

The Handsome
Jolly Cobler

AND THE
Lovely Chambermaid,
A
Most Humorous Love Song.



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HANDSOME COBLER AND THE
LOVELY CHAMBER-MAID.

ALL you that delight in merriment,
 come listen to my song,
 'Tis very new, and certain true;
 ye need not tarry long,
 Before you laugh your belly full:
 I pray be pleas'd to stay,
 I'm sure you will be pleas'd,
 before you go away.

There was an old Knight in Derbyshire,
 who had a handsome son,
 He kept a handsome chambermaid,
 who had his favour won;
 They dearly lov'd each other,
 and to their love gave way,
 Until she fell with child to him;
 pray mind what I shall say.

In tears she told the story,
 My dearest love, said she,
 I am no less than twenty weeks
 now gone with child to thee.

Said he, Love be contented,
let no more now be said,
And do not let my father know,
next Sunday we'll be wed.

But mark what cruel fortune,
their ruin seem'd to force,
The old man in the corner,
he heard their whole discourse.

Next day he call'd the chambermaid,
likewise the youth his son,
And with a smile he seem'd to look,
and thus he did begin.

He said, I wish you both much joy,
you're to be wed on Sunday,
But I would have you rul'd by me,
and put it off till Monday;
'Twill be but one day longer.

With that he left outright;
But I'm resolv'd to part you both,
for fear it be this night.

He paid the girl her wages,
and home he straight her sent;
He confin'd his son in his chamber,
in tears for to lament.

Next morning away to London,
 along with a sturdy guide,
 To his uncle's house at Cheapside,
 he sent him to abide.

As he was going along the road,
 he said unto the guide,
 I'll give you twenty guineas,
 to let me step aside;
 The guide he soon consented,
 he went to his sweetheart Sue,
 And told to her the story,
 and what he meant to do.

Disguised like a Cobler,
 with a shain and musty beard,
 A ragged coat, not worth a groat,
 to his father's house he rode:
 He knocked boldly at the door,
 his father hither came;
 He asked him, if he was the Knight?
 He answer'd, Yes, I am.

I understand your son, Sir,
 a wanton trick has play'd,
 Unknown unto your worship,
 and with your chamber-maid;

I understand some money
with her you'll freely give,
To help to keep the child and her,
as long as they do live.

Now I'm an honest Cobler,
that liveth hither by,
For fifty pounds I'll marry her,
if you be satisfied;

The old man he then said, before
this money I do pay,
I'll see you fairly married,
myself shall give her away.

With all my heart, the Cobler
unto the old man said.

With that he fetch'd the fifty pounds,
the bargain it was made.
And when they came into the church,
as you may understand,
The old man strutted boldly,
and took her by the hand.

He cry'd, Heav'n bless you both,
and grant you long to live;
And for a token of my love,
these fifty pounds I'll give;

So they were fairly married,
 the old man home he went,
 The bride and bridegroom rode away
 to London with consent :

Where she was brought to bed,
 with joy and much content ;
 A letter into the country,
 he to his father sent,
 Saying, Sir, it is my duty,
 you should acquainted be,
 There is a Lady in this city,
 has fallen in love with me.

Five hundred pounds a-year she's got,
 besides good house and land ;
 And if you're willing for the match,
 come up, Sir, out of hand ;
 The old man got his coach, Sir,
 and up to London came,
 All for to see this fair Lady,
 of noble birth and fame.

But coming to his brother's house,
 this beauty for to view,
 He little thought this beauty bright,
 had been his servant Sue,

With gold and silver spangles
she was so drest all round,
The noise of such a fortune,
of so many thousand pound.

The old man call'd his son aside,
and thus to him did say,
Take my advice and marry her,
my child this very day;
That morning they were marry'd,
and dinner being done,
The old man being mellow,
the story thus began.

Said he, My dearest Son,
I'll tell you what is true,
A poor blinking Cobler,
has married your sweetheart Sue.
This young man stept aside,
as here I now confess,
And in a very little time
put on his Cobler's dress;
And taking Susan by the hand,
he fell upon his knee,
saying, Pardon us dear father,
Sir, pardon if you please;

I am John the Cobler,
 and this is honest Sue:
 So pardon us, dear father,
 because I tell you true.


If you be John the Cobler,
 who had the blinking eye,
 You've cobl'd me out four-thousand pound
 pox on your policy.

The uncle he persuaded him,
 and so did all the guests.
 The old man fell a-laughing,
 and said, I must confess,

That I cannot be angry ;
 and straight these words did say,
 Come call in the fiddle-, and let
 us be merry all the day.

Let's drink a health to the Cobler,
 and another to honest Sue :
 Let every man take off his glass,
 without any more a-do.

F I N I S .


 T. Johnston, Printer, Falkirk!