

HEY FOR
Horn Fair:

The general Market of *England*.
OR,
Room for CUCKOLDS!

Being a Merry progress of nine
several sorts of CUCKOLDS
here discovered.

Viz.

A Kind Cuckold. A Contented Cuckold;
A Dogged Cuckold. A Proud Cuckold;
A Weeping Cuckold. A Jealous Cuckold.
A Merry Cuckold. A Pimping Cuckold;
And an Horn-mad Cuckold.

Full of mirth, and merry discourse, newly
presented from *Horn Fair* to all the merry
good Fellows in *England*.

To which is added the Marriage of
Fockie and Fenny.

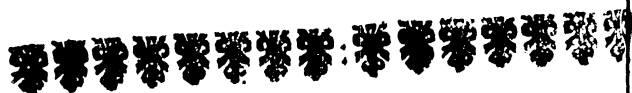
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and *J. Wright* 1674.



The Caveat.

TO *Enckolds Haven* I present,
 These merry Lines of mine :
 This Jovial place in famous *Kent*,
 At *Charleton* you may find.
 Where Gallants all, both great and small,
 For pastime do repair ;
 Great pains they take, Horns for to make
 And cry, Hey for *Horn Fair*

Hey



Hey for *Horn Fair* ;

Come Gentlemen, here will be gallant
 content for Money.

Gentlemen, this is to let you
 understand, that I do not in-
 tend to make you a Sermon
 at this merry fair, according to the
 custom : for truly, Gentlemen, I have
 not yet my Orders ; but I hope by the
 next Horn Fair I shall be as ready for
 you, as any Citizens Wife, at Horn
 Fair can be ready for a Hey hoe my El-
 bow itches.

Well it is no matter, because I
 have not a sermon ready for you : you
 shall hear a Story shall be worth fif-
 teen. Hold a little, let me snuff my
 Candle, hers is a pure light.

Come who buyes my Horns ? who
 buyes my Horns ?

Hey for Horn Fair.

Stand by Gentlemen, let me look about me, yonder comes a pure Company: I hope we shall have a gallant fair, here is a fine day, and my Candle burns very clear.

Hold, hold what is yonder to do? What, no less than nine Coaches altogether? I pray let me look thorough one of my Horns, and I can soon discover them: Oh here is a pure light, what a gallant Company is here? Come along you pretty Ladies of London, I have for every one of you a new fashion Fan made of a pure Horn: come along all you pretty witty Dames of Southwark walking for Horn fair, here is dainty content I promise you.

O strange! Stand back, here is a sight indeed; pray take heed of your selves, war Horns. What? nine several sorts of Cullabinds, and all together: Hold, hold, I am mistaken, I mean nine severall sorts of Cuckolds: bless my Horns to day for I am sure there is some that can pocket up such things, and never go to the Court to make Proclamation:

Hey for Horn fair.

O pure Creatures! Kite the contented Cuckold, and Debora Do-it, his Wife. I do profess she is a pretty winking Rogue; see how she winks of one eye at yonder Ruffeling Blade: for all his long Cuckabard, his powdered hair? I am perswaded he is one of my fellow Horn-makers, and now he must go to the Tavern to play a Game at Tick-tack, I dare not speak out. But it is no matter; for while she is a playing one Game, he can take two pipes of Tobacco in the Kitchen. And truly he sees nothing: but he hath the best Wife in all London; for there is never a night that he goes to Supper, but he has ready provided a notable Cobes-head, and sometimes a Woodcock, Nay he has a great care on him besides that; for he makes sure to provide him a good new Cap to put on his head, of her own making: but I am sure it had need be a great wide one, or else it will never come low enough for to bide his, Beg ho, let me snuff my Candle, here is a pure light.

Hey for Horn Fair.

May yonder comes another couple
What more Gamsters yet? What
Will the Weaver, a kind Cuckold,
and Winifred his Wife, see how next-
ly she trips it out: See how kind the
Cuckold is; for he is afraid he should
fall, and that makes him lead her
so by the right arm: O but she is
as kind as he, for I will assure you
that before Horn Fair be done, she will
be as buffe with some Gallant; for
if she but once get hold of his Nose. I
mean his right Nose, and if she but
get hold by the end, she will lead him
an amble in the Cloath-Fair after five
mils an hour.

House, house! thou blind fool, what,
cannot thou see my Horns? they be
not so little; I can lend you a Look-
ing glas if you cannot see, or else I'll
snuff my candle: Oh here is a pure
light, come who buyes my Horns.

Stand up and let me see my Cu-
stomers: What? Master Prick the
Taylor, a dogged Cuckold: see how
he knits his brows as he walks along
the street? but I dare say his Wife
carres but little for it; for while he
is

Hey for Horn Fair.

is a taking measure of his Customers
abroad, she has as good work-men at
home, that can take measure of her as
well as he, and fit her as well as her
Husband can do: and sometimes she
and her Gallants can take a Coach;
and up to Hide Park, for to hear the
pretty Birds sing; and I will assure
you she will be as spruce as the neatest
Lady among them, I and take as
much upon her as the best Gamster
there. In sooth, I am very glad he
is gone past me, for I tell you truly I
was afraid of my Horns; for I am
confident he will have two or three
pair to carry home before he leaves
Horn Fair; but truly he may thank
his Loving Wife for them, for all he
is so dogged with her: for I dare say:
as nimble as he goes, he has not one
penny in his pocket, but two Tokens
besides a bodkin and a Chimble, will
make a Taylors pocket gingle, Cuc-
kow. Hark hark, I thought I heard
the Cuckow sing: peace you Whore;
for if Master Prick hear you, he will
be very angry with thee; so, so, now
he is hoised, there will be Game by
and by.

Now

Hey for Horn Fair

Now for a Game at hazzard, I lay
my life: O dainty Horn Fair! what
more Customers yet? Come along
Gentlemen, Hoons, hoons, come, who
bays my hoons? Eide way Gentle-
men, let me look about me, here is a
pure light; Let me snuff my Candle,
O curious Horn Fair! What, more
Cuckolds still? certainly hoons will
be cheap to day; see where the proud
Cuckold goes, and another proud
Prougal leading his Wife, and he
comes after her just like the Major of
Horn Castle: I will assure you he
thinks himselfe a stout Blade with
his Hanger by his side, and his great
brown Boots as big as a pair of Ma-
ster-bags in the North, I do verily
believe they would go near to hold a
whole Dicker of hot Pudding, and a
brace of pottage-pots full of surmity:
and a pair of Spurs as broad in the
rowel, as the breech of a young Child
of threescore and ten: and a fea-
ther behind in his hat, as big as the
But-end of a pair of Mill-stones, and
that he wears behind in the out side of
his hat: but he wears a couple of
Hoons before, that are as big as ever
poo

Hey for Horn Fair

poo Tom carried on his back. Nay,
I do believe that all Lincolnshire can-
not compare with this proud Cuc-
kold: O he is a pure Rogue! see, see
how neatly he sets his arms afixe, as
big as two Rainbows; and I will as-
sure you he has as many gingle jangle
about his ears, as would serve a
blind man to count a whole Sum-
mers day. O what a pretty Duck he
has to his Wife? A neat Dame I
profess; O she is a pure light to fol-
low in a dark night!

How now? yonder comes another
of his Brother Broad-heads, yonder
comes Master Simpleton, but you may
see he takes not all the care, for he
has got a jelly red nose, and a fiery
face. faith I think he begins to
set his heart at rest now a days.
See, see where that Whinkin Dame
of his goes as proudly as my Lady
Loose behind, and as Jobel a Hoyn-
maker, as any lads in all the Temple
brith her; a Ruffling Blade I pro-
mise you. Indeed I am afraid that
hoons will be very cheap this fair,
for the Water is full of Hoyn-ma-
kers

Hey for Horn Fair!

kers, Look, look, I thought what it would come to buy and by, see where Master Simpletons Wife, and a brave gallant rides in a Coach for London, I lay my life to one Bawdy-house or other: and see where the Simple Fool stands weeping: this is his old home: a right Simpleton indeed: just the trick of an Ass, for when any thing disturbs him, then presently he will begin to roar: and so doth this simple Ass his Brother, when he thinks he is or shall be made a Cuckold; then he sits him down, and weeps, O simple Fool, hold up thy head, and come buy some Horns at Horn Fair.

Hark how the very Fowls in the air laughs thee to scorn. Hark Cuckow, Cuckow: hold thy Tongue pretty Bird, he says he cannot help it. Hey brave, what more Cuckolds will? See where Master Jealous comes as yellow as the Gold on his finger. O base Knave to be jealous of thy Wife without a cause: thou hast brought her to this evil vice by thy jealous head: for she was as honest

Hey for Horn Fair.

ness a woman before thou dost begin to be jealous of her, as ever rid in Hackney Coach with a painted face, and Patches: then the jealous Fool could not let her alone, but was always calling her Hackney, whose when alas, poor soul, he had no more mind to make him Cuckold, than a scabbed horse has to rub himself on a tree. Yet now I do believe she has learned her Trade pretty well; and that makes him to bite her before him like a Sheep: just like the Stag in the Forrest, that doth bite the Doe before him: so doth this jealous Cuckold bite his Wife before him, and all for fear that some Knave should steal her away, and make him a Cuckold: but take my word she has learned a trick now, that she can fit him in his kind: for now if she but be any of her Customers, then she strait points with her finger: that is as much as to say, go into some Tavern and I will follow. Then she says to her Husband, good sweet-heart will you give me a pint of Wine at yonder Tavern; he not denying

Hey For Horn Fair.

nying her, goes in, and there meets with her Customer in a room by himself; he desires their company, because he is all alone: So they do consent to sit altogether, her Husband not knowing the plot, there they fall to drinking Sack, till the jealous Cuckold falls fast asleep: Then he and her companion presently takes Coach, and away to a Vaulting-house, while the poor Cuckold lies asleep with his face downwards, for fear any should wrong his Horns while he sleeps, and all that while she lies on her back with her eye fixed upward like a Star-gazer.

O pure company! a Knave and a Maiden is a pair: O brave come along Gentlemen, come buy my Horns quickly, I pray you; I would fain be gone, I cannot stand still, See, see, I pray you, where the merry Cuckold comes? I dare say, he will be as merry as the Mouse in the Malt: See how he smiles as he goes before his Wife. And so how she winks on her companions to meet her at the
Cuc-

Hey for Horn Fair?

Cuckolds Haven, to sing one merry strain for the honour of Horn Fair.

I will assure you, you never heard such a merry Story told in a Horn Fair Sermon in all your life, as this merry Cuckold will tell, when he and his loving wife comes into Horn Fair: for then he is sure to have good store of Wine, Ale, Beer, and Tobacco: And sometimes his Wife will thrust halfe a Crown in his hand, and bid him go drink that among his friends, while she has a little civill talk with a friend of hers; so he thinking he has sped well, he goes his way singing as merrily, as ever you heard the mad men of Gochams Bird sing in May; I, and oft he had as many pretty tunes with him.

But hold hold yonder comes the veriest Knave in all England, a pittiful pimping Rogue: See how he goes peeping and spying about him? for some ruffling Blade that hath more Mincey then Honesty. This fellow is the greatest maintainer of Horn Fair, of any man in all London; see
when

Hey For Horn Fair.

When he meets with any brave Gallants that hath a desire to have a Game or two at Hand at all you pretty Ladies, then straight he is set at work to fetch in Gamesters: For he keeps as good of his own as ever Kid Hackney to Hide Park. He is a pure Rogue! I dare lay any man half a couple of nothings, that he beats the best Gamester in all Horn Fair, three for one: And to be sure he must be fetched first, for he'll lose nothing; and while he is playing a Game or two at lay her down easie, he runs down to the Wintner for a quart of Sack very well burn'd with Sugar, for the Gamesters, and this is the pimping Cuckolds condition: Take my word if there be not some course taken with him, Horn Fair will not be worth coming to, he doth cause so many horns to be made. Out upon him Villain that seeks to bring a good Fair to nothing: Upon my little honesty, it were a very good deed to have him ston'd out of the Town, for I think he has none; nay, he is not fit to stay in our society, but for

one

Hey for Horn Fair.

one thing, and that is this; he never comes to Horn Fair, but he carries two or three pair home with him, and that they be lovely horns indeed: For I dare say he wears one pair thus big, and they at least be twenty years old.

Come, stand off, and let me snuff my Candle, and look about me, Cuckow, Cuckow. Hold, hold, make room for yonder comes the horn-mad Cuckold, see how big he looks? I do believe you never saw Bull look more sternly at a Butchers Dog, then he looks. I pray you Gentlemen mind him well, you may chance to know him; and if you do not, I do: It is that great fiery-fac't Villain, that gathers up all the eye.

Hold a little, cries the Piper, He play no more of that Tune, for fear Knaves should dance it more then honest men: but I pray see how stoutly the Cuckold goes with a long Turd by his side; nay, but stay a little, I had like to a stumbled: A long Sword by his side, and a pretty neat fowls feather in his Hat behind: But if

W

you

Hey for Horn Fair!

you look him in the face, you will bless
ye: for if you will believe me when
you hear the truth, he has a pair of
Horns growing on his head a this fa-
shion, as big and as wide as any man
can lay her legs for a fit of hey ho, e-
nough of that.

I pray stand a little further, I, but
look a little yonder: See where that
pretty sweet soul his Wife goes, a
purs pretty do what you will Gentle-
men; here is gallant ware for your
Money, and enough of it I will war-
rant you: See what a pretty leg and
a foot. I protest it is enough to make
a man a Whore, if he never see nothing
but Mill-stones. O rainty Horn Fair,
thou art the flower of all Kent for gal-
lant ware. O pure light, horn of all
sorts Thus big, ho.

Well, now I think Horn Fair is al-
most done for this day: But see, see
where all the gallant merry jovial
hearted Butchers of London and
Southwark, all for one merry Cup at
the Cuckows Haven: I will lay my
life they must needs have a parting
cup before they go, O brave Boys
promise

Hey for Horn Fair!

promise you: Tanners I pray you
look about you: for take my word the
Butchers be stout Blades. There-
fore I pray you take heed, and say
Tom To-seeke gave you a fair warning,
for if your Wives be in Town, you
may very well carry home the Horns:
for take my word here is tearing
Blades in Town. For you know
Master Tanner, you are but the But-
chers servant, to carry his Horns a-
way when he is at home: Therefore
I pray you do not think much if the
Butcher out of his love give you a
pair freely to carry home, for a Horn
fairing.

O strange! The nearer night, the
more honest men: I pray see where
comes the jovial Shoe-makers, I
profess a company of gallant Blades.
I am persuaded they do intend to
meet the Tanners at the Cuckows
Haven, to see if the Tanners have a
good horn to give them, for to make
them Shoving-horns: for I am per-
suaded they can give the Tanners one,
when they will: for you know
Shoe-makers cannot very well bring

Hey for Horn Fair.

Shows home, but they must bring
Shoing-horns with them, and if they
chance to leave the Tanners a pair in
love? Why should they be angry? For
they are valliant Blades, and of ano-
ther Blood, and scoorns to sit out for a
scratch on the forehead.

So, so, now I think Horn Fair is
done for this day for Horns, except it
be in the Cloath Fair, and there will be
great doing, I dare say. For there
will be as many Horns made in one
night, as will serbe all the Combma-
kers in London, this two thousand
three hundred thirty five Years to
make Combs on: But if they do not
serbe, there is enow making every day
and night.

And now Gentlemen, the Fair is
done, 'tis time for me to shut up Shop,
for my Candle is almost out. I have
already declared unto you the merry
Pastime of Horn Fair, and opened un-
to you a Cabinet of Nine several
sorts of Cuckolds: And that is to
say,

The Kind Cuckold. The Con-
tented Cuckold. The Dogged Cuck-
hold.

Hey for Horn Fair.

kold. The Proud Cuckold. The
Zealous Cuckold. The merry Cuck-
hold. The Pimping Cuckold. The
Weeping Cuckold. And the Horn-
mad Cuckold.

And now I will sing you a jovial
Song of Horn Fair, and so fare-
wel.

The Song.

*The Tune is, To get in order your Maiden-
Head again.*

Come all you gay Ladies that lives in
the City.
Come hearken the story which here He
declare:

And all you brave Gallants that loves a
Maid pretty
Provide you a Coach, and away to Horn
Fair.

There is dainty good Chear, and all of the
best.

Content for your Money, pray think it
no scorn.

For

Hey for Horn Fair!

For you Ferrer a Cunny, if I may break
a jeast;
What though many a honest man doth
wear the Horn?

You may have strong Beer and Wine of the
best,
'Tis not good to go fasting from morning
till night;
With a pretty sweet Pigeon you drink to
digest,
With an eye as clear as the Stars that gives
light:

With a plump cherry cheek, as red as a
Rose,
In silk and brave Sattin she goes every
day;
With her Fan and her Feather most brave-
ly she shows,
Come along you brave Gallants, you
shall have fair play.

And now Gentlemen, that you
may know that you are welcome to
Horn Fair, John Presbyter bids me
in the behalfe of his Country-men to
invite you to the Wedding of Jocky,
and

Hey for Horn Fair!

and Jenny, which is in a set form, as
followeth.

A Scottish Marriage.

WE dont use to Wad in Scotland
as you Wad in England:
Jocky comes to the Kirk, and takes
Str Donkyn by the Rochet, and says,
God mozn Str Donkyn. What's
the matter Jocky? What's the matter
A wadding, a wadding; a wadden
says he: Diant you for the Poppits,
and the Skippits, and the Wellens,
and all the Lees of the Gang? He
doe, He do, He come to you belthe.
Then Str Donkyn gangs to the Kirk,
I spee and I spee; hoe a deals doe
you spee; Jocky of the High Lane,
and Jenny of the Long Cuffe: If any
one know why these two might not be
wadded together; let them now speak,
or hold their beane tongues in the
Deals name. Jocky, wilt thou ha
Jenny to thy waded wife: I sha,
Jocky can after me: I sha, Jocky wilt
thou ha Jenny to thy waded wife, to
be

Hey For Horn Fair.

be, and to ha. for ever and eber; for-
saking all Lions, Lubber Lions,
Swig-bellied Calves, black Lips, &
Blue Noses; ay forsooth. If these
tway be not as well wadded as ere I
waded tway these seaven years, the
Deal and Saint Andrew part them.

I am yours in Love and Mirth,

Thomas To seek the Author

T. R.

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War Horns