

August 2019

An Excellent Old Ballad, entitled, The Wandering Prince of Troy

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 Old Ballad, entitled, The Wandering Prince of Troy" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1338. https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1338

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 OLD BALLAD, entitled,
The Wandering PRINCE of TROY.



When Troy town had for ten years wars,
Withstood the Greeks in manful wise,
Then did their foes encrease so fast,
That to resist none could suffice:
Waste lie those walls that were so good,
And corn now grows where Troy town stood!

Eneas, wandering Prince of Troy,
When he for land long time had fought,
At length arriving with great joy,
To mighty Carthage walls was brought,
Where Dido Queen with sumptuous feast,
Did entertain her wandering guest.

And as in hall at meat they sat,
The Queen desires news to hear,
Of thy unhappy ten years wars,
Declare to me thou Trojan dear;
Thine heavy hand, and chance so bad,
Which thou poor wandering Prince hast had.

And then anon this worthy Prince,
With words demure as he could well,
Of his unhappy ten years wars,
So true a tale began to tell:
The Carthage Queen with sighs so deep,
On hearing him, did nought but weep.

And then a thousand sighs he fetch'd,
And every sigh brought tears amain,
That where he sat, the place was wet,
As if he'd seen these wars again;
So that the Queen, with truth therefore,
Said, Worthy Prince, enough, no more.

The darksome night drew on apace,
And twinkling stars from skies were fled,
And he his doleful tale had told,
As every one lay in his bed;
Where they full sweetly took their rest,
Save only Dido's boiling breast.

This silly woman never slept,
But in her chamber all alone,
As one unhappy always kept;
Unto the walls she made her moan,
That she should so desire in vain
The thing that she could not obtain.

And thus in grief she spent the night,
Till twinkling stars from sky were fled,
And Phebus with his glimmering beams,
Thro' misty clouds appeared red;
Then tidings came to her anon,
That all the Trojan ships were gone.

And then the Queen with bloody knife,
Aim'd at her heart as hard as stone;
Yet somewhat loath to lose her life,
Unto herself did make great moan;
And rolling on her careful bed,
With sighs and sobs these words she said:

O wretched Dido Queen, quoth she,
I see thy end approaching near;
For he is gone away from thee.
Whom thou dost love and hold so dear!
Is he then gone and passed by?
O heart, prepare thyself to die.

Tho' reason would thou shouldst forbear,
And stop thy hand from bloody stroke;
Yet fancy says, thou wouldst not spare
Who fetters thee in Cupid's yoke.
Come death, said she, and end the smart,
And with these words she pierc'd her heart.

When death had pierc'd the tender heart,
Of Dido, Carthagin an Queen,
And bloody knife did end the smart,
Which she sustain'd in woeful teen.
Eneas being ship'd and gone,
Whose flatt'ry caused all her moan.

Her funeral most costly made,
And all things finish'd mournfully,
Her body in the ground was laid,
Where it consumed speedily.
Her sisters tears her tomb bestrew'd,
Her subjects grief their kindness shew'd.

Then was Eneas in an isle
In Greece, where he lived a long space;
Whereat his sister in short time
Wrote to him to his foul disgrace,
In phrase of letter to her mind,
She told him plainly he was unkind.

False-hearted wretch, quoth she, thou art,
And treacherously thou hast betray'd
Unto thy lute a gentle heart,
Which unto thee such welcome made.
My sister dear, and Carthage joy,
Whose folly wrought her dire annoy.

Yet on her death-bed as she lay,
She pray'd for thy prosperity,
Beseeching God that every day,
Might breed thee great felicity;
Thus by thy means I lost a friend,
Heaven send thee an untimely end.

When he these lines, full fraught with gall
Perus'd, and weigh'd them right,
His lofty courage then did fall,
And strait appeared in his sight
Queen Dido's ghost, both grim and pale,
Which made this lofty soldier quail.

Eneas, quoth this grisly ghost,
My whole delight whilst I did live,
Thee of all men I loved most,
My fancy and my will did give.
For the entertainment I thee gave,
Unthankfully thou dig'st my grave.

Therefore prepare thy fleeting soul
To wander with me in the air,
Where deadly grief shall make it howl,
Because of me thou took'st no care:
Delay no time, thy glass is run,
For life is gone, and death is come.

O stay awhile thou lovely spright,
Be not so ready to convey
My soul into eternal night.
Where it shall ne'er behold the day.
O do not frown! thy angry look
Hath made my breath my life forsake.

But woe is me! it is in vain,
And bootless is my cry;
Time will not be recall'd again,
Nor you curcease before I die.
O let me live to make amends,
Unto some of thy dearest friends.

But seeing thou obdurate art,
And wilt no pity to me show,
Because I did from thee depart,
And left unpaid what I did owe:
I must content myself to take,
What lot thou wilt with me partake.

And like one being in a trance,
A multitude of ugly fiends
About this woful Prince did dance,
No help had he of any friends.
His body then they took away,
And no man knew his dying-day.

Printed and Sold in Aldermay Church-yard
Bow Lane, London.