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Anonymous

***What is That to You? Or, The Northern Lad, his
Description of a Northern Lasse (1663-1674)***

Wherein is expressed, her Beauty and Perfection; His Love and Devotion to his much admired Jenny.

And in the Burthen of his Song,
Whether it be right or wrong
Ask him if it be false or true,
His answer is, *What's that to you?*

Tune is, *A pleasant new Scottish Jegg, Or, Jenny were here again.*

I heard a Northern Lad,
that lately came a shore
Describe a Lass he had,
according to his Lore:
I askt to see this Lass,
to find if he spoke true:
But all his answer was,

pray what is that to you.

Poor Jenny (quoth he) and I,
have toyl'd a Summers day,
Till we have been like to fry,
in making of the Hay?
Her Kercher was Holland clear,
bound down upon her Brow,
She whispered a thing in my ear,
but what is that to you.

Her stocking were Kersey green,
stich'd down with yellow silk;
So gay a Leg seld was seen,
a Skin as white as milk:
Her Eyes was black as Sloe,
her Veins of Violet hue;
And daintly Jenny can Moo,
but what is that to you.

Her Coats hang not so low,
as Ladies use to wear'um,
She needed no Page I tro,
for I was there to bear 'um;
I took 'um all up in my hand,
and eke her Linnen too,
Waiting the Word of command,
but what is that to you.

The Turk hath Wives enough,
and Concubines great number
But we have more joys I vow,
cause he hath more incumber,
We lead a merry mad life,
and freely lets me do,
As should a loving Wife,
but what is that to you.

The Lilly and the Rose combine,
to make me Jenny fair:
There's no content like mine,
I welly am void of care:
But that I fear Jenney's Face,
will tempt all men to woe,
Which will be a foul disgrace,
but what is that to you.

Her teeth are as white as Snow,
and very sweet's her breath,
Her hair's black as a Crow,
above and underneath:
Her star like Eyes I mean,
which lovely are in view,
She's neither Fat nor Lean,
but what is that to you.

No Diamonds like her Eyes,
so sparkling and so bright,
No Ivory like her Thighs
for soft and smooth, and white:
More Wonders I have seen,
then you are like to know,
You may guess again and gain,
but what is that to you.

For Houswifry she is one,
that can both wash and starch
And welly can dress a Man
a bit upon a March:
She is as good a dish her self,
Cook, Sauce, and Mutton too,
And cares not a pin for Pelf,
but what is that to you.

She never wears Perfume,
which makes me not to doubt her,
For patches I presume,
she hath but one about her:
And that not made by Art.
nor is it much in view?
She takes the young gallants heart
but what is that to you.

She can both work and toyl,
at Distaff, Wheal, and Spindle
She'l glance and sing, and smile,
'twould make a mans courage kindle;
And never got out again,
till she is pleas'd to do
Somwhat to ease his pain.
but what is that to you.
I have been upon the Seas,

and now am come to shore;
With Jenny I'le end my days,
with Jenny I'le Rant a Roar:
I've brought both silver & Gold:
have at thee Jenny now;
Ile give her as much as she'l hold
but what is that to you.

