

THE

Merry PIPER;

No 76

OR, THE POPISH

FRYAR & BOY.

IN TWO PARTS.



BY JAMES WOODS,

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The Fryar and the Boy.

P A R T I.

YOU that in pleasant tales delight,
 to pass the time away,
 Each long and tedious winter's night,
 read on this book I pray.
 The fascies which in this you'll find,
 will make you laugh your fill,
 They'll cure a melancholy Mind,
 beyond a Doctor's skill.
 A cup of nut-brown nappy ale,
 by a good fire side,
 Attended with a merry tale,
 is good at New-year's tide :
 And likewise all winter long,
 when friends together meet,
 For why, a tale, or meriy song,
 surpasses music sweet.
 Now such a one, my friends, is this
 delightful merry tract,
 It will make you laugh I wist,
 un'till your sides do crack
 An honest Squire in Huntingdonshire,
 three wives he did enjoy ;
 Now, by the first it doth appear,
 he had a pretty boy.
 With rosy cheeks and curled hair,
 Lis eye brows something sad ;
 Now if I may the truth declare,
 he was a werry lad.
 His tender mother being dead,
 it griev'd the father sore,
 For he a shrew at length did wed,
 who did like thunder roar.

She look'd on her young son-in-law,
with such an evil eye,

That if he any thing had done,
straight in his face she'd fly.

Tho' he submitted to her will,
in hopes her love to gain,

Yet she did still the tyrant play,
his labour was in vain.

The step mother she hated him,
and so malicious grew,

That sure I am she was a limb,
of the infernal crew.

Brown bread and four beer, God wot,
she did for him prepare,

While she had geese and capons hot,
with other dainty fare:

Nay, tho' his meat and drink was poor,
he had not half enough,

Yet if he seem'd to crave for more,
his ears she straight would cuff.

His father lov'd him passing well,
as of a truth I know;

And yet, good man, he could not tell,
what way to tame a shrew.

A weary life her husband led,
about his son, for why?

Each night when he did come to bed,
this was her constant cry,

*O put this wicked boy away,
let him be firmly tied*

*To some hard mæster, that he may,
be sure to thrash his hide:*

*At home, said she, he will be spoil'd,
with pleasure and delight:*

And thus against him she revild,
both morning, noon, and night.

The tender father thus did say,
my child's too young as yet,

After another year he may,
 far greater wages get.
 We have a lusty lad you know,
 who does our cattle keep,
 The field he rambles too and fro,
 then lies him down to sleep :
 But there he shall no longer roam,
 good wife, as God's my shield ;
 I'll find him other work at home,
 and Jack shall trudge the field.
 I give content, she reply'd,
 and if the same you'll do,
 Against his going I'll provide,
 a bag and bottle too ;
 For she was highly pleas'd at this
 joy sat on her brow ;
 Thought she I can my squire kiss,
 while Jack's among the cows.
 The 'Squire to his son did call,
 and told him his intent ;
 He cry'd, with all my heart, I shall,
 with joy and merriment.
 For he was dutiful indeed,
 Right willing to obey ;
 Next morning he arose with speed,
 just by the break of day,
 Thinking no living creature wrong,
 to th' field he did repair,
 Singing and whistling all along,
 weigh ho, away the mare.
 Spent away the morning soon,
 all in a pleasant mood ;
 And then he sat himself down at noon,
 to eat his homely food.
 Then looking on his slender store,
 of barley, bread, and meat
 And finding that it was but poor,
 he had no mind to eat.

Which done he put it up again,
 secure from any fight
 Saying his hunger should remain,
 till he came home at night.
 He sat upon hill hard by,
 to pass the time away ;
 At length an aged man drew nigh,
 whole palsey head was grey.
 God save thee, son, the man reply'd,
 and shield the from all ill ;
 Thank you, father, the lad cry'd,
 for all your kind good will.
 Quoth he, I am a palmer poor,
 sad hunger is my grief,
 Then hast thou any food in store,
 to yield me some relief ?
 The boy laid, father, since you crave
 that small request of me,
 To such poor victuals as I have,
 right welcome you shall be.
 The little boy his denner drew,
 and gave it the old man,
 Saying, dear father, pray fa o o
 eat freely if you can.
 He was not very hard to please,
 but fed with muckle joy ;
 Now when his stomach was at ease,
 he thank'd the little boy.
 And since, thou didst not refuse
 to do what thou hast done.
 Three things, whatever you choose,
 I ll give to thee, my son.
 The first thing I'd have you bestow
 on me without dispute,
 Pray let it be a cunning bow,
 with which I birds my shoot.
 Thou shalt have a bow, ;
 I have it here in store my son,

No archer living ever had
 so sure a one before.
 Take notice well of what I say,
 such virtues are in this,
 That wink or look another way,
 the mark thou shalt not miss.
 Now when he had the bow in hand,
 with arrowes by his side,
 The little lad did smiling stand,
 and modestly reply'd.
 I wish I had a pipe likewise,
 tho' it were ne'er so small,
 The which I trow would me suffice,
 for nothing more I'd call.
 A pipe I have for thee, my boy,
 the like was never known,
 So full of mirth and mickle joy,
 that whensoever 'tis blown,
 All living creatures that do hear
 the sweet and pleatant sound,
 They shan't be able to forbear,
 but dance-and skip around.
 Now tell me what shall be the third,
 tho' it be ne'er so dear ;
 Resolv'd I am to keep my word,
 speak up, and do not fear.
 The boy then smiling answered, No
 you are too kind and free ;
 I have a pleasant pipe and bow,
 which enough for me.
 But son, I solemnly do swear,
 that you three things shall have,
 And therefore now in brief declare,
 what you request and crave.
 Then said the boy, I do protest,
 a step-mother have I,
 Who will not let me live at rest,
 she swears continually,

Whene'er my father gives me meat,
 her frowns on me she'll cast,
 Wishing that ev'ry bit I eat,
 might truly be my last,
 When e'er she stares upon me so,
 thinking to keep me under,
 I wish her bum might then let go,
 a crack like roaring thunder.
 Quoth the old man, it shall be so,
 as you shall hear and see ;
 For by the ma's I'll make her know
 what 'tis to frown on thee.
 Whene'er she looks upon thy face
 with any shew of scorn,
 Then to her shame and high disgrace,
 her arse shall wind the horn
 So loud, that all the standers by,
 shall hear her with disdain,
 Laughing at her continually,
 yet shall she trump again.
 My blessing now at last receive,
 may you in safety dwell,
 And therewithall I take my leave,
 my little lad farewell
 I thank you, father, said the boy,
 all heppiness on you ;
 Long life also may you enjoy,
 and to fare well, adieu.
 Now when the sun was almost set,
 young Jack would homeward go ;
 And being in a merry fit,
 his pipe he needs must blow,
 The cows began to caper then,
 the bulls and oxen too,
 And to aid five and twenty men,
 who came the sight to view.
 Along the road he piping went,
 the cows came dancing after ;

This was a fit of merriment,
 which caus'd a deal of laughter !
 Far why, a fryar in his gown,
 bestride the red cow's back
 And so went dancing thro, the town,
 after the wag young Jack.
 Unto the close he led them straight,
 to take their night's repose,
 So having lock'd and barr'd the gate,
 he homeward piping goes :
 Now when the hall he did come near
 to pipe he did forbear,
 Because his loving father dear,
 he sat at supper there.
 Father, said he, this lummer's day,
 with care I kept your nout,
 And I am almost starv'd I say,
 for nothing have I eat ;
 At noon I sat me down indeed,
 upon a little hill,
 My food was bad, I could not fedd,
 so I am fasting still.
 The 'Squire took a capen hot,
 and gave it to his son,
 Saying, thou shalt not be forgot,
 good service hast thou done.
 The boy began to play his part,
 and tore it limb from limb :
 The step-mother was vex'd at heart,
 for still she hated him.
 Then with a scornful envious eye,
 upon the lad she frown'd ;
 With that a cracker she let fly,
 it seem'd to shake the ground :
 She blush'd, while they made pleasant
 the little boy reply'd, (sport ;
 My mother has a good report
 you hear, at her back side.

Sure had there been a cannon-ball,
 with such a force it flew,
 It would have beaten down the Wall,
 perhaps the chimney too.

She gave another curſed look,
 then ſtraight her bum did roar ;
 At which the very table ſhook,
 which ſham'd her more and more.

The lad reply'd, dear mother, take
 a cup before your parting,
 For I am confident you'll break,
 your twatling-ſtrings with farting.

What it's you ail? at my command,
 ſtep mother tell me true,
 Sure ſuch a one in all the land,
 before I never knew.

The 'Squire cry'd you make us deaf,
 wife take another room,

For fear you choke and ſtop your breath,
 with ſuch a ſtrange perfume,

Immediately ſhe went away,
 with viſage groſs and grim ;

Swearing that Jack for this ſhould pay,
 ſhe'd be reveng'd on him.

A fryar whom ſhe thought a ſaint,
 came there to lodge that night,

To whom ſhe made a ſad complaint,
 how Jack had ſham'd her quite,

Said ſhe, for ſweet St. Francis's ſake,
 to morrow in the field,

Thrash him till you his bones do break,
 no ſhow of pity yield.

The fryar ſwore by his bald pate,
 he'd make him blind and lame ;

And not allow him for to prate,
 when to the field he came.

Next morning with the early lark,
 the little boy aroſe ;

- And drove the cattle through the parks,
 away to the field he goes,
 'The fryar did not rise to soon,
 'cause of the morning air ;
 'But yet before it was high noon,
 he ran and found him there.
 'For all alone this little lad,
 was standing by his cows ;
 'The fryar he was raving mad,
 and knit his ragged brows.
 Said he, young villain blush for shame,
 why do you silent stand ?
 'What have you done to your step dame,
 come tell me out of hand ?
 'Now if yourself you cannot clear,
 take notice it is so ;
 'I'll make a cripple of you here,
 you shall not stand or go.
 'The boy reply'd don't threaten me,
 nor make so much ado ;
 'My step-mother, I know what she
 is, full as well as you.
 'Sir fryar, be not in a rage,
 nor such hard things report ;
 'For tho' I am of tender age
 I'll shew you pleasant sport.
 'Stand by, and you shall see me shoot,
 you pheasant of the tree ;
 'The mark I'll hit without dispute,
 and give the bird to thee.
 ' This pretty pheasant perching sat,
 ' upon a thorny briar,
 ' Now Jack he had no sooner shot,
 ' but straightway ran the fryar.
 ' He being eager of his prey,
 ' did to the bush advance ;
 ' Jack on his pipe began to play,
 ' which made him skip and dance.

- He was not able to forbear,
 ' but danc'd the bush about ;
 His hands and eyes the brier tore,
 ' and scratch'd him by the snout.
 A woeful pickle he was in,
 ' with dancing through and through ;
 His cloaths is tore, and then his skin,
 ' his privy members too
 Ran down with streams of purple gore,
 ' his bun did likewise bleed ;
 All over him he was as sore,
 ' as if he had been dead.

- The fryar skip'd and caper'd high,
 ' while Jack he laughing stands,
 The fryar then aloud did cry,
 ' and held up both his hands.
 Sweet gentle John some pity take,
 ' and lay your piping by ;
 Even for dear St. Francis s sake,
 ' let me not dancing die.
 Quoth he I'll not wrong you, no,
 ' if thou wilt set me free :
 O then said Jack, I ll let thee go,
 ' pray come no more to me.
 Out of the bush the fryar came,
 ' all in a tattered trim ;
 With a tore shirt and bloody bones,
 ' no bedlam like to him.
 Some people did before him flee.
 ' some pelted him with stones :
 For most of them took him to be
 ' raw head and bloody bones.
 Then home he went with scarce a rag.
 ' to hide his naked back,
 Thus he had little cause to brag,
 ' how he had crippled Jack.
 The step mother fretted at heart,
 ' to see him in that case,

- From head to foot in every part,
 he had not one free place.
 Where hast thou been the woman cry'd,
 thou art in such a trim?
 With Jack the devil, he reply'd,
 but none can conquer him.
 She at her husband then did scold,
 and cry'd, your curled son
 Deals with the devil, for behold
 what the young elf has done.
 The 'Squire cry'd, what has he done,
 speak now before I go;
 Can I believe that Jack my son,
 could flea the fryar so.
 The fryar cry'd, he did by chance,
 a cunning plot contrive;
 Amongst the thorns he made me dance,
 till I was flea alive
 A pipe he has that sounds so sweet,
 that when the same he blew,
 I could not stand still on my feet,
 but caper'd through and through.
 The 'Squire cry'd, if thou had't died,
 in such a dancing mood,
 Then had it been a cruel sin.
 the boy was something rude.
 Jack bringing home the cows at night,
 his father straight did call,
 For him to go with all his night,
 before him in the hall.
 What is the cause of this complaint?
 tell me and do not lie;
 Here you have almost kill'd a faist;
 Jack made him this reply.
 A fit of mirth I play'd indeed,
 and he was pleas'd to dance;
 He might have taken better heed,
 and not in briars prance.

His father then the pipe would hear,
 and Jack reply'd you shall ;
 The fryar he did quake for fear,
 and wrug his hands withall.
 He cry d, and then his eyes did weep,
 that word kills me almost ;
 Yet if you needs must hear the pipe,
 then bind me to a post.
 Now in the middle of the hall,
 a stout pillar was there,
 And lest this precious saint might fall
 they bound him fast with care.
 All laughed to see the fryar stand,
 yet Jack did little say,
 But took his pleasant pipe in hand,
 a merry strain to play.
 No sooner did they hear the sound,
 but they began to spring,
 Making the very stools rebound,
 the hall with mirth did ring,
 Nay, some of them so high did hop,
 without the least regard ;
 That they against the cieling top,
 did hit their heads full hard.
 Some hit their nose, some their chins,
 striving to caper higher ;
 Some o'er the table broke their shins,
 some tumbled in the fire.
 The 'squire he was pleas'd at heart,
 he lik'd the merry jest,
 And in the dancing bore a part,
 as well as all the rest
 The wife danc'd on the squire's back
 and to increase the sport,
 Whene'er she cast her eyes on Jack,
 her bum gave loud report.
 The fryar he came almost dead,
 whilst others danc'd their fill,

Against the pillar bang'd his head,
 for he could not stand still.
 His ragged flesh the ropes did tear ;
 and likewise from his crown,
 With many bangs and bruises there
 the blood ran trickling down
 Into the street Jack piping went,
 and they came dancing after
 And tho' with labour almost spent,
 this fill'd the town with laughter
 And also every neighbour round,
 came dancing out of door,
 For such a sweet and pleasant sound
 they never heard before.
 With very haste some did break locks,
 that pleasure to pursue,
 Some in their shirts end some in smocks,
 this was a jovial crew.
 There did they caper in the street,
 come lame that could not go ;
 Did dance upon their hands and feet,
 and joggling to and fro.
 Quoth Jack, I'll lay my pipe aside
 dear father if you please,
 I pray thee do, sweet son, he cry'd,
 and let us take our ease.
 Now have I seen a jovial crew,
 I speak it to thy praise,
 Such mirth as this I never knew,
 before in all my days.
 The fryar he broke loose and came,
 just as the dance was done,
 And tho' his limbs were almost lame,
 unto the boy he run
 And said, for all your witchcraft here,
 and vain delightful sport,
 I summons you to appear,
 in our religious court

On Friday, see you do not fail
 to meet me at that place ;
 The court I know will hear my tale,
 and bring thee to disgrace.
 Then quoth the lad, as for my part,
 a fig for future sorrow.
 I'd meet you there with all my heart
 if Friday was to morrow.
 On Friday when the court was set,
 the dancing fryar came,
 And Jack his holy father met,
 and likewise his step-dame.
 The people all both far and near,
 came flocking to the place,
 They being all resolv'd to hear
 poor Jack the pipet's case.
 Some causes there was read that day,
 against both priest and clerk,
 And of young girls that run astray,
 with gallants in the dark.
 The proctors they all busy were,
 Jack's step mother went in,
 So did the fryar ;, standing there,
 his tale he did begin
 A wicked boy I here have brought,
 I pray take him in hand,
 For he has my destruction wrought,
 as you shall understand.
 He is a witch, I know it well,
 a little devil too,
 If there be e'er a one in hell ;
 for he has made me rue.
 The step-mother did then complain,
 about a minute after,
 But soon her bum did trump amain,
 which set all in a laughter.
 The proctor said, speak on good wife,
 and never blush for this,

She leads a very modest life,
that never does amiss.

With shame she then held down her head,
and stood like one that's dumb

For she, God wot, began to dread,
the roaring of the bum.

O shamelets lad, quoth Fryar Stone,
an ill death may'st thou die,

For this thy wicked art alone,
that makes her pellets fly.

The fryar then aloud did call,
upon the opon court,

And said, this boy will shame us all,
by his unlawful sport.

A pipe he has I do declare,
and those that shall it hear,

They han't the power to forbear,
but caper without fear.

A proctor said, what! say'st thou so?
his pipe I fain would hear;

Come, little Jack, thy cunaing show,
play with a merry cheer.

The fryar cry'd, not so I pray,
for, proctor, by this light,

If Jack once more his pipe does play,
I shall be kill'd outright.

But yet the learned proctor bold,
gave Jack a strict command,

That he should not his art withhold,
but take his pipe in hand.

With that he play'd a lesson loud,
the court immediately,

Rose up together in a croud,
and danc'd and caper'd high.

The learned priests and proctors they,
with all the other crew,

In the town-hall they danc'd away,
and desks they overthrew.

Still as they caper'd to and fro,
 and from the ground did rise ;
 One gave the fryar such a blow,
 which beat out both his eyes.
 The writer from his desk did jump,
 into the thickest throng,
 And fell upon the step-dame's rump
 and threw her all along.
 Now by the fury of his fall,
 her breech did roar like thunder
 As if she meant to slay them all,
 and rend the roof afunder.
 Some danc'd with forms and some with
 the table they jump'd over ; (stools,
 Jack laugh'd to see a throng of fools
 with all their garments tore.
 Some girls that were great with child,
 who had the laws transgress'd,
 Came thither to be reconcil'd
 and danc'd among the rest.
 Their maiden-heads were crack'd before,
 by youthful venial sins,
 But now their grief is somewhat more,
 for here they broke their shins,
 The proctor, priest, and all the men
 besought the little boy,
 That he would leave off piping then
 lest he should them destroy.
 The little boy then reply'd,
 to this I will agree ;
 My pipe shall soon be laid aside,
 so I may but go free.
 The proctor and prodigious throng
 this voice they did forth send,
 E'er he should suffer any wrong,
 his cause they would defend.
 Jack put his pipe under his belt,
 so all the tribe stood still ;

Then gifts to him they freely dealt,
 with thanks for his good will,
 The fryar and the step mother,
 returned back with shame ;
 He values neither him nor her,
 but follows still his game.
 In mirth he past his time away,
 at length he chanc'd to find
 The same old man upon a day,
 who was to him so kind
 To whom he told what sport had'past,
 which vext the fryar sore ;
 He gave Jack other charms at last,
 which plagu'd them ten times more.
 Young Jack he did not care a fart,
 for any of the crew,
 Read but at large the second part,
 and 'twill your mirth renew.

END of the FIRST PART.



P A R T II.

YOU Lads and lasses that can read,
 and you that fain would learn.
 Herein you may your fancies feed,
 and pleasant tales discern.
 If once they're fairly understood,
 deny it if you can ;
 The merry tales of Robin Hood,
 Scarlet and Little John,
 Cannot compare with this small book
 which I present to you.
 Then Reader slight it not, but look
 you read the same quite through,
 And then you'll be well satisfy'd
 that I the truth have spoke,
 For all the book is beautify'd,
 with many a pleasant joke.
 A merry boot there is between
 the Fryar and the Boy,
 In which whole crowds were dancing seen
 in mad and mickle joy.
 The little lad whose name was Jack,
 he had a step mother,
 To whom he prov'd so arch a crack,
 that scarce is such another ;
 For he a pleasant pipe had got,
 from a poor Hermit old,
 Likewise a bow with which he shot,
 the like was never sold ;
 With which he made delightful sport
 upon a poor old Fryar,
 And in the very Proctor's court
 he did the Lawyers ire.
 His step mother amongst the rout,
 where'er she look'd on Jack,

Was forc'd to dance and trump about,
 like any thunder crack ;
 Which vex'd his mother to the heart,
 and the old Fryar too ;
 But Jack had play'd a second part,
 such lads there are but few.
 Jack's father sent him forth again,
 once more to keep his sheep,
 When passing through a narrow lane,
 he did the Hermit meet,
 Who gave him the enchanted bow,
 the pipe and trumpet strains,
 To whom he made a conjee low,
 and thank'd him for his pains,
 O loving father, he reply'd,
 right happy may you be,
 Because I am well satisfy'd,
 you were a friend to me.
 The very gifts which I receiv'd
 from your good aged hand,
 Have oftentimes the Fryar griev'd,
 I have him at command.
 The aged Hermit then reply'd,
 give me some drink I pray,
 Out of the bottle by your side,
 I have not drank to day.
 Take it, said he, with all my heart,
 and further if you please,
 You shall sit down and take a part
 of my poor bread and cheese ;
 I pray you do not spare to eat
 of such as you now see,
 Yet if I had the best of meat,
 right welcome should you be.
 The Hermit eat and drank his fill,
 and when he thus had done,
 For Jack's free heart and his good will,
 he said, my loving son,

I'll give thee one three wishes more,
 whatever thou wilt crave;
 For I have many things in store,
 and thou the best shall have.
 I wish a stock of points I had,
 made of enchanted leather.
 Then when the people all dance mad,
 they may be ty'd together.
 By two and two in various shapes,
 according to my mind,
 And so to skip about like apes
 till I do them unbind.
 The Hermit said, the cunning points,
 I'll give thee now with ease.
 And thou shalt tie and bind their joints,
 and loose them as you please.
 Come tell me now my pretty boy,
 what thou wilt have beside;
 What thou are willing to enjoy,
 shall never be deny'd.
 Father, said he, a cunning spell
 let me not go without,
 That I may fix a ringing bell,
 on every womans snout.
 Who does the wanton way-tale play,
 with Fryars in the dark,
 That Fryars too as well as they,
 may bear the same mark.
 So soon as ever they shall hear,
 my pipe's delightful sound,
 That to the world it may appear
 how they in sins abound.
 I grant thy wish with all my heart,
 in love and free good wil
 Though they endure pain and smart
 the bells shall gingle still
 And cause them to become a scoff,
 till they thy love obtain.

Who power hath to take them off,
or fix them on again.

Come tell me what the last most be,
my boy and pretty bird,
For sure the number most be three,
according to my word.

The lad he made him this reply,
all cuckolds far and near ;

When they my merry pipe draw nigh,
let them with horns appear ;

Whenever they are dancing led
in strange and various forms,

I wish to graft upon each head
a lusty pair of horns ;

That I hereby may cuckolds know
from other honest men,

The hermit cry'd, it shall be so,
thou hast three wishes then,

Go on and prosper with them all,
right happy shalt thou be,

For there is none alive that shall
enjoy such charms but thee,

I thank you father for your love,
I have my hearts desire ;

And make no question but to prove
Vexations to the Friar .

My step-mother I'll not excuse,
the proctors nor their clerks,

Nor any that shall me abuse,
I'll f. o'ck with the spurs,

Your kindness let me gratify,
here take this good old groat ;

And till the very day I die,
you shall be in my thought.

He took the groat and then reply'd,
this does much comfort yield,

You're welcome father, Jack he cry'd,
and so he trudg'd the field.

As by a barn he chanc'd to pass,
 by accident he saw,
 A young man and a bonny lass,
 lie sporting upon the straw.
 Wishing for points he ty'd them fast,
 together as they lay ;
 Then blowing of a merry blast,
 his pipes aloud did play.
 They jumped out of the barn door
 into an open green ;
 O such a sight as this before
 I think was never seen.
 The man and maid did pull and haul,
 yet could not get abroad :
 At length aloud for help they call,
 like roaring claps of thunder.
 Then came on the good old dame,
 from carding of her wool,
 The sight she saw, and blush'd for shame
 yet she was pitiful.
 Because they were in sad distress,
 to them she straight way hied,
 But Jack he tied her nevertheless
 unto the maid's backside.
 And fix'd a bell unto her snout,
 this was Jack's merriment
 The old woman she bit her thumb,
 and bitterly did frown :
 And with her card she claw'd their bum,
 until the blood ran down.
 The man he aloud did roar,
 so did the damsel too ;
 Their buttocks being so much tore,
 the like you never knew.
 They caper'd high and also low,
 they could not be at rest
 But still as Jack his pipes did blow,
 they thought themselves possest.

The scratches like as dreadful stripes
 they cry'd we cannot stand;
 Sure these are some enchanted pipes,
 the devil is at hand.

Ay, so he is, I do suppose,
 the old wife then reply'd

For there's a bell upon my nose,
 I know not how 'tis tied.

The thoughts of it do me provoke,
 for why, alas I fear

My spectacles they will be broke
 With so much bubbling here.

They danc'd along I know not how
 at length young Jack he brought 'em

All through a dirty slimey flow,
 said she, I now have taught them

A trick for playing of the game,
 clo's by the highway side;

They shall be punish'd for the same
 I will be satisfy'd.

Still he did pipe and they did skip,
 it filled him with laughter,

He o'ea a large river leapt'
 and they came louncing after,

Through all the flowing water where
 they wash'd themselves all o'er;

Then honest Jack he did declare,
 he'd punish them no more,

He parted them and said farewell,
 now you have wash'd your cloaths;

But yet he left the little bell,
 at the old woman's nose.

They went trudging dropping dry
 quite from top to toe;

The old wife did often cry,
 adds foot, I do not know

What I shall do with this small bell,
 it bobs from side to side?