

T H E

Old Man Outwitted;

OR, THE

Fortunate Lovers.

To which are added,

THRO' THE WOOD LADDIE.

HOW HAPPY THE SOLDIER.

THE MARRIAGE ACT.

FRIENDSHIP'S A JEWEL.



G L A S G O W,

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THE FORTUNATE LOVERS.

LET all lovers that around me doth stand,
 Be pleas'd to give ear to these lines I have penn'd,
 And when you have heard them I'm sure you will say,
 It's a medicine to drive melancholy away.

It's of an ancient farmer near Cambridge did dwell,
 Whose name at the present I mean not to tell ;
 He had one only daughter both charming and fair,
 She quickly was drawn into Cupid's snare.

Her father indeed it seems kept a servant-man,
 For to do his business, his name it was John,
 The maid was smitten with each glance of his eye,
 That she was never easy out of his company.

They often together in private would walk,
 Alone in the garden and pleasantly talk :
 But pray give attention and soon you shall hear,
 How this passion soon brought them into a snare.

Her father one night to the window had got,
 Just over the place where these two lovers sat,
 And heard every word that between them was said,
 By which the unfortunate youth was betray'd.

My dear, said the young man, my love it is true,
 And as I have set my affections on you,
 I hope you'll remember the vows that are past.
 A curse light on them who our comforts doth blast.

The maiden immediately fell on her knee,
 And said, If e'er I prove the ruin of thee,
 May all that I act in the world never thrive,
 Nor I ever prosper while I am alive.

The old man retired then with a frown,
 With a heart fully inflam'd he sat himself down,
 Contriving some way so to part the young pair,
 And how it was acted you quickly shall hear.

Next morning right early he call'd his man John,
 And when that he into the parlour did come,
 He said, I'm bound for London, and that speedily;
 Speak up, are you willing to go along with me.

Dear honoured Sir, the young man reply'd,
 The thing you require shall not be deny'd;
 But in your journey I attentive shall be,
 Because I am willing that city to see.

Next morning for London they then did steer,
 And soon did arrive at the city we hear;
 Let innocent lovers be pleas'd to wait,
 The truth of this subject I soon shall relate.

Next morning the old man he early arose,
 And privately to a Sea-Captain he goes,
 Saying, Sir, I am told you want lads for the sea,
 And I have got a lad that will fit to a tee.

Here's thirty bright guineas I'll freely give thee,
 If you can contrive for to take him to sea,
 That he never more to Old England may come;
 A match said the Captain, the same shall be done.

A press-gang immediately up to him went,
 And having secur'd him, on board he was sent,
 In tears to lament on the salt roaring main,
 Never expecting to see his true love again.

That day after dinner it happened so,
 That the Captain's lady on board she would go,
 Walking the deck her fair face for to fan,
 And casting her eyes down, did see this young man.

Sit close in a corner with eyes full of tears,
 His face pale as ashes, and heart full of fears;
 Which sight fill'd the Lady with such discontent,
 That away to the Captain that minute she went.

Saying, What youth is that, love! prithee tell me,
 Because that he sitteth so melancholy;

The Captain called him, the young man he came,
With tears on his face, then he asked his name.

He told him his name with many a tear,
Likewise the cause of his coming there ;
From the truth of his love his ruin did rise,
Which drew many tears from the young Ladies eyes.

She begg'd for his liberty straight on her knee,
The Captain did with her petition agree ;
He likewise return'd him ten guineas of gold,
And gave him his freedom, and farther behold,

Saying, Get you to Smithfield away in a trice,
And buy you a nag about five guineas price ;
Get home fore your master, now luck's in your hands,
And marry his daughter to make him amends.

The young man returned his compliment,
And taking his leave, unto Smithfield he went,
Where he bought him a steed and home did repair,
Now the cream of the jest be pleased to hear.

Coming to his jewel, he told her in brief,
The cause of his sorrow, his trouble and grief :
And when she had heard it, she quickly agreed,
And early next morning they married indeed.

When they were married, the young man did say,
Go you to my fathers without more delay,
And I'll tarry here a fancy to try,
And how it was acted you'll hear by and by.

The bride being gone, to her chamber he goes,
Pulls off his coat and puts on her clothes ;
And sets himself down by the fire to spin,
Just as he was acting the old man came in.

He lights from his horse and secured the same,
And into the house he immediately came,
Saying, Now handsome daughter, I've taken care,
To break the intrigues betwixt you and your dear.

I've seen him far enough away from the shore,
 Where waves do foam and billows do roar ;
 You may now seek another as fast as you please,
 But as for your old love I've sent him to the seas.

The young man immediately fell to the ground,
 Pretending as if he had been in a swoon ;
 In a passion then smiting his hand on his side,
 What have you done cruel master ! he cried.

Master, with a vengeance, the old man reply'd,
 Yes, yes, you're my master, the young man he cry'd,
 O pray be but easy, and to you I'll tell,
 The saddest misfortune that ever befel.

When my mistress heard I to London must go,
 She crav'd, nay, begg'd, and intreated me so,
 To be dress'd in my clothes for to go with you,
 Because she had a mind that city to view

Adzooks says the old man, what have I done ?
 I have ruin'd my daughter. O where shall I run ?
 The devil's bewitch'd me for coveting gold,
 'The life of my innocent daughter I've sold.

The old man ran raving away to the barn,
 And snatching a halter under his arm,
 To a beam near at hand he immediately run,
 With a rope round his neck away he swung.

The young man immediately whipp'd out his knife,
 And cut him down e'er he finish'd his life ;
 Said, Dear Sir, have patience and not complain,
 And I'll do what I can for to bring her again.

The old man he star'd like a fox in a snare,
 Saying, Bring my darling whom I love so dear,
 And that very minute you bring her to town,
 That moment I'll pay thee five hundred pound.

Nay, that is not all, for to finish the strife,
 I freely agree for to make her your wife,

And if that I forty years longer remain,
I never, no never will cross her again.

The young man reply'd, I'm not free to trust,
But if you will give me a writing first,
I'll bring her though never such hazard I run:
A match said the old man, the same shall be done.

He gave him a bond, having taken the same,
Away to the Bride with the writing he came,
And told her the story of what he had done,
It made the whole family laugh at the fun.

Next morning he dress'd himself in his best clothes,
With his charming Bride like a beautiful rose,
A walk to her father's house straight they did take,
And happ'ned to meet him just entering the gate;

They fell on their knees and his blessing did crave,
The which he presently unto them gave:
Then kissing his daughter, he turn'd to his son,
Saying, John you have funn'd me as sure as a gun.

They up from their knees and told him the truth,
He said, as you're both in the bloom of your youth,
I give you my blessing, and for your policy,
Two thousand good pounds you shall have when I die.

You lovers in Britain whoever you be,
That read these few verses, take counsel of me,
Don't matter love crosses tho' thick they do fail,
One night's lodging shall make a mends for all.

THRO' THE WOOD LADDIE.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy presence cou'd ease me,
When naething can please me:
Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
Or thro' the wood, laddie, un'til thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing;
 Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell:
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith evening and morning,
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
 But quick as an arrow,

Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in langour, till that happy day, (play.
 When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and

HOW HAPPY THE SOLDIER.

HOW happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
 And spends half a crown out of sixpence a day;
 Yet fears neither justices, warrants, or bums,
 But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums:
 With row de dow; row de dow, row de dow, dow;
 And he pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes;
 His king finds him quarters, and money and clothes;
 He laughs at all sorrow whenever it comes,
 And rattles away with the roll of his drums.

With a row de dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy and delight,
 It leads him to pleasure as well as to fight;
 No girl, while she hears it, tho' ever so glum,
 But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.
 With a row de dow, row de dow, row de dow, dow,
 And he pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.

 THE MARRIAGE ACT.

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride;
 For riches, like fig-leaves, their nakedness hide:
 The slave that is poor must starve all his life,
 In a batchelor's bed, without mistress or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads,
 In settling of jointures, or making of deeds;
 But Adam and Eve, when they first enter'd course,
 E'en took one another, for better, for worse.

Then prithee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great:
 Let love be thy jointure; ne'er mind an estate:
 You can never be poor, who have all these charms
 And I shall be rich, when I've you in mine arms.

FRIENDSHIP'S A JEWEL.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet:
 How strange does it seem, that in searching
 This source of content is so rare to be found.
 O, friendship! thou balm, and rich sweetner of
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
 Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
 But empty delusion, the joys of an hour!

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend
 On whom we may always with safety depend?
 Our joys, when extended, will alwise increase.
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into ease.
 When fortune is smiling what crowds will attend
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.
