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VNiVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANIiNi

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF
WILLIAM STRODE
(1600-1645)
NOW FIRST COLLECTED FROM MANUSCRIPT AND
PRINTED SOURCES, TO WHICH IS ADDED
THE FLOATING ISLAND
A TRAGI-COMEDY
NOW FIRST REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL
EDITION OF 1655

EDITED BY BERTRAM DOBELL

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR

His body sleeps, but not his better part,
And death is vanquished by victorious art

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITOR
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1907

[115]

A DEVONSHIRE SONG

Thou ne're wutt riddle, neighbour Jan
Where Ich a late ha been-a?
Why ich ha been at Plymouth, Man,
The leeke was yet ne're zeen-a.
Zutch streetes, zutch men, zutch hugeous zeas,
Zutch things with guns there tumbling.
Thy zelfe leeke me thoudst blesse to see,
Zutch overmonstrous grumbling.

The towne orelaid with shindle stone
Doth glissen like the skee-a:
Brave shopps stand ope, and all yeare long
I thinke a Faire there bee-a:

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A many gallant man there goth
In gold that zaw the King-a;
The King zome zweare himzelfe was there,
A man or zome zutch thing-a.

Voole thou that hast noe water past,
But thicka in the Moore-a,
To zee the zea would be agast,
It doth zoe rage and roar-a:
Zoe zalt it tasts thy tongue will thinke
The vier is in the water;
It is zoe wide noe lande is spide,
Looke ne're zoe long thereafter.

The Water vrom the Element
None can dezeave cha vore-a,
It semmeth low, yet all consent
Tis higher than the Moore-a.
Tis strang how looking down the Cliffe
Men looke mere upward rather;
If these same Eene had it not zeen
Chud scarce beleeve my Vather.

Amid the water wooden birds,
And vlying houses zwimme-a,
All vull of goods as ich have heard
And men up to the brimm-a:

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They venter to another world
Desiring to conquer-a,
Vor which their guns, vovle develish ons,
Doe dunder and spitt vier-a.

Good neighbour Tom, how farre is that?
This meazell towne chill leave-a;
Chill mope noe longer here, that's vlatt
To watch a Sheepe or Sheare-a:
Though it as varre as London be,
Which ten mile ich imagin,
Chill thither hie for this place I
Doe take in greate indudgin.

(The above version is from Corpus Christi College MS. book 325. In Rawlinson Poetical MS. book, No. 142, there is another version which differs in so many points

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from the above that it will be easier to quote it in full than to mark the variations in the usual way. There is still another copy in C.C.C. MS. 328, which varies in many points from the version given above. Most of these variations are of little significance; but it will be well perhaps to record the more important of them:—

- Line 1. Riddle, riddle, neighbour.
“ 6, Zutch monstrous thinges by grumlin
“ 8, Such bominations rumlinge
“ 9, The streets there set with sheening stones
“ 11, Brave shopps stond open all th' yeare
“ 13, And many a gallant gooeth there
“ 14, In gold to bee the King-a
“ 17, But you that never waters past
“ 18, But those are in tha
“ 23, It lyeth zo wide
“ 26, discerne chi zwore-a

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- Line 27. zeemeth high it all consent
“ 28, Tis lower a great deale moore-a
“ 29, Tis strange that looking downe the hill
“ 30, Men shud looke upwards rather
“ 34, Vleeing housen swimme
“ 41, neighbour Jan how ever it is
“ 42 Our dusty towne
“ 43, Chill stay at home noe more that's flatt
“ 44, Nor kepte a sheepe to sheare-a
“ 46, That's ten miles
“ 48, Indagine

Here follows the Rawlinson version: —

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THE DEVONSHIRE TRAVAILER

Riddle, riddle, neighbour Tom,*

Where we a late a bin-a?

I've a bin at Plymouth, man:

The like was never zeene-a.

Zutch men, zuch streets, zuch monstrous zeas,

As still do lye a-grumbling,

Thyzelfe with me wouldst bless to zee

Zuch bomination rumbling.

The streets are layd with yingle ston,

Doe glister like the sky-a,

And shops stand open all yeere long;

Thoudst think there were a faire-a!

And many Gallons‡ goeth there

In gowld that zaw the King-a:

The King, they zweare, himselfe was there,

A man or zome zuch thing-a

But thou that never water past

But ligged in the more-a,

To zee the zea wouldst be agast!

It does so rage and roar-a

*This is probably a mistake for 'Jan.'

‡ *Sic.*

It is zo zalt, thy tongue would thinke

The vire were in the water;

It is zo wide noe lande that's spide

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Lookes ne're so long thereafter.

Amidst thyck waters, wooden birds,
And flying howses sweme-a,
All full of gold, as we have heard,
A man up to the brime-a
These venter to another world,
Desiring to conquera-a
For wich theire guns, foule divelish ones,
Doe thunder and spit fire-a.

Good neighbour Tom, how farr is that?
For thither I must goe-a:
Will thither high, for thyck place I
Doe love cause you zay zoe-a.

[Here ends the Rawlinson version.]