

The Salamanca Corpus: The Northern Ditty (1692)

Author: Thomas D'Urfey (?1653-1723)

Text type: Verse, ballad Date of print: 1692 Editions: Unknown

Source text:

D'Urfey, Thomas. 1692. The Northern Ditty: Or, The Scotch-Man Out-witted by the Country Damsel. [n.p.] Printed by P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back. http://eebo.chadwyck.com/.

e-text:

Access and transcription: February 2006

Number of words: 386

Dialect represented: Northern/Scots Produced by Javier Ruano-García

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

-0000-

D'Urfey, Thomas (?1653-1723)

The Northern Ditty: Or, The Scotch-Man Outwitted by the Country Damsel (1692)

To an excellent New Scotch tune; of *Cold and Raw the North did blow*, &c.

A Song much in Request at Court

Cold and Raw the North did blow bleak in the morning early; All the Trees were hid with Snow, cover'd with Winters yearly: As I came riding o'er the Slough, I met with a Farmers Doughter, Rosie cheeks, and bonny Brow, geud Faith made my mouth to water.

Down I vail'd my Bonnet low, meaning t show my breeding,



The Salamanca Corpus: The Northern Ditty (1692)

She return'd a graceful bow, her Visage far exceeding; I ask'd here where she went so soon, and long'd to begin a Parley; She told me to the next Market-Town, a purpose to sell her Barley.

In this Purse, sweet Soul, said I, twenty pound lies fairly, Seek no farther one to buy, for I'se take all thy Barley: Twenty more shall purchase delight, thy Person I love so dearly, If thou wilt lig by me all night, and gang home in the morning early.

If Forty pound would buy the Globe, this thing I'de not do Sir, Or were my Friends as poor as Job, I'd never raise 'em so Sir: For shou'd you prove to night my Friend, we'se get a young Rid together, And you'd be gone e'er nine Months end, and where shall I find the Father?

Pray what would my Parents say, if I should be so silly,
To give my Maidenhead away, and lose my true Love Billy?
Oh, this would bring me to Disgrace, and therefore I say you nay, Sir;
And if that you would me Embrace, first Marry, and then you may Sir.

I told her I had Wedded been, fourteen years and longer, Else I'd chuse her for my Queen, and tye the Knot yet stronger. She bid me then no farther rome, but manage my Wedlock fairly, And keep my Purse for poor Spouse at home for some other should have her Barley.

Then as swift as any Roe, she rode away and left me;



The Salamanca Corpus: The Northern Ditty (1692)

After her I could not go, of Joy she quite bereft me:
Thus I my self did disappoint, so she did leave me fairly,
My words knock'd all things out of joint I lost both the maid and barley.

