

The cruel Father ;

To which are added,

An old woman clothed in gray.

AND

My heart with love is beating.



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THE CRUEL FATHER.

A Lady's daughter in the west,
about the age of twenty,
And she had sweethearts of the best,
both Lords and Squires in plenty.

But she ador'd her father's clerk,
above all men of honour,
But she ador'd her father's clerk,
and she would have no other.

Her father oft-times to her said,
when he alone did meet her,
Do you mean to disgrace our blood,
you fond and foolish creature?

To go and marry with a slave,
that has neither birth nor breeding,
Sure I no portion will you give,
if this be your proceeding.

O then honour'd father, she reply'd,
I pray you use your pleasure,
For I adore my dearest joy
above all worldly treasure.

With him I mean to live and die,
to him I have consented

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Kind heaven will our wants supply,
with that we'll be contented.

Her father in a passion flew,
and threat'ned to destroy her,
If that her folly she'd pursue,
no clerk should e'er enjoy her.

O then, she said, He must and will,
although you be offended:
When from my solemn vow I fall,
pray let my life be ended.

Upon the table in the room,
a fowling piece did ly,
Her father in a passion flew,
and straight at her let fly.

It lighted on her youthful breast,
and she fell down before him,
These were the last words that she spoke,
for ever I'll adore him.

When he had seen what he had done,
what have I slain my daughter?
His rapier then he drew out forth,
and slew himself soon after.

Her mother came into the room,
and both she stood a viewing,
With grief her tender heart did break,
ambition was their ruin.

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Her lover came amongst the rest,
with hands in sorrow wringing,
And from her fair youthful breast,
the blood he then saw springing.

How could her father be so severe!
why so severe and cruel?
Could he not laid the fault on me,
and spare a my dearest jewel?

The beauty of all western parts,
who daily did adore me;
Nay, I may say the best of hearts,
lies bleeding now before me

O how can I presume to live,
all in this world behind her!
No, no, one fatal stroke I'll give,
perhaps then I may find her.

Down in the silent shades below,
where blessing lovers wander;
Still pouring out sad grief and woe,
they daily did ly under.

A sword he from his side drew out,
and slew himself soon after,
Just like two loyal lovers fair,
they died both together.

They both were buried in one grave,
just like two lovers loyal :

May God preserve all you that love,
and send you no such trial.



AN OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

AN old woman clothed in grey
had a daughter was charming & young,
But she was deluded astray,
by Roger's false flattering tongue;

With whom she often had been,
abro'd in the meadows and fields;
Her belly grew up to her chin,
her spirit sunk down to her heels:

At length she began for to puke
her mother possessed with fear;
She gave her a gentle rebuke,
and cry'd. Daughter a word in your ear.

I doubt you've been playing the fool,
which many call Hay ding a ding,
Why did you not follow my rule,
and tie your two toes in a string.

O Mother! your counsel I took,
but yet I was never the near:
He won my heart with a false look,
and his words so enchanted mine ear.

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That your precepts I soon did forget,
' he on me, and would have his scope,
O it is but a folly to fret,
'tis done, and for it there's no he'p.

Then who is the father of it!
come tell me without more delay?
For now I am just in the fit,
to go and hear what he will say.

It is Roger, the damsel reply'd
he call'd me his own pretty bird,
And said that I should be his bride,
but he was not so good as his word.

What! Roger, that lives in the mill?
yes verily. Mother, the same!
What! Roger, that lives in the mill?
I'll hope to him tho' I am lame.

Go fetch me my crutches with speed,
and bring me my spectacles too,
A lecture to him I will read,
shall ring in his ears thro' and thro'.

With that she went heping away,
and went to young Hodge of the mill,
On him she her crutches did lay
and cry'd, You have ruin'd my Girl,

By getting her dear maidenhead,
'tis true, you can no ways deny,

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Therefore I advise you to wed,
and make her as honest as I,

Then what will you give me? quoth Hodge,
if I take your daughter by hand!
Will you make me the heir of your lodge?
your houses, your money and land;

With all your barns and ploughs,
your cattle and money also,
If so I will make her my spouse,
speak up, Are you willing or no,

Then Goody took Hodge by the hand,
let it be for to have and to hold;
I will make you the heir of my land,
my houses, my silver, and gold.

Make her but your honoured wife,
and you shall be Lord of my store,
Whene'er I surrender my life,
in case it were forty times more.

The bargain was presently struck.
they wedded,—and this being done,
The old woman wish'd them good luck,
being proud of her daughter and Son,

Then, Hey for a Girl or Boy;
young Peg look'd as big as a Duche's,
The Old Woman caper'd for joy
and danc'd up a jig in her crutcher.

MY HEART WITH LOVE IS BEATING,

My heart with love is beating,
Transported by your eyes,
For as there's no retreating;
In vain a captive flies.

Then why such anger cherish?
Why turn the eyes away?
For if you bid me perish,
Alas I must obey.

Could deeds my heart discover,
Could valour gain your charms,
I'd prove myself a lover
Against a world in arms.

Proud fair thus low before you,
A prostrate warrior view,
Whose whole delight and glory
Are center'd all in you.

FINIS.