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Anonymous

***A Merry Ballad of a Rich Maid that Had 18,
Seuerall Suitors of Seuerall Countries: Otherwise
Called the Scorneful Maid (1620)***

To the Tune of, hoop do me no harme good man.

I am a young lasse, and my time doth to passe,
That of late I did long for to marry,
I haue for my [?] five hundred of a yeare,
And yet for all that I will tarry.

I had with a Scot, mickle mony I wot,
He strouted with Rapier and Poniard:
He is laid with fine lase, but I like not his face,
His feare he has lost his Whiniard.

*The Salamanca Corpus: A Merry Ballad of a Rich Maid
(1620)*

Then came one from France who brauely could dance,
Hee is proper in euery ioynt:
Yet in his Country, he scapt well the Pee,
So well he did cut the crosse poynt,

A Signiour Spaniore, is late come ore,
And he thinks that he hath no fellow,
He is [?]ot in the Reyne, and hath got a straine,
By dancing in a Bandello.

Then came a Dutch-man can touse well the can,
Till his head be as light as a feather:
The Spaniard had's Punck, & the Dutch-man was drunk,
And so they went both together.

An Italian came post, and full well he can host,
But I like not such fond fellows:
If I were his wife he should lead an ill life,
For I doe like none so iealous.

From Rome one came to me, who daly did wo me
He fasted three dayes in the m[?]ke,
But when prayer is done, if he spie a faire Nun,
His stomacke is wonder full quick.

A troublesome Turke, did make hasty worke,
But his suite it was quickly ended:
I scornd his beliefe, and so to be briefe,
He did returne home offended.

The next a braue Dane, came marching amaine,
But I answered him as the rest,
That he could not prevaile, so he hoyst up his saile,
For his nose could abide no iest.

From Ireland I had a lusty braue lad,
Each Limbe was proportioned mighty:
Truth was he was poore, yet I gaue him o're,
Cause his breath stunke of Aquauity.

From Swethland resorted, a man well reported
And he made a proffer to woe me:
His neck was so bigge, and so small was his legge,
That since he would neuer come to me.

*The Salamanca Corpus: A Merry Ballad of a Rich Maid
(1620)*

From Rushia likewise, in antick disguise,
One came which did thinke to obtaine me:
But his hayre & his hood, against my minde [?]
Therefore he shall neuer gaine me.

The Second Part of the scornfull Maide. To the same tune.

A Grecian one day, my loue did assay,
(Who standeth at euery Church dooret)
I neuer respected though he me affected,
I had rather turne filders whore.

An Almaine Rut spide me, and presently tride me,
Who thought I would yeeld at the first:
But I could not abide he should lye by my side,
For some say they are diuelish and [?]urst.

From Pol did come hither in Summers hot weather,
He strutted and stalk't with a grace:
So soone as I spide him I could not abide him,
His nose was frozen of on his face.

He had a great minde, and was willing inclin'd,
No Nation so wide as those,
He swore and protested I gibed and ieasted,
And had him goe get a new nose.

A Barbarian, a bigge bellied man,
Did profer to win me for's wife:
For I told him this, he should surely misse,
For I likt not his course of life.

From Amsterdame a vile Atheist came,
He was neither true Dutchman nor Pole:
But I doe reiect all that are of that sect,
For I doubt me that hell hath his soule.

This base minded Creature doth thinke that by nature,
Both heauen and earth is made:
He thinkes there's no hell, where Atheist must
But my minde he shall not perswade.

A Gentleman of Wales did tell her fine tales,

The Salamanca Corpus: A Merry Ballad of a Rich Maid
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That her had a house built on a hill,
Had Pig and had Goat, and greene leek in the pot,
And could eat good Couse bobby her fill.

He would keepe me so braue, if I would him haue,
He would buy me a hood and a hat:
He would buy me fine hose with gar[?]ers and rose,
And sweet heart how like you [?]

An English man came, but I know not his name,
And he brauely could quaffe it an quarrell:
Hee'le drinke till he dye, some sayes, but not I,
And sell all his lands for apparrell.

If I would be his wife, he swore by his life,
Ere long he would make me a Lady:
He would sell his [?]ald manners to buy him new [?],
And thats but the trick of a baby.

Now which should I haue, your counsels I [?]
If you can but finde one will fit me:
The best I will take, and amends Ile you make,
If *Cupid* ere then doe not hit me.

