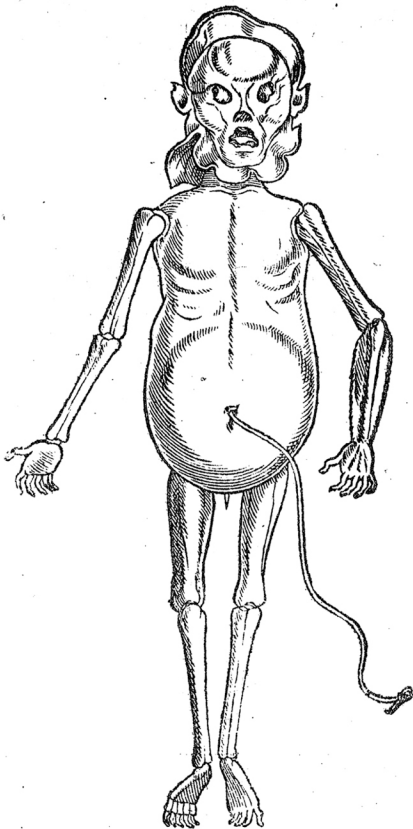


Appendix 4: Sample Huth 16th-Century Monstrous Birth Ballad

"A discription of a monstrous Chylde," Huth 33

(Not from high resolution image)

A discription of a monstrous Chylde, borne at Chycheester in Suffex, the xxiiii. daie of May.
This being the very length, and bygnes of the same. M. CCCC. LXX.



When God for synne, to plage hath mād
Although, he longe defarde
He tokens truly, fraunge hath sent
To make hys foes a fearde.

That they thereby, might take remorse
Of their yll lye misspent
And moze of loue, then feare of foze
Their fo'mall faultes repent.

Before the earth was ouerfloren
With waters huge throughout
He sent them Noe, that holy one
Who dayly went about.

To call them then, to Godly lye
At whome they laughte and fumble
He was contemde of man and wyfe
Till they were all confumde.

Both did preache most earnestly
But it did not p'cuaple:
Then sye and bymstone verely
Upon them doune did hayle.

Barabes heart had no remorse
Though woundes fraunge he sawe
But rather was therfoze the woze
Without all feare of awe.

Tyll bothe he and his therfoze
By iustice sent of God
In raging seas, were all sozroze
And then he felt the rod.

Then tymes truly were the Jewes
In captiue brought and led
Before erbe tyme, if God did vse
His tokens strange w'ered.

The yeare before Maspatian came
The Jewes a heper drest
Whiche beyng slayne, did calue a lame
This sygne they soue did w'rest.

As others doe, and syll haue done
In making it as bayne
Or els good lucke, they saye shal come
As please their foolish hayne.

The heathen could fozele and saye
That when suche woundes were
It did fozehelu to them alwaye
That some yll hap byeue nere.

The scripture sayth, befoze the ende
Of all thinges shall appeare
God will woundes fraunge thinges sende
As some is fene this yeare.

The selve infant, boye of thape
The Calues and Pygges so fraunge
With other mo of suche misshape
Declareth this woordes chaunge.

But here, lo, see aboue the rest
A Monster to beholde
Proceedinge from a Christian byest
So monstrous to be tolde.

So Carner can, nor Daynter maye
The same so ougly make
As doeth it self shewe at this daye
A sight to make the quake.

But here thou haste by Printing arte
A signe therof to se
Let eche man saye within his harte
At preachteth now, to me.

That I shoulde seke to lye henceforth
In Godly lye alwaye
For these be tokens now sent foorth
To preache the later daye.

Allo it doeth demonstrate playne
The great abuse and tye
That here in Englande now doeth raggne
That monstrous is the gypfe.

By readinge boozes, we shall fynde
In scripture, and elles where
That when suche thinges came out of kynde
Gods w'ath it did declare.

But if we lightly wepe thesame
And make but nyne dayes wonder
The Lord our Countnes, soue will tame
And sharpely bynges vnder.

Then ponder wel betymes, long pass
The sequel of suche signes
And call to God by prayer in hast
From sinne to chaunge oure myndes.

Repent, amende bothe hygh and lowe
The woorde of God embrace
To lye therto, as we shoulde dos
God gyue vs all the grace.

quod. Non. D.

The father hereof is one Wyncent, a bout-
cher, bothe he and hys wyfe being of honest &
quiet conuerfation. They hauing had chylde
befoze, in natural propozition: and went with
this her full tyme.

Printed at London, by
Leonard Achel for Francess Godlyf. In
the yeare of oure Lorde. 1562.