

The Roving
Batchelor.

To which is added,
Rattlin' Roarin' Willie,
THE
Pleasures of Wooing,
AND
Bess the Gawkie.



FALKIRK:
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THE
ROVING BATCHELOR.

I am a roving batchelor,
and has been all my life,
And now I do intend for
to go and seek a wife:
Such a wife as I want,
is not for to be found,
And such a wife as I want,
is not above the ground.

It's if I marry an old one,
I'm sure that she will fade,
And if I marry a young one,
she'll kill me with her pride;
It's if I marry a tall one,
she'll crack me on the crown,
And if I marry a little one,
they pull the young men down.

It's if I marry a pretty one,
a cuckold I will be,
And if I marry an ugly one,
the boys will laugh at me.

One night as I lay on my bed,
strange things there came to pass,
Who did I see at my bed-side,
but a handsome pretty lass.

The first question I asked her;
if that she was a maid,
The answer that she gave to me,
I was once what you said.

The next question that I asked her,
if she was one just now,
The answer that she gave to me,
I am sure I'm one for you.

The next question that I asked her,
if that she would take a man,
The answer that she made to me,
it's only when I can.

The next question that I asked her,
if along with me she would go,
The answer that she gave to me,
what farther you would know:

Green it is a pretty colour,
before it gets a dip,
And he that gets another man's wife,
is sure to get the nip.
Green it is, &c.

RATTLIN' ROARIN' WILLIE.

O rattlin' roarin' Willie,
 O he held to the fair,
 An' for to sell his fiddle,
 And buy some ither ware,
 But parting wi' his fiddle,
 The faut tear blint his e'e;
 And rattlin' roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me.

O Willie come sell your fiddle,
 O sell your fiddle sae fine:
 O Willie come sell your fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine.
 If I should sell my fiddle,
 The warl' wou'd think I was mad,
 For many a rantin' day
 My fiddle and I hae had!

As I came by Crochallan,
 I cannillie keeket ben,
 Rattlin' roarin' Willie
 Was sitting at yon boord-en';
 Sitting at yon boord-en',
 And amang guid company;
 Rattlin' roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me!

THE
PLEASURES OF WOOING.

FAREWELL to the pleasures of wooing,
 the bank and the lily so gay;
 Till once my poor heart was deluded,
 and by a false man stole away.
 Young women beware of delusion,
 and be not o'er fond of young men,
 For soon they'll prove your confusion,
 if once your affection they gain.

For first they'll shorten your apron,
 and then they'll shorten your gown,
 But woes me my b nny lassie,
 when once she begins to lock down.
 They'll fill up her health in a bumper,
 and cause the whole cup to go round,
 And they'll drink it over and over,
 and choose a new lover the morn.

But woes me that e'er I believ'd them,
 for fientimes they charmed me,
 They robb'd me of all my treasure,
 my heart and my virginity.

Young men they are glorious creatures,
 it's a pity so false they were ay;
 They're fickle like weather in Winter,
 they'll heat and they'll cool in a day.

What need I tell't over and over,
 what I in my bosom do find,
 They'll wheedle and cox till you're ruin'd,
 and then all your pleasures do end.
 What need I tell't, &c.

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BESS THE GAWKIE.

BLYTHE young Jean to Bess did say,
 Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
 Where fl icks do feed, and herds do stray;
 And sport a while wi' Jamie?
 Ah na, lass, I'll no gang there,
 Nae about Jamie tak nae care,
 He slighted me, and that's no fair,
 For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
 Did I not see young Jamie pass,
 Wi' meikle blythness in his face,
 Out o'er the muir to Maggie.

I wat he gae her meny a kifs,
 And Maggie took them ne'er amifs,
 'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
 That Bess was but a Gawkie.

For whene'er a civil kifs I seek,
 She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
 And for an hour she'll scarcely speak,
 Who'd not call her a Gawkie?
 But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
 She'll gie a scote without offence,
 Now gie me ane unto the mense,
 And ye shall be my datie.

O Jamie ye hae mony taen,
 But I will ne'er stand up for ane,
 Or twa till we do meet again,
 Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
 Ah, na lafs, that cann't be,
 Sic thoughts as these are far from me,
 Wi' my thy sweet face that see,
 E'er to think thee a gawkie.

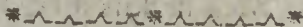
But whisht nae mair o' this we'll speak,
 For yonder Jamie does us meet,
 In stead of Meg he kifs'd sae sweet,
 I trow he likes the gawkie.

O dear Bess! I hardly knew,
 When I came, your gown's fae new;
 I think y u've got it wet with dew:
 Quoth Bess, that's like a gawkie.

I's wet with dew, and 'twill get rain,
 And I'll get gowns when this is gane,
 Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
 And tell it to your dawtie.
 The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek,
 He cry'd; O cruel maid, but sweet;
 If I should gang another gate,
 I ne'er could meet my dawtie.

The lassies fast frae him they flew,
 And left poor Jamie fair to rue,
 That ever Maggie's face he knew,
 Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
 As they went o'er the muir they sang,
 The hills and dales with echoes rang,
 The hills and dales with echoes rang,
 Gang o'er the muir to Maggie.

F I N I S.



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