

Belfast Maid's Lamentation

FOR THE

Loss of her Sweetheart.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

GENTLEMEN RAKES of the TOWN.

The HUMOURS of ROSEMARY LANE.

The WHISTLING DAUGHTER.

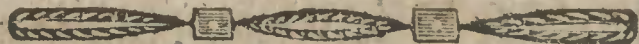
PADY O BLARNEY.

WINE IS COMMANDER.



G L A S G O W,

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THE BELFAST MAID'S LAMENTATION.

Come all you pretty maids, take warning by me,
 And let not love affect you in any degree,
 For I was cross'd in love, and love it was my pain,
 By a handsome youth that has cross'd o'er the main.

O that I was a little bird, or had I wings to fly,
 I'd to the field of battle go and on him I would lie,
 With my flutt'ring wings his bleeding wounds I'd
 And on his lovely bosom I'd ever remain. (clean,

But now my love's gone, I'll wander and roam,
 Thro' each lonesome valley making my moan,
 The small birds of the bushes will join and pity me,
 Since I have lost my jewel and him I'll never see.

Ye maidens take pity on a poor wretched maid,
 Who's with grief afflicted, by Cupid's dart betray'd;
 Ye gods of love assist me my burning love to quench,
 I'm wounded by a young man that's gone to fight
 the French.

His lips are like the coral, his cheeks like the rose,
 His skin is like the lilly, his eyes are black as sloes,
 He's proper, tall and handsome in every degree,
 He has cross'd the wide ocean to face his enemy.

If to the field of battle my darling he goes,
 Guardian angels protect him from his daring foes,
 May he be crown'd with laurels the boy that I adore,
 And may I live to see him in Belfast town once more.

If by the cruel French my darling should be slain,
 Then for ever single for his sake I will remain,
 To no mortal man breathing will I give my hand,
 Until I see my jewel in his own native land.

O what a misfortune took him from his place,
 I wish I'd ne'er beheld his beautiful fine face,
 The words that pass'd between us on our parting day,
 I never will deny it, he stole my heart away.

He said to me my jewel, come along with me,
 As we are young and airy and from all danger free,
 And whilst you are by me no danger would I fear,
 But hark! the trumpet sounds, so farewell my dear.

GENTLEMEN RAKES OF THE TOWN.

DID not you hear of the gentlemen rakes,
 And hear the sweet cry of beer, wine & cakes,
 Whilst we in blue aprons, and clean linen gowns,
 For to view all the gentlemen rakes of the town.

The goodman comes home to drive away care,
 And takes some good fellow away to the fair;
 Some are too bashful, and some are too bold,
 Young womens' intentions are not to be fold.

Whilst we in blue aprons, etc.

There's Millers, there's Oats, there's Bully & all,
 There's Lee, and there's Harper, the devil and all,
 Whilst we are a viewing the gentlemen rakes,
 And hear the sweet cry of beer, wine and cakes.

Whilst we in blue aprons, etc.

Our pinners well lac'd, with fine round ear'd caps,
 We dress ourselves nice to tempt our chaps,
 With rings & round ribbons to swell out our pride,
 And our bosoms all naked to tempt you beside.

Whilst we in blue aprons, etc.

On our arms hangs a basket of fruit that is nice,
 Our gentlemens' palate to please in a trice,
 Let it be at a masquerade, play-house, or ball,
 We lately frequented, likewise Fox-hall.

Whilst we in blue aprons, etc.

The HUMOURS of ROSEMARY LANE.

YE bloods and ye bucks that rove thro' the city,
 Step into Rag-fair, you'll see humours pretty,
 There's Dolly and Fanny, and amorous Kitty,
 Each pleasant evening a bart'ring their ware;
 There you'll see salesmen & double-hand dealers,
 The doors are adorn'd with parrots and taylors,
 Beer-houses in plenty to cull jolly sailors,
 I mean the West end, Sir, of Rosemary Lane.

Some Billingsgate saggots their fish are a crying,
 With strong beer and gin their goblets are plying,
 Every corner adorn'd with women a plying,
 Breeches for weavers and dressers of hair;
 Confectioners, chandlers, and pye-shops in plenty,
 Supplying each person with bits that are dainty,
 Mountebank doctors to cure all that are tainty,
 That smack of the sweets of Rosemary Lane.

In midst of the throng, hear old clothes a bauling,
 Old hat folks, old shoe folks, old wig folks, are calling,
 The barkers, the passengers pulling and hauling,
 Do you want clothes, Sir? yes, this is their game;
 Meazley pork, rotten bacon, and sausages frying,
 Sinking beef, veal & mutton, greazy fellows a crying,
 The scent almost stifles you as you pass by them,
 So delicious the food, Sir, in Rosemary Lane.

Some picking of pockets, and usurers cheating,
 Pawnbrokers and Jews are a filching and stealing,
 Some whores in their cellars their fates bewailing,
 By means of the fire they carry in their tail; (tre
 From Wapping, Denmark street, the Banks of Saltpre-
 Each slath doth repair to screen from the weather,
 Whe'e knave, thief, & whore do all cling together,
 Serouading the humours of Rosemary Lane.

THE WHISTLING DAUGHTER.

O Mammy, mammy, I long to be a bride,
 To have a lusty young man to ly by my side;
 For it is well known, I am a woman grown,
 And 'tis a pity one so pretty as I should ly alone.

O daughter I was fifteen before that I was wed,
 And I was ne'er tired of my sweet maidenhead.
 O mammy that may be, but 'tis not so with me,
 I'm young and airy, almost weary, I can't ly alone.


O daughter, daughter, I'll pull your courage down,
 And with hard labour pull off your sack & gown,
 And send you each day to the fields a making hay,
 O daughter, loving daughter, then perhaps you may.

I pray don't send me to the fields, for young men
 Are tempting, I perhaps may yield to the thing
 I would not do, nor dare not for to name, (mean,
 But tell me, loving mother, what can young men

Whistle, daughter, whistle, & you shall have a sheep,
 I cannot whistle, mother, nor neither can I sleep,
 My maidenhead, I swear, it fills my heart with care,
 'Tis a burden, heavy burden, more than I can bear.

Whistle, daughter, whistle, & you shall have a cow,
 I cannot whistle, mother, neither will I now,
 My maidenhead, I swear, it fills my heart with care,
 'Tis a burden, heavy burden, more than I can bear.

Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a
 Tol de rol dary, don't you hear I can, (mean,
 Silence, huffey, what makes you whistle now?
 'Cause mam, I love a man better than sheep or cow.



PADDY O BLARNEY.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY MR DIBDIN.

IS'T my country you'd know, I'm an Irishman born,
 And they christen'd me Paddy O Blarney,
 In hay-making time I stept over one morn,
 All the way from the Lakes of Kilkarney;
 Turn'd my hand to whatever came in my way,
 To be sure while the sun shin'd I didn't make hay.

S P O K E N

Well then, you know the wives and daughters
 of the farmers won't, well they won't,
 Have plenty of cause to remember the day,
 When first they saw Paddy O Blarney.

Then what does I do, the next calling I seeks,
 Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilkarney,
 I cry mack'rel alive, that were caught for three weeks,
 Ah! let alone Paddy O Blarney;
 Then fresh gather'd strawberries so sound & so sweet,
 With just half a dozen a top fit to eat.

S P O K E N.

Ah, madam, you need not examine them; bless
 your two good looking eyes; they are full to
 the bottom, paper and all.——“ Well, I'll
 trust to you, I dare say you won't cheat me.”
 So I coaxes her up, and herself makes her cheat,
 Ah! fait, let alone Paddy O Blarney.

Next I turn'd to a chairman and got a good job,
 Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilkarney;
 I harangued at a famous election the mob,
 Ah! let alone Paddy O Blarney;
 Then to see how his honour and I did cajole,
 He knock'd down his flats with words, and I mine
 with my pole.

S P O K E N.

Then you know when they came to chair him,
I was no longer, you see, an odd man, there
was a pair of chairmen.

And sure such a pair was ne'er seen by my soul,
As his honour and Paddy O Blarney.

But this notion of greatness was none of the worst,

Oh! the world for the Lakes of Kilkarney,
Having play'd 2d fiddle, I thought I'd play 1st,
Can't ye let alone Paddy O Blarney;

So swearing to plunder and never to speak,
I my qualifications took out and turn'd Greek.

S P O K E N.

Ah! to be sure we did not make a pretty dove-
house of our Pharoah Bank; let me see, me
pidgeoned, ay fait, and plucked them com-
pletely too.

Four tradesmen & six bankers' clerks in one week,
Will you let alone Paddy O Blarney.

A big man in all circles so gay and polite,

Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilkarney;
I found one larnt grown up Jolman to write,
Just to finish gay Paddy O Blarney;

I first learnt my name, till so fond of it grown,
I don't say I'd better have let it alone.

S P O K E N.

But by my soul and conscience, it had like to
have finished me in good earnest; for you see
I——just——wrote

Another Joleman's signature stead of my own,
What a devil of a Pady O Blarney.

But since fate didn't chuse for to noose me that day,

Ah! the world for the Lakes O Kilkarney,
With a Venus of ninety I next ran away,
What a fine dashing Paddy O Blarney;

So marriage turn'd out the best noose of the two,
The old soul's gone to heav'n, I'm as rich as a Jew.

S P E A K I N G

So that if any Jolyman has an occasion for a
Friend, or a Lady for a Lover, or, in short,
if any body should want to be disencumber'd
of the uneasiness of a wife or a daughter, or
a purse of any such kind and civil service,
that can be perform'd by a gentleman at large
that has nothing to do,
Let me recommend Paddy O Blarney.

W I N E I S C O M M A N D E R .

I N the exercise manual we heroes go thro',
I Of shoulder your firelock, present, fire, bool
I don't know how it is, tho' I make shift to pass,
I can exercise best with the bottle and glass;
Then haste to the camp, for as long d'ye see,
As good wine is commander, a soldier I'll be.

So profound my respect to good wine that I doubt,
I may chance to desert, when the bottles are out,
Yet the bravest must sometimes the bottle decline,
And still fight my boys, to the last drop of wine.
Then hey for the camp, etc.

If wine gives us courage, the warrior's chief boast,
Surely he's the best soldier that tipples the most,
And should I get tipsy, thus much I will say,
That when I can't stand, I will ne'er run away.
Then hey for the camp, etc.

G L A S G O W,

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