

Types of books

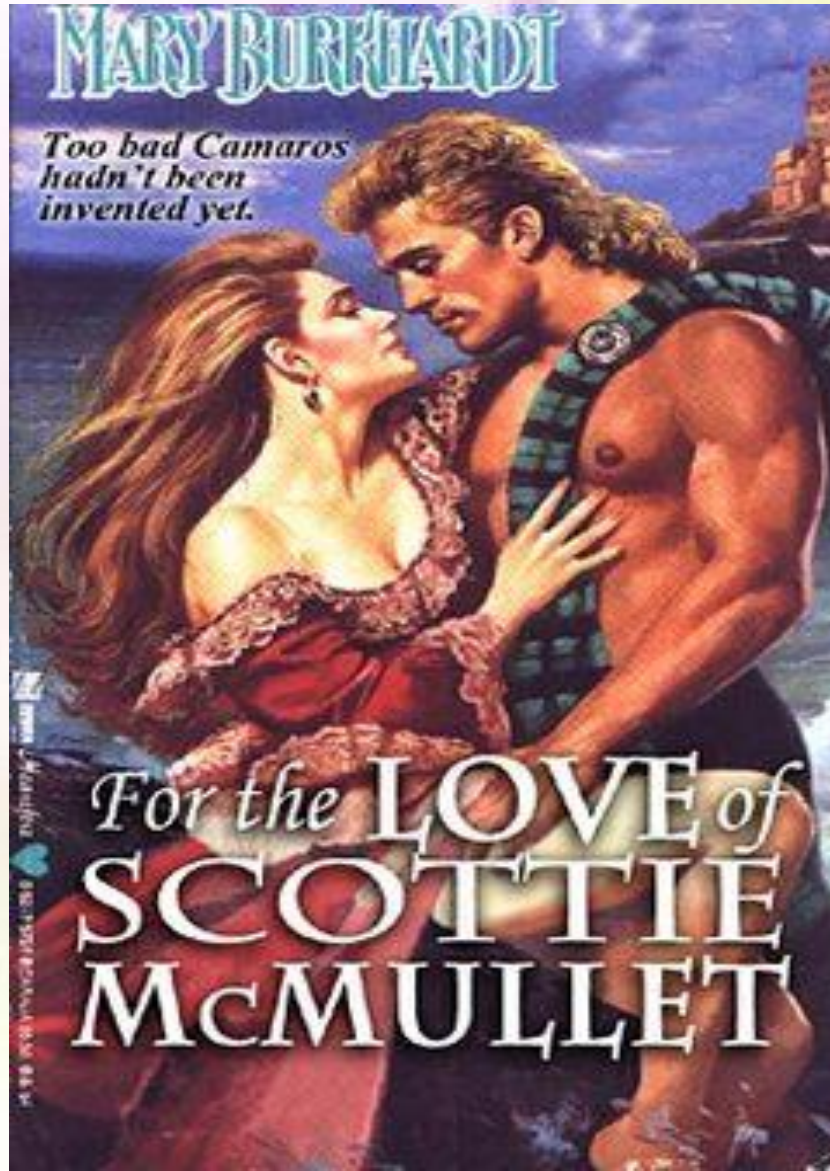


*A good book has no
ending. - R.D.
Cumming*

Detective story



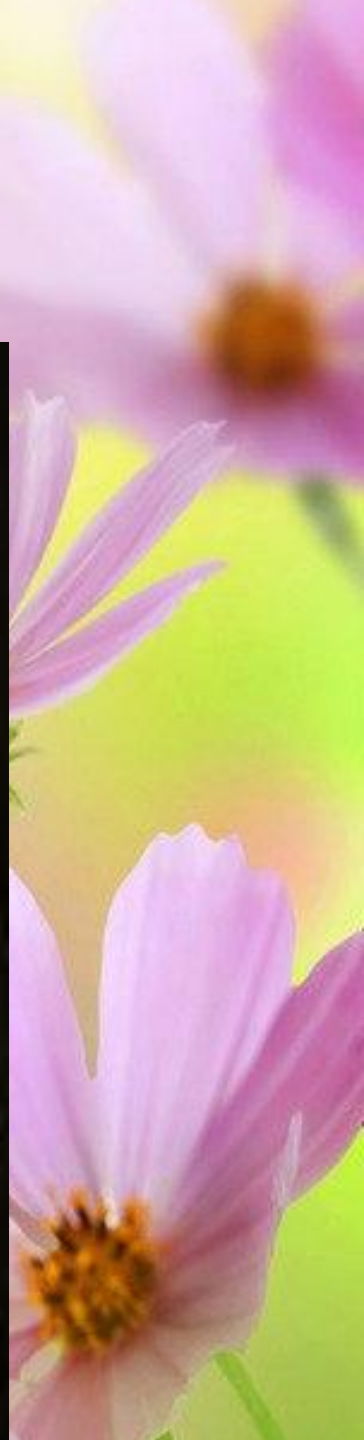
Romance/love story



Fairy tale



Fantasy



Ballad

The TRAGICAL BALLAD: Or, The LADY who fell in Love with her SERVING-MAN.



PART I.
GOOD people pray attend
Unto these lines I've penn'd,
Which to the world I send,
Therefore draw near,
And hear what I do say,
Alack-and-a-well-a-day,
Unto love's sad decay,
Prov'd most severe.

There was a servant-man,
Who liv'd near the Strand,
As I do understand,

He was so fair,
So this young lady bright
Could not rest day or night,
He was her soul's delight,
She lov'd him dear.

Now this young lady cry'd,
I can't be satisfy'd,
I wish I was his bride,
To cure my smart.

Young Cupid bend the bow,
And wound my lover so,
That in short time he'll know
A love'sick heart.

Why should I thus complain?
He knoweth not my pain,
He being my serving-man,
And I so great.

Could I unclose my mind,
Great comfort should I find;
But fortune proves unkind,
Oh! cruel fate.

Why was I born so high,
To live in misery?
Or Cupid's dart to fly
Into my breast?

I wish I was as poor,
Ty love would me adore;
Then should I evermore
Enjoy my dear.

Then the young lady said,
Why should I be afraid?
I'll bring my servant maid
To tell my mind.
Betty, Betty, said she,
Pray come you here to me?
You must my council be,
Then I'll prove kind.

I love our servant-man,
You know our honest John,
Let me do what I can,
I can't be free.
Love has enflam'd my heart,
As I do feel the smart,
Cupid with his keen dart
Has wounded me.

Then said the damsel fair,
Madam, since your declare
Your mind, I can't forbear,
But let you know
I am in the same case,
I love his charming face,
My heart within his breast
Is plac'd as fast.

In sorrow, discontent,
Away this damsel went,
Her heart with mischief bent,
As you shall find.
Tho' she's my lady fair,
Her secret I'll declare;
Or I shall lose my dear.
In a short time.

PART II.
GOOD people lend an ear,
I'm sure you'll shed a tear,
When you this story hear,
The second part.
How Cupid bent his bow,
Wounding three lovers so,
Great troubles they did know,
By his keen dart.

The damsel first begun,
And said, I am undone;
I shall distracted run,
I am afraid.
Could I draw back my mind,
From love to be inclin'd,
Great comfort should I find,
In grief she said.

We leave the damsel here,
Entangled in love's snare,
To treat of the young fair
Lady so bright.

As she sat fighting then,
Came in the servant-man,
As we do understand,
That very night.

She did unclose her mind,
Within short time we find,
Saying to him most kind,
You have my heart.

The young man stood amaz'd,
And on his lady gaz'd,
Sure these are happy days.
The young man said,
Young madam, do forbear,
Draw me not in a snare,
If my master should hear,
We are mated:

Rather than that should be,
I'd go along with thee,
Either by land or sea,
Or where you please.
You are my heart's delight,
I can travel day and night,
So they confer'd in strait
To cross the sea.

Then said the lady bright,
To-morrow, when 'tis light,
I'll marry my delight,
Then straitway I will go
Along with thee, my dear,
And man's apparel wear:
No one can us entreat,
Nor can us know.

PART III.
OBSERVE this part the third,
The servant-maid she flood,
And heard them every word,
Then strait she run.

Master, master, said she,
Alas! you'll ruin'd be:
Your daughter doth agree
To marry John.

To-morrow is the day,
As I did hear them say,
That they would go away,
And marry'd be:
She doth him so adore,
She quits her native shore,
To cross the sea.

When she did thus declare,
He call'd his daughter fair,
Madam, what are you there?
Her father cry'd.

Pray call John here also,
The truth I mean to know,
And if I find it so,
I will provide

A place you need not fear,
Both for you and your dear;
And I will prove severe
Unto you both.

Father, your will be done,
He's like to be your son,
Or else I will have none,
Upon my troth.

Daughter, since you say so,
He shall to prison go;
And I'll confine also
You to your room.
Father, father, forbear;
Do not punish my dear;
Let me the burthen bear;
Or I'm undone.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard, London.

She to her chamber's sent,
And he to prison went,
In grief and discontent,
I here to remain:
He sent him over to sea,
A soldier there to be,
To fight in Spain.

Now, said the servant-maid,
Alas! it was I betray'd
Your love and mine, she said,
What have I done?
With that she tore her hair,
And fell into despair,
And as I do declare,
To Bedlam's gone:

That very self-same night
This youthful lady bright
In dark and doleful night
Got clear away.
Out of a window high
She got her liberty;
Travelling the did come night
Unto the sea.

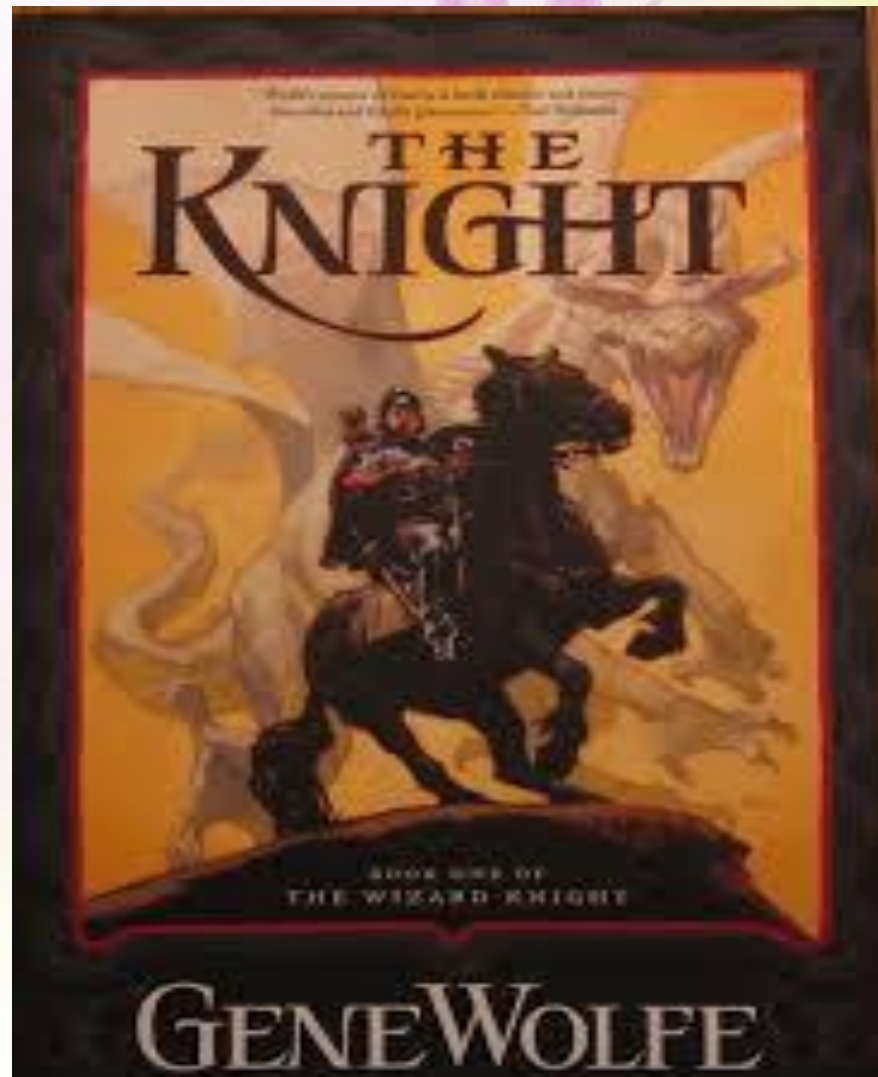
And in short time we hear
She cross'd the ocean fair,
In man's apparel there
She met her dear:
A soldier was he also,
Yet his love did not know,
She being his comrade too,
As we do hear.

In Spain they were not long,
Before they both were drawn
Into a party strong,
To fight their foe.
The first that wounded were,
Was this young lady fair.
Dying she did declare
Her grief and woe.

As she was on the ground,
He suck'd her blood wound,
Crying, My dear is gone,
With her sweet charms:
Still I live longer too:
No, no, that ne'er will do;
Piercing his body thro',
Dy'd in her arms.

Now came this news, we hear,
Unto her father dear;
He stamp'd and tore his hair,
Grieving he said,
Alas! my daughter dear,
I prov'd to thee severe,
Now thou art dead I fear,
So I'll end my days.

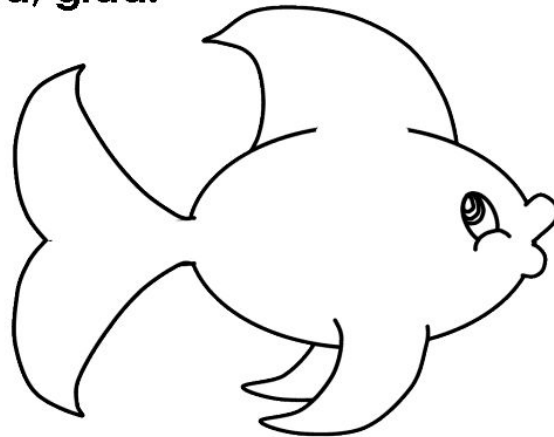
Novel



Poem

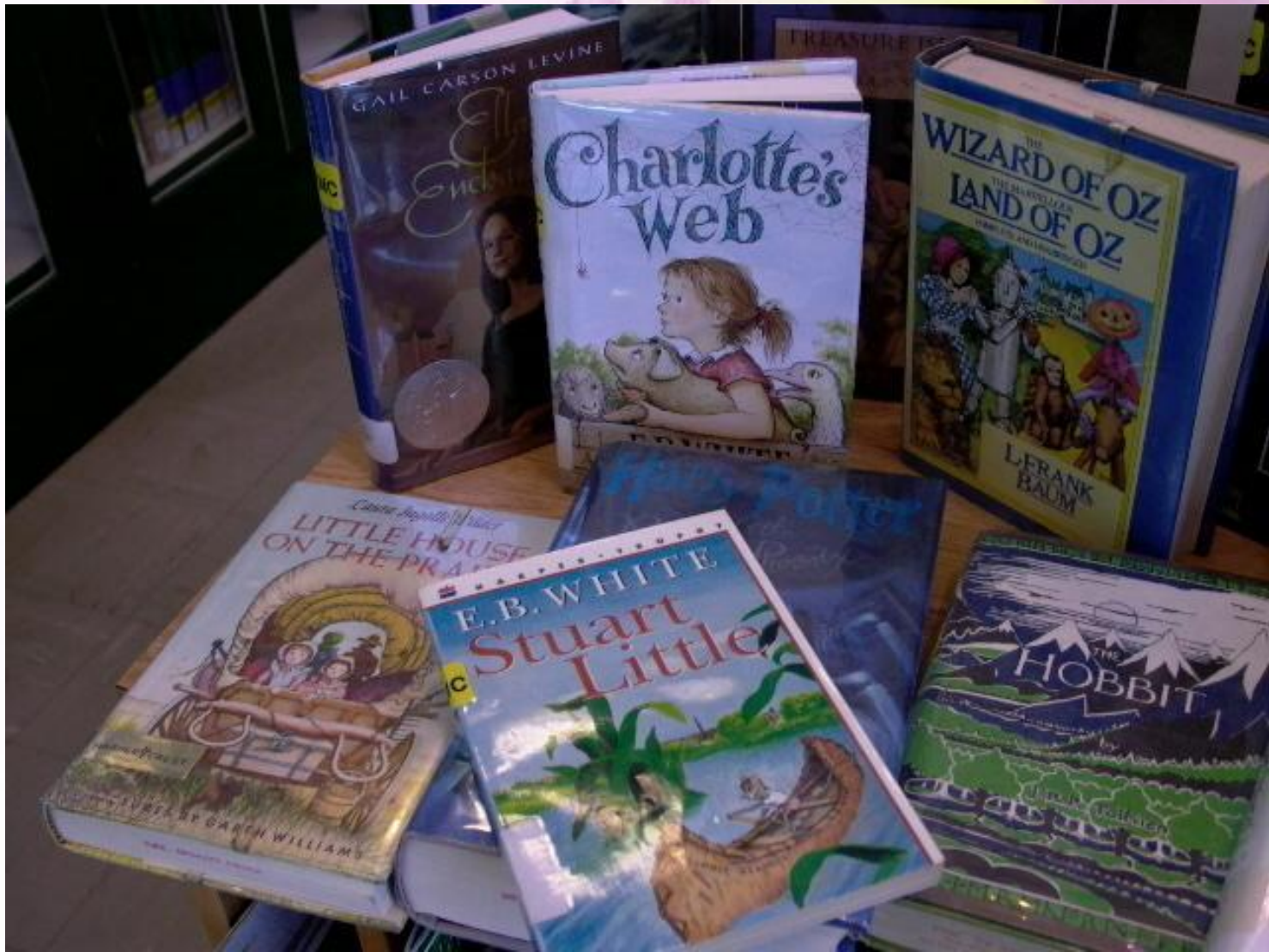
Far, far away
Where the frilly fish play
Swam poor fishy Fran who was
Sad, sad, sad.

She flopped around the bend
Where she bumped into her friend
And seeing her friend, Fred, made her
Glad, glad, glad.



Recite the chant. Circle the letter F (capital letter).
Underline the letter f (lower case letter)

Fiction



Non-fiction



The image features several pink cosmos flowers with yellow centers, set against a soft, out-of-focus background of light green and yellow. The flowers are arranged in a cluster, with some in sharp focus and others blurred. The text '• The End' is overlaid in a black, elegant script font, positioned in the lower-left quadrant of the image.

• *The End*