

UNFORTUNATE FAIR:
OR, THE
SAD DISASTER.

To which are added,
The ROCK & a WEE PICKLE TOW.
The resolute Lady; or fortunate Footman.
BEAUTY AND RIGOUR.



G L A S G O W,
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THE UNFORTUNATE FAIR.

FAREWEL to the ocean, since I have return'd,
Hardships I've suffer'd; many nights I've mourn'd,
For my dearest Maria, my joy and delight,
But I hope to my troubles I may bid goodnight.

In the arms of my charmer to spend all my days,
Bid adieu to the troubles and toils of the seas,
In hopes to live happy with her I adore,
'Tis my dearest Maria, I desire no more.

When this Captain landed, to her Father he went,
To enquire for his true love it was his intent;
He said, Sir, Your Daughter I am come to demand,
To be join'd in wedlock straightway out of hand.

Her Father reply'd, I've no Daughter I'll own,
For the last I heard of her she was on the town;
Cruel fate said the Captain, is it true that I hear!
I'll search ev'ry bagnio till I find out my dear.

Then in search of his true love he instantly went,
With his heart full of trouble in sad discontent;
He soon found out the bagnio that harbour'd his dear,
And to his discomfort this news he did hear;

When he ask'd for Maria, the old Beldam reply'd,
She's gone sick to the work-house to lessen her pride;
If 'tis so, said the Captain, I'll make her my wife,
For my dearest Maria's the joy of my life.

In haste to the work-house he straight did repair;
O, shocking disaster! this news he did hear,
He enquir'd for Maria, his joy and delight,
When for answer was giv'n, She dy'd, Sir, last night.

Then raving distracted, let me see her did cry,
On the corps of his true love he wept bitterly:
He said, Take this purse; let her coffin be lead;
Farewel, dear Maria, then turned his head.

Then straight from his side his sword out he drew,
 And then his own body he plung'd thro' and thro',
 Saying, Dearest Maria, since you can't be my bride,
 I still am determin'd to ly by your side.

Farewel to all pleasure, my joy and delight;
 O the tears that were shed at this shocking sight;
 And to see this sad sight thousands did repair,
 In one grave were laid this most beautiful pair.

The ROCK AND A WEE PICKLE TOW.

T Here was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,
 An' she wad gae try the spinning o't,
 She looted her down, an' her rock took a low,
 And that was a bad beginning o't.
 She sat an' she grat, an' she scaet, an' she slang,
 An' she threw, an' she blew, an' she wrigl'd, an' wrang,
 An' she choked, an' bocked, an' cry'd like to mang,
 Alas! for the dreary beginning o't.
 I've wanted a fark for these eight years an' ten,
 An' this was to be the beginning o't;
 But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,
 Or ever I try the spinning o't;
 For never since ever they ca'd me as they ca' me,
 Did sic a mishap and mishanter befa' me,
 But ye shall have leave baith to hang' me an' draw me,
 The neist time I try the spinning o't.
 I ha'e kept my house for these threescore o' years,
 An' ay kept free o' the spinning o't,
 But how I was farked, soul fa' them that speers, —
 For it minds me aye o' the spinning o't.
 But our women are now a-days grown sae bra',
 That ilka ane maun hae ae fark, and some twa,
 The world was better when ne'er ane ava'
 Had a rag, but ane at the beginning o't.
 Fou, fa' her that ever advis'd me to spin,
 That had been sae lang a beginning o't;
 I might weel have ended as I did begin,
 Nor got sic a skari wi' the spinning o't.

But they'll say she's a wise wife that kens her ain weuld:
 I thought ance a day it would never been speer'd,
 How lote ye the low tak your rock by the beard,
 When ye gaed to try the spinning o't.

The spinning, the spinning it gars my heart sob,
 When I think upon the beginning o't,
 I thought ere I died to ha'e ance made a web,
 But still I had fears o' the spinning o't.
 But had I nine daughters, as I ha'e but three,
 The safest and soundest advice I cou'd gie,
 That they frae spinning wad keep their hands free,
 For fear of a bad beginning o't.

Yet in spite o' my counsel if they will needs run,
 The drearysome risk o' the spinning o't,
 Let them seek out a lythe in the heat o' the sun,
 And there venture on the beginning o't.

But to do as I did, alas! and awow!
 To busk up a rock at the cheek o' the low,
 Says, that I had but little wit in my pow,
 And as little ado wi' the spinning o't.

But yet after a', there is ae thing that grieves
 My heart, to think o' the beginning o't,
 Had I won the length but o' ae pair o' sleeves,
 Then there wad been words o' the spinning o't.
 These I wad hae washen and bleech'd like the snaw,
 An' on my twa gardies like mogans wad draw,
 An' then fouk wad say, that auld Girzy was braw,
 An' a' was upo' her ain spining o't.

But gin I cou'd shog about till a new spring,
 I shou'd yet hae a bont o' the spinning o't,
 A mutchkin o' lintseed I'd in the yerd sling,
 For a' the wanchanfy beginning o't.

I d gar my ain Tammie gae down to the how,
 An' cut me a rock of a widdersbin's grow,
 Of good roun-tree for to carry my tow,
 An' a spindle o' the same for the twining o't.
 For now fan I mind me, I met Maggy Grim,
 This morning just at the beginning o't,

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She ne'er was ca'd chancy, but canny and slim,
An' sae it has far'd o' my spinning o't.
But if my new rock was ance cutted and dry,
I'll a' Maggy's cann and her cantrips defy,
An' but any fustie, the spinning I'll try,
An' ye's a' hear o' the beginning o't.

Quo' Tibby her daughter, tak tent fat ye say,
The never a rag we'll be seeking o't;
Gin ye ance begin, ye'll tire's night an' day,
Sae 'tis vain ony mair to be speaking o't.
Since Lammas I'm now gane thirty and twa,
An' ne'er a dūd sark had I e'er girt or sma',
An' what war am I, I'm as warm an' as brow,
As thrummy-tail'd Meg that's a spinner o't.

To labour the lint-land, and then buy the seed,
An' then to yoke me to the harrowing o't,
And syne loll amon't, an' pick out ilk weed,
Like swine in a sty at the farrowing o't.
Syne powing, an' ripling, an' steeping, an' then
To gar's gae an' spread it upo' the cald plain,
An' then after a', may be labour in vain,
When the wind an' the weat gets the fusion o't.

But though it should anter the weather to bide,
Wi' bestles we're set to the drubbing o't;
An' then frae our fingers to guide aff the hide,
Wi' the wearisome wark of the rubbing o't.
An' syne ilka tait maun be heckl'd out throw,
The lint putten ae gate, anither the tow,
Syne on a rock wi't, an' it taks a low:
The back o' my hand to the spinning o't.

Quo' Jeany, I think 'oman ye're in the right,
Set your feet ay a-spar to the spinning o't,
We may tak our advice frae our ain mither's fright
That she gat when she try'd the beginnaing o't.
But they say, that auld fouks are twice bairns indeed,
An' sae she has kyth'd it, but there is nae need
To sicken an' amshach that we drive our head,
As lang's we're sae fear'd frae the spinning o't.

Quo' Nanny the youngest, I've now heard you a',
An' dowie's your doom o' the spinning o't,
Gin ye, fan the cow flings, the dish cast awa',
Ye may see whar ye'll hick up the winning o't.
Bot I see that but spinning I'll never be bra',
But gae by the name of a dilp or a da',
Sae lack whar ye like, I shall anee shake a fa',
Afore I be dang wi' the spinning o't.

For weel can I mind me, when black Willie Bell,
An' Tibby there just at the winning o't,
What blew up the bargain, she kens weel herself,
Was the want o' the knack o' the spinning o't.
An' now poot 'omen, for ought that I ken,
She never may get sic an offer again,
But pine awa' bit an' bit like JANKIN'S HEN,
An' naithing to wyte but the spinning o't.

But were it for naething, but just these alane,
I shall yet hae a bout o' the spinning o't,
They may cast me for calling me black at the bane,
But nae 'cause I shun the beginning o't.
But be that as it happens, I care not a strae,
But nane o' the lads shall have it to say,
When they come to woo, she kens naething ava',
Nor has ony cann o' the spinning o't.

In the days they ca'd yore, gin guld fouks had but won,
To a surcoat hough-side for the winning o't,
Of coat raips well cut by the cast of their bum,
They never sought mair o' the spinning o't.
A pair o' grey hoggers weel clinked benew,
Of nae other lit but the hue o' the ewe,
With a pair of rough rullions to scuff thro' the dew,
Was the fee they sought at the beginning o't.

But we maun hae linen, and that maun hae we,
An' how get we that but by spinning o't?
How can we hae a face to seek a great fee,
Except ye can help at the winning o't:
An' we maun hae pearlins, an' mabbies, an' cocks,
An' some other things that the ladies ca' smocks.

An' how get we that, gin we tak na our rocks,
An' pow what we can at the spinning o't.

'Tis needless for us to tak our remarks,
Frae our mither's mis'cooking the spinning o't ;
She never kend ought of the guid o' the sarks,
Frae this aback to the beginning o't.

'Twa three eil o' plaiden was a' that was sought,
By our'auld warld bodies, and that boot be bought,
For in ilka town sicken things was na wrought,
Sae little they kend o' the spinning o't.

The Resolute LADY ; or, Fortunate FOOTMAN.

IN Sherieaf there lived a Squire of great fame,
And there was a young man that served the same,
His young man was comely, his cheeks they were red,
Although but a servant, yet he was well bred.

There was a sister unto this young Squire,
Who daily did this young man admire,
And she had a noble estate of her own,
Not far from Trugger, it is very well known.

This sister at her brother's often would be,
In purpose this handsome young man for to see,
One day by the brother this sister was spy'd,
Talking in the garden by this servant's side.

He went to the Lady, and to her did say,
What makes you to walk with my man, I pray ?
The Lady she blush'd, but answer gave none,
She call'd for her coach, and that moment went home.

O then he discharged his man in a spleen,
And said for the future he should serve the King,
He went to the Lady the very same day,
And told her the words his Master did say.

Dear Lady, my Master has discharged me,
And the King I must serve now by land or by sea,
Come in, said the Lady, and I will hire you straight,
You shall be my servant, and on me shall wait.

Next day came her brother and officers too,
 They would have this young man for Flanders to go
 The Lady she said, Take your hands from my man,
 For you shall not press him do all that you can.

Well, well, said the brother, when we come again
 He shall be a soldier for Flanders or Spain;
 O no, said the Lady, that never can be,
 For he is an apprentice, and now bound to me.

How bound, said the brother, what trade must he learn
 I'm sorry, dear Brother, you cannot discern,
 I have his indentures, he is bound for life,
 Which makes him the Master, and I am his Wife.

O be you then married? her brother reply'd,
 I'd have been better pleas'd if this day you had died
 Dear brother, your kindness I cannot disapprove,
 But I am better pleas'd in the choice of my love.

I wish you much joy, then the officers said,
 She thanked them kindly, and ask'd them to stay,
 For this very day we do spend here in wine,
 And at night comes the joy when true lovers do join.



BEAUTY AND RIGOUR.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
 No less than a wonder by nature design'd;
 She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,
 And the cause of a flame that never can die. And, etc

Her mouth, from whence wit still obligingly flows
 Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose:
 Love and destiny still attend on her will, (She, etc
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill

The desperate lover can hope no redress,
 Where Beauty and Rigour are both in excess;
 In Silvia they meet, so unhappy am I,
 Who sees her must love, who loves her must die. etc.