

T H E

# Two Babes in the Wood;

OR, THE NORFOLK GENTLEMAN'S

## Last Will and Testament.

To which is added,

BID THE COACHMAN DRIVE.

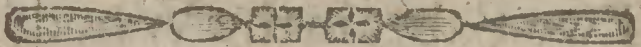


G L A S G O

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## THE TWO BABES IN THE WOOD.

**N**OW ponder well you parents dear,  
 the words that I shall write,  
 A woeful story you shall hear,  
 in time brought forth of late.

A gentleman of good account,  
 in Norfolk dwelt of late,  
 Whose means and riches did surmount  
 most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,  
 no help then could he have,  
 His wife with him as sick did lie,  
 and both possess'd one grave.

No love betwixt these two were lost,  
 each was to other kind,  
 In love they liv'd, in love they dy'd,  
 and left two Babes behind.

The one a fine and pretty boy,  
 not passing three years old;  
 The other a girl more young than he,  
 and made in beauty's mould.

The father left his little son,  
 as plainly doth appear,  
 When he to perfect age doth come,  
 three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jean,  
two hundred pounds of gold,  
To be paid down on marriage day,  
which might not be controul'd ;

But if his children chanc'd to die,  
ere they to age should come,  
Their uncle should receive their wealth,  
and thus the will did run.

Now brother, said the dying man,  
look to my children dear,  
Be good unto my boy and girl,  
no friend else have I here.

To God and you I do commend,  
my children night and day ;  
A little while we have, 'tis sure,  
within this world to stay.

You must be Father and Mother both,  
and Uncle all in one ;  
God knows what will become of them,  
when I am dead and gone.

With that, then spoke the Mother dear,  
my Brother kind, quoth she,  
Thou art the man must bring my Babes,  
to wealth or misery.

If you do keep them carefully,  
then God will you reward,  
If otherwise you seem to deal,  
God will your deeds regard.

With lips as cold as any stone,  
 the kiss'd her children small,  
 God bless you both my children dear,  
 with that the tears did fall.

These speeches that the brother spake,  
 to the sick couple there,  
 The keeping of your children dear,  
 sweet sister do not fear;

God never prosper me nor mine,  
 nor ought else that I have,  
 If I do wrong your children dear,  
 when you are laid in grave.

Their parents being dead and gone,  
 their children home he takes  
 And brings them home into his house,  
 and much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes,  
 a twelvemonth and a day,  
 But for their wealth he did devise,  
 to make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,  
 which were of furious mood,  
 That they should take these children both,  
 and slay them in a wood.

Then told his wife, and all he had,  
 he did the children send,  
 To be brought up in fair London,  
 with one that was friend.

Away then went these pretty Babes,  
rejoicing at that tide.

Rejoicing with a merry mind,  
they should on horse-back ride.

They prate and prattle pleasantly,  
as they rode on the way.

To those that should their butchers be,  
and work their life's decay.

So that the pleasant talk they had,  
made the murderer's heart relent,  
And they who took the deed to do,  
full sore they did repent.

Yet one of them more hard of heart,  
did vow to do his charge,  
Because the wretch that hired him,  
had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,<sup>1</sup>  
so there they fell at strife,  
With one another they did fight,  
about the children's life ;

And he that was of mildest mood,  
did slay the other there,  
Within an unfrequented wood,  
where Babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,  
while tears stood in their eye,  
And bade them come along with him,  
and look they did not cry.

And two long miles he led them thus,  
 while they for bread complain:  
 Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,  
 when I do come again.

The pretty Babes with hand in hand,  
 went wand'ring up and down,  
 But never more they saw the man  
 approaching from the town.

Their pretty lips with black berries,  
 were all besmear'd and dy'd,  
 And when they saw the darksome night,  
 they sat them down and cry'd.

Thus wand'ring these two pretty Babes,  
 till grief did end their life.  
 In one another's arms they dy'd,  
 like babes wanting relief

No burial these two pretty Babes  
 of any man receives  
 Till ROBIN RED-BREAST painfully  
 did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God,  
 upon the Uncle fell,  
 A fearful fiend did haunt his house,  
 his conscience felt an hell.

His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,  
 his lands were barren made;  
 His cattle dy'd within the house,  
 and nothing with him staid.

And in a voyage to Portugal,  
two of his sons did die:

And to conclude, himself was brought  
unto great misery.

He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land,  
e'er seven years came about,

And now at length this wicked act,  
by these means did come out.

The fellow that did take in hand,  
these children for to kill,

Was for a robb'ry judg'd to die,  
as was God's blessed will:

Who did confess the very truth,  
the which is here exprest,

Their Uncle died while he for debt,  
did long in prison rest.

All you that be executors made,  
and overseers eke.

Of children that be fatherless,  
and infants mild and meek:

Take all example by this sight,  
and yield to each his right,

Let God with such like miseries,  
your wicked deeds requite.

BID THE COACHMAN DRIVE,

**T**O all the Ladies now at Bath,  
and eke ye Beaux to you,

With aching heart, and wat'ry eyes,  
I bid my last adieu.

Farewel, ye nymphs, who prattling stand,  
hot reeking from the pumps.

While musick lends her friendly aid,  
to cheer you from the dumps.

Farewel, ye nymphs, who prattling stand,  
and criticise the fair,

Yourselves the joke of men of sense,  
who hate a Coxcomb's air.

Farewel to Deards and all her toys,  
which glitter in the shop;

Deluding toys to girls and boys,  
the warehouse of the Fop.

Lindsay's and Hay's both farewell,  
where is the spacious hall.

With bounding step and sprightly air,  
I've led up many a ball.

Where Somerville of courteous mean,  
was partner in the dance,

With swimming Haws and Brownlow blythe,  
and Briton Pink of France.

Poor Nash, farewell, may Fortune's smile,  
thy drooping soul revive;

My heart is full, I can no more——  
John, bid the coachman drive.

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G L A S G O W,

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