

July 2019

An Excellent Song of Young Palmus and Fair Sheldra

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk

 Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "An Excellent Song of Young Palmus and Fair Sheldra" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 60.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/60

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

An Excellent Song of Young *Palmas* and Fair *Sheldra*.

To the Tune of, *Shackley, hey, &c.*

Living's and Cur'd.



YOUNG *Palmas* was a Ferry-man,
whom *Sheldra* fair did love,
At *Shackley* where her Sheep did graze,
there his Thoughts did prove:
But he unkindly stole away,
and left his Love at *Shackley*, hey:
fa la, fa la, la la;
So loud at *Shackley* she did cry,
The Words resounded at *Sackley*, hey,
fa la, fa la, la la.
But all in vain she did complain,
for nothing did him move,
Till Wind did turn him back again,
and brought him to his Love;
When she saw him thus turn'd by Fate,
She turn'd her Love to mortal hate;
fa la, &c.
Then weeping to himself did say,
I'll live with thee at *Shackley*, hey
fa, la, &c.
No, no, quoth she, I thee deny,
my Love thou once did scorn,
And to my Prayers would not hear,
but left me here forlorn:
But now being turn'd by Fate of Wind,
Thou thinkst to win me to thy mind,
fa la, &c.
Go, go, farewell, I thee deny,
Thou shalt not live at *Shackley*, hey,
fa la, &c.
If thou dost my Love disdain,
because I live on Seas,
Or that I am a Ferry-man,
my *Sheldra* doth displease;
I will no more in that Estate
Be subject unto Wind and Fate,
fa la, &c.
But quite forsake both Oars and Sea,
To live with thee at *Shackley*, hey,
fa la, &c.
My *Sheldra's* Bed shall be my Boat,
her Arms shall be my Oars,
Where Love instead of Storms shall float,
on pleasant Downs and Shoars:
Her sweet Breath my pleasant Gale,
Through Tides of Love to guide my Sail,
fa la, &c.
Her Love my Praise, she is my Joy,
To live with me at *Shackley*, hey,
fa la, &c.
No *Titan* shall with me compare,
so fortunate to prove,
For *Venus* never was her Peer,
I'll bear the Queen of Love:

The working Water never fear,
For *Cupid's* self our Barge shall steer;
fa la, &c.
And to the Shore I still will cry,
My *Sheldra's* come to *Shackley*, hey,
fa la, &c.
To strow the Boat for thy avail,
I'll rob the flower Shores,
And whilst thou guid'st the silken Sail,
I'll row with golden Oars,
And as upon the Seas we float,
fa la, &c.
And to the Shoar I still will cry,
My *Sheldra* comes to *Shackley*, hey,
fa la, &c.
And have a Story painted there,
whereon there may be seen
How *Sapho* lov'd a Ferry-man,
being a learned Queen;
In golden Letters shall be writ,
How well in Love himself he quit,
fa la, &c.
Then all the Lasses still shall say,
With *Palmas* we'll to *Shackley*, hey,
fa la, &c.
And walking easily to the Strand,
we'll angle in the Brook,
And fish with the white Lilly Wand,
thou know'st no other Hook;
To which the Fish shall soon be brought,
And strive which shall be caught,
fa la, &c.
A thousand Pleasures we shall try,
As we walk on to *Shackley*, hey,
fa la, &c.
And it we be oppress'd with Heat,
in the mid time of Day,
Under the Willows tall and great,
shall be our quiet Bay:
Where I will make thee Fans of Bows,
From *Phobus* Beams to shade thy Brows,
fa la, &c.
And cause them at the Ferry cry,
My *Sheldra* comes to *Shackley*, hey,
fa la, &c.
A Troop of dainty neighbouring Girls
shall dance along the Strand,
Upon the Gravel all of Pearls,
to wait when thou shalt land:
And cast themselves upon the Ground,
Whilst thou with Garland shall be crown'd,
fa la, &c.
And *Shepherd's* all with Joy shall say,
See *Sheldra* come to *Shackley*, hey,
fa la, &c.

Although I did my self absent,
I wass but to try thy Mind,
But now thou mak'st thy self absent,
for being so kind:
For now thou'st turn'd by Wind and Fate,
instead of Love thou purchest Hate,
fa la, &c.
Therefore return thee to the Sea,
And bid farewell to *Shackley*, hey,
fa la, &c.
Then a Lippain he did complain,
and no Remorse could find,
Young *Palmas* through his own Disdain,
made fair *Sheldra* unkind:
And she is from him fled and gone;
He laid him in his Boat alone,
fa la, &c.
And so betook him to the Sea,
And bad farewell to *Shackley*, hey,
fa la, &c.
Then from the happy sandy Shore,
into the floating waves,
his Vessel fraught with brinish Tears,
into the Main he laves:
But all in vain, for why he still,
With weeping Eyes his Boat did fill,
fa la, &c.
He launcht him self into the Sea;
And bad farewell to *Shackley*, hey,
fa la, &c.
Now farewell to my *Sheldra* fair,
whom I no more shall see;
I mean to lead my life at Sea,
by thy Inconstancy,
Come *Neptune*, come, to thee I cry,
With thee I'll live, with thee I'll dye,
fa la, &c.
Then launcht himself into the Sea,
And bad farewell to *Shackley*, hey,
fa la, &c.
But far from thence he had not gone,
e're *Sheldra* fair return'd:
Whose kind Pity made me moan,
such Passion in her burn'd:
But when she to that place arriv'd,
She found the Shore of him depriv'd,
fa la, &c.
And her dear *Palmas* now at Sea,
Had bid farewell to *Shackley*, hey,
fa la, &c.
She then with bitter Sighs complain'd,
her Grief did so abound,
Oft grieving that she him disdain'd,
whom she so loving found:
But now, alas, 'twas all in vain,
For he was gone by her Disdain,
fa la, &c.
Leaving that place to her alone,
Who now laments that he is gone,
fa la, &c.
O wretched *Sheldra*, then quoth she,
confess what fond Disdain,
Hath Wrath caused to fall on thee,
by this long suffering Pain:
By thee, alas, so soon forgot,

Serve to thy Love's strange hateful Lot,
fa la, &c.
And thus to lye and for him cry,
Whom thou so fondly did deny,
fa la, &c.
Who once did truly love I fear,
will never as er hate,
As doth to well appear by me,
in my forsaken State:
Alas my Score I mean to prove,
By only Tryal of thy Love,
fa la, &c.
Now hapless me, for I do see,
He lach for faken woful me,
fa la, &c.
Thus all the while in roughest Seas,
poor *Palmas* Boat was tost,
But more in s Mind this did diseas,
because his *Sheldra's* lost:
In midst of this he her forswears,
He rent his Coat, and tore his Hair,
fa la, &c.
Threw hope away, for he, alas,
Could be no more down'd then he was;
fa la, &c.
Even of his Grief had swallow'd him,
stopp'd the greedy Waves,
About his Boat, and o're the Brim,
each Billow swiftly raves:
There's no trust in swelling Powers,
That what it may it still devours,
fa la, &c.
And the breach the seas may see,
The Boat felt more the Rage then he,
fa la, &c.
Thus wrapt and scattered in the state,
while he in quiet swam,
Through liquid Path to *Thetis* Gate,
by soft degrees went down,
Whom when the Nymph beheld, the Girls
Soon laid aside their sporting Pearls,
fa la, &c.
And up they heav'd him as a Guest,
Unlook for now come to the Feast,
fa la, &c.
His Case they pittied, but when they
beheld his Face right fain,
For very love into the Sea,
they pull'd him back again:
So they were with his Beauty mov'd,
For what is fair is soon belov'd;
fa la, &c.
Then with the Nymphs he lives in Sea,
That left his Love at *Shackley*, hey,
fa la, &c.
Then *Sheldra* fair to *Shackley* went,
to end her woful Days,
Because young *Palmas* cast himself
into the floating Seas;
At *Shackley* did fair *Sheldra* dye,
Young *Palmas* in the Seas doth lye,
fa la, &c.
So as they liv'd, so did they dye,
And bid farewell to *Shackley*,
fa la, fa la, la la.