

Yellow-Hair'd Laddie

To which are added,

The Auld Yellow-Hair'd Laddie.

ROGER AND DOLLY.

SCOLD HIM I WILL.

SUSAN'S Complaint and Remedy.

THE CORK RUMP.


STILL HE'S THE MAN.

BEAUTY AND RIGOUR.

The RETURN from the CHACE.



Entered according to Order.



The YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

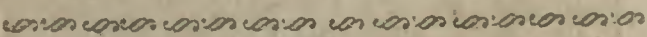
IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
 The yellow-hair'd Laddie would often-times go
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That Sylvians and Faries unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be fair
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
 Her breath's like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon was unconstant, and never spoke truth:
 But Susie was faithful, good humour'd and free,
 And fair as the Goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mama's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,
 Was aukwardly airy, and frequently sour:
 Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

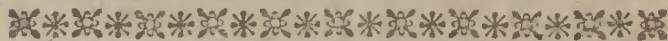


The Auld Yellow-Hair'd LADDIE.

THE yellow hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,
 Gries milk the ews, lassie, let nane of them gae;
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
 The yellow hair'd laddie shall be my goodman,
 And ay she milked, &c.

*The weather is cauld and my claithing is thin;
 The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in:
 They winna bught in though I shou'd die,
 O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me:
 They winna bught in, &c.*

*The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny, come ben,
 The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn,
 Though butter, and cheese, and a' shou'd sour,
 I'll crack and kiss wi' my love ae ha'f hour;
 It's ae ha'f hour, and we's e'en mak it three,
 For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.*



ROGER AND DOLLY.

To its own proper Tune.

*AS Dolly was milking of the cows,
 Young Roger came tripping it over the plain,
 And made unto her most delicate bows,
 And then he went tripping it back again.*

*My pretty sweet Roger, come back again,
 My pretty sweet Roger, come back again,
 For it is your company that I do lack,
 Or else my poor heart will break in twain.*

*I winna come back, nor I canna come back;
 I wonot, I cannot; no, no, not I:
 And if 'tis my company that you do lack,
 You may lack it until the day you die.*

*Oh! do you not mind the curds and cream,
 And many a bottle of good March beer?
 When you was going along with your team?
 And then it was Dolly my own sweet dear.
 But I winna come back, nor I canna come back, &c.*



SCOLD HIM I WILL.

*O*N a fine summer morning when nature looks gay,
 When the birds full of songs and the lambs full of play;
 When the earth seems to answer and smiles from above,
 Then all things declare it a season for love.

My mother cries Nancy, you must go to the mill;
 If my corn be not ground, you may scold if you will:
 Give me freedom to use my tongue, spare me no doubt,
 For a woman, alas! can do nothing without.

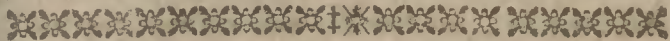
The maid being ready, she bound on her way,
 Repeating the words she determin'd to say;
 And as she drew nigh the mill, behold she stood still,
 Bless my stars, then she cry'd, scold him rarely I will.

The miller that instant to the market was gone,
 And left all the charge of the mill to his son;
 And although I could scold as well as many can,
 I thought it a pity to scold the young man.

O Sir, what is the reason you've us'd me so ill?
 I must have my corn ground, I must and I will.
 But he answer'd the fair maid, the neglect's none of mine,
 There's no corn in the mill I'll grind sooner than thine.

There being none so ready to answer the fair,
 The miller is to work gone, I vow and declare;
 But hark how the birds sing so sweet and so shrill,
 I must have a kiss first, I must and I will.

The corn being ready, she bound on her way,
 But he whisper'd her something of moment to stay,
 And he offer'd to band her all thro' the green mead.
 And said, that he lov'd her indeed and indeed.



SUSAN'S Complaint and Remedy.

AS down in the meadows I chanced to pass,
 O there I beheld a young beautiful lass,
 Her age, I am sure, it was scarcely fifteen,
 And she on her head wore a garland of green.

Her lips were like rubies, and as for her eyes,
 They sparkled like diamonds, or stars in the skies,
 And as for her voice it was charming and clear,
 And she sung a song for the loss of her dear.

Why does my love Willy prove false and unkind?
 Ah! why does he change like the wav'ring wind,
 From one that is loyal in ev'ry degree?

Ah! why does he change to another from me?

Or does he take pleasure to torment me so?
 Or does he delight in my sad overthrow?

Susanna will always prove true to her trust,
 'Tis pity lov'd Willy shou'd prove so unjust.

In the meadows as we were a making of hay,
 There did we pass the soft minutes away;
 Then was I kiss'd, and sat down on his knee,
 No man in the world was so loving as he.

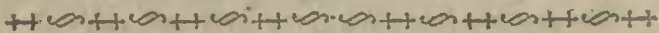
And as he went forth to harrow and plow,
 I milk'd him sweet sillybubs under my cow:
 O then I was kiss'd as I sat on his knee,
 No man in the world was so loving as he.

But now he has left me, and Fanny the fair,
 Employs all his wishes, his thoughts and his care:
 He kisses her lips as she sits on his knee,
 And says all the sweet things he once said to me.

But if she believe him, the false-hearted swain,
 Will leave her, and then she with me may complain:
 For nought is more certain, believe silly Sue,
 Who once has been faithless can never be true.

She finish'd her song, and rose up to be gone,
 When over the meadow came jolly young John,
 Who told her that she was the joy of his life,
 And if she'd consent he would make her his wife:

She cou'd not refuse him, so to church they went;
 Young Willy's forgot, and young Susan's content,
 Most men are like Willy, most women like Sue:
 If men will be false, why shou'd women be true?



THE CORK RUMP.

Tune—There was an old Woman at Cranston.

GIVE Betsy a bushel of horse hair and wool,
 of paste and pometum a pound;
 Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her sweet skull,
 and gauze to encompass it round.

Of all the gay colours the rainbow displays
 are these ribbons which hang from her head,
 And her flounces adapted to make the folks gaze,
 for around the whole work are they spread.

Her flaps fly behind for a yard at the least
 and her curls meet under the chin;
 And these curls are supported, to keep up the jest,
 with an hundred instead of one pin.

Her gown is tuck'd up to the hip on each side,
 shoes too high for to walk or to jump,
 And to deck the sweet creature compleat for a bride,
 the Cork-cutter has made her a rump.

Thus finish'd in taste, while on her I gaze,
 I think I could take her for life ;
 But I fear to undress her, for out of her stays,
 I should find I had lost HALF my wife ?



STILL HE'S THE MAN.

To its own proper Tune.

WHAT woman cou'd do, I have try'd to be free,
 Yet do all I can,

I find I love him, and though he flies me,
 Still, still he's the man.

They tell me at once, he to twenty will swear :
 When vows are so sweet, who the falshood can fear ?

So when you have said all you can,
 Still,—still he's the man.

I caught him once making love to a maid,
 When to him I ran,

He turn'd, and he kiss'd me, then who cou'd upbraid
 So civil a man ?

The next day I found to a third he was kind,
 I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind ;

So let me do what I can,
 Still,—still he's the man.

All the world bids me beware of his art :
 I do what I can :

But he has taken such hold of my heart,
 I doubt he's the man !

So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind,
 He may have his faults, but if none I can find,

Who can do more than they can,
 He,—still is the man.

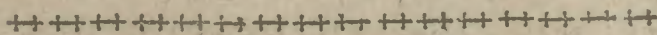


BEAUTY AND RIGOUR.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
 No less than a wonder by nature design'd ;
 She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,
 And the cause of a flame that never can die.
 And the cause, &c.

Her mouth, from whence wit still obligingly flows,
 Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose :
 Love and destiny both attend on her will,
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,
 Where Beauty and Rigour are both in excess ;
 In Silvia they meet, so unhappy am I,
 Who sees her must love, who loves her must die.



THE RETURN from the CHACE.

THE sweet rosy morn peeps over the hills,
 With blushes adorning the meadows and fields ;
 The merry, merry, merry horn calls, Come, come away,
 Awake from your slumbers and hail the new day.
 The merry, merry, &c.

The stag rouz'd before us, away seems to fly,
 And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry,
 Then follow, follow, follow the musical chace,
 Where pleasure and vigorous health you embrace.

The day's sport when over makes blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk lover fresh charms for the night ;
 Then let us now enjoy all we can when we may,
 Let love crown the night, as our sports crown the day.

F I N I S.