

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

THE *W A R M T H* WITHOUT THE *F Y R E*

O R,

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 Ow!
A crowd Queere as a Consort *Elphen*,
Paupers; Nobles; Maids in line;
They heed not the Cruell 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 *Pythonesse* this young Wyfe be!
For from her earliest Youth I knew her,
Born of murder, a cooling Womb;
And as she grew she came yet Cooler,
So like her Father; of *Wrath and Gloom*!

And like all Woman this Inner Weather
Sheaped her to a Cunning Jade;
To all her village, gave Wyfe's pleasure,
Yet to her Husband bore not one Babe!
Neer have you met a Lesser Creature;
Only a *Spider'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 damp Crack Peers He A-gape,
Damnation! spakes his Monstr'us
Head!

And yet these credulous 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 un-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 *Slur*!

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!

I am 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 Age 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 act;
Quickened by the Beast's dull Horn,
Though Sharper be her Husband's rack!

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 some had heard their echoes Ring;
They held hands there within the Dock,
Wyfe-cursed to spake *no True, Plain*
Thing.
And scaffold-Bound a Shawl they shared,
Pinned with a brooch of *Flowers Gold*,
They hung the hottest day this Year,
Upon one gibbet; hands made to hold!

Sheffield: Printed and Sold in this Present Year by *WILLIAM CRTER*
Songs also to be had of this very Gentle-man, upon Querie - the Works, Fables & Lives of:
James Cubb - Richard Orion - Madame Woebegone - Mrs. Portalsbrove of Maltby - Ancient
Tomothy - Miss Smiddereen - The Dogg with the Angele Tied Upon His Tail - & many others -

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 the 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 *Devilleed 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 it 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; 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 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 *uppard*, 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 fur, the unreal Horn,
And feel the *Warmth without the Fyre*!