

T H E

# *Fovial Tinker*

A N D T H E

## Farmer's Daughter.

To which are added,

The Conghannan MAID.

The GRATEFUL ADMIRER.

The AMOROUS LOVER.



Entered according to Order,

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## THE TINKER AND FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

**T**HERE was a wealthy farmer  
 liv'd in the south country,  
 Who had an only daughter,  
 of visage fair and free.  
 She was the greatest beauty,  
 that ever I did see,  
 And many a gallant suitor came,  
 to bear her company.

A noble Lord as I heard tell,  
 her beauty he did prize;  
 And for to gain her maiden-head,  
 himself he did disguise;  
 Both night and day as I heard say,  
 this maid was in his eyes;  
 That he could ne'er contented be,  
 until he gain'd the prize.

Thus, like a jovial Tinker,  
 of courage bold and crowse;  
 And to take up his quarter,  
 came to the farmer's house;  
 Saying. Have ye any pots or pans,  
 or candlesticks to mend!  
 Or have ye any quarters  
 for me, a single man!

They gave this young man quarters,  
 of him did dread no harm;  
 And for to make the Tinker's bed,  
 this maid went to the barn;  
 And for to make the Tinker's bed,  
 the farmer's daughter went;  
 Which pleas'd the young man's fancy  
 and further'd his intent.

The Tinker being cunning,  
 he nimbly barr'd the door,  
 And took the fair maid in his arms,  
 and laid her on the floor;  
 He laid her down upon the floor,  
 among the pease straw;  
 And there he got his will of her,  
 before he let her go

The lassie sigh'd, and then she blush'd,  
 and wow but she thought shame;  
 Now since you've got your will of me,  
 I pray tell me your name;  
 He softly whisper'd in her ear,  
 they ca' me Davie Faa',  
 And if I come this way again,  
 you'll mind the pease-straw.

I'll give you fifty guineas,  
 to pay the nourice-fee;  
 And if you chance to have a son,  
 a double it shall be:  
 And if you'll ly with me this night,  
 among the pease-straw,

My dear you'll have the money,  
before I go awa'.

O when the rest were gone to bed,  
This maid went to the barn,  
To ly with the jolly Tinker,  
and for to keep him warm ;

O quickly then she did undress,  
herself from top to toe,

In a well made bed they had fine sport,  
among the pease-straw.

But early the next morning,  
before the break of day,

The Tinker rose, put on his clothes,  
and said, I must away ;

He gave her fifty guineas,  
well ty'd up in a purse,

Said he, My dear, you need not fear,  
I hope you're not the worse.

When 18 weeks were past and gone,  
this maid turn'd pale and wan,

And then for to suspect her,  
her mother she began ;

Come tell to me, my dear, says she,  
who has done you this harm ?

I fear it's been the Tinker,  
that lay into the barn.

He was the bravest Tinker,  
that ever I did see ;

He gave me fifty guineas,  
to pay the nourice-fee.



And I have made a promise,  
 if he comes here awa',  
 That we will have some pleasant sport  
 among the pease-straw.

But when 9 months were past and gone,  
 this fair maid had a son,  
 And at the jovial gossipping,  
 there was both mirth and fun ;  
 And when the child baptized was,  
 they call'd him Davie Faa' :  
 That pretty boy that night was got,  
 among the pease-straw.

Then according to his promise,  
 he sent three hundred pound,  
 Unto the farmer's daughter,  
 for to bring up her son ;  
 And when the child to age is come,  
 I'll give it as much more,  
 In remembrance of the jovial night,  
 the barring of the door.

If any will this damsel wed,  
 I'll give them a farm free,  
 Ewes and lambs, harrows and ploughs,  
 fitting for husbandrie ;  
 Besides a handsome portion,  
 of gold and white money,  
 Although she lost her maiden-head,  
 O what the war is she.

I think I hear this damsel's wed,  
 to a farmer's son near by,

And when the Farmer wants a hand,  
 the Tinker does supply ;  
 All for to please this comely maid,  
 as I have done before,  
 And now I'll end my merry song,  
 the barring of the door.



## THE CONGHANNAN MAID.

To its own Proper Tune.

**G**IVE my service to my jewel,  
 that lives at Conghannan-mill,  
 Tell her if she marries another,  
 'twill be fore against my will.

### C H O R U S.

Sireno erah agam, sireno stumorow,  
 Sireno erah agam, sireno stumorow.

Yonder stands a pretty creature,  
 and her skin's as white as snow,  
 I will court her for her favour,  
 let her answer, ay or no. Sireno &c.

As I was sitting in an ale-house,  
 of my liquor I was free,  
 I heard a story of my jewel,  
 which I'm sure it grieveth me. &c.

For listen, listen, and I'll tell you,  
 how this maiden play'd her part,  
 First she vow'd, and swore she lov'd me,  
 now she strives to break my heart. &c.

If I had her in the deer park,  
 down below Glenaran town,  
 I would build my love a castle,  
 where no man durst pull it down. &c.

If I had her in the deer park,  
 below the shadow of yon tree ;  
 Since pretty Molly has me forsaken,  
 which I'm sure it grieveth me. &c.

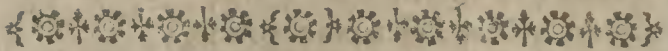
You High-church and Presbyterians,  
 I pray you to take my advice,  
 Do not court a Romish Lady,  
 for fear she leave you in my place. &c.

Now my song is almost ended,  
 I intend to sing no more.  
 Since pretty Molly's me forsaken,  
 adieu to her for evermore.  
 Sireno erah agam, sireno stumorow, &c.

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THE GRATEFUL ADMIRER.

**F**ALSE tho' she be to me and love,  
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge ;  
 For still the charmer I approve,  
 tho' I deplore her change.  
 In hours of bliss we oft have met,  
 they could not always last ;  
 But though the present I regret,  
 I'm grateful for the past.  
 I'm grateful, &c.



## THE AMOROUS LOVER.

**C**OME, my beauty let's be merry,  
 mixing joy with great delight,  
 O let us love and ne'er be weary,  
 courting, sporting day and night.  
 Let us not lose one moment's pleasure,  
 but with vigorous love pursue,  
 We are not confin'd to measure,  
 for our joy shall still renew.

O mutual freedom is a jewel,  
 when with love it is repaid,  
 Never to each other be cruel,  
 but sustain what nature made.  
 When I view thy charming features,  
 then with raptures I'm carest,  
 You are the loveliest of all creatures,  
 with you alone I'm truly blest.

Nature has made you so endearing,  
 without the help of any art,  
 I cannot rest without declaring,  
 it's you alone has won my heart:  
 I will never be a rover,  
 for I'm happy in your charms,  
 I'll not change you for another,  
 I could die within your arms.

F I N I S.