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THE  
**SUFFOLK GARLAND:**

OR, A COLLECTION OF  
POEMS, SONGS, TALES, BALLADS,  
SONNETS, AND ELEGIES,

*Legendary and Romantic, Historical and Descriptive,*

RELATIVE TO THAT COUNTY ;

*And Illustrative of its*

SCENERY, PLACES, BIOGRAPHY, MANNERS,  
HABITS AND CUSTOMS.



"The sweet and the sower,  
"The nettle and the flower,  
"The thorne and the rose,  
"This GARLAND compose."

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IPSWICH :

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BROWN; AND RODD AND SON, LONDON.

MDC C CXVIII.

## Prefatory Sonnet,

BY THE REV. JOHN MITFORD, B. A.

VICAR OF BENHALL,

AND RECTOR OF WESTON ST. PETER.

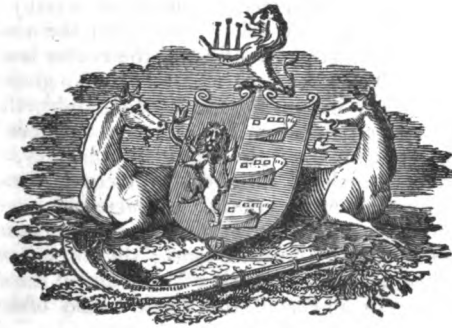
Deem not inelegant his Mind, who loves  
'Mid the rude *Chronicles of Elder Time*  
A while to sojourn ; and, with *fabled rhyme*,  
In these late days, again in fancy roves  
Through *moated Halls*, and *Fields*, and *ancient*  
*Groves*,

Beneath whose shade our Fathers, in their prime,  
Have sate ;—but now corroding age and crime  
Have left but what their ancient glory proves.  
Yet come :—and 'mid these *mouldering Relics* trace  
The pensive shadows of departed years ;  
Mark, how again, with renovated grace,  
Its front the long-forgotten Mansion rears ;  
And all, upstarting in its wonted place,  
As touch'd by some enchanter's wand, appears.

*“ An ordinary SONG or BALLAD, that is the delight  
“ of the common people, cannot fail to please all such  
“ readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment  
“ by their affectation or ignorance ; and the reason is  
“ plain, because the same paintings of nature, which  
“ recommend it to the most ordinary reader, will ap-  
“ pear beautiful to the most refined.*

*“ I took a particular delight in hearing the SONGS  
“ and FABLES that are come from father to son, and  
“ are most in vogue among the common people : for  
“ it is impossible that any thing should be universally  
“ tasted and approved of by a multitude, which hath  
“ not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify  
“ the mind of man.”*

SPECTATOR, NO. 70.



## THE PREFACE.



**O**UR County Readers are here presented with some select specimens of their native Bards, and provincial Rhymers.

While the spacious pages of the County Historian, says the ingenious Editor of the "Northern Garlands," are too exclusively engrossed by topographical surveys, genealogical tables, statistical numbers, or agricultural refinements; the humble and amusing village strains, founded upon the squabbles of a wake; tales of untrue love; superstitious rumors; or miraculous traditions of the

hamlet ; are very slightly regarded, if not glanced over unnoted. A COUNTY GARLAND is one of those minor publications scarcely considered worthy the attention of a county editor ; and from the motley basket of an itinerary mendicant, the reader is alone supplied with such an entertainment. To glean for EACH COUNTY its appropriate Ballads might, therefore, be an acceptable task. If they neither vied for adventures with the deeds of chivalry, nor eclipsed the gallant knight and courtly dame in marvellous amours ; yet their characteristics would be a just and faithful representation of domestic manners and provincial customs ; they would exhibit nature without the foil of art ; and " the short " and simple annals " of the rustic would often be found preserved in the ditty, which " at her wheel " the village-maiden sings." It may be easy to jumble together a parcel of Songs, of all dates, and upon all subjects, indiscriminately, and from their historical allusions, or novelty of romantic incident, excite and partly gratify curiosity ; but this medley must fail to convey an equal interest with the record of some domestic tale, founded upon the attractive scenes of youth ; when, however rude the combination of language and numbers, our partiality may be said to " grow with our growth." To the mind that has once imbibed an hereditary love of rural haunts, fancy, amid the vicissitudes of life, the toil of worldly pursuits, or the visitation of foreign climes, can mock the lapse of time, and, like the wandering Swiss, still fondly picture home, and dwell with enthusiastic delight on native strains.

The English have always been a great Ballad-nation, and once abounded with various Songs of Trades, and numerous Songs for the People. The Ballad, says Aikin in his " Essay on Ballads and " Pastoral Songs," may be considered as the native species of poetry in this country. It very exactly answers the idea formerly given of original poetry, being the rude, uncultivated verse in which the

popular tale of the times was recorded. As our ancestors partook of the fierce, warlike character of the northern nations, the subjects of their poetry would chiefly consist of the martial exploits of their heroes, and the military events of national history, deeply tinged with that passion for the marvelous, and that superstitious credulity, which always attends a state of ignorance and barbarism. Many of the ancient Ballads have been transmitted to the present times, and in them the character of the nation displays itself in striking colors. The boastful history of her victories, the prowess of her favorite kings and captains, and the wonderful adventures of the legendary saint and knight-errant, are the topics of the rough rhyme and unadorned narration, which was ever the delight of the vulgar, and is now an object of curiosity to the antiquary, and man of taste. In later times, these pieces consisted of the village tale, the dialogue of rustic courtship, the description of natural objects, and the incidents of rural life. Their language is the language of nature, simple and unadorned; their story is not the wild offspring of fancy, but the probable adventure of the cottage, and their sentiments are the unstudied expressions of passions and emotions, common to all mankind. The old Song of "Chevy Chase" was long the favorite Ballad of the common people; and Ben Jonson used to say, that he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney, in his "Discourse of Poetry," speaks of it in the following words: I never heard the old Song of Piercy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude stile; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? The celebrated Author of the "Task" was strongly attached to this stile of composition, and in one of his "Letters" says, that it is a species of poetry



peculiar to this country, equally adapted to the drollest or the most tragical subjects. Simplicity and ease are its peculiar characteristics. Our forefathers excelled in it, but we moderns have lost the art. It is observed, that we have few good English Odes: but to make amends we have many excellent Ballads, not inferior, perhaps, in true poetical merit to some of the very best Odes that the Greek or Latin languages have to boast of.

“ These venerable, ancient SONG-EDITORS  
 “ Soar’d many a pitch above our modern writers ;  
 “ With rough, majestic force they moved the heart,  
 “ And strength and nature made amends for art.”

Ballads are described by Puttenham, a Critic in the reign of Elizabeth, as small and popular Songs, sung by those *Cantabanqui* upon benches and barrels heads, where they have no other audience than boys or country fellows that pass by them in the streets; or else by blind harpers, or suchlike tavern-minstrels, that give a fit of mirth for a groat. Such were these “ Reliques of ancient English Poetry,” says D’Israeli, in his “ Curiosities of Literature,” which are more precious to us than they were to our ancestors; strangers as we have become to their pure pastoral feelings, and more eccentric habits of life. They form the Collections of Percy and Ritson. But the latter poetical antiquary tells us that few are older than the reign of James the 1st. The more ancient Songs of the People perished by having been printed in single sheets, and their humble purchasers had no other library to preserve them than the walls on which they pasted them. Those we have consist of a succeeding race of Ballads, chiefly revived or written by Richard Johnson, the author of the well-known Romance of the “ Seven Champions,” and Deloney, the writer of “ Jack of Newbury’s Life,” and the “ Gentle Craft,” who lived in the time of James and Charles.

The practice of collecting them into books did not take place, says Ritson, till after the reign of Eli-

zabeth, and is probably owing to this Johnson and Deloney, who, when they were advanced in years, and incapable, perhaps, of producing any thing of merit, seem to have contented themselves with collecting their more juvenile or happier compositions into little Penny Books, entitled GARLANDS; of these, being popular and often reprinted, many are still extant. In the Pepysian \* and other libraries, are preserved a great number, in Black Letter, 12mo. under the following quaint and affected titles:

A Crown Garland of Goulden Roses gathered out of England's Royall Garden, &c. by Richard Johnson, 1612. (In the Bodleian Library.) " In Bib. Ang. Poet." 10*℥*.0*s*.0*d*. The Golden Garland of Princely Delight. The Garland of Good-will by Thomas Deloney, 1631 " In Bib. Ang. Poet." 2*℥*.2*s*.0*d*. The Royal Garland of Love and Delight, by T. D. The Garland of Love and Mirth, by Thomas Lanfier. The Garland of Delight, &c. by Thomas Deloney. Cupid's Garland set round with Gilded Roses. The Garland of Withered Roses, by Martin Parker 1656. The Shepherd's Garland of Love, Loyalty, &c. The County Garland. The Golden Garland of Mirth and Merriment. The Lover's Garland. Neptune's fair Garland. England's fair Garland. Robin Hood's Garland. The Maiden's Garland. A Loyal Garland of Mirth and Pastime, The Loyal Garland, containing choice Songs and Sonnets of our late unhappy Revolution, by S. N. 1671. In " Bib. Ang. Poet." 4*℥*.4*s*.0*d*. A Royal Garland of new Songs. A small Garland of pious and godly Sougs, 1684. The Jovial Garland. 8th Ed. 1691. &c. &c. &c. and lately by Joseph Ritson, The Bishopic Garland, or Durham Minstrel, 1784, The Yorkshire Garland,

\* Samuel Pepys, Esq. Secretary of the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles the 2nd and James the 2nd, was the magnificent founder of the Pepysian Library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. He made a large collection of ancient English Ballads nearly 2000 in number, which he has left pasted in five folio volumes, besides *Garlands*, and other Miscellanies. The Collection he informs us was " begun by Mr. Selden; improved by the addition of many pieces " elder thereto in time; and the whole continued down to the year " 1700; when the form peculiar till then thereto, viz. of the Black " Letter with pictures, seems (for cheapness sake) wholly laid aside " for that of the White Letter without pictures."

1788. The Northumberland Garland, 1793. and the North-Country Garland, 1802. which, in 1810, were collected into one volume by Mr. Triphook, and published under the title of "Northern Garlands." "The Goodly Garland, or Chaplet of Laurel, by Maister Skelton, Imp. by Fawkers, 1523," 4to. This very rare volume sold at Major Pearson's sale for 7*£*. 17*s*. 6*d*.

This sort of petty publications had anciently the name of "Penny Merriments," or "Drolleries:" as little religious tracts of the same size were called "Penny Godlinesses." In the Pepysian library are multitudes of both kinds. At the sale of Major Pearson's library in 1788. No. 1951. Drollery (eleven) 1661, &c. 8vo. sold for 5*£*. 6*s*. 6*d*. These Drolls are much coveted by knowing Bibliomaniacs. Mr. Heber and Mr. Hill have each a copious collection; and Mr. Gutch, when a Bookseller at Bristol, gratified the curious by exhibiting in his Catalogue of 1810 a number of GARLANDS, which proved a successful bait for a hungry book-fish, for I saw them, says Dibdin in his Bibliomania, a few days after in the well-furnished library of Atticus (R. Heber, Esq.) who exhibited them to me in triumph, grasping the whole of them between his finger and thumb. They are marvellous well-looking little volumes, clean, bright, and rejoicing to the eye; many of them, moreover, are first editions. The severest winter cannot tarnish the foliage of such GARLANDS. In Dr. Farmer's Catalogue, No. 6288. were upwards of seventy Garlands and Penny-Histories. At the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe's library, No. 3210, "A curious collection of some thousand "ancient Ballads and Garlands, bound in three large Vols. fol." sold for £477. 15*s*. !!!

These Songs and Ballads were written on various subjects and printed between the years 1560, and 1700. In a note to the Roxburghe Catalogue (Pref. pp. 7. 8) it is stated that this Collection was originally formed for the celebrated library of the Earl of Oxford, at the beginning of the last century, and

was then supposed to exceed the famous Pepys collection at Cambridge. It was obtained from the Harleian library by Mr. West; at whose sale it was purchased for £.20 by Major Pearson, a gentleman who had made old English literature his particular study. In his possession, with the assistance of his friend, Mr. Isaac Reed, the collection received very great additions, and was bound up in two large volumes, with printed title pages, indexes, &c. In this state it was bought at Major Pearson's sale in 1788, for £.26 4s. by the Duke of Roxburghe, who soon added a considerable number to the two volumes, and formed a third. At the Duke's sale it was purchased by Mr. Harding.

This numerous and matchless collection is printed in the Black Letter, and decorated with many hundred wooden prints. They are pasted upon paper, with borders (printed on purpose) round each ballad: also a printed title and index to each volume. To these are added the paragraphs, which appeared in the public papers, respecting the above curious collection, at the time they were purchased at Mr. West's. At Mr. I. Reed's sale No. 5867. a Portfolio of single-sheet Ballads, sold for 15£. 10s.

Antiquarian research, and even Poetry itself, have been of late turned to the elucidation of ancient manners, and customs; and the pursuit is a decisive proof of the superior intelligence and curiosity which belong to modern times. The favorable attention, therefore, which has been shewn to such works, however trifling, has induced the Editor of the present collection to communicate a small Garland of Poetic Flowers, illustrative of these topics; in which, however, the reader must not expect to find romantic wildness, or the interesting fable, much less "thoughts that breathe, or words that burn." But to the Antiquary and the County Collector no apology need, surely, be offered for thus opening a fresh source of gratification and amusement in their favorite pursuit; and this first attempt to collect together the scattered Poems, &c. &c. illustrative of

the County of Suffolk cannot, it is presumed, be unacceptable, as they will exhibit a just and faithful representation of domestic manners, and provincial customs.

In the arrangement, adopted by the Editor, the following collection is divided into Four Parts, of which the First Part will be found to consist of "Local Descriptions;" the Second of "Circumstances and Events, Historical, Political, Legendary, and Romantic;" the Third of "Biographical Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Characters;" and the Fourth of "Manners, Habits, and Customs." To each Poem are prefixed such necessary Remarks and Observations as tend to elucidate the subject, but which, from the narrow limits of the plan, are of course superficial, and calculated rather to excite than to gratify curiosity. They do not, indeed, affect to convey any fresh information, or to abound in anecdotes hitherto unnoticed: it is hoped, however, that they still may be deemed necessary by ordinary readers, and no unacceptable appendage to the several articles. The Notes, likewise, which are appended, will be found to contain some little information of which every one may not be already possessed, and which may serve to amuse at least, if they fail to instruct. It has been the Editor's endeavour to form this GARLAND of the choicest and most variegated flowers; and to dispose those which he has culled in such a manner as to place in their proper light the dark shades, sprightly glow, and airy colors, and thus to form a combination at once pleasing to the eye, and gratifying to the taste.

To a valuable and highly esteemed Friend, the accuracy of whose information is unquestionable, from whom the Editor first derived a taste for Antiquarian and Topographical research, and with whom he has spent many pleasurable hours in its pursuit, he stands indebted for much useful information, particularly in the Biographical Part of this collection. He is, therefore, alone restrained from

expressing what he feels for such continued assistance by the delicacy of an intimate friendship.

It would be absurd to state that the Subject is exhausted. Many Pieces, both of Miscellaneous and Romantic Poetry, are doubtless yet remaining in various libraries throughout the County, and in the hands of private Collectors, which have escaped the researches of the present Editor: but he has completed the object which he proposed to himself, and trusts that he has been instrumental in rendering accessible to common readers no inconsiderable portion of SUFFOLK LOCAL POETRY.



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## EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

*Title Page.*—A representation of St. Edmund's Head, copied from a pane of painted glass, which was taken from a window of the Abbot's Palace at Bury, and is now in the possession of the Rev. Edward Mills of that town.

### PART THE FIRST.

*Vignette.*—Freston Tower, with the River Orwell.

*Tail-Piece.*—The Town Hall at Aldeburgh.

### PART THE SECOND.

*Vignette.*—The Ipswich Bellmen, with the curiously carved corner of the old Coffee House, in Tavern Street.

*Page 111.*—The Ipswich Great Court Trump. This Horn is of brass, its length 2 feet, 9 inches, and its weight 4½ lbs. It is blown at midnight in the town of Ipswich, before the meeting of the Great Court, by the Common Cryer, who then proclaims the following notice:

“O-yez! O-yez! O-yez! Master Bailiffs, streightly charge and command, in his Majesty's name, all Portmen and Free Burgesses, to make their appearance on the Moot Hall, at Twelve o'Clock, this day, on pain of a penalty on those who fail therein. God save the King.”

The antiquity of this Horn is unquestionable: Mr. Seekamp, one of the Portmen of Ipswich, is of opinion that it was given, together with the Charter, by King John.

*Tail-Piece.*—The Whale, on the banks of the Orwell, November th, 1816.

### PART THE THIRD.

*Vignette.*—Dan John Lydgate, Monk of Bury, copied from an original drawing in a MS. in the Harleian Library, No. 1766, with two Figures from an old chest in the Moot Hall, at Ipswich.

*Page 301.*—William Twigger, copied from an original drawing, with the Gate House to the Rectory, Hadleigh, built about 1490 by William De Pykenham, LL. D. the Rector, Chancellor of Norwich, Archdeacon of Suffolk, and Dean of the College of Stoke Clare.

*Tail-Piece.*—James Chambers, the Itinerant Poet, with the Church and Lawn of the Rectory House at Earl Soham.

### PART THE FOURTH.

*Vignette.*—The Suffolk Horkey, or Harvest Supper.

*Tail-Piece.*—The Arms of Ipswich, with the Great Court Trump.

### THE SUFFOLK WONDER:

*Or a Relation of a Young Man, who, a month after his death, appeared to his Sweetheart, and carried her on horseback behind him for forty miles in two hours, and was never seen after but in his grave.*

*The following Tale is taken from "A Collection of Old Ballads. Corrected from the best and most ancient Copies extant. With Introductions Historical, Critical, or Humorous. Illustrated with Copper Plates." London, 1723-5, 12mo. 3 vol.*

*It is thought to bear a considerable resemblance to the celebrated German Ballad of Leonore, by Bürger.*

A wonder stranger ne'er was known,  
Than what I now shall treat upon ;  
In *Suffolk* there did lately dwell  
A farmer rich, and known full well.

He had a daughter fair and bright,  
On whom he plac'd his whole delight ;  
Her beauty was beyond compare,  
She was both virtuous and fair.

There was a young man living by,  
Who was so charmed with her eye,  
That he could never be at rest,  
He was by love so much possest :

He made address to her, and she  
Did grant him love immediately ;  
But when her father came to hear,  
He parted her, and her poor dear.

Forty miles distant was she sent,  
 Unto his brother's, with intent  
 That she should there so long remain,  
 Till she had chang'd her mind again.

Hereat this young man sadly griev'd,  
 But knew not how to be reliev'd ;  
 He sigh'd and sobb'd continually,  
 That his true love he could not see.

She by no means could to him send,  
 Who was her heart's espoused friend ;  
 He sigh'd, he griev'd, but all in vain,  
 For she confin'd must still remain.

He mourn'd so much, that doctor's art  
 Could give no ease unto his heart,  
 Who was so strangely terrify'd,  
 That in short time for love he dy'd.

She that from him was sent away  
 Knew nothing of his dying-day,  
 But constant still she did remain,  
 And lov'd the dead, altho' in vain.

After he had in grave been laid  
 A month or more, unto this maid  
 He came in middle of the night,  
 Who joy'd to see her heart's delight.

Her father's horse, which well she knew,  
 Her mother's hood and safe-guard too,  
 He brought with him, to testify  
 Her parent's order he came by.

Which when her uncle understood,  
 He hop'd it would be for her good,  
 And gave consent to her straightway,  
 That with him she should come away.

When she was got her love behind,  
 They pass'd as swift as any wind,  
 That in two hours, or little more,  
 He brought her to her father's door.

But as they did this great haste make,  
 He did complain his head did ache ;  
 Her handkerchief she then took out,  
 And ty'd the same his head about :

And unto him she thus did say,  
 Thou art as cold as any clay ;  
 When we come home a fire we'll have ;  
 But little dream'd he went to grave.

Soon were they at her father's door,  
 And after she ne'er saw him more :  
 I'll set the horse up, then he said,  
 And there he left this harmless maid.

She knock'd, and straight a man he cry'd,  
 Who's there ? 'Tis I, she then reply'd ;  
 Who wonder'd much her voice to hear,  
 And was possess'd with dread and fear.

Her father he did tell, and then  
 He star'd like an affrighted man ;  
 Down stairs he ran, and when he see her,  
 Cry'd out, my child, how cam'st thou here.

Pray sir, did you not send for me,  
 By such a messenger, said she?  
 Which made his hair stare on his head,  
 As knowing well that he was dead.

Where is he? then to her he said,  
 He's in the stable, quoth the maid;  
 Go in, said he, and go to bed,  
 I'll see the horse well littered.

He star'd about, and there could he  
 No shape of any mankind see;  
 But found his horse all on a sweat,  
 Which made him in a deadly fret.

His daughter he said nothing to,  
 Nor none else, tho' full well they knew  
 That he was dead a month before,  
 For fear of grieving her full sore.

Her father to the father went  
 Of the deceas'd, with full intent  
 To tell him what his daughter said,  
 So both came back unto this maid.

They ask'd her, and she still did say,  
 'Twas he that then brought her away;  
 Which when they heard, they were amaz'd,  
 And on each other strangely gaz'd.

A handkerchief she said she ty'd  
 About his head; and that they try'd,  
 The sexton they did speak unto,  
 That he the grave would then undo:

Affrighted, then they did behold  
His body turning into mould ;  
And though he had a month been dead,  
This handkerchief was 'bout his head.

This thing unto her then they told,  
And the whole truth they did unfold ;  
She was thereat so terrify'd  
And grieved, that she quickly dyed.

Part not true love, you rich men then,  
But if they be right honest men  
Your daughters love, give them their way,  
For force oft breeds their lives decay.

