

An excellent New Song, called

WILLIE WASTLE:

To which are added,

Henry's Cottage Maid,

The SHEFFIELD PRENTICE,

Different Humours,

AND,

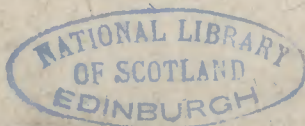
My Love is but a Laffie yet.




HADDINGTON:

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.





Sic a Wife as Willie had.

WILLIE Wastle dwelt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdodie,
Willie was a wabster gude,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony body,
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller:
A whiskin beard about her mou,
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow hough'd, she's hem- shinn'd.
Ae limp in leg a hand breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair on ilka quarter;
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther:
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her lufe her face a-washin';

But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
 Her wallie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-water;
 Sie a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.



Henry's Cottage Maid.

AH where can I fly my soul's true love,
 Sad-I wander this long grove,
 Sighs and tears for him I shed,
 Henry is from Laura fled,
 Thy love to me thou didst impart,
 Thy love soon won my virgin heart,
 But, dearest Henry, thou'st betray'd
 Thy love with thy poor cottage maid.

Thro' the vale my grief appears,
 Sighing sad with pearly tears:
 Oft thy image is my theme,
 As I wander on the green:
 See, my cheek the colour flies,
 And love's sweet hope within me dies;
 For oh' my dear Henry, thou'st betrayed
 Thy love with thy dear cottage maid.



The Sheffield Prentice.

I Was brought up in Sheffield,
 got of a high degree,
 My parents doated on me,
 they had no more but me.
 I rolled in such pleasure,
 just where my fancy led,
 Till I was bound apprentice,
 then all my joys were fled.

I did not like my master,
 he did not use me well,
 I took a resolution,
 not long with him to dwell.
 Unknown to my poor parents,
 from him I run away;
 I steered my course to London,
 O cursed be the day!

A handsome young lady,
 from Holland was there,
 She offered me great wages,
 to serve her for a year.
 O then with great persuasions,
 with her I did agree
 To go to live in Holland,
 which proved my destiny.

I had not been in Holland
 past years two or three,
 Before that my young mistress
 grew very fond of me.
 She said her gold and silver
 her houses and her land,
 If I'd consent to marry her,
 should be at my command.

I said dear honoured lady,
 I cannot wed you both;
 For I have lately promised
 and made a solemn oath,
 To wed none but Polly,
 your pretty chamber-maid;
 Excuse me, my dear mistress,
 she has my heart betray'd.

Then in an angry humour,
 away from me did run,
 Resolv'd to be reveng'd on me,
 before that it was long.
 She being so perplexed,
 she could not be my wife.
 That she would seek a project
 to take away my life.

One day as we were walking
 all in a garden gay,
 The flowers they were springing
 delightful and so gay,

A gold ring from her finger,
 as I was passing by,
 She slipt into my pocket,
 and for it I must die.

My Mistres swore I robb'd her,
 and quickly I was brought,
 Before a grave old justice,
 to answer for my fault.
 Long time I pleaded innocence
 but it was no avail:
 She swore so sore against me
 that I was sent to jail.

Its now the last assizes
 are drawing on apace,
 And presently the judges
 will on me sentence pass.
 From the place of confinement
 they brought me to the tree,
 So woe to my mistres
 For she has ruin'd me.

All you that stand around me,
 my wretched fate to see,
 Don't glory in my downfall;
 I p'tay you pity me,
 Believe me I am quite innocent,
 I bid the world adieu;
 Farewell, my pretty Polly
 I die for love of you.

Different Humours.

T'OTHER day as I walk'd in the park,
 the gentry being drest'd very fine,
 They all went away at the noon time of day,
 and for different taverns to dine.

The nobles to the King's head will go,
 the gentry to the sign of the crown;
 The merchant you know to the gold fleece
 will go,
 and away to the plough will the clown.

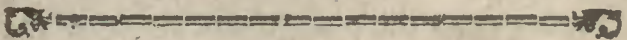
The drover at the savage may be found,
 which humanity has mark'd with such
 scorn;
 The huntsman you know to the hound he
 will go,
 and the cuckold to the sign of the horn.

The clergy at the mitre will dine,
 the soldier at the sign of the gun;
 The butcher you know to the black-bull
 will go,
 and the friar to the sign of the nun.

The player at the Shakespear may be found,
 the sailor to the anchor and cann;
 The lawyer you know to the devil he will go,
 and the maid to the sign of the man.

The Irishman fine, on potatoes will dine,
the Welchman on hard toasted cheese;
The Scotsman you know to his crowdy he
will go,
and the Englishman to pudding and pease,

Thus it is every man in his station.
search East, West, North, and South,
And he who has no money in his pocket
you know,
may dine at the sign of the mouth.



My Love is but a Lassie yet.

MY love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet,
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half so saucy yet.

I rue the day I sought her O,
I rue the day I sought her O,
Wha gets her needna say she's woo'd
But he may say he's bought her O.

F I N I S.