

THE

Babes in the Wood.

Being a true Relation of a Norfolk Gentleman and his Wife dying, leaving two Children to the care of an Uncle, who hired two Russians to kill them; For which God plagued him so that he died great in misery.

To which is added,

The Sailor's Adieu.



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The BABES in the Wood.

NOW ponder well ye parents dear,
 the words that I shall write,
 A doleful story you shall hear,
 was lately brought to light:
 A gentleman of good report,
 in Norfolk liv'd of late
 Whose wealth and honour did surmount,
 most men of his estate.
 Sore sick he was and like to die,
 and he no help could have;
 His worthy wife by him lay sick,
 they both possess'd one grave.
 Betwixt the two no love was lost,
 each was to other kind,
 In love they liv'd, in love they died,
 and left two babes behind.
 The one he was a pretty boy,
 not passing three years old.
 The other a girl, younger than he,
 and made in beauty's mould.
 The father left his little son,
 as it doth well appear,
 When he to perfect age should come,
 three hundred pounds a year.
 And to his little daughter, Jean,
 two hundred pounes in gold,

To be paid on Marriage day,
 no way to be controul'd.
 And if my children chance to die,
 before to age they come,
 The uncle should possess the wealth,
 and so the Will did run,
 Now brother, said the dying man,
 look to my children dear,
 Be kind unto my boy and girl,
 no other friend is near.
 To God and you I recommend
 my children night and day,
 For little space be sure we have
 within this world to stay.
 You must be father and mother both,
 and uncle all in one;
 God knows what will become of them,
 when I am dead and gone.
 Out then bespoke the mother dear,
 my brother kind, quoth she
 You are the man must bring my babes
 to wealth or misery.
 If you do keep them carefully,
 then God will you reward.
 If othrewise you strive to do,
 God will your deeds regard.
 With lips as cold as any stone,
 the kiss'd these children small,

God bless you both, my children dear,
 and so the tears did fall
 Those speeches that the uncle made
 to that sick couple there,
 The keeping of your children small,
 dear sister do not fear
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 nor ought that I e'er have,
 If do wrong your children dear,
 when you are laid in grave.
 Their parents being dead and gone,
 the children he did take
 With him unto his dwelling house,
 and much of them did make.
 He had not kept these children small,
 a twelve month and a day,
 But for their money he devis'd,
 to make them both away.
 He bargain'd with two ruffians,
 who were of furious mood,
 For to take these children small,
 and kill them in a wood
 He told his wife and children all,
 he would the children send
 To be brought up in fair London,
 with one that was a friend.

P A R T II.

THESE pretty babes away they went,
 rejoicing at the tide,

And singing with a merry mood,
that they were going to ride.
They spoke and prattled pleasantly,
as they rode on the way,
To them that should their butchers be,
and work their lives decay.
The speeches these sweet babes did make,
caus'd their murderers hearts relent,
That they had ta'en this deed in hand,
full sore they did repent.
But one of them was hard of heart,
and vow'd to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired them
had paid them very large.
So then into the forest thick,
these two men fell at strife,
With one another they did fight
about the childrens life.
And he that was of mildest mood,
did kill the other there,
Within the unfrequented wood,
where babes did quack for fear.
He took the children by the hand,
and led them by the way.
Hold your tongue my children dear,
be sure you do not cry.
Two miles he led them forth, till they
for bread did sore complain.

Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread
 when I come back again.
 Then hand in hand, these pretty babes,
 went wandering up and down,
 But they could never see the man
 approaching from the town.
 Their pretty lips with blackberries,
 were altogether dy'd,
 And when the darksome night came on,
 they sat them down and cried,
 Thus wandered these pretty babes,
 till death did end their grief.
 In one another's arms they died,
 as babes wanting relief.
 No burial these children did
 of any man receive,
 Till Robin red-breast carefully,
 did cover them o'er with leaves.
 Now mark the heavy wrata of God
 upon the uncle fell,
 For fearful fiends did haunt his house,
 his conscience burnt in hell.
 His barns were burnt, his goods consum'd,
 his lands were barren made,
 His cattle all died in the fields,
 and nothing with him laid:
 And in a voyage to Portugal,
 two of his sons did die,

Then to conclude, himself was brought
 into much misery.

He pawn'd and mortgaged his goods,
 'ere seven years came about,

And at the very time then did
 his cruel act come out.

The fellow that did take in hand
 The children sweet to kill,

For robbery was condemn'd to die,
 'as was God's blessed will.

He did confess the very truth,
 the which is here exprest.

The uncle died, when he for debt,
 in prison long did last.

All you who be executors,
 and overseers, eke,

Of children that are fatherless,
 and infants mild and meek,

See that you keep them carefully,
 both by night and day,

For God that dwells in heaven high,
 he will your deeds repay.

The Sailor's Adieu.

THE topsail shivers in the wind,
 the ship she's cast to sea;

But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
 are Mary, moor'd with thee:
 For though thy sailor's bound afar,
 still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we're sail'd,
 O doubt their artful tales;
 No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
 if Cupid fills his sail's;
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 which steer my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
 more fell than rocks or waves:
 But sailors of the British fleet,
 are lovers and not slaves;
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 although we've left our hearts with you

These are our cares, but if your kind,
 we'll scort the dashing main,
 The rocks, the billows and the wind,
 the powers of France and Spain.
 Now Britain's glory rests with you,
 Our sails are full—sweet girls adieu,

F I N I S.