

BERKSHIRE LADY,

8

A NEW



Kieberg:

THE BERKSHIRE LADY.

PART I

BATCHLOCKS of every station,
 Mark and hear this true relation,
 Which in truth to you I bring,
 Never was a stranger thing

You shall find it worth the hearing,
 Loyal love is most enduring,
 When it takes the deepest root,
 Yielding gold and charms to boot.

Some will wed for store of treasure,
 But the sweetest joy and pleasure,
 Is in faithfull love you'll find,
 Graced with a faithful mind.

Such a noble disposition,
 Had this Lady with submission,
 Of whom I this sonnet write,
 Store of wealth and beauty bright.

She was left by a good Gentleman,
 Full five thousand pounds per annuum,
 Which she held without controul,
 Thus she did in riches roll.

Tho' she had vast store of riches,
 Which some persons much bewitches,
 Yet she bore a virtuous mind,
 Not the least to pride inclin'd.

Many noble persons courted,
 This young lady 'tis reported,
 But their labour pay'd in vain,
 They could not get her favour.

(3)

Tho' she made such stout resistance,
Yet by Cupid's true assistance,
She was conquer'd after all;
How it was declare I shall.

Being at a noble wedding,
Near the famous town of Reading,
A young gentleman she saw,
Who belonged to the law.

As she view'd his sweet behavior,
Every courteous carriage gave her,
New additions to herger grief,
Forc'd she was to seek relief.

Privately she now enquired,
About him she so admired;
Both his name and where he dwelt,
Such was the hot flames she felt.

When at night this youthful lady,
Call'd her coach which being ready,
Homeward straight she did return,
But her heart in flames did burn.

P A R T II

NIGHT and morning for a season,
In her closet she did reason,
With herself and often said,
Why has love my heart betray'd?

I that have so many slighted,
Am at length so well requited,
For my griefs are not a few,
Now I find what love can do,

He that has my heart a keeping,
Though I for his sake ly weeping,
Little knows what grief I feel,
But I'll try it out with steel,

For I will a challenge send him,
 And appoint where I'll attend him,
 In a grove without delay
 By the dawning of the day.

He will not the let discover,
 That I am his virgin lover;
 By th' challenge that I send,
 But for justice I'll contend.

He hath caused sad distraction,
 And I am for satisfaction
 Which if he denies to give,
 One of us shall cease to live.

Having thus her mind reveal'd,
 She a letter clos'd and seal'd;
 Now when it came to his hand,
 The young man was at a stand.

In this letter she conjur'd him,
 For to meet and well affor'd him,
 Recompense he must afford
 Or dispute it with the sword

Having read this strange relation,
 He was in a consternation!
 Then advising with a friend,
 He persuades him to attend.

Be of courage and make ready,
 A faint heart ne'er won fair Lady,
 I along with you I will go,
 In regard it must be so.

P A R T III.

EARL on a summer's morning,
 When bright Phoebus was aching,
 E'ry bower with his beams,
 The fair Lady came it seems.

At the bottom of a mountain,
 Near a pleasant chrystal fountain,
 There she left her gilded coach,
 While the grove she did approach,
 Cover'd with a mask and walking,
 There she found her lover talking,
 With a friend that he had brought,
 Straight she ask'd him who he sought?

HE) I am challeng'd by a gallant,
 Who resolves to try my talent:
 What he is I cannot say,
 But I hope to shew him play.

SHE) It is I that did invite you;
 You shall wed me or I'll fight you;
 Underneath these spreading trees,
 Therefore chuse you which you please,

You shall find I do not vapour,
 I have brought my trusty rapier,
 Therefore take your choice, says she,
 Either to fight or marry me

Said he, Madam, pray, what mean ye
 In my life I never had seen ye;
 Pray unmask your visage now,
 Then I'll tell you I or no,

SHE) I will not my face uncover,
 Till the marriage rites are over;
 Therefore now chouse which you will
 Wed me fir or try your skill.

Step within that pleasant bower,
 With your friend one single hour;
 Strive your thoughts to reconcile,
 And I'll wander here the while,

While the charming Lady waited,
 The young Bachelor debated,
 What was best for to be done,
 Quoth his friend the hazard run.

If my judgment may be trusted,
 Wed her fir you can't be worsted:
 If she is rich she'll raise your fame,
 If she is poor you are the same.

He consented to be married,
 In the coach they all were carried,
 To a church without delay,

Where he weds the Lady gay,
 I here sweet pretty Cupid hover'd,
 Round her eyes her face was cover'd,
 With a mask he took her thus
 Just for better or for worse

With a courteous kind behaviour,
 She presents his friend a favour,
 And with all dismiss him straight,
 That he might no longer wait.

P A R T IV.

AS the gilded coach stood ready,
 The young lawyer and his Lady,
 Rode together till they came
 To her house of state and fame:

Which appeared like a castle,
 Where he might behold a parcel,
 Of young cedars tall and straight,
 Just before her palace gate,

Hand in hand they walk'd together,
 To a hall or parlour rather,
 Which was beautiful and fair,
 All alone she left him there.

Two long hours there he waited,
 Her return, at last he fretted,
 And began to grieve at last,
 For he had not broke his fast.

Still he sat like one amazed
 Round a spacious room he gazed,
 Which was richely beautified,
 But, alas ! he lost his bride,

There was piping laughing, sneering
 All within the courtiers hearing ;
 But his bride he could not see,
 Would I were at home thought he,

While his heart was melancholy ;
 Said the Steward brisk and jolly,
 Tell me friend, How came you here,
 You have some design I fear,

He replied Dear loving master,
 You shall meet with no disaster,
 Through my means in any case,
 Madam brought me to this place,

Then the Seward did retire,
 About the matter to enquire,
 Whether it was true or no
 Ne'er was lover hamper'd so.

Now the Lady who had fill'd him,
 With those tears, full well beheld him
 From a window where she dress'd,
 Delighted with the pleasant jest,

When she had herself attired,
 In rich robes to be admired,
 Like a moving angel bright,
 She appeared in his sight,

Dear Sir, my servant have related,
 How you have for some hours waited,
 In my parlour, tell me who
 In my house that you do know
 Madam, if I have offended,
 It is more than I intended,
 A young Lady brought me here,
 That is very true my dear,

I can be no longer cruel,
 To my dear and only jewel,
 Thou art mine and I am thine,
 Hand and heart I do resign

Once I was thy wounded lover,
 Now those fears are cleanly over,
 By receiving what I gave,
 Thou art Lord of all I have,

Beauty, honour love and treasure,
 A rich golden stream of pleasure,
 With this Lady he enjoys,
 Thanks to Cupid's kind decoys,

Now he is cloth'd in rich attire,
 Not inferior to any quire;
 Beauty, honour, riches here,
 What can a man desire more.

A N E W S O N E.

YOUR charms to ruin led the way,
 My sense depriv'd,
 My strength enslav'd;
 As I did love you betray: (fate,

How great's the curse, how hard my fate,
 To pass life's sea with such a mate,

F I N I S.