



Marc Renshaw

Venus and Adonis
The Hail Ballad
A broadside ballad

Sheet
W1

Page 1

Good people all, attend unto my ditty,
And you shall hear strange news from London City,
The like of which I think you ne'er did hear,
Which may well 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.

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.

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.

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.