THE Beds of Roses.

To which is added, TEAAND BRANDY Time caught and drown'd in Wine. The REFORMED DRUNKARD. The CHOICE OF A WIFE. The CHOICE OF A WIFE. The CHOICE OF A WIFE.



Entered according to Order.

THE BEDS OF ROSES.

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A S I was a walking one morning in May, The fmall birds were finging delightful and gay, There I with my true love did oft fport and play,

Down amongst the bonny Beds of Koles.

My pretty Brown girl come fit on my knee, For there's none in the world I can fancy but thee; Nor will I ever change my old love for a new,

So my pretty brown girl do not leave me. My daddy and mammy, they often us'd to fay, That I was a naughty boy and us'd to run away, If they bid me go to work, I wou'd fooner ge to play,

Down amongst the bonny Beds of Roles. If I had ten thousand bright guineas laid in store, I would give it all to the girl I adore, I would give it all, and twice as much more,

And a chariot of gold for to ride in.

No symph on the plain with my love can compare, With a comb fet with diamonds I'll plate up her hair, Of all love's enjoyments, my love fhe thall thare,

Down amongst the bonny Beds of Roses.

No creature on earth is fo happy as me, While my charming young girl is fet on my knee, A finile or a kifs brings fresh pleasure to me,

Down amongst the bonny Beds of Roses. My daddy may fret and my mammy may frown, For to walk with my true love I'll venture alone, Fast lock'd in my arms all one love we will own,

Down amongst the bonny Beds of Rofes.

If ever I marry I'll marry in May,

When the flowers are fpringing, delightful and gay, Then my true love and I will dance, fing and play, Down amongst the bonny Beds of Rofes. Then away to the church we'll walk with an air, Kind Hymen proclaim us to be the happy pair, Her bofom I will prefs, and her chains I will wear, Down amongst the bonny Beds of Roses.

As I was a walking one morning in Spring, The Winter going out and the Summer coming in, The cuckow fang cuckow, you're welcome here again, And I pray you flay among these green bushes.

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TEA AND'BRANDY.

Y OU young men all both far and near, Listen a while and you shall hear, Take care you ben't drawn in a fnare, By the girls that love Brandy. Fal lal, &c.

Tittle-tattle, now goes about, When the first joram is drunk out, The landlord nimbly jumps about, And in both hands brings Brandy.

The table laid, the cloth is fpread, Says yellow Moll as I'm a maid, Fain would I kifs, but I'm afraid, My fpark fhall fmell the Brandy.

The landlord he makes this reply, 'Tis on your backs you girls must ly, Pray which of these will you deny,

A dish of Tea or Brandy.

The girls fpoke up with a hearty voice, To have them both it is our choice, 'Twill make a fair maid's heart rejoice,

To drink both Tea and Brandy. If there's an ale-house in the town, We'll pawn our smock also our gown,

And ten times more we will lay down, But we'll have Tea and Brandy. Fal lal, &c.

Fal lal. &c.

Fal lal. &c.

Fal lal, &c.

Fal lai, &c.

3

And when that we have drunk our fill, Then we'll go home with good free will, The devil take the fpinning wheel, For we love Tea and Brandy.

Fal lal, &c.

Fallal. &c.

Then in comes fmirkling, fmiling Peg, Come play me up the other jig, My apren's fhort. my belly's big, By drinking Tea and Brandy.

Now to conclude and make an end, Of these few lines which I have penn'd, I hope they will not want a friend,

To give them Tea and Brandy. Fal lal, &c.

4)

TIME Caught and Drown'd in WINE.

ONE cv'ning Good humour brought wit as a gueft, By friendship invited to share of the feast; Their liquor was Claret, and love was their host, And harmony garnish'd each double meant toast.

But while like true bucks they enjoy'd their defign, For the joys of a buck lie in love, wit and wine, Alarm'd they all heard at the door a loud knock, And the watchman hearfe bellow'd—paft 1'2 o'clock.

They nimbly ran down, the diffurbing dog found, And up flairs they dragg'd the impertinent hound, When brought to the light how much were they pleas'd To find 'twas the gray glution, time, they had feiz'd.

His glaß for a lanthorn, his fcythe for a pole, And a fingle lock dangled down his fmooth fkull, My friends (quoth he couching) I thought fit to knock, And bid you begone for 'tis patt twelve o'clock.

Says the venom-tooth favage, on this advice fix, Tho' nature firikes twelve, folly fill points at fix, He longer had preach'd but no longer they'd bear it, So hid him at once in a hogfhead of Claret. This is right, then fays wit, while we're yet in our There is nothing like claret for killing of time, (prime Huzza, replies love, now no more can he knock, Nor impertinent tell us—'tis paft twelve o'clock.

5

Since time is no more, nor no more can forbid us, Wit & love of that troublefome gueft well have rid as, But if time fhould be wanting for any defign, Henceforth he is found in a hogfhead of wine.

Since time is confin'd in our wine let us think. By this rule we are fure of our time when we drink, Come, lads, let your giaffes with bumpers be prim'd, Since we're certain our drinking'is always well tim'd.

The Reformed DRUNKARD.

A S I was a walking the fireets up and down, I faw my young landlady dreft in a filk gown ; With my elbows all out, my breeches out at knee, See how my young landlady frowns upon me.

O then I flept to her, and told her my cafe, She up with her hand and firuck me on the face, Saying, thou faucy fellow, do not prate to me, Doft thou think that I mind fuch a drunkard as thee,

See the impudent fellow and drunkard, faid fhe, Doft thou think that I mind fuch a drunkard as thee; When you call'd for firong liquor, I gave you the dregs, That bought me fine cloths and reduc'd thee to rags.

But when I had filver and gold in my fift, O then fhe would meet me and give me a kifs, But now my money's gone and my pocket's empty, See how the diffembler frowne upon me.

So now fellow-drunkards, you fee how I'm us'd, When my money's all gone, then I am abus'd, But now for her fauce, I wifer fhall be, I will think on my wife and my family. (6) I'll go home to my wife & children who are poor, I us'd to abufe her, and call her a whore; The more I faid to her, the more fhe did cry, O what a filly drunkard and blockhead was 1.

But if I had been rul'd by my wife at the first, I might have had filver and gold in my purse, For to maintain my wife and children so fmall, But I prov'd a drunkard and ruin'd them all.

But now I'll refrain, it's high time to amend, My money I'll fave it will be my beft friend, But to fpeak of the ale-wives, how oft I them fed, Whilft my children & wife were flarving for bread.

Come now all ye drunkards take warning by me, Your folly in time I would have you to fee, And all in your youth have your time to begin, Pray think on yourfelves, let the landladies fpin.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

IN city, town, and village, my fancy oft have rov'd A Phillis and a Chloe, I every where have lov'd, But, tired with variety, to marriage I'm inclin'd, Would fortune only grant me a partner to my mind. Then I'd go no more a roving, But conftant as the dove, My time I'd pafs with fuch a lafs,

In harmony and love.

Then I'd go no more a roving,

I care not for Complexion, be fhe black, brown or fair If fhe has but diferetion, and meaning in her air, Her fhape I would have graceful, to pride & folly blind, 'To mind the one thing needful, to cultivate her mind. Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

An animated form, where fenfe & fweetnels move, And innocence refining the tendernels of love: (free, From feolding, & from feandal, I'd have her tonguebe And always neat and clean keep herfelf and family, Then I'd go no more a roving, &c. I'd have a just decorum in all her actions thine, With a temper condescending to fuit herself & mine, Of a chearful disposition, with humour free and gay, And fometimes with a fong for to pass the time away. Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

(7)

It fhall not be my fludy to court a leaden purfe, Altho', with that ingredient, fhe will not be the worfe, Let modefly, referve, be her property and choice, Not over fond to cloy, and yet not over nice. Then I'd go no more a roving. &c.

To heighten my affection, and double all my joy, A profpect I would have of a lovly girl or boy, And out of what I have, for, 'tis what I would allow, I would charitable have her, and hofpitable too. Then I'd go no more a roving. &c.

This granted, I would freely my liberty refign, (mine, She would give me her heart & hand, & I would give her A monarch on his throne then unenvy'd fhould be, For home would be a paradife with fuch a girl as fhe. Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

Then I'd go no more a roving, etc.

THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

S Ince honour has attended us upon the martiage flate And from the torch of Hymen our happinels we date If e'er the Fates ordain it that I fhould be a wife, The picture I will draw of the partner of my life, Then I'd live no longer fingle, Cou'd but my influence, A conqueft gain o'er fuch a fwain, Endu'd with manly fenfe. Then I'd live no longer fingle. The fop, the beau, the fribble cou'd ne'er my fancy take

Nor yet did I admire the rattle headed rake; (brave, But to guard himfelf from infult, I'd have him bold & To wink at little foibles that I may chance to have. Then I'd live ho longer fingle, &c. His perfon in proportion, more robuft than fine, A fort of eafy careleffnefs, department to incline: And affably and candidly. fhare all my joys & cares, And give me my prerogative in family affairs. Then I'd live no longer fingle, &c.

His conversation fraught with endearing fentiments, Free from the pedant's fliffness, or rude impertinence, In all his lawful dealing, let honour still preside, Frugal in economy, let prudence be his guide. Then I'd live no longer fingle. &c.

His principles untainted, his morals just & found, And one in whom the dictates of honefiy is found! I value not the glaring of wealth and pageantry, But plac'd above necessity is just enough for me.

Then I'd live no longer fingle, &c.

Could you but recommend me to fuch a fivain as this I'd think myfelf arriv'd at the fummit of all blefs; And for his health and welfare for ever I would pray, And think myfelf in duty bound to love & to obey. Then I'd live no longer fingle, &c.

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CONTENTMENT.

HO' winter may fright us, and chill us with cold, Bright Phœbus can cheer us with rays purens gold Then let us not murmur, nor dare to complain, For he who took fun-fhine can give it again.

The oak that all winter was barren and bare, Again fpreads his branches to wave in the air, All nature rejoicing, appears clad in green, Then let Mirth and Friendship enliven the scene.

The true fons of Freedom together are met, And each by his neighbour, in order is fet, While mirth and true Friendship give life to the fong, The voice of Contentment the notes shall prolong.

FINIS.