanctified by the appellation of *Poculum Charitatis*, and was always introduced with a song. The carols, "bringyng in the Bores Heed," are also very ancient, and one is reprinted in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, (p. 125) from the "Christmasse Carolles" published by Wynkyn de Worde (1521). Holinshed relates that, in the year 1170, King Henry the Second, on the day when his son was crowned, served him at table himself as sewer, bringing up the boar's head, with trumpets before it, "according to the manner." Queen's College, Oxford, is famed for its Boar's Head Carol, "Caput apri defero;"§ but the head is now carved in wood. Another ancient Boar's Head Carol, taken from the Sloane MSS. No. 2593, is reprinted in J. Stafford Smith's *Musica Antiqua*, vol. i. p. 22. A boar's head, with a lemon in his mouth, continued until lately to be the first dish at Christmas in great houses, nor is the practice yet entirely obsolete.

"Among the ordinances for Henry the Seventh's household, the steward, when he enters with the wassel, is directed 'to cry three times, wassell, wassell, wassell, to which the chappell (probably gentlemen of the chapel) are to answer with a good song.' There were regular Wassail Songs, of which some ancient specimens may be found in the Harleian MSS." (275 and 541, for instance) and reprinted in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, and Sandys' *Christmas Carols*. "In the seventeenth century, the wassail bowl was carried generally round to the houses of the gentry and others with songs, the bearers expecting a gratuity wherever they proffered it; and most of the great houses also had a wassel-bowl, or cup, frequently of massy silver." Ben Jonson, in his "Masque of Christmas," describes Wassell like a neat sempster and songster; her page bearing a brown bowl, dressed with ribbands and rosemary, before her.

The following song, as sung in Gloucestershire, has been reprinted in Hone's *Every Day Book*, vol. II. p. 14; and in Sandys' *Christmas Carols*, p. 66, but with two verses less, and other variation from this copy, for which we are indebted to Mr. R. Pearsall and to Mr. Hale.

THE WASSAILING BOWL.

WASSAIL! wassail! all over the town;
Our bread it is white, and our ale it is brown;
Our bowl it is made of the maplin tree;
So here, my good fellow, I'll drink to thee.

The wassailing bowl, with a toast within,
Come fill it up unto the brim;
Come fill it up, so that we may all see:—
With the wassailing bowl I'll drink to thee.

* Collectanea, iii. 444.

† "The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse;
Keeps wassel."—*Hamlet*, Act I. Scene 4.

‡ Sandys' *Christmas Carols*, p. liii.

§ Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, p. 126.

Come, butler, now bring us a bowl of your best;
And we hope your soul in heaven may rest:
But if you do bring us a bowl of your small,
Then down shall go butler, the bowl, and all.

Oh, butler! oh, butler! now don't you be worst,
But pull out your knife, and cut us a toast;
And cut us a toast, one that we may all see:
With the wassailing bowl I'll drink to thee.

Here's to Dobbin, and to his right eye,
May God send our mistress a good Christmas pie;
A good Christmas pie, as e'er we did see;
With the wassailing bowl I'll drink to thee.

Here's to Broad, and to his broad horn,
May God send our master a good crop of corn;
A good crop of corn, as we may all see:
With the wassailing bowl I'll drink to thee.

Here's to Colly, and to her long tail;
We hope our master and mistress's heart will ne'er fail;
But bring us a bowl of your good strong beer,
And then we shall taste of your happy new year.

Be there here any pretty maids? we hope there be
some;
Don't let the jolly wassailers stand on the cold stone:
But open the door, and pull out the pin,
That we jolly wassailers may all sail in.

The following song, in the Gloucestershire dialect, is annually sung to the same tune, at the anniversaries of the Gloucestershire Society in London.

GEORGE RIDLER'S OVEN.

THE stones that built George Ridler's oven,
And they came out of Blakeney Quare,
And George he was a jolly old man,
And his head did grow above his hair.

One thing of George Ridler I do commend,
And that was for a notable thing;
He made his brags before he died,
With any three brothers his sons should sing!

There was Dick the treble, and Jack the mean,
(Let every man sing in his own place);
And George he was the elder brother,
And therefore he should sing the bass.

My hostess' maid (her name was Nell)—
A pretty wench, and I loved her well;
I loved her well, and the reason why—
Because she loved my dog and I!

My dog has got'en such a trick,
To visit maids when they be sick;

When they be sick, and like to die,
O thither go my dog and I!

My dog is good to catch a hen,
A duck or goose is meat for men;
And where good company I do spy,
O thither go my dog and I!

My mother she told me, full long ago,
That if I did follow the good ale tap,
That would soon prove my overthrow,
And I should wear a threadbare coat.

When I have three sixpences under my thumb,
O then I am welcome wherever I come;
But when I have none, O then I pass by,
'Tis poverty parts good company.

If I should die, as it may hap,
My grave shall be under the good ale tap;
With folded arms there let me lie,
Cheek-by-jowl, my dog and I!

No. CCXIII. THE MERRY MILKMAIDS. From the eighteenth edition of *The Dancing Master*, and introduced in the ballad opera of "Momus turned Fabulist, or Vulcan's Wedding," 1729. It was formerly the custom for milkmaids to dance before the houses of their customers, in the month of May, to obtain a small gratuity; and probably this tune, and "The Merry Milkmaids in green," (No. 42) were especial favourites, and therefore named after them. In a set of prints, called *Tempest's Cryes of London*, one is called "The Merry Milkmaid's," whose proper name was Kate Smith. She is dancing with her milk-pail on her head, decorated with silver cups, tankards, and salvers, borrowed for the purpose, and tied together with ribbands, and ornamented with flowers. Of late years, the plate, with other decorations, were placed in a pyramidical form, and carried by two chairmen upon a wooden horse. The milkmaids walked before it, and performed the dance without any incumbrance. Strutt mentions having seen "these superfluous ornaments, with much more propriety, substituted by a cow. The animal had her horns gilt, and was nearly

covered with ribbands of various colours, formed into bows and roses, and interspersed with green oaken leaves and bunches of flowers."* For an account of May-day amusements, and Morris dances, see pp. 65 and 73.

No. CCXIV. THE GOSSIPS. From Playford's *Apollo's Banquet, for the Treble Violin*.

No. CCXV. THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON. This air, which Ritson marks in his *English Songs* as unknown, is to be found in the ballad opera of *The Jovial Crew* (1731.) The words are reprinted, from a copy in the Pepysian Library, in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.†

THERE was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a squire's son;
He loved the bayliffe's daughter deare,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye, and would not believe
That he did love her soe,
Noe, nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him showe.

But when his friendes did understand
His fond and foolish minde,
They sent him up to faire London,
An apprentice for to binde.

And when he had been seven long yeares,
And never his love could see:
Many a teare have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of mee.

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and playe,
All but the bayliffe's daughter deare;
She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gowne of greene,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would goe,
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and drye,

She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a colour soe redd,
Catching hold of his bridle-reine;
One penny, one penny, kind Sir, she sayd,
Will ease me of much paine.

Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Pray tell me where you were borne:
At Islington, kind Sir, sayd shee,
Where I have had many a scorne.

I prythee, sweet-heart, tell to mee,
O tell me, whether you knowe
The bayliffe's daughter of Islington:
She is dead, Sir, long agoe.

If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some farr countrye,
Where noe man shall me knowe.

O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And readye to be thy bride.

O farewell grieve, and welcome joye,
Ten thousand times therefore;
For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more.

No. CCXVI. A traditional tune, to which THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON is now commonly sung throughout the country. (See the preceding.)

No. CCXVII. THE WILLOW TREE. This tune is in Forbes' *Cantus*, (1682) in a manuscript

* Sports and Pastimes, edited by Hone, p. 358.

† Dr. Percy supposes Islington, in Norfolk, to be the place here meant.

dated 1639, now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and in the Skene MS. The words are in a small black-letter collection, entitled, "The Golden Garland of Princely Delights," and in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.

THE WILLOW TREE.

WILLY.

How now, shepherd, what meanes that?
Why that willow in thy hat?
Why thy scarffes of red and yellowe,
Turn'd to branches of greene willowe?

CUDDY.

They are chang'd, and so am I;
Sorrowes live, but pleasures die:
Phillis hath forsaken mee,
Which makes me wear the willow-tree.

WILLY.

Phillis! she that lov'd thee long?
Is shee the lass hath done thee wrong?
Shee that lov'd thee long and best,
Is her love turned to a jest?

CUDDY.

Shee that long true love profest,
Shee hath robb'd my heart of rest:
For she a new love loves, not mee;
Which makes me weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Come then, shepherd, let us joine,
Since thy happ is like to mine:
For the maid I thought most true
Mee hath also bid adieu.

CUDDY.

Thy hard happ doth mine appease,
Companye doth sorrowe ease:
Yet, Phillis, still I pine for thee,
And still must weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Shepherd, be advis'd by mee,
Cast off grief and willow-tree:
For thy grief brings her content,
She is pleas'd if thou lament.

CUDDY.

Herdsmen, I'll be rul'd by thee,
There lies grief and willowe-tree:
Henceforth I will do as they,
And love a new love every day.

No. CCXVIII. TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW AT LAND. Written at sea by the Earl of Dorset, in the first Dutch war, 1664, the night before an engagement. Dr. Johnson remarks on this: "Seldom any splendid story is wholly true. I have heard from the late Earl of Orrery, who was likely to have good hereditary intelligence, that Lord Dorset had been a week employed upon it, and only retouched or finished it on the memorable evening. But even this, whatever it may subtract from his facility, leaves him his courage." Pepys, in his *Diary*, Jan. 2, 1665, after stating that he went to dine with Lord Brouncker in Covent Garden, says: "I received much mirth with a ballad I brought with me, made from the seamen at sea to their ladies in town." The tune is in *The Lovers' Opera*, *The Jovial Crew*, *The Cobbler's Opera*, *The Musical Miscellany*, vol. III.; and in D'Urfey's *Pills*, vol. VI.; also, with other words, ("Let others sing of flames and darts") in *The Convivial Songster*, 1782.

TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW AT LAND.

To all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.
For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa la, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.
With a fa la, &c.
The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Brings floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa la, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
 Our sad and dismal story;
 The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
 And quit their fort at Goree:
 For what resistance can they find
 From men who've left their hearts behind?
 With a fa la, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
 Be you to us but kind;
 Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
 No sorrow shall we find:
 'Tis then no matter how things go,
 Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
 With a fa la, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
 We throw a merry main;
 Or else at serious ombre play;
 But why should we in vain
 Each other's ruin thus pursue?
 We were undone when we left you.
 With a fa la, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
 And cast our hopes away;
 Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
 Sit careless at a play:

Perhaps permit some happier man
 To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
 With a fa la, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
 That dies in every note;
 As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
 For being so remote:
 Think then how often love we've made
 To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
 With a fa la, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse,
 To think of our distress;
 When we for hopes of honour lose
 Our certain happiness;
 All those designs are but to prove
 Ourselves more worthy of your love.
 With a fa la, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
 And likewise all our fears;
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity for our tears;
 Let's hear of no inconstancy,
 We have too much of that at sea.
 With a fa la, &c.

No. CCXIX. BONNY NELLY. From Playford's *Apollo's Banquet for the Treble Violin*. In the Ashmolean Museum, (MSS. 36 and 37, art. 271) is "A grave Poeme, as it was presented by certain divines by way of Interlude before his Majesty (James I.) in Cambridge, stil'd *Liber novus de adventu Regis ad Cantabrigiam*, faithfully done into English, with some liberall advantages, made rather to be soong than red, to the Tune of Bonny Nell." This is also reprinted in Nicholls' *Progress of King James*, vol. III. p. 66, and was written by Dr. Richard Corbett, Bishop of Norwich, a great humorist, both in his words and actions. "After he was D.D." says Aubrey, "he sang ballads at the Crosse of Abingdon. On a market day, he and some of his comrades were at the taverne by the Crosse, (which, by the way, was then the finest in England) a ballad singer complained that he had no custome; he could not put off his ballads. The jolly Doctor put off his gown, and put on the ballad singer's leathern jacket; and being a handsome man, and having a rare full voice, he presently had a great audience, and vended a large number of ballads."

No. CCXX. PAUL'S STEEPLE. From *The Dancing Master*, 1650. This tune probably derives its name from an old ballad which appeared within six days after the burning of St. Paul's steeple, June 1561, entitled, "The true Report of the Burnying of the Steple and Church of Pawles, in London." "Imprynted at London, at the West Ende of Pawles Church, at the Synge of the Hedghogge, by William Seres." In 1564, a Ballad was entered at Stationers' Hall, entitled "The incorragin all kynde of men to the reedyfyng and buildynge Poules Steeple againe."

The steeple of the old cathedral of St. Paul was proverbial for height. In the "*Vulgaria Viri doctissimi Guil. Hormanni Cæsarisburgensis*," printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1530, we read:

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"Poule's Steple is a mighty great thyng, and so hye that uneth [hardly] a man may discern the wether cocke." "The top is unneth perceived;" and in "The Wounds of Civil War, lively set forth in the true tragedies of Marius and Sylla," by Lodge, 1594, a clown talks of the *Paul's Steeple of Honour* as the highest point that can be attained. Another old name for this tune is, *I AM THE DUKE OF NORFOLK*, probably from a ballad relating to the misfortunes of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, executed in 1571. By the latter name it is found in *The Cobbler's*, and some other ballad operas; and a song beginning in the same manner is still sung to the tune in Suffolk. In *The Jovial Crew*, and in *The Livery Rake*, the air is called, *THERE WAS A JOLLY BLADE*. In Fletcher's comedy of *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639, a fiddler is questioned as to what ballads he is best versed in, and replies:

"Under your mastership's correction, I can sing
 'The Duke of Norfolk,' or the merry ballad
 Of 'Diverus (Dives) and Lazarus;' 'The Rose of England;'
 'In Crete, when Dedimus first began;'
 'Jonas his crying out against Coventry;'
 'Mawdlin, the Merchant's Daughter;'
 'The Devil;' and 'Ye dainty dames;'
 'The landing of the Spaniards at Bow;'
 With 'The bloody Battle at Mile End.'"

In the *Collection of Poems on Affairs of State*, vol. III. p. 70, is "A new Ballad to an old Tune, call'd, *I AM THE DUKE OF NORFOLK*." It is a satire on Charles the Second, and begins thus:

"I am a senseless thing, with a hey, with a hey;
 Men call me a king, with a ho:
 To my luxury and ease,
 They brought me o'er the seas,
 With a hey nonny, nonny, nonny no."

In vol. I. of Playford's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1707, is a song to this tune, called, "Bacchus' Health, to be sung by all the company standing." It commences: "Here's a health to jolly Bacchus." A curious custom still remains in Suffolk, at the harvest suppers, to sing to this tune the song, "I am the Duke of Norfolk," (here printed with the music) one of the company being crowned with an inverted pillow, and a jug of ale being presented to him by another, kneeling, as represented in the vignette to the Horkey.* The Editor of the "Suffolk Garland" says that "This custom has most probably some allusion to the homage formerly paid to the Lords of Norfolk, the possessors of immense domains in the county."

No. CCXXI. FAIR ROSALIND. From *The Convivial Songster*, 1782, p. 247. The commencement of this resembles No. 222, but is in different time.

"Fair Rosalind, in woful wise
 Six hearts has bound in thrall;
 As yet she undetermined lies,
 Which she her spouse shall call.
 "Wretched, and only wretched, he
 To whom that lot shall fall;
 For, if her heart aright I see,
 She means to please them all."

* See Suffolk Garland, (1818) p. 402.

No. CCXXII. AN OLD WOMAN, POOR AND BLIND. From the ballad opera of *The Fashionable Lady, or Harlequin's Opera*, 1730. To this tune the following were sung: "The Deptford Plumb Cake, or the Four Merry Wives," printed by T. Jackson, near Fleet Street; "The Toothless Bride, or the Wanton Old Woman," printed by E. Johnson, in Holborn (1705); and "Here's a health to great Eugene," a song "on Prince Eugene's routing the Turks," in *A Pill to purge State Melancholy*, vol. II. 1718.

No. CCXXIII. MY LITTLE PRETTY ONE. This ancient melody is transcribed from a MS. of the time of Henry the Eighth, in the British Museum (No. 4900, Ayscough's Catalogue). The original is in the mezzo soprano clef, and, as usual, without bars, but with an accompaniment in tablature for the lute. In the same volume are songs by John Taverner, Shepherde, Heywood, &c. This air has the same peculiarity as the dance tune of the fourteenth century (See No. 44), each part consisting of nine bars.

No. CCXXIV. LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY. This tune is in Playford's *Musick's Recreation on the Lyra Viol*, 1652; in *Musick's Delight on the Cithren*, 1666; and in D'Urfey's *Pills*, vol. VI. p. 86. In *Musick's Delight*, it is in common time. A black-letter ballad, called "The Countryman's new Care away," was sung to the tune. It begins:

"If there were imployments
For men, as have beene;
And drums, pikes, and muskets
I' the field to be seene;
And every worthy souldier
Had truely their pay;
Then might they be bolder
To sing care away."

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

OVER the mountains,
And over the waves;
Under the fountains,
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lye;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay;
If Love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight:

But if she, whom Love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
By having him confin'd;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best you may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phoenix of the east;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover:
He will find out his way.

No. CCXXV. TOM NOKES' JIG. From Playford's *Apollo's Banquet for the Treble Violin*, 1682. The tune resembles "Come, open the door, sweet Betty" (No. 106); but is in different time. Tom Nokes was a favourite actor in the reign of Charles the Second. The following notice of Nokes and Nell Gwynn is from the appendix to Downes' *Roscius Anglicanus*, edition of 1789:

"At the Duke's theatre, Nokes appeared in a hat larger than Pistol's, which took the town wonderful, and supported a bad play by its pure effect. Dryden, piqued at this, caused a hat to be made the circumference of a hinder coach-wheel; and as Nelly (Nell Gwynn) was low of stature, and what the French call *mignonne* and *piquante*, he made her speak under the umbrella of that hat, the brims thereof being spread out horizontally to their full extension. The whole theatre was in a convulsion of applause; nay, the very actors giggled, a circumstance none had observed before. Judge, therefore, what a condition the *merriest Prince alive* was in, at such a conjuncture! 'Twas beyond *odso* and *odsfish*, for he wanted little of being suffocated with laughter."

No. CCXXVI. LULLE ME BEYOND THEE. From *The Dancing Master* of 1650. A copy of the "pleasant new Ballad of Sir John Barleycorn," (which we have printed at p. 102, from Evans' *Old Ballads*) is in the Pepysian Collection, vol. i. p. 426; and it is not to be sung to the tune of *Stingo*, as we had conjectured, but to that of "Shall I lie beyond thee," which, as the measure agrees, we assume to be the same as "*Lulle me beyond thee*." The other song on the same subject, "Come, and do not musing stand," p. 104, is rightly put to the tune of "*Stingo*, or *Oyle of Barley*."

No. CCXXVII. PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME. This tune is in *The Musical Miscellany*, vol. II. p. 132; and in many ballad operas. The words are in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, but, as in numerous other instances, he does not appear to have succeeded in finding the music. The words are in the *Theatre of Compliments*, 1689; and the song is mentioned in Walton's *Angler*, 1653: "What song was it, I pray? Was it, 'Come, shepherds, deck your heads;*' or, 'As at noon Dulcina rested;† or 'Philida flouts me?'" The answer, "Barnaby doubts me," and "A short and sweet Sonnet, made by one of the Maids of Honour, upon the death of Elizabeth, which she sewed upon a sampler in red silk,"‡ were sung to the same tune.

PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME.

OH! what a plague is love,
I cannot bear it;
She will unconstant prove,
I greatly fear it;
It so torments my mind,
That my heart faileth;
She wavers with the wind,
As a ship saileth;
Please her the best I may,
She loves still to gainsay;
Alack, and well-a-day!
Phillida flouts me.

At the fair t'other day,
As she pass'd by me,
She look'd another way,
And would not spy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
But could not get her;
Dick had her to the Vine,
He might intreat her.
With Daniel she did dance,
On me she would not glance;
Oh, thrice unhappy chance!
Phillida flouts me.

* Tune 102.

† Tune 32.

‡ In Johnson's *Crown Garland of Golden Roses* (black letter).

Fair maid, be not so coy,
Do not disdain me;
I am my mother's joy;
Sweet, entertain me.
I shall have, when she dies,
All things that's fitting;
Her poultry, and her bees,
And her goose sitting;
A pair of mattress beds,
A barrel full of shreds:
And yet, for all these goods,
Phillida flouts me.

I often heard her say,
That she lov'd posies;
In the last month of May
I gave her roses,
Cowslips, and gilly-flowers,
And the sweet lily,
I got to deck the bowers
Of my dear Philly.
She did them all disdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore 'tis flat and plain
Phillida flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds and cream
All the year lasting,
And drink the chrystal stream,
Pleasant in tasting:
Swig whey until you burst,
Eat bramble-berries,
Pye-lid, and pastry-crust,
Pears, plums, and cherries;
Thy garments shall be thin,
Made of a wether's skin;
Yet all's not worth a pin:
Phillida flouts me.

Which way soe'er I go,
She still torments me;
And, whatsoe'er I do,
Nothing contents me:
I fade, and pine away
With grief and sorrow;
I fall quite to decay,
Like any shadow;
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within a thousand year,
And all because my dear
Phillida flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,
And in time take me;
I can have those as fair,
If you forsake me:
There's Doll, the dairy-maid,
Smil'd on me lately,
And wanton Winifred
Favours me greatly;
One throws milk on my clothes,
T'other plays with my nose;
What pretty toys are those!
Phillida flouts me.

She has a cloth of mine,
Wrought with blue Coventry,
Which she keeps as a sign
Of my fidelity:
But if she frowns on me,
She shall ne'er wear it;
I'll give it my maid Joan,
And she shall tear it.
Since 'twill no better be,
I'll bear it patiently;
Yet, all the world may see
Phillida flouts me.

No. CCXXVIII. WIMBLEDON HOUSE. From *The Dancing Master*, 18th edition. Both this and the following tune bear a strong resemblance to *The Dusty Miller* (Tune 63.)

No. CCXXIX. PAUL'S ALLEY. From the eighteenth edition of *The Dancing Master*. The walks in and around the ancient Cathedral of St. Paul, in London, were formerly a great place of resort for persons desirous of hearing the news, or taking exercise before dinner. In "Micro-cosmographie, or a Peece of the World discovered," 1630, is the following description: "Paule's Walke is the land's epitome, or you may call it the lesser Ile of Great Brittain. It is more than this; the whole world's map, which you may here discern in its perfect'st motion, justling and turning. It is a heape of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages; and were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noyse in it is just like that of bees, a strange humming, or buzze, mixt of walking tongues and feete: it is a kinde of still roar, or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and afoote." And again, in "The Pennyless Parliament of threadbare Poets; or, all Mirth and witty Conceits," 1608, No. 6, is: "In like manner it is agreed upon, that what day soever St. Paul's Church hath not, in the middle ile

of it, either a broker, masterless man, or a pennyless companion, the usurers of London shall be sworn by oath to bestow a new Steeple upon it." The common expression, "to dine with Duke Humphrey," applied to persons who, unable to procure a dinner, either with their own money, or from their friends, loiter about during dinner-time, originated thus: the aisle on the south side of the body of the Church was called "Duke Humfrey's Walke," not because he was buried there, but because, says Stowe, ignorant people mistook the fair monument of Sir John Beauchamp, son to Guy, and brother to Thomas, Earl of Warwick, who died in 1538, for that of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who was buried at St. Albans, in Hertfordshire.

In the "Pennyless Parliament," &c. before quoted, is the following: "And if I prove not that a mince-pie is the better weapon, let me dine twice a week at Duke Humphrey's table." And in Nash's "Wonderful, straunge, and miraculous prognostication for the Year 1591:" "Sundry fellowes in their silkes shall be appointed to keepe Duke Humfrye company in Poules, because they know not where to get their dinners abroad."

No. CCXXX. STAINES MORRIS. In William Ballet's *Lute Book* (time of Elizabeth); in *The Dancing Master* of 1650; and in a collection of Country Dances, published by Wright about 1760. (For an account of Morris Dances, see pp. 65 and 73.)

No. CCXXXI. THE CARMAN'S WHISTLE. Arranged by Byrde, Queen Elizabeth's music-master, and contained in her Virginal Book; the words from a black-letter reprint of the original ballad, in the possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq. This Song is mentioned in a letter, with the signature of T. N. to his good friend A[nthony] M[unday], prefixed to the latter's translation of "Gerileon of England," part II. 1592, 4to. black-letter. This letter was probably levelled at Thomas Deloney. "I should hardly be perswaded, that anie professor of so excellent a science (as printing) would bee so impudent, to print such ribauldrie as *Watkin's Ale*,* *The Carman's Whistle*, and sundrie such other."

The carmen of this age appear to have been singularly famous for their musical talents. Falstaff's description of Justice Shallow is, that "he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies, or his Good-nights."† (*Henry the Fourth*, part II. act III. scene ult.) Again, in Ben Jonson's comedy of "Bartholomew Fair," Waspe says: "I dare not let him walk alone, for fear of learning of vile tunes, which he will sing at supper, and in the sermon times! If he meet but a carman in the street, and I find him not talk to keep him off of him, he will whistle him and all his tunes over at night, in his sleep." (Act I. scene 1.) In the tract called "The World runnes on Wheelles," by Taylor, the Water Poet, he says: "And if the carman's horse‡ be melancholy or dull with hard and heavy labour, then will he like a kinde piper whistle him a fit of mirth, to any tune from above Eela to belowe Gammoth, of which generosity and courtesie your *Coachman* is altogether

* A copy of this Ballad is in the possession of G. Daniell, Esq. The tune is in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, arranged by Byrde; also in Dr. Bull's manuscript, before quoted.

† Good-Nights are "Last dying Speeches" made into Songs; such as "Essex's last Good Night," &c.

‡ In abusing coaches, just then introduced, which injured

his trade as a waterman, he says:—"Besides, the cart-horse is a more learned beast than the coach-horse; for scarce any coach-horse in the world doth know any letter in the book, when as every cart-horse doth know the letter G most understandingly."

ignorant, for he never whistles, but all his musicke is to rap out an oath." And again he says : "The word carmen (as I find it in the dictionarie) doth signifie a verse, or a song ; and betwixt carmen and carman there is some good correspondence, for versing, singing, and whistling, are all three musicall."

Henry Chettle, in his pamphlet entitled "Kind Hart's Dreame," says : "Now ballads are abusively chanted in every street ; and from London this evil has overspread Essex and the adjoining counties. There is many a tradesman, of a worshipping trade, yet no stationer, who after a little *bringing uppe apprentices to singing brokerie*, takes into his shoppe some fresh men, and trustes his olde servantes of a two months standing with a dossen groatesworth of ballads. In which, if they prove thriftie, he makes them *prety* chapmen, able to spred more pamphlets by the state forbidden, than all the booksellers in London." He gives the names of several of the songs, which are, *Watkin's Ale*, *The Carman's Whistle*, *Chopping Knives*, and *Friar Fox-Taile*.* Burton too, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, says : "As car men, boyes and prentises, when a new song is published with us, go singing that new tune still in the streets."

That music was formerly much more cultivated in England than now, as well as much more common as an amusement with the lower classes, is a fact of which the most abundant proof can be adduced. From Chaucer's *Tale of the Prioress*, it appears that, in the fourteenth century, "to singen" was as much an established branch of the education of "small children," as "to rede ;" and Sir John Hawkins, (vol. II. p. 260) speaking of the religious houses, says that, besides being schools of learning and education, all the neighbours might have their children instructed in grammar and music, without any expense. Gayton, in his "Festivous Notes upon Don Quixote," 4to. 1654, enumerates, with others, *barbers*, *coblers*, and *plowmen*, as "the *heires of music* ;" and the following extract from "Orders appointed to be executed in the Cittie of London, for setting roges and idle persons to worke, and for releefe of the poore,"† proves not only that music was taught in Bridewell and Christ's Hospital, but that it was considered an almost necessary qualification for servants, apprentices, or husbandmen. 66th (the last) Order. "That the Preachers be moved at the sermons at the Crosse, and other convenient times, and that other good notorious meanes be used, to require both citzens, artificers, and other, and also all farmers and other for husbandry, and gentlemen and other for their kitchins and other services, to take servants and children both out of Bridewell‡ and Christ's Hospitall at their pleasures," &c. "with further declaration that many of them be of toward quallities in readyng, wryting, grammer, and *musike*." One of the earliest songs in the English language is on the difficulty of learning music ;§ and when minstrelsy had decayed, every event, however trifling, become instantly the subject of a ballad : "In a word, scarce a cat can looke out of a gutter, but out starts a halfe peny Chronieler, and presently *a propper new ballet of a straunge sight* is endited."|| Nothing is more common in old plays than such passages as this :

Dandolo.—"News ! what news ?

Morello.—"Do you not hear on't yet ? Why, 'tis in a

Ballad already."—*Shirley's Bird in a Cage*, 1633, Act iv. Scene 1.

* *Friar Fox-taile* is another name for *The Friar and the Nun*. See Index.

† "At London, printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Smith Fielde, at the Signe of the Golden Tunne," 4to. n. d.; and reprinted in the British Bibliographer.

‡ Bridewell is a foundation of a mixed and singular nature, partaking of the hospital, prison, and workhouse. It was

founded in 1553, by Edward VI. Youths are sent to the Hospital as apprentices to manufacturers, who reside there ; and, on leaving, receive a donation of £10 each, and their freedom of the city.

§ Arundel MSS. 292, f. 71.

|| From "Martin Mar-sixtus," 4to. 1592.

And in a pamphlet intended to ridicule the follies of the times, in 1591, we are told, that if men that are studious would "read *that which is good*, a poore man may be able" (not to obtain bread the cheaper, but, as the thing beyond all most desirable) "to buy three ballets for a halfe penny."* The custom of pasting them on the walls of rooms is also well known, and a subject of constant allusion :

" I'll now lead you to an honest alehouse, where we shall find a cleanly room, with lavender in the windows, and twenty Ballads stuck about the walls."†

" Come, buy all my Ballads, I have no more ;
" Rich hangings for walls, or your chamber door."‡

And from the time of the last of the Minstrels, in the reign of Elizabeth, down to that of Charles the Second, there were a succession of writers, who found it more profitable to turn every piece of news, and every political event, into a ballad, than to attempt the higher flights of poetry.

In *The Actor's Remonstrance*, 1643, the author, speaking of the probable fate of our ablest poets, says : " Nay, it is to be feared that shortly some of them (if they have not been forced to do it already) will be incited to enter themselves into *Martin Parker's*§ society, and write ballads."

" And tell prose writers, stories are so stale,
That pennie Ballads make a better sale."—*Pasquill's Madness*, 1600.

The amusements of the ladies are thus described in an old song, about 1600 :

" This is all that women do,
Sit and answer them that woo ;
Deck themselves in new attyre,
To intangle fresh desyre ;
After dinner *sing and play*,
Or, dauncing, passe the tyme away."

And none could pretend to the character of a gentleman, who was unable to sing a song, or take his part in a glee, catch, or madrigal.|| Morley thus quaintly mentions it in his Introduction, 1597 : " But supper being ended, and musicke bookes, according to custom, being brought to the table, the mistresse of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing ; but when,

* " Fearefull and lamentable Effects of two dangerous Comets that shall appeare," &c. 4to. 1591.

† From Walton's " Angler," 1653.

‡ From " Folly in print, or A Book of Rhymes," 1667.

§ Martin Parker wrote the famous song, " The King enjoys his own again," (No. 234) " You Gentlemen of England," and many others.

|| A century before this, serenading appears to have been as common in England, as it is now in any part of Europe. This custom is satirized with great bitterness in the *Stultifera Navis*, or *Ship of Fools*, originally written in Dutch, by a lawyer named Sebastian Brant, and afterwards translated into English, and turned into a satire upon the vices and follies of his own countrymen, by Alexander Barclay, in 1508. From the following humorous and descriptive lines, it appears to have been the practice, even in the winter.

" The furies fearful, sprong of the floudes of hell,
Bereth these vagabondes in their minds, so
That by no meane can they abide ne dwell
Within their houses, but out they nede must go ;
More wildly wandring than either bucke or doe.

Some with their harpes, another with their lute,
Another with his bagpipe, or a foolishe flute.

" Then measure they their songes of melody
Before the doores of their lemman deare ;
Howling with their foolish songe and cry,
So that their lemman may their great folly heare :
And till the Jordan make them stande arreare,
Cast on their head, or till the stones flee,
They not depart, but coveyt there still to bee.

" But yet moreover these fooles are so unwise,
That in colde winter they use the same madnes.
When all the houses are lade with snowe and yse,
O madmen amased, unstable, and witless !
What pleasure take you in this your foolishness ?
What joy have ye to wander thus by night,
Save that ill doers alway hate the light ?

" But foolishe youth doth not alone this use,
Come of lowe birth, and simple of degree,
But also states themselves therein abuse,
With some yonge fooles of the spiritualtie :
The foolish pipe without all gravitie
Doth eche degree call to his frantic game ;
The darknes of night expelleth feare of shame."

after many excuses, I protested unfaindly that I could not, every one began to wonder; yea, some whispered to others, demaunding how I was brought up: so that upon shame of mine ignorance, I goe now to seeke out mine old friend, master Gnorimus, to make myself his scholler." Every barber's shop had its lute or cittern, for the amusement of waiting customers, instead of a newspaper, as at present; and Sir Richard Steele mentions the custom as still prevailing in his time: "To this day the barber is still the same; go into a barber's anywhere, no matter in what district, and it is ten to one you will hear the sounds either of a fiddle or a guitar, or see the instruments hanging up somewhere."* The barber in Lyly's *Midas* (1592) says to his apprentice: "Thou knowest I have taught thee the knocking of the hands, like the tuning of a cittern;" and Morley, in the third part of his Introduction, says: "Nay, you sing you know not what; it should seeme you came latelie from a barber's shop, where you had *Gregory Walker*, or a *curranta*, plaide in the new proportions by them lately found out." And in a marginal note upon *Gregory Walker*, he says: "That name in dirision they have given this *Quadrant Pavan*,† because it walketh mongst the barbars and fiddlers more common than any other." In "The Trimming of Thomas Nashe," 1597, speaking in praise of barbers, the author says: "If idle, they passe their time in life-delighting musique." And among the woodcuts in Burton's *Winter Evening's Entertainments*, 1687, is one representing the interior of a barber's shop, with a person waiting his turn, and amusing himself in the interim by playing on the lute; and on the side of the shop hangs another instrument, of the lute or cittern kind. In Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, act III. scene 5, Morose cries out: "That cursed barber! I have married his cittern, that is common to all men;" which one of the commentators, not understanding, altered into, "I have married his *cistern*," &c. Again, *Lord Falkland's Wedding Night*:

"——— He has travelled, and speaks languages
As a barber's boy plays o' th' gittern."‡

And Ward, in his *London Spy*, says he had rather have heard an old barber ring *Whittington's Bells*§ upon a cittern, than all the music houses afforded. There are numberless other quotations to the same purport; but we fear it will be thought that too many have been adduced already.|| The music of the barbers began, however, to decline about the commencement of the last century. In one of Dr. King's *Useful Transactions*, he speaks of the castanets used in dances, and says: "They might keep time with the snap of a barber's fingers, though at the present day, turning themselves to perriwig-making, they have forgot their cittern and their music; I had almost said, to the shame of their profession."¶ But independently of the growing rivalry of the newspaper, the barbers' shops were then no longer visited by the same class of customers as the barber-surgeons of

* Tatler, No. 34.

† The *Quadran Pavan* is in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, in Morley's Consort Lessons, &c.

‡ The gittern was strung with gut; the cithren, or cittern, with wire. There are also many allusions to the grotesque heads of the cittern, as in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy*:

"Barbers shall wear thee on their citterns."—Act II. Scene 1.

And in *Love's Labour Lost*, act v. scene 2, Boyet, alluding to Holofernes' grotesque appearance, compares him to a cittern head. The distinction between the gitterne and cittern has hitherto been little observed; but that they were different instru-

ments, although of the same class, is easily proved. Laneham, in his "Letter from Kenilworth," says: "Sometimes I foot it with dancing, now with my *gittern*, or else with my *cittern*, then at the virginals."

§ A tune in "The Dancing Master," is called *Turn again, Whittington*.

|| We refer the curious to Henry Bold's "Epitaph upon a Barber, who became a great Master of Music," 1685; to Jonson's "Vision of Delight;" to "The Mayor of Quinborough," &c.

¶ King's Works, vol. ii. p. 79.

former days, who set their apprentices to play and sing to their patients, while they were letting blood, or binding up a wound.

The recreation of music was, however, by no means confined to carmen and barbers; as many quotations might be adduced to prove the musical qualifications of cobblers, ploughboys, tinkers, blacksmiths, sailors, and even beggars and professed fools.

In the second part of Deloney's *History of the Gentle Craft*, 1598, he thus describes the meeting of a party of shoemakers :

" And comming in this sort to Gilford, they were both taken for shoemakers, and verie hartilie welcomed by the journeyemen of that place, especially Harry, because they never saw him before : and at their meeting they askt him and if he could sing, or sound the trumpet, or play upon the flute, or recon up his tooles in rime, or manfully handle his pike-staffe, or fight with sword and buckler ? ' Beleeve me,' quoth Harrie, ' I can neither sound the trumpet nor play on the flute ; and beshroe his nose that made me a shoemaker, for he never taught me to recon up my tooles in rime nor in prose."

Not being able either to sing, to play upon the trumpet or flute, Harrie was immediately detected as an impostor, as no true shoemaker could be so ignorant of music. We have already spoken of the " Master Setter of Catches, used to be sung by Tinkers, as they sit by the fire, with a pot of good ale between their legges," at p. 131 ; and we have abundant proof of their musical acquirements, in the number of songs particularly applying to their trade, and which must have been written expressly for tinkers to sing.* The songs in praise of begging are equally numerous;† and that it was one of the necessary qualifications for the fool or jester to " bear his part" in a song, appears from the character of Autolycus, in the *Winter's Tale*. Our old English tars had a great variety of songs, many of the earliest of which had one favourite chorus or burden : " Heave and howe, rumbelowe."

Fabian says of John Norman, Mayor of London, that he was the " first of all Mayres who brake that auncient and olde continued custome of ryding to Westminster upon the morowe of Symon and Judes daye;" he " was rowed thyther by water, for the which the watermen *made of hym a roundell, or songe*, to his great prayse, the which began, ' Rowe the bote, Norman, rowe to thy Lemman,' and so forth." This very song appears to be quoted by Skelton, laureat, in " The Bowge of Court :"[‡]

" Holde up the helme, loke up, and let Gode stere,
I wolde be merie what wind that ever blowe,
Heave and how, rumbelow, row the bote, Norman, rowe."§

Bishop Hall thus censures the number of ballads published in his time (1597) :

" Some drunken rhymer thinks his time well spent,
If he can live to see his name in print ;
Who, when he once is fleshed to the presse,
And sees his handsell have such faire successe,
Sung to the wheele and sung unto the payle,
He sends forth thraves of ballads to the sale."

* " There was a jovial tinker," " Tom Tinker," " The Tinker of Turvey," " Clout the cauldron," " Hey, jolly Jenken," &c.

† " From hunger and cold, who liveth more free;" " There was a jovial beggar," or " A begging we will go;" " A beggar, a beggar, a beggar I'll be;" " Cast your caps and cares away, this is the beggar's holiday;" " I am a rogue, and a stout one," &c.

‡ See Ritson's " Ancient Songs," p. lxx. edition of 1829.

§ In the metrical romance of " The Squyr of lowe degre," the King tells his daughter :

" Your maryners shall synge a rowe,
Hey how and rumbylawe."

And the author of the ancient satire, " Cocke Lorelles Bote," speaking of sailors, says :

" For joye theyr trumpettes dyde they blowe,
And some songe Heve and howe rombelowe."

Lord Surrey, in one of his Poems, says :

" My mother's *maids*, when they do sit and *spin*,
They sing a song made of a fieldish mouse."*

Shakspeare takes every opportunity of discovering his attachment to these old and popular reliques. In the play of *Twelfth Night*, Orsino says :

" Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night,
Methought it did relieve me of my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times."†

The Clown being accordingly brought in to sing it, the Duke proceeds :

" O fellow, come, the song we had last night :—
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain :
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it ; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age."

Before the days of the Rebellion, the wane of the empire of the ballad makers had commenced ; and with them has music, as a recreation for the lower classes in England, also gradually declined. Men are now content to plod about their business, without one thought to that amusement which was deemed indispensable by their ancestors.

THE COURTEOUS CARMAN AND THE AMOROUS MAID: OR, THE CARMAN'S WHISTLE.‡

WHAT HERE is penn'd in this same pleasant story,
Doth only tend unto the Carman's glory,
Who did relieve a maiden in distress,
And brought her joy in midst of heaviness :
He was courageous, and of mettle good,
As by this story may be understood.

To the tune of "*The Carman's Whistle, or Lord
Willoughby's March,*" &c.

As I abroad was walking
By the breaking of the day,
Into a pleasant meadow
A young man took his way ;
And, looking round about him,
To mark what he could see,
At length he 'spy'd a fair maid
Under a mirtle tree.

So comly was her countenance,
And 'winning was her air,'
As though the goddess Venus
Herself she had been there ;

And many a smirking smile she gave
Amongst the leaves so green,
Although she was perceived,
She thought she was not seen.

At length she chang'd her countenance
And sung a mournful song,
Lamenting her misfortune
She staid a maid so long ;
Sure young men are hard-hearted,
And know not what they do,
Or else they want for complements
Fair maidens for to woo.

Why should young virgins pine away,
And lose their chiefest prime ;
And all for want of sweet-hearts,
To chear us up in time ?
The young man heard her ditty,
And could no longer stay,
But straight unto the damosel
With speed he did away.

* Entered on the Stationers' Books, 1568, to Thomas East, the printer : " A Ballet betweene the Myce and the Frogges." Also, in 1580, to E. White : " A most strange Weddinge of the Frogge and the Mouse." Another is to be found with the tune in *Melismata*, 1611.

† This reminds us of a curious prophecy in J. Birchens's "*Templum Musicum*," 1670 : " Music hath already flowed to a great height in this nation, for I am persuaded that there is as much excellency in the music which hath been and is now

composed in England, as in any part of the world, for ayre, and varietie, and substance ; but I heartily wish that, after this great spring and flood, there be not in our succeeding generations as low an ebb, for if the serious and substantial part of harmony be neglected, and the mercurial only used, it will prove volatile, evaporate, and come to nothing."

‡ There are twelve verses in the original, five of which are here omitted.

When he had plaid unto her
 One merry note or two,
 Then was she so rejoyced,
 She knew not what to do:
 O God-a-mercy, carman,
 Thou art a lively lad;
 Thou hast as rare a whistle
 As ever carman had.

Now, if my mother chide me
 For staying here so long;
 What if she doth, I care not,
 For this shall be my song:
 'Pray, mother, be contented,
 Break not my heart in twain;

Although I have been ill a-while,
 I shall be well again.⁷

Now fare thee well, brave carman,
 I wish thee well to fare,
 For thou didst use me kindly,
 As I can well declare:
 Let other maids say what they will,
 The truth of all is so,
 The bonny carman's whistle
 Shall for my mony go.

London: Printed by and for W. O.; and are to be sold by
 C. Bates, in Pye-corner.

No. CCXXXII. THE VIRGIN QUEEN. From the 15th and 16th editions of *The Dancing Master*. In the *Dancing Master* of 1698, and later editions, another version of the same tune is called "Mad Moll," and Allan Ramsey calls it "Yellow Stockings." In the preface to *Musica Antiqua*, p. 3, Stafford Smith remarks, that all our early melodies are, without doubt, "derived from the same source—the Minstrels; and will be found, on examination, to have sprung from the minstrel practice of descanting or singing extempore on the plain chant or plain song of the Church; and some passages of the plain song, as exhibited in the Formula, according to the use of Salisbury, as established in 1077 by Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury, are so evidently the basis to dance tunes still remaining, that there can be little doubt that the melody, or upper part, was formed upon them." Amongst these are enumerated, "Stingo," "*The Virgin Queen*," (probably in honour of Queen Elizabeth) "Three Sheepskins," "Puddings and Pies," "The Friar and the Nun," and "Over the hills and far away;" and we are told that "the passages in the *Processionale ad Usus Ecclesiæ Sarum*, 1554, could, if necessary, be pointed out." To this tune Dean Swift wrote the nursery song, "Hey, my kitten, my kitten."

No. CCXXXIII. BONNY SWEET ROBIN. In Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, and William Ballet's Lute Book (see note to p. 115). In the latter there are two copies, and the second copy is called, "Robin Hood is to the greenwood gone;" it is, therefore, evidently the tune to a ballad of Robin Hood, now lost. Ophelia sings a line of it in Hamlet:

"For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy."

And in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*, the jailor's mad daughter says: "Yes, truly can I; I can sing 'the Broom,'* and 'Bonny Robin.'" A ballad, entitled "A doleful adewe to the last Erle of Darbie, to the tune of Bonny sweet Robin," was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 26th of April, 1594; and in Johnson's *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*, (black-letter) is "A courtly new Ballad of the princely wooing of the fair Maid of London, by King Edward; to the tune of Bonny sweet Robin;" and "The fair Maid of London's Answer," to the same tune. The two last were also printed in black-letter by Henry Gosson, and are reprinted in Evans' *Old Ballads*, vol. III. p. 8; 1810.

* "All floures in brome," is another of the airs in William Ballet's Lute Book. "Broom, broom on Hil," is one of the "bunch of ballets and songs, *all ancient*," described in Lane-

ham's Letter as being in the collection of Captain Cox, the mason of Coventry.

NO. CCXXXIV. THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN. This tune is in Elizabeth Rogers' Virginal Book (Add. MSS. 10,337, British Museum); in "Musick's Recreation on the Lyra Viol," 1652; in "Musick's Delight on the Cithren," 1666; and in "The Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs," 3rd edition, 1685; also in Ritson's "Ancient Songs," where the tune, being wrongly barred, is spoiled. The words are ascertained to be Martin Parker's, by the following extract from "The Gossip's Feast, or Morrall Tales," 1647. After a loyal ballad in praise of King Charles had been sung, we read that "The Gossips were well pleased with the contents of this antient ballad, and Gammer Gowty-legs replied, 'By my faith, *Martin Parker* never got a fairer brat: no, not when he pen'd that sweet ballad, *When the King injoyes his own again.*'" In *Vox Borealis*, 4to. 1641, "one Parker" is described as "the Prelat's Poet, who made many many base ballads against the Scots," for which he was "like to have tasted of Justice Long's liberalitie, and hardly escaped the powdering tub which the vulgar people call a prison." In a satire printed in the time of the Commonwealth, called, "Laws and Ordinances forced to be agreed upon by the Pope and his Shavelings," he is thus mentioned: "We appoynt John Taylor, *Martin Parker*, Herbert, and all three English Poeticall, Papistical, Atheisticall Ballad Makers, to put in print rime doggery, from the River Styx, against the truest Protestants, in railing lines." We have before quoted the passage from *The Actor's Remonstrance*, 1643, in which the author expresses his fear that many of our ablest poets would be compelled to enter themselves into Martin Parker's society, and write ballads; and he is again mentioned by Flecknoe, in a whimsey printed at the end of his *Miscellanea*, 1653: "Inspir'd with the spirit of *ballating*, I shall sing in *Martin Parker's* veign." He begins thus:

"O Smithfield, thou that in times of yore
With thy ballets did make all England roar!"

And in *Naps on Parnassus*, 1658, he is styled "the ballad maker and laureat of London." Ritson pronounces him "a Grub-street scribbler, and great ballad-monger of Charles the First's time;" but it has been since remarked,* that had he seen his poem, "The Nightingale warbling forth her owne disaster; or, the Rape of Philomela;" or had he known that he was the author of this song, of which he speaks so favourably in the following extract from his *Ancient Songs*, (p. 229) he might have softened the stigma:

"It is with *particular pleasure* that the editor is enabled to restore to the public the original words of the most famous and popular air ever heard of in this country. Invented to support the declining interest of the Royal Martyr, it served afterwards, with more success, to keep up the spirits of the cavaliers, and promote the restoration of his son,—an event it was employed to celebrate all over the kingdom. At the revolution it of course became an adherent of the exiled family, whose cause it never deserted. And as a tune is said to have been a principal mean of depriving King James of the Crown,† this very air, upon two memorable occasions, was very near being equally instrumental in replacing it on the head of his son. It is believed to be a fact, that nothing fed the enthusiasm of the Jacobites, down almost to the present reign, in every corner of Great Britain, more than 'The King shall enjoy his own again;' and even the great orator of the party, in that celebrated harangue, (which furnished the present laureat with the subject of one of his happiest and finest poems) was always thought to have alluded to it in his remarkable quotation from Virgil of

" 'Carmina tum melius cum venerit ipse canemus!'"

* See "Censura Literaria," vol. iii. p. 28.

† See "Lilliburlero," tune 91.

The words of *When the King enjoys his own*, are contained in "The Loyal Garland, containing Choice Songs and Sonnets of our late unhappy Revolution," London, 1671; and in "A Collection of Loyal Songs," 1750.

The following were sung to the same tune:

1. "The World is turn'd upside down," 1646. King's Pamphlets, British Museum, No. 4, fol.
2. "A new Ballad, called a Review of the Rebellion," 1647. Ditto, No. 5, fol.
3. "The Glory of the Three Nations," from some ballads of the time of Charles the Second, now in the British Museum, discovered in the lining of an old trunk.
4. "Monarchy triumphant, or the fatal fall of Rebels," from "A Collection of 180 Loyal Songs," &c. 1685.
5. "An excellent new Ballad, call'd, Illustrious George shall come," from "A Pill to purge State Melancholy," vol. i. 3rd edition, 1716.
6. "Since Hanover is come, a new Song," and
7. "A Song for the 28th of May, the Birthday of our glorious Sovereign King George," from "A Collection of State Songs, Poems, &c. that have been published since the Rebellion, and sung at the several Mug-houses in the Cities of London and Westminster, &c."* 1716.
8. "A Countrey Song, entituled The Restoration," dated May 1661, and beginning:

"Come, come away
To the temple, and pray,
And sing with a pleasant strain;
The schismatick's dead,
The liturgy's read,
And the King enjoys his own again.

The vicar is glad,
The clerk is not sad,
And the parish cannot refrain
To leap and rejoice,
And lift up their voice,
That the king enjoys his own again."†

9. At the end of "A Satirical Catechism betwixt a Newter and a Round Head," 1648, is another to the tune.

In Dr. Dibdin's *Decameron*, vol. III. a song, called "The King enjoys his right," is stated to be in the folio MS. which belonged formerly to Bishop Percy. Ritson also mentions one, of which he could only recollect that the concluding lines of each stanza, as sung by "an old blind North-country Crowder," were:

"Away with this curs'd rebellion!
O the twenty-ninth of May, it was a happy day,
When the King did enjoy his own again."

From a small pamphlet published in 1711, intitled, "The Ballad of The King shall enjoy his own again; with a learned comment thereupon," &c. Ritson extracted the following notes, here printed with the ballad.

WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN.

WHAT Bookers‡ doth prognosticate
Concerning kings or kingdoms' 'fate,'
I think myself to be as wise
As 'he' that gazeth on the skyes:

My skill goes beyond the depth of a POND,
Or RIVERS in the greatest rain;
Whereby I can tell, all things will be well
When the King enjoys his own again.

* This Collection is in the second volume of "A Pill to purge State Melancholy," with another title.

† King's Pamphlets, fol. No. 20.

‡ "This Booker was a great fishing-tackle maker in King Charles the First's time, and a very eminent proficient in that noble art and mystery, by application to which he came to have 'skill in the depth of ponds and rivers,' as is here wisely

observ'd." (Pond and Rivers are printed as proper names in all the copies.) "He lived at the house in Tower-street, that is now the sign of the Gun; and being used to this sedentary diversion, he grew mighty cogitabund, from whence a frenzy seized on him; and he turned enthusiast, like one of our French prophets, and went about prognosticating the downfall of the 'King and Popery,' which were terms synonymous at that time of day.

There's neither SWALLOW, DOVE, nor DADE,*
Can soar more high, or deeper wade;
Nor shew a reason from the stars,
What causeth peace or civil wars:
The man in the moon may wear out his shoo'n,
By running after Charles his wain:
But all's to no end, for the times will not mend
Till the King, &c.

Full forty years this Royal Crown
Hath been his father's and his own;†
And is there any one but He
That in the same should sharer be?
For who better may the sceptre sway
Than he that hath such right to reign?
Then let's hope for a peace, for the wars will not cease
Till the King enjoys, &c.

Though for a time we see White-hall
With cobweb-hangings on the wall,
Instead of gold and silver brave,
Which formerly 'twas wont to have,

With rich perfume in every room,
Delightful to that princely train,
Which again shall be, when the time you see,
That the King enjoys, &c.

Did Walker‡ no predictions lack
In Hammond's§ bloody almanack?
Foretelling things that would ensue,
That all proves right, if lies be true;
But why should not he the pillory foresee,
Wherein poor Toby once was ta'en?
And also foreknow to th' gallows he must go,
When the king enjoys, &c.

Then [fears] avaunt! upon 'the' hill||
My Hope shall cast 'her' anchor still,
Until I see some peaceful dove
Bring home the branch I dearly love;
Then will I wait till the waters abate,
Which 'now disturb' my troubled brain,
Else never rejoyce till I hear the voice,
That the King enjoys his own again.

NO. CCXXXV. JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW. This favourite old tune is to be found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, in Playford's Introduction, in "Apollo's Banquet for the Treble Violin," and in "The First Part of the Division Violin, containing a Collection of Divisions upon several

'Tis true, Cornelius a Lapide, *anglice*, Con. Stone, has given him the title of a 'Star-gazer,' but I have it from some of his contemporaries, that he was nothing of a 'Conjuror;' only one of the moderate men of those times, who were tooth and nail for the destruction of the King and Royal Family, which put him upon that sort of speculation."

* "Swallow, Dove, and Dade were as excellent, at this time of day, in the knowledge of the astronomical science, as either Partridge, Parker, or Dr. Case is now; and bred up to handicraft trades, as all these were. The first was a corn-cutter in Gutter-lane, who, from making a cure of Alderman Pennington's wife's great toe, was cryed up for a great practitioner in physick, and from thence, as most of our quacks do, arrived at the name of a *Cunning Man*. The second was a cobbler in White-cross-street, who, when Sir William Waller passed by his stall, in his way to attack the King's party in Cambridge-shire, told him 'The Lord would fight his battles for him;' and, upon Sir William's success, was taken into the rebels' pay, and made an *Almanack-maker* of. The last was a good innocent fiddle-string maker, who, being told by a neighbouring teacher that their music was in the stars, set himself at work to find out their habitations, that he might be instrument-maker to them; and having, with much ado, got knowledge of their place of abode, was judged by the Roundheads fit for their purpose, and had a pension assigned him to make the stars speak their meaning, and justify the villainies they were putting in practice."

† This fixes the date of the song to the year 1643. The number was changed from time to time, as it suited the circumstances of the party. In the "Loyal Songs" it is sixty. And

in a copy printed, perhaps at Edinburgh, about the year 1715, which contains several additional verses, though of inferior merit to the rest, it is two thousand.

‡ "Toby Walker (Note, I don't affirm that he was grandfather to the famous Dr. Walker, governor of Londonderry, who was killed at the battle of the Boyne, and happened to be overseer of the market at Ipswich in Suffolk, on account of giving false evidence at an assize held there) was a creature of Oliver Cromwell's, who, from a basket-maker on Dowgate-hill, on account of his sufferings, as was pretended, in the cause of truth, was made colonel in the rebels' army, and advanced afterwards to be one of the committee of safety. He was the person that, at the battle of Marston Moor, broke into the King's head-quarters, and seized upon His Majesty's private papers, which afterwards were printed, in order to render him odious to his subjects; and, not without some reason, judged to be that abandoned Regicide that severed the head of that Royal Martyr from his shoulders on a public stage, before his own pallace gate."

§ "Hammond, the Almanack-maker, was no manner of relation to Colonel Hammond who had the king prisoner in the Isle of Wight, but one of that name, who always put down in a chronological table when such and such a Royalist was executed, by way of reproach to them; by doing which his almanack was said to be bloody. He was a butcher by trade; and, for his zeal to the then prevailing party, made one of the inspectors of the victualling office."

|| The Edinburgh copy reads:—

"Till then, upon Ararat's hill."

excellent Grounds," published by Walsh; and in D'Urfey's *Pills*, vol. v. p. 58, 1719, adapted to a Song called *Stow the Fryer*. It is mentioned in Heywood's "A Woman killed with Kindness," 1600:

Jack Slime.—"I come to dance, not to quarrel: come, what shall it be? *Rogero*?
Jenkin.—"Rogero, no; we will dance *The Beginning of the World*.
Sisly.—"I love no dance so well as *John, come kiss me now*."

In "'Tis merry when Gossips meet," 1609:

Widow.—"No musique in the evening we did lacke;
 Such dauncing, coussen, you would hardly thinke it;
 Whole pottles of the daintiest burned sack,
 'Twould do a wench good at the heart to drinke it.
 Such store of tickling galliards, I do vow;
 Not an old dance, but *John, come kisse me now*."

In "Westminster Drollery," p. 48; 1671:

"The fiddlers shall attend us,
 And first play, *John, come kisse me*;
 And when that we have danc'd a round,
 They shall play, *Hit or misse me*."*

In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621: "Yea, many times this love will make old men and women, that have more toes than teeth, dance *John, come kiss me now*, mask and mum." Also in "The Scourge of Folly," 8vo. N.D.; and in Henry Bold's *Songs and Poems*, 8vo. 1685.

"In former times 't hath been upbrayed thus,
 That barber's music was most barbarous;
 For that the cittern was confin'd unto
 'The Ladies' Fall,' or '*John, come kiss me now*,'
 'Green-Sleeves and Pudding Pyes,' 'The P——'s Delight,'
 'Winning of Bulloigne,' 'Essex's last Good-night,' &c."

From lines "On a Barber who became a great Master of Musick." The ground of "John, come kiss me now," was a popular theme for Fancies and Divisions, (now called Fantasias and Variations) for the virginals, lute, and viols. In the Virginal Book, only the first part of the tune is taken, and it is doubtful if it then had any second part; the copy we have given, is from Walsh's Division Violin. It is one of the Songs parodied in Andro Hart's *Compendium of Godly Songs*, before mentioned, on the strength of which the tune has been claimed as Scotch, although it has no Scotch character, nor has hitherto been found in any old Scotch copy. Not only are all the other tunes to the songs in the *Compendium*, of which any traces are left, English, but what little secular music was printed in Scotland until the eighteenth century, was entirely English or foreign. The following are the words of the "Godly Song."

JOHNE, cum kis me now,
 John, cum kis me now;
 Johne, cum kis me by and by,
 And make no more adow.

The Lord thy God I am,
 That John dois thee call;

John represents man,
 By grace celestially.

My prophites call, my preachers cry,
 Johne, cum kis me now;
 Johne, cum kis me by and by,
 And mak no more adow.

NO. CCXXXVI. THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY. A fine spirited Air, probably deriving its name from a song on the accession of King Charles the Second. From *The Dancing Master* of 1698; and called in *Apollo's Banquet* THE JOVIAL CREW.

* *Hit or Miss* is a tune in "The Dancing Master."

No. CCXXXVII. JOG ON, JOG ON. The words from *The Antidote against Melancholy*, 4to. 1661; and the music from *The Dancing Master* of 1650 and 1686. The first verse of this song is sung by *Autolycus*, in act iv. scene 2, of Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale*:

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way,
And merrily hent* the stile a,
Your merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile a.

Your paltry money bags of gold,
What need have we to stare for,

When little or nothing's sooner told,
And we have the less to care for.

Cast care away, let sorrow cease,
A fig for melancholy,
Let's laugh and sing, or, if you please,
We'll frolic with sweet Dolly.

No. CCXXXVIII. TRENCHMORE. From the seventh and other editions of *The Dancing Master*. The following description of an old minstrel, is from a morality entitled, "A Dialogue bothe pleasaunte and pietifull, wherein is a goodly regimente against the fever pestilence, with a consolation and comfort against death. Newly corrected by William Bulleyn, the author thereof. Imprinted at London by John Kingston, Mareii Anno Salutis 1564:" "Sir, there is one lately come into this Hall, in a grene Kendale cote, with yellow hose, a bearde of the same colour, onely upon the upper lippe: a russette hatte, with a great plume of straunge feathers, and a brave scarfe about his necke, in cut buskins. He is plaiyng at the trea trippe with our host sonne: he plaieth tricke upon the gitterne, and daunce *Trenchmore* and Heie de Gie, and telleth newes from Tera Florida." Trenchmore is also mentioned in Stephen Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579; and in Heywood's *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*, 1600. In *The Island Princess*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, act v. one of the townsmen says: "All the windows i' th' town dance a *new Trenchmore*;" and in the comedy of *The Rehearsal*, the earth, sun, and moon, are made to dance the Hey to the tune of Trenchmore. In Part II. of Deloney's *History of the Gentle Craft*, 1598, he says: "And in this case, *like one dauncing the Trenchmore*, he stampt up and down the yard, holding his hips in his handes." In *A Merry Wherry-ferry Voyage*, by Taylor, the Water Poet, he says:

"Methinks *Moriscoes* are within my brains,
And *Heys*† and *Antiques* run through all my veines;
Heigh, to the tune of *Trenchmore* I could write
The valiant men of Cromer's sad affright."

Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621), says that mankind are at no period of their lives insensible to dancing. "Who can withstand it? be we young or old, though our teeth shake in our heads like Virginal Jacks, or stand parallel asunder like the arches of a bridge,—there is no remedy: we must dance *Trenchmore* over tables, chairs, and stools." The following amusing description is from Selden's *Table Talk*:

"The court of England is much alter'd. At a solemn dancing, first you had the grave measures, then the corantoes and the galliards, and this kept up with ceremony; and *at length* to *Trenchmore* and the Cushion Dance: then all the company dances, lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. So in our court in Queen Elizabeth's time, *gravity and state were kept up*. In king James's time things were pretty well, but in king Charles's time, there has been *nothing but Trenchmore* and the Cushion Dance, omnium gatherum, tolly polly, hoite come toite."

Several Political Songs were sung to the tune of Trenchmore, one of which is in the Collection of "Poems on Affairs of State from 1640 to 1704."

* To *hend*, or to *hent*. To seize, take, or hold; from the Saxon *henðan*, or *hentan*.—*Nares' Glossary*. At the head of one of the chapters of Sir W. Scott's novels, this is misquoted

"*bend*," and the same error is to be found in both editions.

† The Hey was a figure of the country dance; *Moriscoes* were dances with castanets.

No. CCXXXIX. THE CUSHION DANCE. From *The Dancing Master* of 1686.* Its full title is, "Joan Sanderson, or The Cushion Dance, an old Round Dance." In the Apothegms of King James, the Earl of Worcester, &c. 1658, a wedding entertainment is spoken of; and "at last, when the masque was ended, and time had brought in the supper, the Cushion led the dance out of the parlour into the hall." It is also mentioned by Taylor the Water Poet; and by Selden, with Trenchmore. (See the preceding.) In Heywood's *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*, 1600, Nicholas says: "I have ere now deserved a Cushion; call for the Cushion Dance." The following is the description of the figure, from *The Dancing Master*:

"This dance is begun by a single person, (either man or woman) who, taking a cushion in their hand, dances about the room, and at the end of the tune they stop and sing, 'This dance it will no further go.' The musicians answer, 'I pray you, good Sir, why say you so?'—*Man*. 'Because Joan Sanderson will not come too.'—*Musicians*. 'She must come too, and she shall come too, and she must come whether she will or no.' Then he lays down the cushion before the woman, on which she kneels, and he kisses her, singing, 'Welcome, Joan Sanderson, welcome, welcome.' Then she rises, takes up the cushion, and both dance, singing: 'Princum Prankum is a fine dance, and shall we go dance it once again, and once again, and shall we go dance it once again.' Then making a stop, the woman sings as before, 'This dance it will no further go.'—*Musicians*. 'I pray you, good madam, why say you so?'—*Woman*. 'Because John Sanderson will not come too.'—*Musicians*. 'He must come too, and he shall come too, and he must come whether he will or no.' And so she lays down the cushion before a man, who kneeling upon it, salutes her; she singing, 'Welcome, John Sanderson, welcome, welcome.' Then he takes up the cushion, they take hands, and dance round the room singing as before. And thus they do, till the whole company are taken into the ring; and if there is company enough, make a little ring in its middle, and within that ring, set a chair, and lay the cushion in it, and the first man set in it. Then the cushion is laid before the first man, the woman singing, 'This dance it will no further go;' and as before, only instead of 'Come too,' they sing, 'Go fro;' and instead of 'Welcome, John Sanderson,' they sing, 'Farewell, John Sanderson, farewell, farewell;' and so they go out one by one as they came in. Note.—The women are kissed by all the men in the ring at their coming and going out, and likewise the men by all the women."

A political parody of this is to be found in "Poems on Affairs of State, from 1640 to 1704." It is called, "The Cushion Dance at Whitehall, by way of Masquerade. To the tune of Joan Sanderson."

Enter Godfrey Aldworth, followed by the King and Duke.

King. "The trick of trimming is a fine trick,
And shall we go try it once again?"

Duke. "The plot it will no further go."

King. "I pray thee, wise brother, why say you so," &c.

No. CCXL. A common SOMERSETSHIRE TUNE, of which we have not hitherto been able to trace the name.

No. CCXLI. O MISTRESS MINE. This is one of the Songs sung by the Clown in *Twelfth Night*. The first edition of *Twelfth Night* was printed in 1623, and the tune of this Song is to be

* In the 18th edition of *The Dancing Master*, the second and third parts of the tune are in 6-4 time, and the first only in 3-4.

found in Morley's *Consort Lessons*, printed in 1611 (eleven years earlier) ; also in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, arranged by Byrde, whose harmonies we have taken, in preference to a new arrangement.

O, mistress mine, where are you roaming ?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's sonne doth know.

What is love, 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What's to come, is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plentie,
Then come kisse me sweet and twentie :
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

No. CCXLII. BARBARA ALLEN. Under this name, the English and the Scotch have each a ballad, with their respective tunès. Both ballads are printed in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, and a comparison will show that there is no similarity between the tunes.

BARBARA ALLEN.

In Scarlet towne where I was borne,
There was a faire maid dwellin,
Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye !
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrie month of May,
When greene buds they were swellin,
Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where shee was dwellin ;
You must come to my master deare,
Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,
And ore his harte is stealin :
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovelye Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,
And ore his harte is stealin,
Yet little better shall he bee
For bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nye him ;
And all she sayd, when there she came,
Yong man, I think y'are dying.

He turnd his face unto her strait,
With deadlye sorrow sighing ;
O lovely maid, come pity mee,
Ime on my death-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin ;
I cannot keep you from your death ;
Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.

He turnd his face unto the wall,
As deadlye pangs he fell in :
Adieu ! adieu ! adieu to you all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen.

As she was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bell a knellin ;
And every stroke did seem to saye,
Unworthye Barbara Allen.

She turn'd her bodye round about,
And spied the corps a coming :
Laye down, laye down the corps, she sayd,
That I may look upon him.

With scornful eye she looked downe,
Her cheek with laughter swellin ;
Whilst all her friends cryd out amaine,
Unworthye Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her harte was struck with sorrowe,
O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall dye to-morrowe.

Hard-harted creature him to slight,
Who loved me so dearlye :
O that I had beene more kind to him
When he was alive and neare me !

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
Beg'd to be buried by him ;
And sore repented of the daye,
That she did ere denye him.

Farewell, she sayd, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in :
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

No. CCXLIII. O MOTHER A HOOP ! From a half-sheet copy. In the ballad opera of *The Livery Rake*, 1733, the original name of this tune is given as WHAT WOMAN COULD DO ; and in *Damon and Phillida*, 1765, it is called by the first name.

NO. CCXLIV. WATKIN'S ALE; from Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, arranged by Byrde, her Music-master. It is also stated by Ward, in his "Lives of the Gresham Professors," to be at p. 460 of one of the MSS. formerly belonging to Dr. Bull. A copy of the original Song, which is mentioned in a Letter prefixed to Anthony Munday's translation of *Gerileon in England*, 1592, and in Henry Chettle's pamphlet, *Kind-harts Dreame*, 1598 (both before quoted at pages 170 and 171,) is in the very curious Collection of early Ballads, printed in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, the property of George Daniel, Esq. It is entitled,—

"A ditty delightfull of Mother Watkin's Ale,
A warning wel wayed, though counted a tale."

The first verse is printed with the music, the seventh is also curious :—

"Thrise scarcely changed hath the moon,
Since first this pretty tricke was done;
Which being hard of one by chance,
He made thereof a country dance.
And as I heard the tale
he call'd it Watkin's Ale
which never will be stale
I doe beleeve;
This dance is now in prime
and chiefly usde this time
and lately put in rime:
let no man greeve,
To heare this merry iesting tale,
The which is called Watkin's Ale:
It is not long since it was made,
The finest flower will soonest fade."

NO. CCXLV. RULE BRITANNIA. From the Masque of *Alfred*, composed by Dr. Arne. This Masque was written by James Thomson and David Mallet, and performed in the gardens of Cliefden House, in commemoration of the accession of George I. and in honour of the birthday of the Princess of Brunswick, on the 1st of August, 1740. It was afterwards altered into an opera, and performed at Covent Garden, in 1745; and after the death of Thomson, which occurred in 1748, it was again entirely remodelled by Mallet, scarcely any part of the first being retained, and performed at Drury Lane in 1751. The words of *Rule Britannia* were, however, written by Thomson.

"THE CELEBRATED ODE IN HONOUR OF GREAT BRITAIN, CALL'D RULE BRITANNIA."

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main;
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
Rule Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.
Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles, thine.
Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia, &c.

It may not be thought irrelevant, in conclusion, to call the attention of the Reader to a few of the leading
CHARACTERISTICS OF ENGLISH NATIONAL AIRS.

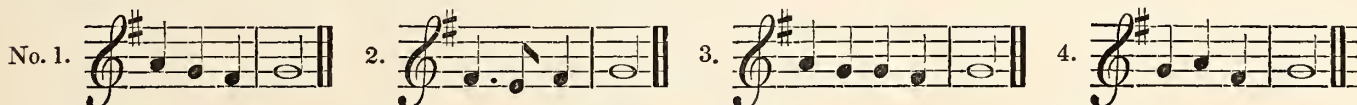
WE would first point out specimens of English Narrative Tunes, which differ from those of any other nation. Their peculiar features are, first, the long intervals between each phrase, so well calculated for recovering breath in the long ballads to which they are attached. They are invariably of simple construction, usually plaintive, and the last three notes of the melody, of by far the greater number of them, unlike most of the other tunes, fall gradually to the key note at the end. See "Near Woodstock Town, in Oxfordshire," No. 157; "Death and the Lady," No. 188; the two tunes of "Chevy Chase," Nos. 1 and 2; "Fortune my Foe," No. 62; and "The Spanish Lady," No. 24.—"Robin Hood and the Bishop," No. 71, is a more lively specimen of this class.

A great majority of our oldest National Airs are in minor keys. In this respect, they agree with those of Russia and Norway, (without any other points of resemblance) and differ from those of Ireland and Scotland, the greater part of which are in major keys.

A peculiarly English character pervades such airs as "Derry down," No. 9; "There was a jolly Miller," No. 23; "Drive the cold Winter away," No. 123; "Sellenger's Round," No. 145; "Green Sleeves," (the second part of which tune is not so old as the first) No. 11; "I'm plundered of all my gold," No. 191; the tune, No. 27 (name unknown); "Old King Cole," No. 16, &c. There is a bold and jovial character in these, and many others of the same class throughout the Collection, not usually to be found in airs in minor keys. The same character prevails in "The British Grenadiers," No. 52; "All you that love good fellows," No. 54; "The King enjoys his own again," No. 234; "The Vicar of Bray," No. 25, and many others in major keys.

Another peculiarity not to be found in the national music of any other country, is the syncopation or accent upon the second of the bar, instead of the first. This is observable in "Trip and go," No. 203; "The Carman's Whistle," No. 231; "Watkins' Ale," No. 244; "Paul's Alley," No. 229; "The Morris Dance," No. 107; "The King's Maggot," No. 160; "The Twenty-ninth of May," No. 236, &c. &c.

Another equally distinguishing peculiarity is to be found in the termination of many airs, of which the melody *descends* at the close. Whilst French tunes usually go down at once to the key-note, by far the most common termination of English tunes is to pass on to the semitone below, and then rise to the key-note, whether in major or minor. Of this termination, the four following are specimens which clearly distinguish old English from old Irish or Scotch tunes.



Our oldest dance tune (A.D. 1300) is an instance of the first of the above. Other instances may be seen in "Packington's Pound," No. 145; "Light o' Love," No. 84; "Half Hannikin," No. 6; "There was a jolly Miller," No. 23; "Old King Cole," No. 16; "The British Grenadiers," No. 52; "The Cock Fight," No. 73; "Young Virgins," No. 76; "Lilliburlero," No. 91; "O dear twelve-pence," No. 131; and "The Somersetshire Tune," No. 240.

Specimens of the second termination are to be found in "Robin Hood," No. 72; "Sellenger's Round," No. 82; "Drive the cold winter," No. 123; "Turkeylony," No. 165; "Heart's-ease," No. 178; "Malt's come down," No. 183; and "Hey down a down," No. 206.

The third will be found in "The Friar and the Nun," No. 55; "Fortune my Foe," No. 62, bis;

a a a

"I'm but a farmer's son," No. 74; "Gathering Peascods," No. 111; "Prince Rupert's March," No. 113; and "The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter," No. 190.

For the fourth, see "The Keel Row," No. 79; "The Maid peep'd out of the Window; or, the Friar in the Well," No. 90; and "Sir Eglamore," No. 96.

Many old English Tunes drop from the third to the key note at the close, both in major and minor; as, 'And how should I your true love know,' No. 38, bis; "The Freemason's Tune," No. 58; "Cuckolds all arow," No. 92; "The Country Bumpkin," No. 93; "The Willow Tree," No. 95; "Buff Coat," No. 135; "I tell thee, Dick," No. 210; and "In Scarlet Town," No. 242. Some also drop from the fifth, as "Here's a health to the King," No. 56; "Joan's Ale is new; or, The Jovial Tinker," No. 167; and "An old Woman, poor and blind," No. 222; whilst others rise to the third or fifth of the key, and end upon those notes, instead of the key-note. For examples of the last, see "Stingo, or Oil of Barley," No. 121, and 121 bis; "The Hemp Dresser; or, The London Gentlewoman," No. 158; and "The Merry Milkmaids," No. 213.

It now only remains for the Editor to acknowledge his obligations to those Gentlemen by whose kindness he has been assisted in the present Collection. In addition to those whose names appear in the body of the work, he is indebted to the Rev. J. H. Todd, for facilities most obligingly afforded of examining and making extracts from the musical MSS. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin; to Mr. David Laing, for the same advantages in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, as well as for the loan of both books and MSS.; to Mr. George Daniel, of Canonbury, for extracts from his rare Collection of Black-letter Ballads, amongst which are many (such as the first and second parts of "The Widow of Watling Street," "Light o' Love," and "Watkins' Ale") that have hitherto been supposed to be lost; to Mr. J. Payne Collier, for the original words of "The Carman's Whistle," and other ballads of equal interest, as well as for the loan of several scarce books and garlands not to be found in the British Museum, or other public libraries. Also to Mr. Dovaston, of West Felton; Mr. Andrew Blaikie, of Paisley; Mr. Lyle, of Airth; Mr. Philpot, and Mr. Windsor, of Bath, for the loan of books and manuscripts; to Mr. Henry Smart, for the basses to several tunes, which appear with the initials H. S.; and lastly to Mr. Edward Rimbault, who, when the second part of this Collection was in the press, not only placed the whole of the material he had collected for a similar work at the Editor's disposal, but has since been indefatigable in obtaining for him any information of which he stood in need.

The present Publication has been limited to three Parts, according to the original proposal; and although each Part has exceeded the preceding in size, a large number of interesting Airs, ("Come o'er the bourne, Bessy, to me," "Farewell, dear love," &c. &c.) still remain unpublished. From these it is contemplated, at a future time, to make another Selection, should the present meet with adequate encouragement. The Editor trusts, however, that he has already satisfactorily demonstrated the proposition which he at first stated, viz. that England has not only abundance of National Music, but that its antiquity is *at least* as well authenticated as that of any other nation. England was formerly called "*Merry England*." That was when every *Gentleman* could sing at sight;—when musical degrees were taken at the Universities, to add lustre to degrees in arts;—when College Fellowships were only given to those who *could* sing;—when Winchester boys were not suffered to evade the testator's will, as they do now, but were obliged to learn to sing before they could enter the school;—when music was taught in all public schools, and thought as necessary a branch of the education of "small children," as reading or writing;—when barbers, cobblers, and ploughmen, were proverbially musical;—and when "Smithfield with her ballads made all England roar." Willingly would we exchange her present venerable title of "*Old England*," to find her "*Merry England*" once again.

APPENDIX,
CONTAINING
ADDITIONAL REMARKS, &c.

NO. I. THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHACE. The discovery of the manuscript from which Hearne procured his transcript of this ballad, (in the Ashmolean Library, at Oxford) has proved beyond a doubt that it was the production of Richard Sheale, the Minstrel. (See *British Bibliographer*, vol. iv. p. 97.) A Catalogue of the Ashmolean Library is now in the course of publication, and the treasures so long concealed will at length be made known. Among others, a large Collection of Ballads, both manuscript and printed, and many of the Roundheads' Songs, with the tunes to which they were sung, in the handwriting of Ashmole.

"The Children of the Wood," according to Ames, was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1595.

NO. IX. KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY. Carey, in his *Musical Century*, 1740, vol. i. p. 53, gives a song to this tune, beginning:

"King George he was born in the month of October;
'Tis a sin for a subject that month to be sober."

And says: "The Melody stolen from an old Ballad called DEATH AND THE COBBLER," which is, therefore, another name for the same Air.

The old English burden, "Hey down, down, derry down," is said to be "a modern version of 'Hai down, ir deri danno,' the burden of an old song of the Druids, signifying, 'Come, let us hasten to the oaken grove,' which was chanted by the bards and vates, to call the people to their religious assemblies in the groves."—*Jones' Welsh Bards*, vol. i. p. 128.

NO. XI. GREEN SLEEVES. This tune is often referred to under the names of "The Jew's Corant," and "The Blacksmith." A copy of "The Jew's Corant" is among the King's Pamphlets, dated January 18, 1659. The song of "The Blacksmith" is in *Merry Drollerie complete*, part ii. p. 225, 1670. In the eighteenth edition of "The Dancing Master," the tune is called, "Green Sleeves and Pudding Pies." It probably derives this addition from a Jacobite song, printed in Boswell's *Journal*, 8vo. 1785, p. 319.

The song of "Green Sleeves" is mentioned in Fletcher's *Woman's Prize*, 1647, act iii. scene 4; in Nash's "Have with you to Saffron Walden," 1596; and in Prior's *Alma*, Canto II.

NO. XII. JAMAICA. "My Father was born before me," is another name for this tune, and one by which it is frequently mentioned. The song of "The Prodigal's Resolution," or "My Father was born before me," is in Thomas Jordan's *London Triumphant*, 4to. 1672; also in D'Urfey's *Pills*, vol. iii. p. 45, 1719; and in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, p. 279. The tune seems to have been formerly very popular, and, in D'Urfey's *Pills* alone, the four following songs are to be sung to it:

No. 1. The Angler's Song. "Of all the recreations which." Vol. iii. p. 126.

No. 2. "Of the Downfall of one part of the Mitre Tavern in Cambridge, or the sinking thereof into the Cellar." Vol. iii. p. 136.

No. 3. The Jolly Tradesmen. "Sometimes I am a Tapster new." Vol. vi. p. 91.

No. 4. The slow Men of London, or The Widow Brown. "There dwelt a widow in this town." Vol. vi. p. 93.

NO. XIII. SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE, is contained in Forde's "Musicke of sundrie kindes, set forth in two books, the first whereof are Ayres for four Voices, to the Lute, Orpharion, or Basse Viol," 1607.

NO. XVII. UPON A SUMMER'S DAY. This tune is in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, under the name of "The Gipsy's Round." A ballad, "to a new Court tune," beginning, "Upon a summer's *time*," is reprinted in Evans' "Old Ballads," (vol. iv. p. 345, 8vo. 1810) from a black-letter copy, printed by the assigns of Thomas Symcocke. This is in the same measure as "Upon a summer's *day*," to be found at p. 148 of "Merry Drollery," 1661, and which appears to be the song intended.

NO. XVIII. OLD SIR SIMON THE KING. This tune is also in "Musick's Recreation on the Lyra Viol," 1652; in "The Dancing Masters" of 1657 and 1686; and in Playford's "Musick's Handmaid," 1678. In the political and other parodies upon this song, instead of the one line at the end of each verse, "Says old Simon the King," it is thus:

"Says old Symon the King,
Says old Symon the King,
With his threadbare clothes
And his Malmsey nose,
Sing hey ding, ding a ding, ding."*

It appears, therefore, extremely probable that the latter part of the burden may have been omitted by mistake in the "Pills," and in the "Antidote to Melancholy." Ritson conjectures that the song, "Hey ding a ding," mentioned in Laneham's Letter from Kenilworth, (1575) as one of the Collection, "all ancient," of Captain Cox, the Coventry Mason, may be intended for the last line of "Old Sir Simon;" but the burden was too common to give any importance to the resemblance.

NO. XIX. FROM MERCILESS INVADERS. The following curious particulars of this Hymn have been very obligingly sent to us by Mr. R. Pearsall, of Willsbridge, proprietor of the manuscript. "The original MS. came into my possession with some family papers, derived from my father's maternal grandfather, John Still, of the Bury Com. Glouc., who was the great grandson of John Still,† Bishop of Bath and Wells in the time of Elizabeth, and of whom a short biographical notice is to be found in Sir J. Harrington's *Nugæ Antiquæ*. He was a very distinguished amateur of music, and I feel confident that both words and music are the Bishop's own composition. The MS. is headed thus: 'A Hymne to be sung by all Englande; Women, Youthes, Clarkes, and Souldiers. Made by J. S.'"

Mr. Pearsall having been in Germany at the time this Publication was commenced, the copy of both words and music with which we were supplied, was, we regret to say, very incorrect. The music sheet was immediately cancelled, but not before some copies had been issued.‡ The following is an exact transcript of the words:

"From merciless Invaders, from wicked men's device,
O God, arise and helpe us to quele (quell) owre enemies.
Sinke deepe their potent navies, their strengthe and corage breake,
O God, arise and save us, for Jesus Christ his sake!
Though cruel Spain and Parma with heathene legions come,
O God, arise and arm us, we'll dye for owre home!
We will not change owre Credo for Pope, nor boke, nor bell,
And yf the devil come himself, we'll hounde him back to hell!"

The whole composition is so curious, that we have printed it, in the original shape, in the Appendix to the Music.

NO. XXIV. THE SPANISH LADY. This song is parodied in Rowley's *A Match at Midnight* (see Dodsley's "Collection of Old Plays," vol. vii. p. 371, 1825); and the original words are to be found in a black-letter garland, called "The Garland of Good Will." A copy of the tune has also been found in a manuscript of the time of

* See "Loyal Songs," 1678, p. 149.

† Author of the comedy of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, which contains one of the first drinking songs of any merit in the language,

viz. "I cannot eate but lyttel meate."

‡ A corrected sheet of the music will be given to any Subscriber, on application.

Charles the First,* now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. This MS. called the Skene MS. from the original possessor, has been recently published, with an able dissertation on Scottish Music by Mr. Dauneý,† in the postscript of which, alluding to the first number of this Collection, (which had then just appeared) he says: "From what the Editor states, (p. 44) we find that the air of 'The Spanish Lady,' the *original* of which we have given in the Skene MS., was not lost in England, as Mr. Ritson supposed, but had appeared in 'The Quaker's Opera,' 1728; 'The Jovial Crew,' 1731, &c. *Our copy is certainly the more perfect of the two, in a melodic point of view, and tallies more precisely with the words.*" We had doubted whether the tune should not have been in common instead of triple time, for which the Skene MS. is an authority we had not before; but as to the copy in that MS. being either the "original," or "tallying more precisely with the words," we can only conceive that Mr. Dauneý made the assertion without looking at it, as it is absolutely impracticable to sing the words to it at all. The following is a transcript of the tune from his book, p. 242.



The reader will have the opportunity of testing both assertions, by comparing the above with the words at p. 44.

No. XXVIII. JOHN DORY. Bishop Earle, in his "Character of a poor Fidler," says: "Hunger is the greatest pains he takes, except a broken head sometimes, and labouring *John Dorye*." In the epilogue to a farce, called "The Empress of Morocco," 1674, "the most renowned and melodious song of *John Dory*" is to be "heard as it were in the air, sung in parts by spirits, to raise the expectation, and charm the audience with thoughts sublime and worthy of the heroick scene which follows." This farce was intended to ridicule a tragedy of the same name by Elk. Settle, and Sir W. Davenant's alteration of Macbeth, which had then been lately revived, with the addition of music by Mathew Locke. The song is also mentioned in "Vox Borealis," 1641; twice by Gayton, in "Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote," 1654; in Braithwait's "Drunken Barnaby's Journal;" in Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle;" in "Merry Drollery complete," 1670; and by Bishop Corbet, in his poem called "A Journey to Fraunce." Dryden also refers to it, in one of his lampoons, as one of the most hackneyed in his time:

"But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
These will appear such chits in story,
'Twill turn all politics to jest,
To be repeated like *John Dory*,
When fiddlers sing at feasts."

No. XXXII. DULCINA. There is a black-letter ballad to this tune, called "The Desperate Damsell's Tragedy, or the Faithless Young Man," beginning, "In the gallant month of June." Another among the ballads

* Mr. Dauneý overstates the age of this MS. in asserting it to be of the time of James the First. It is certainly not earlier than the reign of Charles the First. Mr. David Laing dates it 1630.

† England may with reason complain of the numberless appropriations of her songs by collectors of Scottish Music, with whom, from Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, down to R. A. Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, accuracy seems never to have been even in contemplation. Mr. Hogg appropriates our Cavaliers' and other Political Songs, under the name of "Jacobite Relics of *Scotland*;" and Mr. Dauneý not only entitles his book, of which more than half are *avowedly* English, "Ancient *Scottish* Melodies," but at the same time gently hints that England has no melodies. "Indeed, if we except dance tunes, one would suppose that such a thing as simple melody was scarcely known to form a part of the Ancient Music of England!" (p. 198.) As this opinion can but carry its own refutation, any other would be needless. With many thanks, therefore, to Mr. Dauneý, for the novel information that all our old ballads were sung in parts,

Chevy Chase to wit) we would propose the three following questions for his consideration:

1. Why, if Scotland so abounded in melody, are the songs in Andre Hart's "Compendium of Godly Songs," printed in Scotland in 1621, parodies upon *English* instead of Scotch songs?

2. Why, if melody was so abundant in Scotland in the seventeenth century, were not Scotch, instead of *English* songs, taught even so far north as the Music School of Aberdeen?

3. What is the date of these *Ancient* Scottish Melodies? Can six, or even one, be *identified* with the sixteenth century?

Sir John Hawkins (*History*, vol. iv. p. 10) says: "Besides James the First of Scotland, we know of no person, a native of that country, who can with propriety have been said to have been a musician." Is it not singular that the country, if so musical, should have produced no musicians? for even James the First acquired his knowledge of music, as well as all his other accomplishments, in England.

in the British Museum, is entitled, "A pleasant new Song betwixt a Saylor and his Love. 'What doth ayl my love so sadly,' to the tune of Dulcina." It is also one of the tunes to the "Psalms and Songs of Sion, turned into the language, and set to the tunes of a straunge land," 1642.

No. XXXVI. JOAN'S PLACKET. In the "Collection of 180 Loyal Songs," p. 143, 1678, is one entitled, "The Plot cram'd into Jones Placket. To the tune of Jones Placket is torn."

No. XXXVII. MARCH AT THE EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. We have before expressed doubts of the correctness of the tradition connected with this air, and have since proved them to have been well founded. Tradition has been as faithless, in this respect, as the Skene MS. proves her to be in handing down Scotch Tunes.

No. XL. GOOD MORROW, 'TIS ST. VALENTINE'S DAY. D'Urfey has printed the song quoted in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, (1620) beginning, "Arise, arise, my juggy, my puggy," to this tune. See *Pills*, vol. iv. p. 44; 1719.

No. XLIV. DANCE TUNE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY. Dr. Burney (*Hist.* vol. ii. p. 381) says that he had "never been so fortunate as to meet with a single tune to an English song or dance, so ancient as the fourteenth century." The Doctor unfortunately did not take much trouble to examine Harl. MS. 978, containing "Sumer is icumen in," when he did see it. Had he distrusted his own judgment as to the age of the MSS., an examination of the Political Songs in the latter part of the manuscript, (which were evidently written from twenty to thirty years after the part containing "Sumer is icumen in,") would at least have convinced him, from events to which they refer, that they must have been written during the interval between the battle of Lewes, in May 1264, and that of Evesham, in the year following; and most probably immediately after the first-mentioned event. Ritson refers the date of "Sumer is icumen in," to "as early a period, *at least*, as the year 1250;" and we have the authority of Sir Frederick Madden, Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum, to state that there cannot be a doubt as to both words and music having been written in the earlier half of the thirteenth century. As to dance tunes, Dr. Burney probably had never seen the MS. from which this was taken, but which, on the authority of Mr. Douce and J. Stafford Smith, is referred to "the reign of Edward the Second," (1307 to 1327) "*or earlier*." Nevertheless, Dr. Burney's opinion has been recently quoted, as if it were not disproved.

No. XLV. ROGER OF COVERLEY. This tune is in "The Dancing Masters" of 1695, 1698, and other later editions.

No. LIV. ALL YOU THAT LOVE GOOD FELLOWS. This tune, under the title of "The London Prentice," is in D'Urfey's *Pills*, vol. vi. p. 342; and a song to it (under the latter title) is in Evans' "Old Ballads," vol. i. p. 203; 1812. The oldest copies of the song, "All you that love good fellows," that we have yet seen, are in a chap-book called, "The Arraigning and Indicting of Sir John Barleycorn, Knight, newly composed by a well-wisher to Sir John and all that love him," the one copy of which was "printed and sold at the printing office in Bow Church Yard;" the other in Aldermanbury Church Yard. Loundes speaks of an edition of this tract, "printed for T. Passenger in 1675," with the name of its author, Thomas Robins. The song in this chap book is not complete, part of the story being told in prose; and it was probably founded on the original ballad, which must have been popular before 1628, as the following quotation from Bishop Earle's *Microcosmography*, printed in that year, relates to a ballad which was sung to the tune of "All you that love good fellows." In giving the character of "A pot poet," he says: "He is a man now much employed in commendations of our navy, and a bitter inveigher against the Spaniard. His frequentest works go out in single sheets, and are chanted from market to market to a vile tune, and a worse throat; whilst the poor country wench melts like her butter to hear them. And these are the stories of some men of Tyburn, or a *strange monster out of Germany*." A black-letter copy of the latter ballad is in the Collection in the British Museum. The full title is as follows:

"Pride's Fall, or a warning for all English Women by the example of a strange Monster lately born in Germany by a Merchant's proud Wife at Geneva. Tune—'All you that love good fellows.'"

No. LV. The oldest name of this tune appears to be FRIAR FOX-TAIL, or THE FRIAR AND THE NUN. It is mentioned by Henry Chettle, in a curious black-letter tract, called "Kind Hart's Dreame," 1592. He speaks of the ballad singers "of London or elsewhere," as carolling, in a squeaking treble, or in an ale-blown bass, such songs as "Watkins' Ale," "The Carman's Whistle," and "Friar Fox-taile." He also quotes two lines of the words, which prove the identity of the last song under its two names. In D'Urfey's *Pills*, vol. iv. p. 176, 1719, the title and tune of "The Friar and the Nun" are given; but the words of another song, to which it has no reference whatever, are printed with it, by mistake. There are two other songs to the same tune in the *Pills*, (besides D'Urfey's words, "All in a misty morning") the one at p. 63, vol. iii.; the other at p. 348, vol. vi.; and the air is to be found in "The Dancing Master" of 1650, and in "Musick's Delight on the Cithren," 1666. Henry Carey also wrote a song to it in his ballad opera of *The Honest Yorkshireman*, 1735.

No. LVIII. FREEMASON'S SONG. This tune is to be found, with an additional part, in D'Urfey's *Pills*, vol. ii. p. 230, 1719, adapted to a song called "The Queen's Progress to the Bath."

No. LXII. FORTUNE MY FOE. This famous old ballad, "in which are enumerated all the misfortunes that fall upon mankind through the caprice of fortune," is also mentioned in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," 1613; in "Lingua," 1607; in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621; in "Vox Borealis," 1641; in "The Rump or Mirror of the Times," 1660; in "The Custom of the Country," 1647; in Brome's "Antipodes," 1638; in "The two merry Milkmaids," 1620; in "Tom Essence," 1677; and in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," act iii. scene 3. Ritson, in a note upon this tune, (Boswell's *Shakspeare*, vol. viii. p. 122) says it "is the identical air known by the song of 'Death and the Lady,' to which the metrical lamentations of extraordinary criminals have been usually chanted for upwards of these two hundred years." The tune of "Death and the Lady" is altogether different, (see No. 188) and it is therefore a matter of doubt which of the two he intends,—but *Fortune* seems to have the stronger claim. In the "Collection of Loyal Songs written against the Rump Parliament," (vol. ii. 1731) is one entitled, "The penitent Traytor. The humble petition of a Devonshire Gentleman, who was condemned for Treason, and executed for the same, anno 1641. To the tune of *Fortune my Foe*," of which the last verse but two runs thus:

"How could I bless thee, couldst thou take away
My life and infamy both in one day?
But this in ballads will survive, I know,
Sung to that preaching tune, *Fortune my Foe*."

Thomas Deloney's song, "The Death of King John," in his "Strange Histories, or Songs and Sonnets of Kings, Princes, &c." 12mo. 1607, was also sung to this tune. The "Ballad of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus, the great Conjuror," was licensed to be printed, "by the learned Aylmer, Bishop of London," in 1588.

No. LXIV. FAREWELL, MANCHESTER. In the Collection of Songs (with music) made by Dr. Burney, and now in the British Museum, is the following to this tune.

FAREWELL, MANCHESTER.

A SONG FOR THREE VOICES, MADE ON THE PEACE.

Fill, fill, fill the glass,
Briskly put it round;
Joyful news at last
Let the trumpet sound.
Joyn with lofty strains,
Lovely nymphs, jolly swains;

Peace and plenty shall again
With wealth be crown'd.
Come, come, come sweet peace,
Ever welcome found;
Let all discord cease,
Harmony abound. Joyn with, &c.

It is difficult to discover the connexion between the above title and the words of the song: probably the former relates only to the name of the tune. The same words are to be found in "A Collection of Songs for two or three Voices," printed by J. Johnson, opposite Bow Church, in Cheapside, about 1748.

No. LXV. NEW WELLS. This appears to be an altered version of "Come, sweet lass." See tune 80.

No. LXXI. ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD. An early allusion to the story of this ballad, is to be found in an anonymous interlude, named *Thersites*, written in 1537.

"Where is Robin John and little Hode?
 Approche hyther quickly, if ye thinke it good:
 I wyll teache suche outlawes, with Crystes curses,
 How they take hereafter awaye abbotes purses."
Collier's History of Early Dramatic Poetry, vol. ii. p. 401.

No. LXXVIII. PARTHENIA. In "Apollo's Banquet for the Treble Violin," this is called "The Duke of York's Delight."

No. LXXXI. RED BULL. This tune is also in *Apollo's Banquet*, under the title of "The Dam'sells Dance."

No. LXXXII. SELLINGER'S ROUND, OR THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD. A curious reason for the latter name to this tune, is given in the comedy of *Lingua*, 1607:

Anamnestes.—"By the same token the first tune the planets played; I remember Venus the treble ran sweet division upon Saturn the bass. The first tune they played was *Sellenger's Round*, in memory whereof, ever since, it hath been called, *The Beginning of the World*.

Communis Sensus.—"How comes it we cannot hear it now?

Memory.—"Our ears are so well acquainted with the sound, that we never mark it."

It is mentioned in the tract "The World runnes on Wheelles," by Taylor, the Water Poet: "Likè the new found instrument that goes by winding up like a jacke, that a gentleman entreated a musitian to rost him *Sellenger's Round* upon." Again, in Shirley's "Lady of Pleasure," act i. scene 1: "To hear a fellow make himself merry, and his horse, with whistling *Sellenger's Round*." It is also mentioned under both names, in Heywood's "A Woman kill'd with kindness," 1604. In "Wit restored," by J. S. 1658, is a song called "Robin's Courtship," to the tune of *The Beginning of the World*.

In the Collection of Ballads, British Museum, is one entitled, "The fair Maid of Islington, or the London Vintner overreached;" and in D'Urfey's *Pills*, vol. vi. p. 346, a song, called "The Country Farmer's Campaign,"—both to this tune. On the title-page of a rare black-letter garland, called "The new Crown Garland of Princely Pastime and Mirth,* printed by J. Back, on London Bridge," is a woodcut of a number of young men and women dancing *Sellenger's Round*, with hands joined, round a Maypole. In the centre of the circle are two musicians, the one playing on the fiddle, the other the pipe, with the inscription, "Hey for Sellenger's Round," above them.

No. LXXXIV. LIGHT O' LOVE. This tune is in William Ballet's Lute Book, MS. and in "Musick's Delight on the Cithren," 1666. The ballad of "The Banishment of Lord Matravers and Sir Thomas Gurney," in Thomas Delony's "Strange Histories, or Songs and Sonets of Kings, Princes," &c. 1607, is "to the tune of *Light of Love*." The following is from a black-letter copy of the original ballad, (dated 1570) in the possession of George Daniel, Esq.

* In the possession of G. Daniel, Esq.

A VERY PROPER DITTIE: TO THE TUNE OF LIGHTIE LOVE.

"Leave lightie love, ladies, for fear of yll name:
And true love embrace ye, to purchase your fame."

By force I am fixed my fancie to write,
Ingratitude willeth mee not to refraine:
Then blame me not, Ladies, although I indite
What lightie love now amongst you doth raigne.
Your traces in places, to outward allurements,
Doth meeve my endeavor to be the more playne:
Your nicyns and ticings, with sundrye procurementes,
To publish your lightie love doth mee constrayne.

Deceite is not daintie, it coms at eche dish,
Fraude goes a fishyng with frendly lookes,
Throughe frendship is spoyled the seely poore fish,
That hover and shouer upon your false hookes,
With baight, you lay waight, to catch here and there,
Which causeth poore fishes their freedome to lose:
Then loute ye, and floute ye, wherby doth appere,
Your lightie love, Ladies, styll cloaked with glose.

With Dian so chaste, you seeme to compare,
When Helens you bee, and hang on her trayne;
Meethinkes faithful Thisbies be now very rare,
But one Cleopatra, I doubt doth remaigne:
You wincke, and you twinke, tyll Cupid have caught,
And forceth through flames your Lovers to sue:
Your lyhtie love, Ladies, too deere they have bought,
When nothyng wyll move you, their causes to rue.

I speake not for spite, ne do I disdayne,
Your beautie, fayre Ladies, in any respect:
But ones ingratitude doth mee constrayne,
As childe hurt with fire, the flame to neglect:
For provyng in lovyng, I finde by good triall,
When Beautie had brought mee unto her becke:
She staying, not waying, but made a deniall,
And shewyng her lightie love, gave mee the checke.

Thus fraude for frendship did lodge in her brest;
Suche are most women, that when they espie
Their lovers inflamed with sorowes opprest,
They stande then with Cupid against their replie:

They taunte and they vaunte, they smile when they view
How Cupid had caught them under his trayne,
But warned, discerned, the prooffe is most true,
That lightie love, Ladies, amongst you doth reigne.

Ye men that are subject to Cupid his strooke,
And therein seemeth to have your delight:
Thinke when you see baight, theres hidden a looke,
Whiche sure will have you, if that you do bight:
Suche wiles, and suchie guiles, by women are wrought,
That halfe their mischefes men cannot prevent;
When they are most pleasant, unto your thought,
Then nothyng but lightie love is their intent.

Consider that poyson doth lurke oftentyme
In shape of sugre, to put some to payne:
And fayre wordes paynted, as Dames can define,
The olde Proverbe saith, doth make some foolles faine:
Be wise and precise, take warning by mee,
Trust not the Crocodile, least you do rue:
To womens faire wordes do never agree,
For all is but lightie love, this is most true.

I touche no suche Ladies as true love imbrace,
But suche as to lightie love dayly applie:
And none wyll be grieved, in this kinde of case,
Save suche as are minded true love to denie:
Yet frendly and kindly I shew you my minde;
Fayre Ladies, I wish you to use it no more;
But say what you list, thus I have definde,
That lightie love, Ladies, you ought to abhore.

To trust womens words, in any respect,
The danger by mee right well it is seene;
And Love and his Lawes, who would not neglect,
The trial wherof moste peryllous beene:
Pretendyng, the endyng, if I have offended,
I crave of you, Ladies, an Answer againe:
Amende, and whats said shall soone be amended,
If case that your lightie love no longer do raygne.

At the end: "Finis, by Leonarde Gybson. Imprinted at London, in the upper end of Fleetlane, by Richard Jhones: and are to be solde at his shop ioyning to the South-West Dore of Saint Pauls Church. 1570."

No. LXXXVI. A BEGGING WE WILL GO. The original song, in black-letter, is in the British Museum Collection, (643, m) entitled, "The Beggars' Chorus in The Jovial Crew, to an excellent new tune." It is also to be found (words and music) in the "Collection of 180 Loyal Songs," &c. 3rd edition, 1685, with several others to the same tune.

No. LXXXVIII. GOD SAVE THE KING. Since the publication of Part 2 of this Collection, the discussion as to the authorship of the National Anthem has been partially revived in *The Musical World*, in consequence of the asserted discovery of a copy bearing the name of "The King's Anthem. Dr. Bull." This is not the only deception that has been practised upon the editor of *The Musical World* on the same subject. Lest, however, a joke should pass for the truth when the means of disproving it are no longer at hand, we have taken the precaution of showing the manuscript to Sir Fred. Madden, who, without hesitation, pronounced it to be "an ignorant imitation of old writing, and the work of a person who did not know how the letters were to be formed." Nothing has yet been adduced to disprove Henry Carey's claim to the authorship of either words and music. The claim for "Anthony Jones, grandfather of Mrs. Arne," appears to have arisen altogether in mistake, as Mrs. Arne had no grandfather of that name. The initials of the writer in "The Gentleman's Magazine" should be E. J., not E. T.

c c c

No. XC. THE MAID PEEF'D OUT OF THE WINDOW, or THE FRIAR IN THE WELL. In the Collection of Old Ballads preserved in the British Museum, (643, m.) and in "Wit and Mirth, an Antidote to Melancholy," 8vo. 1682, may be seen the original song, entitled "The Fryer well-fitted, or a pretty jest that once befel, how a Maid put a Fryer to cool in the Well."

"As I lay musing all alone, Fa, la, la, la,
A pretty jest I thought upon, Fa, la, la, la.
Then listen awhile, and I will you tell
Of a fryer that lov'd a bonny lass well, Fa, la, la, la,
Fa, la, la, lang-tree-down-dilly."

The *fa, la, la*, at the end of the lines, and the great resemblance to "Sir Eglamore," (which we have before noticed) seem to identify it as another and a later version of that tune.

No. XCI. LILLIBURLERO, or OLD WOMAN WHITHER SO HIGH. This tune was also used as a ground by Purcell to Air 5 of the music of his opera, "The Gordian Knott unt'y'd." It is printed in his "Collection of Ayres composed for the Theatre, and upon other occasions," 1697. In the Savilian Library, Oxford, are two copies of the nursery rhyme, "Old Woman whither so high," and two lines are wanting in that quoted from memory, in a note to p. 89. The following is another version.

"There was an old woman toss'd up in a blanket,
Ninety-nine times as high as the moon;
But where she was going no mortal could tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.
Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
Whither, ah whither, ah whither so high?
To sweep the cobwebs off the sky,
And I'll be with you by and by."

No. XCV. THE WILLOW TREE. We have since recovered the words of this excellent song from an old penny song book.

THE WILLOW TREE.

Oh take me to your arms, my love,
For keen the wind doth blow:
Oh! take me to your arms, my love,
For bitter is my woe.
She hears me not, she cares not,
Nor will she list to me;
And here I lie, in misery,
Beneath the willow tree.
My love has wealth and beauty,
The rich attend her door;
My love has wealth and beauty,
But I, alas! am poor.

The ribbon fair that bound her hair,
Is all that's left to me;
And here I lie, in misery,
Beneath the willow tree.
I once had gold and silver,
I thought 'em without end;
I once had gold and silver,
I thought I had a friend.
My wealth is lost, my friend is false,
My love is stole from me;
And here I lie, in misery,
Beneath the willow tree!

In the King's Pamphlets, Brit. Mus. (fol. No. 5) is "A Justification of our brethren of Scotland." Tune, *Under the Willow Tree*. Anno 1647.

No. XCVI. SIR EGLAMORE. This song is mentioned in Gayton's "Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote," 4to. 1654. "But had you heard of Bevis of Southampton, the Counter-Scuffle, Sir Eglamore, John Dory, the Pindar of Wakefield, Robin Hood, or Clem of the Cluff, these no doubt had been recommended to the Vatican without any index expurgatorius, or censure at all." In the Collection of Loyal Songs written against the Rump Parliament, (Vol. ii. p. 30, 1731) is a parody upon this song, called "Sir Eglamor and the Dragon, or a Relation how General George Monk slew a most cruel Dragon, Feb. 11, 1659. To the tune of Sir Eglamor."

No. XCIX. Now, OH NOW. This tune is to be found, under the name of the FROG GALLIARD, in the "First Booke of Consort Lessons, made by divers exquisite authors," and "collected by Thomas Morley," 1611; also in the Skene MS. (about 1630 or 1640). The following ballads were sung to the tune under the latter title:

No. 1. "The true Loves Knot untyed. Being the right path to advise princely Virgins how to behave themselves, by the example of the renowned Princess, the Lady Arabella, and the second Son to the Lord Seymore, late Earl of Hertford." "As I from Ireland did pass." Old Ballads, vol. i. p. 204, 1727, and in Brit. Mus. Coll.

2. "Shepherd's Delight," "On yonder hill there springs a flower," Evans' Old Ballads, vol. i. p. 113, 1810. In the "Banquet of Daintie Conceits," 1588, is a song to *Dowland's Galliard*, probably the same tune.

No. CIV. COME, JOLLY BACCHUS. In the second and third editions of Vol. ii. of the *Dancing Master*, this tune is called "Frisky Jenny, or the Tenth of June." We have also a half-sheet song in which the same is called, "A Jigg danced in the Schoole of Venus, or the threepenny Hops." In Walsh's *Lady's Banquet*, it is called "The Swedes Dance at the new Play House." There is another song to it "made on board the Salamander Privateer," beginning "Come, let us drink a health to George our King."

No. CVI. COME, OPEN THE DOOR, &c. In the ballad opera of *The Livery Rake*, this air is called, "Fly, fly from the place, fair Flora," from the song adapted to it in the ballad opera of *Flora*. See also *Tom a Nokes' Jigg*, p. 168.

No. CIX. BUMPER SQUIRE JONES. This song was printed by Walsh in "The British Orpheus, a Collection of favourite English Songs never before published, composed by different authors." A song on "Sheriff Janssen's Health," was sung to this tune in the hall of the Company of Stationers in 1750.

No. CX. This tune is in the *Dancing Masters* of 1650, 1686, and 1698, under the name of THE CHIRPING OF THE LARK.

No. CXIV. DARGASON.* In "The Ile of Gulls, play'd by the Children of the Revels in the Black Fryars, 1606," may be found the following scrap, perhaps, of the original ballad.

"And ambling Nag, and adowne, adowne,
We have borne her away to *Dargison*."

No. CXVI. SHALL I GOE WALK. This tune is in "The *Dancing Master*" of 1650 called *Greenwood*, and in the edition of 1686 called *Greenwood*, or *The Huntsman*.

No. CXVIII. THE HIGHLAND LADDIE. Instead of Dr. Arne, the name should have been printed *Michael* Arne, who is said to have composed this tune when he was but eleven years of age. It was published by Walsh in "The Flowret. A new Collection of English Songs sung at the Publick Gardens, composed by Master Arne."

No. CXXI. STINGO. The words of the song of *Stingo* are to be found in "Merry Drollerie," p. 132, 1661, and in "Merry Drollerie Complete," p. 140, 1670. Traces of that doughty hero, Sir John Barleycorn, so famous in the days of ballad-singing, are to be found as far back as the time of the Anglo-Saxons. In the Exeter MS. (fol. 107) is an enigma in Anglo-Saxon verse, of which the following is a literal translation.

"A part of the earth is prepared beautifully with the hardest, and with the sharpest, and with the grimmest of the productions of men, cut and . . . (sworfen), turned and dried, bound and twisted, bleached and awakened, ornamented and poured out,

* In addition to the coincidences remarked in a note on this tune, at page 95, the following occur in the second and third volumes of *Jones' Welsh Bards*. At vol. ii. p. 25, "The Willow Hymn" is, "By the osiers so dank." At p. 44, "The first of August" is, "Come, jolly Bacchus," (see tune 104) with a little admixture of "In my cottage near a wood." At page 33, a tune called "The Britons," which is in *The Dancing Master* of 1696, is claimed. At p. 45, "Mopsy's Tune, the old way," is "The Barking Barber" (see tunes 48 and 49); and "Prestwich Bells" is, "Talk no more of Whig or

Tory," contained in many collections. At vol. iii. p. 15, "The Heiress of Montgomery" is another version of "As down in the meadows." (see tune 57). At p. 16, "Captain Corbett" is, "Of all comforts I miscarried" (see tune 105); and at p. 49, "If love's a sweet passion," is claimed. In addition to these, Mr. Jones has himself noticed a coincidence between the tune called "The King's Note," (vol. iii.) and "Pastyme with good Company," called "The Kyng's Ballad," and supposed to have been composed by Henry the Eighth. (See J. Stafford Smith's *Musica Antiqua*, vol. i. p. 44.)

carried afar to the doors of people; it is joy in the inside of living creatures, it knocks and slights those, of whom before, while alive, a long while it obeys the will, and expostulateth not; and then after death it takes upon it to judge, to talk variously. It is greatly to seek by the wisest man, what this creature is."—*Essay on the State of Literature and Learning under the Anglo-Saxons*, by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A. F.S.A. p. 79, 8vo. 1839.

A copy of the song, "As I went through the North Country," (see p. 102) is in the Pepysian Collection of Ballads, (vol. i. p. 426) and was sung to the tune of "Shall I lie beyond thee." See tune 226.

A CUP OF OLD STINGO.

THERE'S a lusty liquor which
Good fellows use to take,
It is distilled with Nard most rich,
And water of the lake;
Of Hop a little quantity,
And Barm to it they bring too;
Being barrell'd up, they call it a cup
Of dainty good old Stingo.

'Twill make a man Indentures make,
'Twill make a fool seem wise,
'Twill make a Puritan sociate,
And leave to be precize:
'Twill make him dance about a cross,
And eke to run the Ring too,
Or anything he once thought gross,
Such virtue hath old Stingo.

'Twill make a constable oversee
Sometimes to serve a warrant,
'Twill make a baylif lose his fee,
Though he be a knave-arrant;
'Twill make a lawyer, though that he
To ruin oft men brings, too,
Sometimes forget to take his fee,
If his head be lin'd with Stingo.

'Twill make a parson not to flinch,
Though he seem wondrous Holy,
But for to kiss a pretty wench,
And think it is no follie;
'Twill make him learn for to decline
The verb that's called *Mingo*,
'Twill make his nose like copper shine,
If his head be lin'd with Stingo.

'Twill make a weaver break his yarn,
That works with right and left foot,
But he hath a trick to save himself,
He'll say there wanteth woof to't;

'Twill make a taylor break his thread,
And eke his thimble ring too,
'Twill make him not to care for bread,
If his head be lin'd with stingo.

'Twill make a baker quite forget
That ever corn was cheap,
'Twill make a butcher have a fit
Sometimes to dance and leap;
'Twill make a miller keep his room,
A health for to begin too,
'Twill make him shew his golden thumb,
If his head be lin'd with Stingo.

'Twill make an hostis free of heart,
And leave her measures pinching,
'Twill make an host with liquor part
And bid him hang all finching;
It's so belov'd, I dare protest
Men cannot live without it,
And where they find there is the best,
The most will flock about it.

And finally the beggar poor,
That walks till he be weary,
Craving along from door to door,
With *pre-commiserere*;
If he do chance to catch a touch,
Although his cloaths be thin too,
Though he be lame he'll prove his crutch,
If his head be lin'd with Stingo.

Now to conclude, here is a health
Unto the lad that spendeth,
Let every man drink off his can,
And so my ditty endeth;
I willing am my friend to pledge,
For he will meet me one day;
Let's drink the barrel to the dregs,
For the mault-man comes a Monday.

No. CXXIV & CXXV. SALLY IN OUR ALLEY. The following is the author's account of the origin of this ballad. "A vulgar error having prevailed among many persons, who imagine Sally Salisbury the subject of this ballad, the author begs leave to undeceive and assure them it has not the least allusion to her, he being a stranger to her very name at the time this song was composed: for as innocence and virtue were ever the boundaries of his muse; so, in this little poem, he had no other view than to set forth the beauty of a chaste and disinterested passion, even in the lowest class of human life. The real occasion was this: a shoemaker's 'prentice, making holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying-chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields, from whence proceeding to the farthing Pye-house, he gave her a collation of buns, cheesecakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale, through all which scenes the author dodged them. Charmed with the simplicity of their courtship, he drew from what he had witnessed this little sketch of nature; but, being then young and obscure, he was very much ridiculed by some of his acquaintance for this performance, which nevertheless made its way into the polite world, and amply recompensed him by the applause of the *divine Addison*, who was pleased more than once to mention it with approbation."

No. CXXXI. O DEAR TWELVE-PENCE, I LOVE TWELVE-PENCE. Another version of this song, beginning "I love Sixpence, a jolly, jolly Sixpence," is to be found in Ritson's "Gammer Gurton's Garland, or the Nursery Parnassus," p. 40.

No. CXXXIV. HAVE YOU HEARD OF A FROLICKSOME DITTY. A copy of this ballad is in the collection of J. P. Collier, Esq. It is entitled "The Jolly Gentleman's Frolick, or the City Ramble, being an account of a young Gallant who wager'd to pass any of the Watches, without giving them an answer; but being stopp'd by the Constable at Cripplegate, was sent to the Counter, afterwards had before my Lord Mayor, and was clear'd by the intercession of My Lord Mayor's Daughter. To a pleasant new tune." It begins thus—

"Give ear to a frolicksome ditty,
Of one that a wager would lay
He'd pass any watch in the city,
And never a word he would say.
But dal, derra, rara," &c.

Another copy, black letter, is in Bagford's Collection of Ballads, Brit. Mus. (643 m.) with some difference in the title. It is called the "Ranting Rambler," and the name of the "pleasant new tune" is given as *The Rant*, or *Dal derra rara*.

No. CXXXIX. MALL PEATLY. This tune is in the "Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs," 3rd edition, 1685, and in "Apollo's Banquet for the Treble Violin," under the name of *The Old Marinett, or Mall Peatly*.

No. CXL. A DAMSEL I'M TOLD. Another name for this tune is *The Twitcher*. A copy of the words and music is to be found in Dr. Burney's Collection of Songs now in the British Museum.

No. CXLIX. WILSON'S WILE. In the collection of ballads in the possession of G. Daniel, Esq. is one by Thomas Deloney, dated 1586, to "Wilson's Tune," and which being exactly in the same measure as this air, in all probability refers to it. It is entitled "A proper newe sonet declaring the Lamentation of Becces, a market towne in Suffolke, which was in the great winde upon S. Andrewes eve last past most pittifully burned with fire, to the losse by estimation of twentie thousande Pound and upwarde, and to the number of foure score dwelling houses. To Wilson's Tune."

"With sobbing sighes and trickling teares
My state I doe lament,
Perceiving how God's heavie wrath
Against my sinnes is bent.
Let all men viewe my woeful fall,
And rue my woeful case,
And lerne hereby in speedy sort
Repentaunce to embrace," &c.

It is subscribed "Finis. T[homas]D[eloney], At London Imprinted by Robert Robinson for Nicholas Colms of Norwich, dwelling in S. Andrews Church yard 1586." Another copy of the same ballad is in the British Museum Collection.

No. CLV. MAD TOM. George Hayden's song, "Mad Tom," and his duet, "As I saw fair Clora," are to be found in a collection published by Pearson, entitled "The Merry Mountebank, or the Humorous Quack-Doctor," 1732.

No. CLXVII. JOAN'S ALE IS NEW, OR THE JOVIAL TINKER. This tune is to be found in the later editions of "The Dancing Master," in a minor instead of a major key, under the name of "Under and Over."

d d d

NO. CLXXXVIII. DEATH AND THE LADY. At the end of an old ballad in Mr. Daniel's collections, "Imprinted at London by Alexander Lacy," about 1572, is a still older woodcut representing Death and the Lady. It is there used as an ornament to fill up a blank at the end of a ballad to which it has no reference, but appears to have been originally engraved for this or one on the same subject. We have hitherto seen no printed copy of "Death and the Lady" so early as this date.

NO. CCIX. HOMBEX OF HOLMBY HOUSE was one of the palaces of Charles the First, in which he was confined, after being sold to the Parliament by the Scotch, with whom he had taken refuge.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

- P. 15, line 10, for "Henry VII." read *Henry VI.*
- 17 — 15, for "Harleian MS." read *Harleian MSS.*
- 18 — 22, for "could neather syne nor talke," read *colde ncather syng
nore talke.*
- 19 — 4, for "dyde" read *dyd*; and after line 5 the following is omitted:
Yt was not possyble for a mynstrell so much mony to have.
- 19 — 10, for "and sum" read *and with sum.*
- 30 Instead of verse 7, read as follows:
 " With such vehement force and might
 He did his body gore,
 The staff ran through the other side
 A large cloth-yard, and more."
- 40 — 11, for 1672 read 1762.
- 41 last line but 3, for "Sir J. Hawkins' Dictionary," read *Sir J. Hawkins'
History.*
- 42, line 18, for "second Edition," read *second Part.*
- 54 — 7, for "From Allan Ramsay's having written a song," read *From
a Song in Allan Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany.*
- 75 — 15, for "He'll sit and row," read *He'll set and row.*
- 89 — 17, for 1609 read 1611.
- 84 The first musical example is from Purcell's Harpsichord
 Lessons, not Sonatas.