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Anonymous

***The Green-Sickness Grief, Or A Maidens Moan,
Complaining because her Sweet-heart was Gone
(1685)***

To a pleasant new Tune.

Come, come my sweet and bonny one
thou hast my heart in hold,
Thou mak'st me sigh when I shoudl sing
and sweat when I am cold,
Thou makst me weep,
When I should sleep,
My Bed with tears I fill:
O both night and day,
I wast away,
Wanting my wish at will.

Every Bird can chuse her Mate,
the Ant can do the same,
Both Fish and Foul their pleasure take,
and follow after Game:
Whilst I alone,
Poore silly one,
My loathed life do spill,
O both night, &c.

Sometimes I dream I see my Love,
and fold him in my arms,
But when I awake I am deceiv'd,
which breeds me micke harme;
Such pains I bear,
As able were,
A silly soul to kill,
O both night, &c.

Would Jove my Bed stood in the place,
where my True-love doth rest,
Then would I fold within my arms,
the man whome I love best,
But he is gone,
From me alone,
Which now me heart doth kill.
O both night, &c.

Though thou art gine from me my Love
and bad me not farewell,
Yet will I pray for thy return,
till thou comst here to dwell.
Pray God thee keep,
From dangers deep,
Defend thee from all ill.
O both night, &c.

And so farewell my own true Love,
since 'twill no better be,
That you and I must needs depart,
their is no remedy,
I'le pray that thee,
Full safe may be
Still guarded from all ill.
O both night, &c.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Green-Sickness Grief* (1685)

The Ship that my true Love sails in
is made of Oken wood,
As good a Ship as ever sil'd
upon the Ocean-flood:
From Sands and Rocks,
And Pyrats knocks,
Sweet Jove defend him still.
*O both night and day,
I wast away,
Wanting my wish at will.*

The Green-sickness grief: Or, The Sailors new comming to his dearest Sweeting,
Shewing what joy they receiv'd at their meeting.

My only dear, for whose sweet sake,
I now am home return'd;
Cheer up thy self, and weep no more,
thou look'st as thou hadst mourn'd:
My going was,
Sweet-heart alas,
To prove thy constant will.
And thou my Love,
Do constant prove,
Therefore Ile love thee still.

When I on Neptunes surly waves
was tossed too and fro,
Then I remembered thee my love,
which did increase my wo;
That I should go,
To hazard so,
My love and life to spill.
But now I am here,
My only Dear,
I will stay with thee still.

Leander like I would have swom
a Hellespont for thee:
Now like Ulisses I will prove,
unto his Penelopee.
Before I part,
From thee sweet-heart,
Death with his Dart shall kill,
And steal my breath,
For untill death,

Thou hast my heart at will.

When sable night, the time of sleep,
to each eye did appear,
Thy absence then struck me so deep,
the weight I scarce could hear,
And to unkind,
My troubled mind,
I come Love with good will,
To live with thee,
Is best for me;
And I will love thee still.

The cause that might induce me too't
was as I then did hear,
That thou all comfort did refuse,
cause thou hadst lost thy Dear:
But now I find,
Thee true and kind,
To thee I will be still
The same for aye,
At each assay,
Ile keep thee from all ill.

Sweet Mate now let us joyfully
go unto church with speed,
If thou'lt Leander prove my Love,
Hero Ile be to thee;
I do rejoice,
To see my choyce,
Contrary bent to ill;
Sith it is so
Come let us go,
Our Marriage to fullfill.