

The Beggar Girl.

To which are added,

Roslin Castle. — X

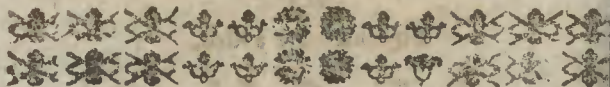
The Weaver and the Tailor.

The Modern Beau.

Hap me with thy Petticoat.



Stirling, Printed by M. Randall.



The Beggar Girl.

Over the mountain, and over the moor,
hungry and barefoot I wander forlorn ;
My father is dead, and my mother is poor,
and she grieves for the days that will never re-
turn.

Pity kind gentlemen, friends of humanity,
cold blows the wind and the night's coming on
Give me some food for my mother in charity,
give me some food and then I will begone.

THE SHEPHERD'S HOLIDAY.

AS I went forth one morning,
the fields and meadows so fresh and gay,
Flora the spangling beams adorning,
early by the break of day.

I went to pluck my love sweet posies,
the whitest blossom from the fie'd,
Down by the banks of pinks and roses,
there sat Clymenia most mild.

Ye gentle Gods of silent slumber,
caus'd her youthful eyes to sleep,
Until the watchful shepherd call'd her,

all for to guard her harmless sheep;

Arise Clymenia, dearest creature,

arise, for it is almost day;

The sun its golden beams are spreading,

arise, or else your flocks will stray.

Then early arose the fair Clymenia,

and on her spinnet did sweetly play:

You are welcome to me my shepherd,

welcome the shepherd's holiday.

ROSLIN CASTLE,

'T WAS in that season of the year,

When all things gay and sweet appear,

That Colin with the morning ray,

Arose and sung his rural lay.

Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung;

The hills and dales with Nanny rung:

While Roslin castle heard the swain,

And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring

With rapture warms; awake, and sing;

Awake, and join the vocal throng,

And hail the morn'ing with a song.

To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,

O bid her haste and come away;

In sweetest smiles herself adorn,

And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song.
 Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay
 With rapture calls, Oh! come away;
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine;
 O hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty, blooming like the spring;
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.]

THE WEAVER AND THE TAILOR;

As I was a-walking
 down by yon shady grove,
 I heard a couple talking,
 it was concerning love,
 The young man being a weaver,
 the maid she prov'd shy;
 And he knew full well by her discourse,
 she lov'd a tailor boy.

My dear, for to maintain you,
 I'll make my shuttle fly;
 I'll wear my fingers to the bone,
 new fashions for to buy:

I'll buy you silks and satins,
 and all things you do choose;
 I'll buy you all new fashions
 that you read of in the news.

O how can you maintain me,
 and you a journey man;
 How can you maintain me,
 when you have ne'er a loom?
 With your lee and your rubbing bone,
 your knife instead of sheers:
 But I'll go wed the taylor boy,
 that needs neither reed nor gear.

If you do wed the taylor's lad,
 You'll have to take out the dung;
 You'll have to dig the potatoes,
 for work he can do none:
 You'll have to carry in the pears,
 in a basket or a creel,
 While the taylor he sits on his beach,
 threading a bar of steel.

Ho'd your tongue of my taylor boy,
 he'll not do so to me;
 For when that he does go abroad,
 I'll take my liberty;
 And I will go a gossiping,
 in all places thro' the town:
 And I will please my taylor boy,
 at noon, when he comes home.

When your taylor boy does come home,
 He'll clip off both your ears;
 He'll beat you with his lapping board,
 with his knife instead of sheers;

He will chide you for going idle,
 the length of the whole day;
 And an iron gale give you to pluck,
 instead of drinking tea.

Ho'd your tongue of my tay or boy,
 He'll not do so to me;
 For Adam was a taylor,
 when the world began so free;
 For Adam e made aprons
 out of the leaves so fine;
 So ever since the world began
 The tailor trade doth shine.

But if you saw your taylor lad,
 when he sits all alone,
 You would take him for an ornament,
 for he's you can see none:
 Like a frog upon a beating sioac,
 he fits the live long day,
 While the Weaver he goes neat and trim,
 amongst the ladies gay.

THE MODERN BEAU.

MY daddy is dead and has lost me some money,
 I'll dress very fine and look very funny
 'I buy a fine coach with fine horses to carry me.
 Who knows then but some young lady will marry
 With my puff em, strut em, stride em, (me.
 Walk em, run em, ride em, tole em.

With my short coat to ride and my breeches of
 leather,
 I look like a Cockney naw cut out of feather,

Then I mount on my p'd that so swift'y does carry
me.

And I nod as I pass to my Lord and Sir Harry.

With my puff em, &c.

I put on fine clothes, and go to the ball/ Sir,

Then pull out my glass and squint at them all, Sir,

To be blind is the fashion, so I'll be blind too, Sir.

And if you peep at me, why then I'll squint at you,

With my puff em, &c.

As I strut round the room; I stare in their faces,

Then pull down my ruffles all cover'd with laces;

The ladies all giggle while their hearts are a thumping,

What a sweet fellow's that?—Oh, 'tis young Squire

With his puff em, &c. [Lampkin.

I walk out of the room, and sometimes I stay in it,

As us great folks can't make up our minds in a min-

We sit down to cards and play at bonswabers, [note;

We hand round the vane and drink habar naber,

With our puff em, &c.

We set round the wine till we're as drunk as buffers,

Then we knock down the candle, table, and snuffers;

The waiter com e in, we put him in the fir;

And then stumble home all cover'd with mire.

Have me with thy Petticoat.

O Bell thy looks have kill'd my heart,

I pass the day in pain;

When night returns, I feel the smart,

and wish for thee in vain.

I'm starving cold, whilst thou art warm;
 have pity and incline,
 And grant me for a hap that charm-
 ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy, in amaze,
 still wanders o'er thy charms;

Delusive dreams, ten thousand ways,

present thee to my arms,

Then waking think what I endure;

whi e cruel you decline

Those pleasures, which can only cure

this prating breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, I wildly rove,

because you still deny

The just reward that's due to love,

and let true passion die.

Oh, turn, and let compassion seize

that lovely breast of thine:

Thy petticoat would give me ease,

if thou and it were mine,

Sure Heav'n has fitted for delight

that beauteous form of thine,

And thour't too good its laws to slight;

by hind'ring the design,

May all the powers of love agree;

at length to make thee mine;

Or loose my chains, and set me free

from every charm of thine.

FINIS.