

# Keys of Love.

To which are added,

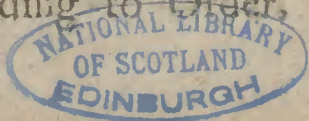
*The L A S S of Gallowater.*

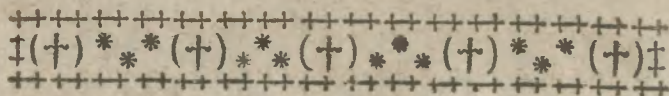
*The Wounded Farmer's Son.*

*The TIPPLING FARMER.*



Entered according to Order,





## T H E K E Y S O F L O V E.

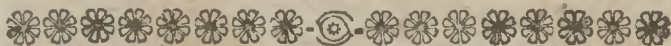
**A**S I went out in an ev'ning clear,  
 down by a shady grove,  
 With hasty footsteps I went down,  
 and there I spy'd my love.  
 As she lay sleeping on the grass,  
 most beautiful and fair,  
 You wou'd have sworn if you had view'd  
 the lass,  
 the Queen of love was there.

I first convey'd my ruby lips  
 unto her snow-white breast,  
 I next convey'd my quick'ning arms,  
 around her slender waist,  
 She wak'd out of her drowsy sleep,  
 like one been in surprize;  
 Her am'rous looks has stole my heart,  
 by the moving of her eyes.

She said, I'm ruin'd and undone,  
 and falsely I'm betray'd:  
 Is this the way you've ta'en to win  
 a simple harmless maid? (me,  
 You Goddess she cry'd, you've wounded  
 wou'd you wrong a maid so young?  
 Her am'rous sayings stole my heart,  
 by the moving of her tongue.

I love my love, and I make no doubt,  
 but it's for love again ;  
 And if she says she loves me not,  
 I'll laugh at her disdain.  
 If she be constant, I'll be true,  
 and so we will agree,  
 And if she says she loves me not,  
 I'll change as well as she.

There is twelve months into the year,  
 as I hear people say ;  
 The merriest months in all the year,  
 are the months of June and May.  
 These are the months I choose my love,  
 if it pleases her desire :  
 Young women carry the Keys of Love,  
 men's hearts are still on fire.



## THE LASS OF GALLOWATER.

To its own proper Tune.

**O**N Gallowater fair and clear,  
 there lives a lovely creature,  
 Whose beauty rare makes her excel,  
 all other works of nature.

I fix'd my mind on this lovely dame,  
 determin'd never to alter ;  
 But like a false deluding fair,  
 I found her love but flatter.

My love she lives upon a hill,  
 it's all grown o'er with heather,  
 Come tie the creel upon my back,  
 some berries for to gather.

Come fill the creel come fill it well,  
 see that it lake no berries,  
 For a man that loves his mistress well,  
 he will her always cherish.

Some people say, that I am rude,  
 and in me there's no wisdom;  
 But believe me now, I tell you true,  
 I'll be a loving husband.

Our ministers and clergymen,  
 they speak for gain and treasure,  
 The man that loves his mistress well,  
 he'll wait upon her leisure.

I'll come to-night when the moon shines  
 because thou art my deary: (bright,  
 A man that loves his mistress well,  
 no travel makes him weary.

Down in yon garden there are bees,  
 and below their hives there's honey,  
 The man that loves his mistress well,  
 he values not her money.

I know thy friends are using means,  
 on purpose to dissuade you  
 Thinking to get a better match,  
 but fortune may beguile you.

Why do'st thou think my pretty pink,  
 but I can live without thee,  
 Now since it be, I'll let you see,  
 that you may look about you.

So fare you well my dearest dear,  
 my blessing ay go with you,  
 I'll come no more to your bow'r door,  
 for to tell you that I love you.

You've been so free in telling me,  
 that you're not a-mind to marry,  
 I'll be so free in telling thee,  
 that I have no time to tarry.

You lovers who a-courting go,  
 pray take this for a warning,  
 Let Cupid no advantage take,  
 of your reason to disarm you.

For Peggy's smiles my heart inflames,  
 my breast did burn like fire,  
 But since it's so, I'll let her go,  
 from henceforth I'll defy her,

So here's a health to the bonny lass,  
 whose cheeks are like the roses ;  
 The finest flowers will soonest fade,  
 when they are set in posies.

It's heav'n's decree it must not be,  
 therefore I will resign her ;  
 Some other maid will grace my bed,  
 for wedlock more inclining.



## THE WOUNDED FARMER'S SON.

To its own proper Tune.

**D**R A W near each loyal lover,  
 To you I will discover,  
 My grief I cannot smother,  
 I'm bound in love-sick chains,  
 For Cupid has ensnar'd me,  
 His cruel dart's deceiv'd me;  
 And the title that she gave me,  
 Is the wounded Farmer's Son.

How fatal was the morning,  
 When first I saw my darling,  
 Amongst the nymphs so charming,  
 Down by a myrtle grove,  
 While the birds they join'd in chorus,  
 Their harmony melodious,  
 The bleating lambs a-sporting,  
 To please the maid I love.

I said my lovely creature,  
 The sweetest work of nature,  
 She's sweet in every feature,  
 My darling's all divine.  
 Her sparkling eyes adorning,  
 Like twinkling stars in morning,  
 When Phœbus first gave warning,  
 his beauteous beams do shine.



Sell my hose and pawn my shoon,  
 Good ale keeps my heart aboon.

Good ale comes, &c.

I had four owfen in a plough,  
 And they drew a' touch enough,  
 I drank them a' ane by ane,  
 Good ale keeps my heart aboon.

Good ale comes, &c.

Good ale hauds me bare and bizy,  
 And gars me work when I am dizy,  
 And spend my wage when a's done,  
 And good ale keeps my heart aboon.

Good ale comes, &c.

I had forty shillings in a clout,  
 Good ale gart me pick them out,  
 Pick them out a ane by ane,  
 Good ale keeps my heart aboon.

Good ale comes, &c.

I took the muckle pot on my back,  
 And to the ale-house I did pack,  
 I spent it a' in an afternoon,  
 For good ale keeps my heart aboon.

Good ale comes, &c.

I wish they were hang'd on a gallows,  
 That winna keep good ale for good fallows,  
 And keep a soup till the afternoon,  
 For good ale keeps my heart aboon.

Good ale comes, &c.

F I N I S,