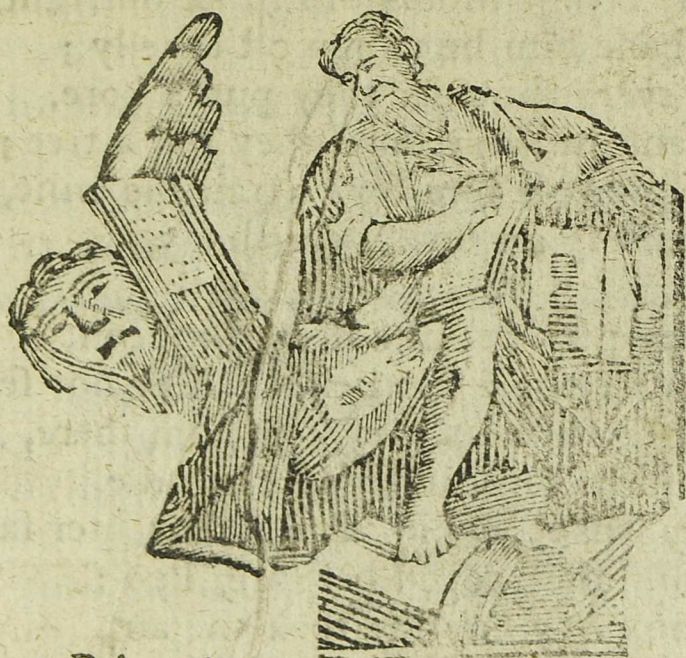


AN EXCELLENT
SONG
ENTITLED
YOUNG BIECHEN
AND
Sufie Pyc.



Printed this present year,

Young Biechen and Susie Pity,

IN London was young Beichen born,
 and foreign nations did long to see,
 He pass'd thro' many kingdoms great,
 'till at length he came into Turkey,
 He view'd the fashions of the land,
 their way of worship viewed he ;
 But unto any of their Stocks
 would not so much as bow a knee.

Which made him to be taken straight,
 and brought before their grand Jury,
 The savage Moors did speak outright,
 bade him be us'd most cruelly ;
 In every shoulder they put a bore,
 and in every bore they put a tree ;
 They made him for to trail the wine,
 and spices on his fair body.

They put him in a deep dungeon,
 where he could neither hear nor see,
 For seven years they kept him there,
 till he for hunger's like to die
 Stephens their king had a daughter fair,
 and they called her Susy Pye ;
 Who every day thro' took the air,
 near to the prison pass'd by.

She has as much gold above her brow,
 as would buy an earldom to me.
 It so fell upon a day,
 she heard young Beichan for to sing.
 And the song it pleased her so well
 no rest she got till she came to him,
 My hounds they all go masterless,
 my hawkes they fly from tree to tree,
 My youngest brother will heir my land,
 fair England again I shall never see.

But all that night no rest she got,
 for thinking on young Beichen's song
 She stole the keys from her daddy's head
 and to the prison door went she,
 She has opened the prison door,
 I wot she open'd two or three,
 Before she could come Boicen at,
 he was locked up so curiously,

But when Beichan she came before,
 he admired much her there to see.
 He thought she had been some prisoner
 ta'n
 fair lady I pray of what country?
 have you any lands, Beichen? she said,
 or have you any buddins free?
 That you would give to a lady fair,
 that out of prison could let you free

also large estates have I;
 I'll give them all to that lady fair,
 that from this dungeon will set me free
 Give me the faith of thy right hand,
 the truth of it give unto me,
 that for seven years you'll no lady wed,
 unless it be alone with me.

I'll give the truth of my right hand,
 the truth of it I'll freely gi'e,
 For seven years I'll stay unwed,
 for the kindness you shew to me!
 She's ta'en him from the dungeon,
 and set him in a room so free,
 She gave him the red wine to drink,
 his meet was the spice cakes so free.

She kept him safe in her chamber,
 till it fell out upon a day,
 An English merchant there did come,
 with whom she sent young Beichen a-
 She broke a ring from her finger, way,
 one half to Beichan gave speedily,
 To keep in remembrance of that love,
 the lady bore that set him free.

But when he arrived at London town,
 his friends they all came him to see,
 And would hvae him to chuse a wife;

out of their jovial company,
 O no my friends, young Beichen said,
 that would do me much injury,
 Till seven years are fully gone,
 I'll marry none in this country.

When seven years were almost gone,
 this lady began for to think long,
 She thought she heard a voice that said,
 young Beichen broke his vows madam,
 She pack'd up her gay clothing,
 with rich jewels many a one,
 She set her foot into a ship,
 away she came to see Beichen.

She sailed East, she sailed West,
 till to fair England's shore she came,
 Where a bonny shepherd she espy'd,
 feeding his sheep upon the plain (herd
 What news, what news by bonny shep-
 what news hast thou got to tell me?
 Such news I hear, madam, he says,
 the like was ne'er in this country.

There is a wedding in yonder hall,
 has held this thirty days and three,
 The bridegroom will not bed with the
 for love of one that's 'yond the sea (bride

She put her hand in her pocket
 and she gave him guineas three,
 Pray take thou that my bonny boy,
 for the good news thou tellest me.

When she came up to Beichen's gate,
 she tuled softly at the pin,
 So ready was the proud porter,
 to open and let this lady in ;
 Is this young Beichen's hall she said,
 or is that noble Lord within ?
 Yes he's in the hall among them all,
 this very day was his wedding.

She took a ring from her finger,
 and to the porter gave it free,
 Run to Beichen with all haste,
 deliver my message speedily.
 When that he came his Lord befale,
 he kneeled low down on his knee,
 What saileth the my proud porter,
 thou art so full of courtesy ?

I have been porter at your gates,
 these thirtv long years and three,
 Now there stands a lady at your gate,
 the like of her I ne'er did see ;
 For on every finger she has a ring,
 and on the mid finger she has three,

Out then spoke the bride's mother,
 ay, and an angry woman was she,
 You might have expected your bony bride
 and two or three of her company,
 Hold your tongue you bride's mother,
 of a'l your folly let me be;
 She's ten times fairer than your bride,
 and all that's in your company.

She d'fires one sheaf of your wheat bread
 ay, and a glass of your red wine,
 And to remember the lady's love,
 which last reliev'd you out of pine.
 O wel-a-day young Beichen said,
 that I soon have married thee,
 For I do vow its Sullie Pye,
 has fail'd the seas for love of me.

He then took the chair with his foot,
 and the table with his knee,
 Till silver cups and silver cans,
 he made them all to splinder flee,
 Out then spoke the forenoon bride,
 my lord, your love is changed soon,
 This morning I was made your bride,
 and a' other chule e'er it be noon.

O hold your tongue you forenoon bride,
 you're ne'er a whit the worse of me,

Near London town I have a hall,
 And for ev'ry penny I got with thee,
 O here I will give thee back three,
 He took her by the milk-white hand,
 Says, the half of my land I'll give thee,
 If thou wilt marry my brother Will,

I will not marry thy brother Will,
 For all the land that I do see;
 Give me my faith and truth Beichen,
 I wish I were in my own country;
 I have the bride's shoes on my feet,
 Likewise the bride's gloves on my hands,
 For I will neither eat nor drink
 till I come to my fathers lands.

He's ta'en Suffie Pye by the white hand,
 and gently led her up and down,
 And ay he k'ffed her red rosy lips,
 you're welcome, jewel, to your own,
 He's ta'en her by the milk white hand,
 and he's led her to yonder green,
 He's chang'd her name from Suffie Pye,
 and he's call'd her lovely Lady Jean.

F I N I S.

