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A Choice Pennyworth of WIT

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A CHOICE Pennyworth of WIT.

HERE is a Penny-worth of Wit,
For those that ever went astray
Warning they will take by it,
I will do them good another day.

It is a Touch-stone of true Love,
Betwixt a Harlot and a Wife,
The former does destructive prove,
The latter yields the Joys of Life.

As in this Book you may behold,
Set forth by Mr. William Lane,
A wealthy Merchant brave and bold,
Who did a Harlot long maintain.

Although a Virtuous Wife he had,
Likewise a youthful Daughter dear,
Which might have made his heart i' glad
Yet them he never would come near.

The Traffick which he Traded for
On the tempestuous Ocean wide,
His Harlot had it brought to her,
But nothing to his Virtuous Bride.

The finest Silks that could be bought
Nay Jewels, Rubies & Diamond Rings,
He to his wanton Harlot brought,
With many other costly things.

She still receiv'd them with a smile
When he came from the roaring Seas,
And said with words as smooth as Oil,
My dearest come and take thy ease.

To thy soft Bed and Linnen fine,
Thou art right welcome, Love said she,
Both I and all that here is mine,
Shall still at thy Devotion be.

He brought 200 l. in Gold,
And after that 300 more,
Rich Chains and Jewels manifold,
And bid her lay them up in store.

Aye that I will thou need'st not fear,
And fo embrace'd him with a kiss,
Then took the wealth and said my dear,
I'll have a special care of this.

Then did they banquet many days
Feasting on Delicious Fare,
Thus by her false deluding ways,
She drew him in a fatal Snare.

When he had liv'd some time on shore
He must go to the Seas again,
With Traffick to encrease his store,
The wanton Harlot to Maintain.

To whom he said, My Joy and Dear,
What Venture will you send
A good return thou need'st not fear,
I'll be thy Factor & thy Friend.

In Goods my dear I'll send above,
Ten Pounds thou shalt take on Board
I know that unto me my dear,
A trible gain thou wilt afford.

This said next to his wife he goes,
And ask'd her in a scornful wile
VWhat Venture she would then propose
To send by him for Merchandize.

I'll send a Penny love by thee,
Before you take great care of it;
VWhen you're in Foreign Parts said she,
Pray Buy a Penny-worth of VVit.

She laid the Penny in his Hand,
And said I pray now don't forget;
VWhen you are in another Land,
To Buy a Penny-worth of VVit.

He put the Penny up secure,
And said I'll take a special care,
To lay it out you may bestow:
So to his Wife he did repair.

And told her what he was to Buy,
At which she laugh'd his VVife to scorn
On Board he went immediately
And so to Sea that very Morn.

PART II.

NOW they are gone with merry hearts
The Merchant and his jovial Crew
From Port to Port in Foreign Parts
To Trade as they were wont to do.

At length when he had well bestow'd
The Cargo which was outward-bound,
He did his Trading vessel Load
With the Rich Treasure which he found.

As he his Merchandize still sent,
They turn'd to Gems and Golden Oar,
Which crown'd his labour with content,
He never was so Rich before.

The wanton Harlots venture then
Did turn to great Account likewise
For every Pound she should have Ten,
Such was his lucky Merchandize.

For joy of which the Merchant cry'd
One merry bout my Lads shall have,
A splendid Supper I'll provide,
Of all the Dainties you can crave.

Before we set to Sea again,
Which said they to a Tavern went,
Where they did drink and feast amain,
Till Crowns and Pounds were spent.

The Merchant then with laughter mov'd,
Said he for Wit had never thought,
My Harlot's venture is improv'd,
But of my Wife's I never thought.

One single Penny, and no more
She has a venture sent by me,
I was to lay it out therefore
In what you think a Rarity.

She bid me use my utmost Skill
To Buy a Penny-worth of Wit,
But I have kept the Penny still,
And ne'er so much as thought of it.

Where shall I go to lay it out
True Wit is hard and scarce to find
But come my Lads let's Drink about,
My Wife's small venture I'll not mind.

There is a Proverb often us'd,
Wit's never good till bought full dear,
Therefore I wot may be excus'd
There's little for a Penny here.

An Aged Father sitting by
Whose venerable Locks were Grey
Strait made the Merchant this reply,
Hear me a word or two I pray.

Thy Harlot in Prosperity,
She will embrace thee for thy Gold,
But when in want or poverty
you'll nought from her but frowns behold.

And ready to betray thy Life,
When Wretched, Naked, Poor and Low;
But thy true Heared Faithful Wife,
Will stand by thee in Wealth or Woe.

If thou wilt prove the truth of this,
Strip off thy Gudy Gay Array
And so return to thy Lew'd Mifs I
Declare that thou wast Cast away.

Thy Riches buried in the Main,
Besides as you past thought the wood
One of your Servants you have Slain
For which your Life in danger stood.

Beseech he for to Shelter thee
Declare on her you do depend,
And then alas! Full soon you'll see,
How far she'll prove a Faithful Friend.

Then if she frowns go thy wife
Tell her this Melancholly Thear
Who labours not to save thy Life,
Let them be lost in thy Esteem.

Rather the Merchant then reply'd,
You must this single Penny take,
And when I've past the Ocean wide,
A proof of it I mean to make.

So loving Friend, for ought I know,
I may this single Penny prize,
It may be the best I do bestow
In my fine wealthy Merchandize.

So taking Leave, away they went,
Both he and his fine Hearts of Gold,
Unto them he said, I must prove the fame,
When I my native Land behold.

P A T. III.

WITH full spread Sails away they went,
Neptun the Golden Cargo bore,
Thro' roaring waves to their content
At length they reach the British Shore.

The Merchant put on poor array
The very worst of ragged Cloaths
And then without the least delay
He to his wanton Harlot goes.

When she beheld him in Distress
She cry'd what is the matter now
Said he I'm poor and penny less
With that he made a courtious Bow.

Crying no Man was ne'er so croft
As I have been sweet Hearts delight
My Ship and all my Cargo lost
Without thy help I'm Ruin'd quite.

My loss is great yet that's not all
One of my Servants I have Slain
As we did both at Variance fall,
Some Shelter let me here obtain.

I dare not go near my wife
whom I have wrong'd many Years
Into thy Hands I put my Life
Take pity of my melting tears.

You bloody Villian the reply'd
Don't in the least on me depend
Begone or as I live she cry'd
I for an Officer will send.

I'll give you neither Bread nor Drink
Nor any shelter shall you have
Of Nasty lousy Rags you stink
Begone you base Pernicious Slave.

Don't think that I'll your counse keep
Or harbour any such as you
He turn'd aside and seem'd to weep
and bid the wanton Jilt adieu.

Then to his loving wife he came
Both Poor and Naked in Distress
He told her all the very same,
Yet she receiv'd him ne'er the less.

My Dear she cry'd since it is so,
Take comfort in thy loving wife,
All that I have shall freely go,
To gain a Pardon for thy Life.

I'll lodge thee in a Place secure,
Where I will daily Nourish thee,

Believe me Love thou may't be sure
To find a constant Friend in me.

When he this perfect Proof had made,
Which of them two did Love him best,
Unto his virtuous Wife he said,
My Jewel set my Heart at Rest.

Behold no Servant have I Slain,
Nor have I suffer'd any Loss;
Enough I have us to Maintain
The Ocean Seas no more I'll

My Landing Ship lies near
With Gold and Jewels Richly
So much I never had before
Thy Penny-worth of VVit I've bought.

Once more he to his Harlot goes,
VWith Fourteen Sailors brave and bold,
All Cloath'd in new and Costly Clotaths
Of Silk and Rich Embroider'd Gold.

The Mifs when she his Pomp beheld
Did offer him a kind Embrace
But he with wrath and anger fill'd,
Did strait upbraid her to her face.

But she with smiles these words exprest;
I have a faithful love for thee
VWhat e'er I said was but in Jest
VWhy did'st thou go so soon from me.

'Twas time to go for as I'm told
You have another Love in store
VWhom you have furnish'd with my Gold
And Jewels which I brought on Shore.

It's false she said I have them all
VWith that the Merchant soon reply'd
Lay them down before me then I shall
Be soon convinc'd and satisfy'd.

Then up she run and fetch'd then down
His Jewels Gold and Rubies bright
He seiz'd them all then with a Frown,
He bid wanton Jilt good Night.

When he had took the Golden Purse
and swept up every Precious Stone
She cry'd what will you Rob me thus
Yes that I will of what's my own.

You want'd to betray my Life
But thank'd be God there's no such fear,
Those Jewels shall adorn my VVife
Henceforth your House I'll ne'er come near.

Home he return'd to his sweet Wife,
and told her all that he had done
E'er since they lead a happy Life
and he'll no more to Harlots run.

Thus he the wanton Harlot bit,
That long had his Destruction sought,
This is a Pennyworth of Wit,
The best that ever Merchant bought.