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Anonymous

***The Lass of Cumberland* (1674)**

This Gallant finding *Nelly* to be kind,
With sweet persuasions won her to his mind;
What he in love could ask, it granted was,
She was so courteous, and so a kind *Lass*:
For in conclusion they both did agree,
To ligg together, and live merrily.

To a new Northern Tune: *Or, the Lass that comes to bed to me*

There was a *Lass* in *Cumberland*,
a bonny *Lass* of high degree:
There was a *Lass* her name was *Nell*,
the blithest *Lass* that e're you see:
Oh! to bed to me, to bed to me,
The Lass that comes to bed to me;
Blith and bonny may she be,
the Lass that comes to bed to me

Her Father lov'd her palsing well,
so did her Brother fancy *Nell*:

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But all their loves came short of mine,
as far as *Tweed* it is from *Tyne*.
Oh! to bed to me, to bed to me, &c.

She had five Dollars in a Chest,
four of them she gave to me,
She cut her Mothers Winding-sheet,
and all to make a Sark for me.
Oh! to bed to me, to bed to me, &c.

She pluckt a Box out of her Purse,
of four gold Rings, she gave me three
She thought her self no whit the worse,
she was so very kind to me.
*Oh! to bed to me, to bed to me,
The Lass that comes to bed to me;
Blith and bonny may she be,
the Lass that comes to bed to me*

If I were Lord of all the North,
to Bed and board she should be free,
For why? she is the bonniest Lass
that is in all her awne Country:
*Oh! to bed to me, to bed to me,
The Lass that comes to bed to me;
Blith and bonny may she be,
the Lass that comes to bed to me*

Her Cherry Cheeks and Ruby Lips,
doth with the Damask Rose agree,
With other parts which I will not name
which are so pleasing unto me:
Oh! to bed to me, &c.

Far have I rid, both East and West,
and been in many a strange Country;
Yet never met with so kind a Lass,
compar'd with *Cumberland Nelly*:
Oh! to bed to me, &c.

Then I embrace her in my arms,
she takes it kind and courteously;
And hath such pritty winning Charms,
the like whereof you ne'r did see:

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Lass of Cumberland* (1674)

Oh! to bed to me, &c.

There's not a Lass in *Cumberland*,
to be compar'd with smiling *Nell*,
She hath so soft, and white a hand,
and something more I will not tell:
Oh! to bed to me, &c.

Up to my Chamber I her got,
there did I treat her Courteously,
I told her I thought it was her lot,
to stay all night and Lig with me:
Oh! to bed to me, &c.

She pritty Rogue could not say nay,
but by consent we did agree,
That her for a fancy there should stay,
and come at night to Bed with me:
Oh! to bed to me, &c.

She made the Bed both broad and wide,
and with her hand she smooth'd it down
She kist me thrice, and smiling said,
my Love I fear thou wilt sleep too soon:
Oh! to bed to me, &c.

Into my Bed I hasted straight,
and presently she followed me,
It was but in vain to make her wait,
for a Bargain must a Bargain be:
Oh! to bed to me, &c.

Then I embrac'd this lovely Lass,
and stroakt her Wem so bonnily,
But for the rest, we let it pass,
for she afterward sung Lullaby:
*Oh! to Bed to me, to bed to me,
The lass that came to bed to me;
Blith and bonny sure was she,
the lass that came to bed to me*