

T H E

Watchman.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

A WIFE FOR ANY MAN.

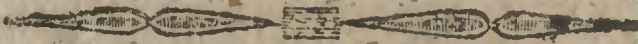
The SAILOR'S Adventure for a WIFE.



G L A S G O W,

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1802.



THE WATCHMAN.

FROM MR. DIBDIN'S "CASTLES IN THE AIR."

A Watchman I am, and I know all the round,
 The house-keepers, the strays, & the lodgers,
 Where low devils, & rich dens, & high tips may be
 Odd dickies, queer kids, & rum codgers. (found,
 Of money, and of property,
 I'm he that takes care,
 And tries, when I see rogues go by,
 Hey! what are you doing there!

"Only a little business in that house; you understand me."—"Understand you! well I believe you are an honest man; do you hear, bring me an odd silver candlestick or so by and by."

Then to my box I creep,
 And there fall fast asleep—
 What's that?—St. Paul's strikes one;
 Thus after all the mischief's done,
 I goes and gives them warning,
 And loudly bawls,
 As strikes St. Paul's,
 Past one o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

Then, round as the hour I merrily cries,
 Another fine mess I discover;
 For a curious rope-ladder I straightway espies,
 And Miss Forward expecting her lover.

Then to each others arms they fly—
 "My life, my soul, ah! ah!"—
 "Fine work, Miss Hot-upon't,"—cries I,
 "I'll knock up your Papa."

“No, you won't fare,”——“Yes, I shall: worthy old soul, to be treated in this manner.”——
 “Here, take this.”——Oh! you villain, want to bribe an honest watchman, and with such a trifle too.——“Well, here's more.”——“More! you seem to be a spirited lad; now do you make her a good husband, I am glad you have tricked the old hunks: I wish you safe to Gretta Green.”

Then to my box I creep,
 And there falls fast asleep——
 What's that?——St. Paul's strikes two,
 The lovers off, what does I do,
 But gives the Father warning,
 And loudly bawls,
 As strikes St. Paul's,
 Past two o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

Then, towards the square from my box as I look,
 I hear such a ranting and tearing;
 'Tis Pharaoh's whole host, & the pigeons & rooks,
 Are laughing, and singing, and swearing,
 Then such a hubbub, such a din;
 How they blaspheme and curse I
 That thief has stolen my diamond pin;
 Watch, watch, I've lost my purse!

“Watch, here, I charge you.”——“And I charge you: damme, charge for charge.”——“Indeed it is a marvellous thing, that honest people can't pass the streets, without being robbed; which is the thief that stole the gentleman's purse!”——“That's him.”——“What, Sam Snatch!——give me the purse: you are mistaken in your man, so go home peaceably, and don't oblige me to take you to the Watch-house.”

Then to my box I creep,
 And there fall fast asleep—
 What's that?—St. Paul's strikes three,
 Thus from my roguery I gets free,
 By giving people warning,
 And loudly bavis,
 As strikes St. Paul's
 Past three o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

I That was once a ploughman a sailor am now,
 No lark that aloft in the sky,
 Ever flutter'd his wings to give speed to the plough,
 Was so gay and so careless as I. Was so, etc.
 But my friend was a carpenter on board a king's ship,
 And he ask'd me to go just to sea for a trip,
 And he talk'd of such things as if sailors were kings,
 And so teasing did keep,
 And so teasing did keep,
 That I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep,
 No longer the horn call'd me up in the morn,
 No longer the horn call'd me up in the morn,
 I trusted to the carpenter and the inconstant wind,
 That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.
 I did not much like to be on board of a ship,
 When in danger there's no door to creep out;
 I liked the jolly tars, I liked bumbo and slip,
 But I did not like rocking about:
 By and by came a hurricane, I did not like that,
 Next a battle that many a sailor laid flat;
 Ah! cried I, who would roam,
 That like me had a home;
 When I'd sow and I'd reap. (deep,
 Ere I'd left my poor plough, to go ploughing the

Where sweetly the horn

Call'd me up in the morn,

Ere I trusted the carpenter and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my love behind.

At last safe I landed, and in a whole skin,

Nor did I make any long stay,

Ere I found by a friend who I ask'd for my kin,

Father dead, and my wife run away!

Ah! who but thyself, said I, hast thou to blame?

Wives losing their husbands oft lose their good
name,

Ah! why did I roam

When so happy at home:

I could sow and could reap,

Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep:

When so sweetly the horn

Call'd me up in the morn,

Curse light on the carpenter and the inconstant
wind,

That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why, if that be the case, said this very same friend,

And you been no more minded to roam,

Give's a shake by the fist, all your care's at an end;

Dad's alive and your wife's safe at home.

Stark staring with joy, I leapt out of my skin,

Bus'd my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin:

Now, cry'd I, let them roam,

Who want a good home,

I'm well, so I'll keep,

Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep;

Once more shall the horn

Call me up in the morn,

Nor shall any damn'd carpenter, nor inconstant
wind,

E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

A WIFE FOR ANY MAN.

DE'IL tak the wars that hurry'd Willy from me,
 Who to love me just had sworn.
 They made him captain, sure, to undo me,
 Woe's me, he'll ne'er return:
 A thousand loons abroad will fight him,
 He from thousands ne'er will run:
 Day and night I did invite him,
 To stay safe from sword and gun.
 I us'd alluring graces,
 With muckle kind embraces.
 Now sighing, then crying, tears dropping fall;
 And had he my soft arms
 Preferr'd to war's alarms;
 My love grows mad,
 Without the help of gad,
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.

Just at our parting, how my hand he squeezed,
 And granted me an humble kiss,
 And spoke so kind, in truth I was pleas'd,
 For I found a joy in this.
 Then did I beg him to quit his commission,
 Lest he should never return again;
 And then how wretched would be my condition,
 If Willy in the wars was slain.
 I sigh'd, and often told him,
 What dangers might befall him;
 In battle guns rattle, thousands likewise fall,
 And if my love should die,
 What should become of me?
 Who here must lie,
 Lamenting every day.
 And if Willy's kill'd adieu to all.

How blest is she whose love is not for fighting,
 Nor in the wars oblig'd to be;
 But to continue with her he has delight in:
 If mine did so then happy me.
 But mine runs through many dangers,
 All for honour, that empty name.
 Oh! had he to wars been a stranger,
 Then my arms he'd ne'er refrain.
 Though I had store of beauty,
 He cry'd, It was his duty
 For to go to Flanders, and he must be gone,
 But had he sweet repose
 Prefer'd to bloody blows,
 He ne'er would flie,
 To Flanders for to die,
 And thus to leave me to lie alone.

I wash'd and patch'd to make me more provoking,
 Snares they told me would catch the men,
 And on my head a large comode sat cocking,
 Which made me shew as tall again.
 It's for a gown too paid much money,
 Which with golden flowers did shine.
 My love might well think me gay and bonny,
 No Scots lads was e'er so fine.
 My petticoat was spotted,
 Fring'd too, with thread I knotted.
 Lac'd shoes, silk hose, garter'd over knee.
 But, oh! the fatal thought,
 To Willy these were nought,
 Who rode to towns,
 Riffled with dragoons,
 While the silly loon might have plunder'd me.

THE SAILOR'S ADVENTURE FOR A WIFE.

EARLY in the morning, by the break of day,
 I saw a jolly sailor, and a lady gay.

They in the grove were walking, early in the morn,
Of love they both were talking, & crossing the lawn.

I slept up close beside them to hear their discourse,
The sailor said, sweet lady, be not so cross,
For if you do deny me for to be my bride,
Then for revenge I'll wander o'er the ocean wide.

She said, dear loving sailor, I am too young to wed,
To love I am a stranger, these very words she said,
Besides my tender father he has gold in store;
If I should gain his anger he'd see me no more.

Could I but see your father, and my mind reveal,
I have both gold and silver, and houses at my will,
Altho' I am a sailor, I am not low and poor,
Grant me but one favour, O then I'll ask no more.

O pray what is the favour that of me you crave?
If it lies in my power you the same shall have;
My heart you now have gained, you are all I prize,
So make yourself contented, pray be satisfied.

O sweetest of all women, blessed be that voice,
Heaven be prais'd that I have gain'd my choice,
Before that we are marry'd let me your father see,
All fear is now miscarry'd, my heart is full of glee.

So straight to her father the brisk young lady went,
And said, grant me one favour, do give your consent,
In love I am entangled with a sailor brave,
Your consent to marry is all that I crave.

Her father gave consent, to church they did repair,
Success attend the sailor and the lady fair,
Attended by her father the lady for to see,
He said, houses and riches all I give to thee.

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