## The Life and Death of Sir HUGH of the GRIME. To the Tune of Chevy-chace.



As it befel upon one time, About *Mid-summer* of the Year; Every Man was taxt of his Crime, For stealing the good Lord Bishop's Mare.

The good Lord *Screw* sadled a Horse, And rid after the same serime; Before he did get over the Moss, There was he aware of Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime*.

Turn, O turn, thou false Traytor, Turn and yield thy self unto me; Thou hast stol'n the Lord Bishop's Mare, And now thinkest away to flee.

No, soft Lord *Screw*, that may not be, Here is a broad Sword by my side; And if that thou canst Conquer me, The Victory will soon be try'd.

I ne'er was afraid of a Traytor bold, Altho' thy Name be *Hugh* in the *Grime*; I'll make thee repent thy Speeches foul, If Day and Life but give me time.

etc.