

20. THE

Wandering Shepherdess

OF

Exeter,

A True Love Song.

AND

The Turkish Lady's

Love for an English Slave.



FALKIRK:

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1813.

WANDERING SHEPHERDES

TUNE—*Faſtor's Garland.*

Come all you old miſers
who heap up your gold,
For to ruin your children,
who's love's oft controul'd,
By ſuch old fractious parents,
who 'gainſt wedlock proves foe,
Which oft proves young lovers' ruin,
and ſad overthrow.

In the County of Exeter
there liv'd a rich 'Squire,
Who had a young daughter,
by birth-right his heir;
But ſhe lov'd a young Shepherd
far below her degree,
Which, alas! prov'd their ruin's
and ſad miſery.

When her father came to know it,
in a paſſion he did go,
And he ſlew the young Shepherd
with one fatal blow!

And while he lay bleeding,
this young Lady drew near,
And she rav'd, as distracted,
for the loss of her dear!

O curs'd be your riches,
since to true Love such a foe!
For my joys are transformed
to a life of deep woe!
Then, said the dying Shepherd,
No, my love stays with you;
What's mine shall evince it,
as the flock you go throw:

They're fifteen in number,
my stock is but small,
And is all I have saved,
since I knew Shepherd-hall;
Love, they will attend you,
where-ever you go,
And be your companions
thro' the hail, wind and snow;

Then she took up his crook,
his hat, and his plaid,
And as a painful Shepherdess
ever since she's array'd.

O she went thro' the flock,
 and his sheep to her came,
 All a-bleating, her intreating,
 his love to proclaim.

O she wept and lamented,
 and away she did go:
 And still they attend her,
 thro' the cold rain and snow.
 Now her Shepherd's no more,
 and her father soon died,
 For the loss of his child,
 and the murder beside.

But still she keeps a-wandering
 with the sheep, for to show
 That true love is more powerful
 than old misers do know.
 She has travel'd over England,
 now to Scotland she's come,
 For to show love's controulers
 what may be their doom.

For such an instance of true love,
 dumb brutes ne'er did show,
 In respect they bare to her,
 and obeying her so.

The old Ram she calls Charlie,
 and Charlotte the Ewe,
 As Andrew and Sally,
 their own names they all know.

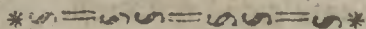
When she wants them to tarry
 on any green plain,
 Now, says she, you must stay
 until I come again:
 Then with humble submission,
 they always do so,
 But when she long tarries,
 then a-mourning they go:

With bleating and fretting,
 they seem to lament;
 And when she returns,
 then they run to her bent:
 And by way of their welcome,
 bleats up in her face;
 And such instance of love
 was ne'er seen in such beasts.

She is no impostor,
 it's very well known;
 And asks no supply,
 but still lives on her own:

And if she would return
 to her father's bright hall,
 She might live in great splendour,
 but that she ne'er shall :

But says that she'll wander
 till death end the strife,
 In lamenting her Shepherd,
 that she was not his wife :
 And thro' many strange countries
 with her flock loves to go,
 For to show cruel parents,
 what true love can do.



THE TURISH LADY.

Young virgins all I pray draw near,
 A pretty story you shall hear,
 It's of a Turkish Lady brave,
 Who fell in love with an English slave:
 A merchant ship that in Bristol lay,
 in which we sailed from that bay,
 by a Turkish rover o'ertook were we,
 and all of us made slaves to be.

They bound us down in irons strong,
 they whip'd and lash'd us all along;
 My tongue can tell, I am certain sure,
 That we poor Sailors do endure.
 Come sit ye down, and listen a while,
 My Fortune on this Tar did smile:
 As his fortune for to be
 I've unto a rich Lady.

She drest herself in rich array,
 And went to view her slaves one day:
 Hearing the moan this young man made,
 She went to him, and thus she said:
 What countryman, young man, are you?
 I'm an Englishman, madam, that's true.
 With you was I once Turk, said she,
 I'd ease you of your slavery.

I'd ease you of your slavery work,
 If you'll consent to turn a Turk,
 And me, myself, to be your wife,
 For I do love you as my life.
 O no, O no! O no! said he,
 Your constant slave, dear Ma'am, I'll be;
 I'll rather be burnt at the stake,
 Before that I'll my God forsake.

This Lady to her chamber went,
 To give her grief and sorrow vent :
 Little Cupid with his piercing dart,
 Did deeply wound this Lady's heart.
 She was resolv'd the next day
 To ease him of his slavery,
 And own herself to be his wife,
 For she did love him as her life.

She dress'd herself in rich array,
 And with this young man sail'd awa
 Until they came to Brittol shore,
 With jewels, diamonds, and rich store
 Houses and lands she left behind,
 And all her slaves who were confin'd ;
 Unto her parents she bid adieu :
 By this you see what love can do.

Now she is turn'd a Christian brave,
 And married to her own slave,
 Who was in chains and bondage too :
 By this you see what love can do.

F I N I S :

T. Johnston, Printer, Falkirk.