

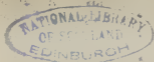
THE

Great Messenger of

WILKINSON

The Wealthy Farmer,
Love, Drink, and Debt.

Edinburgh; printed by J. Morren,



DEATH AND A LADY.

DEATH.

FAIR lady lay your coltly robes aside,
No longer may you glory in your pride,
Take leave of all your carnal vain delight,
I am come to summon you away this night.

LADY.

What bold attempt is this Pray let me know
From whence you come or whither must I go
Shall I who am a Lady yield or bow?
To such a pale-fac'd Visage, Who art thou:

DEATH.

Do you not know me? Well I'll tell you then,
'Tis I who conquer all the sons of men,
No pitch of honour from my dart is free,
My name is **DEATH**, have you not heard of me.

LADY.

Yes, I have heard of you time after time,
But being in the glory of my prime,
I did not think you would have call'd so soon,
Why must my morning sun go down at noon.

DEATH.

Talk not of noon, you may as well be mute
This is no time at all for to dispute,
Your riches jewels, gold and garments have,
Your houses, lands they must new masters have,
Though thy vain heart to riches was inclin'd,
Yet thou, alas! must leave it all behind.

LADY

My heart is cold, I tremble at the news,
Here's bags of gold if you will me excuse;
An seize on those, thus finish thou the strife
With such as now are weary of their life.

Are there not many bound in prison strong,
 In bitter grief of soul have languish'd long,
 And vain would find a grave a place of rest,
 From all their griefs in which they are oppress'd,
 Besides there's many with their hoary head,
 And pally'd joints by which their joys are fled,
 Release thou them, whose sorrows are so great
 And spare my life to have a longer date.

DEATH

Who they with age are full of grief and pain,
 Yet their appointed time they must remain;
 I come to none before my warrant's seal'd.
 And when it is they must submit and yield;
 I take no bribes believe me this is true,
 Prepare yourself to go, I'm come for you.

LADY.

Death be not so severe, let me obtain,
 A little longer time to live and reign,
 Vain would I stay if you my life would spare,
 I have a daughter beautiful and fair,
 I'd live to see her and whom I adore,
 Grant me but this and then I'll ask no more.

DEATH

This is a slender frivolous excuse
 I have you fast and will not let you loose,
 Leave her to providence for you must go,
 Along with me, whether you will or no,
 I, Death do command kings to leave their crown,
 And at my feet they lay their sceptres down,
 If not to kings I will this favour give,
 But cut them down do you expect to live,
 Beyond the limits of your time and space,
 No, I must send you to another place.

LADY.

You learned doctors now display your skill,
 And let for death of me obtain his will.

Prepare rich cordials, let me some comfort find
My gold shall fly like chaff before the wind.

DEATH.

Forbear to call, thy skill will never do,
They are but mortals here as well as you,
I give the fatal wound, my dart is sure,
Tis far beyond the doctor's skill to cure,
To purchase life rather than yield to die;
How freely would you let your silver fly?
But while you flourish here all in your store,
You could not spare one penny to the poor.
In all your pomp the poor that you did hate,
And like rich Dives scourg'd them from your gate,
But tho' you did those whom you thus did scorn,
They like yourself into the world were born,
Tho' for your sins they both did err, and bow
They bore God's image here as well as you
To o' in God's name a toot to you they'd make
You would not give one penny for their sake,
My Lord beheld wherein you did err,
And call's you hence to give account of this.

LADY.

O heavy news, must I no longer stay,
How shall I stand, good God, at that Great Day
Down from her eyes the dying tears did flow,
And said, there's none knows what I undergo
Upon a bed of sorrow here to lie,
My carnal life makes me afraid to die,
My sins alas, are many, good and foul,
Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on my soul;
And though I do deserve thy righteous frown,
Yet pardon, Lord, and pour thy blessings down
Then with a dying fall her heart did break
And did the pleasures of this world forsake,
Here you may see the high and mighty fall,
For Death he showeth no respect at all,

to any one of high or low degree,
Great men submit to Death as well as we,
though they are gay, their life is but a span,
A lump of clay, to frai a creature s man.

THE WEALTHY FARMER,

THERE was a wealthy farmer,
in Chester he did dwell,
He had forty acres of good land,
and liv'd exceeding well,
He had cheap cows and horses,
And plenty of good grain,
and brought about without dispute
He had a thrifty dame.

One morning as usual,
As he and his man John,
Came hane unto their breakfast,
But ne'er a bit was on,
The farmer he was angry,
and unto her he said
How comes sweet madam lazy bones
There is no breakfast made.

The good wife she ex- used herself,
Unto the goodman,
and said she had the cows to milk,
Before her work began
at all that she could say or do,
Could not the least prevail,
she called her an idle-lit,
and then began to rail,
O ye fozy Baggage
You live here at your ease

You may sit down and rest you,
 Or do what e'er you please,
 While I like a poor guinea slave,
 Must labour hard at plough,
 Where you may sit down & rest you
 To card or spin your tow.

Then says the good-wife unto the
 good-man,
 If you will stay at home,
 And do the business of the house,
 I'll go and plough with John;
 The farmer he was willing,
 The bargain soon was made
 Now she is intended,
 To clap the horns on his head.

It's now she's gone a ploughing,
 With honest John she's gone,
 And left the husband of the house,
 At home to card and spin,
 To mind the dairy and the pigs,
 And tickle the candle too,
 If you believe it neighbours
 He had some thing to do.

The pigs they wanted service,
 As you have often heard.
 They broke into the dairy,
 And serv'd themselves with cream & butter
 The cheese and butter suff'ed much better
 Before he got them out,
 The milk cans & churns they upset,
 And dash'd the cream about.

e drew to him the churn-staff,
 And flashed among the piggs,
 me he hit and some he mist,
 And some he brake their legs
 which would caus'd a dying man to
 laugh,
 If he had seen the fun,
 he might have sow she turned round,
 And bit him by the thumb.

he a cloth provided,
 For to tie up his hand,
 he bawle they lay squalling,
 And bawling out for mam,
 our mammy's gone a ploughing,
 And I am almost dead,
 he one lay tumbling on the floor,
 The other pits'd the bed.

he took up the little one
 the cradle his wife made,
 drew to him his spinning wheel,
 his trade for to begin,
 at as he wash'd the baby clouts,
 And hung them out to dry
 his tow took fire and burnt his rock
 His work went all awry.

he went up the field,
 to call his wife from plough,
 his man John was kissing her,
 Below the barley brow,
 Now John you are at business,
 The good-man then he cri'd,
 My master I was wearied,
 I ventur'd on to ride.

(8)
I pray my honest neighbour,
Your rid ng now refrain
And I'll take care I'll never slave,
In womens work again.

All you wealthy Farmers,
That hears my comedy,
I pray you stick by your own work,
Or cackold you will be,
The farmer tryed the womens work
But found his own the best.
So never be angry at your wives
When they sit down to rest,

LOVE, DRINK AND DEBT.

I've been in love, and in debt, and in drink
(here many and many a year ;
And these are plagues enough I should think
For any p- or mortal to bear
'Twas love made me fall into drink,
And drink made me fall u to debt ;
And though I have struggled and strove,
I cannot get out of them yet
There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain :
'Twill pay a l my debts, and remove all my lets
And my mistress that cannot esdure me,
Will love me, and love me again , (again
Then, then I shall fall to my loving and drinking

F I N I S .