

THE HAUGHTY
DUCHESS;

OR,

Death and the Lady.

To which are added,

THE MILLER TAKEN IN,

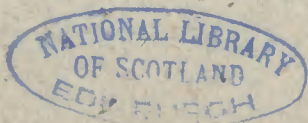
AND

A Furnished Table.



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A Dialogue betwixt

DEATH and the LADY.

DEATH.

FAIR Lady, lay your costly robes aside,
No longer may you glory in your pride;
Take leave of all your carnal vain delight,
I'm come to summon you away this night.

LADY.

What bold attempt is this?—Pray let me know
From whence you come, and whither must I go?
Shall I, who am a Lady, yield or bow
To such a pale visage!—Who art thou?

DEATH.

Do you not know me?—Well, I'll tell you then:
'Tis I that conquer all the sons of men;
No pitch of honour from my dart is free:
My name is Death—Have you not heard of me?

LADY.

Yes, I have heard of you, time after time,
But being in the glory of my prime,

I did not think you would have call'd so soon;
 Why must my morning sun go down at noon!

DEATH.

Talk not of noon, you may as well be mute,
 This is no time at all for to-dispute,
 Your riches, jewels, gold, and garments brave,
 Your houses, lands, they must new masters have.
 Tho' thy vain heart to riches was inclin'd,
 Yet thou, alas! must leave it all behind.

LADY.

My heart is cold!—I tremble at the news!
 Here's bags of gold, if thou wilt me excuse,
 And seize on those (thus finish thou the strife
 With such) who are now weary of their life;
 Are there not many bound in prison strong,
 Who in bitter grief of soul have languish'd long,
 And fain would find a grave, a place of rest,
 From all their griefs, wiith which they are op-
 press'd:

Besides, there's many with the hoary head,
 And palsy'd joint, by which their joys are fled;
 Release thou them, whose sorrows are so great,
 And spare my life to have a longer date.

DEATH.

Though they with age are full of grief and pain,
 Yet their appointed time they must remain;
 I come to none before my warrant's seal'd,
 And when it is, they must submit and yield.

I take no bribe, believe me, this is true,
Prepare yourself to go, I come for you.

LADY.

Death, be not so severe, let me obtain
A little longer time to live and reign;
Fain would I stay, if thou my life would spare;
I have a daughter beautiful and fair,
I'd live to see her wed whom I adore:
Grant me but this, and then I'd ask no more.

DEATH.

This is a slender, frivolous excuse,
I have you fast, and will not let you loose;
Leave her to Providence, for you must go
Along with me, whether you will or no.
I death, command all Kings to leave their crown;
And at my feet they lay their sceptres down:
If not to Kings I will this favour give,
But cut them down, Do you expect to live
Beyond the limits of your time and space?
No, I must send you to another place.

LADY.

You learned Doctors, now display your skill,
And let not Death of me obtain his will;
Prepare me cordials, let me content find,
My gold shall fly like chaff before the wind.

DEATH.

Forbear to call, their skill will never do,
They are but mortals here as well as you;

I give the fatal wound, my dart is sure,
 Its far beyond the Doctor's skill to cure.
 To purchase life, rather than yield to die,
 How freely would you let your silver fly!
 But while you flourish'd here all in your store,
 You could not spare one penny for the poor.
 In all your pomp the poor then you did hate,
 And like rich Dives scourg'd them from the gate,
 But though you did, those whom you thus did scorn,
 They like yourself into this world were born;
 Though for your alms they did both cringe and bow,
 They bore God's image here as well as you:
 Though in God's name a suit to you they'd make,
 You would not give one penny for his sake;
 My Lord beheld wherein you did amiss,
 And calls you hence to give account for this.

LADY.

O heavy news! must I no longer stay?
 How shall I stand in the great judgment day!
 Down from her eyes her dying tears did flow,
 She said, there's none knows what I undergol!
 Upon a bed of sorrow here I lie,
 My carnal life makes me afraid to die.
 My sins, alas! are many, gross, and foul;
 I beg for mercy to my sinful soul:
 And though I do deserve an awful doom!
 I plead for mercy when my sun goes down.
 Then, with a dying sigh, her heart did break,
 And did the pleasures of this world forsake.

Here you may see the high and lofty fall,
 For Death he sheweth no respect at all,
 To any one of high or low degree,
 Great men submit to Death as well as we;
 Though they are gay, their life is but a span,
 A lump of clay, so poor a creature's man.

The Miller taken in.

Good people all, attend, I pray,
 to what I'm going to mention,
 Of a couple that liv'd near, I say,
 I pray you give attention.

A poor man had a handsome wife,
 no husband ever was kinder,
 Near to a mill this man did dwell,
 and his landlord was a grinder.

This man he did wear long horns,
 and thrash'd all in a barn, Sir;
 The miller he did grind his wife,
 and thought it was no harm, Sir.

Early one morning this poor man rose,
 and stood behind a pillar,
 And saw his wife let in a man,
 he thought it was the miller.

This poor man went round the house,
and in at the back door, Sir,
And softly went without his shoes
across the chamber floor, Sir.

This poor man he did snugly hear
all betwixt them was passing,
Which made the poor man for to say,
I think grinding is the fashion.

Long time you've ground in my wife's mill,
and never paid the rent, Sir;
But now for all I'll make you pay,
I swear I'm fully bent, Sir.

The miller did for mercy call,
saying, twenty pounds to you I'll give,
And also for five years to come,
rent-free in this house you shall live.

That shall not do, the poor man said,
I'll make you pay me fifty;
And no more rent to you I'll pay,
a note you must sign quickly.

The miller paid down fifty pounds,
and sign'd the note to end the strife;
I think that he did dearly pay
for grinding of the poor man's wife.

You millers, all a warning take,
 and don't forget this ditty,
 You see the biter's fairly bit,
 I think it is no pity.

A Furnished Table.

THE world is a well furnished table,
 where guests are promiscuously set:
 We all fare as well as we're able,
 and scramble for what we can get.

- My simile holds to a title:
 some gorge, while some scarce have a taste,
 But if I'm content with a little,
 enough is as good as a feast.

FINIS.