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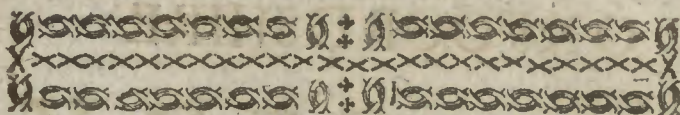
OXFOORDSHIRE  
TRAGEDY

OR THE WANDERING  
SHEPHERDES,

To which is added a new song called  
Have at the widow my laddie.



Entered according to Order



## The Wandring Shepherdes.

**Y**oung lovers who know what to true love belong  
 I'll tell you a story that latly was done,  
 At Oxford a merchant's fair daughter did dwell,  
 For wit and for beauty all others did excell.

A noble young squire that lived hard by,  
 Upon this young creature he soon cast an eye,  
 And then for to court her he thus did begin  
 Thou fairest of creatures that ever was seen,

O do not be cruel but yeild unto me,  
 For without your love there's no comfort for me,  
 If you'll not consent to be my sweet bride,  
 I'm ruin'd for ever, dear jewel he cry'd,

The lady with innocent smiles did reply,  
 'Tis pity such a good like creature should die,  
 When it's in my power they life for to save,  
 So freely I grant you the thing that you crave.

With eager embraces he flew to her arms,  
 Saying lovely creature they beautiful charms,  
 Commands mighty monarchs to ly at your feet,  
 But I've gain'd the prize and my joys are complete.

First gain my father's consent then she did say,  
 For I'm bound in duty his will to obey.  
 My honoured parents in no ways I'll teaze,  
 For fear the heaven's be with us displeas'd:

Then straight to her father away he did go  
 And all the whole matter he give him to know,  
 Her tather was pleased he shou'd be his son,  
 Saying, If He loves you this shall be done'

All things was agreed on the day it was set  
 But as on a time this young couple were met  
 This perjured young man this innocent fair,  
 He with false delusions began to ensnare.

With modesty she thus unto him did say,  
 Sir do not my honour thus strive to betray,  
 'Thus is not true love but lust that you mean,  
 'Twere better for me if your face I'd not seen,

It will not be long ere I shall be your bride,  
 The strive not by this my ruin she cry'd  
 O talk not of ruin thou joy of my life,  
 May the heavens forsake me if you're not my wife,

With many perswasions his will he obtain'd,  
 Then her lovely person he basely disdain'd,  
 For straight unto London this traitor did run,  
 Leaving his jewel in sorrow to mourn.

Her parents wond'ered the squire never came  
 And asking their daughter the cause of the same,  
 She said honoured father the truth I dont know  
 But young men are fickle and so let him go.

Tho she to her parents did not seem surpriz'd,  
 When she was alone tears flow'd from her eyes,  
 Like fountains would run crying worst of all men  
 For your sake I never will trust men again.

But I will go wander thro' woods & thro' groves  
 Be witness ye heaven how false is my love,  
 And yet I must love him do all that I can,  
 I must be a slave to this perjur'd young man,

Rich jewels and treasure she then did provide,  
 Saying now I will wander whatever betide,  
 And if that my troubled heart can find rest,  
 To live in a cottage I'd think myself blest.

So then from her parents away he did go,  
 Poor soul with her heart full of sorrow and woe,  
 Thro' lonely woods and shades she did hie  
 Till she a small cottage at length did espy,

It was a poor shepherd that in it did dwell,  
 Who seeing this lady sit down by his cell  
 Welcom her in saying sweet lady fair,  
 Weat cruel fortune is it that drove you here,

Then into his cottage this lady did go,  
 The shepherd's wife to her much kindness did show,  
 When she for a time with the shepherd had heen,  
 Her richs and jewes she gave unto them.

Saying of this matte. let no body know,  
 And to keep your sheep in the valleys I'll go,  
 The wandring shepherdes you shall me call,  
 For unhappy love is the cause of my fall.

A rich suit of green embroydered rare  
 With a garlands of flowers this lovely fair, ear  
 To shed off the sun from her beauty of clear,  
 To her sheep in the valley each-day did repair

When two full years were finished and gone,  
 he squire to Oxfoord again he did return,  
 Her parents accus'd him for wronging their child,  
 He said, she was fickle and false like the wind,

But onw said her father I fear she is dead,  
 So we can say nothing to what you have said  
 But we're sure she was virtuous and civel to all,  
 And you are the man that's the cause of her fall.

In sorrow we well leave her dear parents to murn,  
 And to the fair shepherdes will return,  
 Who was the talk of her folk far and near,  
 At least her false Iover the same came to hear,

He most see the beauty whatever betide,  
 So he call'd for his coach and away he did ride,  
 And just as Phœous was going down,  
 He came to the valley where she sat alone,

The lambs were a sporting in harmless sport  
 The nymph she was pleased at their infant sport  
 Her fine silver hair the breezes did wave,  
 One a bank of lillies as rarelets she lay,

Ye gods said the squire sure she is divine.  
 But if she is mortal then let her be mine  
 But little he thought it was love so true,  
 So false men admire each beauty that's new.

The lovely shepherdes turning her eyes  
 She quickly knew him to her great surprize,  
 But still who she was little does know,  
 At length to her cottage she home did repair

He followed her home saying 'my lovely fair,  
 O pity a lover that's now in despair,  
 For by the glance of your lovely eyes  
 My love sick heart is fill'd with surprize,

Sir you seem a person of noble degree,  
 And I'm a poor shepherdes as you may see,  
 Talk not dear creature they charms are so sweet  
 Which causes me thus to bow at your feet,

The shepherd invited her to come in  
 And then all her sorrows after did begin,  
 Her garland of flowers being off from her head  
 He knew't was his lover whom he thought was dead

His love sick passion on it then did abate,  
 But still unto her no notice did take  
 Said he to his self since I find it is thee  
 I'm fully resolved thy butcher to be,

They parted that night next morning to meet  
 In the pleasant valley where she kept her sheep  
 But the next morning just as the sun rose,  
 This perjur'd wretch to the shepherdness goes,

No soul being near he to her did say  
 Come madam fling off your grand array  
 Since I'm come so far a harlot to see,  
 I am now resolved your butcher to be.

Can you be so cruel she to him did say,  
 My innocent life thus to take away  
 What harm my dear jewel have I done to thee  
 The fault it was thine in deluding of me.

Vile strumpet how dare you presume for to prat,  
 So yield to my sword for I long will not wait  
 Then down to her knees the fair creature did fall,  
 And to him for mercy did heartly call.

But finding that with him she could not prevail,  
 O heave'ns she cry'd all flesh is but frail  
 Pardon my sins which are many she cry's  
 Now creature, I'm ready for your sacrifice.

She open'd her breast which was whiter then snow  
 He pierced her heart till the blood it did flow  
 Her body he threw in a river was near;  
 So this died the beauty of fair Oxfoordshire

Home he returned and when he came there  
 He wandered about like a man in despair,  
 No rest night nor day he ever could find,  
 The beautiful shepherdes so ran in his mind,

Within four days after he took to his bed,  
 The docter he gave him over as said  
 When he found his dying hour was come,  
 He sent for her father and told what he'd done

Then in cruel sorrow he yeilded his breath  
 Her father he said I'm unhappiest on earth  
 Then he sought for the body of his daughter fair  
 Which in sumptuous sort they burried there

Which little time her parents did die  
 Now let us take warning by this tragedy  
 And maidens take care of men's flattering tongue  
 For if you consent you're forever undone,

The W I D O W.

**T**HE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,  
 The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,  
 And mony braw thing the widow can do;  
 Then have at the widow, my laddie,  
 With courage attack her baith early and late,  
**T**o kiss her and clap her you manna be blate,  
 Speak well, and do better, for that's the best gate,  
 To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthful, and never ae hair,

The war of the wearing, and has a good shair,  
 Of every thing lovely, she's witty and fair,  
 And has a rich jointure, my laddie.

What cou'd you wisht better your pleasure to crown  
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,  
 With naerhing, but draw in your stool and sit down  
 And sport with the widow, my laddie  
 Then till'er, and kill'er with courtesie dead,

Tho' stark love and kindness be all that ye can plead  
 Be heartsome and airy, and to succeed,  
 With a bonney gay widow, my laddie,  
 Sticke iron while it's hot, if ye'd have it to wald,  
 For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,  
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,  
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

F I N I S.