

*A Fresh & Most FEAR-SOME Ballad (Contryved Within Metre) Telling of*

## THE *WARMTH* WITHOUT THE *FTRE*

OR,

A Yet-Desperate & most Pendant *WARNING*, Ripe to Fall Down upon the  
World; telling of the late *OUTRAGES & SINS* of -

*That CRACK'D WYFE OF NIGHTHEAD & her CAMBION*

An *EXEMPLAR* to all *YOUNG WOMEN OF VIRTUE*, to thus avoid the  
*FALSE VIRTUAL* & guard their *SOULS*, & white *THROATS*; as Recounted  
by, some Worldly Christian *WITNESS* to these *EVENTS, TRICKERIES,*  
*MURDERS* &c.

To that Winsome old Tune of, *The Drunk Drover, &c*



Now heed (pray I) my Humble Speech,  
An Honest Viewsome Swain am I;  
My work to View my Flocks, not Preach,  
Yet what I View needs I Recite!  
Near Sheffield Moor I herd and Clime,  
Few else will cross that Craz-ed Ground;  
Yet in these Savage Craz-ed Times  
Oft Crowds I spie here *uppard* Bound!

*Their* column curls like to an Snake,  
Through the Pyke on't City Road;  
That costs a Shiling each to take,  
The first of many Fee to Owe!

A crowd Queere as a Consort *Elphen*,  
Paupers; Nobles; Maids in line;  
They heed not the Gruell Wind that Pelts them,  
Nor the *Rain* 'pon Weary Thighs!

A Curius Herd As One Ascending,  
Comes into these Ansient Lands;  
Huddled 'gainst the Sky Desending  
Coins knock Warning in their Hands!  
Still come these Fooles unto this Felldom,  
Not for Glorious Venture Famed;  
But mere to meet a little Felon,  
A woman the *Wyfe of Nighthead* named!

A queer Figure she; to be so Famous,  
A thousand minor Scolds like she;  
Yet be not Couzened by her plain-ness;  
A *Pythoiness* this young Wyfe be!  
For from her earliest Youth I knew her,  
Hers a poor clan, no horse nor lands;  
A *sot* and *bodger* for a Father,  
Her mother's life bodged in his hands!

And like all Woman this wretched lyfe  
Sheaped her to a Cunning Jade;  
For all around she played the Wyfe,  
Yet to her Husband bore no Babe!  
Neer have you met a Lesser Creature;  
Only a *Spidder*'s knees be Drier;  
Cruel as Pyke; foul as Leaches  
And like the Pyet, a Vicious Liar!

Yet to this Liar's Lair they Clamber,  
And pay the Florin she Foments;  
To come into her Drearie Chamber,  
And meet there with a *Devil Sent*!  
Hell's Agent Foul in Serpent's Shaype,  
Sewn within her Walls like Thread;  
From a damp Crack Peers He A-gape,  
*Damnation!* spakes his Monstr'us Head!

And yet these credent Crowds Endure,  
(Some at each long work-week's End);  
To seek of Him an Easie Cure,  
And God's plan for their Tryals Forfend!  
It is this hag that gives such Ease  
In Claims that she its Mistress is;  
That in her Command and in her Lease  
Do rest those *Dread-full Powers* of His!

He is the Cunning One I think,  
And mimes the simple Wretch yet Daily;  
He plays the dumb Beast with a Wink

Doing Beast-less Work un-failing.  
All that climb the Road shall Bluster;  
Of this Wight's great Virtue Broad;  
Of how he healed their *ailing Mother*,  
Of how he healed their *brain-sick Ward*!

Of how he brings Girls husbands Smitten,  
Of how he tells Nativities;  
Of how the Canker, sore and Wen,  
Fade with gross *Facility*.  
Of how he slips the Honest Loads  
That Moderne Wyves seek to miss-carry  
Of how the *recent Dead* he Goads,  
To set aside Heaven to Tarry!

And for these Endless Turns, they Author,  
Asks he not a Single Boon;  
The Wyfe does Fuel him only Water;  
(From her Teat while Rites she Croons!)  
And puts he out (they say) great Warmth  
Wrought with neither Grate nor Gut;  
Producing no rude Smoke thenceforth,  
Keaping the Wyfe a Snug Young *Slut*!

*Be-ware* this curless Beast Obliging;  
Keeping to his *Circle Chalked*;  
Trust not his Price-less, Idiot Smilings,  
His Price - your *Soul Eternal* Hawked!  
A hairy Star marked his late Entry;  
A star is Marked upon his Brow;  
And Satan's star Game-Keeper he  
And we the Game, to hang from Boughs!

We are Weary of such Blackamoors,  
This Misted Land breeds them like Bulls;  
Since Antick Tymes this empty Moor  
Hath been the *Devil's alms-bowl* Full!

Fore'er ratled by the Wind,  
Fools paying swaithes to Ease their Ills;  
Throwing coin for wraiths and Fiends,  
Solutions never Earned, but *Milled!*

*In* elder Ages such choice of Vyce!  
Kobolds, elves, their Hollow Forms;  
Malls of many dear damned Sprites;  
Echoing their Wares each Dawn!  
Now these knaves Familiar-Bound  
To the Wizards of this Place;  
Een the *Priests* of God's Own Church  
Do cast the bones, consult the *Lace!*

*And* yet within such *Recent Days*,  
This little Strumpet outs them All;  
Commanded by her resent Fey  
O'er *Christian Life* draws down a Pall.  
These up-come *Sops* would shrink and Cry,  
If they saw the Truth I see;  
Plain as the open air does rise  
What catalogue of Sins they Fee!

*I* hear her 'Broad at needling *Spells*,  
I see her new Books full of *Shaypes*;  
I smell her Foul, Sulfuric *Smells*,  
I know the *Miseries* they make.  
I know beneath her Skirts is Borne  
A *swelling*, not her Husband's plough;  
*Quickened* by the Beast's dull Horn,  
Though Sharper be her Husband's brow!

*And* the Worst she did I shall Re-lay,  
The tale of two good Aged Folk;  
Their deaths this last Armada Day,

Strung up both upon one Rope!  
Their Dignity shall still yet Stand,  
I shall not shame at their Expense;  
Mr M\_\_\_\_\_ & S\_\_\_\_\_ M\_\_\_\_\_,  
Dead of Hell's Conveniense!

*The* Wyfe this Pair, she did En-join,  
To seek cruel Vengeance in her Stead;  
To pay their last good Earthly Coin,  
To have her Beast strike some-one Dead.  
A Swain like I; an Honest Man,  
Who had the wicked Wyfe dis-Pleased,  
By charm of wicked Words, she Planned  
To send her Sprite his Life to Cease!

*And* so this Cunn-less Pair did go,  
Into the dark and echoing Wilds;  
And spake the Evil Words she wrote,  
The rite was done; their Souls de-Filed!  
And yet their quaking Speech un-Planned  
Had spake the Spell yet Wrongly Plain;  
For in the place of that poor Man,  
Three bulls of his were Hellish Slain!

*To* the King's Court were they then walked,  
For they'd been heard upon the Heath;  
They held hands there within the Dock,  
The truth stuck Curs'd behind their teeth.  
So scaffold-Bound, a Shawl they shared,  
Pinned with a brooch of *Flowers White*,  
They hung the hottest day this Year  
Upon one gibbet; hands held so tight!

I viewed this from with-in the Crowd,  
And spake I now my final View;  
Of how the woman twisting Round  
With final Breaths did Curse and Rue!  
She damned the *Wyfe of Nighthead's* Actions  
And her Lover's Cunning Ways,  
Lamented dear her many Lapses  
And prayed to God - for Pity's sake!

*And* yet despite her Warning Dire,  
I saw the Crowd mad surge and Press,  
To Touch her feet as she Expyred,  
Seeking quick Cury of her Flesh!  
And still in this ashamed Land,  
A fool can buy a scrap of Rag  
Where scrawled in heathen, faith-less Hand  
That woman's final Words are tagged!

*They* say that such a charm brewed up  
Or spoken o'er Baby's heads,  
Can cure the ague, the coughingcup  
The price - why, just thy Daily Bread!  
And still they say that from their Graves,  
The hanged Folks bones by Hell Procured  
Their souls now Damned instead of Saved  
Damned to haunt this *Devilled Moor!*

*Now* here I end my Swain's wise Paean,  
Upon this Pasture I Survey  
For God; in this strange current Aeon  
When my Words no longer Weigh.  
For this long crowd that nightly Comes,  
And braves God's uncontested Signs;  
Wish every-thing could cost a Crumb,  
And see a Wonder 'fore dinner-time!

*To* without Toil swim o'er the Styx;  
Seek of this easy Beast their Wealth;  
Buy Charms in Magazines of Six, Then -  
Descend in lazy, unearned Health.

The Learned make of the Beast a Science,  
The Ignorant a *Marvel* see;  
Young maidens only make Applyance,  
And pay to have their Loves Revealed!

*Once* did the Law such plain Vyce Treat,  
And suffer not such harridans;  
Yet now Folks will suffer Lies and Cheats  
And pay them Dearly; nay, all they can!  
Blame not the Law; it only serves  
To be cut into charms and screeds;  
How can it Punish, and Return  
Such goods as were thus Given free?

*No* - From this world I soon shall Race,  
The *Wyfe* will seek her foul Revenge;  
I do not Weep to leave this Place,  
Where Woman to such Depths Descends!  
I toiled my Days as God did Will  
Did bear my Pains without much Fuss;  
There is no Coin that Knocks in Hell  
Can buy Virtues so Simply thus!

*So* think upon your Thrifts & Greeds,  
That funds this Demon's poor Virtue;  
That claims to solve God's mysteries,  
To make them plain for all to View!  
There is no *downwards* path to God,  
Only an *upward*, thankless Toil,  
In real Rain wrapt, and worldly Shod,  
Through honest, true good English Soil!

Else be like these Fools, now Rife  
And pass my ruined, foresook Byre,  
Whine and low, and beg the *Wyfe*  
To have her Beast give all you Desire.  
Thus go into her House forewarned,  
And see the Riches ill-Acquired;  
Touch his flat fur, the unreal Horn,  
And feel the *Warmth without the Fyre!*

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