

T H E

Shepherd's Lament

F O R T H E

Loss of his Sweetheart.

T O W H I C H A R E A D D E D ,

T H E S A I L O R ' S R E T U R N .

A S W E E T C O U N T R Y L I F E .

T H E S O L D I E R ' S R E T U R N .

T H E C O N S T A N T L A D Y .

T H E C R I P P L E O F C O R N W A L L .



G L A S G O W ,

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

The SHEPHERD'S LAMENT for the
LOSS of his SWEETHEART.

AS I was a walking one morning in May,
The fields were adorn'd, the meadows were gay,
The trees in great branches were cover'd with young,
And the small birds round me so sweetly did sing.

There's none in the world so happy as me,
As me and my Flora, my Flora and me:
I will go to my Flora and to her I'll say,
To make us both happy, love, it wants but one day.

One day says the fair maid, that day is to come,
To wed gentle shepherd, to wed I'm too young;
I will first go to service, and when I return,
Then we will be married and love serve on.

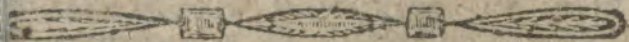
As fortune would have it to service she went,
To wait on a lady it was her intent,
For to wait on a Lady, and a rich Lady gay,
Who clothed fair Flora in costly array.

A week or two after a letter I sent,
Just two or three lines for to know what she meant,
But she wrote that she liv'd such a contented life,
That she never, no never could be a shepherd's wife.

These lines unexpected will make me to smart,
I will pluck up my spirits, and cheer up my heart,
In hopes that my fair one will write so no more,
But her answer confounded me 10,000 times o'er.

You fields and green meadows I bid you adieu,
My bags and my bottle I leave unto you,
My hook, crook, and pipe, I leave them behind,
Since Flora, fair Flora, has prov'd so unkind.

Its I will go wander my fortune to seek,
 And if I should chance with my Flora to meet,
 will ask her the reason why she served me so,
 for she's been the occasion of my grief and wée.



THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

A FAIR maid walking all in a garden,
 a brisk young failor she chanc'd to spy;
 He stept up to her, thinking to have her,
 said he, Fair maid, can you fancy I?

You seem to me some man of honour,
 some man of honour you seem to me;
 how can you impose on a poor young woman,
 that is not fit your servant to be?

If you are not fit to be my servant,
 I've got a great regard for thee;
 thought to marry you, make you my lady,
 for I've got servants to wait on thee.

I have got a sweetheart all of my own, Sir,
 and seven long years since he's gone from me;
 And seven more I will wait for him,
 if he's alive, he'll return to me.

If it be seven years since your love went from you,
 surely he's either dead or drown'd.—
 If he is alive, I love him dearly;
 and if he's dead, I can wish him rest.

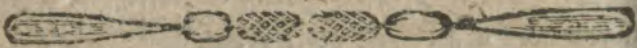
But when he found that his Sally was faithful,
 it's a pity that love should be cross'd,—
 I am your poor and single failor,
 that oftentimes the wide ocean cross'd.

If you be my poor and single sailor,
 shew me the token I gave to thee;
 For seven years makes an alteration,
 since my true love has gone from me.

He pull'd his hand out of his bosom,
 his fingers being long and small;
 He shew'd the ring that was broke between them—
 no sooner she saw it, than down did fall.

He took her up into his arms,
 and gave her kisses, one, two, by three:
 I am your poor and single sailor,
 that's just return'd to marry thee.

So, hand in hand, they went together
 unto the church without delay,
 Where there he marry'd his lovely Sally,
 and made her his lady gay.



A SWEET COUNTRY LIFE.

A Sweet country life is both pleasant & charming,
 For to walk abroad in a fine summer's morning,
 Your houses and cities, and lofty fine towers,
 Can never compare to the sweet shady bowers.

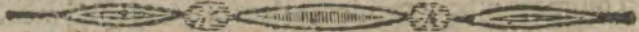
O little do I admire your robes and fine dresses,
 Your silks, and your scarlets, and other excesses,
 For my own country clothing's to me more endear-
 ing, (wearing.
 Than your pretty sweet mantle, for my home-spun

No fiddle nor flute, no hautboy, or spinnet,
 Can ever compare with the lark and the linnet,
 Down as I lay among the green bushes, (thrushes.
 I was charmed by the notes of the blackbirds and

As Johnny the ploughboy was walking along,
To fetch up his cattle so early in the morn,
He spied pretty Nancy among the green rushes,
Singing more sweet than the blackbirds & thrushes.

On yonder hills and lofty high mountains,
As the sheep were a' grazing on each day morning,
Bright Phebus did shine, & the hills were adorning,
As Molly sat milking on a fine summer's morning.

So now to conclude and end my ditty,
To all country lasses that are sweet and pretty,
Never forsake your own country employment,
No city can afford so sweet an enjoyment.



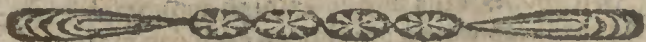
THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

WHEN rous'd by the trumpet's loud clangor to arms,
Reluctant I quitted Eliza's bright charms;
Tho' honour commanded, yet love fill'd my mind,
Ah! how could I leave the dear charmer behind?
Yet the rage of the battle with courage I try'd,
Surviv'd, while the heroes fell fast on each side;
Love stood my protector in all the alarms,
While the silver-ton'd trumpet still sounded to arms.

Now olive-rob'd Peace kind advances again,
And her blessings dispenses wide over the plain;
Return'd to Eliza, we join in the throng,
Where is heard the soft pipe, or the heart-lifting song.
Each rural amusement with rapture we try,
While the beams of contentment are found in each
Love stood my protector in all the alarms, (eye;
While the silver-ton'd trumpets still sounded to arms.

What mortal like me so transcendently blest,
When clasp'd by my charmer with joy to her breast;
The laurels of conquest I give to the wind,
'Tis nought without love and honour combin'd:

But when thus united, how noble the fame!
 What envy must wait on so happy a name!
 Love stood my protector in all the alarms,
 While the silver-ton'd trumpet still sounded to arms.



THE CONSTANT LADY.

YE muses assist me, I'd have you draw near,
 and guide both my hand and my pen,
 These lines for to write, and I'll make it appear,
 how maids are deceiv'd by young men,
 Young men, how maids are deceiv'd by young men.

For once I'd a true love but now I have none,
 for a true love I cannot say,
 For he is deceitful, and from me is flown,
 I lament for him both night and day,
 Night & day, I lament for him both night and day.

The thoughts of blind fortune I highly disdain,
 so will I whilst I have breath,
 But constant to him I still will remain,
 whilst I have a being on earth,
 On earth, whilst I have a being on earth.

Some women will change, and shift like the wind,
 or the swallow that swiftly do fly,
 But I am resolv'd ne'er to alter my mind,
 but constant remain till I die,
 Till I die, but constant remain till I die.

The frowns of blind fortune I never will fear,
 altho' it oft will be constant to him,
 I still will be true to the man who's my dear,
 I'll remain so till my last minute is run,
 Is run; I'll remain so till my last minute is run.

Alexander did prove more constant in love,
 had he been as constant to me,
 As ever young Fressley was unto his dear,
 when Cupid did set on her knee,
 Her knee, when Cupid did set on her knee.

I'll silently mourn for the loss of my love,
 As the turtle that mourns for his mate,
 Altho' at present he is sharp and severe,
 he'll repent when it will be too late,
 Too late, he'll repent when it will be too late.

Altho' I do love him, he never shall know,
 that e'er he disturbed my heart,
 But after my burial, the paper will shew,
 how Cupid has acted his part,
 His part, how Cupid has acted his part.

Farewel my false love I no longer can write,
 no longer can I hold my pen,
 My senses are gone and I cannot indite,
 so adieu to the falsest of men, of men, so, etc.

THE CRIPPLE OF CORNWALL.

THERE was a bold cripple, who kept the highway,
 Who begg'd for his living all times of the day,
 Night coming on, at the evening went he,
 This cripple of Cornwall, so nimble was he.

But as he was begging at a nobleman's gate,
 Tidings came to him, his Lordship was late;
 What time, and what hour his journey might be;
 Reply'd this bold Beggar, here's a bounty for me.

Being clothed with canvas all down to the ground,
 Drew to him his standard, and stood as he found,
 At last he perceiv'd him, draw nigh to a strand,
 and in the dark ev'ning he caus'd him to stand.

Stand and deliver your money with speed,
 We are noble brave fellows, and money we need.
 Then reply'd my Lord Cornwall, I tell unto thee,
 If money you want, you'll get none from me.

Therefore bold fellows, now stand to your chance,
 So that my Lord Cornwall did stand his defence,
 Till three of his true men were slain in the fight,
 And four of the robbers, were put to the flight.

But still my Lord Cornwall did hold him in play,
 Until it was nigh to the break of the day ;
 Till horsemen and foot came riding so fast,
 Which made the bold Cripple to yield at the last.

There was a river just by the way-side,
 It was very deep, and full eighteen foot wide ;
 He put in his pick-staff, and over went he,
 And shifed himself in an old hollow-tree.

Next day this bold Cripple L. Cornwall did meet,
 Fell down on the ground, and kissed his feet ; (ill.
 Saying, God bless my L. Cornwall, & keep him from
 And out of the hands of his enemies fill.

O then my L. Cornwall came down to the ground,
 And out of his pocket threw a good English crown,
 Five hundred pounds more, this Cripple had got,
 By begging and thieving as many one thought.

Five hundred pounds more will make him full glad,
 For he was resolv'd to leave off the old trade :
 At last he was taken for stealing a prize,
 Condemned and hanged at Salisbury Assize.

G L A S G O W,
 PRINTED BY J. AND M. ROBERTSON,
 SALTMARKET, MDCCCLII.