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An Excellent Ballad, entitled, The Wandering Prince of Troy

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An Excellent BALLAD, intitl'd,
The Wandering Prince of TROY.



When Troy Town had for ten Years Wars,
Wirt hood the Greeks in manful Way,
Then did their Foes increafe so faft,
That to refift none could fuffice:
Thofe Walls lie wafte that were fo good,
And Corn now grows where Troy Town flood.

Aeneas that wandering Prince of Troy,
When he for Land long Time had fought,
At length arriv'd with great Joy,
To mighty Carthage Walls was brought,
Where *Dido* Queen with fumptuous Feaft,
Did entertain her wandering Gueft.

And as in Hall at Meat they fat,
The Queen defires News to hear,
Of thy unhappy ten Years Wars;
Declare to me thou Trojan dear,
Thy heavy Hap and Chance fo bad,
That thou poor wandering Prince has had?

And then anon this worthy Knight,
With Words demure, as he could well,
Of his unhappy ten Years Wars,
So true a Tale began to tell,
With Words fo fweer, and Sighs fo deep,
That made them all begin to weep.

And then a thousand Sighs he fereh'd,
And every Sigh brought Fears amain,
That where he fat the Place was wet,
As if he'd feen thofe Wars again:
So that the Queen with Truth therefore,
Sad, Worthy Prince relate no more.

The darkfome Night apace grew on,
And twinkling Stars in the Sky were fpread,
And he his doleful Tale had told,
As every one lay in their Bed,
Were they full fweetly took their Reft,
Saw only *Dido's* boiling Breaft.

The filly Woman never fleep,
Lit in her Chamber all alone,
As he unhappy always kept,
Unto the Walls she made her Moan,
That she fould ftill defire in vain,
That thing that she could not obtain.

Anchus in Grief she spent the Night,
The twinkling Stars from Skies were fled,
Anchabus with his glimmering Beams,
Tro' mifty Clouds appeared red:
The Tidings came to her anon,
That all the Trojan Ships were gone.

And then the Queen with bloody Knife,
Did arm her Heart as hard as Stone,
Yet fomewhat loth to lofe her Life,
In woful Cafe she made her Moan;
And rowling on her careful Bed,
With Sighs and Sobs thefe Words she faid.

O wretched *Dido*, Queen! quoth she,
I fee thy End approacheth near;
For he is gone away from thee,
Whom thou didft love and hold fo dear:
Is he then gone, and paffed by?
O Heart prepare thyfelf to die!

Tho' Reason would thou fould'ft forbear,
To ftop thy Hand with bloody Stroke;
Yet Fancy faid thou fould'ft not fear,
Who fetter'd thee in *Cupid's* Yoke:
Come Death, quoth she, and end the Smart,
and with thefe Words she pierc'd her Heart.

When Death had pierc'd the tender Heart
Of *Dido*, *Carthagerian* Queen,
And bloody Knife ended the Smart,
Which she fuftain'd in woful Teen;
Aeneas being fhip'd and gone,
Whole Flattery caufed all her Moan.

Her Burial was fo foftly made,
And all Things finifh'd mournfully;
Her Body fure in Mould was laid,
Where it confum'd fpeedily:
Where it confum'd fpeedily:
Her Sifter's Tears her Tomb beftrew'd,
Her Sobj. & Grief their Kindnefs fhew'd.

Then was *Aeneas* in an Ifle
In Greece, where he had liv'd a long Space,
Whereas her Sifter in fhort Time
Wrote to him his foul Difgrace:
In Phrafe of Letter in her Mind,
She told him plain, he was unkind.

False-hearted Wretch, quoth she, thou art,
And treach'roufely thou haft betray'd,
Unto thy Lure a gentle Heart,
Which unto thee fuch Welcome made;
My Sifter dear, and Carthage Joy,
Whofe Folly wrought her dire Annoy.

Yet on her Death-bed where she lay,
She pray'd for thy Posterity,
Befeeching God that every Day
Might breed thee great Felicity;
Thus by thy Means I loft a Friend,
Heaven fend thee an untimely End.

When he thefe Lines full fraught with Gaul,
Perufed had, and weigh'd them right,
His lofty Courage then did fall,
And ftraight appeared in his Sight,
Queen *Dido's* Ghof, both grim and pale,
Which made this vaiiant Soldier quell.

Aeneas, quoth this grifly Ghof,
My whole Delight while I did live,
Thee of all Men I loved moft,
My Fancy and my Will did give:
For Entertainment I thee gave,
Unthankfully thou dig'ft my Grave.

Therefore prepare thy fleeting Soul,
To wander with me in the Air;
Where deadly Griet fhall make it howl,
Because of me thou took'ft no Care:
Delay no Time, thy Glas is run,
Thy Day is paff, thy Death is come.

O ftay a while thou lovely Spirit!
Be not fo ready to convey
My Soul into eternal Night,
Where it fhall ne'er behold bright Day:
Oh! do not frown, thy angry Look
Hath made my Breath my Life forfook.

But woe is me! it is in vain,
And bootlets is my difmal Cry,
Time will not be recall'd again,
Nor you furceafe before I die:
O let me live to make Amends,
Unto fome of thy deareft Friends.

But feeing thou obdurate art,
And wilt not Pity to me fhew,
Because from thee I did depart,
And left unpaid what I did owe,
I muft content myfelf 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 he had of any Friends:
His Body they took quite away,
And no Man knew his dying Day.

Licensed and Enter'd according to Order.

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Anthony Jay

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