

THE
CONSTANT SWAIN.

To which are added.

The WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE.

The Maid's Lamentation for a Sailor.

BLIND CUPID.

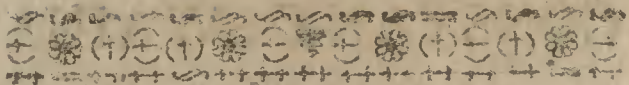
A JORUM OF THIS.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.



G L A S G O W,

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THE CONSTANT SWAIN.

WHERE is my constant jewel,
 my joy and heart's delight?
 Why does she prove so cruel,
 as to forsake me quite.

I might have had much treasure,
 had I forsook her charms,
 I lov'd her out of measure,
 I wish'd her in my arms.

How oft have I beheld her,
 the charming beauty bright,
 Her charms were so delighting,
 she ravished my sight.

Each morning that I view'd her,
 her cheeks were lovely red,
 With pleasure I review'd her,
 as she lay on her bed.

She is tall and she is slender,
 and every way complete.
 She is handsome for to follow,
 and clever for to meet.

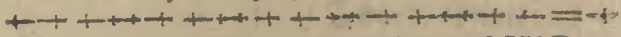
Her lips are red as rubies,
 her eyes are black as flocks,
 Her charms are so delighting,
 she wounds where'er she goes.

So fare you well sweet Nancy,
since you so cruel prove,
I'll try for to forget you,
and all the pains of love.

Although you are so cruel,
you have stole my heart away,
No other girl I'll marry
until my dying day.

She hearing of his mourning,
she turn'd to him again,
And said, my dearest Jamie,
I'll ease you of your pain.

Because you've been so loyal,
I'll prove your loving wife,
And constant I will be to you,
all the days of your life.



THE WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE.

COME, come my dear Bet,
The sun is just set,
All nature looks smiling you see,
At White Conduit House,
Each sweetheart and spouse,
Are now drinking coffee and tea, Are, &c,
The pleasure so sweet,
This charming retreat,
Disburdens their minds from all care,
The prospect so clear,
Will please you my dear,
Then straight to the place let's repair.

The garden my love,
 If thou wilt approve,
 I there can my passion reveal,
 How pleasing 'twould be,
 My angel to me?
 If love you no longer conceal.
 There's music to charm,
 Thy bosom 'twill warm,
 The ideas of love to possess,
 Then Betsy comply,
 And do not deny,
 This instant your Tommy to bless.

Ye lovers draw near,
 My story pray hear,
 'Twill make you in love with the sex,
 I whisper'd my mind,
 And Betty was kind,
 No longer she strives to perplex.

The ev'ning draws on,
 And we must be gone,
 Each heart now with pleasure o'erflows,
 The maxim will shew,
 The passion that's true,
 If repulsed the stronger it grows. If, &c.

The MAID'S LAMENTATION for a SAILOR.

IN the pleasant month of June,
 abroad as I did stray.
 There I espied a comely maid
 dress'd in a rich array.

She on a bed of flowers sat,
 her heart was fill'd with care,
 And bitterly she did lament
 for her jolly Sailor dear.

How could my parents so cruel be,
 to rob me of my dear?

To send him to the raging seas,
 to a place I know not where.

Thro' blust'ring winds and swelling waves,
 no danger will I fear,

Till I find out the man I love :
 he's my jolly Sailor dear.

How could my parents so cruel be,
 to rob me of my rest?

Of all the young men in the world,
 a Sailor I love best

Ye gods of love prove kind to me,
 and send him safely here,

And on my snow white breast, his head
 shall rest, he's my jolly Sailor dear.

How happy is the country girl,
 who has the man she loves?

Contented with her homely food,
 and blessing from above;

All worldly riches I despise,
 no poverty I fear,

Could I enjoy the man I love,
 he's my jolly Sailor dear.

I'll dress myself in man's array,
 with troupers clean and white,
 And to the raging seas I'll go,
 to seek my heart's delight.

From ship to ship, from sea to sea,
 so boldly will I steer.

Till I find out the man I love,
 he's my jolly Sailor dear.

O was I worth ten thousand pounds,
 and on King George's throne,
 Freely would I part with it all
 to the man I dearly love.

Ye gods of love prove kind to me,
 from danger may I steer,
 Now I will search the seas all round,
 for my jolly Sailor dear.

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 B L I N D C U P I D.

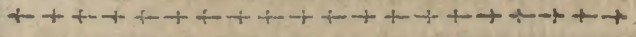
B L I N D Cupid for ever,
 I defy thy bold quiver :
 Neither do I regard thy long bow,
 Nor arrow shall prick me,
 Nor woman out-wit me,
 I am free from all sorrow and woe.

 If Jenny had been loyal,
 I had ne'er stood the trial,
 Of any girl but her in my life,
 I oftentimes told her,
 Which made her the bolder,
 'Twas on purpose to make her my wife.

But the jade being wanton.
She must needs play the whore,
So eagerly that was her fame,

Then I solemnly swore,
I would love her no more,
But laugh at her folly and shame.

But blest be the hour
That first gave her power
Of Cupid, that little blind boy,
Though I cannot deny,
Sometimes by the bye,
All the pleasures of love I enjoy'd.



A J O R U M O F T H I S.

YE tripping souls as ye pass by,
Step in and taste, I know you're dry,
And when you've done, don't take't amiss,
To pawn your shirt for a jug of this.

Now gentlemen before you call,
I can neither write on board nor wall,
For the meaning of my song is this,
I can't trust you a quart of this.

It's you that has got half a crown,
Are kindly welcome to sit down,
And if you have got your money flush,
You may prime your nose o'er a jug of this.

You gods that sees a future state,
Some other beasts may have their fate;
May the gods transform me to a fish,
That I might swim in a jug of this.

Was I cast on some distant shore,
Where do the foaming billows roar,
For my desire would be in this,
To a lovely lass and a jug of this.

Yet was I sick, both pale and wan,
And scarcely able for to stand,
All my own cure would be in this,
A lovely lass and a jug of this.

When I am dead and laid in my grave,
No corse-like-tomb-stone let me have ;
Give me my desire and crown my wish,
Drink o'er my grave a hoghead of this.



ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.

WHEN the shepherd seeks to woo,
mind them lest they faithless prove,
But if once you find them true,
fear not to reward their love.

Let not beauty make you vain,
men of worth deserves your care ;
Never give a lover pain
if you find his heart sincere.

Love, the source of every joy,
ask whatever we can give,
Love should every hour employ,
'tis for love alone we live.

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Saltmarket, 1799.