

THE  
**WANDERING SHEPHERDESS;**

OR THE

**BETRAYED DAMSEL.**



GLASGOW:

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9.

THE WANDERING SHEPHERDESS.

You that do know what to true love belong,  
I'll tell you a story that lately was done :  
At Oxford a merchant's fair daughter did dwell,  
Who for wit and beauty did others excel.

A noble young 'squire that lived hard by,  
Upon this young lady did soon cast an eye,  
And for to court her he thus did begin :  
Thou fairest of creatures that ever was seen,

Do not be so cruel but yield unto me,  
For without your love there's no comfort for me ;  
And now give consent for to be my bride,  
Or else I am ruined for ever he cry'd.

The lady with innocent smiles did reply,  
'Tis pity so good like a creature should die,  
When 'tis in my power your life to save,  
So now I grant thee this that you do crave.

With eager embraces he flew to her arms  
And said, Thou hast ten thousand charms,  
Which invited great monarchs to fall at your feet,  
But I've got the prize, and my joys are complete.

First ask my father's consent, she did say,  
 For I must ever his pleasure obey:  
 My honoured parents I mean to please,  
 For fear the heavens be with us displeas'd.

Then straight to her father the 'squire did go,  
 And the whole matter he gave him to know,  
 Her father was pleased he should be his son,  
 And said, if she loves him it soon shall be done.

All things were agreed on, the time was set,  
 And now as soon as the couple were met,  
 This perjured villain, the innocent fair,  
 He with false delusions began to ensnare.

With modesty she unto him did say,  
 Sir, do not my honour thus strive to betray,  
 This is not true love, but lust you do mean,  
 Better it had been if I ne'er had you seen.

It will not be long e'er I shall be your bride;  
 Then seek not my ruin, she to him reply'd:  
 O talk not of ruin thou pride of my life,  
 May heaven forsake me if thou'rt not my wife.

With many persuasions his will he obtain'd,  
 And then her bright person, he soon disdain'd:  
 For straight up to London this villain did come,  
 Leaving his jewel in sorrow to mourn.

Her parents wonder'd the 'squire never came,  
 Asking their daughter the cause of the same;

She said, honoured father, the cause I don't know,  
But men they are fickle, and so let them go.

Tho' she to her parents did not seem surpris'd,  
When she was alone, the tears from her eyes  
Like fountains would run ; crying, worst of men ;  
For your sake I will trust no man again.

But I will wander thro' vallies and groves,  
Be witness Heaven, how false is my love !  
And still I must love him do all that I can,  
I must be a slave to this perjured man.

Rich jewels and treasures she did provide,  
Saying, now I will wander whatever betide !  
And if my troubled heart does find any rest,  
To live in a cottage I'd think myself blest.

So then from her parents away she did go,  
Poor soul, with her heart full of sorrow and wo,  
Thro' lonesome fields and woods she did hie,  
Then she a small cottage at length did espy.

It was a poor shepherd that in it did dwell,  
Seeing the lady sit down near his cell,  
He welcom'd her in, and said, sweet lady fair,  
Pray what eruel fortune has driven you here ?

Then into his cottage tho lady did go,  
His wife unto her great kindness did show.  
When she with the shepherd some time had been,  
Her riches and jewels she gave unto them,

And said, of this matter let no one know :  
 And to keep the sheep in the vallies I'll go,  
 The Wandering Shepherdess you can me call,  
 Unfortunate love is the cause of my fall.

A rich suit of green embroider'd ware,  
 With a garland of flow'rs had this lady fair,  
 To shade of the sun from her beauty clear,  
 To her sheep in the vallies she did repair.

When two long years were finish'd and gone,  
 Tho' squire to Oxford straight did return,  
 Her parents accus'd him of wronging their child,  
 He said, she was fickle, and false as the wind.

But now, said her father, I fear she is dead,  
 So we can add nothing to what we have said ;  
 But sure she was honest and virtuous to all,  
 And you're the man that has caused her fall.

Now we will leave her parents to mourn,  
 And unto the Shepherdess let us return,  
 Who was the talk of the folk far and near,  
 At length her lover the same came to hear.

He must see this beauty whatever betide ;  
 Then he got his coach and away he did ride ;  
 And just as bright Phœbus was going down,  
 He came to the valley where she lay alone.

The lambs were sporting in innocent sport,  
 And she was pleased with their harmless sport ;

Her fine silver hair sweet breezes did wave,  
On a bank of sweet lilies she carelessly lay.

O gods! said the 'squire, sure she is divine,  
But if she is mortal, oh! let her be mine,  
He little thought it was his love so true,  
Men so much admire each beauty they view.

The charming Shepherdess turned her eyes,  
Soon did she know him to her surprise,  
But yet who she was he did not know,  
At length to her cottage she homeward did go.

He followed her home, saying, sweet fair,  
Pity a lover that is in despair;  
For by the glance of your charming eyes,  
My love-sick heart is fill'd with surprise.

Sir, you seem a person of high degree,  
And I a poor Shepherdess now as you see:  
Talk not sweet creature, thy charms are so sweet,  
Will cause the great monarch to fall at your foot.

The Shepherdess then invited him in,  
But now afresh her sorrows do begin:  
The garland of flowers being took from her head,  
He knew it was his love he thought had been dead.

His love-sick heart he soon did abate,  
But he unto her no notice did take;  
Quoth he to himself, since it is thee,  
I, ere to-morrow, your butcher will be.

They parted that night the next morning to meet,  
 In the sweet pasture where she kept her sheep,  
 And the next morning just as the sun arose,  
 This perjured wretch to the Shepherdess goes ;

No one being there, he to her did say,  
 Come, madam, strip off that gaudy array ;  
 As I'm come so far a harlot to see,  
 I am resolved your butcher to be.

Can'st thou be so cruel, to him she did say,  
 My innocent life thus to take away ?  
 What harm, my dear jewel, have I done to thee,  
 The crime it was yours in deluding me.

Vile strumpet, dost thou presume for to prate,  
 Come, yield to my sword, for no longer I'll wait.  
 She to him for mercy did bitterly cry,  
 But he, hard-hearted wretch, had no mercy.

But finding with him she could not prevail,  
 O heaven ! said she, since all flesh is frail,  
 Pardon my crimes, which are many, she cries,  
 Now, traitor, I'm ready for your sacrifice.

She opened her breast far whiter than snow,  
 He pierced her heart whilst the crimson did flow.  
 Her body he threw in a river near,  
 And thus died the beauty of fair Oxfordshire.

Then home he returned, and when he came there,  
 He wandered about like a man in despair ;

No rest night or day he ever could find,  
The sweet Shepherdess ran so in his mind.

Within four days he took his bed,  
The doctor gave him over, it is said.  
When he found his dying hour was come,  
He sent for her father and told what was done.

Within a little time her father did die,  
Now let each take a warning by this tragedy:  
And maidens beware of men's flattering tongue,  
For if you consent you are surely undone.

FINIS.