

T H E

Luckie Plou'-Boy.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

The LAMP-LIGHTER.

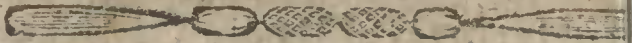
VIRTUE and WIT, the Preservatives
of LOVE and BEAUTY.

SWEET JEAN OF TYRONE.



G L A S G O W,

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The LUCKIE PLOUGH-BOY.

TO ITS AIN PROPER TUNE.

THERE was a jolly plough boy
 Was ploughing on the plain,
 And his horses stood under a shade,
 Low down in yonder grove,
 He was whistling to his plough,
 And his chance was to meet a pretty maid.
 He finished his song,
 As he walked along,
 You're a maid of a higher degree,
 If I should fall in love,
 And your parents come to know,
 The next thing they would send me to the sea.
 But when her parents
 They came for to know,
 The plough-boy was ploughing on the plain
 A press-gang they sent,
 That press'd my love away,
 They sent him to the wars to be slain.
 She then dressed herself
 In very rich array,
 And her pockets was lined with gold,
 See how she treads the streets,
 With tears in her eyes,
 And she walks like a jolly sailor bold.

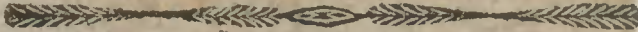
The first man that she met,
 Was a jolly sailor bold,
 Have you seen my pretty plough-boy she cry'd,
 He's just gone through the deep,
 And he's sailing for the fleet,
 And he said my pretty maid will you ride?

She step'd into the boat,
 And he row'd her to the ship,
 He then to the Captain did complain,
 She says I'm come to search
 For my own true love,
 He's just gone to the wars to be slain.

Five hundred bright guineas
 She then pulled out,
 He laid them all down on the floor,
 She took her pretty plough-boy
 All into her arms,
 And he row'd him till she got him safe on shore.

When they came to dry land,
 Where they firm did stand,
 The meadows where they had been before,
 So sweet as she did sing,
 She made the bells to ring,
 When she had met with the lad she ador'd.

How happy is the day
 When true lovers do meet,
 When their sorrows and troubles are o'er!
 For it's this cursed war,
 Has ta'en many lads afar,
 Their true loves can't see them any more.



THE LAMP-LIGHTER.

SUNG BY MR. DIBDIN.

I' M jolly Dick the Lamp-lighter,
 they say the Sun's my Dad,
 And truly I believe it, Sir,
 for I'm a pretty lad;
 Father and I the world delight,
 and make it look so gay,
 The difference is, I light by night,
 and Father lights by day.
 Father and I the world delight, &c.

But Father's not the like of I,
 for knowing life and fun,
 For I strange tricks and fancies spy,
 folks never show the sun;
 Rogues, owls, and bats can't bear the light,
 I've heard your wife ones say,
 And so, d'ye mind, I see at night
 things never seen by day,
 Rogues, owls, and bats, &c.

At night men lay aside all art,
 as quite an useless task,
 And many a face, and many a heart
 will then pull off the mask;
 Each formal Prude, and holy Wight,
 will throw disguise away,
 And sin it openly at night,
 who sinned it all day. Each formal, &c.

His darling hoard the miser views,
 misses from friends decamp,
 And many a statesman mischief brews
 to his country o'er his lamp;
 So father and I, d'ye take me right,
 are just on the same lay,
 I bare-fac'd sinners light by night,
 and he false saints by day.
 So father and I, d'ye take me right, &c.



VIR TUE and W I T, the Preservatives
 of L O V E and B E A U T Y.

TUNE—KILLICRANKY.

Confess thy love, fair blushing maid,
 for since thine eye's consenting,
 Thy faster thoughts are a' betray'd,
 and na-says no worth testing.

Why aims thou to oppose thy mind,
 with words thy wish denying;
 Since Nature made thee to be kind,
 reason allows complying.

Nature and Reason's joint consent,
 make love a sacred blessing,
 Then happily that time is spent,
 that's war'd on kind carelling.

Come then my Katie to my arms,
 I'll be nae mair a rover;
 but find out heav'n in a' thy charms,
 and prove a faithful lover.

SHE.) What you design, by Nature's law,
 is fleeting inclination,
 Then Willy-Wisp beguiles us a'
 by its infatuation

When that goes out, caresses tire,
 and love's nae mair in season,
 Syne weakly we blow up the fire,
 with all our boasted reason.

HE.) The beauties of inferior cast
 may start this just reflection;
 But charms, like thine, must always last,
 where Wit has the protection.

Virtue and Wit, like April rays,
 make Beauty rise the sweeter;
 The langer then on thee I gaze,
 my Love will grow completer.

SWEET JEAN OF TYRONE.

MY father often told me,
 He never would controul me,
 But make me a draper if I staid at home,
 But I took a notion,
 Of a higher promotion,
 To try other parts than the county of Tyrone.
 It was not in variance;
 That I left my parents,
 As little they knew the road I had gone;
 But I thank my instructor,
 And kindly conductor (rone.
 Who landed me safe from the county of Ty-

When I travelled to Newry,
 Where I fell a courting,
 A courting a girl for a wife of my own,
 But when I came to her,
 She would not endure me, (Tyronc.
 She told me I was married in the county of

Then I staid a whole season,
 At the cotton weaving,
 Still thinking my true love would alter her tone,
 But with quick apprehension,
 She quickly made mention, (Tyronc.
 Where's your character from the county of

For my character,
 You need ne'er mind it,
 I never was married, or promis'd to none,
 Then she swore by her conscience,
 She would run all chances,
 And travel with me to the county of Tyronc.

Then early next morning,
 The sun was adorning, (stons,
 We travell'd from Killwight by the 3 mile
 The guard they pursu'd us,
 But never could view us, (rone,
 I wish'd from my heart I had my love in Ty-

As we were a walking,
 And lovingly talking,
 We met an old man was walking alone;
 He told them he met us,
 And where they would get us, (Tyronc.
 And that we were talking of the county of

This eased their trouble,
 Their steps they did double, (bones,
 And said if they'd get me they'd break all my
 They said if they'd get me,
 A prisoner they'd make me, (rone.
 Transmit me to Onag, and hang me in Ty-
 There was a water nigh us,
 Where vessels were lying, (known,
 And all the whole story to them we made
 They threw a plank to us,
 And on board they drew us,
 And told us their vessel was bound to Tyrone.
 Then my love lay a dying,
 Lamenting and crying, (home,
 I offer'd her a cordial which I brought from
 But with quick apprehension,
 She quickly rejected,
 I'll be doing without it till I come to Tyrone.
 When we arrived
 In our native country,
 I all the whole case to my father made known,
 Five hundred pounds he gave us,
 If that will not do us, (Tyrone.
 He'll crown us with glory in the county of
 These two live together,
 In joy and great pleasure,
 If you want to see them you must go to Tyrone,
 My love's name to finish,
 Is Miss Jeany Innes, (of Tyrone.
 And myself bold M'Ginnes from the county