

15
Hen-peck'd Husband ;

OR,

EASY JOHN.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

CUPID'S PASTIME.

The SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

The LOVER'S SUMMONS.

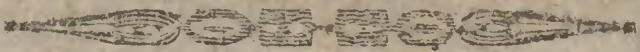
The SAILOR'S DEPARTURE.



GLASGOW,

Printed by J. & M. ROBERTSON, Saltmarket,

1802.



The HEN-PECK'D HUSBAND.

YOUNG men and wives I pray attend,
 while I relate my ditty,
 A wife I have, I do declare. (witty.
 she's neither handsome, good-natur'd, nor

For better for worse I took my wife,
 all joys of life with me miscarry'd,
 I oft-times wish'd, but wish'd in vain,
 that to her I had ne'er been marry'd.

On Mondy morning, ere it is light,
 like a horse then I do labour
 And when that I come home at night,
 madam's gossiping with each neighbour.

The fire is out. the bed's unmade,
 on her coming home I'm oblig'd to tarry,
 And when she does, these words she says,
 I'll make you rue you e'er did marry.

I am your wife, your lawful wife,
 to maintain me you must endeavour.
 I call her jewel, dear, and wife,
 but all these loving words won't please'er.

Then with a stool she combs my ears,
 my coat to the pawnbroker carries,
 I oft-times wish, and wish in vain,
 that I had ne'er been marry'd.

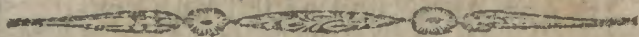
On Sunday morning she does begin,
 as soon as e'er her eyes are open,
 Come rise up John, and fetch some gin,
 dear me, I think you're quite provoking.

Your shitten clouts I wash and dry,
 rock the cradle, and tend the fire,
 The chamber-pot then at me does fly,
 crying, You dog, then take your hire.

I've got the cholic, fetch more gin in,
 whilst I'm gone then comes young Harry;
 My horns to complete is the next thing,
 if this is wedlock, then who would marry?

Then I hurry'd back with the gin,
 thinking to gain my dear wife's favour,
 She calls me her contented buck,
 and bids me drink to my neighbour.

Then from my sight, she says, begone;
 the Devil take both her and Harry,
 It would be well for EASY JOHN,
 believe me, I never more would marry.



C U P I D ' S P A S T I M E .

If chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,
 that went to seek his straying sheep,
 Within a thicket on a plain,
 espy'd a dainty maid asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face;
 her careless arms abroad were cast:

Her quiver had her pillow's place ;
her breast lay bare to ev'ry blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill ;
nought durst he do, nought durst he say,
Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,
did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy thus sees her sleep
whom if she wak'd he durst not see ;
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
before her nap could ended be.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
and puts his own into their place ;
Nor dares he any longer stay.
but ere she wakes, he's hence away.

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,
and spies the shepherd standing by ;
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
and at the simple swain lets fly.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart,
that to the ground he fell with pain ;
Yet up again forthwith he starts.
and to the nymph he ran amain.

Amaz'd to see so strange a sight,
she shot, and shot. but all in vain :
The more his wounds, the more his might,
love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
she blam'd her hands, she blam'd her skill,

The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
and try them on herself she will.

Take heed sweet nymph, try not thy shafts,
each little touch will pierce thy heart ;
Alas ! thou know'st not Cupid's craft ;
revenge is joy ; the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare :
her hands were glov'd, but next hand,
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
that made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she pierc'd, and thro' that breast,
love found an entry to her heart ;
At feeling of this new come guest,
oh ! how this gentle nymph did start !

She runs not now ; she shoots no more ;
away she throws both shaft and bow ;
She seeks for what she shun'd before,
she thinks the shepherd's haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may ;
what other lovers do, did they ;
The God of love sat on a tree,
and laugh'd that pleasant sight to see.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

2 T WAS post meridian half past four,
by signal I from Nancy parted,
At six she linger'd on the shore,
with uplift hands, and broken hearted ;

At seven, while tautning the fore-stay,
 I saw her faint, or elle 'twas fancy,
 At eight we all got under weign,
 and bid a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came and now eight belis had rung,
 where careles sailors ever cheerly,
 On the mid-watch, so jovial fung,
 with tempers, labour cannot weary;
 I little to their mirth inclin'd,
 while tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
 And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,
 look'd on the moon, & thought on Nancy.

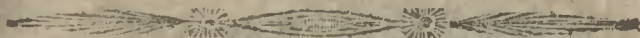
And now arriv'd that jovial night,
 when ev'ry true-bred tar carouses,
 When o'er the grog all hands delight,
 to tofs their sweethearts and their spouses.
 Round went the cup, the jest, the glee,
 while tender wishes fill'd each fancy,
 And when in turn it came to me,
 I heav'd a sigh and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four,
 at six, the elements in motion,
 Plung'd me, and three poor sailors more,
 headlong within the foaming ocean;
 Poor wretches they soon found their graves,
 for me it may be only fancy,
 But Love seem'd to forbid the waves,
 to snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul harricane was clear'd,
 scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle.

When a bold enemy appear'd,
 and dauntless we prepar'd for battle ;
 And now, while some lov'd friend or wife,
 like light'ning rush'd on every fancy.
 To Providence I trusted life: put up a prayer,
 put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
 the crew, it being lovely weather,
 At three A. M. discover'd day,
 and England's chalky cliffs together.
 At seven, up channel how we bore,
 while hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy,
 At twelve, I gaily jump'd ashore,
 and to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.



THE LOVER'S SUMMONS.

ARISE thou mistress of my heart,
 and do not me disdain ;
 Come now and quickly take the part
 of me, your conquer'd swain.

To you alone I am a slave,
 there's none on earth can cure,
 The flame that in my breast I have,
 for you, I do endure.

Come now dear nymph and ease my smart,
 of me your darling swain,
 My love for you within my heart,
 does constantly remain.

Now we in Hymen's bands will wed,
 our hearts united be therefore,
 In love live without any dread,
 in joys for evermore.

THE SAILOR'S DEPARTURE.

SEE, Mary, the sails are all full,
 now I must away to the sea,
 Let danger come when, how it will,
 I'll heave a sigh only for thee.

All hardships I'll boldly endure,
 if you Mary only prove true.
 When of riches I've gain'd a good store,
 I'll bring them all home love to you.

The heat of the East and the West,
 the cold of the North too I'll bear,
 Should war, Mary, pierce my firm breast,
 I'll, dying, ev'n think on my dear.

Think thou on thy Edward away,
 ah! have him for ever in view,
 The ship sails, and I cannot stay,
 one kiss more, and now love, adieu.

He's gone! may Fate speed his career,
 while I for his absence do mourn,
 Day and night will I sigh for my dear,
 and weep till my Edward return.

G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. & M. ROBERTSON, Saltmarket, 1802.