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Anonymous

***True Lovers Victory:
Or, The Northern Couple Agreed (1673-1686)***

With Sugred words and smiling looks
He did so charm her senses,
That she did yield unto his Love
For all her late pretences.

To a rare Northern Tine, or Jenny scog wheel.

A Boney blith Lad:
in the North Countrey,
Whom Cupid had Wounded
most craftely
He met with his Love
and he told her his mind,
And thus he did greet her
with words so kind.

Come sit thee down by me
my own sweet joy
Thou wilt quite kill me
If thou prove coy
and not love me,
Where shall I find
such a one as thee.

I have been at Wakes
and I have been at Fairs,
Yet ne're could I meet one
that with thee compares:
Far have I travel'd
yet never could find;
One I lov'd like thee
if thou prove so kind.

Thou shalt have a
gay Gown of fine Buskins
thy feet shall be drest:
With Chaplets of Roses
thy head shall be crown'd.
And thy pincht Petticoat
shall be lac't round.

When thou art drest in
thy Robes so gay,
Thou shalt be seen like
the Queen of May:
The boney young Lasses
that lives by thee,
Shall all tale delight
in thy company.

We will go early
to the brook side,
And catch Fishes
as they do glide
Every little Fish
thy Prisoner shall be
Thou shalt catch them
and I'le catch thee.

The Birds in the Grove
shall come at thy beck,

And from thy Lilly white
hands thy shall peck:
And whilst with their Notes
about thee they pray,
I will sing thee
a Rondelay.

Noe let me kiss
thy cherry lips fair,
And praise all thy Features
that are so rare:
Thy sorehead is high
and lofty doth rise,
Thy sweet Ruby Lips
and thy pretty black Eyes.

I'le lye by thee
all the cold night,
Thou'st want nothing
for thy delight,
Thou shalt have any thing
thou shalt have me
Surely I have something
that will please thee.

She hearing her Lover
Thus kindly complain
From making him answer
she could not refrain,
She gave him her hand
with a low cortesie:
And thus she replied
I'le have none but thee.

Thy bonny fair face
And thy words so sweer,
Did conquer my heart
When we first did meet.
There's never a Lad
In the North Country
Shall ever have my favor
but only that.

Then let us gang to the Kirk
now with speed,



The Salamanca Corpus: *True Lovers Victory* (1673-1686)

For why I think long
till we do the deed,
Since I may have any thing
I will have thee
Because thou hast something
that will please me.

