

22.

T H E

Wandering Young Gentlewoman;
O R,
Cat-Skin's Garland,

I N F I V E P A R T S .

PART I. How an Esquire's Daughter near London, was forc'd from home by her Father's cruelty, but through her tender Mother she was well educated and cloathed in rich array. And when she came to understand that she was hated by her Father, she made a robe of Cat-skins, with which she wandèred, carrying the rich attire and Jewels in a bundle under her arm.

PART II. How one evening she went to a knight's house, where she begged for a night's lodging in the stable, which was granted her,

PART III. A very comical and pleasant passage, which passèd between Cat-skin and the young Esquire the Knight's Son.

PART IV. In what manner he comes to catch Cat-skin in her rich attire, and how he fell in love with her and got his parents consent, he going to bed feigning himself sick, and made Cat-skin his nurse, with an account of their marriage.

PART V. An account of the death of her Mother and Sister, and he who was worth thousands dress'd like a beggar, went to her gate where he cried for charity, &c.

To which is added,

P R E T T Y L I T T L E F I P P E T .



Entered according to Order.


 CAT-SKIN'S GARLAND.

YE fathers and mothers and children also,
 Come draw near untome, & soon you shall know,
 The sense of my ditty for I dare to say,
 The like han't been printed this many a day.

The subject which to you I am to relate,
 It is of a squire's son of a vast estate,
 And the first dear infant-his wife to him bare,
 It was a young daughter of beauty most fair.

He said to his wife had this child been a boy,
 'Twould have pleas'd me better & increas'd my joy,
 If the next be of the same sort, I declare
 Of what I'm possess'd, she shall have no share.

In twelve months time after, this woman we hear,
 Had another daughter of beauty most clear,
 And when that her husband knew 'twas a female,
 Into a strong bitter passion he fell.

Saying, since this is of the same sort as the first,
 In my habitation she shall not be nurs'd,
 Pray let it be sent into the country,
 For where I am truly, this child shall not be.

With tears his dear wife, to him thus did say,
 Husband, be contented, I'll send her away,
 Then unto the country with speed did it send,
 For to be brought up with one who was a friend.

Although that her father he hated her so,
 She good education on her did bestow,
 And with a golden locket and robes of the best,
 This slighted young damsel was commonly drest.

And when unto stature this damsel was grown,
 And found by her father she had no love shown,
 She cry'd, Before that I lie under this frown,
 I'm fully resolv'd to range the world round.

BUT now good people, the cream of the jest,
 In what sort of manner this creature was dress'd,
 With Cat-skins she made, for a robe I declare,
 The which for her cov'ring she daily did wear.

Her new rich attire, and jewels beside,
 Then up in a bundle by her they were ty'd,
 How to seek her fortune, she wandered away,
 And when she had travell'd a whole winter's day,

In the evening-tide she came to a town,
 Whereas at the knight's door she then sat her down,
 For to rest herself, who was tired be fare,

This noble knight's lady she came to the door.

And seeing this creature in such sort of dress,
 The lady unto her these words did express, (have?
 From whence cam'st thou girl? and what wilt thou
 She cry'd a night's quarters in your stable I crave.

The lady said to her, I'll grant thy desire,
 Come unto the kitchen, and stand by the fire,
 Then she thanked the lady, and went in with haste,
 Where she was gaz'd on from biggest to least.

And being well warmed, her hunger being great,
 They gave her a dish of good meat for to eat,
 And then to an out-house this creature was led,
 Where she with fresh straw, then made her a bed.

And when in the morning that day-light she saw,
 Her rich robes and jewels she hid in the straw,
 And being very cold, she then did retire,
 To go to the kitchen, and stand by the fire.

The cook said, my lady, hath promis'd, that thou
 Shall be as a scullion to wait on me now;
 What say'st thou girl? art thou willing to bide?
 With all my heart, truly, to him she reply'd.

To work with her needle she could very well,
 And for raising of paste, few could her excel;
 She being very handy, the cook's heart did win,
 And then she was call'd by the name of Cat-skin.

THIS lady had a son both comely and tall,
 Who oftentimes used to be at a ball,
 A mile out of town in an evening tide,
 To see the ball acted away he did ride.

Cat-skins, said to his mother, madam let me
 Go after your son, this fine ball for to see,
 With that in a passion, this lady she grew,
 Struck her with a laddle, which she broke in two.

And being thus served, she then went away,
 And with a rich garment, herself did array ;
 Then to see this ball with great speed did retire,
 Where she danced so rarely, all did her admire.

The sport being done, the young 'squire did say,
 Young lady, where do you live ! tell me I pray,
 Her answer was unto him, that I will tell,
 At the sign of the broken laddle I dwell.

She being very nimble, got home first 'tis said,
 And with her Cat-skin robes she soon was array'd,
 And into the kitchen again she did go,
 But where she had been, none of them did know.

Next day the young 'squire, himself to content,
 To see the ball acted, away then he went,
 She said, pray let me go, this ball for to see,
 Then struck her with a skimmer & broke it in three.

Then out of doors she ran with heaviness,
 And with her rich garments herself then did dress,
 And to this ball she ran away with speed,
 And to see her dancing, all wondered indeed.

The ball being ended, this young 'squire then,
 Said, where is't you live ? She answer'd again,
 Sir, because you ask me, an account I will give,
 At the sign of the broken skimmer I live.

Being dark, then she lost him, & homeward did he
 And with her Cat-skin robe, was dress'd presently,
 And into the kitchen among them she went.
 But where she had been they were all innocent.

When the 'squire came home & found Cat-skin there
 He was in amaze, and began for to swear,
 For two nights at this ball has been a lady,
 The sweatest of beauties that e'er I did see.

She was the best dancer in all the whole place,
 And very much like our Cat-skins in the face;
 Had she not been drest to that comely degree,
 I'd have sworn it had been Cat-skins bodily.

Next night to this ball he did go once more,
 Then she asked his mother to go as before,
 And having a bason of water in hand,
 She threw it on Cat-skins as I understand.

Shaking her wet ears, out of doors she did run,
 And dressed herself, when this thing she had done,
 To see this ball acted, she then went her ways,
 To see her sine dancing all gave her the praise.

And having concluded, this young 'squire he,
 Said, from whence do you come? pray lady, tell me,
 Her answer was, Sir; you shall soon know the same,
 From the sign of the bason of water I came.

So homeward she hurry'd as fast as might be,
 This young 'squire he then was resolv'd to see,
 Whereto she belonged; then following Cat-skin,
 Into an old straw house he saw her creep in.

He said, O! brave Cat-skin, I find it is thee,
 These three nights together hath so charmed me:
 Thou art the sweatest creature my eyes e'er beheld,
 With joy and contentment my heart it is fill'd.

Thou art the cooks scullion, but as I have life,
 Grant me but thy love, I'll make thee my wife:
 And you shall have maids to be at your call,
 Sir, that cannot be, I have no portion at all.

Thy beauty is a portion, my joy and my dear,
 I prize it far better than thousands a year;
 And to have my friends consent, I have got a trick,
 I'll go to my bed and feign myself sick;

There none shall attend me but thee, I profess,
 So one day or other, when in thy rich dress,
 Thou shalt be drest, if my parents come nigh,
 I'll tell them 'tis for thee I'm sick and like to die.

P A R T IV.

HAVING thus consulted, this couple parted,
 Next day this 'squire he took his bed,
 And his dear parents this thing perceiv'd,
 For fear of his death they were heartily griev'd.

To tend him they sent for a nurse presently,
 He said, none but Cat-skins my nurse now shall be,
 His parents said no, son; he said, but she shall,
 Or else I shall have no nurse to me at all.

His parents both wondered, to hear him say thus,
 That none but Cat-skins must be his nurse:
 So then his dear parents, their son to content,
 Up to the chamber, poor Cat-skins they sent.

Sweet cordials and other rich things were prepar'd,
 Which between this couple were equally shar'd,
 And when they were alone, in each others arms,
 Enjoy'd one another in love's pleasant charms.

At length on a time, poor Cat-skins 'tis said,
 In her rich attire, she was quickly array'd,
 And when that his mother the chamber drew near,
 Then much like a goddess Cat-skins did appear.

Which caus'd her to startle, and thus for to say,
 What young lady is this, son, tell me, I pray?
 He said, why! 'tis Cat-skins, for whom sick I ly,
 And without I have her, with speed I shall die.

His mother ran down then to tell the old knight,
 Who ran up to see this amazing great sight,
 He said, why! 'tis Cat-skins, we held so in scorn,
 I never saw a finer dame since I was born.

The old knight said to her, I pray thee, tell me,
 From whence thou dost come, and of what family,
 Then who were her parents, she gave him to know,
 And what was the cause of her wandering so.

The 'squire cry'd, if you will save my life,
Pray grant this young creature she may be my wife,
His father reply'd, thy life for to save,
If you are agreed, my consent you shall have.

Next day with great triumph and joy as we hear,
There was many coaches both far and near,
Then much like a goddess dress'd in rich array;
Cat-skins to the 'squire was marry'd that day,

For several days this great wedding did last,
Where were many a topping and gallant rich guest,
And for joy, the bells rang over the town,
And bottles of canary troll'd merrily round.

When Cat-skins was marry'd, her fame for to raise,
To see her modest-carriage, all gave her the praise:
Thus her charming beauty the 'squire did win,
And who lives so great as he and Cat-skin.

P A R T V.

NOW in the fifth part, I'll endeavour to show,
How things with her parents and sister did go,
Her mother and sister, of life are bereft,
And now all alone the old 'squire he is left.

And hearing his daughter was marry'd so brave,
He said in my noddle a fancy I have,
Dress'd like a poor man, a journey I'll make,
And see if she on me some pity will take.

Then dress'd like a beggar, he went to her gate,
Where stood his daughter who appear'd very great,
He cried noble lady, a poor man I be;
And I am now forc'd to crave your charity.

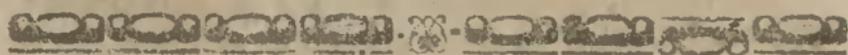
With a blush, she ask'd him, from whence he came
With that he then told her, and gave her his hand,
She cry'd I'm your daughter, that you slighted so,
Nevertheless to you some kindness I'll show.

Through mercy the Lord hath provided for me,
Pray father then come in, and sit down, said she;
Then the best provision the house could afford,
For to make him welcome, was set on the board,

She said, You are welcome, feed heartily I pray,
 And if you are willing, with me you shall stay,
 So long as I live ; then he made this reply,
 I only aim come, thy love for to try.

Thro' mercy my child, I'm rich and not poor,
 I have gold and silver enough now in store,
 And for the love which at thy hand I have found,
 For a portion I'll give thee ten thousand pound.

So in a few days after as I understand,
 This man he went home and sold off all his land,
 And ten thousand pounds to his daughter did give,
 And then altogether in love they did live.



PRETTY, LITTLE TIPPET.

To its ain proper Tune.

THere is a chambermaid lives in the South,
 So tight, so light, so neat, so gay, so handy—o,
 Her breath is like the rose, and the pretty little mouth
 of pretty little Tippet is the dandy—o!

Never could I clasp the waist of Sucky, Sal, or peg,
 their arms so red, their ugly legs so bandy—o!
 But slim and taper is the waist: the neat and pretty leg,
 of pretty little Tippet is the dandy—o!

Tippet of the South, if she gives me but a smile,
 cheers the cockles of my skipping heart, like brandy—o.

Each part, each limb, each look, would any one beguile
 but take her altogether, she's the dandy—o!

Each part, each limb, each look, would any one deguile
 and Tippet's little total is the dandy—a!

F I N I S.