

THE
Humorous Exploits
OF
Mally Dyver,

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
The Farmer's witty Remarks
on the Dog-Tax.



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THE
INTRIGUES OF MALLY DYVER.

NOW Jeany Dyver she is dead,
Her daughter Mally doth succeed;
Her name in London's known full well,
But who's her father none can tell.

O rare Mally Dyver!

O rare Mally O!

Young Mally's beautiful and fair,
With rosy cheeks, and coal-black hair;
A handsome shape, and rolling eye,
Young men take care she's wond'rous fly.

O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

Mally being a maid of noted fame,
To Bristol city briskly came;
One day she went to take the air,
How she behav'd you soon shall hear.

O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

A rich old Miser near the 'Change,
He was inflam'd with Mally's charms,
Altho' his age was seventy-three,
He dearly lov'd her company.

O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

A coach-and-six he did prepare,
His sweetheart Mally for to air;
A watch, twizers, and golden rings,
With many other costly things.

O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

Most cunningly she did behave,
 This rich old Miser to deceive;
 She search'd his baggs, as I am told,
 Wherein she found great store of gold.
O rare Mally Dyver!

Young Mally, with her golden prize,
 For London town straight-way she flies;
 Where she set up, in Drury Lane,
 And call'd her house, The Virgin's Inn.
O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

Both Lords and Knights, I do declare,
 For Mally's house they do enquire,
 This Queen of Harlots to embrace
 Tho' void of shame, and free of grace!
O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

An Irish Lord, a brisk young spark,
 He met with Mally in the dark,
 Altho' his gold was very large,
 To him she gave a free discharge.
O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

The next was a Justice of the Peace,
 He came young Mally to embrace;
 He thought young Mally to deceive,
 But cunningly she did behave.
O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

She says, Kind Sir, if you incline,
 I'll bring you one will please your mind;
 She fix'd the justice to the life,
 She sent and brought to him his wife!
O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

His wife she in a passion rose,
 And says, Husband, I do suppose
 You love this place better than me,
 No credit to your family.

O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

I did this only for to try
 To find out Mally's honesty;
 She is an honest, girl I find
 As ever dwelt in Drury-Lane.

O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

The rich old Miser, as I heard say,
 For London town he took his way,
 His sweetheart Mally to attack,
 But his attempts were all too late.

O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

When that young Mally Dyver found,
 Her old sweetheart was come to town,
 She hir'd another in her place,
 Which prov'd the Miser's sad disgrace.

O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

The house was searched with all speed,
 In which he found the servant maid;
 So she to Newgate straight was sent,
 But Mally did the suit prevent.

O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

She hir'd a Lawyer in the town,
 To whom she gave full fifty pound,
 To plead her cause before them all:
 How she behav'd, declare I shall.

O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

The day being come, she must appear,
 Before the Judge, as you shall hear,
 It put the Miser in surprize,
 He hardly could believe his eyes.

O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

She says, Kind Sir, you are to blame,
 For scandalizing of my name;
 I never saw you in my life,
 I neither am your whore nor wife.

O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

The Lawyer boldly pled her cause,
 And said, According to our Laws,
 Five pounds each hour she must receive,
 Which sum to her he quickly gave.

O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

Young Mally hearing of this thing,
 O'er a full bowl began to sing!
 Saying, If I live to seventy-three,
 What a rich old woman I shall be.

O rare Mally Dyver! &c.

Altho' my mother lost her life,
 For cackling of an Earl's wife,
 Yet Mally and her sporting maids,
 Good Irish have for English blads.

O rare Mally Dyver!

O rare Mally O.

TAX'D DOGS' GARLAND.

UPON the road, the other day,
 I chanc'd to overtake, Sir,
 Two country-men upon the road,
 Who great complaint did make, Sir.

One of the two right mournful said,
 Oh! have you heard the news, Sir,
 A heavy tax is laid on Dogs,
 Which are of so great use, Sir.

Six Shillings now we all must pay,
 If that a Dog we keep, Sir,
 Poor people cannot this afford,
 Tho' they should lose their sheep, Sir.

I'm seventy years, or thereabout,
 My neighbour's sixty-six, Sir,
 But never saw the like of this,
 To lay on Dogs a tax, Sir.

Wow man, I think, there's many ways,
 To clear the nation's load, Sir,
 Than to oppress a poor man so,
 and tax his very Dog, Sir.

This morning, or I came frae hame,
 I saw three Collies die, Sir,
 Their owner's could not pay the tax,
 Tho't had been but Shillings three, Sir.

O if they had but come to me,
 Or yet to Madge, my wife, Sir,
 This year's taxation we would pay'd,
 To sav'd their Collie's life, Sir.

My heart was wae to see the brutes
 share sic untimely fate, Sir,
 The country sure must be right poor,
 when thus they uphold the state, Sir.

There's mony Dög's, I frankly own,
 That's useless for to keep, Sir;
 But country Collies useful are,
 For herding of our sheep, Sir.

My Collie is an unco beast,
 And meikle sense hē has, Sir,
 And when the sheep strays o'er far aff,
 He gi'es them mony a chase, Sir.

I canna want my Collie dog,
 Mair than meat to my wime, Sir;
 For turning either horse or nout,
 He is a hunter fine, Sir.

He never hunts them by the head,
 But ay grips at their heels, Sir;
 And gathers safely a' the flock,
 When running thro' the fields, Sir.

He's careful o' the house at night,
 And when that any ill, Sir,
 Is likely for to come on me,
 He barks baith loud and shrill, Sir.

Were't not for him the robbers sure
 Would take from me my gear, Sir;
 But Collie gi'es a lively bark,
 When danger it is near, Sir.

At kirk or fais there's ne'er a dog,
 Wi' Collie can compare, Sir;
 The other day, upon the road,
 He catch'd a running hare Sir.

It's very right that uselefs Dogs
 Should pay a handsome tax, Sir;
 Each one should twenty shillings pay,
 If Collies must pay fax, Sir.

The happy time will yet arrive,
 I hope the time to see, Sir,
 When uselefs Dogs will all be hang'd,
 And Collie Dogs gae free, Sir.

F I N I S.

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