

T H E
FORLORNE DAMSEL.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

The HANDSOME COUNTRY MAID.

TOM AND POLLY'S COURTSHIP.

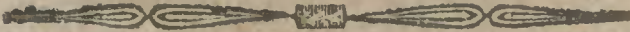
C R U E L N E L L.

T H E L I N E N W E A V E R S.



G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. and M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1802


 THE FORLORNE DAMSEL.

YE gods of love that rule above,
 pity a maid that's wounded,
 By Cupid's dart, I feel the smart,
 and grief has me surrounded.

I sigh and moan since he is gone,
 who was my chiefest fancy,
 The other day he sail'd away,
 and parted from his Nancy.

May woe attend my cruel friends,
 that caus'd his transportation.

For him I pine, lament and whine,
 in woeful desperation.

Through frightful dreams I often scream,
 and start out of my slumber,
 Then in amaze, around I gaze,
 and of my dear I ponder.

I cannot blame my darling swain,
 though from me he is parted,
 His absence makes me live in pain,
 I'm almost broken hearted.

My parents they sent him away,
 to face his foes so cruel,
 All for to part from me my heart,
 my dear and only jewel.

My love is tall, comely withal,
 and rarely put together,
 His person meek, his breath as sweet,
 as dew in summer weather.

His carriage neat, his limbs compleat,
 and all his frame commodious,
 When he doth sing, the woods do ring,
 his voice is so melodious.

O guardian angels be his guide,
 defend him from all harms,
 Let no hard fortune him betide,
 in any wars alarms.

Should he be slain on Boston plain,
 where cannons roar like thunder,
 Then death wou'd ease me of my pain,
 and break my heart afunder.

Although my love has cross'd the main,
 'twas what he ne'er intended,
 I hope to see him once again,
 whene'er the wars are ended:

When all my griefs will turn to joy,
 when he is in my arms,
 Then I'll invite my darling boy,
 and treat him with my charms.

The HANDSOME COUNTRY MAID.

AS I walked out one morning in May,
 when groves are green and vallies gay,
 Where tender Flora sent her show'rs,
 Bespangling all the fields with flow'rs.

My heart being light I free did rove,
 Not knowing of the pain of love,
 In homely attire I did perceive,
 An admirable beauteous country maid.

My eyes were ravished at the sight,
Whereon I look'd with soft delight,
A band of Cupids round her play'd,
For to divert this country maid.

Patience bid me for to stay ;
Passion bid me move away,
Nor could my wand'ring heart forbear,
Addressing this comely lovely fair.

Darling mistress of the grove,
That can command all hearts to love,
Pity a wandering swain's condition,
With tenderness take my petition.

She said, kind Sir, Pray rove no more,
I am a farmer's daughter poor ;
You're a nobleman of great degree,
A lady born is best for thee.

My dear, I love you out of measure,
I do despise all wealth and treasure,
Great estates and golden store,
Grant me your love I'll ask no more.

Her faithful heart she did resign,
His hand with honour he did join,
And as they passed the groves and shades,
Each nymph took leave of the country maid.

T O M A N D P O L L Y .

AS Tom and Cupid went astray,
for to pass the time away,

Tom he thought himself quite happy,
 while he walk'd the new mown hay ;
 By the brink of a crystal river,
 joining to a shady grove ;
 Cupid being a cunning master,
 he pierc'd him with the dart of love.

A thousand goddesses surrounded,
 to divert the lovely pair,
 Polly's beauty, Tom confounded,
 love's passion wrought him to despair :
 How to gain this lovely creature.
 you god of love pray let me know,
 Must I, shall I, kiss you Polly,
 still she answer'd no, no, no.

To a tavern straight he brought her,
 gave her liquor of the best,
 By the hand he often shook her,
 saying, I love you the best.
 Poll grew warm and thought no harm,
 after a harmless glass or two,
 To what he said, the silly maid,
 could hardly answer no, no, no.

Madam, your smiles are so engaging,
 and your bright eyes do me confound,
 Let my persuasions be prevailing,
 for you have giv'n a mortal wound.
 By the hand he softly press'd her,
 saying, My darling, don't be coy,
 Must I, shall I, kiss you, Polly,
 then she answer'd ay, ay, ay.

C R U E L N E L L Y.

A H! grieve with me, for I have lost,
 What to my soul is dear;
 In meagre black despair I'm tost,
 And in my hot love passion crost,
 I now a ghost appear.

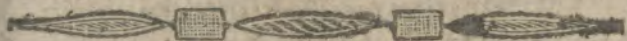
Now o'er the mead where flowers grow,
 And yield a fragrant sinell,
 Alone I pensive wand'ring go,
 And look a melancholy woe,
 And sigh for cruel Nell.

Her beauteous face, her iv'ry neck,
 Her moulding bosom round,
 Raise such desire in me, e-feck;
 I fear at last my heart will break,
 Behold in tears I'm drown'd.

But then her shape 'tis such a one,
 That I could almost span.
 But oh! she's gone, and I'm undone!
 And oh! alas! sure as a gun,
 I am a dying man.

Ah! what a taper leg has she,
 And ah! her snowy thighs;
 And garter'd too above the knee,
 'Tis true (if you'll but believe me)
 Or else I tell a lye.

Now she may give another swain,
 Her wish'd for maiden-head ;
 And grieve for me (ah ! hapless swain)
 When deep in grave my head is lain—
 What's that when I am dead ?



THE LINEN WEAVERS.

LET mirth and loyalty abound,
 Whilst we the bumpers fill boys,
 Let us quaff our bowls without controul,
 With a hearty free good will boys ;
 Let us toast a health to the joyial blades,
 I mean the lads of the linen trade,
 Whose heroic courage was ne'er dismay'd,
 Success to the linen weavers.

The glorious pavillion on the plain,
 We do rear for the holy ark to stand on,
 It was garnished by both rule and square,
 None but masons had a hand in ;
 It was a type of sanctuary,
 That after ages endured might be,
 By the bright sons of masonry,
 Who honour linen weavers.

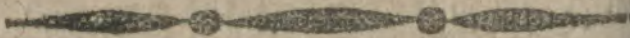
The eight of August ninety-eight,
 They march'd through Dublin city,
 And all who saw their graceful mein,
 Declar'd them wondrous pretty :
 Like Eastern Rex their banners flew,
 Compos'd of the Orange and the Blue,

And amongst the rest the golden fleece,
To shew these sons were weavers.

Next comes the stately arched loom,
Triumphantly attired,
All other arts they surely own'd,
That the weavers were most admired ;
For since the curtains of the ark,
Were wove by the great Jehovah's art,
The same still remains in every part,
To the honour of linen weavers.

When Judea and Israel did rebel,
and the Chaldeans captivated,
When the vision of God's holy will,
Unto Daniel was related——
When the great Gabriel Divine,
Came to declare what Heav'n did ordain,
Their sacred robes like linen did shine,
So ancient are linen weavers.

King Solomon that mighty Prince,
The glorious temple reared,
And unto the Lord the same did dedicate,
And for the priests prepar'd it,
The sacred garments of linen pure,
That in the sanctuary lodge secure,
And for ever to this day endure,
To the honour of linen weavers.



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