

ROUGH BEECH

→\* YE FAMOUS AND ANTIENT BALLAD \*←

# Ye King James and ye Tinker.



A Righte Merry Dittie, to the Tune of "King Harry."

Showing how King James being at Enfield with his nobles a-hunting the swift fallow deer, when feeling inclined to search for adventure, he left his party, and rode until he came to an alehouse by the woodside, where he met a Tinker, and unto him spoke in a sportive mood, then  
Ye King called for a pitcher of ale, then ye Tinker called for another, and  
who'd seen 'em had thought they were brother and brother.

## ENFIELD.

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\* YE KING JAMES AND YE TINKER, \*

WHITE WEBB'S LANE (near Waltham Cross).

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GOD bless VICTORIA, our most gracious QUEEN and Governor; Albert EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES and all the Royal Family.





## Y<sup>c</sup> KING JAMES AND Y<sup>c</sup> TINKER.

The King being on a visit to Theobald's one day,  
He called unto his nobles, and thus he did say,  
'To-morrow I go a-hunting by Enfield-town chase,  
So bring all my best horses and dogs for the race.'

As the King was hunting the swift fallow-deer—  
By Four-tree Hill, he drop't all his nobles, and got clear,  
In hope of some pastime away he did ride,  
Till he came to an ale-house, hard by a wood-side

And there with a Tinker he happened to meet,  
And him in kind sort he so freely did greet:  
'Pray thee good fellow, what hast in thy jug,  
Which under thy arm thou dost lovingly hug?'

'By the mass!' quoth the Tinker, 'tis nappy brown ale,  
And for to drink to thee, friend, I will not fail:  
For althought thy jacket looks gallant and fine,  
I think that my twopence as good is as thine.'

'By my soul! honest fellow, the truth thou hast spoke,'  
And straightway the monarch sat down with the Tinker to joke,  
They drank to King Jamie, and pledged one another,  
Who'd seen 'em had thought they were brother and brother.

As they were drinking the King was pleased to say,  
'What news, honest fellow? Come tell me, I pray?'  
'There's nothing of news, beyond that I hear  
The King's at Enfield Wood a-chasing the deer,

And truly I wish I so happy may be  
While he is at Enfield the King I may see;  
For although I've travelled the world many ways  
I ne'er saw a King, sir, in all my born days.'

The King with a hearty brisk laugh, then replied,  
'I tell thee, good fellow if thou canst but ride,  
Thou shalt get up behind me, and I will thee bring  
To the presence of Jamie thy sovereign king.'

'But, he'll be surrounded with nobles so gay,  
And how shall we tell him from them, sir, I pray,'  
'Thou'lt easily ken him when once thou art there;  
The King will be covered, his nobles all bare.'

Then up got the Tinker, and likewise his sack,  
His budget of leather, and tools on his back!  
They rode till they came to the merry greenwood,  
The King's nobles came round him, bareheaded they stood.

The Tinker then seeing so many appear  
He slyly did whisper to the King in his ear;  
Saying, 'They're all clothed so gloriously gay,  
But which amongst them is the King, sir, I pray?'

The King to the Tinker made this reply—  
'By my soul! my good fellow, 'tis thou or its I!  
The rest are all bareheaded, uncovered all round'—  
With his bag and budget the Tinker fell to the ground.

Like one that was frightened quite out of his wits,  
Then on his knees the Tinker instantly gets,  
Beseeching for mercy. Then the King to him said,  
'Thou art a good fellow so be not afraid.'

'Come! tell me thy name?' 'I am John of the Dale,  
A mender of kettles, and a lover of good ale.'  
'Then rise up, Sir John, for I'll honour thee here,—  
I make thee a Knight of five hundred a year.'

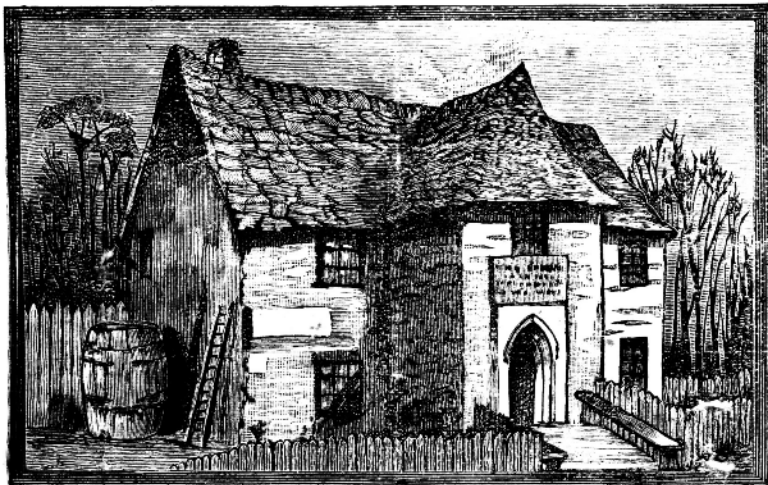
This was a very good thing for the Tinker indeed:  
Then unto the Court he was sent for with speed,  
Where great store of pleasure and pastime was seen,  
In the royal presence of King and the Queen.

Sir John of the Dale he has land, he has fee,  
At the Court of the King who so happy as he?  
Yet still in his hall hangs the Tinker's old sack,  
And the Budget of tools which he wore at his back.

**NOTE** The ale-house of the ballad still exists, with the old porch under which the King and the Tinker sat drinking their "nappy brown ale." This house is situate at White Webbs, near Wilkinson's Wood, and is known by the sign of KING JAMES AND THE TINKER. An old oil painting, representing the chief incidents of this legend, with King James, and the Tinker behind on horse-back meeting the nobles, and expressive of surprise and dismay of the poor Tinker, was met with in London a few years ago, a copy of which is to be seen in Enfield.



"King James and the Tinker," derives the name on its old swing sign from a circumstance which is pretty generally vouched for by those who profess to know—and by none more warmly than the genial couple who now preside over its destinies. It runs as follows:—The king, having lost his followers during the hunt, arrives at an inn in the forest, in the odd old Gothic porch of which (see sketch)



"THE KING AND THE TINKER INN," ENFIELD.

"So you'd like to see a king, would you?" said his interlocutor.

"Ay, just for the sake o'saying so," said the grimy one.

"Mount behind me, then, and you shall have your wish gratified."

"But how shall I know him when I *do* see him?" said the other as, with grave doubts, he leapt on to the royal saddlecloth.

"That will not be difficult; you may know the king by his remaining covered while in his presence all hats are doffed." Thus chatting they rode to the heart of the forest, where they were not long in falling in with the foresters, nobles, and others, in attendance on the king.

"And now, my good fellow, where is the king?"

"I'm sorely puzzled," said the other; "all heads are uncovered save ours, and since I know that I'm no king, why it must be——"

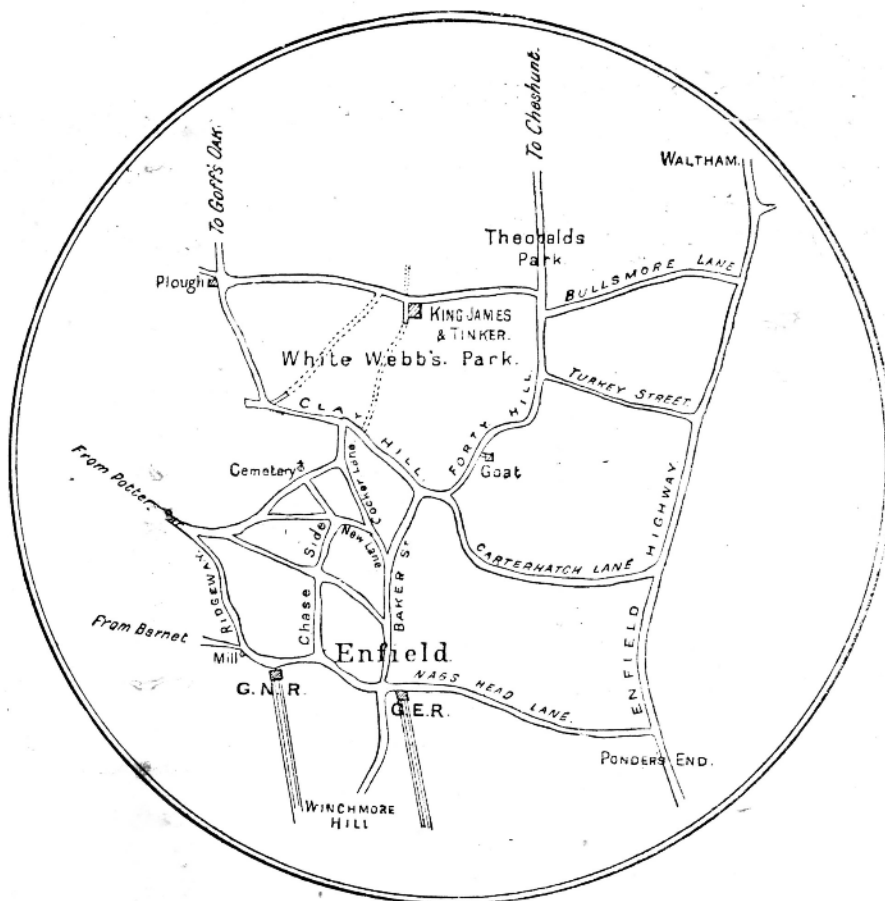
And with this the trembling tinker scrambled off the king's hunter, and in all humility prostrated himself before his majesty.

"And now," said James, "since you have seen how a king looks you shall also see how he acts," and with this he drew his sword and knighted him on the spot, which seems to me the oddest part of the whole affair. Tinkers are not so lucky nowadays.

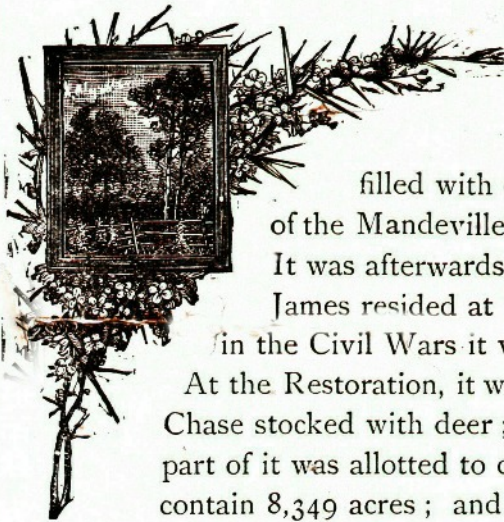
a tinker is imbibing his modest cup of malt. After a few introductory remarks—probably about the weather—why not? His Royal Highness asks—

"What news is afloat?"

"No news that I wot of," says the tinker, "save it be that they tell me the king's out a hunting in the chase to-day. I should like to see a king; though after all, I 'spose they're much like other folk?"







ENFIELD, a pretty and pleasant town in Middlesex, 12 miles from Liverpool St. Station on G.E.R., was formerly famed for its chase, a large tract of woodland, filled with deer. This was granted by the Conqueror to an ancestor of the Mandevilles, Earls of Essex, from whom it came to the Bohuns. It was afterwards annexed to the Duchy of Lancaster. When King James resided at Theobald's the Chase was well stocked with deer ; but in the Civil Wars it was stripped of the game and timber, and let out in farms. At the Restoration, it was again laid open, woods were planted, and the whole Chase stocked with deer ; but by an Act of Parliament in 1779, it was disforested, part of it was allotted to different parishes, and enclosed, when it was found to contain 8,349 acres ; and another part, reserved to the crown, was sold in eight lots at the office of the Duchy of Lancaster. In "The Town" is part of an ancient royal palace, respecting the building of which antiquaries are not agreed. At Enfield House, part of which still remains, shut in by shops in the High Street, S. side, opposite the church, the children of Henry VIII. were brought up. Princess Elizabeth was there when she received the intelligence of her father's death, and after she became queen she frequently visited her favourite Enfield and kept her court there in the early part of her reign. In 1516, Queen Margaret, Dowager Queen of Scots, paid a visit to Sir Thomas Lovell, then living in the Old Palace ; and there have been many Dukes, Lord Chancellors, Earls, and Lords, &c., in by-gone days residing in the parish. Isaac Disraeli, father of the late Lord Beaconsfield, was born there in 1766. Richard Gough, the antiquary, lived at Gough's Park. Charles and Mary Lamb resided at Chase-side. Baron Braywell, Keats the poet, "Calculating" Babbage, and Captain Marryatt the novelist, spent some of their school days there ; Edmund Calamy, died at Enfield in 1665, and John Abernethy, the eccentric physician, in 1831.