Laft Earnings 18 c. fl. 0
Heel 27 c. 0
6 Corn of window Side
9 of 2d Floor Side Can
out Springs
5 of
3 in Springs Above
2 each Window Side
John Keddiish
Nurse 10 of Stay Flower Side
6 in Window
John Keddiish
February 1780 This Book was bought me one shilling for a memorandum book of millers accounts for the use of Mr. Reddish
of Sandham mill by me Simon Reddish of Sandham aforesaid Nottinghamshire
2 March 17 Two Break wheel geared by Mr. Mackly
Same came on Saturday the 17 of March 1792
1792 April 13 Our wheat mill wheel geared by Mr. Mackly
She was fitted then in Easter Sunday that year
Newark Upon thors
Sandford Comingham
Bestrop garden South
Cliffton John Reddish
Cliffton Pope John Reddish
sand Reddish John
Book to go by Reddish his Book
Lyman Simon Reddish his Book
Lyman Simon Reddish his Book July 26
Daniel Wilkinson 1805
Osborn 10 W Reddish Jr. Garves Reddish
Janes Reddish

780 Charles Reddish owes lobey
Lobey for buying him a coat 6. 6
he put in debt
coat of smalls 16. 8

And same 1 6 before Simon
6. 6 lobey 5. 0

Mary 14 Jones 9. 4

10. 6

John Reddish

August 29 received 1. 0

19 smalls 9. 6 Garves Simon

October 24 lobey 5. 0

1 smalls 4. 6 Garves Reddish
1778 Regulated with Thomas Reason
January 19 And left to pay them in full
It was in office that year and Elizabeth Rayner had
Shilling a dale from the town she had cared every
Path to pay the bill which was due to him
Feb. 29 A hoop of ronholer
March 2 To D. of D.
D. 1 to D. of D.
D. 17 to D. of D.
D. 20 to D. of D.
D. 30 to D. of D.
April 13 to D. of D.
D. 22 to D. of D.
D. 28 to D. of D.
May 4 to D.
To A Bushel Bag.

The Boroak of the mayor one Saturday
At Nottingham is almost a word
John Ridish

Published his book only 1 3 6

May 4 to D.
1778  John Field Roulston
May 5 1 to three Jucks of Troubler
20 13 10 0
June 11 A Juck of Do.
Do. 12 A Tuck of Wheat
10 1 Do. A Juck of Barley

1779  Tomkinon Caythorne
January 10 A Juck of Barley
0 0 28
Do. 23 A Juck of Barley
0 0 28
February 5 10 0
0 28
10 0 28
1 0
1 0 28
March 1st A Juck of Do.
0 0 8
9 0 1
Left of 4 Os in Corn
When he Dies at Burton
11 15 6
1 14 7
1780  Thomas Hushin on

Feb 18 A Strake of Wheat X
Shin paid

1780  Barnard Gonadston
April 21 A Strake of wheat X
This paid Barnard

1780  James Yates bill
May 2 A Hoop of wheat
0 0 10

0 10 He put 3 sheep into our hill Cage
And we charge him 2 10 Sheep far a day

And Night Keeping &c three days they stay
0 1 6

July 15 paid him

He paid my mare ten shilling worth of
The burring for the now dutto
0 1 6

To fill the dish from gaters 0 6 0

gooves Bridgford

Nottingham Shire 180
February 16th to a proof of wheat
February 26th to one pack of barley
April 7th a strike of wheat
May 11th a strike of wheat

£ 17 0
0 4
0 18

This done with of such phrases
and quite settled by me
Simon Reddish

L 1 9 2

Paid at several times
from Mr. Wm. Reddish Oct 5 190
Mr. Wilkinson on demand Oct 5 10
of five pounds nineteen shillings.

L. Simon Reddish
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Activity</th>
<th>Hours</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1780</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 23</td>
<td>30 Bushels of Barley</td>
<td>0.39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 19</td>
<td>12 Bushels of Wheat</td>
<td>0.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1782</td>
<td>Work at Woolborough mill</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 8</td>
<td>3 days work</td>
<td>0.08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 10</td>
<td>2 days work</td>
<td>0.08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 11</td>
<td>3 days work</td>
<td>0.08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 18</td>
<td>4 days work</td>
<td>0.08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 19</td>
<td>3 days work</td>
<td>0.08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 21</td>
<td>2 days work</td>
<td>0.08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 22</td>
<td>7 days work</td>
<td>0.08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 24</td>
<td>8 days work</td>
<td>0.08</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dec. 25</td>
<td>9 days work</td>
<td>0.08</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dec. 26</td>
<td>10 days work</td>
<td>0.08</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dec. 27</td>
<td>11 days work</td>
<td>0.08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 31</td>
<td>1 day work at Woolham mill</td>
<td>0.08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 1</td>
<td>Work at Woolborough mill</td>
<td>0.08</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dec. 5</td>
<td>1 day work at Woolham mill</td>
<td>0.08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 6</td>
<td>15 days work</td>
<td>0.08</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dec. 9</td>
<td>21 days work</td>
<td>0.08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apr. 26</td>
<td>Work at Woolborough mill</td>
<td>0.08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 17</td>
<td>Work at Woolborough mill</td>
<td>0.10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
March 31 1/2 Hoop of Wheat X 0 2 6
August 11 To 1 Hoop of Wheat X 0 2 8
September 11 To a Hoop of Wheat X 0 2 5
To 1 1/2 A Strike of Wheat X 0 4 6
Ballance with Walker on Regulated
This done with
Steel Quick luxe steep

Quick steep
January 13 paid to
James Cartridge and left to pay in
full and all his demands against
my father
Nov. 22 paid in part of $100
December 11 paid
1779
February 15 paid
March 19 paid

To & frigge paid in all he Cartridge
Due to Cartridge

Quick staff
My father [illegible signature] 110
1700 April 24 Lenthime 1 10
And to pay me again in onemonth
Or I might take the bed and materials that belonging for my
Money which I had on my self
[Signature]
Murphy Delancy
[Signature]
Murphy Delancy — George Dodds
1775 August 14 first began my 5 4 0
Wage at five pounds 5 4 0
shilling a year.

1776 August 14 sixt year due 5 4 0
1777 August 14 seconf year due 5 4 0
1778 August 14 third year due 5 4 0
1779 August 14 fourth year due 5 4 0

1779 December 19 Receiv'd 2 0 0
1780 August 14 fifth year due 5 4 0

Do. 15 Refind my father and £ 2 0 0

Left due from birth to me for wage 2 4 0 0

James Radish his Book

May 9 9 1 year 1805
his Book of sho First
<table>
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<tr>
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<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tr>
<td>July 24</td>
<td>10 shilling pocket</td>
<td>0 0 6 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 30</td>
<td>10 shilling pocket</td>
<td>0 0 2 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>August 3</td>
<td>4 shilling pocket</td>
<td>0 0 4 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>August 6</td>
<td>6 shilling pocket</td>
<td>0 0 6 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>September 3</td>
<td>paid him</td>
<td>0 0 6 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 16</td>
<td>paid him</td>
<td>0 0 6 0</td>
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<td>September 26</td>
<td>paid him</td>
<td>0 1 6 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 2</td>
<td>4 shilling pocket</td>
<td>0 0 4 0</td>
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1781

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<tr>
<td>July</td>
<td>6 to one shilling pocket</td>
<td>0 0 1 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 11</td>
<td>2 shilling pocket</td>
<td>0 0 2 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 16</td>
<td>2 shilling pocket</td>
<td>0 0 2 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 19</td>
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<td>0 0 2 0</td>
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<td>July 24</td>
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<td>0 0 2 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 6</td>
<td>2 shilling pocket</td>
<td>0 0 2 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 11</td>
<td>9 bread and beer</td>
<td>0 0 2 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>August 18</td>
<td>2 shilling pocket</td>
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<td>August 25</td>
<td>20 shilling pocket</td>
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<td>August 31</td>
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<td>December 12</td>
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<td>December 26</td>
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<td>0 0 2 0</td>
</tr>
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<td>December 30</td>
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0 10 8
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<tr>
<td>1782</td>
<td>July 5</td>
<td>To one penny lose</td>
<td>0.01</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Sent him at Woborough Yeast</td>
<td>0.06</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Sent him at Widdham Yeast</td>
<td>0.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1793</td>
<td>September 2</td>
<td>Sent him</td>
<td>0.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1794</td>
<td>September 11</td>
<td>Sent him at gonadal stone Yeast</td>
<td>0.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1793 paid him March 13</td>
<td>0.10</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>0.10</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>0.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>0.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1.08</td>
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<tr>
<td>1795</td>
<td>June 5</td>
<td>Paid him Garrowes Reddish</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>0.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Garrowes Reddish</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Paid to Robert Pearson at his own time</td>
<td>1.66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>0.06</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>0.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>October 22 paid to Alias Pearson</td>
<td>1.10</td>
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<tr>
<td>1786</td>
<td>Feb 7 20</td>
<td>Paid to Robert Pearson</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>0.80</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1.10</td>
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<td>Total to Pearson</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1.10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
May 8 1/2 of Fine
10 to 2 of 1/3
8 1/2 of Fine
13 to 2 1/2 of 1/3

May 16 paid in hand

Left to pay

21 15 to 1/2 of Fine

Gares Reddish Bridgford

Nottingham

Bridgeford
Poor Jack

gipor's eye lubbers and crabs do you see, bout dam'ers and fear
and if like a light water boat and good seajown give me one point
Too little till strike the of tempest top gallant mast smack smash

Clear if wreck screw if yards and boury everything light and
Under each fore sail we did sail away there don't think on it a mile

Flows so soft to be taken for trifles a back, for they say there a
providence sits upon, soft they say there's a providence sits up a

Soft too keep watch for a life of Jack
Why Iheard of good Chaplins alwayes on way about sea so hear every shore
And every town what bring his set and delay why no so just all on our highness
But he said how we narrow cast forever since without our that come down blest
And many fine things that prove clearly to me that proved true to me in time
Forsays he in mind melton storms over o, take a top left to another a back
Then a sweet little cherub sitipicted up aloft, to watch for the life of poor Jack

I say to our pray for you woe woe woe, when last we went anchors for sea
What again we send we seeing you eye, why what again you must be
carry out the world to our and three hours forward both for gained good
Six and eight days hold fast why your work will live of me more
For pray there a cherub sitipicted aloft, to keep watch for thy life of poor Jack

Dye mind we sailors should be very rich all as one as a piece of the whole
And with the brave of world without doing to lunge. From my moment of anchor a trip
Out time and all weather all times said and good enough to a trouble from dey that springs
My heart is my soul of my cease my friends, and for my life till it brings
Even when my times come never believe me not to wish to be taken a back
And same little cherub that sitipicted aloft, with look out a good birth for poor Jack

England His

Medis

He gives Theodore his Book

You poor brave soul

Nottingham
John Reddish
John Reddish
Reddish of East Bridgford,
In the County of Bridgford
In Nottingham, in the County of
Nottingham,镖镖镖镖的
his book
England of his
Medish
Mr.给人镖镖的 his book
you give home grace
Nottingham
Tailor's life a life of use he works now late now early, now up by down now too and for what then he takes it Charyly, blessed with a smiling can of grog, if only calls hand give or fall to fate let Vergelhi joy of caddy to weigh cheaply checkelay he does it with a wish to heave up lead or to cape head the pendulous

another dark for while of great year round, silence of doing and around

we dispise it to a man weaving a little and laugh a little and work a little and swear a little and fiddle a little and foot it a little and then the flouting can and swig of flowing can and swig of flowing
If troubled winds and roaring seas
give proof of coming danger,
we rue the storm too heart at ease
for lack to fear a stranger.
Blest with the smiling grog we try,
when now below we seek to fly.
Now rise or mountaine high
spite of the gale we hand the scale.
Or take the wind full reef,
or man the deck to clear the deck.
To give the ship relief.
Then pulls the sheet a round
all sense of danger round.
We dispise it to a man wearing a little 8.

But yet think's not our safe is hard
the storms at reach they least the
For coming home across the ward
With smiles our sweethearts to meet the
Hows to the friendly grog we goes.
Our Amorrows taste her we love most
And daily laughto and sing
The sale we sell then got each girl
There company display.
The deck we cheer then playing in here
As we there Charnow Surrery
And then is grog goes round
all sense of stranger round
We dispise it to a man wearing a little 8.
Batchelors Hall Dublin

To bachelors hall we good fellows invite to partake of a chance that makes up our delight we have spirits like fire and of health such a stock, that our pulse strikes the second as true as a clock, did you see he you'd swear, as we mount with a grace.

See us you'd swear, as we mount with a grace that diana had dubb'd some new gods of a chance, that diana had dubb'd some new gods.

And Aurora with smiling as she in that bright day of the chase with a way, her way all nature looks gay.
Dick Shickel came mounted upon a fine black
A better fleet gelding never hunter did back
Tom Ting rode a bay full of mettle and bone
And Gayly Bob Bucorn rode proud on a rote
But the horse or all horses that riwaldis the day
was the squires track or nothing and that was a grey
Harkaway hark away while our spirits are gay
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day

Then for hounds they was nimble so well they climb
And cock noe a good one for wanting a fox
Little plunge like a mole who will ferrill and search
And beetle browd hawk eye so dead at a lurch
Young sly looks that want the strong breeze from the north
And musical ocho well with his Deep mouth

Harkaway
Our horse thus all of the very best blood
It is not likely you'll easily find such a horse
And for hounds our opinions with thousands well back
That all England throughout cannot produce such a pack
Thus having described you dogs, horses, and crew
It was we set off for the Low in View

Hark away

Shyneyard brought home while the horn sounds a call
And now you're all welcome to batchelor hall,
There was a certain great full without on board
And baccus pours some from his favourite hound
Come on then to honour to this jovial place
And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from th' chace

Hark away
See the dawn how it rises by hook

while the horn sounds the summons to join in the chase

hounds are abroad on the breaking of day the hounds are abroad

See the breaking of day from the covert the covert unbarred the fox

Attend to the cry hark away hark away we'll bound over

mountains and rocks
While we sweet o’er the dale or the mountains afar
Or the rapid rivers our steeds boldly giue
No dainger we fear that can hunt us daint
For courage was never to a sportsman deny’d

The hounds are abroad

Then leave for awhile 4 soft arms of your fair
See Aurora to tempt you, has nature displayed
The sports of Diana, the morning must share
Men to friendship, and love let due tribute be paid

The hounds are abroad by
That once was a ploughman now, no look that a loth in
the sky, even fluttered his wings, to give speed to the plow, were gay and
do carthes now, but my friend was to a king's ship and
was so gay and so carthes, but my friend was to a
send to a king's ship, and he asked me to go just to sea for a trip.
And he told of such things, as of carthes was kings, and of carthes did
keep, and of carthes did keep, that I left my poor plough to go
ploughing in the deep, no longer the horn calls me up in the moon.
No longer the horn calls me up in the moon, I trusted the carthes
and the unconstant wind, that made me for to go and leave my dear behind.
Did not much like for to be on board a ship. When in danger there's no door to creep out. I liked the jolly team I liked harboos and ship. But I did not like fishing about. By and by came a hurricane I did not like that Heat a battle that many a sailor laid flat and I who would home, that like me had a home. When I knew and to reap when I left my poor plough To go ploughing in the deep where so vastly 4300 fathoms.

At last safe I landed and in a whole when Wounded I made any long stay Once I found by my friend who I asked of my kin Rather dead and my wife ran away. It asked but myself said I had thou to blame. Wives losing there husbands oft lose a good name Why die I dream, which so happy at home I could not I could reap, ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing in the deep. Then so vastly 4300 fathoms.

James Middish

James Middish
Garth Redish's Book open 7th
21 year of Lomb 1866
May if that be the case said this merry man friend
And you bend no more minded to roam
Gin a sheeple by the last all your cares at an end
Doo a live and your wife safe at home
Start staring with joy slept out of my skin
Bids my wife mother sister and all of my kin
Now over I let them roam, who want a bad home
I am well I'll keep, nor again leave my plough
to go ploughing in the deep. Once more shall they hom
March 19. In order to Boddish's, I gave to Boddish his Book and the 18 year of our Lord 1695

Anne Boddish had never received any groat's mistake

Shalland a Loaf of bread for about 12 years and we have been at it so many times but we never had seen it great as we had for she hath sent us words to Boddish of Bread and throw what she never did so before so I thought it out to be Sat down and

Soforth Sarah Shalland

garden Boddish his Book April 18 Wrought this with his own han and so forth

garden Boddish
Soldiers Adieu

A die my Only life my honour calls me from

Remember showed a soldiers wise those tears but I'll become free what

Though by duty I am called where shuddering Cannons rattle where Valour

self might stand unflaunt where Valour self might stand applauded when

my wings of thy dear love to heaven a hope thy servant or her vow are flown

Chorus

The tender prayer thou put there on shall call a guardian angel down shall

call a guardian angel down to watch me in the battle
My duty the fair truth shall be as sword and buckler among,
my life shall be more dear to me, because of thy provision.
Let her come as honour's threat, let thundering cannonsattle.
Fearlessly seek the conflict heat, assured when on the wings of love.
To heaven above ye.

Brought with that benignant smile, some kindred god in fiends thee
who saw thy bosom tied of guilty who wandered and admired thee
I go assured my life adds the thundering cannonsattle.
The murdering carebear stalks in twain, when on the wings of thy love.
To heaven above ye.

July the 10 - 1803

John Reddish

Sowerth John Reddish and

J. S. Sowerth John Reddish

J.P. Ginger Reddish Reddish

Reddish

May the 15 year of

w.o. Lord 1805 Ginger Reddish
The woodman's stroke

Far removed from noise and smoke shank where the wood

manuscript who dreams not as he sells the oak, what may

chief did he know, had art may fell the falling tree in aide

of ease and luxury he weighs not matters such as

these but ringing and hacks and hews, rings rings

rings rings and hacks and hears
perhaps now pellet by this bold man
the tree may form the spruce sedan
Or wheelbarrows where Distelfan
Pours on her Dulquir Rigs
The stage where boxes shroud and clock
Or else the quacks is perhaps the stocks
Or sloths for sizing Or Barbers blocks
Where shines the perfumery

he makes bold firework O what grief
the gibet on which hangs the thief
the seat where sits the grave lord chief
the throne theobile Hall
thus prompts life in every stage
Makes folkses whims pride a que page
Or childrens toys or what for age
And coffins for the all
Yet justice lets no Hell afford
The espurrie and this carnage Board
The barge that holds good bacchus board
Confess the woodmans stroke
He makes the greatest that bleed the Dine
the but that holds the generous wine
the ball itself where tyg by you
To crack the mirthfull goate
Vivace Caledonian Laddie Oh

White Sandy was a bonny boy and always would be a bonny boy, nor is he ever two bold or false.

She is a coming, last night the priest me to his breast and took his arm to make me stay or hear to read me.

he confessed to one Caledonian laddy O be me bonny
Bonny bonny Highland boy, me bonny bonny Highland boy,

The while she's bonny bonny bonny Highland boy, she's met me,

Caledonian lady, O

The maidens tries both far and near
To gain Young Sandy over
But all their arts to I do not fear
He will not prove a lover
For sure he told me frankly and free
In spite of man or lady, O he'd marry me and none but me
Her once Caledonian lady, O, home bonny O
The other day from Dundee fair
he brought me home a bonnet
Cap and ribbon for my hair
But mark what soon came on it
for straight to Kirk we came how to do
Unknown to man or lad to so
had marriage me do all I could
her medibonan laddepo here bonny

Sirus

Toward whyletio Ernesto in scots
April 2 Left to pray sayng 3
the soul made loud for a sound
Car all you that delight in mit 
listen while I pray i till you of a
menow jest that happy the the de
John, don't publish his book. He's such a liar. She's with him and all we are no good. I go. Stick longer a little.
Three and ten not one both in her head she loved a soldier mighty well and sair with him would we. This wild maid had great story of dwell houses and land all so her nose and then did failly meet she was hump backed too a soldier young and neat and trim a courting to her. When he said my heart to master you it is my whole in tent. She said my houses I will sell and all my land all to and when we are married a long with you? I go its true I walk upon too. Sty in but them I lay a side now longer will I be a maid but be a soldier a wife.
This couple they grew married to true as I been told she gave to her five hundred pounds in silver and in guilt she said the night it done approach my dear let go to bed for she came a married bride new thought came in my head of the soldier I carried on the job he sent for drum and fife he said beat up a point of crew to please my lodging then my dear you go to bed and i will come straight away that night up to his quarters when next morning marched away in the next morning the said out husband my money lost cannot walk without all all must be warned by poor eagle he drove him far for if you will assist me he drew you into a snare
Come and listen, my friends, to a song which now is sung

Hours by a brace of children, their right was taken in

Being spun, sold, or money, nothing but a doll would please.

But the bimbston did me sing.

High to temple bar and mother, madam. She was not a fine

With a mile to stop and a home to fetch her with a glass of wine.

Up an alley we did walk, madam, took and did blunder.

There we had a pleasant time.

Madam told the glass so freely, that quickly went to sleep.

There she nailed myself, nearly, upon the swing with all my bit

When the belly woke the cell, crying blow your bundle quickly.

And no longer sleeping with

Hand over hand to another, glassom too hers told my ear

There she said I should go no further, then she took me to her plan

And she told me how she boarded then we went to bed together

Coward life on her and own face

In the morning when I waked what a scene of misery ooh

The dock was done and left me naked and tired of all my work

in Don I called Hannah Brookes love to that skipper's blankets

Round me, in that stiff night home I go.
The worst of all I'm sure is what to me my case it was so sure
She told and what said what you the thought to make a paragon or war
Young men take warning night and morning
lest that you should go a robbing
And the same hard fate should Share

If everone light the truth is granted
We find it so these life
If I had a woman wanted
I might gone home to my wife
She did not have to bear me
But have pleased me
And we might have sleep in safety
With our race in this in life
My love is now for a Soldier gone. And I hear he never will return. So I'll go seek him by the Powers above, for my Jenny is the only lad I love.

Oct. the 23rd
On Sunday the 23rd, John Reddish was asked to Church to Frances Barrott of Hunttham in the Year of our Lord 1803. So

James Reddish

James Reddish

James Reddish

James Reddish
The Blooming Rose a new song
Of all the sweetest flowers that grow
There's none compared to the rose;
The rose is red, the rose is white,
And things pleasant to my sight.

Chorus
Let them come early, late, or soon,
I will enjoy my rose on June
Amongst the thorns the rose it grew
If you prove false it will prove false to you.

She rose in grace the rose is fled.
The pain of love is in my head
You ladies and lasses beware in time.

Don't neglect Sweet Betsy in her prime

For she is gone where I adore
And she has left me for evermore.
The violets on the banks are sweet.
But not to compare to the rose I greet.

For she is the girl I only love
So help me all ye powers above.

Farewell my rose since we must part
For you're the girl that's wounded my body.
But say that she war calls me away
No longer with my jewel can I stay.
August the 16th, 1800. Mr. Hardy Nottingham keeps a Watch & Clock Club at Mr. Roberts' White of Gunthorpe. August 16th paid first night paid.

September the 13th paid to Club.

October the 18th miss the Club.

November the 8th paid the Club.

December the 15th paid the Club.

1803 January the 3rd paid the Club.

January 31st missed the Club.

February the 26th paid the Club.

March the 27th missed the Club.

April 25th missed the Club.

May 23rd miss the Club.

June the 20th missed the Club.

July the 18th paid the Club.

Dec. 20th missed the Club.

August 15th missed the Club.

September 12th paid the Club.

October 3rd missed the Club.

November the 7th missed the Club.

December the 5th paid the Club.

1802 January 2nd paid the Club.
September the 19 Received my prize
Out of the Club for 1802
brought by John Brown price of the carriage £2 0 0 paid

John Reddish

John Reddish, his my Name
England his my Nation
Bridgford his my Delling
place and Christ his my
Salvation and So forth, I paid the Club
July the 18 short £ 0
Shoo ters Hornpipe

Welcome here again.
Händel Water Piece

Handel Water piece not right

George Hall Lives Hat Master
Baumont & East Bridgford 1895
(man of mean extraction that lived
Wesford Shire) was guided cord directed to a lady fair with grace shine
dike the morning sun upon the dusky gay
She had grace in her face and well most win.

1804
January 2 Brought Over the Club
three nights Short going
January 30 met the Club 1804

The gallant ladies think on my fat once I had
Buckham in joy was as happy as happy
could be but the pleasure his glad
Den when hope his destroyed a captive
The fight of fat to lean me from
Once but thought brings to mind my
The tug hat can
the gally I have 1803

on the 27th of June 94th year of our Lord

I had hard by my hat how gallingly bare

my change my life steal my money

change but this again my tyrants I

soon to complain for quiet for to

bye my heart let disdain even to

themselves I feel the sharp lash yet

my breast bleed for louse while around

me the complaining billows to quickly

fly high while he tug hat the can

how fortunate did not the pleasure

begin and the port wear she duties

in sight but the with without money

was flowing with ice cold Anna to you
The Squire Change a New Song

It's a brisk young damsel that ever you did here.
She lived servant at a man, it was in Staffordshire.
A well this Squire as you here upon her castle by her
A guinea she did give to her all with honour to her

But on the next morning, while drinking of water
These words unto the mistress. The Squire sent by her.
Mistress where is your chamber maid and food, I think it strange.
Last night Squire take a guinea she has not brought me change.

Good lack-a-day said the mistress, you need not be afraid.
Upon my life and honour she is an honest maid.
Young Betty hearing what was said, stood in the room she.
Here take again you're guinea, I cannot get it change.

But mark what follows, after you presently shall hear.
Her sister being married and lived very near.
Her sister she did prove with child, she brought forth and
They both agreed to gather to take the Squire at home.
For it's lost cattle to her without any more to do.
Then straight unto the Squire hall and lamented he goes.
Inquiring for the Squire, could directly out of hand.
Oh do you not remember a guinea to me you gave
And now Lord brought you back your Change & you of same value
And if you do the same refuse to a justice I will go
And you shall have your Change again either you will or no
He said go to the roof and rowed and so you will come
And let all things be thrown up & not one word be known
A hundred guineas he paid down to her that very day.
And glad enough the Squire was she took her Change away
Good luck unto young Betsy for she had wit as well
She saved the Squire was right for using of her ill
Young Betsy keeps in Service still she is & so mild
A hundred guineas she has got all with her sisters Child

Jenis and So forth

John Reddish his my Name

And England his my Nation

Briggford his my Dwelling place

And Christ his my Salvation

Our Shallop we boarded & we bore away
To be soul my dear strings no more fret
I feel decay my spirit my friends.
Sure I saw the grapes grow on the vine
Drew you for my valentine. Some drew Valentine by dolt and some drew them that
They love not. But I drew to my
Content the fire shall cease if I repent
You hear little, you hear I pretty you
Here single and that a pretty so I keep
Single for your sake and a happy Cupid
We shall make join and an heart join
love for ever yours may Change but mine
Will never for as I was viewing the diles
Fair the birds flew Cupid in the air
But one flew out from all the Rest
So I thought of you whom I love
The Best - Tho Rose is red and the
Violet Blue the diles fair and so here
you Dio Davydowndiles they hear
yallor So I hope in time to see thy
Bedfellow So no more from your
Wth Wishes Welwisher Valentine
And Soforth

agrees Reddish to his Book
One evening in my ramble, I came to a loch near the castle. There my pretty fair maid saw me, her heart was free. Upon the loch, the castle stood. I'm glad to see you, my dear. She said, 'Young man, be civil to my company.' I hope you or some rake. And of my parents, they should know my life, they will destroy, for keeping of you company. Indeed I have no rake. But brought up in our land, I am for fate, at all in the end. Seeking for concealment, all in the judge, none your lady so induces me. I said not pass you by. So with my gun I'll garde you all on the mountains high. Garde of reddish.
This pretty little maiden she stood alluringme
With eyes as bright as amber she did upbrowne
Her cherry cheeks and crimson lips
I had last the farmers die
I fell into her harms love
All on the mountains high

I did her once I did twice
She came to me again I said young man
Be bold my comapny for sake yon to my grate operation
I care you are awake
And of my parents they should no

This song so honey
Gawes Beddish Charles Bleedish
Gawes Beddish his Bost
Gawes Beddish his my name
And England his my nation
And Bridgford his my
Dwelling place and Christ
His my Salvation.
A New Song Called Sea Captain

Verse 1
A sea captain was married of late Unto a young lady and gav'd her estate He was a sea captain and bound to still sea And before he was Beded he was called away

Verse 2
There was a young squire who lived hard by He went to the lady, resolved to try Saying my deare ye'll giue ye're husband is gone And I'll make him a fackhead before he

Verse 3
Early the next morning the squire arofe He dress'd himself in a very best cloath With his coachman and footman and Butlers so fine He went straight to the lady and bade her be kind

Verse 4
He took her a bed in his horse and he gave her a horse Said a slice of your first love will never afford Say she you talk to me as if I was your The captain my husband will call me a one
To bed this young lady and Squire Dick
The house maid and footman did follow also
The cook and the coachman lay in the next room
And the butler he lay in the garrot with Jen.

All night they did spate till day bright; did some
five quarts of beer was offered for daughters or Sons
On their face the Squire you need not to fear.
For a dozen or fourteen No fathers this year.

When six months was over and I was past
This slender young lady grew thick in the waist
When 8 Months was after and 9 months was gone
That very same night the Sea Captain came home.

He took in to harms and bid her Embrace
Saying my deare jule you thiek in the waist
It's nothing. But hat I my deare she did say away
Would you have me grow slender when you do?

When Supper was over they set in the ball
This slender young lady she gave a loud squeal
The Collick the Collick the Collick the boys
I harm so, bool of Collick I fear I mist see

Janes Redish, Janes Redish, Janes Redish, Janes Redish.
The doctor was sent for and when he came then
He orders house maid and servant to prepare
The house maid she went to the kitchen in the next room
I am so bad of the sickness I cannot come down
The doctor went up her put her to bed
Says she shall not go from the head to the heels
The doctor he holds and then shake to his head
He said my dear you will be better when you breathe

Over 12
The mid wife was sent for and when she came
She delivered the lady of a healthy babe
She delivered the house maid then with the same
The cook and the kitchen maid ended the game

Over 13
The captain took a chair and too her dead near
And for the jokes sake I'll forgive you my deare
There is one thing mot tell me if you can
If these fore June half they was got by one man

They was a young squair who did me wrong
And said to his servant to get my maid with child
So then said the captain I want his for that very same night
And the young squair

Gauers reddish his book 1805

Bridgford Nottinghamshire
Into the west end of my coast I did stand,
I met a young man called a Butch Shore. Clare
I asked him the question. He made no denote
And by that same favor I got her with Child
&c.

John Reddish. His my

Reddish. His my Nation Bridgford
His my Dwelling place
And Christ is my
Salvation and forth England

garde
Reddish

Salvation

Reddish
24 ropes
24 knots
96
48
7 1/6 knots in all
24 purses
23.01
17.52
138.24 purses in all
24 pence halfpence 2.16.0
7.8.0
0.4.0
24 33177 76 (138.65)
24
97
19.7
18.2
5 7
14.4
136
120
16
June 22 1805

George Smith
Reddish of
9 Gorgeous Book
Good morrow pretty maid
Now I begin my song
I wish you was my Bride
But young man I am to young
0 if you be as young as you
Seem for to help the Better
I should like if your virginity
I kidd and打了 her till I brought
Her to midnight one night I days with
Her to me She found my kind
I kidd and打了 her till day light
Did appear to the young man he
Strofe saying for the all my dear
0 what do you promise me as I say
By your side that you should marry
Me and I should be your bride
0 if I did say so it only was for fun
For I never will have one that his
So Esaly won
If I had my madam beat that
does the very last night I would
Not part with it for the kingdom
Duke nor night
So has the little bee hue the hasty
But was they ever a poor maid
So I stood and love as I
I took my milking peal and then
It against the wall for the well
My milking peal and

If I must go abroad for to have the
Cuckoo's song as now I stay at home
for to Rock the Cradle and spinn.

End of this fine song

John Reddish of
Of East Bridford of
Nottingham Shire

N. Bridford Gorse
Nottingham Shire
The winter is past and summer is come at last
The heart of those here gone while mine is very sad
Since it's so to be falling to me
I'll put on my ring of Black and sighing about my
And rings at my finger I'll wear
And he rose in the carriole of hildendean
And every one wore a black gown down my
And dress in the velvet so green
And straight way toward to the carriole of hildendean
And there to get tidings of hope
With patience she did wait till he raning to the plate
Thinking her young soon to be
But fortune above unhind to that true lover's form
He gone to the landle from me
I call you that are in love and cannot it remove
I pity you where ever you lie
For experience make me so that your art is full of
Since it's so Bealton to me
I would not think it strange the wide world for strange
If I could But I obtain my Delight
But having neart Chance I am able to remain
And in love for to spend the whole night
My love is like the sun in the firmament doth run
That is all ways to constance and true
But years is like moon that wander up and down
And every month in a new
So you well know joy and art since you and I must part
Then you and the of the greatest wise
I never do desire you to latter my mind
And you here below my regard
Pretty planing boy new song

It's of a pretty planing boy Stood gazing out to sea
His tenementa stood under a shade
Down by a shady grove he went singing to the plow.
And by channel there he spied a pretty maid
He sung her a song that he plowed a long
Saying you are a girl of high degree
So if I should fall in love and your parents do a prove
Why the next thing they will send me to the scene.

And when that her farther he came to know
That the youth was a plowing over the places
He sent for the prese gang and pressed him away
Now he gone to the men to bee slan.

The thoughts of her planing boy he run in her mind
Has she traveled through showers of rain
Hear I'm left all a lone for the love of my love
O thus I'm rewarded for my pains
She drested herself up in all her best cloath
Hand her pockets was lined with gold.
O She trpped through the streets with in her eyes hand she marched like a jolly Sailor could
The first she met was a jolly Sailor could
Have you seen my pretty planing boy she cries.
O he gone over the deep one a sailing to the ship.
Hand he said one pretty maid I will you bride...
So he sailed her a long till she came to the ship.
To the captain she made her complaint
To the guard of his hat says step in my pretty maid.
For we are going to the wars to see slain.
So she out of her pocket pull plenty of gold
There was 20 brute guineas or more.
So she took her little boy she took him by the hand
And so Failey she brought him on the shore.

The unhappy parting new song

My pretty dear, farewell Jack Crisp.
Now must leave my blooming charmer.
Unto the sea I must repair.
And to different parts must wander.
To meet the daring enemy.
I am ordered for the ocean.
Where canons rattle night and day.
And war is all in motion.

These words sound dismal in my ear.
My tender frame you now have shaken.
Suppose by some French privateer;
Your ship it should be taken.
To joy and mirth I will bid adieu.
The woods and grove I'll wonder.
I shall take no rest by night or day.
All for my pretty sailor.
 bfsb is 3 fee 0.7 ftsr 26 ct 13

Your love is precious

Your love is precious
Rings Picture or an answer
To abraham Newland, by C
Dublin jun.

Mr. Abraham Newlands a monstrous good
But when you've said of him whatever you can
Why all his soft paper would look very blue
If want for the yellow boyo pray what think you
told be rode

D With newlands for letters of credit proceed,
Pray what would you do where the people can't read
But the worst of all dances we know very well
Only show him a guinea I warrant he'll spell & c

D Your lawyers and doctors and them sort of folks
Who with fees and such fun you know never stand.

In defence of my argument try the whole boat
Sure they'll all take a guinea, before a pound not

D The French would destroy all our credit & trade
If they were not unable ashamed or afraid.

They may talk of our king but let who will be victor
They'd be devilish glad to get hold of his picture.
From the picture so precious may Britain never lose
While the glorious original reigns in her heart
And while we've such stars as our navy can boast
With our king and his picture we must rule
the raft to the rest &c.

The Pretty plough boy a new song

All in the month of May when flowers was in full flower I went into the meadows, some pleasure for to find;
I went into the meadows, I turned myself around Where I saw a pretty plough boy, a ploughing of his ground.
And as the man was ploughing, his furrow deep and low Clearing the clods in pieces, his barley for to sow.
It is the pretty plough boy, that runs all in my mind
O most unhappy maiden, a plough for to find
An old man came a courting me, a man of birth & fame
Because I would not have him, my parents did me blame
It was the pretty plough boy, that runs all in my mind
O most unhappy maiden a plough boy for to find
It is of an old man's disposing, his wealth and all is store
It is give to me the plough boy, and I desire no more
Her the flower of all England, a diamond in my eye
Her for the pretty plough boy, that I for love must do
I wish the pretty woodlark would mount up in the air
That my dear pretty plough boy, these tidings then might hear
Perhaps he would prove kind to me and ease my aching heart
For the pretty plough boy, that I do feel the smart
The plough boy overhearing, the lady in distress;
He boldly stepped up to her, and said, I grant you your request
My hand and heart for ever, to you I'll freely give
Hitherto Swed lady, can save you from the grave
Like lightning from the element, she flew into his harms
Her everlasting pleasure was, in kising of his harms
Now to the church they both are gone & married without fear
The plough boy enjoys a lady, with five 100 pounds a year

John Reddish his own Name England his own
Nation Bridgford his own dwelling place
And Christ his own Salvation
Early one valentine day

Master William Lewis and Miss

Mainken has married in

Bridgford Church year of our

Lord 1805 Master William

leaves and now Mainken has been

Married on Wednesday the 8th

May year of our Lord 1805

names Reddish his my

name and England his my

patron and Bridgford his my

dwelling place and Christ his my

salvation
A ye pretty maid I will marry you.
Without any more delay.
But in sted of marrying this pretty maid
He took shipping and said away.

But now were he gone the lord werke he
For his body his buried in the sea.

John Reddish
A New Song: Upon the Mountains high.

One night of late I rambled
Round be low Bannery
I met a farmer's daughter
All on the mountains high
I said, my pretty fair maid
Your chitty hand so Clare
And on the lofty mountains
I'm glad to see you hear.

She said, young man be so kind
My company for sake
For to my great opinion
I fear you or a rake
And if my parents they should no
My life they will destroy
For keeping of you company
All on the mountains high,

I'm sure I am no rake, but brought up in rare amuse
Seeking for concealment, all in the judge's name,
Your duty so inticed me I could not pass you by
So with my gun, I'll guard you all on the mountains high.

Simonreddish 1854
This pretty little maiden
She stood all in amazement
With eyes as bright as hammer
She did upon me gaze
Her cherry cheeks and ruby lips
I had swooned and the farmers die
I fell into her harms love
All on the mountains high
I kiss'd her once I kiss'd her twice
She came to me again
And said young man be so swift
And tell to me your name
Go you to yonder forest
My Castle there you'll find
Who's wrote in handwrit history
My name is versione
He said my pretty maiden
Don't let my parents know
Trench it may prove my ruin
And fall it overthrow
Go you to yonder Castle
There will you not me find
I will be in my garden
There call for versione

Written by: John Richard of East Bridgewater, Massachusetts
A New Song

Verse 1
The winter's past and summer found at last
And the small birds in every tree
The hearts of those were glad while mine is very sad
Since my true love is that distant from me.

I'll put on my Cap of Black with a ring about my neck
And rings on my finger I'll wedde
All this I'll undertake for my true lover sake
And he rides in the Carriick of Killdeer.

A Livery I'll ware and I'll come down my air
And I'll dress in the velvet so green.
All this I'll prepare to the Carriick of Killdeer.
And there to get upings of him.

With patent she did wait till she running for spice:
Thinking her young loves to see
But certain proved undone to that true love of mine.
He his gone to the lowlands from mee.

I would not think it strange the wide world for thee.
If I could but obtain my delight
But care in Cupid's grave I'm a bleadege to reme.
And in tears for to spend the whole night.
all you that have love and cannot remove
I pity you wear ever you Bee
For expeandante make me no that you heart fail
Since it is so befalent to mee.

My love is like the sun in the tempent good men
that is all way so constant and true
But yours is like the moon that wandeth up and down.
And every month it is new.

Farewell my joy and heart since you and I must
Tho. you hear one of the fairest I see
I never do divine for to alter my mind.
Tho. you hear me low my degree
Tis and so forth.

A new Song

It was a jolly bager man as I hard people say
Rudom vardom dydo Rudom vardom day.

It was a jolly bager man as I hard people say
And he went abeging all on the high way.
With his good and long shore stiff and strong
Stiff standing rudom day day you stumpy
Stumpy, a boild rudomvardom dydo rudom day
He went unto a farmer house Some Charity
For to crave rudom dardom dydo rudom dardom
day he went unto a farmers Some Charity for to crave
get of ye Sony beggar man no Charity
you shall have Choris
The farmer his daughter and her name
was mrs primmon rudom dardom
Rudom dardom day the farmer his daughter
Her name it was mrs primmon he his channer
Beggerman So dady let him in Choris

She went into the Seller to draw a Can of Beer
Rudom dardom dydo Rudom dardom day
She went into the Seller to draw a Can of Beer
Rudom dady follows her and keep her on
Steers Choris

She went into the parlor and likewise into hall
Rudom dardom dydo Rudom dardom day
She went into the parlor and likewise in the hall
Rudom dady follows her to work they both of fall

She went into the garden to get a bit of Sage Rudom
Rudom dardom dydo Rudom dardom day So she went into
the garden to get abit of Sage Rudom dardom
dady follows her because she was at age She
Chropic with his good and long Staff and strong Staff
Rudom dady was your Stump Shrun about
Rudom dardom dydo She
A new Song

Long time have I traveled the north Country
Seeking for good company of good company.
All ways could find. But none that was pleasing to my mind or horie
With a heart full of glee golden riddle lee.
So I in my pocket had one penny.

I called my horse and away I did ride
Till I came to a halehouse close by road.
And there was 3 gentlemens playing at dice.
They took me to be some noble knight.

I asked for a cup of ale that was brown
And along with them I set myself down.
And as they was a playing and I looked on.
They took me to be some noble don.

They asked me if I would not play. I asked them what.
But they wouldn't say no. They argued and said I lost the wager was laid. But the money won't down.
A New Song

Early one Summers morning
I tid the dewy gras
I had no thought of listing
Silent the shepherds did me pleas
They kindely invited me
To drink good ale that's Brown
And the vance money they offers me
15 10 guineas and a Crown
2
2.19.4
1.10.2
Now my love is listed
And wears a light cocktald
He is a hardy young man
Besides a roving blade
He is a hardy young man
A going to Solve the king
My very heart a breaking
All for the love of him
3
2.19.4
1.9.8
O many is the time he strive
My maiden head to gain
And many is the time he strive
To Bring me to great shame
But for least reward shee That you ever shall see
From him and any other man forever I am free
I may he never prosper
Or may he never thrive.
Now any thing takes in hang
As long as he's alive,
And the very ground he treads upon
May the grass refuse to grow.
Since he has been the occasion of
My sorrow grief and woe.
I follow my own true love
As far as the train hard.
It was to him and only him
I ever gave my hand
I never give my hand love
to my one But you
and I now my love you change
from the orange to the blue

When he pull'd out his handkerchief
To wipe her flowing eyes
He said leave of your tears very love
Likewise your mornfull eyes.
Since I can’t have my own true love
I am resolved to have
I’ll engrave a name on every tree
that grows in yonder grove.

Fins &
A Good Long Short Metre

A new song
Come hither Summer and sit down by me,
And let us consult of matrimony,
For then art my joy and my only care,
So I pray the love let us bed married this year.

I pray honest John don’t talk of such things
For marry we both agree and some who hath to bring.
Beside times hear hard and provension are bare
Which makes me loath to marry this year.

I at times here hard and provensions heard been
All of my endeavor as thou shall not want
I’ll follow my calling with diligent care
So I pray the love let us be married this year.
A new song sung at Mr. King's
Concert by Mr. Gayler &c

Over the mountain and over the moor
Hungry and barefoot I wander forlorn,
My father is dead and my mother is poor,
And she mourns for the days that will never return.

Oh, kind Chorister, friends of humanity,
God blows the wind and night is coming on,
Give me some food for my mother in charity.
Give me some food, and I will be gone.

Tell me not lazy, back beggar and bold one,
From would I learn both to knit and to sew,
I have two little brothers at home when they old.
They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.

Oh think, while you revel so care less and free
Secured from the wind, and well clothed and fed,
Should fortune so change it, how hard it is either
To beg at a door for a morsel of bread.

Gower Redicot
A New Song

I took my little horse from London town, to a place in the Country to get myself a dame. Where I saw plenty, but I gave none of them. I told them I'd be marrying, but never told them when. I courted once a pretty girl. I loved her as my life, and oftentimes to her I would make her my wife. I kissed her over and over. I kissed her once again. I told her I'd be marrying, but never told her when. I courted once a widow. She had great store of gold. I courted her as long as her money did hold. I kissed her over and over. I kissed her once again. I told her I'd be marrying, but never told her when. And when her store of money was almost gone and spent, took my little horse and to London City went. And if she follows after me I will kill her if I can. I'll tell her I'll be marrying, but will never tell her when. Finis. Etc.
John Reddish his ser.
Name and England
His My Nation
Bradford His
My Dwelling Place
And Christ his my
Salvation.
John Reddish of East
Bradford
Nottingham
Shire Shire
East Bradford
Shire Shire
Nottingham Shire
Come listen a while & I sing you a tale
Will make every soul of you laugh till you smile
And own you never heard a tale half so pretty
Has what I'm a going to tell by & by.

To all a bout there's one a wack of Bellamy
Who tooke once from Dublin to London a trip
For staying, at home I thought it all silly.
So I set off and walked all a way in a ship
To me wack of St. I was paid,
Not for getting on her wack of St. I was paid.
So I had a old uncle I tell you my worry
Who dyd in the morning, one night other day.
And he very lovely left me his money
Because he could not well take it a way.
So now I've got money I'll ride it in the sea
And look very big upon you that got none.
For he, that's no cash he may walk if he please.
Hand if that don't suit them why then he may run.

So from Dublin I traveled all night all day
While the ship in the water was led such a dance.
But as soon now we must take our way Sir
In stead of Old England we landed in France.
Where of a man our is a punyon to mention
Before he Can make they chop off his head.
Those ugly Scots they they call the Convention
Never try a poor fellow till after he's dead.
So now be my Conscience I left them behind,
Making the best of my way from the south,
For how did I know but they might be so kinder
To send me a wack with his head in a mouth!

When I came in to London to my self I did stay or
In my life I never saw such a curious fair
For how could they pull such a bulkin to which
Has yet she moved up to the top of the story.

Second part of the 2. verse

So to London I came quite well; do you see sir
To think from them blood I safe am got back.
Not of they had happened to gull me me sir
It would spoil me for Singing of blooder 205

Having seen all I thought that was worth observing
In London I thought I no longer would stay
For I was determined to visit the nation
On Rochester I happened to meet in my way.

When I came to the church to myself I did say sir
In my life I never saw such a grand affair
For how could they pull such a bulkin to which
Has yet she moved up to the top of the tower.

Gowes Redish His Book 1805
England his
Bridgford Nottingham Shade.
Young Johnson a new song

1. Come all you men of learning
   a warning Take by me
   Keep your hands from pen & paper, witch is called
   I was my state wit and learning that brought me to this
   For bear I standing at this bar to all my friends disgrace.

2. My name it is young Johnson
   So hard my fate must bee
   Neither land no living Could me save
   Now money set me free
   My name it is young Johnson

3. To here my self Condemned to die
   My eyes with tears did flow.
   But ladies who were standing by
   Fire thousand pounds would give
   All for the life of Johnson

   If they could him receive
   Stood the grand jury and cried
   Ladies it cannot bee
   If you will ten thousand give
   The cannot set him free
A New preceptor standing by,
Shewing his forged bill
Cries with loath to hang young Johnson,
'Twas sore against his will
Then ladies since it must be so
I pray you do not grieve
'Twas not in the power of this Coate
to grant him a reflexion
He Johnson rode up Holborn-hill
So mildly thus spoke he
I freely forgive all the world
I hope they forgive me
Then with a smiling countenance
He made a graceful bow
Farewell my friends, companions
I bid this world adieu
Finsbury Labybaker
gs z
A New Song Plough Boy

To I was a wakings and morning in may
I saw a young damfell that would for to say
All the new fallig what euer they may be
No life is like the plough boy in any degree

She wak in the morning she rise from her nest
She mounts in the air with a dew round her brast
And with the pretty plough boy she whiffle she sin
And at night she return to her nest where one again

When his days work was done and what he has to do
Then forth to some country makes his way to go
And there with is sweetheart he'll dance the sing
And at midnight return to his love Back again

And as they return from the wake to the town
The mowers being mee and the grader sit down
If by chance they tumble upon the new boy
Its kis me how or never the damfell will say

Cornwall you pretty maidens where you lie
That will trust a jolly plowboy in any degree
They shud do to flowing there seed to Joe
And its under your laps it sure for to grow
1800
March the 29 to Simon
March the 29 paid
May 17 paid
May 21 paid
June 21 paid
This done
With

John Reddish

John Reddish was married on
Thursday the 25 of November
In the year of our Lord 1803
To Frances Barrott of Pinlitham
She lived at Joseph Coins of
East Bridford In the County
of Nottingham we was married
In Bridford Church be-
cause Joseph of East Bridford
did in Nottingham Shires
Mr. Reddish

John Reddish

John Huskison

George D. 

Charles Challand

Charles Challand

Paul Reddish

Settled in Reddish

Christ has my salvation

Directions to W. Johnson

at Mr. Humphreys, Paddington Street

and Mr. Johnson

at Mr. Edward Humphreys, Bicknell Street

and Liverpool

Mary

November

England of

Birchford

1802
March the 29 to Simon
March the 29 paid
May 17 paid
May 24 paid

[Handwritten text with some damage and tears]

[Music notation partially visible]
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All those subscribing to the militia at Mafow 22 of November 1802
August 19. Bought of Brian Blinders
one stone of slate at 18 p. 0 16 0
one T. of 12 T. of lard at 16 p. 0 15 0

October 9. Paid Mr. Bryan in the mill 1 11 0
one Richard and Davis and Richard
Harrison where Valuing the things
upon our footboard 1 8 0.

John Reddish his my name
and England is my Nation
Bradford is my Dwelling
place and Christ is my Salvation.

John Reddish is my name
John Reddish
John Reddish of East Bradford
His my Dwelling place as forth.

John Reddish his my name
England is my nation
Bradford is my Dwelling
place and Christ is my Salvation.
August 19, bade one stone & a half of Bryan flower
Slow mark next flower 6
Nicks Next window 9, 2 nicks
Window Side 6 Springs of
3 in Side 3 out Side 7 on
the flower Side 4 even 3 out
Flower Side Corn 6 nicks
Window Side 8 nicks

John Reddish Set
John Reddish
Simon Reddish his Book
Simon Reddish his Book

Gawes Reddish his Book Reddish
July the 8 1805

Gawes Reddish his Book Reddish
September 6 put on a new pair of grey's stones at the How mill and horn newcomb tenant and a new house built and finished that week and a new pair of French stones put in the, Afortnate Following all at the Expanse of old for Lepton Owner The mill he lives in Nottingham He long'd one of that mill old Lepton did. He Turn'd us out old michelmore day 1780 and I came to live at Upperstone then with old John Holloway Simon Reddish his Booker

Memorandum Concerning the Very Floody Spring. In 1782 April 25 a great flood may the 17 great flood Mr. 21 on Whitsun Wednesday a great flood Who a great many Very heavy showers besides with fall most days and are. Intermittent with very Cold weather prodigious cold and bad for the time of the year as ever yet issues known.

By me Simon Reddick
Simon Reddish's Book

Left Cooperston at Michelmas 1783 and came to East Bridgford on Sunday the 13 of October 1783 to Old Betty Mason's house at the yearly rent of twenty four Shillings. Together with a Garden for some roots for our use.

Left Old Betty Mason's house 2nd lady day 1784. They paid half a year in Old Betty's house. Then entered to next house under Mr. Westby at the yearly rent of thirty Shilling at old lady day 1784.

Paid to Mr. Westby fifteen Shilling for half a year rent the 20 of October being our old Michelmas day.

First Rent I paid into his own hand 0.19

1790 Came to Charles Challands house just 9 weeks after Michelmas as he built on purpose for us.

George Reddish
June 28th 18--?
Oct. 30 Samuel Abbott for Shilling
for Reliefs. We are better weekly.

November 5 Received

10s. d.

Receipt of Mrs. Abbott

Cost of our reliefs from the Town this term
We have had three weeks pay at three
Shillings per week & do by me Simon

Saturday September 6, 1783 Bought a pair of

John Reddish at Nottingham

John Reddish and 3d. 10. 4

John Reddish

1800

John Reddish and 3d. 10. 4

1790

Have born on

February 22nd day in the
Year of our Lord 1782

England 1810

1782 28 7/1
Memory of the Flood

On the 11th of February, 1795

Come up to the fair house that is near them

About 13 inches that were near them

And went to the ford manor when it was

The property of Mr. Rich, whose house

About 1883

1884 1885 1886 1887

8 1888 1889

1890 1891