

THE

WELCH TRAVELLER,

OR THE

UNFORTUNATE WELCHMAN.

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STIRLING:

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**I**F any Gentleman do want a man,  
As I doubt not but there's some, why  
then,

I have a Welchman, tho' but meanly clad,  
Will make him merry, be he ne'er so sad,  
If that thou read it, read it quite o'er I pray  
And you'll not think your penny cast away

THE  
WELCH TRAVELLER,

OR, THE  
UNFORTUNATE WELCHMAN.

**I**N this dull age to recreate  
The minds of friends and strangers  
Hur tells hur of hur evil fate,  
and hur unlook'd-for dangers :  
Was travel over mountains high,  
and in the vallies low.  
Was see great wonders in the sky,  
that little others know :  
Hur was a Welch astrologer,  
was tell of matters strange ;  
So deep was learn'd, was to tell hur  
how oft the moon doth change ;  
Was tell hur of a shepherd's star,  
of wonders old and new,  
If hur have peace, hur have no war,  
all this hur prove is true,  
Was tell hur too in loving words,  
things shall be as before,  
When Englishmen lay down their swords,  
and men to fight no more :

But all these things hur would pass by,  
 as matters light and small ;  
 Hur knows not hur own destiny,  
 and that's the worst of all :  
 For as hur gazed on the sky,  
 for want of better wit,  
 Poor Taffy fell immediately,  
 into a great deep pit,  
 Had not a shepherd stood hur friend,  
 and help hur quickly out  
 Hur surely there had made an end,  
 hur makes no other doubt,  
 Hur gave hur thanks. the shepherd then  
 spake to her when 'twas meer,  
 Bid hur and other such like men,  
 look better to hur feet.  
**N**o more astrologer I pray,  
 was glad hur life was sav'd,  
 Hur soberly walk on hur way,  
 and food was all hur crav'd.  
**O** hur was both hungry and cold,  
 hur strength began to fail,  
 Hur had no silver nor no gold,  
 hur tells hur what hur ail,  
 Hur sold her lousie sherken then,  
 but one poor great was given,  
**O**h ! hur was then a shentleman,  
 hur thought hur was in heaven ;  
 For hur had money for to buy,  
 Viſtuals for one meal,

That hur might not for hunger die,  
 nor yet be forc'd to steal,  
 Into an ale-house went hur straight,  
 where an o'd wife did live;  
 Who sold them at top dear a rate,  
 and nothing had to give.  
 Hur sat hur down and call'd for meat,  
 hur hostess gave hur eggs;  
 And thicken in them, O base jade,  
 these thicken they had legs.  
 Hur thicken and hur eggs did stink,  
 hur could no longer stay,  
 Had they been living, iure hur think,  
 they would have run away.  
 Hur best egg that were in hur dish,  
 that had no sheeks were rotten;  
 And she brought hur stinking fish,  
 which hur hath not forgotten.  
 Hur cast hur eggs, hur fish, and all,  
 unto hur hostess face;  
 And then to spewing hur did fall,  
 was in a piteous case.  
 Hur hostess cry'd out piteously,  
 and call'd hur son in law;  
 Who beat Taffy piteously,  
 the like hur never saw.  
 Those heavy blows hur still doth feel,  
 was laid on hur alas!  
 As if hur body had been steel,  
 and bones were made of brass.

The cruei blows did hur perceiue,  
 from that hard hearted elf,  
 Was tell hur if hur give hur leave,  
 made hur bewray hurself :  
 Was tell hur how hurself was freed,  
 was fair to use hur wit ;  
 With all dexterity and speed,  
 was well hur was beshit.  
 Was put her hand into hur breeks,  
 and pull'd from off her thighs,  
 A thing was made of cheese and leeks,  
 and cast it in hur eyes :  
 Hur son was blind, hur mother blind,  
 no boot for hur to stay.  
 Hur left a filthy stink behind,  
 and so hur ran away.  
 Was glad was gone from them two devils,  
 from son and the old hag,  
 In midst of all these woeful evils,  
 there's none had caule to brag.  
 My bones did ake, their eyes did smart,  
 and such a stink was here,  
 Which men could not with all their art,  
 make sweet ia half a year,  
 But now hur knows not what to do,  
 hur hunger to suffice,  
 At length with walking to and fro,  
 an apple tree espies :  
 The apples did so lovely look,  
 d id move her unto laughter,

No delays then could her brook,  
 hur shaps so much did water ;  
 Up into the high tree hur gets,  
 the owner came anon,  
 Made hur almost beside hur wits,  
 a cruel fight began ;  
 The man at hur did throw great stones,  
 and hur did apples cast ;  
 The stones did so be hump her bones,  
 that down hur fell at last,  
 When hur was down mark what besel,  
 hur hostess and hur son,  
 Came running when their eyes were well,  
 beholding what was done :  
 He took hur up, was almost dead,  
 they laughed out amain.  
 They cuffed hur, and thus they said,  
 was hope hur had been slain.  
 They counsel took and did agree,  
 more mischief did besal,  
 They said they'd hang hur on a tree,  
 and hur must pay for all.  
 To 'scape from this ungodly train,  
 it was hur chief desire,  
 Hur cry'd out with both might and main,  
 your houses are on fire :  
 A gallant trick it was of hur,  
 for to escape hur foes ;  
 A man was singing of some swine,  
 from whence the smoke arose,

They run with speed to quench the fire,  
 that never was begun :  
 And glad was hur they did retire,  
 that hur away might run,  
 Over the hill and over dale,  
 till hur was almost spent,  
 At last hur legs began to fail,  
 which wrought hur discontent :  
 And then into a hedge hur crept,  
 thinking to take a nap :  
 And then hur sat hur down and wept,  
 lamenting hur mishap :  
 At last a handsome man came by,  
 with him a pretty lass ;  
 These lovers did not him espy,  
 but sat down on the grass,  
 He to the maid a ring did give,  
 which she did well accept ;  
 And with a kiss did hur believe,  
 and close unto him crept :  
 This ring it seems did prove so wide,  
 which gallantly did shine.  
 From off hur finger it did slide,  
 and so at last was mine.  
 This ring hur much did think upon,  
 they minded more their play,  
 So when these lovers they were gone,  
 hur found it where it lay.  
 Hur put into hur poke,  
 and hur went amain ;



For why, hur was afraid those folks,  
would quick return again.

Now hur had got a gay gold ring,  
hur knew not where to hide;

It was a fine brave gallant thing,  
was puff her up with pride.

But fortune often plays the jade,  
she's seldom constant known;

For why, at last hur was betray'd,  
hur could not keep hur own:

For going through a town he wot,  
amongst some ill bred curs;

Hur shew'd it to a cheating trot,  
who said the ring was hers.

Cotsputteranails, was tell a lie,  
hur find it was hur want;

But she us'd such extremity,  
which wrought hur discontent.

Before a justice brought hur then,  
and there hur kept such stirs;

The justice said before all men  
that sure the ring was hers.

Hur call'd the justice great Boobee,  
then hur receiv'd some knocks:

The justice made no more ado  
but sent hur to the stocks:

The boys did jeer hur to hur face,  
and call'd hur thief and knave;

O was it not a great disgrace,  
that boys should hur out brave.

Now hur hath mark'd what hath been past  
 now mark but this one thing.  
 The man and maid came by at last  
 that lost this gay gold ring :  
 How glad was hur then in the end,  
 though hur was but a thief,  
 Hur hop'd that hur would stand hur friend  
 to ease hur of hur grief,  
 Hur shentleman, hur pray hur stay,  
 and likewise hur fair maid,  
 Did not hur lose hur fine gold ring ?  
 regard hur what hur said :  
 They wondered how he came to know  
 how she could lose the ring,  
 Nor did they know what they should do,  
 for to regale this thing.  
 Have you the ring kind man ? quoth the  
 tell us if that you took it,  
 Hur had the ring as hur may say,  
 but now hur may go look for it.  
 A woman cheard hur of it,  
 hur kept such grievous sturs,  
 For want of honesty and wit,  
 hur justice said it was hers ;  
 And can you tell where she doth dwell,  
 that wrought us this despite :  
 For ought hur knows hur lives in hell,  
 she's such a wicked wight.  
 A little boy now standing by,  
 told them where she did live,

The author of their villainy,   
 a groat to him they give;   
 Unto this woman's house they go,   
 before a justice bring hur,   
 Where she was cast with much ado,   
 into the stocks they sling her.   
 Now Tassy had his heart's desire,   
 he had hur company,   
 But when he did begin to jeer,   
 she in his face did fly,   
 she claw'd him so with all hur nails,   
 she made hur almost mad;   
 Hur was not used so in Wales,   
 hur luck was then so-bad.   
 Moreover, as hur understand,   
 to add to hur disgrace,   
 The queen she puffed in her hand,   
 and cast it in hur face.   
 Cotsputteranails beshrew hur heart,   
 was scurdey queen and whore,   
 Hur scratch'd hur face did now so smart,   
 which made hur cry and roar,   
 Too soon I wish her here, quoth he,   
 but now I wish her further,   
 Or that from hur I might be free,   
 for fear she should me murder.   
 The company that stood about,   
 did laugh at him a good,   
 And very friendly help him out,   
 because he pleas'd the mood:

Now glad was that hur out did get,  
 and left his foe behind,  
 After they two so long had fight,  
 and found the people kind:  
 His scratched face did vex him now,  
 he thought upon this thing;  
 But not so much I tell you true,  
 as los of this gold ring,  
 He did not know then what to do,  
 or where to lie that night;  
 He wandereth now to and fro,  
 and kept from people fight,  
 At last unto a house he came,  
 the people absent were,  
 No man no master maid nor dame,  
 and so he entered there,  
 Unto the smoky loft climb'd then,  
 and to the bacon crept;  
 Now Taffy is a jovial man,  
 his heart within him leapt,  
 He cut the bacon which was raw,  
 no bread at all did eat,  
 Resolv'd to fill his hungry maw,  
 he lustily did feed,  
 He fill'd his pockets too beside,  
 might serve him for to-morrow,  
 He knew he must not there abide,  
 'Twas but the fruits of sorrow,  
 But at length the maid came in,  
 then he could not get our;

To study now he doth begin,  
 to bring this thing about :  
 At length he was resolv'd to stay  
 all night until the morrow,  
 For fear they two should have a fray,  
 which might encrease his sorrow,  
 Well now the lusty ploughmen came,  
 to feed and to caroule ;  
 As for the master and the dame,  
 they supp'd at the next house,  
 When the ploughmen well had fed,  
 to bed they took their way,  
 For I have heard it often said,  
 they rise by break of day,  
 But time brings all things to an end,  
 now home the woman came,  
 With hur husband, hur best friend,  
 who was a cock o' the game ;  
 They wish'd the maid to go to bed,  
 she need not be entreated ,  
 Whilst tassy on the bacon fed,  
 and bravely he was seated,  
 For he upon the saddle sat,  
 unknown unseent of all,  
 All bedaub'd with bacon fat,  
 nor dreamed he should fall ;  
 They warm'd their legs and eke their feet,  
 the man now wanton grows :  
 For why he thought it not unmeet,  
 to play with his wife's toes ;

Thou hast a pretty foot, quoth he,  
 a handsome leg beside,  
 A soft plump thigh, a fair white knee,  
 which I have nigh espied.  
 Now Taffy had a great desire  
 to play the saucy jade,  
 He peepeth down, and fell in the fire,  
 the saddle on his back.  
 I've brought your saddle home, he cry'd,  
 I borrowed of your maid ;  
 The men and women stept aside,  
 for they were sore afraid :  
 They cry'd out most piteously,  
 their case was so evil.  
 Hoe cob, hoe cob, rise speedily,  
 and help to kill the devil.  
 So when the ploughmen did awake,  
 the best was but a clown.  
 They each of them a cudgel take,  
 and knock poor Taffy down.  
 They threw him in the fire again,  
 who was but now crept out ;  
 They said they had the devil slain  
 e'en by their labour stout,  
 His bacon fried in his pock,  
 which moved them to laughter,  
 Whilst he lay broiling in the smoke,  
 and curs'd them ever after.  
 He tumbled out and thus did say,  
 I take these things in snuff,

ay give me leave to go my way,  
 has punishment enough.  
 The good man quickly did agree,  
 and jeer'd him with his whimsy,  
 ay if you come again quoth he,  
 friend come not down my chimney,  
 the night was cold and dark I wot,  
 no star was in the sky,  
 but us for Taffy he was hot,  
 you know the reason why,  
 he was afraid of every dog,  
 when he was out of town,  
 almost as naked as a frog,  
 with grief he sat him down,  
 upon a bed of nettles there,  
 which stung him grievously :  
 What with pain, with grief and care,  
 he wished he might die,  
 he all in darkness travelled,  
 his nettled flesh did smart ;  
 his blistered feet were gravelled,  
 which griev'd him to the heart ;  
 Yet he was musing in his mind  
 what house to go to next,  
 Where he might some provision find,  
 for nothing more perplext,  
 Tho' he had bacon in his poke,  
 Might yield him some relief ;  
 Yet Taffy, I heard it spoke,  
 was bred and born a thief ;

When hur saw the people work and toil,  
 hur shentleman was born,  
 What was hur? think hur horse or mule.  
 Hur work! no, think it scorn.  
 By this time it was break of day,  
 and he a barn espy'd,  
 He to this barn did take his way,  
 his nakedness to hide:  
 He had not been there half an hour,  
 hur hardy sat him down,  
 But gypsies came in number four,  
 who came from Guiltford town:  
 They took poor lassy sure for spite,  
 and stood upon their guard,  
 They were prepared him to fight,  
 which when he saw and heard,  
 Hur cried out hur was a man,  
 tho' by misfortunes crest;  
 That hur did swear by good St. Nun,  
 hur wits was almost lost.  
 Hur told hur all hur travels great,  
 and hur misfortunes many;  
 How oft hur had been kick'd and beat,  
 no comfort had from any;  
 And all because hur would not work,  
 but lead an idle life:  
 And up and down the country lurk,  
 and the cause of hur strife.  
 Kind friend, quoth they you shall be one  
 of our fraternity:



Our secrets to you shall be well known,  
and we live happily.

We live as you do easily,  
but have our wits about us,

We never suffer d injury,  
nor give them cause to flout us ;

I am your servaunt and your friend,  
poor Taffy then reply'd

hope my grief is at an end,  
if I with you abide ;

The first design we ll set upon,  
if you'll our secrets keep,

shall be for ought we know anon  
when people are asleep,

And what was that quoth Taffy then,  
I do desire to know,

You look like good plain dealing men,  
what is it I must do,

Nothing but rob a house, quoth they,  
of bacon we'll tell you,

Quoth he I was in such a fray,  
Here's some I pray fall roo,

He pull'd a piece out of his poke,  
the bacon it was warm,

Quoth he this is as fire and smoke,  
but I had all the harm.

He shew'd his burned back and side,  
his hands and eke his face ;

They laughed at his burned side,  
which he took in disgracs.

They eat the bacon greedily,  
and they found bread and drink :

They praised it exceedingly,  
although the same did stink.

Well, now themselves to sleep they lay,  
no dangers them affright :

Most commonly they sleep all day,  
and do their work at night.

They all concluded at the last,  
a rope should him befriend ,

That when the danger it was past,  
it might be Taffy's end.

This practise wise men will observe,  
a subtile villany ;

Some care not tho' their country starve,  
so they may gain thereby.

Taffy, quoth they, our office mind,  
we'll let you down the chimney,

With this same rope and you shall find  
'twill be a gallant whimsy.

When thou art down, the bacon bind,  
with the same we give you,

And we to you will then be kind,  
and with the same relieve you.

When this is done, observe us then,  
we straight then up will haul you.

And you do think us honest men,  
think not that we will fail you.

They let him down, to work he falls,  
the bacon straight doth bind,

Gypsies up the bacon haul,  
 And leave the fool behind,  
 By, we thank thee for our swine,  
 We can no longer stay,  
 The bacon's ours, the halter's thine,  
 Make haste and get away.  
 They cast the halter on his head,  
 And call'd hur foolish elf,  
 And with the bacon straight they fled,  
 And bid hur hang himself.  
 Some take you all, was serve hur so,  
 Our best days now are gone,  
 Run out, alas! what shall hur do?  
 Our now was quite undone.  
 As find hur heart to hang hurself,  
 Was take hur as a thief;  
 More misery hur must endure,  
 And so add grief to grief.  
 Else was broil hur on the coals,  
 As hur once did before,  
 The world is full of knaves or fools,  
 Or there was never more:  
 Our will stand here, let what will come,  
 Out-face the worst of evil:  
 Our will not speak, hur being dumb,  
 Was take hur for the devil:  
 Was all bedaub'd hurself with crook,  
 Was warrant hur will scare him;  
 And stand as still as any stick,  
 No matter tho' hur jeer hur.

Tassy now doth domineer,  
 with face as black as hell,  
 Hur means to put them all in fear,  
 who in the house do dwell,  
 Now down into the house hur comes,  
 unto the cupboard goes,  
 The bread and butter so bethumbs,  
 at last the maid arose ;  
 Beholding there his ugly face,  
 she cried out amain,  
 She runs up stairs in little space,  
 for fear she should be slain,  
 Master, quoth he, O save my life,  
 in such a fear he put her,  
 The devil's below with his long knife,  
 cutting of bread and butter,  
 What, art thou mad, quoth he my wench,  
 or art thou in a dream?  
 he took his lay on a bench,  
 and down at length he came:  
 The good' wife cried out amain,  
 heaven keep us from this evil ;  
 Husband come to bed again,  
 will you fight with the devil,  
 I prithee wife let me alone,  
 the man did thus reply,  
 If that this devil be not gone,  
 my manhood I will try,  
 But when he came the devil to eye,  
 he looked wonderous pale,

His courage then he durst not try,  
 his courage now doth fail;  
 The man afraid, the devil afraid,  
 stood gazing on each other,  
 At last the good wife and the maid  
 call'd down the good man's brother.  
 Brother lend me your sword, quoth he,  
 and I'll lend you my aid;  
 But when he came this devil to see,  
 he was as much afraid.  
 When Taffy saw them all amaz'd,  
 he quickly march'd away;  
 Upon each other then they gaz'd,  
 and knew not what to say,  
 They dined well, mark what ensued,  
 when as they came to sup,  
 They mis'd the bacon and conclude,  
 the devil had eat it up.  
 Now Taffy is a lusty blade,  
 possessed with strange fits,  
 Made all the children sore afraid,  
 almost besides their wits,  
 The children hiding places sought,  
 he put them in such a fear,  
 Lest Taffy who the devil was thought,  
 would them in pieces tear.  
 They durst not go to school by day,  
 nor rest in beds at nights,  
 For fear he should fetch them away,  
 he put them in such frights.

The women at these matters frown,  
 and they conclude with speed,  
 To beat the devil out of town,  
 that did this mischief breed;  
 With shovels, spades, staves and stones,  
 they beat poor Taffy so,  
 That they had almost broke his bones,  
 which cruelty doth shew,  
 Upon his hands and feet he creeps,  
 to shew that he was lam'd,  
 And then he sits him down and weeps,  
 his courage now is tam'd.  
 Unto the church at last goes he,  
 to hide him out of sight,  
 So then he thought he should be free,  
 from all their hate and spite.  
 Within a pew he closely lay,  
 all night until the morrow,  
 Until the saxton came they say,  
 which did increase his sorrow,  
 Taffy peep'd out with his black snout,  
 which made him sore afraid;  
 He like a mad man run about,  
 and call'd aloud for aid.  
 Two hundred armed men they brought,  
 the church encompassed round,  
 And for the devil there they sought,  
 and him at length they found.  
 Art thou the devil, quoth they, that dost  
 scare all our children so?

Or art thou some disturbed ghost,  
that wandreth to and fro?

No, hur was Taffy, was a man,  
of flesh and blood and bone,  
Was not believe hur, fell hur then,  
or else let hur alone.

Thou art a counterfeit, quoth they,  
a false dissembling knave;

Come gentlemen bring him away,  
he his reward may have.

Taffy long time with them did trudge,  
his heart was wond'rous sad,

They brought him then before a judge,  
where he his judgement had;

He must stand in the pillory  
for four long hours and more,

That all the children might him 'spy,  
that he had scar'd before.

As many then against him came,  
running with all speed,

And their indictments thus they frame,  
if you please them to read.

## Taffy's Indictments.

Imprimis, **F**OR troubling the shepherd  
to help him out of the pit.

Item, For selling the jerkin for a groat,  
which was borrowed of his countryman  
Pinkin.

Item. For casting stinking fish and rot-  
ten eggs into the hostess's face.

Item. For taking away the gold ring.

Item. For calling the justice a boobee.

Item. For sitting in the stocks with an  
old woman.

Item. For creeping up into the smoke  
loft, and then falling down into the fire  
with a pack saddle on his back.

Item. For scaring the sexton in the  
church, for which loose behaviour he was  
adjudged to the pillory; where I leave him  
till the next prank he shall play.

F I N I S.