

T H E  
Kentshire Tragedy;  
O R T H E  
*Constant Lovers Overthrow*

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

T H E H O G G ' S T U B.

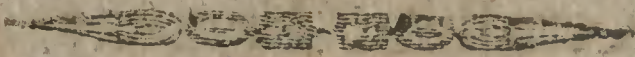
The PLOUGHMAN'S LOVE to the  
FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

The SHEPHERDESS LAMENTING  
her DROWNED LOVER.



G L A S G O W,

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THE KENTSHIRE TRAGEDY.

A LADY lov'd a gallant Sailor,  
and she ador'd him as her life,  
With solemn vows and faithful tokens,  
She promised to be his wife.

But cruel parents, and deep at variance,  
to think she lov'd the young man so,  
By the hard hearted, they soon were parted,  
which was the cause of his overthrow.

To the Ladies then this handsome young man,  
was forc'd to quit the British shore,  
For many a day as I heard say,  
but he never saw his true love more.

In deep distraction this lovely Lady,  
to Bedlam then she was confin'd; (me,  
Crying, Death, come ease me, grief hath seiz'd  
Oh! what can ease a troubled mind.

O! what shall I do? or what shall I say?  
or what shall I do since my love's gone?  
From Carolina to Pennsylvania,  
I'll search the Indies round and round.

On board I'll enter, my life to venture,  
for the young man whom I do adore;  
From Pennsylvania to Carolina,  
I'll search the Indies o'er and o'er.

Like one in battle, my chains I'll rattle,  
 for the young man whom I do adore,  
 My heart's a breaking, since I'm forsaken,  
 and all by my parents' cruelty.

O what care I for gold and silver,  
 for rubies, pearls, or precious stones,  
 Or what care I for worldly treasure,  
 since my true love is from me gone.

Like a malefactor in grief I rapture,  
 or like a convict in revenge:  
 Alas! fond love has bound me faster,  
 than all the strength of your Bedlam chains,

To fate resign'd, I'm here confin'd,  
 into this dungeon where I do ly;  
 Why was I born, to be forlorn,  
 under the frowns of tyranny?

Bedlam's Porter, be my comforter,  
 and from this dungeon set me free,  
 or bring me to my dearest jewel,  
 that I once more his face may see.

deep despair this Lady fair,  
 in Bedlam died as I heard say;  
 on that very night her faithful lover,  
 in Biscay-bay was cast away.

With lamentation and great vexation,  
 her mother cry'd, my child is dead;  
 she prov'd her ruin and sad undoing,  
 his day her blood lies on my head.

Is gold and grandure sitch an honour,  
 that it my piece of mind destroys,  
 True love I find it is much better,  
 than any of such empty toys.

My wit is cracked, with grief distracted,  
 my mind runs like the raging waves,  
 When I think on these loyal lovers,  
 who now lie in their silent graves.



### THE HOGG'S TUB.

**O**NCE I courted as bonny a lass,  
 as ever my eyes did see,  
 But now she is so faucy grown,  
 she cares not a fig for me;  
 She invited me home to her own house,  
 she told me I ne'er should be poor,  
 Then she tumbld me into the hogg's tub,  
 I'll ne'er go there any more.

Chor. The hogg's tub, the pickling tub,  
 and the tub behind the door;  
 She tumbled me into the hogg's tub,  
 and I'll never go there any more.

Had I sunk unto the bottom,  
 as I swam round the brim,  
 I surely had been drowned,  
 and ne'er more had been seen.

But there came by an old friend of mine,  
 an old friend that I knew before,  
 He hauled me out of the hogg's tub.

I'll never go there any more. The, &

Then I took my love by the lily white hand,  
saying, Madam, can you dance?

And there came by an old fidler,  
that play'd us a tune by chance;

There's the Black-smith, and the Whitesmith,  
and the Gun-smith, I can tell,

So merrily round the hogg's tub,  
we danc'd exceeding well. The, &c.

Some says kissing is a great sin,  
but I do not say so;

For kissing did the world begin,  
some thousand years ago;

For Adam kiss'd old Eve his wife,  
and she by him bore a son,

So kissing did the world begin,  
and I hope it ne'er will be done. The &c.

O if kissing was not lawful,

Lawyers would not use it,

And if it was not gospel,

the Parson would refuse it:

And if it was not a dainty dish,

the Ladies would not crave it,

And if it was not sweet like wine,

bony Laſtes ne'er would have it.

### C H O R U S.

The hogg's tub, the pickling tub,  
and the tub behind the door;

She tumbld me into the hogg's tub,  
and I'll ne'er go there any more.

The PLOUGHMAN'S LOVE to the  
FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

**W**HEN first a-courting I did go,  
I lov'd a fair maid as my life,  
I then told her I did her love, I did her love,  
but I never could gain her for my wife.

I serv'd her father winters seven,  
from rising sun till nine at night,  
Duly and truly as my life, as my life,  
but I ne'er could gain my heart's delight.

I told her father secretly,  
his daughter I did daily prize,  
He lock'd her up in a room so high, in, &c.  
then first began my miseries.

I went to my love's chamber door,  
where oft-times I had been before,  
For to let her know and understand, and &c.  
I was going to some foreign shore.

On shipboard I then went straight way,  
and sail'd for fair Flanders's shore;  
I little thought what should me befall, I &c.  
that I ne'er should see my love more.

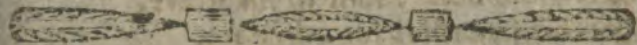
When to fair Flanders I did come,  
no rest nor comfort could I find,  
Tho' I did stand with glass in hand, glass, &c.  
still my true love ran in my mind.

I took a pistol in my hand,  
 and charged it couragiously,  
 I shot a ball into fair England, into fair, &c.  
 where I thought my true love might be.

When to fair England I return'd,  
 I met her father in the street,  
 My daughter dear is dead, said he, dead, &c.  
 all for the sake of loving thee.

I went to my love's chamber door,  
 where oft-times I had been before.  
 There sprung a light from my love's clothes,  
 just like the morning sun when rose.

All young men who a courting go,  
 who never made the bells to ring,  
 Go no more into shady groves, into shady &c.  
 for to hear the sweet nightingale sing.



The SHEPHERDESS Lamenting her  
 DROWNED LOVER.

**Y**E maids of the village attend,  
 the sorrowful tale I now speak,  
 Oh! refuse not your comfort to lend,  
 for my heart is just ready to break!

Ye know my dear Caledon well,  
 he was sprightly, and handsome, & young,  
 On his lips what persuasion did dwell?  
 how melodiously soft was his song!

He was all my fond heart e'er desir'd;  
 he was all that was gen'rous and brave;  
 What pity the charms I admir'd,  
 from death had no power to save.

But just as the day did approach,  
 to give the dear youth to my arms,  
 From the water they brought me his corpse,  
 how faded were all his gay charms!

As the lily, when drooping with rain,  
 dejectedly hangs down his head,  
 So languish'd his beautiful cheek,  
 and its vermilion was fled.

His voice, that as music was sweet,  
 no more I enraptur'd shall hear;  
 No more the fond swain shall repeat,  
 a tale of soft love in mine ear.

Convey the dear youth to his grave,  
 lest his beautiful form I adore,  
 Yet one silent kiss let me have,  
 for alas! I shall ne'er see him more.

Ye maidens attend on this day,  
 and strew all the path way with flowers,  
 And oh! the kind Deities hear!  
 may their love-be more happy than ours.

As for me, I will henceforth beware  
 how in love-I engage my fond heart;  
 For though love is a joy, how severe  
 is the pang from a lover to part?