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SONGS Compleat,

Pleasant and Divertive;

SET TO

MUSICK

By Dr. JOHN BLOW, Mr. HENRY PURCELL,
and other Excellent Masters of the Town.

Ending with some ORATIONS, made and spoken by me
several times upon the PUBLICK STAGE in the THEATER.
Together with some Copies of VERSES, PROLOGUES, and
EPILOGUES, as well for my own PLAYS as those of other
Poets, being all Humorous and Comical.

VOL. III.

Written by Mr. D'URFEY.

LONDON:

Printed by *W. Pearson*, for *J. Tonson*, at SHAKESPEAR'S
Head, against *Catherine Street* in the *Strand*, 1719.

[41]

The Country-Man's Ramble thro'
Bartholomew-Fair.

Adzooks ches went the other day to *London* Town,
In *Smithfield* such gazing,
Zuch thrusting and squeezing,
Was never known:

A Zitty of Wood, some Volk do call it *Bartledom*-Fair,
But chez zure nought but Kings and Queens live there.

In Gold and Zilver, Zilk, and Velvet each was drest,

A Lord in his Zatting,
Was buisy prating,

Among the rest:

But one in blew Jacket came, which some do *Andrew* call,
Adsheart, talk'd woundly wittily to them all.

[42]

At last Cutzooks, he made such sport I laugh'd aloud,
The Rogue, being fluster'd,
He flung me a Custard,
Amidst the Croud:

The Volk vell a laughing at me; then the *Vezen* zaid,
Bezure *Ralph*, give it to *Doll* the Dairy-maid.

I *zwallowed* the affront, but staid no longer there;

I thrust and I scrambled,
Till further I rambled,

into the Fair.

Where *Trumpet* and *Bagpipes*, *Kettle-drums*, *Fidlers*, were *all* at work,

The Salamanca Corpus: "The Country Man's Ramble" (1719)

And the *Cook zung*, *Here's your delicate Pig and Pork*.

I look'd around, to see the Wonders of the Vair,

Where Lads and Lasses,

With Pudding-bag arses,

Zo nimble were;

Heels over head, as round as a wheel they turn'd about,

Old Nick zure, was in their breeches without doubt.

Most woundy *pleas'd*, I up and down the Vair did range,

To zee the vine *Varies*,

Play all their Vagaries,

I vow 'twas strange.

I ask'd them aloud, *What country little Volk they were?*

A cross brat answer'd me, *Che were Cuckold-shire*.

I thrust and shov'd *along as well as e'ver I could*,

At last did I grovel,

Into a dark Hovel,

Where Drink was *sold*;

They brought me Cans, which cost a penny apiece, adsheart,

I'm zure twelve *ne'er could fill a Country-quart*.

Che went to draw her Purse, to pay them for their beer,

The *Devil a Penny*,

Was left of my Money,

Che'll vow and zwear:

[43]

They doft my Hat for a Groat, then turn'd me out of doors;

Adswounds, *Ralph*, did ever zee zuch Rogues and Whores.