

Four Excellent,

# New Songs,

CALLED,

THE

Knicht & Shepherd's  
Daughter.

The Spinning-Wheel.

Corn-Riggs are bonny.

Carle & the King come.



TALKIRK, T. JOHNSTON, PRINTER.

## KNIGHT &amp; SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER:

THERE was a Shepherd's daughter,  
 come tripping on the way,  
 And there by chance a Knight she met,  
 who caused her to stay:

Good morrow to you, beauteous maid,  
 these words pronounced he;  
 O! shall die this day, he said,  
 if you don't agree with me.

O! for shame, the maid reply'd,  
 that you should be so rude!

But yet for all that she could say,  
 he would not be rebud.

Now since you've got your will of me,  
 and put me to open shame,  
 If you are a courteous Knight,  
 pray tell me what's your name?

Some do call me Jack, sweetheart,  
 and I me do call me Jill;

But when I come to the King's fair Court,  
 they call me Winful Will.

He set his foot in the stirrup,  
 and away then he did ride;

She took her girdle about her middle,  
 and ran cloth by his side.

But when she came to the broad water,  
 she set her breast and swam,  
 And when she was got out again,  
 she took to her heels and ran:  
 He never was the courteous Knight,  
 to say Fair maid will you ride?  
 And she was ever too loving a maid,  
 to say, Sir Knight abide.

When she came to the King's fair court,  
 she ripp'd with the ring;  
 And ready was the King himself  
 to let this fair maid in.  
 Now hear my prayer, my gracious liege,  
 and be you judge and lee,  
 You have a Knight within your court  
 this day hath robbed me.

What hath he robb'd thee of, sweet heart,  
 of purple, or of pall?  
 Or hath he taken thy gay gold ring  
 from off thy finger small?  
 He hath not robb'd me, my liege,  
 of purple, or of pall,  
 But he hath got my chastity,  
 which grieves me worst of all.

Now if he be a batchelor,  
 his body I'll give thee;  
 But if he be a married man,  
 high hanged shall he be.

He called down his merry men all,  
 be one, by two and three.

Sir William us'd to be the first,  
 but last of all came he.

He brought her down full forty pounds,  
 tied up within a glove :

Fair maid, I'll give the same to thee,  
 go, seek another love.

O I'll have none of your gold, she said,  
 nor any other fee ;

But your fair body I must have,  
 the King hath granted me.

Sir William ran and fetch'd her then  
 five hundred pounds in gold.

Saying, Fair maid, take this to thee,  
 thy fault will ne'er be told.

'Tis not thy gold that shall me tempt,  
 these words then answer'd she,

But your own body I must have,  
 the King hath granted me.

Would I had drank the water clean,  
 when I did drink the wine,

Rather than any shepherd's brat  
 should be a Lady of mine.

Would I had drank the puddle foul,  
 when I did drink the ale,

Rather than any shepherd's brat  
 should tell me such a tale.



A Shepherd's brat even as I was,  
 you might have let me bide  
 I never had come to the King's court,  
 to crave any love of thee.  
 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
 and him self upon a grey,  
 He hung a bugle about her neck,  
 and so they rode away.

But when they came unto the place  
 where marriage-rites were done,  
 She prov'd herself a Duke's daughter,  
 and he but a Squire's son.  
 Now marry me, or not, Sir Knight,  
 your pleasure shall be free,  
 If you make me Lady of one good town,  
 I'll make you Lord of three.

Ah! curst be the gold, he said,  
 if thou hadst not been true,  
 I should have forsaken my sweet love,  
 and have changed her for a new.  
 And now their hearts being linked fast,  
 they joined hand in hand;  
 Thus he hath both purr and person too,  
 and all at his command.



## THE SPINNING WHEEL.

YOUNG Colin fishing near the mill,  
 Saw Sally underneath the hill,  
 Whose heart love's tender pow'r could feel,  
 Whose heart love's tender pow'r could feel;  
 The mill was stop'd no miller there:  
 She smil'd to see the youth appear,  
 She smil'd to see the youth appear,  
 Put turn'd about her spinning-wheel,  
 But turn'd about her spinning-wheel.

Thy cheeks, says he like peaches bloom,  
 Thy breath is like the spring perfume;  
 On thy sweet lip my love I'll seal:  
 Yn stately swan, so white and sleek,  
 Are like to Sally's breast and neck;  
 But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Tho', fair one, beauty's transient pow'r  
 Fades like the new blown gaudy flower,  
 Not so where Virtue loves to dwell:  
 For where sweet modesty appears,  
 We never see the vale of years:  
 She smil'd, and stopt her spinning-wheel.

The pomp of state, the pride of wealth,  
 Says she, I scorn for peace and health,  
 Where honest labour earns her meal:

Who tells the flatt'rer's common tale,  
 Can ne'er o'er my true heart prevail,  
 And make me leave my spinning-wheel.

The swain who loves the virtuous mind,  
 Alone can make young Sally kind,  
 For him I'll tell, I'll spin, and reel.  
 It is the voice, says he, of love,  
 Come hasten to you church above.  
 She blush'd, and left her spinning-wheel.

(o)(o)(o)(o)(o)(o)(o)(o)(o)(o)(o)(o)(o)(o)

CORN RIGGS ARE BONNY.

My Patie is a lover gay,  
 His mind is never muddy;  
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
 His face is fair and ruddy;  
 His shape is handsome, middle size;  
 He's steady in his walking,  
 The shining of his een surprize!  
 'Tis heav'n to hear him talking!  
 Last night I met him on a bank,  
 Where yellow corn was growing;  
 There many a kindly word he spak,  
 Which set my heart a glowing!

He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,  
 and lo'ed me best of a'ny;  
 That gars me like to sing sinfyne,  
 O corn riggs are bonny!

Let maidens of a lilly mind  
 refuse what maist they're wanting,  
 Since we for yielding are desir'd,  
 we chastely should be granting.  
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate,  
 and syne my cockernony  
 He's free to tuzle air or late,  
 where corn-riggs are bonny.

\*\*\*\*\*| |\*\*\*\*\*

### GARLE AND THE KING COME.

PEGGY now the King's come,  
 Peggy now the King's come,  
 Th' I may dance, and I thall sing,  
 Peggy since the King's come.

Nae mair the hawkies thou thalt milk,  
 But change thy plaiding coat for silk,  
 And be a Lady of that ilk,  
 Now, Peggy since the King's come:

F. L. N. I. S.