

THE  
Unfortunate Son,

OR, A

Kind Wife is worth Gold.

BEING

Full of Mirth and Pastime.

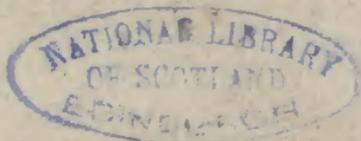
---

*Good Reader let thy Patience brook,  
But to read over this small Book,  
Which will thee satisfy awhile,  
And surely give thee a smile,  
A Story of such Fortune bad,  
Has never sure nor harmful Lad.*

---



Printed according to Order.



Printed according to Order



The...  
A...  
W...  
T...  
G...  
C...

Full of Mirth and Pageants

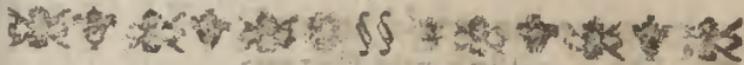
D I A G

Kind Wife is worth Gold

OR

Unfortunate Youth

L B K



The HIST'RY of the

# Unfortunate Son.

**T**HERE was a man but one son had,  
and he was all his joy.

But still his fortune was but bad,  
tho' he was a pretty boy,

His father sent him forth one day,  
to feed a flock of sheep,

And half of them were stole away  
while he lay down to sleep.

Next day he went with one Tom Goff,  
to reap as he was sown,

And there he cut his fingers off,  
the sickle was so keen

Jack climbed up with nimble legs,  
to the head-rook so high

But he fell down and broke both his legs,  
and hurt him piteously.

Jack then went to thatch the stable,  
but there came such a blast,

To sit up he was not able  
but down he came at last.

Poor Jack a cleaving wood had been,  
his father held the quarter,

He cut his father o'er the thins,  
not much below the garter

To seek his fortune Jack wou'd go,

to range the world around,  
 His father willing was thereto,  
 and gave him twenty pounds.  
 But Jack no sooner then was gone,  
 out of of his father's door  
 But he was straitway knocked down,  
 and robb'd by thieves and whores.  
 Jack went unto a farmer's yard,  
 desiring there to dwell.  
 The farmer entertain'd him straight,  
 and lik'd him wond'rous well.  
 Himself so well he did behave,  
 that the farmer and he agreed,  
 That he his daughter then should have,  
 which made him glad indeed.  
 Jack then took up his bagpipes,  
 which there did by him lie  
 And he began to sing and pipe,  
 when he had cause to cry  
 For tho' the farmer's daughter  
 did love him wond'rous well,  
 Yet I will shew hereafter  
 What unto him befel.  
 No sooner was he married,  
 but his wages they were rais'd,  
 And tho' he oft miscarryed,  
 yet he was never prais'd.  
 Jack then was sent unto the wood,  
 on purpose to sell oaks,  
 He shewed his endeavour good,  
 and laid on luty strokes.

He cut a mighty oak in two,  
 his cart and team stood by.  
 The tree fell down, and thus it flew  
 his horses presently.  
 What course to take he did not know,  
 his horses being slain  
 Unto his father-in-law to go  
 he thought it was in vain.  
 Jack went o'er bogs and sandy shelves,  
 at last he spy'd a pool,  
 Where flocks of wild geese show'd themselves,  
 too wild for this sad fool.  
 Quoth he, sure I can kill with ease  
 one of these towels to sell,  
 My father-in-law then I shall please,  
 and all things must go well.  
 His hatchet at them he did sling,  
 hoping to strike one dead.  
 But they were all too light of wing,  
 and from him strait they fled.  
 His hatchet sunk inme itely,  
 it would not swim to shore.  
 Alas! said he, where am I now?  
 in worse case than before.  
 I will not lose my hatchet so,  
 altho' my luck be ill;  
 But I will have it ere I go,  
 or I must make my will,  
 He then stript off his cloaths, some say  
 and so to diving went.  
 A rogue came by, and took away

his clo'hes incontinent.  
 Why now said he I am undone,  
 alas! who can assure me  
 My dad won't own me for his son,  
 nor eke my wife endure me  
 For I hav' slain my horses brave,  
 and lost my hatchet too,  
 My cloaths are taken by a knave,  
 alas! what must I do?  
 Stark naked am I and forlorn,  
 in some close place 'till hide me,  
 Woe to the time when I was born,  
 alas! what can betide me?  
 Into a hollow tree he creeps,  
 and quaking there he stands,  
 And sighs and mournfully he weeps,  
 and often wrings his hands.  
 But cold and hunger brought him forth,  
 he wished at home he were,  
 Those wishes were but of little worth,  
 since he durst not come there.  
 But night at length came on apace,  
 thus he resolv'd to do.  
 Altho he durst not shew his face,  
 yet homeward he wou'd go.  
 When he came home the doors fast be,  
 yet there he made a stay,  
 And at the windows listens he,  
 to hear what they did say  
 There did he hear his wife lament,  
 his father-in-law complain,

And all the house in discontent,  
 concluding he was ill in.  
 Jack naked was, the wind blew cold,  
 he could no longer stay.  
 But in the hog-stie he made bold,  
 and there full close he lay  
 The churlish hogs so horrid were,  
 to this their master's son  
 Small manners in them did appear.  
 for him they over run.  
 And some upon his feet did tread,  
 and some did full fore die bite him,  
 And they with him so quarrelled.  
 he fear'd they would indict him.  
 And such a fearful noise they made,  
 for they did sore dismay him  
 He with their noise was terrify'd,  
 that they would betray him.  
 Poor Jack he did speak them fairly,  
 as being an intruder,  
 He scratch'd their poles but ne'er the near,  
 for they were but the ruder.  
 Until at last his wife did hear  
 the cry of these rude cattle.  
 And out of the door she came with fear,  
 to end this sudden battle.  
 Jack saw her coming and began  
 with speed to stand upright,  
 she seeing there a naked man,  
 was in a grievous fright,  
 she gave a shriek, and leap'd in the dirt,

To greatly she was mov'd;  
 But she was more afraid than hurt;  
 for it was her best belov'd  
 Sweetheart. said he be not afraid,  
 I am thy husband dear.  
 Alas! poor creature: than she said,  
 why stand you naked here?  
 Alas! quoth he, I am undone,  
 my team of horses slain.  
 My hatchet lost my hose and shoon;  
 and my apparel plain.  
 Poor man! said she what what will you do  
 my heart for you doth ach.  
 Yet tho' my father envies you,  
 I will not you forsake.  
 Thanks my kind wite then said he,  
 your love to me is great.  
 And as my love is so to thee,  
 give me something for to eat.  
 For I am both hungry and cold,  
 then fetch me something strait,  
 Once in this house I have been great,  
 but now am forc'd to wait.  
 Alas! my father's up she said,  
 and little can get.  
 But something I will get for thee,  
 and thus I'll vie my wit:  
 Into the buttery I will go,  
 and there I will be sure,  
 A pot of butter-milk for you  
 I know can procure.

And 'cause it as a darksome night  
 that you might not forget it,  
 I'll cover it with a white cloth,  
 and on the dunghill set it.

Whil- she went to the buttery,  
 a great white dog came out,  
 And on the dunghill down did lie,  
 to bring the jeit about.

Poor Jack out of the hogstye peeps,  
 the grea: white dog espies,  
 With joy and glanets out he creeps,  
 his hunger to suffice.

The dog he took to be a clou,  
 which the butter milk to cover,  
 But he did find it was as stout,  
 before that he gave over,

The dog was white as he might see,  
 the night was dark and black,  
 Then sure a wiser then he  
 might eanly mistake.

Fast by the back he took the dog,  
 i'stead of the butter milk pot,  
 An. being naked as a frog  
 now judge but what he got.

The dog takes Jack fast by the toe,  
 and Jack with him did strive.

Quoth he, I ne'er before did know  
 that butter-milk was alive.

The curstith dog would not give o'er,  
 till he had ren nim to.

Taat he mis still so much had tore,

that he could hardly go  
 Both shoulders, arms and head,  
 he bit in such a ferr,  
 That he could hardly go,  
 he did not like the sport.  
 At last the dog did come to know  
 it was his master's son,  
 And was content to let him go,  
 so thus the war was done.  
 Into the hog-stie then he creeps,  
 and cursed ill bred dogs,  
 And there he sits him down to weep,  
 amongst the churlish hogs.  
 His wife came then down in haste,  
 and down the butter milk lays,  
 But little did she know what past,  
 unteñ she goes her ways.  
 It was covered with a white clean cloth,  
 upon the dunghill then  
 And tho' twas but cold broth,  
 'twould serve a hungry man  
 Jack wonder'd that he staid so long,  
 being vex'd with cold an' pain,  
 Did think that he had double wrong,  
 and sorely did complain.  
 Alas sai Jack now must die,  
 with hunger sore remain,  
 For why he knew not certainly,  
 that she was come sa' gone.  
 Jack heeled out at last in fear,  
 and there perceive he might,

The butter-milk on dung-hill there,  
 cover'd o'er with white.  
 Jack thought the white dog it had been,  
 that did bite him before,  
 To study now he doth begin  
 to be reveng'd therefore.  
 Jack has a cudgel then had got,  
 a weapon stout and strong,  
 And went towards the butter-milk,  
 for to revenge his wrong  
 said he you cur, you now shall know  
 I'll be reveng'd on you  
 With that he gave the pot a blow,  
 which made him after rue.  
 The pot in pieces broke apace,  
 Jack knew not what to think,  
 for why the milk flew in his face,  
 and made him backwards shrink.  
 The cracking of the pot he thought  
 was the dog's bones, and judg'd  
 The milk which in his face wrought,  
 to be the mastiff's blood  
 You ill bred cur now know, said he,  
 what 'twas to wrong a man,  
 think I am reveng'd on you  
 as much as e'er I can  
 let others cure a warning take,  
 how they abuse their friends,  
 or much of thee I still did make,  
 and had but ill amends  
 his anger swag'd, which fore did burn,

glory of his victorie,  
 And let he butte milk so chura'd,  
 upon the dunghill lie,  
 Not knowing otherwise than he  
 had kill'd the dog outright,  
 Thus many men mistaken be,  
 comparing white to white.  
 But at last the woman came,  
 and to her husband went,  
 Then like a kind and loving wife  
 she told him her intent.  
 She said good husband, do come in,  
 my father is in bed.  
 Alas! said he, ill luck hath been,  
 and I am almost dead.  
 The white dog on the dunghill lay,  
 and I mistook the mark,  
 I took him for a pot of whey,  
 as well I might in the dark.  
 He fasten'd on me in such sort,  
 that fore he hath me bit,  
 Poor man, said she, I'm sorry for't,  
 but let me tell you yet,  
 A pot of butter milk & fat  
 upon the dunghill there.  
 And chuse you thould not it forget,  
 I spread a cloth most fair.  
 Alas! said he, I saw it not.  
 sure good luck have none.  
 For sure it was the butter milk pot  
 that I so deat upon.

With that they went into the place,  
 where they the truth soon found,  
 For he beheld with great disgrace,  
 the butter mill upon the ground,  
 Now fie upon ill luck said he,  
 my best days now are spent,  
 But since it will no better be,  
 we must be both content.

His wife then took him by the hand,  
 and led him without sorrow,  
 Yet little did he understand  
 what passed on the morrow

Jack sat him down just by the fire,  
 his frozen bones to warm,  
 and pull'd his stool nigher and nigher,  
 not thinking any harm.

But he so near the fire came,  
 and crept down so low,  
 That he did fall into the fire,  
 and knew not what to do.

But he got up again with speed,  
 and he was burnt full sore,  
 It was for want of taking heed,  
 that he fell down before.

To make a posset then his wife  
 did use her utmost skill,  
 But he was weary of his life,  
 for he was very ill.

No sooner was the posset made,  
 but the old man knocks in haste,  
 Alas! said he, we are betray'd,

My father knocks full fast,  
 And do fear that he'll come down,  
 and find the puffer there.  
 Said Jack he is not such a clown,  
 that he should so much fear  
 But to prevent the worst, said she,  
 I'll hide it now away.  
 I would not have the old one see,  
 lest that we have a fray.  
 Old age is crabbed that we have seen,  
 and by experience find  
 And to prevent the following woe,  
 these things we well must mind,  
 Into the privy house she goes,  
 and lets it on a stool.  
 Her husband little did suppose  
 that it was there, poor fool!  
 No sooner he came out again,  
 but with redoubled force,  
 The old man kick'd with might and main,  
 and began to swear and curse.  
 Up stairs she ran with haste and speed,  
 when fearing to be sent,  
 In the mean time he having need,  
 unto the privy went.  
 Now Jack: unto the privy come,  
 he would as he could robs it,  
 He very fairly set his bum  
 in the middle of the puffer.  
 So landed he was never in his life,  
 which made him sk p and trip,

And he had rail'd on his wife,  
 but that he bit his lip.  
 He blam'd her because she had  
 not told him of the same.  
 The frading had almost made him mad,  
 'twas long ere he was tame.  
 But down at last his wife did come,  
 with her he made a stir.  
 He tells her of his scalded bum,  
 and says 'twas long with her.  
 She prays him to be content,  
 and moaned like a baby.  
 Had she given this poor Jack of Lent  
 as dainty words as may be.  
 She fetch'd him drink and nuts,  
 and more than he requir'd,  
 And when he had fill'd his guts,  
 to sleep she him desir'd.  
 Upon his bed fresh sheets she laid,  
 with blankets fine and trim,  
 And begg'd him not to be dismay'd,  
 for she would lay with him.  
 And Jack he would not idle be,  
 while she his bed did make.  
 For he the warming pan did see,  
 then down the same did take  
 Jack's rather this was honest man,  
 some gunpowder had got,  
 He put it in the warming pan,  
 thinking no harm God wot!  
 Into the pan he ne'er did look,

it was not his desire,  
 But manfully the tongs he took,  
 and quickly it gave fire.  
 But he not being us'd to theot,  
 did frighten half the town.  
 Nor could he fairly stand unto't,  
 for why, it beat him down.  
 His beard was burnt unto the stumps,  
 the chimney did so flame,  
 That all the wells springs, and pumps,  
 could hardly quench the same.  
 The townsmen up in arms did rise,  
 and much amazed were.  
 And he was staring with his eyes,  
 being almost dead with fear.  
 The powder flew about the house,  
 might move some one to laughter,  
 For there was neither rat nor mouse  
 for seven long winters after.  
 The old man all this time did sleep,  
 since none did him molest,  
 Poor Jack alone did only weep,  
 all else went to their rest.  
 But Jack conclusions still would try  
 with this same war-bag pan,  
 He took it up and earnestly  
 the second part began.  
 Jack put some fire again into it,  
 as being very bold.  
 Perhaps it was to try his wits,  
 for he could not be cold.

And up into the bed did creep,  
 and hid his wife stand by,  
 But being overcome with sleep,  
 let the warming pan lie  
 Between the sheets as some say,  
 it burnt the nape of his neck.  
 While the woman was away,  
 it happened so unlucky,  
 And had she not soon come again,  
 much more harm had been done,  
 For who the sluggish sleep swain,  
 knew not it would burn  
 She said now I have cause to mourn  
 at your unhappy life  
 For why the sheets you burn,  
 O peace said he good wife  
 For I will go to bed with speed,  
 for fear more hurt I do.  
 Aye said the wife and to you had need,  
 these things I fear you'll rue.  
 With this he rose and rubb'd his eyes,  
 and fetch'd a yawn or two  
 And so down on the bed with speed,  
 as sluggards use to do  
 His wife she went to bed with speed,  
 the old man he lay by  
 What happen'd after you shall hear,  
 in the twinkling of an eye  
 He miss'd the bull and hit poor Jack,  
 poor woman! she forget  
 To bring up what without doubt,

is call'd a chamber-pot,  
 To make water Jack had a like,  
 but he was loath to use.  
 And if he did the bed bepiss,  
 he thought it bad likewise.  
 At last he rose and scratch'd about,  
 but all in vain God wot!  
 In every place he made a rout,  
 but could not find the pot.  
 Under his father's bed he creeps,  
 hoping to find one there.  
 The good old man now soundly sleeps,  
 and nothing he doth hear.  
 Two bird-lime pots there were  
 which the old man had in store,  
 And to poor Jack was round beset  
 with troubles evermore.  
 Jack thrusts his hands with might and main  
 into the bird lime pans  
 He could not get them out again,  
 but there he grumbling stands.  
 Round about the room he walks  
 with the lime pots on his hands,  
 Then often to himself he talks,  
 cursing of bird-lime pans.  
 He stamp, stares, tumbles, and frets,  
 and shakes his head in vain,  
 And like a man beside his wits,  
 to his wife he does complain.  
 When she the jest did come to know,  
 she could not chide but smile,

Tho' he was round hest with woe,  
and sorrow all the while.

Said the strike both your hands against  
some post here in the room.

And break the lime pots if you can,  
that you to bed may come.

The old man wore a white cap,  
his head hung o'er the bed.

With the pots he gave him such a rap,  
as almost struck him dead.

He guess'd his head had been a post,  
the old man loud did cry.

Jack naked ran away in haste,  
intended for to fly.

Quoth Jack, and if my father die,  
his head being sorely bang'd.

If I be taken, surely I  
shall without doubt be hang'd.

I'll saddle me a horse most brave,  
and then away I'll ride,

So by this means my life I'll save,  
for fear I'll not abide.

But he mistook the stable,  
and went into the cow-house,

To stand I am not able,  
for laughing at the goose.

In he comes, and up he strides,  
upon a mighty bull,

And fiercely up and down he rides  
upon the horrid mule.

The great white mastiff seeing this,

did open his mouth now wider  
 And seldom it was the dog did miss  
 the fierce bull or his rider  
 Sometimes he did upon Jack light,  
 sometimes upon his nag,  
 And so stoutly with them fights,  
 they had small cause to brag.  
 He rent the bull in such a sort,  
 that he was now stark mad  
 The bull had cause to blame Jack for't,  
 that vile unhappy lad  
 The weary dog did leave them then,  
 when he was tir'd out  
 The weary dog did leave them then,  
 the bull still runs about.  
 And last a country man came by,  
 with his staff upon his neck,  
 And very unadv'fedy  
 did give the bull a check  
 He thought the bull the devil had been,  
 or he upon his back.  
 He rail'd at them and would not leave,  
 till he knock'd down poor Jack.  
 The headstrong bull he did espy  
 the country fellow there  
 And at him ran most furiousy,  
 without all dread or fear.  
 The countryman did think to take  
 a blow right at his head  
 He mis'd the bull and hit poor Jack  
 and struck him almost dead.

Away then went this country clown;  
 and the world with laughter fill'd,  
 For he reported in the town  
 he had the devil kill'd.  
 But Jack recover'd at the last,  
 as one who had been dead,  
 And saddled a horse in haste,  
 and then away he fled.  
 The townsmen up in arms he meets,  
 who waited on him then,  
 With all the allies lanes and streets,  
 beset with armed men.  
 Jack sat naked upon the horse,  
 and thought no harm at all,  
 Misfortunes still were worse and worse,  
 his comforts were but small.  
 The man that knock'd him down before  
 from off the mad bull's back,  
 seeing him come steps out of doors,  
 and fiercely knock'd down Jack,  
 about him people flock'd apace,  
 to see his nakedness,  
 They looking stedfast in his face,  
 they knew him who he was.  
 They pity'd him and ask'd him how  
 he came in that distress?  
 What brought him into trouble now  
 that I shall here express  
 Many a blind excuse he made,  
 as good as he could frame,  
 but nevertheless poor Jack they stay'd

until his father came  
 Forth rue and cry they send with speed,  
 to seek him every where.  
 At last they found him out indeed,  
 but almost dead with fear.  
 The old man with great fury comes,  
 Jack's wife crying after,  
 And Jack stood biting of his thumbs.  
 which moved them to laughter.  
 Fast by the throat he took poor Jack,  
 quoth he now I have found thee,  
 Now villian thou shalt go to wreck,  
 for it was thee did wound me.  
 My team of horses thou hast slain,  
 and lost my hatchet too.  
 My cloaths also from thee were taken,  
 these things wil make thee rue.  
 Before the judges they him hawl,  
 this most unfortunate lad.



And there against him they did rail,  
as if they had been mad.

His indictment was made with speed,  
in haste, as was supposed.

And this indictment you may read,  
if you are so disposed

## His I N D I C T M E N T.

### IMPRIMIS,

**F**OR killing his father's horses.

Item for losing a narcoet.

Item for losing his clothes, which were  
borrowed.

Item for laying hands upon his father's  
white dog

Item, for breaking to pieces the great  
butter milk pot.

Item for spoiling the poffet.

Item for burning his father's sheets.

Item, for pissing his bed

Item, for unmercifully breaking his old  
father's head.

Item for frightening a poor simple coun-  
try fellow.

Item for riding away with his father's  
ouil:

Of all which he was found **GUILTY.**

Jack did confess the things aright,  
 they could not be deny'd,  
 But he desired that he might  
 by his own wife be try'd.  
 If want of wit or too much fear,  
 did then speechless make him,  
 It is wel known, nor need we care,  
 but as he is, so take him.  
 His wife excus'd the matter, so  
 she free'd him as tis told.  
 This having penn'd — you here may see  
 "a loving wife's worth gold."

FINIS.

