

THE

Shepherd's Daughter.

To which are added,

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

THE GOWN OF GREEN.

FOOLISH FORT, A HEART.



GLASGOW,
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THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

THERE was a shepherd's daughter,
kept sheep on yonder hill.

There was a knight and he was bright,
who fain would have his will.

Chor. And sing O ro malando,
crying, O ro follow me.

Go follow me to the begging green,
my own dear Lamachree.

He has ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
and has gently laid her down,
And when he got his will of her,
he took her up again. And &c.

Now since you've got your will of me,
and brought my body to shame.
You'll be so good, kind Sir, indeed,
as tell to me your name. And &c.

Sometimes they call me Jack, he says,
other times they call me John,
But when I'm in the King's court,
they call me sweet William. And &c.

Then she took up her petticoats,
a little above her knee,
And she's away to the King's court,
as fast as she could hie. And &c.

When she came to the King's court,
 she knocked at the pin,
 There was none so ready as the King,
 to let this maiden in. And &c.

O what's your will with me Madam?
 O what's your will with me?
 Sir, there's a man into your court,
 this day has robbed me. And &c.

O has he robb'd you of your gold,
 or yet your penny fee,
 Or has he robb'd thee of thy maidenhead,
 the flower of thy body. And &c.

He has not robb'd me of my gold,
 nor yet of my penny fee,
 But he's robb'd me of my maidenhead,
 the flower of my body. And &c.

O its if he be a married man,
 its hanged he must be,
 But if he be a bachelor;
 thy husband he shall be. And &c.

O the King has call'd out his merry men all,
 by thirty and by three,
 Sweet William he should been foremost man,
 the last man he but three. And &c.

Then he's ta'en out a purse of gold,
 and told it on a stone,
 Saying, Take up that my dearest dear,
 and go thou thy ways home. And &c.

I want none of your purse of gold,
you've told on a stone to me,
But I will have your fair body,
the King has granted me. And &c.

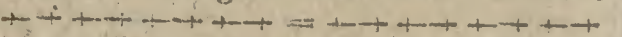
Then he's ta'en out a purse of gold,
and told it in a glove,
Saying, Take you that my dearest dear,
go seek another love. And &c.

I want none of your purse of gold,
you told in a glove to me,
But I will have your fair body,
the King has granted me. And &c.

Then he's ta'en out a purse of gold,
and told it on his knee,
Saying, Take you that my dearest dear,
you'll get no more of me. And &c.

I wish I had drunk of the water,
when I drunk of the wine,
That e'er a shepherd's daughter,
should been a lover of mine. And &c.

O when she came to her father's gate,
where she did reckon kin,
She was the Queen of fair Scotland,
and he but a goldsmith's son. And &c.



THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

LET Fops pretend in flames to melt,
And talk of pain they never felt,
We Sailors scorn disguise and art,
And with our hands bestow our heart.

Let Ladies prudishly deny,
 Look cold, and give their tongue the lye,
 I own the passion in my breast,
 And long to make my lover blest'd.

For this the Sailor on the mast,
 Endures the cold and cutting blast,
 All dropping wet throughout the night,
 And braves the fury of the fight.

For this the Virgin pines and sighs,
 With throbbing heart and streaming eyes,
 'Tis sweet rivers of joy she proves,
 And clasps the tender lad she loves.

Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find,
 The British Virgins will prove kind:
 Protect their beauty from all harms,
 And they'll reward you with their charms.

THE GOWN OF GREEN.

SOME people speak of Hector's deeds,
 and Alexander's fame,
 Some of proud Nero's tyrannies,
 but no such thing we'd name;
 But listen and I will declare,
 as briefly as I can,
 The only fashion now in vogue,
 is call'd the gown of green.
 Young women they are fickle things,
 when they begin to woo,
 The more you follow after them,
 the more they fly from you:

But turn your backs upon them, boys,
and do not them pursue.

Give them the gown of green to wear,
and then they'll follow you.

Some men to please their mistresses,
will buy them ruffles and rings,

Some jewels and fine ornaments,
and other costly things;

But he that would her favour gain,
must use his best endeavour,

To give her a gown of green to wear,
and she'll be yours for ever.

My love she's tall and handsome,
she's comely in her dress,

She thinks herself a comely girl;
indeed I think no less;

Her rosy cheeks and dimpled chin,
her age is just sixteen,

Yet struggling did at last consent,
to take the gown of green

My true love and I was walking,
a little bit out of town.

We spy'd a bank of fragrant flowers,
were gently pressed down;

She smiling unto me did say,
some body here has been,

Or else some gentle shepherdes,
getting a gown of green

When Adam first created was,
none in the world but he,

Our mother Eve she was his bride,
 and full of modesty ;
 No beds of down for them was made,
 but just a flow'ry plain,
 No wonder then her daughters love
 to take the gown of green.

This gown of green it is so rare,
 'tis never out of fashion
 'tis worn by Lords and Gentlemen,
 and Ladies of high station ;
 For e'er since Adam was a boy,
 this thing has ever been,
 'tis worn by every nation, boys,
 and call'd the gown of green.

FOOLISH FORT, A HEART.

TIS now since I sat down before,
 this foolish Fort, a Heart,
 (Time strangely spent) a year or more,
 and still I did my part.

Made my approaches from her hand,
 unto her lip did rise ;
 And did already understand
 the language of her eyes.

Proceeding on with no less art,
 my tongue was engineer ;
 I thought to undermine the heart,
 by whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down,
 great cannon, oaths, and shot,
 A thousand, thousand to the town,
 and still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place,
 by cutting off all kisses;
 Praising and gazing on her face,
 with all such little blessings.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
 I drew all batties in,
 And brought myself to lie at length,
 as if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
 and thought the place my own,
 The enemy lay quiet too,
 and smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence and where,
 these hopes, and this relief:
 A spy inform'd, Honour was there,
 and did command in chief.

March, march, quoth I, the word straight give,
 let's lose no time, but leave her:
 That Giant upon air will live,
 and hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove,
 as will no siege abide;
 I hate a fool that starves her love,
 only to feed her pride.