

T H E

Buxom Dame of Reading;

O R, T H E

Cuckold's Cap.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED.

A SMILING FULL BOWL.

Wallace's Lament after the Battle of Falkirk.

Has She not Dole enough has an Auld Man.

A S U M M E R P I E C E.

A W I N T E R P I E C E.

BAD LUCK TO THE PENNY.

The NEAT LITTLE COTTAGE.



Glasgow, Printed by J. & M. Robertson, (No. 20) Saltmarket.

 THE BUXOM DAME OF READING.

NEAR Reading there lived a buxom dame,
 The wife of a cobbler, Joan was her name,
 She had a fine hen of a delicate size,
 The like you never beheld with your eyes.

She had a red head, grey wings, yellow legs,
 Each Summer she laid a bushel of eggs;
 And Joan last Summer would set her indeed,
 For she was resolv'd to have more of her breed.

And as she was setting her upon a day,
 A shepherd came to her, and thus he did say;
 Oh! what are you doing! she answer'd him then,
 I'm going to set a miraculous hen.

Why, then says the shepherd, to keep the eggs warm,
 And that they may prosper and come to no harm;
 You must set the eggs in a large cuckold's cap,
 And then all the chickens will come to good hap.

I have ne'er a cuckold's cap, shepherd, says she,
 But nevertheless I will be ruled by thee,
 For this very moment I'll trudge up and down,
 And borrow one, if there be one in the town.

She went to her neighbour, and thus she did say,
 Come lend me thy cuckold's cap, neighbour I pray,
 I am going to set a miraculous hen,
 And when I've done with it, I'll bring it again.

The neighbour's wife answer'd, and thus reply'd,
 Had I such a thing you should not be deny'd;
 Years fourteen or fifteen I have been a wife,
 And my husband had ne'er such a thing in his life.

But go to my cousin that lives at the mill,
 She had one I know, and may have it still;
 Tell her I sent you, she'll lend it I know;
 I thank you, said Joan, and away she did go.

Then straight to the house of the miller she went,
 And told her that she by her cousin was sent,
 To borrow a thing that was absolute rare,
 A large cuckold's cap which her husband did wear.

I do not deny but such things there may be,
 But why should my cousin direct you to me!
 These nineteen or twenty years I have been wed,
 And my husband had ne'er such a cap on his head.

But go to the Quaker that lives at the Swan,
 If I am not mistaken, I think she has one,
 And tell her, she'll lend it I know for my sake,
 And I for the same a great favour will take.

So she went to the house of old Yea and Nay,
 And spoke to his wife that was youthful and gay;
 Saying, I come for to borrow, if you will but lend
 A large cuckold's cap, I was sent by a friend.

The Quaker's wife nodded, and said with a frown,
 I han't such a thing if thou'd give me a crown;
 Besides, I'd not lend it, suppose that I had,
 For fear it should make my poor husband run mad.

In town there are many young women, perhaps
 Are cunning and artful in making such caps;
 But what are their nature, I cannot well say,
 Therefore excuse me friend Joan, I thee pray.

Now Joan being tired, and weary withal,
 Says she, I have no good fortune at all;
 It is the beginning, I think of all sorrow,
 To trudge up and down, and of neighbours to borrow.

A poor cuckold's cap, I would borrow indeed,
 A thing of small value, but yet could not speed;
 But as I'm a woman, adzooks, cries young Joan,
 Before it be long, I'll have one of my own.

A SMILING FULL BOWL.

WILL you credit a Miser, 'tis gold makes us wise,
 The bliss of his life, the joy of his eyes;

And aſt a fond Lover, where wiſdom he places,
To be ſure in his miſtreſs, her charms, and her graces;
But let the free Lad ſpeak the joy of his ſoul,
'Tis a ſparkling Glaſs, and a ſmiling full Bowl.

The Miſer is wretched, unhappy, and poor;
He ſuffers great want in the midſt of his ſtore:
The Lover's diſconſolate, mopish, and ſad,
For that which when gain'd, would ſoon make him mad,
The Miſer's a Foo', and the Lover's an Aſs,
And he only's Wiſe, who adores the full Glaſs.

Let the Miſer then hug up his ill-gotten Pelf,
And to ſeed empty bags, he may ſtarve his ownſelf,
Let the Lover ſtill languish 'twixt hope and deſpair,
And doat on a face as inconstant as fair:
But ſtill may his bliſs be as great as his ſoul,
Who pays no devoir but to Wine and the bowl.

WALLACE'S LAMENT after the BATTLE of FALKIRK.

TUNE—Maids of Arrochar.

THOU dark winding Carron once pleaſing to ſee,
To me thou can'ſt never give pleaſure again,
My brave Caledonians lie low on the lee, (ſlain.
And thy ſtreams are deep ting'd with the blood of the

'Twas baſe hearted treachery that doom'd our undoing,
My poor bleeding country, what more can I do?
Ev'n Valour looks pale o'er the red field of ruin,
And freedom beholds her beſt warriors laid low.

Farewel ye dear partners of peril! farewel!
'Tho' buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,
Your deeds ſhall ennoble the place where you fell,
And your names be enroll'd with the ſons of the brave.

But I, a poor outcaſt, in exile muſt wander,
Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly muſt die!
On thy wrongs, O my country! indignant I ponder—
Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace muſt fly!

Has SHE not DOLE enough ^{has} an AULD MAN.

A L. L. young dainfels both handsome and pretty,
Come draw near unto me, sit down and sing,
A song of miscarriage, concerning my marriage,
And by daily dolour my hands I do wring.

My age is scarce twenty as plain doth appear,
I married an old man of seventy-three year,
And by my misguiding you may very well ken,
What should a young woman do with an old man!

He's snuffing and sneezing, he's bannin and swearing,
He's hard o' the hearing, he canna weel see;
He fumbles and grumbles, and over he tumbles,
And what is his snoring, alas! unto me?

His pate it is bald, his beard it is thin,
Rough is his hair, and hard is his skin:
His breath it is strong, his face pale and wan,
And that's the hail properties of an auld man.

When he down lieth, he groaneth, he crieth,
As ane were a dying in dolour and pain;
Instead of love-kisses, he itches and scratches,
Himself he outstretcheth with groaning again.

But when he lies down at ten o' the clock,
Turns first to the wall, and then to the stock;
Then wipe the tears, now as they down run,
And say wee to the day, ere I saw an auld man!

Young giglet he calls me, and says he will lame me,
Young giglet he names me, and sometimes a whore;
But haud thy tongue auld man, and say nae mair such,
Fain would I say cuckold, but I think as much.

But I will lay by my mask and my faa,
And bid wo to the day ere I saw an auld man!
Otherwise for to crop him, I will do the best,
And with his old feathers I'll build a new nest.

A S U M M E R P I E C E.

WHEN the trees all their beautiful verdure renew,
 and the meadows look charmingly gay,
 When smiling Creation looks blooming to view,
 replete with the beauties of May.

When the light-hearted shepherd chants musical strains,
 as he pips to his flocks on the hill ;
 And the lambkins delighted, skip blyth o'er the plain,
 or frisk by the murmuring rill.

When the cows round the country a gadding repair,
 or beneath the cool shade seek the heat ; (pare,
 When the crimson-cheek'd milk maid does kindly pre-
 fer her sweetheart a syllabub treat.

When the country girls wantonly sport in the deep,
 so cautious, that all must be hush,
 Yet oft the sly rustic procures a fall peep,
 from the side of a hillock or bush.

At eve when the lads and the lasses do meet,
 in a circle to dance on the green ;
 What a native simplicity void of deceit,
 and modesty stamp'd on their mein ;

While the birds seem inspir'd by the smiling scene,
 in musical melody vie ;
 And the hares midst the corn-fields they safely remain,
 or secure in the green meadows lie.

In a snug rural cottage surrounded by trees,
 where murmuring rivulets glide,
 My attendants be plenty, contentment and ease,
 in solitude let me reside.

Where grant me kind Powers in this season of love,
 a fond fair one my bliss to complete,
 Whose tender endearments can sadness remove,
 and imparadise this my retreat.

A W I N T E R P I E C E.

W H E N the trees were all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
and the meadows their beauties had lost :

When all Nature disrob'd of her mantle of green,
and the rivers bound up by the frost.

When the peasant inactive stands shivering with cold,
as the bleak winds northerly blow ;

The innocent lambs scud away to their fold,
with their fleeces all covered with snow.

In the yard where the cattle were fodder'd with straw,
and they send forth their breath like a stream ;

And the neat looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
flakes of ice she beholds on the cream.

There the sweet country-maiden as fresh as a rose,
she carelessly slips and then slides ;

Then the rustic laughs loud, if by falling she shows,
all the charms which her modesty hides.

When the lades and the lasses in company join,
and set round the embers, they chat ;

Talk of witches and Fairies, that ride on the wind,
and of Ghosts till they're all in a sweat.

When the birds to the barn-door comes hov'ring for food,
and they earnestly drop from their spray ;

Then the poor frightened hare in vain walks the wood,
lest her foot-steps her course should betray.

Heaven grant in that season it may be my lot,
with the maid whom I love and admire,

While the ice-suckles hing from the eves of my cot,
may we live therein safely retir'd.

In peace and in pleasure, and free from all care,
may we live and each other admire ;

And thus in due season when sickness falls out,
then each of each other may take care.

BAD LUCK TO THE PENNY.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man !
 Bad luck on the penny, that tempted my minnie
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan' !
 Bad luck on the penny, that tempted my minnie, etc.
 He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin';
 He hoffs and he hirples the weary day lang ;
 He's doy'lt and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,
 O dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man ! Bad, etc.
 He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
 I never can please him, do a' that I can ;
 He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows,
 O, dole on the day I met wi' an auld man. Bad, etc.
 My auld auntie Katie, upo' me taks pity,
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan ;
 I'll cross, him and wreck him, until I heart-break him,
 And then his auld brags will buy me a new pan. etc.

THE NEAT LITTLE COTTAGE.

My Mam is no more, and my Dad's in his grave,
 Little orphans are sister and I, sadly poor :
 Industry our wealth, and no dwelling we have,
 But you neat little cottage that stands on the moor.
 The lark's early song does to labour invite,
 Contented, we just keep the wolf from the door ;
 And Phoebus retiring, trips home with delight,
 To our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.
 Our meals are but homely mirth sweetens the cheer,
 Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore ;
 And heart-ease and health make a palace appear
 Of our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

G L A S G O W,

PRINTED BY J. AND M. ROBERTSON, (No. 20.) SALTMARKET,

1809.