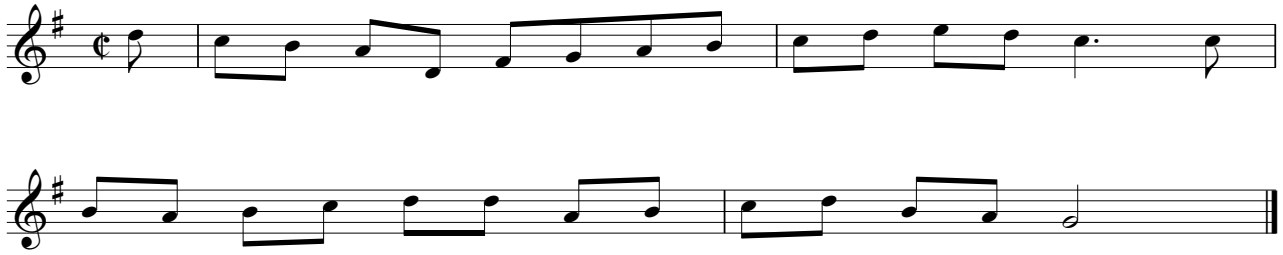


*The Life and Death of Sir HUGH of the GRIME.  
To the Tune of Chevy-chace.*



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* saddled 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.*