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**Parker, Martin (c.1600-c.1656)**

***The Bonny Bryer, Or A Lancashire Lasse, her Sore Lamentation, for the Death of her Love, and her own Reputation (1630)***

To the tune of the Bonny Broome

One morning early by the breake of day,  
walking to Totnam-court  
Upon the left hand of the high way,  
I heard a sad report;  
I made a stay, and look'd about me then,  
wondring from whence it was,  
At last I spyed within my ken  
a blyth and buxome Lasse.  
*Sing O the Bryer, the bony bony Bryer,  
the Bryer that is so sweet:  
Would I had stayd in Lancashire,  
to milke my mothers Neate.*

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Bonny Bryer* (1630)

I drew more neare and layd me all along,  
upon the grasse so greene,  
Where I might heare her dulcid tongue,  
yet I was from her unseene:  
Woe's me (quoth shee) that aver I was borne  
to come to London Citty,  
For now, alas, I a made a scorne  
and none my woes will pittie.  
*But O the Bryer, &c.*

Mine Eame and Aunt have often said at home  
that London is a place  
Where Lasses may to preferment come,  
within a little space:  
This I finde true though they meant otherwise,  
which makes me thus lament,  
My belly doth to preferment rise,  
as if some Barne were in't.  
*With O the Bryer, the bony bony Bryer,  
the Bryer that is so sweet:  
Would I had stayed in Lancashire,  
to milke my mothers Neate.*

These words did my desire inflame,  
at home I could not bide  
But up to London in hast I came,  
I may bewaile the Tide,  
A now I wish'd that I at home had stayd,  
and not preferment sought,  
I'm neither Widdow, Wife, nor Mayde  
then what may I thought.  
*With O the Bryer, the bony bony Bryer,  
the Bryer that is so sweet:  
Would I had stayed in Lancashire,  
to milke my mothers Neate.*

I had in London tarryed but a yeare,  
yet in that tinie while,  
I fell in love with a bonny Bryer,  
the sweetest in a mile:  
He mickle good-will did heare unto me,  
I thinke he did not faine,  
For by a craven lately he,  
was in my quarrell slaine.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Bonny Bryer* (1630)

*Sing O the Bryer, &c.*

Before the deare and most unhappy day,  
hee with me my free consent,  
Had tane, alas my mayden-head away,  
and to wed me in hast hee meant:  
But my great belly seemeth me to twit,  
with my too wanton carriage,  
To lose that [?] I wanted wit,  
To lose my day of marriage.

*But O the Bryer, the bonny bonny Bryer,  
the Bryer that is so sweet:  
Would I has stayd in Lancashire  
to milke my mothers Neate.*

The second part, to the same tune.

But iust foure dayes before the pointed time  
that should have made me a wife,  
Sweet Willy-Bryer was slaine in his prime  
being stab'd to the heart with a knife:  
But had it been with staffe or Sword,  
all in the open field,  
The Rascall would have eate his word,  
that thus my deare hath kil'd.

*But O the Bryer, the bonny bonny Bryer,  
the Bryer that is so sweet:  
Would I has stayd in Lancashire  
to milke my mothers Neate.*

Woe worth the wretch wherever hee be fled,  
would I reveng'd could be,  
Lost is my Love and my Maiden-head,  
what shall become of me:  
Might I but see him hanging by the crag,  
that causeth all this woe,  
Twould something mitigate the plague,  
which I must undergoe.

*But O the Bryer, &c.*

What shall I doe, my shame I cannot hide,  
my belly will be knowne  
And all my friends and kin will me chide,  
for giving away mine owne:  
To London Citty will I goe no more,  
where I have dwelt a yeere,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Bonny Bryer* (1630)

Yet if I knew how to salve my sore,  
I'd go home to Lancashire.  
*But O the Bryer, &c.*

I hearing her last speeches that he spoke,  
rose and to her I stept,  
More pittie did my heart provoke,  
to see how sore she wept:  
Faire lasse, quoth I, goe home unto your friends  
that is your safest way,  
Great misery all such attends,  
that in your case heere stay.  
*With O the Bryer, the bonny bonny Bryer,  
the Bryer that is so sweet,  
Goe get thee home into Lancashire,  
and milke thy mothers Neat.*

She blushing said, Sir I thanke you heartily,  
for this your counsell kinde  
But in this field I had rather die  
with cold and hunger pride:  
Then to my Kin be made a iest,  
for going thus astray,  
Sweet heart quoth I, set your heart at rest,  
and list what I shall say,  
*With O the Bryer, &c.*

Goe home unto your friends faire Lasse,  
tell them that your good man:  
I'th the Swedish warres late killed was,  
none there disprove you can:  
This is the way which commonly is done  
and when that you are layd,  
You'l soone be match'd with a Yeomans son,  
and an honest wife be made.  
*With O the Bryer, &c.*

She promised me my counsell to imbrace,  
and seemed in minde content:  
She wipt the teares quite from her face,  
and to Totnam Court she went.  
On her some Cakes and Ale, I did bestow,  
then she no longer tarried,  
But home to Lancashire she did goe,  
where since I heare shee's married.



**The Salamanca Corpus: *The Bonny Bryer* (1630)**

*With O the Bryer, the bonny bonny Bryer,  
the Bryer that is so sweet:  
Now is the Lasse in Lancashire,  
and milkes her Mothers Neate.*

