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Anonymous

Northern Nanny, Or:

The Loving Lasses Lamentation (1674)

In this same Sonnet she doth plain discover
The true affection of a faithful Lover,
Wailing his absence since by fortune cruel
She was deprived of her dearest Jewel,
Which may a pattern to all lovers be
To take example by this maiden free.

Tune of, *In January last, &c.*

On Easter Monday last
when Ladds and Lasses play
As o're the green I past,
near noon time of the day,
I heard a pensive Maiden mourn,
tears trickling down amain,
Quoth she alas why was I born
to live in mickle pain.

Why did my love depart
And leave me bird alone,
[T]o wail and break my heart
with making of my moan,
[?]
[?]
[?]

You Lasses of the North
come hear me tell my tale,
Whilst I the praise set forth
of him for whom I wail,
Come sit ye down upon this green
and patiently give ear,
A true description I will give
of him I love so dear.

He hath a pleasant countenance
and eke a rolling eye,
Sike charms of love ligs in his face,
will make a maiden dye,
His comly person sinely made
we'l [?] in every part,
[?]
[?]

When first it was my chance
his person for to view,
Each luek and smiling glance
my love it would renew:
I thought my sell the happiest lass
when I his love did win,
For all the treasure of the earth
I valued not a pin.

True love on either side
Did in our hearts take place,
But this our joy and happiness
did last but little space:
For fortune she as always blind
and [?]osses lovers true,
And that's the reason that I find
I now have cause to rue.

Our Daddys and our Mammys beath
to us did cruel prove,
And would not let us wedded be
but sought to break our love,
Which made my love and I lament
things falling out so cross,
So that to travel he was bent
which grieves me for his loss.

To cross the Seas he now is gone
his sorrows to asswage,
And left poor harmless me alone
in this my tender age,
My love sick heart is fill'w ith woe
which causeth me to mourn,
O whither shall poor Nanny go
untill my love return.

In mans attire I'le venture
to find my love again,
Amongst the strangers I will go
through Holland, France, and Spain,
No hardship shall a burden be
my chance I'le never rue
To set my love at liberty
my fancy I'le pursue.

Or in some noble man of Warr
as Cabbin Boy i'le go,
To find my love in countrys far
to ease me of my woe,
Was ever harmless lass so crost
and so with love perplext,
For fear my Johnny should be lost
I am so griev'd and vext.
My fathers frown I will not fear
nor mothers anger mind,
Since they have made me love my dear
by being so unkind,
If they had granted their consent
how happy had we been,
To pass the time in merrymment
amongst the leaves so green.

But now alas it is too late



The Salamanca Corpus: *Northern Nanny* (1674)

and all my hope is vain,
My sorrow it will not abate
till he return again,
Unless I from my love do hear
within a little space,
Though de[?] wild my course I'le steer
to find a resting place.

