

Hodge of the Mill;

O R

An old Woman Clothed in Grey.

To which is added,

The Staffordshire TRAGEDY.

The pleasures of WOOING.

The SHEPHERDESS Lamenting
her drowned LOVER.



Entered according to Order:

An old WOMAN clothed in GREY.

AN old Woman clothed in grey,
 had a daughter was charming and
 But she was deluded astray, (young,
 by Roger's false flattering tongue;
 With whom she often had been,
 abroad in the meadows and fields,
 Her belly grew up to her chin,
 her spirits sunk down to her heels.

At length she began for to puke?
 her mother possessed with fear,
 She gave her a gentle rebuke, (ear;
 and cry'd daughter a word in your
 I doubt you've been playing the fool,
 which many call, Hey ding a ding,
 Why did you not follow my rule,
 and tie your two toes in a string.

O mother! your counsel I took,
 but yet I was never the near:
 He won my heart with a false look,
 and his word so enchanted my ear,
 That your precepts I soon did forget,
 he on me, and would have his scope;
 It is but a folly to fret,
 'tis done, and for it there's no help.

Then, who is the father of it?
 come tell me without more delay;
 For now I am just in the fit,
 to go and hear what he will say,
 It is Roger, the damsel reply'd,
 he call'd me his dear pretty bird,
 And said that I should be his bride?
 but he was not so good as his word.

What! Roger, that lives at the mill,
 yes, verily, mother, the same,
 What! Roger, that lives at the mill!
 I'll hop to him tho' I'm lame.
 Go fetch me my crutches with speed,
 and bring me my spectacles too,
 A lecture to him I will read,
 shall ring in his ears thro' and thro'.

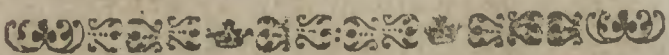
With that she went hopping away,
 and went to young Hodge of the mill,
 On whom she her crutches did lay,
 and cry'd you have ruin'd my girl,
 By getting her dear maidenhead,
 'tis true, you can no way deny;
 Therefore I advise you to wed,
 and make her as honest as I.

Then, what will you give me, quoth
 Hodge,
 if I take your daughter by hand,
 Will you make me heir of your lodge,
 your house, your money, and land.

With all the barns and ploughs,
 your cattle and money also!
 If so, I will make her my spouse,
 speak up, Are you willing or no.

Then Goody took Hodge by the hand,
 let it be for to have and to hold,
 I will make you the heir of my land,
 my houses, my silver, and gold,
 Make her but your honoured wife,
 and you shall be lord of my store,
 Whene'er I surrender my life,
 in case it were forty times more.

The bargain was presently struck,
 they wedded;--and this being done,
 The old woman wish'd them good luck,
 being proud of her daughter and son.
 Then, hey for a girl or boy;
 young Peg look'd as big as a Duchess,
 The old woman caper'd for joy,
 and danc'd them a jig in her crutches.



The STAFFORDSHIRE TRAGEDY.

To its own proper Tune.

NEAR Burton-town in Staffordshire,
 I here liv'd a farmer's daughter fair
 On a game-keeper as we find,
 This damsel she did fix her mind.

Three years & more had courted been
 At last she prov'd with child to him,
 By her some hours in tears were spent,
 When he to others courting went.

One ev'ning she went to the park,
 She met her love with aching heart;
 She said, O dear, what shall I do,
 You know I am with child by you.

I will not marry yet, said he,
 For while I'm single I am free,
 And thus from's side a durk he drew,
 He pierc'd her tender body thro'.

He cut her up immediatly,
 Into her womb the babe did cry,
 And there he laid them 'mong the thorns
 And the sweet babie in her arms.

The neighbours that did hear the cry
 They came to her immediatly,
 There they found her among the thorns,
 Her babie crawling in her arms.

The neighbours flocked all around,
 And quickly who she was they found,
 And told her father and mother dear,
 Which caused them shed many a tear.

They took the man before 'twas long,
 And bound him in a prison strong;
 And soon he was condemn'd to die,
 Upon the gallows-tree so high.

And when the gallows-tree he trode,
 He own'd that he the murder did;
 Four of them in one grave did ly,
 And for the murder I must die.

O if I could their life restore,
 Ten thousand worlds I'd give therefore,
 From wicked ways I would remove,
 That I might die in peace and love.

May this be a warning to mankind,
 In courtship that they may be kind;
 I promis'd marriage but did not wed,
 The gallows proves my marriage-bed.



The PLEASURES of WOOING.

To its own proper Tune.

FArewel to the pleasures of wooing,
 the bank and the lilly so gay,
 Till once my poor heart was deluded,
 — and by a false man stole away.

Young women beware of delusion,
 and be not o'er fond of young men,
 For soon they'll prove your confusion,
 if once your affection they gain.

For first they'll shorten your apron,
 and then they'll shorten your gown,
 But woes me for my bonny lassie,
 when once she begins to look down,

They'll fill up her health in a bumper,
 and cause the whole cup to go round,
 And they will drink it o'er and o'er,
 and choose a true lover the morn.

But woes me that e'er I believ'd them,
 for oftentimes they charmed me,
 They robb'd me of all my treasure,
 my heart and my virginity.

Young men they are glorious creatures,
 it's a pity so false they were ay,
 They're fickle like weather in winter,
 they'll heat and they'll cool in a day.

What need I tell it o'er and o'er,
 what I in my bosom do find,
 They'll wheedle & cox till you're ruin'd,
 and then all your pleasure does end.

*****!*****

The SHEPHERDESS Lamenting
 her Drowned LOVER.

YE Maids of the village attend,
 to the sorrowful tale I now speak,
 Oh! refuse not your comfort to lend,
 for my heart is just ready to break!

You know my dear Celadon well,
 he was sprightly & handsome & young
 On his lips what persuasion did dwell?
 how melodiously soft was his song?

He was all my fond heart e'er desir'd,
 he was all that was gen'rous & brave,
 What pity the charms I admir'd,
 from death had not power to save.

But just as the day did approach,
 to give the dear youth to my arms,
 From the water they brought me his corpse
 how faded were all his gay charms.

As the lilly, when drooping with rain,
 dejectedly hangs down his head,
 So languish his beautiful cheek,
 and all it's vermilion was fled.

His voice, that as music was sweet,
 no more I enraptur'd shall hear,
 No more the fond swain shall repeat,
 a tale of soft love in my ear.

Convey the dear youth to his grave,
 lest the beautiful form I adore,
 Yet one silent kiss let me have,
 for, alas! I shall see him no more.

Ye maidens attend on his bier,
 and strew all the path-way with flow'rs,
 And oh! ye kind Deities hear! (ours!
 may their loves be more happy than

As for me, I will henceforth beware,
 how in love I engage my fond heart;
 For though love is a joy, how severe
 is the pang from a lover to part.