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Anonymous

*The Unfortunate Welch-Man; Or, The Untimely
Death of Scotch Jockey (1685)*

If her will Fight, her cause to right,
as daring to presume
To Kill and Slay, then well her may
take this to be her Doom.

To the Tune of, *The Country Farmer*

Stout Shonny-ap-Morgan to London would ride,
To seek Cousen Taffie what ever beride;
Her own Sisters Son, whom her loved so dear,
He had not beheld him this many long year:
Betimes in the morning stout Shonny arose,
And then on the journey with Courage her goes,
A Cossit of Grap was the best of her Close,
Her Boots they were out at the heels and the toes.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Unfortunate Welch-Man
(1685)*

A Sword by her side, and with Bob the Gray Mare,
Her rid on the Road like a Champion so rare;
At last how it happened to her hard Lot,
To meet with young Iockey, a bonny brisk Scot
When Iockey was jolly, and this he did say,
Let'd gang to the Tavern, drink Wine by my fay,
Then Shonny consented, and made no delay,
But Iockey left Shonny the Reckoning to pay.

While Morgan was Merry, and thinking no ill,
The Scotch-man he used the best of his Skill,
Considering how he might Scamper away,
For why Sir, he never intended to pay
But like a flase Loon he slipt out of door
And never intended to come there no more,
Poor Shonny-a-Morgan was left for the Score
Cotzo her was never so served before.

Her paying the Shot, then away hee went,
The Welch Blood was up, and her mind was bent
For speedy pursuing he then did prepare,
Then Morgan did mount upon Bob the Gray Mate
Then Whip and Spur stout Shonny did ride,
And overtook Iockey near to a Wood-side,
And pull'd out her Sword in the height of her Pride,
And wounded poor Iockey, who presently dy'd.

Then Shonny was taken and hurry'd to Jail,
Where her till the Sessions did weep and bewail;
And then at the last, by the Laws of the Land,
Was brought to the Bar to hold up her hand;
O good her Lord Shudge, poor Shonny did cry,
Now Whip her, and send her to Wales her Country;
Or cut off a Leg, or an Arm, or an Eye,
For her is undone if Condemned to dye.

But this would not do, poor Shonny was Cast,
And likewise received her Sentence at last;
A Gentlemen Robber just at the same time,
Received just Sentence then due for his Crime:
Then Shonny-a-Morgan her shed many tears,
The Gentlemen Chief likewise hung down his ears
For then he expected his antient Arrears.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Unfortunate Welch-Man*
(1685)

The day being come they must both bid adieu,
Forsaking the world and the rest of their Crew;
The Spark was ttr'd so gallant and gay,
But Shonny was attir'd so gallant and gay,
But Shonny was poor, and in ragged array:
Then when they came both to the Gibbet Tree,
The Gentleman gave to the Hang-man a Fee,
And daid, let this Welch-man Hang farther from me,
So vile and so ragged a Rascal is he.

The Welch-man he heard him, and was in a rage,
That nothing almost could his anger asswage;
But fretting and chaffing, he thus did begin,
Her will tell her her hearty belief,
That her is no more then a Gentleman Thief,
That robb'd on the Roads, & the Plain, & the Heath
Her now will Hang by her in spite of her teeth.