

**Author:** Richard Brathwaite (1588-1673)

**Text type:** Verse, dialogue

**Date of composition:** 1615

**Editions:** 1615, 1878

**Source text:**

Brathwaite, Richard. *An Eglogue betweene Billie and Iockie called the Mushrome*. In *A Strappado for the Divell*. London: Printed by I.B. for Richard Redmar. 129-135. <<http://eebo.chadwyck.com/>>.

**e-text:**

**Access and transcription:** July 2005

**Number of words:** 1390

**Dialect represented:** Northern

**Produced by** Javier Ruano-García

Copyright © 2011– DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca

——  
**Brathwaite, Richard (1588-1673)**

*An Eglogue betweene Billie and Iockie  
called the Mushrome  
(1615)*

Iockie.

Whou Billie whou, what faire has thou bin at?  
Thouse be so trim, I mickle torken at:  
For wele I wate, last time I met with thee,  
Thou hardly had a lapp to swedle thee.  
Pray thee (good Bille,) tell me swith and soone,  
Iockie may doe what Billy late has done.

Billie.

What Iockie (lither lurden) lesse for wea,  
Thou'st be so tattered, but theres many sea,  
That ill can wappe it: but be vis'd by mee,  
And thou or lang sall glish in brauery.

*The Salamanca Corpus: An Eglogue betweene Billie and  
Iockie called the Mushrome (1615)*

Swatt on thy tayle man, heeres a blythy place,  
And ile ensure thee how I gat this grace.

[Page 130]

Iockie.  
Mickle may Bille thriue, as hees begun,  
My lugges are lithing, Bille now iogge on

Billy.  
Then heare me Iocky. Bout mid-belten twas  
Or Ise bethought awrang, when I mut passe,  
Ore th' Breamy bourne, and (wele I traw) I had,  
Smaw gere (at tat tide) but a lether-bagge,  
A Motley iacket, an a slop of blew,  
It was my Fadders, I mun tell thee true.  
A lang youd I, (and langer then thoule say)  
Fute-sare I was, for Bille shoon had neane,  
But an aud pare with him, and they were gane.  
Nor hose legs (wele I wate) but skoggers aud,  
That hardly hap't poor Billes legs frac[t]u'd.  
Hate was my weasia, empty was my maw,  
And nane I met with, I could ken or knaw,  
So vncath was the gete (as but for shame)  
I had com'd backe toth place fra whein I came,  
For siler had I skant, nor lesse nor mare,  
Then three Bawbees, Ile tell thee all my stare.  
But lith me Iocky (after many a mile)  
At last I hapt to light vpon an Ile,  
Bu Come and full a gere, and full a store,  
For Bille neuer met with like before,  
Sae Greathy was the place where I was driuen  
That I me sicker thought I was in Heauen.

[Page 131]

But wele Ise sure they that this Iland kept,  
Were by our Whilome Fathers Angels clept.  
And wele they might be so, for wele I wate,  
They were fine men, and men of mickle state.  
Had lusty husses (that were tricke and trim,)  
Cud wele don on their geere, with euery pin.  
Heere stood I musing lang full heauily,

*The Salamanca Corpus: An Eglogue betweene Billie and  
Iockie called the Mushrome (1615)*

Till Iockie wha dost thinke speard vp to me.

Iockie.  
Wha Bille mot that be?

Bille.  
Ane wha thou kens.  
Caud ane, we raught on meanely, but now sene,  
He has the pricke and preze Ile say to thee.

Iockie.  
Was it not Lobbie?

Bille.  
Iocky it was he.  
But now the mickle Lurden is so great,  
Theyr blest by God, that may with Lobbie speake.  
By Gods bread Iockie, he so gaish was,  
I thought no boot to speake, but let him passe,  
And had done so, but Lobby was so kinde,  
To come to me and leaue his men behind.  
Great chat we had, and many that were nye,  
Mud he would chat with sike an ene as I.  
But blith was Lobbie, and so meeke he was,  
That he vnhorst sate by me on the grasse,  
Lang did we tauke of this thing and of that,  
A Iugge, a Peggy, and a nut-brown Kate,

[Page 132]

A Crowd the Piper, and the Fiddler Twang,  
And many sike things, as wee layen along.  
Ablangst the leaue, this Councell gaue he mee,  
That made me wele to leue, so may it thee.  
Billie (quoth Lobby) if thoule prosper heere,  
Thou mun be bald, and learne to bandon feare,  
Thou mun not blush, nor colour change for ought,  
Though th' plea thou hast in hand be nere so nought.  
Thou mun not take petition (lithen me)  
Nor entertaine him, till thou take thy fee,  
And (wele I warne thee) better way thou thriue,  
If thy hand open be to aw that giue.  
Get mee some prollers, they are best of all,  
To make thee weet, when some good office falls,

*The Salamanca Corpus: An Eglogue betweene Billie and  
Iockie called the Mushrome (1615)*

Or a barre-hoisted Lawyer that can see,  
With his foure eyne where aud concealments be,  
But of aw things I mun fore-warne thee hence,  
To haue small dealing with a Conscience.  
That will vndoe thee (Billy) looke to ane,  
Poore men haue Conscience, but rich men haue nane.  
'Mongst other things listen to what I say,  
For I in briefe will speake now what I may.  
In Teucra here (this Citie where there be)  
Many a man will haue an eye of thee,  
Gaine me Acquaintance: it's the spring of life,  
And know thou maist a Tradesman by his Wife.

[Page 133]

Be sicker on her Billye, she it is  
Can ope her hushands Casket with a kisse.  
Diue me into a Mercers Booke, and say,  
Thoul't pay on sike a time, but doe not pay.  
Chauke me on Vintners, and for aw thy skore,  
Let great words pay for aw, still run on more.  
Be stately Billy (and I doe thee rede)  
Thou mun now throw away thy countrey weed.  
For skoggers, hozen of the Naples twine,  
For thy blew slop, sike a made breeke as mine:  
For thy aud motley iacket, thou mun weare,  
A cloath a siluer, sike as I haue heere.  
Then mun thou looke big (what way ere thou passe)  
As if that Billy were not th' man he was.  
Then learne me Billy some aud Pedegree,  
Noe matter though't belong not vnto thee,  
And say thy Grand-sire was a Duke at least,  
And first inuentor of Saint Gallowayes feast.  
Maintaine me leeing in a Liuary,  
For that's the first meanes that mun honour thee:  
Let her be Page-like, at thy elbow still,  
For when thou canst not doe it, leeing will,  
Let Suters dance Attendance, lithen me,  
And quicke dispatch, be it thine enemye.  
Take fees for expedition, for of aw,  
Sutes hastly ended wreake our ouerthrow.

[Page 134]

*The Salamanca Corpus: An Eglogue betweene Billie and  
Iockie called the Mushrome (1615)*

Get me an Heralt (wele I wat) oth best,  
That may for Bille find some pretty Crest,  
A Rat, a Pismire, or a Butterflie,  
A Cornish Chucke, a Parrat, or a Pie,  
A nimble Squirrell or a picke-a tree,  
A Wesell, Vrchin, or a Bumble Bee.  
Or if of plants, my Bille will haue ane,  
He may full swithly mange these chuse him ane.  
The Brier, the haw-thorne: or the Priuet bush,  
The Osire, Cypresse, or where th' merry Thrush,  
Sings cut her Fa, la, la, but nane there be,  
"That like the Mushrome Bille sitteth thee,  
Her grouth is sudden, Bille so is thine,  
Then take the Mushrome, its a Crest of mine.  
Mare need I not say, keepe but wele my reede,  
And siker Ise, thou cannot chuse but speede.  
With that he twin'd fra me, and left me there,  
Where I with mickle Carke, and mickle Care,  
Bustling now vp now downe, at last me yode,  
To ply my lesson wele I vnderstood,  
And in a pretty while I learnd to bee,  
That cunning Clerke that he awarded me.  
Deftly could I tricke vp me sell, and trim,  
Me featly fine, in euery legge and limme,  
Wele cud I marke my name in Marchants books,  
Fo wele I wate, wha ere he be, that lookes,

[Page 135]

I'se there in black and white, and wele I may,  
For he is said to aw that menes to pay.  
Not a petion would I listen ore,  
Till Billie had sam chinke in's fist before.  
Not a rich mickle lossell could there be,  
That had a plea but had his path by me.  
And sine I sau as Lobbie teld beliuie,  
That he that had a conscience could not thriue.  
I draue the Haggard frame, sine wilke time,  
Iockie thou sees how Billie gins to shine.

Iockie,  
And lang may Billie shine, but sayne to me  
Fare aw our Coustrils haufe as wele as thee,

*The Salamanca Corpus: An Eglogue betweene Billie and  
Iockie called the Mushrome (1615)*

Billie.

Iockie they doe, nor neede thou t'arken out,  
For we will feede, wha euer famish for't:  
O its a place so full of iouisance,  
Play but thy round the Ilanders will daunce.  
Ladies & Lordings, Swainelines with their swaines,  
Will trimly trip it ore the leuie plaines.  
And wele I wat that Iockie ance could play,  
For I haue heard him,---

Iockie.

And so Billie may.

Billie.

Then tune thy chanter vp and gae with me,  
Come blithly on,---

Iockie.

Iockie does follow thee.

