



Marc Renshaw

Venus and Adonis

The Hail Ballad

A broadside ballad

Sheet M1

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The famous diarist Samuel Pepys collected ballads. This is a ballad from his collection, telling of a hailstorm that hit London in 1680. It forms the basis for activities in Activity Pack 1: Musical news.

Good peo - ple all at - tend un - to my dit - ty And you shall

6
hear strange news from Lon - don Ci - ty The like be - fore I

11
think you n'er did hear Which well may fill our hearts with dread and fear.

Upon the eighteenth of this present May,
A tempest strange, pray mind me what I say,
So strange, I think the like was never known,
As I can hear of yet by anyone.

The very fowls that flew up in the air
Were stricken dead, it plainly doth appear,
Wings from their bodies parted by this hail,
A story true, although a dreadful tale.

Hailstones as big as eggs apace down fell,
And some much bigger, as I hear some tell,
Who took them up as they lay on the ground,
And measured, they were found eight inches round.

Trees of their branches then were stripped quite,
Some people from their houses put to flight.
Such terrors then possessed the hearts of men
The like I hope they'll never see again.