

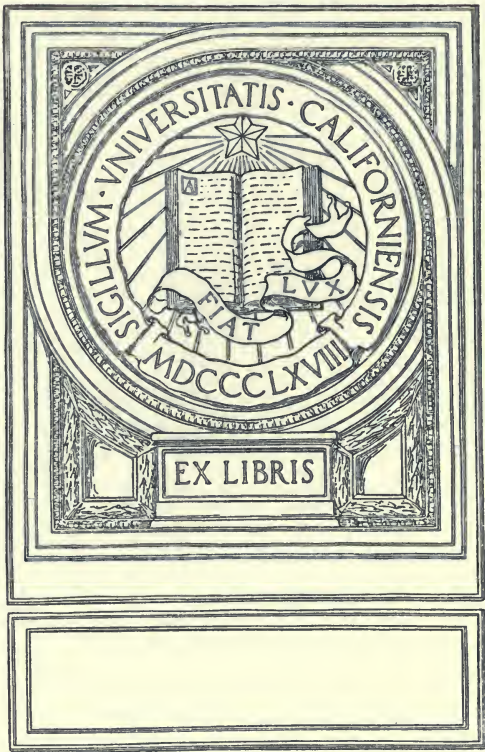
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ANTIENT DROLLERIES.

(No. 2.)

Pimlyco, or, Kunne Red-Cap.

1609.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY
THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS,

WITH A PREFACE BY
A. H. BULLEN.

OXFORD:
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1891.

ANTIENNT DROLLERIES.

(No. 2.)

The number of copies is strictly limited to Three Hundred.

ANTIENT DROLLERIES.

(No. 2.)

copied in Gallows

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TIS A MAD WORLD AT HOGSDON.

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Oxford

HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

TO THE
UNIVERSITY

PREFACE.

HOGSDON, or HOXTON, a not very cheerful quarter of the town to-day, was formerly a favourite resort of holiday-makers. It was noted for cakes, custards, and "Pimlico" ale.

The origin of the name "Pimlico" has been discussed from time to time in *Notes and Queries*, but more light is still needed. It is usually stated that a person named Pimlico kept a place of entertainment at Hoxton, and that the place was afterwards called by his name. In the first volume of the first series of *Notes and Queries* Edward F. Rimbault quoted from *Newes from Hogsdon*, 1598,— "Have at thee [*sic*] then, my merrie boyes, and hey for old Ben Pimlico's nut browne." I have never seen the *Newes* (which Rimbault described as unique); and I should have been inclined to regard the quotation as spurious if Rimbault had not expressly stated that he wrote with the tract before him. In early seventeenth century plays there are many references to the place Pimlico, and to Pimlico ales; but I cannot recall any mention of Ben Pimlico.

On 15th April 1609 "a book called *Pimlico or Runne Red Capp* tis a mad world at *Hogsdon*" was

entered by the publisher John Busby in the Stationers' Register (*Arber's Transcript*); and on 24th April the same publisher entered "a ballad called *Haue with you to Pimlico*." Both the book and the ballad were transferred on 3rd May to William Barley. The ballad may be extant, but I have never seen it; the "book" is here reproduced, among our *Antient Drolleries*, for the amusement of curious readers.

The anonymous writer describes with much gusto how people of every degree flocked to Hogsden to drink the Pimlico ales. Play-goers deserted the Fortune and the Bull for the attractions of Pimlico:—

"Each afternoone thy House being full,
Makes Fortune blind, or Gelds The Bull." (SIG. D. 2.)

In 1609, when our tract appeared, Pimlico seems to have reached the height of its prosperity; for in 1610 Ben Jonson, in *The Alchemist* (v. 1), speaks of its notoriety as a thing of the past:—

"Gallants, men and women,
And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here
In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hogsden,
In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright¹."

But for many years afterwards, as we learn from the pages of Shirley, Jasper Mayne, Glapthorne, &c.,

¹ "Eyebright" is mentioned in our tract:—

"Eyebright, (so fam'd of late for Beere)
Although thy Name be numbred heere,
Thine ancient Honors now runne low;
Thou art struck blind by Pimlyco."

Pimlico continued to be a place of entertainment. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (6th Series, 9, 296) quoted from *A New Dictionary of the Terms, Ancient and Modern, of the Canting Crew* (n. d., early eighteenth century),—"Pimlico.—A noted Cake-house formerly, but now converted into a Bowling-green of good repute at Hogsden near London." To this day the name is preserved in Pimlico Walk, a narrow alley leading from High Street, Hoxton, to the Church¹.

If I were in the mood for annotation, the little tract here reproduced would afford ample opportunities; but I refrain. In this short series of *Antient Drolleries* I propose to give mere reprints of quaint out-of-the-way tracts. The series will, I trust, be useful to those who are studying or editing Elizabethan Writers. Shakespearean editors may notice that the present tract testifies to the popularity of *Pericles* (printed in the same year, 1609):—

“(As at a New-play) all the Roomes
Did swarme with Gentiles mix'd with Groomes.
So that I truly thought, all These
Came to see *Shore*, or *Pericles*.” (SIG. C.)

¹ The Pimlico in the West is of later date than Pimlico, Hoxton. Cunningham gives some extracts from the books of the overseers of the poor for St. Martin's in the Fields, dated 1626 to 1630; and these are said to supply the earliest notices of the Western Pimlico. There is a hamlet named Pimlico in Oxfordshire, and there is (or was) a Pimlico in Dublin. A small West Indian island bears the name; and in Barbadoes there was “a strange bird the Pemlico, which presageth storms.”

Shore is, I suppose, Heywood's *Edward IV.*

Pimlico is a rare tract. Our reprint is from the copy¹ in the Malone collection, Bodleian library. Malone's is the only copy that I know, but probably others are extant. There was a copy among the books that Robert Burton (Democritus Junior) bequeathed to the Bodleian, but it seems to have disappeared. I know not what became of Heber's copy.

169, *New Bond Street, London,*

14th August, 1891.

¹ I thought there would be no harm in reproducing the portrait of Elinour Rummin (which is bound up with Malone's copy) from the 1624 edition of Skelton's well-known poem.

ELINOR RUMMIN,
The famous Ale-wife of *England*.

Written by Mr. *Skelton*, Poet Laureat to King
Henry the egiht



*When Skelton wore the Lawrell Crowne,
My Ale put all the Ale-wiues downe.*

LONDON

Printed for *Samuel Rand* 1624.



PIMLYCO.

OR,

Runne Red-Cap.

Tis a mad world at *Hogsdon*.




AT LONDON,

Printed for *Jo: Busbie, and Geo:*

LOFTIS, and are to bee sould vnder St.

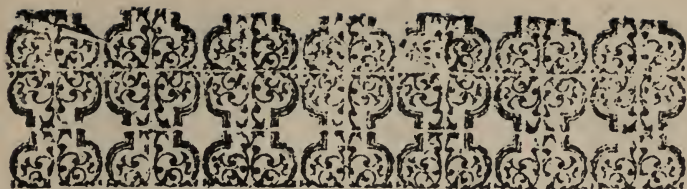
Peters Church in Cornhill. 1609.

(**)


Patrono Pimlyconico.

*Facie Claro,
Facetijs Raro,
Thoma Normano.*

ALL hayle, (*ò Tom Norman,*)
I make thee, the *Foreman*
Of *Pimlyco* Iury:
You are chargd to enquire Sir,
What kindles that fire fir,
That burnes with such fury.
What fire doe you suppose fir?
Tis the fire of your *Nose* fir,
Which your *Face* beares about.
For (like to the fornace,
That glowes in the *Glasse-house,*)
It neuer goes out.
To keepe that hye *Colour,*
And make it looke fuller,
You shall die it in graine fir:
Of the *Pimlyco* Iuice,
If you get the right vse,
O how well will it staine fir.
I create you *Sole Patron*
Of the *Pimlyco* *Squadron*
choose therefore *Ale-cunners.*
That now against *Easter,*
(If you purpose to feast there)
may be your fore-runners:
Hoyst then vp your *Sayle* fir,
For rich *Pimlyco* *Ale* fir,
That cullors like *Roses,*
With your *Copper Seale,* marke fir,
All those that *Embarke* fir,
For *Pimlyco-Noses.*
Vade, Vale, Caue ne tirubes.



To all Trauellers.



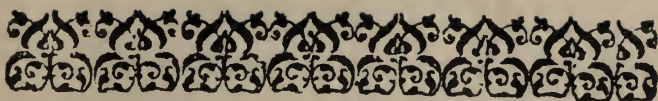
On that weare out your liues and weary your bodies, in Discouery of strange Countries, (be it for pleasure or profite) Rig out a Fleet, and make a Voiage to an Iland which could neuer be found out by the Portugals, Spaniards, or Hollanders, but on-ly (and that now of late) by Englishmen. The name of it is Pimlyco, Here haue I drawne a large Map of it: by this Chart, may you in a few houres, and with little or no winde, arine in the very mouth of the Hauen. Some that haue trauelled thither, affirms it to be a part of the Continent, but the better sort of Nauigators say, it is an Iland: full of people it is, and they are very wilde, the women beeing able to endure more, and to doe berter Service than the men. Diuers are of opinion, that it is an enchanted Iland; and haunted with strange Spirits; for the people there, once euery Moone, are either starke mad, or else loose their owne shapes, and are transformed into Beasts, yet within twelue houres, recouer their wittes and shapes againe. The Pimlyconians are most of them Malt-men, and exceeding good fellowes, all their delight beeing in Eating and Drinking; they liue not long, for a man can hardly stay amongst them two dayes: if he doe, he is in great danger, by reason of a certaine disease, (which the Iland naturally breeds) called the Staggers, through which, many of them come to their Downe-fall, or if they scape that, then are they in feare to be made away by Small-shot, in discharging of which, the Pimlyconians are very actiue and cunning.

To all Trauellers.

The Iland begins now to be as rich as it is populous: fish hath bin sildome taken there, but flesh is better cheape then Mackrell here. Wilde Duckes and wilde Geese flie there up and downe in abundance: you may haue a Goose sowc'd in Pimlyco, for the value of twelue pence sterling. Woodcockes (in many moneths of the yeere) are to be catched there by whole dozens. It is full of fatte pasture, and thats the reason such multitudes of young Colts runne there. A hot Climate it is, and by that meanes the people are subiect to infection, which takes them first in the Head, and so falls downe into their legges, and those sayling, they are (in a maner) gone. The Gouvernour of the Iland hath much adoe to keepe himselfe vp-right, so that he is compelled to giue those that are vnder him, often times very Hard measure, yet are they so unruly, that euery houre one or other goes to the Pot,

Thus haue I giuen you a taste, both of the People and of the Countrie; if you sayle thither, you may drinke of deeper knowledge: But take heed you take a skilfull Pilot with you; be fraighted with as much wit as you can carry aboard, for all will be little enough to bring you from thence, and take heede what Lading you take in there, for the commodities of Pimlyco haue suncke many Merchants. Pay thanks for my Councell, and thinke well of my Pimlyconian Discouerie.

Farewell.



Pimlyco.



Rees that of late (like wasted Heyres,
As like old men, dazed vp with cares,)
Stood puzely, now loke fresh & grane,
As Banck-rupts new set vp agen.

Description
of the Spring.

Medowes that whilome barren lay,
(Hoze naked than the trodden way,)
Weare garments now, wouen all of Flowers,
And waite on Flora in her Bowers,
Shepheards that durst not, (foz the cold,)
The Snowte heads of Hills behold,
Now (deftly piping) from cole Fountaines,
Lead Lambes and Kiddes vp to the Mountaines.
The Day, when all Birdes hold their Weddings,
(Dauncing Loue-measures in soft Treddings,)
Is past: The Yearc did it resigne,
In honour of Saint Valentine.
And now his Fethered Couples sing,
Their Nuptiall Songs befoze the Spring.
The Vernall Gates are set wide open,
And strew'd with Flowers and Herbes, in token
That May (Loues Queene) is comming in,
Who 12. full Hones hath absent bin.
In this Swæt Season, from my bed,
Yearely rose, being wakened
By'th beating of a Golden flame,
Which (to me) in at window came.
Foz from his Pallace in the East,
The King of Light in Purple drest,
(Set thicke with Gold and precious Stone,
Which like a Rocke of Diamond Honne,)

Description
of the Sun-ri-
sing.

Pimlyco.

Was drawn along head'ns Silver way,
By the 4. Horses of the Day.
And as the Chariot mounted higher,
The Sun-god seem'd to ride in fire,
Forth came he in this bzane adorning.
To court his Lone (the Rosie Morning.)
The Chaines of Pearle about her necke,
He toke from her himselfe to decke,
They were her favours and he tooze them
Till night, and did agen restoze them.
The wonders (of vn-valued worth,)
Which these two wzought, intic'd mee forth;
Tweary with walking, downe I threw
My bodie, on a bancke where grew
The pretty Dazie, (Eye of Day,)
The Prime-Rose which does first display
Her youthfull colours, and first dies;
,, Beantie and Death are Enemies.
Cowslips sprung likewise here and there,
Each blade of grasse (stiffe as a Speare)
Standing vpright to guard the Flowers,
As if they had ben their Paramoures,
Anon a Yonker and his Lasse,
Wight I see wzastling on the Grasse,
Shee swoze shee would not fall, and yet
Shee fell, and did a Greene-Gowne get,
(A Greene-gowne, but no Gowne of Greene.)
At length (in Couples) moze were scene:
Some ran, some walked, and some sat kissing.
Nothing was lost, but what was missing
So close they iopnd in their Delights,
That they all seem'd Hermaphrodites,
Or rather Mermaides on the land,
Because the Shees had th'opper hand.
They grac'd the fields, the fields them grac'd,
For tho none were in order plac'd,
But sat (as Flowers in Gardens grow)
Thinly, which makes the bzauer show.

Pimlyco.

Yet (like so many in one Roome,)
All seem'd to weane within a loome,
Some curious piece whose beautie stands,
on the rare Skill of sundry hands.

As thus they sat, and I them saw,
A Frame (as rare) mine eyes did d'aw
(With wonder) to behold a farre,
The brightnes of the Kingdomes * Starre;
A thousand Steeples, Turrets, Towers,
(Lodgings, all fit for Emperours,
Lifted their proud heads boue the Skie,
As if they had sole Soueraigntie,
O're all the Buildings in the Land,
And seem'd on Hilles of Gould to stand,
For the Suns Beames on them being shed,
They shew'd like Mynes new burnished.
Upon the Left hand and the Right,
Two * Townes (like Citties) fed the Sight,
With pleasure and with admiration,
For (as they stand) they beare proportion,
As to an Armie doe the Wings,
(The maine Battalion led by Kings.)

His eye his objects could not vary,
Yet took delight here still to tarry,
But not knowing how to weare out time,
By chance I found a Booke in Ryme,
Which in an age when few wryt well,
(Pans Pipe (where none is) does excell.)
I learned Gower! It was not thine,
For Chaucer, (thou art more Diuine.)
To Lydgates grave I should do wrong,
To call him by by such a Song.
No, It was One, that (boue his Fate,)
Should be Styl'd Poet Laureate;
Much like to Some in these our daies,
That (as bold Prologues do to Playes,)
With Garlands haue their Fore-heads bound,
Yet onely empty Sculles are crownde:

* London.

* Illington, &
Hogsdon.

Skelton.

Pimlyco.

Do like to these (ſeing others bye)
Will ſit ſo, tho their Seate they buy,
And fill it by with loathed Scozne,
Fit Burdens being by them not bozne,
But ſeing their Trappings rich and gay,
The Sumpter-Horſes trudge away,
Sweating themſelves to death to beare them,
When poze lades (drawing the Plough) outweare
 But all this while we haue forgot (them.)
Our Poet: tho I nam'de him not,
But only ſhould his Rymes recite,
Theſe (all would cry) did Skelton wiſe.
I tournde ſome leaues and red them o'ze,
And at laſt ſpyed his Elynor,
His Elynor, whoſe fame ſped ſaile,
All England thꝛough for Rappé Ale.
Elynor Rimming warme his wit
With Ale, and his Rimes paide for it.
But ſeing thou takſt the Laureats name
(Skelton) I iuſtly thée may blame,
Because thou leau'ſt the Sacred Fount,
For Liquor of ſo baſe account.
Yet (I remember) euen the Prince
Of Poetrie, with his pen (long ſince)
Ledde to a Fielde, the Mice and Frogges;
Others haue ball'd out bookes of Dogges:
Our diuine Maro ſpent much oyle
About a Gnat. One képs a coyle
With a poze Flea (Naſo, whoſe wit
Brought him by Phœbus ſide to ſit.)
Since then theſe Rare-ones ſlack'd their Strings,
From the hie-tuned acts of Kings
For notes ſo low, leſſe is thy Blame,
For in their pardon ſtands thy Name.
Let's therefoze lead our eyes aſtray,
And from our owne intended way,
Go backe to view thine Hoſteſſe picture,
Whom thus thou draw'ſt in liuely colour.

Skeltons

Pimlyco.

Skeltons tunning of
Elynor Rumming.

TELL you I chill,
If that you will
A while be still,
Of a comely Iyll,
That dwelt on a hill,
But shee is not grill,
For shee is somewhat sage,
And well woine in age,
For her vilage
It would asswage
A mans Cozage.

Her loathly leare
Is nothing cleare
But vgly of cheare.
Droopy and drowly,
Scuruey and lowly,
Her face all bowly,
Comely crinckled,
Wonderfly wrinckled,
Like a roast Digs eare
Bzistled with heare.

Her lewdlippes twaine.
They Slauer men layen,
Like a ropp rayne,
A gummy glayre:
Shee is vgly faire,
Her nose some-deale hooked
And camously crooked,

Pimlyco.

Never stopping,
But euer dropping
Her Skin loose and flacke,
Grayned like a Sacke,
With a crooked backe.

Her eyen gonwondy,
Are full, vnswondy,
For they are bleared,
And shee gray heard,
Jawed like a Jetty,
A man would haue pittty,
To see how shees gummed,
Fingerd and thumbed;
Gentle Joynted,
Greased and annointed,
Up to the knuckles,
The bones her buckles,
Together made fast,
Her youth is far past:
Footed like a Plane,
Legges like a Crane,
And yet shee will Jet,
Like a Jolly Set,
In her fur'd flocket
And gray russet rocket,
With Simper the cocket.

Her Duke of Lincolne greene,
It had beene hers I weene,
Aboze than fortie yeare,
And so it doth appeare:
And the greene bare thredgs
Looke like Sere weedes,
Withered like hay,

The

Pimlyco.

The wooll woꝛne away,
And yet I dare say,
Shee thinks her selfe gay
Upon the holliday,
When shee doth her array,
And girdeth in her getes,
Stitched & prancked with pletes:
Her Kirtle Brisow red,
With cloaths vpon her head,
That they wey a sowe of lead,
Wꝛithen in a wonder wise,
After the Sarazens gise,
With a whim wham,
Knit with a trim tram,
Upon her bꝛaine pan
Like an Egiptian,
Capped about,
When shee goeth out,
Her selfe for to shew,
Shee draweth downe the dew,
With a paire of heeles,
As broad as two wheeles,
Shee hobbles as shee goes,
With her blancket hole,
Her shoone smeard with tallow,
Greased vpon di t,
That daubeth the Skirt.

Primus Passus.

And this comely Dame,
I vnderstand her name
Is Elynor Rimming,
At home in her wouning:
And as men say

Shee

Pimlyco.

Shee dwelt in Sothray,
In a certen stede
Beside Lederhede,
Shee is a tonnisb gib,
The Deuill and shee be Sib.

I Kied and smilde, but at the last,
As toward the towne mine eye I cast,
In mingled tropes I might beholde
Women and men (some yong, some olde)
Like to a Spring-tide, strongly flowing
To Hogsdon, not one backward going.
Out of the Citty rush'd the streame,
A while (me thought) I did but dreame,
That I saw people, till at last,
Hogsdon oze-flowoe, it swel'd so fast.
I musde that from the Citty venturde
Such heapes : for tho the Spring was enterde,
They flock'd not thus to heare the Tunc
Of that bird who sings best in Iunc,
(Pclip'd the Cuckoe) as yet her note
Shee had not perfect, but by rote :
He darst the sing yet, being not able
In English, but in — to gabble.
For was it like they made these throngs,
To heare the Nightingals sad songs,
For Lust (in these dayes) beares such price,
They are but mock'd that checke that Vice.
Still moze and moze this Sea bzake in,
Yet ebb'd in one hulfe houre agen,
The Voyagers that first did Vaile,
(Hauing their Lading) home ward saile.
But with a side-winde were they dziuen,
Yet all cast anchoz in one Hauen.
Up went my sailes. With much adw,
In the same Port I anchozde to.
Being landed there, all I could finde

Pimlyco.

Was this, They came to hunt the Hinde.

Into their Parke I forthwith went,

Being entred, all the ayre was rent

With a most strange confused noyse,

That sounded nothing but mere voyce.

Amazde I stood to see a Crowd

Of Ciuill Throats stretch'd out so lowd:

(As at a New-play) all the Roomes

Did swarme with Gentiles mix'd with Groomes.

So that I truly thought, all These

Came to see Shore, or Pericles,

And that (to haue themselves well plac'd)

Thus brought they visualls (they sed so fast)

But then (agen in thought) This shoale

Swom thither for Bakers doale

Or Brewers, and that for their soules sakes,

They thus were seru'd with Ale and cakes:

For lugs of Ale came rolling in,

As if the Pots had drunkards bin.

A Tayler (that had narrow eyes

Through fumes that by to his bzaines did rise).

Got I by th'arme, (chilozen they say,

And fowles and Donkerds, truth bewray)

Wim therefore I desire to show

Why all these met. — Tis Pimlyco —

My Friend, Tis Pimlyco (hee cryde)

And no woerde could I get beside.

This made me madder then befoze,

I ask'd another, and hee swoze

Zoundes — I'me ten strong in Pimlyco —

What's that saide I? — Rowr Pimlyco —

And backe, at least thre yardes hee saies, —

Pimlyco trips vp good mens heeles

(Lisp'ing) he cryes, and downe hee falls,

Pet for more Pimlyco — Still hee calls.

What Pimlyco should meane I wondred,

Because so lowd that word still thundred

From all their throats through all their cares,

Pimlyco.

At length, a reuerend man (whose yeares
Had tourn'd his head and beard all gray,
And came but to beholde That Play,
And not to act himselfe The Vice)
Tolde all the Dronken Misteries.
And that the Ale got such high Fame,
Only by that fond, sencelesse Name.

I laugh'd to see a World (so wise,
So subtil in all Villanies,
So scozning to be laugh'd to scozne)
Should be so drownde with Ale in Corne
Yet since in Hogsdon all ran mad,
I playde the Mad-man too, and had
My Iug brought in; a bzaught o'z twaine
Made such hot boyling in my bzaine,
That (faster then their Pots were flde)
From my Inuention were distilde
Verses in Pimlyco's high pzayse,
Pimlyco crownde my head with bapes.
For straight I felt my selfe a Poet,
And (like some fooles) in Rime must show it.
Yet first I tournde o'ze Skeltons Rimes
With those mad times to weigh our Times,
And try how Elynor Rummings Ale,
Was Brew'd; and Drawne, and set to Sale,
What Guests drunk there, and what Drinke heere,
In this wilde Lantskip shall appeare.

BUt to make vp my tale,
She bueth nappy Ale,
And maketh thereof poort sale,
To trauaylers, to tynkers,
To sweaters, to swinkers,
And all good Ale drinkers,
That will nothing spare,
But drinke till they stare,

And

Pimlyco.

And bring them selues bare,
With now away the Hare,
And let vs stay care,
As wise as an hare.

Come who so will
To Elynor on the hill,
With fill the Cup fill,
And sit thereby still.
Early and late,
Thither commeth Kate,
Cisley and Sare,
With their legges bare,
And also their feet,
Hardly full vnswet,
With their heeles dagged,
Their kirtles all to iagged,
Their smockes all to ragged,
With titters and tatters,
Bring dishes and platters,
With all their might running,
To Elynor Ruming,
To haue of her Tunning,
Shee leaueth them of the hame,
And thus beginneth the game.

Some wenches come vnbzard,
With their naked pappes,
That flippes and flappes,
It wigges and it wagges,
Like tabney saffron bagges,
A sort of fowle drabbes,
All scuruy with scabbes,
Some be fly bitten,
Some skew as a kitten,

Pimlyco.

Some with a shooe clotote,
Binde their heads about,
Some haue no haire lace,
Their lockes about their face,
Their tresses vntrust,
All ful of vnlust,
Some looke strawy,
Some catwy mawy,
Full vntidy tegges,
Like rotten egges,
Such a lewd sort,
To Elinor resort,
From tyde to tyde;
Abide, abide,
And to you shalbe told,
How her Ale is sold,
To mawt and to molde.

Secundus Passus.

Some haue no monney,
That thither comy,
For their Ale to pay,
That is a shrewd aray.
Elinour sweared, nay
Pee shall not beare away
My Ale for nought
By him that me bought.
With hey dog hay,
Haue these dogges away,
With get me a staffe,
The swine eat my drasse,
Strike the hogs with a club, (tub,
They haue drunke vp my swelling
For be there neuer so much pzease,
These

Pimlyco.

These swine goe to the hye dese,
The sow with her pigges,
The Boze his taile wrigges
Against the hye bench,
With fo, there is a stench,
Gather vp thou wench,
Seest thou not what is fall,
Take vp dirt and all,
And beare out of the hall,
God giue it ill pzeuing,
Clenly as euill cheuing.

But let vs turne playne,
There wee left agayne,
Foz as ill a patch as that,
The hennes run in the mash fat,
Foz they goe to roust,
Strayt ouer the Ale ioust,
And dong when it comes
In the Ale tonnes,
Then Elinor taketh
The mash boll, and shaketh
The hennes dong away,
And skommeth it in a tray
where as the Pest is,
With her maungy fistis:
And sometimes she blens,
The dong of her hennes
And the Ale together,
And saith Gossip come hither,
This Ale shall be thicker,
And floure the moze quicker,
Foz I may tell you,
I learned it of a Jew,

Pimlyco.

When I began to brew,
Drinke now while it is new.
And pee may it brooke,
It shall make you looke
Yonger than you bee
Deeres two or thre.
For pee may proue it by me,
Behold he said, and see,
How bright I am of blee,
Ich am not cast away,
That can my husband say,
When wee kisse and play,
In lust and in liking,
He calleth me his whyting,
His Dulling, and his Pittine
His Robbes and his Cunny,
His sweeting and his honny,
With balle my pretty bonny,
Thou art worth good and monny,
This make I my falsye fanny,
Till that he dreame and dzonny.
For after all our sport,
Than will hee ront and snort,
Then sweetly together we lye,
As two Digges in a sty.
But we will turne playne,
Where we left agayne.

Tertius passus.

In stead of coyne and monny,
Some bring her a conny,
And some a pot with honny,
Some a salt, and some a spoone,
Some their hose, some their shoon.
Some

Pimlyco.

Some ran a good trot,
With a skillet oza pot, &c.

Cum multis alijs, quæ nunc perscribere longum est.

Hoc est Skeltonicum,
Incipit Pimlyconicum.

Of Pimlyco now let vs sing,
Rich Pimlyco, the new-found Spring,
Where men and women both together,
To warme their vaines in frosty weather,
Where men and women hot blouds cole,
By dzincking Pimlycoes boyled poole.
Strong Pimlyco, the nourishing foode
To make men fat, and bzæd pure blwd;
Deepe Pimlyco, the Well of Glee,
That dzawes vp merry company.
Bewitching Pimlyco, that tyes
The Rich and Poore, the Foole and Wife,
All in one knot. Of that we wzite;
Inspire your Poet to indite,
You Barlie Muses Pimlyconian,
He scoznes the Muses Helyconian;
(Wozz Soulest) they none but water dzincke,
But Pimlyco dzopt into his yncke,
His lines shall flye with merry gale,
No Muse is like to Pimlyco Ale.
Not the neat Wine De Orleans;
Nor of Hebrian, (best in France);
Nor Gascoigne, nor the Burdeux Vine,
Nor that which flowes from swift toste Rhyne;
Nor Sheerys Sacks, nor Charnico,
Peter Semine, nor Mallago,
Nor th' Amber-colored Candie grape,
Which dzuncke with Egges makes men to—Ape.
Nor can the Greekish Vintage show

Pimlyco.

A liquoz matching Pimlyco.

Not Hipocras (the drinke of women,)

Not Ballards (that are deere, but common,)

Not the fat lecherous Alligant,

Whose Juice repaires what Backes doe want.

Not Waters dzalvne by Distillations,

With medicinable Operations,

As Rosa Solis, Aqua Vitæ,

And Nugs of Balme, so quicke, and spzighty;

No, nor the Irish Viquebagh,

Of which, the Kerne whole pyntes will quaffe,

Strong Viquebagh | that hottier burnes

Than Sackes, and white the Entrailes turnes.

Not welsh Metheglyn, (bzowne as berry)

Lancashier Syder, Worcesterhier Perry,

Not yet a draught of Darby Ale,

Not mother Bunch, (long since growne stale,)

Not that old two-peny Ale of Pynder,

That many a Porter oft did hinder

From carrying Burdens, for (alacke !)

The Ale had strength to bzeake his backe.

Not all those Drinkes of Nozthen Climes,

Whose Bzewings shall fill bp our Rimes,

Brant, Rensque, and the clære Romaine,

The Belo, Crasno, and Parisane,

Peeua (to them as is our Béere,)

With spiced Meades (wholsome, but deere)

As Meade Obarne, and Meade Cherunck,

And the base Quassè by Belants dzunck.

With all the rest that whet the spzites

Of Russies and cold Muscouytes.

Not all these Drinkes, nor thousand moe,

Can reach the same of Pimlyco.

To proue (ô Pimlyco) these thine honozs,

Armies each day spzead Crimson banners,

And with hye Colours, and quicke shot,

Fight widdy till the field be got.

All Heres, all Degrés, all Pations,

Pimlyco.

All men of Arts or Occupations,
(As if for gayne to some great Fapze,)
Onely for Ale to the repayze.
The English, Scottish, Dutch and French,
Sit whistling here upon one bench:
If but of Pimlyco they drinke harv,
Betwixt them falls not one soule word,
They kisse like brothers, Dutch, French, Scot,
Are all One in a Pimlyco Pot.

Hither come Sergeants with their Faces,
Hither come Bailiffes with red faces,
Hither come Lads and greasie Lownes,
Hither come pockets full of Crownes,
Hither come those can scarce find Baile
For six pence, yet spend eight in Ale.
Winers battle (here) their pence,
The Diuell can scarce keepe Brokers hence,
The Lawyer that in Terme-time takes
Fat fees, pleades here for Ale and Cakes.
Doctors, Proctors, Clarkes, Attorneys,
To Pimlyco make sweattie iourneis,
And (being well Arm'd with Buckram bags,)
Fight under Hogsdons skarlet flags.
The Winde our Merchants this way drives,
Whilst their men take vp for their wiues
Romes before hand: and oft it hits,
Not farre from them some Fish-wife sits.
For (here) of manners none take heed,
First come, first seru'd first seru'd, first led.
Citizens, Souldiers, Sea-men, Schollers,
Gentlemen, Clownes, Millers, Colliers,
Mercers, Taylors, Poets, Booke-bynders,
Grocers, Curriers, Goldsmiths, goldfiners,
Silkemen, Botchers, Drapers, Dray-men,
Courtiers, Carters, Church-men, Lay-men,
Midwiues, Apple-wiues, Cheape-side Ladies,
Old Beldames, and yong Tiffany Babies,
Scotch-bums, red Waist-coats, fine Pawne-wenches,

Pimlyco.

In the same rooms, on selfe same benches,
Crown'd All together: All Dzincke, All Pay,
Why then should any giue the way?
Romes here are by Reuerſion got,
As Offices, so men win the Pot.
Both Day and Day, and wait, and woe,
That foure may buy, what goes for two,
Yet tis refuse. The Sexton scoznes
To budge to a Knight. All stay their Tourns
As at the Conduit of the Hill,
And nothing's heard, but Fill, Fill, Fill,
Bespeaking one anothers Caps.
As men do Chayzes in Barbozs Shops
On Christmasse Eues. A hundred lyps
Held vp for cakes; As many caps
Put off for Ale, whose iuice embalmes
Their Blowes) tis beg'd as t'were an almes,
Yet all hold Siluer vp, and cry
Take mine, (as at the Lottery.)

Drawers need not haule Anon, Anon,
Each Guest for his owne Dzinck does run,
Braue men turne Tapsters, Women Caters,
For Ten that sit, there s Fozy Waiters,
French-Hoods, and Veluer Caps being p'rowd
Sometimes, i'th Henroost close to crowd.

Oh strange! what makes the Cripple heere:
When strongest legs can hardly beare
Those that stand on them, if they stand
But kiffly to't in Pimlyco Land:
Yet euen that Wretch, (that halts on wood)
Althoe five furlongs off it stood,
Swears he'le lympe to't, and to't hee goes,
And being there, his false legs does lose.
After him, gropes the Blind, and cries,
Pimlyco dzincks not ont mine Eyes.
Pimlyco does so please the Mouth,
They come from East, West, North, & South.
O Thou, (the Pimlyconian Host,)

Pimlyco.

Had thy Head bin but like that Post,
Which Scozes what Ale and Cakes come in,
Of greater Reckoning hadst thou bin.
Hadst thou had Braines, but like to some,
To know what Wether was to come
By'th Almanacke; thou hadst chang'de thy lucke,
Thy Hynde ere this had prou'de a Bucke.
Alacke! thy wits are lost in Brewings;
Th'art growne skarke mad with too good Doings
Thou, onely cryest, Who payes the Shot?
(When the Paine Matters are forgot.)
Thou Barmy Foole, at last grow wise,
Build thy House round with Galleries,
Like to a Play-house; for thy Ale
(Be't bad, be't good, be't new, be't Stale)
Wings the good Audience: from each Shoze,
Ships of Fooles lanch, to sake thy Dore;
Ere prodigall Gulls saile backe agen,
The'le pay the money to come in:
Hope then, thy wife and thou, the dozes,
Let those within wipe out the Scozes.
Yet (O vile counsell!) why do I labour
To haue a Chzistian wrong his neighbour?
Each afternone thy House being full,
Makes Fortune blind, or Gelds The Bull.
Po, no, (thou Pimlyconian Brewer)
Thy Castle of Comfort stands so sure,
(Soated with Ale, and wal'd with cakes)
Tho whirle-winds blow, it neuer shakes;
Therefore it needs no reparations,
No Rampyres, no Fortifications,
But onely Shot: Charge them Pell Mell,
Let Pimlyco Ordinance go off well;
And Hogsdon seems a Towne of warre,
Where Constables the Captaines are,
Leading to Stocks (with Wils and Staues)
Whole troopes of drunken Whores and Knaues,
Who (tho they cannot stand) yet go,

Pimlyco.

Swearing, Zounds hey braue Pimlyco.

You therefore that do trade in Cans,
(Virginians, or Cracouians,)

You that in whole pots drinke your bone,
Lying dead-druncke at The Labor in vaine:

You Apzon men, that wekely get
By your hard labour and your sweat,
Silver (earn'd deare, but honestly)

Enough to find your family,
Do loe leaue those places (nam'd before)

Or if you'le Drinke, maintaine a Scoze.

But let your Wages (in one Summe)

Be wisely sau'd till Sunday come,

But (with it) buy, noz bread, noz bzoth.

Noz house, noz hose, noz shwe, noz cloth,

For sod let wife and childzen Die,

Sucke Pimlyco downe merrily,

Where dance and spend the day in laughter,

It's meat and drinke a whole weke after.

You Ballad-Singers, that doe liue

On halfe penny almes that Idzots giue,

In euery Street (to druncken pates)

Set out your villanous yelping throates,

That thzough all eares your Tunes may flow,

With praises of Browne Pimlyco.

You Poets that of Helicon boast,

Whose moznings dzought without a toast

You alwayes take, but ne're do so,

Comming to tippie Pimlyco,)

Be moze wise, and scozne that licquoz,

Drinke this, which makes your Wuses quicker,

Of This, thze full Pots (I assure yee)

Leaues you starke drunke with bzauer furie.

You that plough up the salt Sea flood.

To fetch from farre, the Grapes deare blood.

And with Out-landish drinks confound

And mad the Wzayne that is most sound:

Your very Ships going neuer so keddge,

(with)

Pimlyco.

(With that moist Freight) but ever giddy
And reeling (as an ominous Signe,
That whose must rale, who Trade in Wine,
From Shore to Shore what need you saile,
When Pimlyco breeds such Dragon-Ale?

You that of men dare reckonings make,
Yet at the Barre (for what they Take)
Arraigne them, Charging them to Stand,
Till they haue all held vp The Hand:
Downe with your Bushes, and your Grates,
Draw your selues thorow the Citie Gates,
To Sacke the Walls of Pimlyco,
Which day by day moze strong do grow,
And will in time (to their owne Trench)
Drive backe both Spanish Wines and French:
Or if no Shot can batter downe
This Pimlyco Fort; then, in the Towne,
And in the fields and Common way,
Pitch Tents, and openly display
Your Banners (drawne with Red and White)
Under those cullors Men will fight
Till they can stand, else All are lost,
And cut off by the Pimlyco Host,
Here therefore sould, Anon, Anon,
For the mayne Army here coms on.

You that (euery Towne) hold Feasts,
(And in the True-love-knot are Guests)
And doe with Wreathes your Temples crowne,
(At Lothbury, and at Horsey-downe,)
Let those Deare Fleahly-Meetings go,
And Bath your Baynes in Pimlyco.

You that by Enginous Wheeles can force
Wheels to run backe and turne their Course,
Whose wits in water still do Dine,
(Or, if you wish that Trades should thriue,)
With lowd vorce to the Citie speake,
That the her Conduit-Heads would breake,
And onely build One Conduite-Head.

Pimlyco.

At Pimlyco, that through pipes of Lead,
The pzetious Streame may be conuayd,
And Crafts-men so at home be stayd.

You Bawds, you Wandars, Punks and whores,
That are chalk'd up on Ale-house scozes,
You that lay Petticoats, Cownes, and Smocks
To pawne for drincks to cure the Dore,
At Pimlyco some will take them from you,
To drinke there then, shall best become you.

Of Aley-Ilands there are moze,
(Some new discovered, some befoze)
But neither th' Old nor New of name,
Can equall Pimlyco in fame.

Of these Strange Ilands, Malta is one,
Malta does Border close vpon
The Continent of Pimlyco,
And by her Screames moze rich does grow,
On Pimlyco Seas when tis fowle weather,
That no Ship can get in; then hither,
(To Malta) flie they with swolne Saille,
To buy the Iew of Malta's Ale.
Thy Knights (O Malta) now do flourish,
Pimlyco their renowne does nourish,
All fealty therefoze they do owe
And Seruice to guard Pimlyco.

Tripoly from the Turke was taken,
But Tripoly is againe forsaken;
What Newes from Tripoly? Would you know:
Christians flye thence to Pimlyco.

Eye-bright, (so' sam'd of late for Beere)
Although thy Name be numbred here,
Thine ancient Honors now runne low;
Thou art struck blind by Pimlyco.
The New-found Land, is now growen stale,
Few to Terceras Ilands sayle;
The once well-mand, by aue Ship of Hull,
That spzed a sayle, proud, stiffe, and full,
Leakes off, and does at Anchor lye :

Pimlyco.

Day, euen St. Christopher walkes by.
Not halfe so many Christians (now)
Their knees befoze his White-crosse bow.
Run, (Red-cap) Run, amongst the Rest,
Thou art nam'd last, that once wert best,
But (Red-cap) now thy Will is woꝛne,
By Pimlyco is Red-cap thorne.

Dur weary Muse (here) leapes to Shore,
On these rough Seas the Sayles no more,
This Voyage made the (foꝛ your sakes.)
Spending thus much in Ale and Cakes.

FINIS.



ANTIEN DROLLERIES.

(No. 1.)

Cobbes Prophecies,

1614.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY
CHARLES PRAETORIUS,

WITH A PREFACE BY
A. H. BULLEN.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1890.

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(No. I.)

The number of copies is strictly limited to Three Hundred.

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HIS SIGNES AND TOKENS, HIS MADRIGALLS,
QUESTIONS, AND ANSWERES, WITH HIS
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PREFACE.

JOHN DUNTON warned the readers of the *Rare Adventures of Don Kainophilus* that they would find the narrative "such a hodgpotch of stuff as would make a hermit tear his beard to hear of it." The description is not inapplicable to the drolling prophecies of Master Cobbe.

The preface is signed "Richard Rablet," who is evidently a fictitious personage. Mr. Bertram Dobell plausibly suggests that the author styled himself "Rablet" after François Rabelais, whose *Pantagrueline Prognostication* is familiar to everybody. It was not uncommon to issue these mock prognostications under assumed names. For instance, *Friar Bakons Prophetie*, published ten years before *Cobbes Prophecies*, purports to be by "William Terilo." *The Owles Almanacke*, 1618 (attributed without evidence to Dekker), bears on the title-page the name of "Mr. Jocunday Merrie-braines."

A mild Shakespearean interest attaches to *Cobbes Prophecies* from the resemblance that some of the

pieces bear to the Fool's prophecy in *Lear* (III. 2); but the whimsical madrigals that follow the prophecies are the salt of our curious tract. The verses on the morrice-dance give a lively description of that old English merriment; they should be compared with the madrigal, in Thomas Morley's collection of 1594, beginning—"Ho! who comes there with bagpiping and drumming?" Richard Rablet was no puritan; he loved

"a pot of good Ale
And a merry old tale."

By the fire-side among his cronies in winter,

"When a Cup of good Sacke,
That hurts not the backe,
will make the cheeks red as a Cherry,"

he would be ready with his jests and quips; and we may be sure that in summer-time he was a welcome guest at shearing-feasts and harvest-homes. His talk is occasionally somewhat free, but doubtless he was regarded as a privileged person. Besides, he has stores of admirable counsel. How delicately he warns impulsive maids 'to be chary of their favours at the feast of St. Valentine!—

"When the Grasse doth spring,
And the Birds gin to sing,
take heed of St. Valentines day;
Least while ye reioyce,
In lighting on your choyce,
ye make not ill worke before May."

Honest mirth is what he advocated. Time, that blunts the lion's paws, will too soon dull the briskness of our lustiest springals. So let the youngers frisk it while they may. "Nunc levis est tractanda Venus," as gentle Tibullus urges. Does not Ovid remind us (though, sooth to say, the reminder is hardly needed) that crookt age comes with noiseless step, "Jam veniet tacito curva senecta pede"? Our cheerful moralist prescribes for old and young—

“When a man is old,
And the wether blowes cold,
 well fare a fire and a fur'd Gowne:
But when he is young,
And his blood new sprung,
 his sweete hart is worth half the Towne.

When a Maid is faire,
In her smocke and haire,
 who would not be glad to woe her?”

A graver note is struck in the poem, "When Youth and Beauty meet together"; and "Cobs talke with Wisedome" affords matter for serious reflection. But, take it all in all, the book is mere drollery; a tale of a roasted horse, a riot of mad rhymes, a pleasant piece of tomfoolery.

1, *Yelverton Villas, Twickenham,*
25th June, 1890.



COBBES
PROPHECIES, HIS
SIGNES AND TOKENS,
his Madrigalls, Questions, and An-
sweres, with his spirituall Lesson, in
Verse, Rime, and Prose.

Pleasant, and not vnprofitable.

*Reade that will, Iudge that can, Like
that list.*



Printed at London for *Robert Wilson*, and are to be sold
at his Shop at Grayes-Inne Gate.

1 6 1 4.



To the Reader.



Here was upon a time an odde
Country Riming Fellow, whose
name was Cobbe: where hee
dwelt, I finde not; and what hee
was, it skils not: Onely this I
note of him, that it seemes by the
Memoriall I haue of him, that he was in his time, as
(no doubt are many now adaies) guen to looke so
farre aboute the Moone, that as falling through the
Clouds, when he wak t, he knew not where he was:
but strange thinges he had in his head, which he set
downe as oddely in writing: where if you looke for
verse, you are out; if for Rime, you are in: now,
if you take delight in old idle Prophecies, strange
Signes and Tokens, though they neuer come to passe,
and to reade now and than of many a strange Ma-
drigall, heere you may haue change to fit your choise;
how they will fall fit with your humour I know not,
and therefore this is all I will say to you. I know

To the Reader.

*the Book Seller will say. What lack you, and I say,
I wish all may like you; so, till I see you, though I
know you not when I meete you, to the Lord of hea-
uen I leaue you.*

Your well willer as to all
honest Men.

Richard Rablet.



COBBES' PROPHECIES,
HIS MADRIGALS, SIGNES,
AND TOKENS.



When fashions make mens Bodies,
And wits are rul'd by Noddies :
When Fooles grow rich by fortune,
And wise must tooles importune.

When Greyhounds must cry crauen,
And Mastiue Dogges must rauē :
When Faulcons stoope to carren,
And Poulcats spoile the warren.
The Sunne doth leaue his shining,
The Moone is in declining :
The Starres are ouer-shrouded,
The Sky is ouer clouded.
The Ayre is all infected,
The Plague yet not respected :
No Charity nor pittie,
In Country, nor in City.
The vertuous all disgraced,
The famous all defaced :
And rascall kinde of people,
Shall looke aboute Paules steeple :
When Nightingales are scorned,
And Cuckoes are adorned.
And Black-birds leaue their whistle,
And perch vpon a Thistle :
And Oates are sowne and gathered,
And Children are strange fathered.

And

Prophecies.

And Swannes do loose their feathers,
While Geese fortell foule weathers:
When Horses tug at Cables,
While Asses keepe the Stables.
When Virgins waite on whoores,
And Knights keepe Beggars doores:
And Iackes like Knights shall let it,
Because their purses get it,
When Noble-minded Spirits,
Can haue no hope of Merits;
But either quite discarded,
Or slenderly rewarded:
When Owles, and Apes, and Asses,
Shall pranke themselues in Glasses.
While better kind of Creatures,
Of farre more dainty Natures,
Shall clad in cloath of lether,
To hold out winde and wether.
When Schollars mocke their Teachers,
And Lay men laugh at Preachers:
And woodcockes learne of wizards,
To play the doting dizards.
When foule flaps shall be painted,
And faire paps shall bee tainted,
And patience must content her,
That no man will lament her:
But all things topsie-turuy,
Do proue the world so scuruy,
That honest men abhorre it,
Why? then, who will care for it?
But, that no such ill season,
Where truth may dye by treason.

Prophecies.

The wicked foole may flourish,
While none the good will nourish :
Or Earth be scene or heard,
To make the world afeard :
Pray all good hearts with me,
That it may neuer be.

WHen lacke of grace turnes good to euill,
And men leaue God to serue the Deuill :
And young men follow imperfections,
And old men dote in ill affections.
When Beauty is a baite of sinning,
While wanton threds, make wicked spinning,
And wealth doth onely breede ambition,
When Nature shewes an ill condition.
And basenesse buyes the Badge of Honor,
VWhile VVifedome weepes to looke vpon her ;
VWhen learning teacheth but illusion,
VWhere fancies study but confusion.
When power is seene but in oppreasion,
VWhile conscience makes no sinnes confession :
VWhen Lechery is Natures sollace,
And Robbery is Reasons purchase.
VWhen peace doth breede an ill security,
Where pleasure liues but in impurity :
When simple vertue is disdained,
And subtrill vice is entertained :
If such a time should euer be,
That, I hope, neuer man shall see.
That so the wicked fiende should rage,
In euery course of euery age ;

B

That

Prophecies.

That lack of Grace should thinke it good,
To liue vpon the fruit of blood;
While Spirits carelesse of saluation,
Will headlong runne vnto damnation:
Pray to the Lord of heauen to mend it,
Or in his mercy, quickly end it.

WHen Tradesmen take no Mony,
Nor Varmin hunt a Cony:
Old Mumpsie is no Meacocke,
Nor his proud Minckes a Peacocke.
The Souldiour is not bloody,
His Osteffe is not muddy;
The Vsurer not greedy,
The rich releue the needy:
The Courtier is not haughty,
His Courtizan not naughty.
The wantons leaue their winking,
The damned crew their drinking:
The Geese do leaue their grazing,
And idle eies their gazing:
Dame Parnell is no pratler,
Her parasite no flatterer:
The Chapmen leaue their buying
And Sellers leaue their lying.
The Skipper leaues his sayling,
The Oyster-wiues their rayling;
The Farmer leaues his tillage,
The Begger leaues the village.
When Snudges leaue their spariug:
And Coseners leaue their sharing:

When

Prophecies.

When Theeues doe leaue their robbing,
And heauy harts their throbbing:
When proud men leaue their spighting,
And Poets leaue their byting:
When Children leaue their crying,
And old men leaue their dying;
Strange will be the alteration,
Or else, a consummation.

WHEN Ships doe saile against the winde,
And Nature goes against her kinde:
And tongues must say that blacke is white,
While mad men make a day of night:
When Reason must subscribe to will,
To leaue the good and take the ill.
When Conscience sits and blowes the cole,
While Patience liues on pitties dole:
And Wisedome shall be poore and bare,
While folly lights on Fortunes share;
And learning doth but breake the braine,
While bare Experience gets the gaine:
And loue is plaid on follies Stage,
Twixt Youth, and Ages marriage.
And Auarice with ielous eies,
Doth liue in greese, while pleasure dies:
And man becomes but Monies Slaue,
While Vertue liues in Honors Graue;
When Nature thus doth change her course,
From good to bad, from ill to worse.
And, hope of mendment will be small,
When thus the Deuill workes in all:

Prophecies.

If euer man should liue to know
The wailefull time of so much woe :
As God forbid should euer be,
That Eare should heare, or Eye should see :
Then hartly prayers would do well,
For sauing of the Soule from Hell.

When the Fisherman drownes the Eele,
And the Hare bites the Huntsman by the heel:
When the Geese do driue the Foxe into his hole,
And the Thistle ouertops the May-pole.
The Hering is at warre with the Whale,
And the Drunkard forswears a pot of Ale :
When the Lawyers plead all for pittie,
And conscience is the Ruler of a Citty;
When the parson will his Tithes forgoe,
And the Parish will pay him, will, or no.
When the Vsurer is weary of his gaine,
And the Farmer feedes the poore with his graine :
The Oyster leaues gaping for the tide,
And Lob lolly will not daunce with his Bride.
When Prentizes had rather worke then play,
And Schollars cannot away with a holy-day:
When brabbles and quarrels all cease,
And Armies yeelde their Armies to peace;
And peace such a power hath won,
That Souldiers serue all with a Potgun.
When the Fletcher fals out with the Bolt,
And the wife must make curse to a Dolt,
When the Night is brighter then the Day,
And the Cloudes driue the winde away.

When

Prophecies.

When the Snow and the Frost are fire hot,
And the Costermongers Apples will not rot:
When the Assc shall make Musique to the Owle,
And the Slut will not weare her cloaths foule.
When the Ship shall throw away her saile,
And the Dogge shall leaue wagging of his taile;
And the Rabbets shall runne through the Hey,
And the Varmin makes the Warriner runne away:
When the Cat is afraid of the Mousse,
And the Beggar will walke without a Louse.
When Connies doe Castles vndermine,
And Lords must waite while Lobcockes dine:
And rich men weepe, and Beggars sing,
And euery Knaue will be a King.
Vntill the Gallowes, or the Whip,
Doe take a Villaine in a Trip:
When all things thus doe come to passe,
That by an Oxe, and by an Assc;
The question shall decided be,
Why Dogges and Cats cannot agree.
When Mowles and Wormes do looke abroad,
And Snakes doe combat with the Toade:
The Fleyes will not abide the sheetes,
Nor idle people walke the streetes,
When thus the world doth come about
Within the course of *Colin Clout*:
Which neuer man I hope shall see,
God knowes what then the world will be.

When the Winter to Summer turneth,
The Fire cooles, and the water burneth;

Prophecies.

When the Fly puts the Eagle to her flight,
And the day holds a Candle to the night :
When the trees bend downe to the bushes,
And the Owle driues the Nightingale to hushes :
When the Hare fals to play with the Hound,
And the Worme scornes to creepe into the ground ;
When the Aspe with the Wolfe makes a fray,
And the Mouse makes the Cat runne away.
When the Owle teacheth the Parrat to speake,
And the Goose makes the Gander to keake :
When the Market Crosse is without Corne,
And not a house will yeeld a man a horne.
When the Clouds commaund the winde to be still,
And the Valley will ouertop the hill :
When the Storke is afraid of the Frog,
And the Cur runs away from the Hog.
When the Beggars will leaue the high way,
And wantons will giue ouer play ;
When a Moris-dance is without a foole,
And a foole be without a Ladle and a toole :
When rich wares will be at low rate,
And a Citty will runne out at the Gate :
The Sailer cannot away with a merry gale,
And the Constable is afraid of a pot of Ale.
When the Goose is mistaken for the Swan,
And the Goodwife knowes not her good Man ;
If the world were come to such a change,
The alteration would be very strange :
But rather then all should go so amisse,
Better be content with it, as it is.

When

Prophecies.

When the day and the night do meete,
And the houses are euen with the streete :
And the fire and the water agree,
And blinde men haue power to see :
When the Wolfe and the Lambe liue together,
And the blasted trees will not wither.
When the flood and the ebbe runne one way,
And the Sunne and the Moone are at a stay ;
When Age and Youth are all one,
And the Miller creeps through the Mill-stone :
When the Ram butts the Butcher on the head,
And the liuing are buried with the dead.
When the Cobler doth worke without his eends,
And the Cutpurse, and the Hangman are friends :
Strange things will then be to see,
But I thinke it will neuer be.

When the wind is alwaies in one place,
All Horses are of one Race :
And all Men are in one case.

When all words haue but one sence,
All Cafes are in one tence ;
And all Purfes haue but one expence.

When all hands do sit one Gloue,
All harts haue but one Loue :
And all Birds be but one Doue.

When all wit is in one head,
And all Corne makes but one bread ;
And all ease is in one bed.

When

Prophecies.

When all Truth is in one hart,
And all Knowledge is in one art,
And all Diuisions are in one part.

When all sport is in one play,
When all feasts are in one day:
And all States are at one stay.

When all faces haue but one feature,
And all Spirits are of one Nature;
And all worth is in one Creature.

Such wonders will be then to see,
As out of doubt will neuer be.

When there is nothing but sorrow and care,
And the fieldes are all barren and bare;
And the Beggers haue a miserable share.

When the Markets are horrible decre,
There is nothing to drinke, but small beere:
And the rich men keepe beggerly cheere.

When the Children are bawling and crying,
And old folkes are swearing and lying:
And sicke folkes are fighting and dying.

When Baiard is downe in the mire,
And the fat is all in the fire:
When loue hath lost his desire.

When Maisters do fall into rages,

And

Prophecies.

And Seruants are vnpaid their wages ;
And all their best clothes are in gages.

If euer it should come about,
To put the Cockes eies cleane out :
And then hope to reuell and rout.

Which I hope neuer to see,
But where all faire Gamsters be ;
Good fellowes will kindly agree.

God knowes, for I cannot tell,
Who then goes to Heauen or to Hell.

VVhen Preachers haue louing Auditors,
And Borrowers haue kind Creditors :
When Sutors petitions haue comfortable reading,
And *Forma pauperis* hath a fauourable pleading.
VVhen loue is the whole rule of life,
And the Good man loues none but his owne wife,
VVhen there is no spleene, nor any spight,
But euery one keepes his owne right :
VVhen all is as plaine as the high-way,
And all goes by yea, and by nay.
And one man so well loues another,
That there is no false Sister nor Brother,
No facing, frowning, nor fighting,
But one in another delighting ;
No oddes twixt the Groome and the Bride,
No enuy, nor mallice, nor pride.
No punishment, but for offences,

Prophecies.

No care, but all for expences.
No time spent, but all businesse,
Nor sleeping, but all in heavinessse:
No iarring, but all in iesting,
No friendship, but all in feasting.
No lawing, brabbling, nor bribing,
No kind of scoffing, nor gibing;
No painting of ill fauored faces,
Nor seeking of true loues disgraces:
No tale, but well worth the telling,
Nor fauour, but well worth the smelling.
No Act, but well worth the doing,
No Wench, but well worth the woing;
If such a time were happily come,
To proue this true in all, or some;
Who would not loy in hart to see,
And pray it might so euer be.

When toies and trifles stand for treasure,
And pain mistaken stands for pleasure:
When lust mistaken is for loue,
A Iack-daw for a Turtle-doue.
When Craft is raine for Honesty,
Hypocrisie, for Piety;
And babbling held for eloquence,
And basenessse stands for excellence:
When truth shall be esteem'd a iest,
And he thats rich, is onely blest.
While all the vertues of the mind,
Do all go whirling downe the wind.
And braine spun thred shall be esteem'd,
And Wisedome little worth be deem'd:

And

Prophecies.

And flatterers shall stand for friends,
To bring but fooles to idle ends :
When nothing shall be well begun,
But crost, or spoild ere it be done.
And euery where the bad for good,
Shall be too much misvnderstood ;
While wilfull folly should reioyce,
In making of a wicked choyce :
And true discretion grieue to see,
In what a case the cursed be
If such a time was neuer such,
Should come to cursse the world so much:
As God forbid it should be so,
That Man should so much sorrow know ;
That Devils so should play their parts,
Then vp to Heauen with honest harts.

When seuen Geefe follow one Swan,
And seuen Cats licke in one pan :
When seuen Iack-dawes follow one Crow,
And seuen Archers shoot in one Bow.
When seuen Citties make but one State,
And seuen houses haue but one Gate :
When seuen Armies make but one Campe,
And seuen States haue but one stamp :
When seuen Schollers haue but one gown,
And seuen Lordships, make but one towne.
When seuen Swagrers haue but one Punk,
And seuen trauallers haue but one truncke.
When seuen Horses saddle one Mare,
And seuen Pedlers haue but one packe of ware :

Prophecies.

When seuen Hackney Men haue but one Iade,
And seuen Cutlers haue but one Blade;
When seuen Butchers haue but one staule,
And seuen Coblers, haue but one aule:
When seuen riuers haue but one Fish,
And seuen Tables haue but one Dish.
When seuen Lawyers plead but one case,
And seuen Painters worke vpon one face:
When seuen Ditties haue but one Note,
And seuen Fidlers haue but one Grot.
When seuen Guls haue but one throat,
And seuen Truls, haue but one peticoat;
If by the number thus of seuen,
The one doe make the odde full euen:
That, in the sence of the conceit,
The seuen to one doe make vp eight.
It seemes not strange yet vnto me
Tis strange, now eeuē and odde agree:
Yet when it fals, tis no deceit,
That seuen and one doe make vp eight.

When the Hen crowes,
Then the Cocke knowes
what worke must be done,
And when the wind blowes,
Then the Sailer knowes
what course must be runne.

When the Mill goes,
Then the Miller knowes
what Fish are a stote:

And

Madrigals.

And when the tide flowes,
Then the Water-man knowes,
what to doe with his Boare.

When the Grasse growes.
Then the Mower knowes,
what to do with his Sithe:
And when the Farmer sowes,
Then the Parson knowes
he shall haue a Tithe.

When the Buckes take the Does,
Then the Warriner knowes,
there are Rabbits in breeding:
And when the Bag showes,
Then the Milke maid knowes
the Cow hath good feeding.

When the day peepeth,
And the Husbandman sleepeth,
he loofeth the gaine of the morning;
But when the Ducke quaketh,
And *Sim* his *Susan* waketh,
take heed of working for horning.

When the Bell ringeth,
And Robin-redbrest singeth,
vp maids and make cleane your Dairy;
But if ye lye and stretch ye,
Vntill the lazy catch ye,
take heed that ye meete not the Fairy.

Madrigals

When the Cow loweth,
And Cocke-a-doodle croweth,
 vp maids and put on your raiment:
For if ye keepe your beds
Till ye loose your maiden heads,
 take heed of a forty weeks paiment.

But when the Starre shooteth,
And the Owle hooteth,
 to bed then and take your ease :
But when ye would rest,
Take heed in your nest,
 ye find not worse varmin then fleas.

When the Dogge howleth,
And your Dame scowleth,
 then wenches take heed of foule weather:
But when the Mousse peepeth,
And your Dame sleepeth,
 then laugh and be merry together.

When the Watch walketh,
And at the doore talketh,
 Lads and Guirles, looke to your doores ;
Then to bed roundly,
And sleepe there as foundly,
 as if ye were all knaues and whores.

VWhen a man is old,
And the wether blowes cold,
 well fare a fire and a fur'd Gowne :

But

Madrigals

But when he is young,
And his blood new sprung,
his sweete hart is worth halfe the Towne.

When a Maid is faire,
In her smocke and haire,
who would not be glad to woe her :
But when she goes to bed,
To loose her maiden-head,
how kindly her Good-man goes to her

When the Grasse doth spring,
And the Birds gin to sing,
take heed of St. Valentines day ;
Least while ye reioyce,
In lighting on your choyce,
ye make not ill worke before May.

When the Sunnes shines bright,
And the Day is light,
then Shepherds abroad with your flocks:
But if the Heyfer play,
And the Heard be away,
take heed the Bull prooue not an Oxe.

When the Corne is ripe,
And the Straw makes a pipe,
then to it with the Sithe and the Sickle.
But when ye make the stacke,
If ye lye on your backe,
take heed how ye laugh till ye tickle.

When

Madrigals.

When the Apples fall,
And the Partridges call,
Then Farmers haue home with your Corne:
But when ye make your Mowes,
Take heed to your Cowes,
they beare not a sheafe on a horne.

When the trees doe bud,
And the Kids chew the cud,
then fall to your digging and sowing:
But if your seede be nought,
Or your worke be ill wrought;
then blame not the ground for ill growing.

When the Sunne is downe,
And the Guests come to towne,
long traualers lightly are weary.
But if mine Oste be a good fellow,
And mine Osteffe be not yellow;
who then would not laugh and be merry.

IN the month of May,
Is a pretty play,
is called youths wooing;
But long it will not last,
For when that May is past,
there will be no doing.

For loue is so quicke,
He stands on a pricke,
that likes no delaying:

Madrigals.

For idle excuses,
Are but loues abuses,
that marre all the Maying.

The squint of an eye,
May oft looke awry,
in fancies new fashion :
But winke and shake the head,
And the colour once dead,
there is the true passion.

When the eye reedeth,
How the hart bleedeth,
in silence true teares :
Then easily may the mind,
If that it be not blind,
see what the spirit beares.

For passions staid lookes,
Are Truths only books,
where kindnesse best reedeth ;
The time and the place,
In beauties best grace,
how loue euer speedeth.

When the time of the yeare,
Doth cal for good cheere,
why should we not laugh and be merry ;
When a Cup of good Sacke,
That hurts not the backe,
will make the cheeks red as a Cherry.

Madrigals.

When the thred is all spun,
And the worke is all done,
 why should not the work-folkes go play:
When a pot of good Ale,
And a merry old tale,
 would passe the time smoothly away.

When the Medowes are growne,
And the Grasse abroad throwne,
 for shame giue the wench a green gowne;
But when the Haruest is in,
And the Bread in the Bin,
 then, Piper play laugh and lye downe.

When my Dame fals to Bake
A Pudding and a Cake,
 will make cheare in Bowles;
But when the Oyle of Malt,
Makes the heeles for to halt,
 take heed of your lop heavy Nowles.

IN the olde time,
When an odde-pumpe rime,
 would haue made a Dog laugh:
And the Osteffe of the Swan,
Would swinge her good Man,
 with a good quarter staffe.

When more then a good many,
Had nin: Egges a penny,
 and Corne was sixe pence a strike;

Then

Madrigals.

Then true blinde deuotion,
Brought such to promotion,
As neuer I hope will be like.

When the Cat kild the Mouse,
And the Dog kept the house,
and all was wholesome and cleanly;
And *Iohn* and his *Ioane*,
Did liue of their owne,
full merily, though but all meanely.

When Beefe, Bread and Beere,
Was honest mens cheere,
and welcome and spare not:
And the Man kist the Maid,
And was not affraid,
come who will I care not.

When right should haue reason,
In time, place and season,
and Truth was beleued;
When these things did go thus,
Which Truth doth not show vs,
then Charity flourish:
When loue and good Nature
In euery Creature,
a kind Spirit nourisht.

But if that it were so,
As many do feare no,
that some were sore blinded;

Madrigals.

What euer the cause was,
Tis now at another passe,
men are otherwise minded.

For such as haue prooued,
What is to beloued,
will euer be heedfull :
That nothing be wanting,
Though somewhat be scanting,
to comfort the needfull.

And therefore no matter,
How ere fooles do flatter,
their wits with their will;
I wish the time present,
In all true contentment,
to stay with vs still.

IF the day were as long as the yeare,
And the Gossips were making good cheere,
they would thinke the time were but short :
But if they fall to brawling and scolding,
And the Beggars be at the vpholding,
oh there would be delicate sport.

If the Apples were once in the fire,
Each Gossip had her pot by her,
and euery one to her tale :
And the Wife that went once for a maid,
Would tell what trickes she had plaid,
oh there would be worke for whole sale.

Madrigals.

If the Wine once did worke in the braine,
And the Wenches were right in the vaine,
 then talke of the reckoning to morrow;
Let Husbands take care for their wiues,
And Gossips make much of their liues,
 they are fooles that will dye for sorrow.

IT was my hap of late by chance,
 oh pretty chance;
To meet a Country Moris-dance,
 oh pretty dance.
When cheefest of them all the foole,
 oh pretty foole :
Plaied with a Ladle and a toole,
 oh pretty toole :
When euery Younker shak't his Bels,
 oh pretty Bels ;
Till sweating feete, gaue fohing smels,
 oh fohing smels.
And fine Maide-Marian with her smoile,
 oh pretty smoile :
Shew'd how a Rascall plaid the Roile,
 oh pretty Roile.
But when the Hobby-horse did wihy,
 oh pretty wihy ;
Then all the Wenches gaue a tihy,
 oh pretty tihy.
But when they gan to shake their Boxe,
 oh pretty Boxe :
And not a Goose could catch a Foxe,
 oh pretty Foxe.

Signes and Tokens.

The Piper then put vp his pipes,
oh pretty pipes;
And all the Woodcocks lookt like Snipes,
oh pretty Snipes.
And therewith fell a showry streame,
oh pretty streame:
That I awakt out of my dreame,
oh scuruy dreame.

Signes and Tokens.

WVhen Charing-Crosse and Pauls Church meet,
And breake their fast in Friday street:
When Ware and Waltham goe to Kent
Together, there to purchase Rent.
When Islington and Lambeth ioyne,
To make a voyage to the Groine:
And Southwarke with St. Katherines gree,
To ride in post to Couentry:
When Turmele-street and Clarken-well,
Haue sent all Bawdes and Whores to Hell:
And Long-ditch, and Long-lane do try,
Antiquities for honesty;
And Newgate weepes, and Bridewell greues,
For want of Beggars, Whores, and Theeues.
And Tyburne doth to Wapping sweare,
Shall neuer more come Hang-man there:
When blinde men see, and dumbe men read,
Which seemes impossible indeed.
And by all rules that I can see,
I thinke in truch will neuer be.

Then

Madrigals

Then, then ye may say then,
Knaues now will be honest men.

WHen Youth and Beauty meet together,
theres worke for Breath;
But when they both begin to wither,
theres worke for Death.

When Loue and Honor worke together,
theres worke for Fame;
But when they both begin to wither,
theres worke for shame.

When Hope and Labour go together,
theres worke for gaine,
But when they both begin to wither,
theres worke for paine.

When Wit and Vertue worke together,
their work goes well;
But when they both begin to wither,
theres worke for Hell.

Let then perfections liue together,
and worke for praise.
For when their worke begins to wither,
their worth decaies.

IF all Rules of Phisicke,
Had onely help for the Tificke;
And all Chirurgeries ground,
Were for the healing of one wound.

Signes and Tokens.

And all kind of preaching,
Were but for one Parish teaching,
And all kind of diet,
To keepe one tongue in quiet.
And all kind of pleasures,
Were but for one mans treasures;
And all kind of learning,
Were for one points discerning;
And all kind of disputing,
Were for one points confuting.
And all kind of writing,
Were for one mans delighting :
If there should be such a season,
All so to go against reason ;
Which I thinke neuer to see,
Let them that know thinke what will be,
When the Rich are all agreed,
On the purses of the poore to feede:
And the wise men finde out fooles Lands,
To get them all into their hands.
And Wenches haue tricks with their eies,
To catch men, as Candles do Flics :
And Swagers make the high-way,
The cheefest part of their stay.
When Bawds and Whores study the Art,
To scape the Whip and the Cart ;
And Cut-purses all take their oathes,
To keepe the Hang-man in cloathes.
When thus the Deuill doth lurke,
To fall with the world to his worke :
Which would be a great sorrow to see,
Pray, that it may neuer be.

Questions and Answers.

Qa. Why should a rich man become a Theefe?

An. Because the sweete of gaine ouercomes his

Que. Why should any man want Money? (sence.

An. Because some spend it faster then they can get it.

Que. Why are old folkes in loue?

An. Because ease breeds idlenesse.

Que. Why is Tobacco in such esteeme?

An. Because it dries vp Rheume, and spends drinke.

Que. Why do so many people vse gaming?

An. Because they want wit for better exercise

Que. Why is a Cuckold patient?

An. Because of profit or feare.

Que. Why are men ieaalous of their wines?

An. Because they are Fooles.

Que. Why are offenders punishd?

An. To keepe the Subiects in peace.

Que. Why are Gallants flattered?

An. For a Fooles pride, and a Knaues profit.

Que. Why do Children cry?

An. Because they know not what they would haue.

Que. Why doe Beggars skold?

An. Because they are commonly drunke.

Que. Why doe Apes counterfeist men?

An. Because men counterfeit Apes.

Que. Why are Lawes ordained?

An. To giue euery man his right.

Qu. Why are their such delais in their execution?

An. Because there are so many causes to dispatch.

Que. What makes wares deere in the world?

An. The multitude of people,

Questions and Answers.

Qu. *And what makes cheapnesse?*

An. Aboundance.

Qu. *Where is the best dwelling in the world?*

An. In a mans owne house.

Qu. *And where is the best being for all men?*

An. In Heauen.

Qu. *What is of most esteeme in the world?*

An. Mony.

Qu. *What is the least cared for of a great many?*

An. Conscience.

Qu. *Why is honesty with many held a Iest?*

A. Because there are so few honest in earnest.

Qu. *Which is the best ground to plant on?*

An. That which is a mans owne.

Qu. *Why should Beggars liue without labour?*

A. Because their Mony comes in easily.

Qu. *Why do Gamsters fall out so oft?*

An. Because losse breeds impatience.

Qu. *Why are rich men most sickly?*

An. Because they take to much ease.

Qu. *What is the best Phisicke for all Natures?*

An. Motion.

Qu. *When is best taking Phisicke?*

An. When one is sicke.

Qu. *What sicknesse is most dangerous?*

An. The Plague.

Qu. *What most vnseely?*

An. The Poxe.

Qu. *What most continuing?*

An. The Ague.

Qu. *What most incurable?*

An.

Questions and Answers.

An. The Gout.

Qu. What most painefull?

An. The Tooth-ach.

Qu. What most common?

An. The Rheume.

Qu. What is ill for the eye-sight?

An. An Enemy.

Qu. What is good for it?

An. Gold.

Qu. What is the fruit of Learning?

An. Pride, pleasure, or profit.

Qu. What is the honor of the Law?

An. Iustice.

Qu. What is the Glory of the Law?

An. Mercy.

Qu. And what is the force of the Law?

An. Obedience.

Qu. What makes Lawyers rich?

An. Contentions of Clients.

Qu. What makes Magistrates honorable?

An. Execution of Iustice.

Qu. What is the poore mans happinesse?

An. Patience.

Qu. And what is the wise mans wealth?

An. Content.

Qu. Why are faire women most loued?

An. Because mens eies marre their wits.

Qu. Why do wisemen keepe Fooles?

An. To exercise their Charity.

Qu. Why are Diuines most worthy Reuerence?

An. Because they are the mouths of God vnto his

Qu. Why are so many Sects in Religion?

(people.

Questions and Answers.

An. Because the Deuil sowes sedition in the Church.

Que. Why do many befoole themselves with Idolatry?

A. Because blindnes in deuotiō breeds indiscretion.

Que. Why should wise men be undone by suretiship?

An. Because their loue exceeds their wits.

Qu. Why are men undone by womer?

An. Because they had rather be slaues then free-men.

Que. Why do many Louers grow franticke?

An. Because they seek that which is hard to be found.

Que. Why do mad men talke so much?

A. Because their tongues wag with the wind of their

Que. Why are honest harts most crossed? (braine.

An. To try their patience.

Qu.: When are the patient most happy?

An. At the houre of Death:

Que. What is the greatest feare in the world?

An. To dye.

Que. What is the greatest greefe?

An. Want.

Que. Why do Phisitions die?

An. Because Death is to cunning for them.

Que. Why doe men cry out upon Fortune?

An. To excuse their follies.

Que. Why do Labourers sing?

An. For the hope of their wages.

Que. Why do wise men take thought?

An. Because their wits are oppressed.

Que. Why are fooles full of Mony?

An. Because tis their baby to play withall.

Que. Why do Misers build faire houses?

An. To mocke Beggars.

Que. Why doe Beggars loue their drinking?

An.

Cobs talke with Wisedome.

An. Because it is an exercise of Idlenesse.

Que. Why do Scolds loue scolding?

An. Because it is their naturall Musique.

Que. Why do not Theeues feare hanging?

An. Because it is so easie a punishment.

Que. Why doe not the wicked feare God?

An. Because they are too great with the Deuill.

Que. Why are the vertuous most happy.

An. Because their ioyes are in heauen.

Cobs talke with Wisedome.

Come Wisedome, let me speake with thee
a word or two,
Some blessed Lesson reade to me
what I shall do:
What saist thou? First, that Christ his Crosse
must be my speede:
My labour else would be but losse,
what ere I reade.
With Alpha then I must begin
to finde a friend:
To lead me from the way of sinne
to comforts end;
And in Omega reade the last
of all my loue,
Wherein my soule all sorrow past,
her ioy may proue:
I must not sinne, I cannot chuse,
ah wo is me,
To take the ill and good refuse,
through want of thee.

Cobs talke with Wisedome.

In Youth I scorned thine aduice,
now I am old,
I hold thy counsaile in more price
then purest Gold :
Thou readst me patience, I confesse
it easeth paine,
But little hope yet of redresse,
thereby I gaine :
Thou readst me penitence for sinne,
with sorrowes smart,
Oh there the sorrow doth begin
that wounds my hart.
Thou readst me hope to heale my wound.
with sorrowes teares ;
But conscience makes my hart to sfound,
with sorrowes feares :
Thou readst me Faith, to hold my Hope
on Mercies Grace,
But when that Faith the gate would ope,
feare hides my face.
Thou readst me loue, the line of life
that leades to blisse ;
But hatefull sinne hath wrought the strife,
where no loue is.
Thou readst me Truth yet in the word,
that failes no trust :
But it doth onely Grace affoord
vnto the iust.
Thou readst me Mercy, yct will heale
the wounded hart :
To Mercy then let me appeale,
to cure my smart.

And

Cobs talkemith Wisedome.

And with true faithfull penitence,
to sorrow so;
That Hope with happy patience,
to Heauen may go:
And there with Ioy at Mercies gate
receiue that Grace,
Wherc neuer Soule that thou dost hate,
may haue a place.

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