

# Roger of Coverly;

O R,

Monfieur come if ye dare.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE GOOD SHIP ROVER.

TIBBY FOWLER.

GENUINE BEAUTY.

A DESCRIPTION OF A FAIR.



G L A S G O W,

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SALTMARKEET, 1803.


 R O G E R O F C O V E R L Y .

**B**OLD BRITONS with courage advance  
 upon this present occasion ;  
 Revenge your wrongs on proud France,  
 who threatens you with an invasion.  
 They say forty thousand they'll land,  
 and put all the world in wonder,  
 But, while the ROYAL SCOTS are at hand,  
 we'll make Monsieur to knock under.

## C H O R U S .

Then Monsieur come if you dare,  
 I'll warrand we'll handle you cleverly,  
 And show you what Royal Scots are,  
 By a dance call'd Roger of Coverly.

Young Roger has left off his plough,  
 and now he is ploughing the ocean,  
 And Johnny's a gentleman now,  
 a soldier in the height of promotion.  
 His sword for his flail now he's worn,  
 who every day was a threshing,  
 But instead of his threshing of corn,  
 the French he's cutting and flashing.

Then Monsieur come if you dare, &c.

The ROYAL SCOTS they are as good,  
 as ever was belted in leather,  
 For their king and their country they stood,  
 they'll beat, or they'll all die together,

In the front of the battle array,  
 they cruize from their honoured station,  
 For vict'ry they will lead the way,  
 to Monsieur's mortification.

Then Monsieur come if you dare, &c.

The ancient South BRITONS of Wales,  
 Morgan, and the Cock of Carmarthen;  
 And Taffey cries Cot splut her nails,  
 for a file bid ashue to hur Matam.

Hur's ready with hur sword and gun,  
 to give Monsieur a good threshing,  
 Till the last drop of hur blood is run,  
 hur will die before hur will be beaten.

Then Monsieur come if you dare, &c.

Says Sandy: if I stay at hame,  
 may the curse of my country attend me,

Says Jamie, if thou go alane,  
 may the heavens never befriend me;

For my king and my country I'll fight,  
 so long as fighting's in fashion,

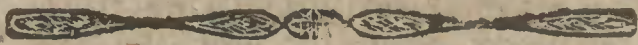
The THISTLE and ROSE shall unite,  
 to give Monsieur a good threshing. &c.

Hark o'er HIBERNIA, and far away,  
 low the merry bagpipes are whistling,

The HIGHLAND LADS bonny and gay,  
 they run for their share of the tilting;

To the Western waves they are bound,  
 where a deal of deep seas will affright'em,  
 Where both French and Spaniards are found,  
 but with good heart & courage we'll fight'em.

Then Monsieur come if you dare, &c.


 THE GOOD SHIP ROVER.

WHEN I was a yeung man,  
I bore a valiant mind,

For to cross the raging sea  
it was my whole design;

I met a jovial ship-mate,  
who engag'd me to the main,  
Then we got our stores on board,  
and put to sea again.

Chor. And went to sea again,  
and went to sea again,  
Found all relations stranded,  
and went to sea again.

It was in the good Ship Rover,  
I sail'd the world all round,  
And for seven years and over.

I ne'er touch'd British ground;  
At length in old England landed,  
I left the raging main;  
Found all relations stranded,  
and went to sea again. And went, &c.

That time bound straight to Portugal,  
right fore and aft we bore;

But, when we made Cape Ortugal,  
a gale blew off the shore:

She lay so, it did shock her,  
a log upon the main;

Till, sav'd from Davy's Locker,  
we put to sea again. And went to, &c.

Next in a Frigate sailing,  
 upon a squally night,  
 Thund'ring, light'ning, hailing,  
 the horrors of the sight,  
 My precious limb was lopped off,  
 I, when they eas'd me of my pain,  
 Thank'd God I was not popped off,  
 and went to sea again . And went, &c.

Yet still I am enabled  
 to bring up in life's rear,  
 Although I'm quite disabled,  
 and lie in Greenwich tire ;  
 The King, God bless his Royalty,  
 who took me from the main,  
 I'll praise with love and loyalty,  
 but ne'er to sea again.

Chor. But ne'er to sea again,  
 but ne'er to sea again,  
 I'll praise with love and loyalty,  
 but ne'er to sea again.

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T I B B Y F O W L E R.

T I B B Y Fowler in the Glen,  
 Has o'er mony wooing at her.  
 Tibby Fowler in the Glen,  
 Has o'er mony wooing at her.

C H O R U S.

Wooing at her, powing at her,  
 Courting at her, canna get her ;  
 Filthy Elf, its for her pelf,  
 That a' the lads are wooing at her.

She has goud studs in her lugs,  
 Cockle-shells wou'd suit her better,  
 High-heel'd shoon and filler tags,  
 And a' the lads are powing at her. &c.

Ten came east and ten came west,  
 And ten came rowing o'er the water,  
 Twall came down the Lang Dykeside,  
 There's twa an' forty wooing at her. &c.

If a lass be ne'er sae black,  
 Gi'e her but the penny filler,  
 Set her upo' Tintock-tap,  
 The wind will blaw a man till her. &c.

If a lass be ne'er sae fine,  
 Gin she want the penny filler,  
 The may stan' till ninety-nine  
 Ere there come a man till her. &c.

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### GENUINE BEAUTY.

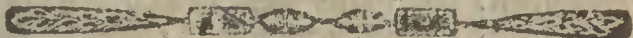
**O** Would you know what sacred charms,  
 This destin'd heart of mine alarms,  
 What kind of nymph the Heav'n's decree,  
 The maid that's made for love and me.

Who joys to hear the sigh sincere,  
 So melts to see the tender tear,  
 From each ungentle passion free,  
 Such is the maid that's made for me.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,  
 And feels the blessings she bestows;  
 Free unto all, but kind to me,  
 Such be the maid that's made for me.

Whose simple thoughts devoid of art,  
 All for the natives of her heart,  
 A gentle train from falsehood free,  
 Be such the maid that's made for me.

Avant ye light coquets, retire,  
 Where flatt'ring fops around admire,  
 Unmov'd, your tinsel-charms I see,  
 More genuine beauties are for me.



### A DESCRIPTION OF A FAIR.

**T** WAS on the morning of the Fair,  
 As I thither did repair,

Carts and coaches did arrive,  
 And on the road were all alive ;  
 Tag, rag, and bobtail there I see,  
 Both old and young were full of glee :  
 The gentry in their coaches were,  
 To see the humours of the Fair.

Cries Jacky, Betty, Tommy too.  
 To the Fair let's go, pray Daddy do,  
 To please the Children is Mammy's pride,  
 In the pleasure-cart they all must ride ;  
 The Mam, the Dad, and Children too,  
 With old Granny to the Fair must go ;  
 The cart was rotten I do declare,  
 And down it broke just by the Fair.

As chance would have it, no one's hurt,  
 But towz'l'd and tumb'l'd in the dirt,  
 No accident I found was done,  
 I laugh'd outright to see the fun :

Then for the Fair away I goes,  
 And left them cleaning of their clothes;  
 Old Granny she kept grumbling there,  
 She'll go no more to see the Fair.

At ev'ry house I turn'd my head,  
 I saw the tables they were spread,  
 With veal and chickens, beef and ham,  
 The visitors did stuff and cram,  
 Tea, toast, and butter went to rak.  
 The farmer's wives were full of clack,  
 The brandy bottle it was there,  
 To accomodate them at the Fair.

O there were many stalls and toys,  
 Ratting drums and shouting boys,  
 Some with heads dressed but no smock,  
 I tell you friends it is no joke.  
 Punch and his wife at the puppet shew,  
 Kings, Queens and Princes all in a row,  
 The showmen bawling—Shew'em in there,  
 'Tis the grandest show in all the Fair.

Each public-house was cramming full,  
 And not a soul I could see dull,  
 Dancing, singing, and cracking nuts,  
 And some were stuffing of their guts:  
 The Landlords they took care withal,  
 To mix the strong bear with the small;  
 Short measure also they prepare,  
 Which is the custom of the Fair.

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Printed by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1803.