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FOUR POPULAR

Songs:

Viz.

EASTER MONDAY.

WHEN I'VE MONEY.

WHAT'S A WOMAN LIKE?

AND

A COBLER THERE WAS.



Falkirk—Printed by Mrs. Taylor, 1826.

NATIONAL
OF SCOTLAND
EDINBURGH

EASTER MONDAY.

A Cobler I am, and my name is Dick Awl,
 I'm a bit of a beast, for I live in a stall,
 With an ugly old wife and a tortoise-shell cat,
 I mend boots and shoes with a rat a tat tat.

This morning at breakfast on bacon and
 spinage,

Says I to my wife, I'm going to Greenwich,
 Says she "Dicky Awl ay and I will go too",
 Says I, "Mrs. Awl, I'll be d—d if you do.

One word bred another O shocking mishap!
 She gave me the lie, and I gave her the strap,
 To tarry at home then I thought it a sin,
 So I soon bolted out but I bolted her in,

To Greenwich by water I merrily sped,
 And saw them all rolling it heels over head,
 The sun was so bright and so high the wind
 blew,

I spied what I don't wish to mention to you.

But when I got home, (it is true on my life)
 Billy Button the tailor was of with my wife:
 Though old Mrs. Awl has no fancy to bolts,
 She has but one tooth but that tooth is a colts

Ah! Sally my love, 'twas a very bad plan,
 To cut me, and choose the ninth part of a man,
 She thought in eloping so funny and tricky,
 With poor Dicky Awl it would soon be all
 Dicky

If Bill and my rib should get into a fray,
 He may sell her by auction the next market
 day,
 If nobody bids for the sweet pretty elf,
 Knock her down my dear Billy and keep
 her yourself.

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WHEN I'VE MONEY.

When I've money I am merry,  
 When I've none I'm very sad,  
 When I'm sober I am civil,  
 When I'm drunk I'm roaring mad:  
 With my fal, lal, tiddle tum,  
 Likewise toodle, teodle, tum;  
 Not forgetting titherin I,  
 And also folderoodle um.

When disputing with a puppy,  
 I convince him with a rap.

And while romping with a girl,  
By accident I tear her cap.

With my fal, lal, &c.

Cadzooks, I'll never marry,  
I'm a lad that's bold and free,  
Yet I love a pretty girl,  
A pretty girl is fond of me.

With my fal, lal, &c.

There's a maiden in a corner,  
Round & sound, & plump and fat,  
She and I drink tea together,  
But no matter, sir, for that.

With my fal; lal, &c.

If this maiden be with bairn,  
As I do suppose she be,  
Like good pappy I must learn,  
To dandle Jacky on my knee.

With my fal, lal, &c.

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### WHAT'S A WOMAN LIKE?

A woman is like to—but stay—  
What a woman is like who can say

There's no living with or without one—  
 Love bites like a fly,  
 Now an ear now an eye,  
 Buz buz, always buzzing about one,  
 When she's tender and kind,  
 She is like to my mind,  
 (And Fanny was so I remember)  
 She's like to—oh dear!  
 She's as good, very near,  
 As a ripe melting peach in December.  
 If she laugh and she chat,  
 Play, joke, and all that,  
 Ann with smiles and good humour she meet  
 She like a rich dish [me,  
 Of ven'son or fish,  
 That cries from the table come eat me.  
 But she'll plague you and vex you,  
 Distract and perplex you,  
 False hearted and ranging,  
 Unsettled and changing,  
 What then do you thing she is like?  
 Like a sand? Like a rock?  
 Like a wheel? like a clock?  
 Ay! like a clock that is always at strike,  
 Her head's like the island folks tell on,  
 Which nothing but monkey's can dwell on,  
 Her heart's like a lemon so nice,  
 She carves for each lover a slice,

In truth she's to me  
 Like the wind, like the sea,  
 Whose raging will hearken to no man;  
 Like a mill, like a pill,  
 Like a flail, like a whale,  
 Like an ass, like a glass,  
 Whose image is constant to no man;  
 Like a flower like a shower,  
 Like a fly, like a pye,  
 Like a pea, like a flea,  
 Like a thief, like—in brief,  
 She's like nothing on earth—but a woman.

### A COBBLER THERE WAS.

A Cobler there was, and he lived in a stall  
 Which served him for parlour, for kitchen  
 and hall;  
 No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pal  
 No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate  
 Derry down, down, down, derry down  
 Contented he work'd and he thought h  
 self happy,  
 If at night he could purchase a jug of bro  
 natty,

8  
7  
How he'd laugh then and whistle, and sing  
too, most sweet,  
Saying, just to a hair I've made both ends  
to meet.

Derry down, &c.

But love the disturber of high and of low,  
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,  
He shot the poor Cobbler quite through the  
heart;

I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, &c.

It was from a celiar this archer did play,  
Where a buxom yeung damsel continually  
lay;

Her eyes shone so bright, when she rose  
ev'ry day,

That she shot the poor Cobbler quite over  
the way.

Derry down, &c.

He sung her love songs as he sat at his  
work,

But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;  
Whenever he spake she would flounce and  
flee,

Which put the poor Cobbler quite into  
dispair.

Derry down, &c.

He took up his *awl* that he had in the world,  
 And to make away with himself he resolv'd ;  
 He pierc'd through his body instead of his  
*sole.*

So the Cobbler he died, and the bell it  
 did toll.

Derry down, &c.

And now, in good will, I advise, as a friend,  
 All Cobblers take warning by this Cobbler's  
 end ;

Keep your hearts out of love—for we find  
 by what's past,

That love brings us all to an end at the last.

Derry down, &c.

