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<b>Title</b>	A tryal of skill, performed by a poor decayed gentlewoman : who cheated a rich grasier of sevenscore pound, and left him a child to keep : if you will know, then listen a while, and you shall know that which will make you smile : the tune is, Ragged and t
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**A Tryal of skill, performed by a poor decayed Gentlewoman,**

Who cheated a rich Graier of Seventy pound, and left him a Child to keep,  
If you will know, then listen a while, | And you shall know that which will make you smile.  
The Tune is, *Ragged and Tonn.*



**K**ind Country-men list to my Ditty,  
I pray you what ever you be,  
I know that my tale you will pity,  
I pray then take warning by me:  
Seventy pound I did lose,  
besides a fine Babe at Nurse:  
My Sweet heart he did me abuse,  
and left me no Coin in my Purse:  
Take heed of bad women therefore,  
by women are men overthrown,  
And rich men are often made Poor,  
when as they keep more then their own.  
I brought some Cattel to Town,  
and sold them for Seventy pound,  
But money left then I went home,  
with seven shillings and a haire:  
A Dainty fine Cloak bag I had,  
within it my treasure I laid,  
My fortune now maketh me sad,  
to think how that I was betray'd.  
Take heed, &c.

As through Chesapside I did passe,  
mistrusting no manner of haire,  
I met with a proud decay'd Laie,  
with a perry fine Child in her arm:  
She seem'd in habit, to be  
a Gentlewoman that was made poor,  
she asked relief then of me,  
then I thought to have made her my whore:

Quoth she, pray yield some relief,  
these words then unto me she said,  
Unto a poor wretch full of grief,  
a poor Gentlewoman decay'd:  
Fair Distress quoth I, I do grieve,  
to see you so distressed be,  
But I all your wants will relieve,  
if you will be ruled by me:  
Take heed, &c.  
So with me unto my Inn,  
and there you shall lye at your ease,  
You never was brought up to Spin,  
but Gentlemens hamours to please:  
I'll tell them that you are my wife,  
and this is my Child that you have,  
Twas I that did breed all the strife,  
and with my self paid the knave.  
Take heed, &c.

She seem'd to be over-joy'd,  
and cast a Sheeps eye upon me,  
She could not be better employ'd,  
and so we did quickly agree:  
When unto the Inn I did come,  
her fingers did itch at my Deit,  
I call'd for a large fair Room,  
for my selfe my Child and my selfe:  
Take heed of bad women therefore,  
by women are men overthrown,  
And rich men are often made poor,  
when as they keep more then their own.

**A** Dainty fine Supper we had,  
and brought up unto us with speed,  
But all the charge lay upon me,  
I paid for it fourthly indeed:  
Now when she had sup'd I kiss'd her,  
and she was as willing as I,  
But would to God that I had kiss'd her,  
and her decay'd Gentility:  
Take heed of bad women therefore,  
by women are men overthrown,  
And rich men are often made Poor,  
when as they keep more then their own.  
Down stairs then softly she went,  
and call'd for my Cloak bag with speed,  
This Harlot was surely bent,  
for to undoe me with speed,  
My night cloaths are in it quoth she,  
such mischief in Harlots are rife,  
He gave her my Cloak bag most free,  
as thinking she had been my wife:  
Take heed, &c.

She cunningly stunk out of doore,  
when no body did her mind,  
I may be a por of all Whores,  
for leaving her Bastard behind:  
Now farewell my seventy pound,  
Lul-a-by must be my Song,  
I'm left like a horse in the pound,  
'tis I that must suffer the wrong:  
Take heed, &c.  
I call'd her to come unto bed,  
not thinking I had been undone,  
I lookt like a man had been dead,  
when as I perceiv'd she was gone:  
I crept, I stunn'd, and I howl'd,  
the Child had got a new Dad  
And when I began for to rore,  
the people did think I was mad:  
Take heed, &c.

The Chamberlain run up amain,  
sir, what is the matter, quoth he,  
Call back that woman again,  
for she hath quite ruin'd me:  
She leaveth her Bastard behind her,  
on purpose to shorten my life,  
O prithee see if thou canst find her,  
for why? she is none of my wife:  
Take heed, &c.

But where is my Cloak bag I pray,  
for therein lies all my gains:  
I gave it your wife by my say,  
then would you were hang'd for your pains:  
You call'd your wife and your honey,  
why should not your wife then be bold,  
To have the command of your money,  
your Cloak bag, your Silver and Gold?  
Take heed, &c.

The Child lay crying apace,  
and I lay sweating as fast,  
To understand rightly my case,  
the Inn keeper came at the last:  
When he understood the matter,  
he said he was glad 'twas no waste,  
He told me that he would not flatter,  
for I must provide me a nurse:  
Take heed, &c.

I'm sorry you met with this Harlot,  
the cause of your sorrow and grief,  
But you would have made her your Harlot,  
if she had not proved a Thief:  
You wanted a bit for your Cat,  
to purge out your mad mallemcholly,  
I pray you think wisely of that,  
for you have paid well for your folly:  
Take heed, &c.

This was all the comfort he gave,  
I was never to beget a Child,  
The folks in the house did out-wade me,  
and bid me provide for my Child:  
I carried my Child unto Nurse,  
to end all the trouble and strife,  
Which never a groat in my Purse,  
I went unto my Wife:  
Take heed, &c.

No wonder that meat is so dear,  
the Graier to pincheth the Poor,  
But now if death it doth plainly appear,  
the Graier maintaineth a Harlot:  
Since Whences so chargeable are,  
the Graier had need to be witty,  
if ever it should be his care,  
to fetch his loss out of the City,  
Take heed of bad women therefore, &c.

*F I N I S.*  
Printed for I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thackeray,  
and T. Passinger.