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The Fond Mother's

GARLAND,

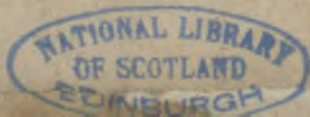
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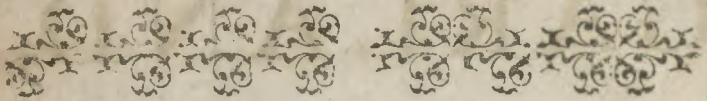
NEW SONGS.

1. The fond Mother.
2. The pretty Grey Hawk.
3. The Jolly Waggoner.
4. The Answer, to the Jolly Waggoner.
5. The Gypsie Laddie.

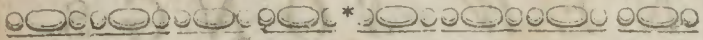


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The Fond Mother's GARLAND, &c.



The fond Mother.

Tune Stick a Pin the e.

WHen I was a Maiden at Fourteen Years old,
 If I romp'd with a Man how my Mother
 would Scold,
 But now I am grown older she bids me be shy,
 And is a ways a Chiding with *Fy my dear Fy*
Fy my dear Fy, and is always a Chiaing with Fy
(my dear Fy.

But this her fond Chiding, how e'er so absurd,
 By frequent repeating became a Cant Word,
 That if a young Man did but Smiling pass by,
 I could not help crying out, *fy my Dear fy.*

One Evening as under a Hay Cock I lay,
 Young *Damon* my Lover by Chance camethat Way;
 He kneel'd and he Kiss'd me, and down he would
 lie,
 Altho' I kept calling out, *fy my Dear fy.*

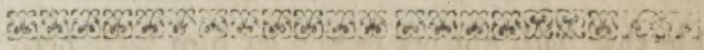
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In Loves fondest Language he then did repeat
That I was the sweetest, the wisest and best,
And that by my Coyness he surely should die,
Which forc'd me again to say, fy my Dear fy.

With twenty sweet Kisses he sealed each Vow,
And ardently beg'd me some Pity to shew;
Then wonder'd which Way I my Garter did tye,
L— bless me, cried I, oh! fy my Dear fy.

But still he keep pressing and talk'd of such Truth,
Of Flames and of Darts, and of Beauty and Youth,
That he'd ever be constant if I would comply.
But I threaten'd and chided, with, fy my Dear fy.

Yet *Damon* still struggled petition'd and pray'd
And never once minded a Word that I said,
So I let him go on and made no Reply,
For I found 'twas in vain to say, fy my Dear fy



The Pretty Grey Hawk.

ONCE I had pretty grey Hawk,
She went and came at my Request
And when she is dress'd in her youthful Attire
In my Bosom she builed her Nest,
My brave Boys, &c.

She builed within and she build'd without
My pretty Bird flies in and out;

And

And when she spreads her Feathers Abroad
 She shaded me under her Wings,
My brave Boys, &c.

Then I got a Bell and ty'd to her Foot,
 Thinking that she was my own;
 But she's taken a Flight and gone away quite,
 And Nobody knows where she's gone,
My brave Boys, &c.

Then up Streets I walk and down Streets I run,
 Like one that is trouble'd in Minde;
 I woop'd and I ho'd; and shouted aloud,
 But my little Bird I could not find,
My brave Boys, &c.

It's up the green Meadows I walk,
 And down the green Meadows I run;
 And there I met with my pretty grey Hawk,
 She was lying by the Side of a Man,
My brave Boys, &c.

He that hath got her so e'en let him take her,
 And make the best of her he can,
 For whether I have her or have her not,
 I will Hawk with her now and then,
My brave Boys, &c.

Happy is he that hath got a good Wife,
 And blessed is he that's got none,
 Curs'd is he that goes to a Whore,
 And hath a good Wife of his own,
My brave Boys, &c.

The Jolly Waggoner.

AS I was a driving my Waggon one Day,
 I met a young Damsel, tight, buxom, and gay;
 I kindly accosted her with a low Bow,
 And I felt my whole Body I cannot tell how.
*Hey gee Dobin, gee ho Dobin, gee gee ho Dobin,
 gee ho, gee ho.*

I long'd to be at her, and gave her a Kiss,
 She thought me but civil, nor took it amiss;
 I knew no recalling the Minutes were past,
 So began to make Hay while the Sun-shine did last.
Hey gee Dobin, &c.

I've six Score of Sheep, and each Ram has his Ewe,
 And my Cows when they lack, to the Person's Bull go;
 We are made for each other, so prithee comply,
 She blush'd, her Eyes twinkl'd, she could not tell why.
O poor Jenny, &c.

I kiss'd her again, she reply'd with Disdain,
 No Kisses I want, prithee take them again;
 Then whisper'd me softly, the Weather was hot,
 And her Mind run on Something, she could not tell what.
O poor Jenny, &c.

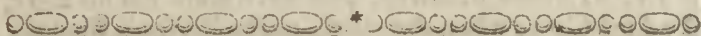
Then down in my Waggon this Damsel I laid,
 But still I kept driving, for Driving's my Trade,
 I ruffl'd her Feathers, and tickl'd her Scut,
 And I play'd her round Rubbers at two-handed Put.
O brave Roger, Drive on Roger, &c.

Her Breasts they were soft and as white as new Cream,
 And her Motion kept Time with the Bells of my Team,
 As

As her Bubbies went up her plump Buttocks went down
So the Wheels seem'd to stand, and the Waggon round.
O brave Roger, &c.

Thus too and again to our Pastime we went,
And my Cards I play'd fairly to *Jenny's* Content,
I work'd at her Pump 'till the Sucker was dry,
And then I left pumping, a good Reason why.
O poor Roger, broken back'd Roger, &c.

I thought e'er we parted to have t'other Blow,
When slap went the Waggon Wheel into a Slough,
Which shatter'd her very much out of Repair,
Then *Roger's* Pump Handle run the Devil knows where,
O poor Roger, broken back'd Roger, &c.



The Answer.

AS Robin was Driving his Waggon along,
The Trees in full Bloom, and the Birds in full Song;
The yellow Corn nodded, and wav'd to and fro,
To his Team he kept Whistling,
With geehup, geehwa, &c.

A Maid he over took, and he walk'd by her Side,
The Road was too dusty, he ask'd her to ride;
Then lifted her up, she lay at her Ease,
He begg'd to ligg by her, she said if you please.
Geehup Robin, &c.

His Waggon he stop'd, and his Leg o'er her laid,
Oh! what are you doing? then whisper'd the Maid,
She struggl'd, she threaten'd, she vow'd she'd begone,
'Till fainter and fainter she cry'd out, Drive on,
Drive on Robin, geeho, geeho.

He whip'd on his Fore Horse, he jingl'd his Bells,
 Such Music ye Eunuchs, your Music excels,
 She kept Time to his Tuning, and sigh'd at each Sound,
 O dear says she, *Robin*, the Waggon goes round,
Geehup Robin, geehup, geeho.

She met him half Way with a Kiss and a Squeeze,
 And innocent lisp'd our, well, do what you please;
 Then softly fell backwards, and bid him go on,
 But his Whip Handle broke, and his driving was done,
Ah poor Robin, geehup, geeho.

Adzooks, crys *Robin*, my Geer is not tight,
 But lend me your Hand Lads, I'll set it to right,
 With a sweet Compliance she assisted the Swain,
 And then he went driving, and driving again,
With geehup Robin, geehup geeho.

The Gypsie Laddie.

The Gypsies came to our Lord's Gate,
 And vow but they sang bonny;
 They sang sea sweet, and sae very compleat,
 That down came the fair Lady.

And she came tripping down the Stairs,
 And a' her Maids before her;
 As soon as they saw her well-far'd Face,
 They coolt some Glamer o'er her.

Gae take frae me this gay Mantile,
 And bring to me a Plaidie,
 For if Kich and Kin and a' had sworn,
 I'll follow the Gypsie Laddie.

Yestreen I lay in well a made Bed,
 And many brave Lord beside me;
 This Night I'll ly in Tenant's Barn,
 Whatever shall betide me.

Come to your Bed, says *Jonny Faa*,
 O come to your Bed, my Deary;
 For I vow and I swear by the Hilt of my Sword,
 That your Lord shall nae mair come near ye.

I'll go to Bed with my *Jonny Faa*,
 And I'll go to Bed to my Deary,
 For I vow and I swear by what past Yestreen,
 That my Lord shall nae mair come near me.

I'll make a Hap to my *Jonny Faa*,
 And I'll make a Hap to my Deary,
 And he's get a' the Coat gaes round,
 And my Lord shall nae mair come near me.

And when our Lord came Hame at e'en,
 And speer'd for his fair Lady;
 The ane she cry'd, and the other replied,
 She's awa' wi' the Gypsie Laddie.

Gae saddle to me the black, black Steed,
 Gae saddle and make him ready,
 Before that I either eat or sleep,
 I'll gae seek my fair Lady.

And we were fisten well made Men,
 Altho' we were not bonny;
 And we were a' put down for ane,
 A fair young wanton Lady.

F I N I S