

Moorland Johnny

To which are Added,

THE POTATOE MERCHANT.

AND

54 WILLIAM AT EVE.

5-8



GREENOCK :

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MOORLAND JOHNNY

TUNE—Flowers of Edinburgh

COME here all young men and maidens fair,
And hearken to me while I do relate
The sad circumstances of my lot
And how I was brought into misery great,
Take warning by me, and keep yourselves free
From all sinful oaths and promises
Which I'm ensnared with, and its like to break my peace
When I do remember the case how it is

Now to the world I do declare,
Altho' that it be to my shame and disgrace,
How I have been slighted by a maiden fair
Who has taken another man into my place.
This lassie I did love, and after her did rove,
Endeavouring for to win her heart;
And when the same I wan I thought myself a man
That so manfully I had play'd my part,

'Tis now to the world I shall relate
How that it was between me and this maid,
How ourselves we did bind with an oath of this kind
But oh! and alas! it has proven a snare,
We entered both into a promisory oath,
To cleave to each other while life did remain
I was to marry none but herself alone,
Nor was she to marry another man,

So we did bind ourselves with a curse,
 To fall upon any of us that did break ;
 And now she has broken, therefore I hope
 She will get the burden upon her own neck,
 He that doth her enjoy, good breeding did destroy
 Or else he would never endeavourd,
 No nor caused her to break the promise she did make,
 Nor her conscience with sin to have burdened,

For a heavy burden she doth bear
 of griveous guilt and black perjury,
 For she tramples upon light, and says that she's right
 When, positively, the truth she denies.
 But I fear I'll have to stand when both sea and land
 Shall all be alter'd into another frame ;
 To witness against her then, in the sight of all men,
 For denying of the truth and abusing the same,

But we will leave her to meditate
 Upon her former life and conversation ;
 And I heartily wish she may get forgiveness,
 For every sin and transgression,
 O my heart is like to sink, and to break when I think
 Upon the flattering words that she spoke ;
 How she said her heart was glad when I came into
 her bed,
 Or inclosed into her arms in the dark,

When thus inclos'd into her arms
 What our behaviour was I will conceal ;

For the shaming of mysel' I darna well tell
 What at that present time I did feel—
 For truly modesty ought to be set on high,
 Among all young men, and maidens likewise
 For temptations are not good, nor yet easily withstood
 When they come unto you in a pleasant guise.

But O this day! there's no man knows
 The grievous torment that I have endur'd;
 For my melancholy I think will make me die,
 My diseases they will not be easily cur'd!
 I've had many a weary night ay longing for day-light
 Tormented with many a vexing dream:
 My eyes they are grown blear'd with weeping for I'm
 fear'd,
 That I'm driven quite out of all esteem.

For among the pretty handsome young maids,
 Who of my daft behaviour do hear,
 I'm afraid they will me mock, and cry yonder
 greeting Jock,
 O this will be their talk of me I do fear.
 But now I'm resolv'd all these fears to dissolve,
 To leave off this weeping and clear up mine eyes
 Some lassie brisk and kind will fix on me her mind
 And toward me her affection will rise.

But now I do begin to repent
 That I myself so far did expose;
 I believe I would been wise to have holden my peace,
 And not to have made such a pitiful noise:

I repent this foolish fit, and do pray for more wit
 To behave more wisely the time that's to come,
 Than daftly to lament a thing that is mispent,
 which indeed is the thing I have foolishly done.

But let never a man do as I have done,
 And I pray you to take this counsel of me,
 To keep yourselves free till before the priest you be,
 Least you be deceived deceitfully.

Concerning whom I speak my heart is like to break,
 And has brought me near to my very grave ;
 Yet I hope I will recover, to range the world over,
 And never more to be a woman's slave,

Altho no mention I have made

What is my name, tho' I be not asham'd
 To tell what I am, nor from whence I came,

Altho this woman I have not nam'd

If my name you want to know the same is still to
 show,

Altho it is needless the same to disclose ;

My name is moorland Johnny I'm better than I'm
 bonny,

And sometimes I wear some holes in my hose.

THE POTATOE MERCHANT

My Father was once a great merchant,
 As any in Ireland was found,
 But faith he could ne'er save a shilling,
 Tho' tatoes he sold by the pound.

So, says he to my mother, one night,
 To England suppose you and I go,
 And the very same day, by moonlight,
 They took leave of the county of Sligo.
 Sing de ral, lal de ral la, fal lal, &c.

That the land is all cover'd with water:
 'Twixt England and Ireland, you'll own;
 And single misfortunes, they say,
 To Irishmen ne'er come alone;
 So my father, poor man! was first drown'd
 Then shipwreck'd in sailing from Cork,
 But my mother,—she got safe to land,
 And a whiskey-shop open'd in York.
 Fal de ral, &c.

Just a year after father was dead,—
 One night, about five in the morn,
 An odd accident happen'd to me,
 For 'twas then that myself was first born;
 All this, I've been told by my mammy,
 (And surely she'd not tell me wrong,)
 But I don't remember nought of it,
 'Caze it happen'd when I were quite young.
 Fal de ral, &c.

On the very same day, the next year,
 (For so ran the story of mother,)

The same accident happen'd again,

But not to me then, that were brother ;
So 'twas settled by old father Luke,

Who dissolv'd all our family sins,
As we both were born on the same day,
that we sartinly must have been twins.

Fal de ral, &c.

'Twas agreed I should not go to school,

As learning I never should want,
Nor would they e'en teach me to read,
For my genus they said it would cramp :

Now this genus of mine,—where it lay,—
Do but listen a while, and you'll hear—

'Twas in drawing—not landscapes and pictures ;
No—mine was for drawing of beer.

Fal de ral, &c.

Some with only one genus are blest,

But I it appears had got two,
For when I had drawn off some beer,
I'd a genus for drinking it too :

At last I was drawn up to town,
Without in my pocket a farden,

But since I've earn'd many a crown,
By the shop here, in sweet Common Garden.

Fal de ral, &c.

Now the end of my song's drawing near,
 I'll tell ye—but that's nothing new;—
 Now all my ambition's to try,
 And do what I can to draw you :
 In which if I do but succeed,
 And my efforts beguile you of pain,
 I entreat you'll not wait to be ask'd,
 To come often and see me again.

Fal de ral, &c.

WHEN WILLIAM AT EVE.

When William at eve meets me down at the stile
 How sweet is the Nightingale's song
 Of the days I forgot all my labour and toil
 Whilst the moon plays yon branches among
 By her beams without I hear him complain
 And beleive every word of his song
 You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain
 Whilst the Moon plays yon branches among

FINIS.