

Bess the Gawkie:

O R,

JAMIE SLIGHTED.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

The BROOM of COWDEN KNOWS.

The WOMAN'S PRAISE of TEA:

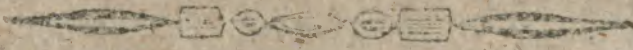
With the MAN'S ANSWER.

THE THIRSTY LOVER.



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BESS THE GAWKIE.

BLITHE young Jean to Bess did say,
Will ye gang to you funny brae,
Where flocks do feed and herds do stray,
And sport a while wi' Jamie.

Ah na, lass. I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
Nor about Jamie tak-nae care,
For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

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

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

For whene'er a civil kiss I seek,
She turns her head and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour she'll scarcely speak,
Who'd not ca' her a Gawkie?

But sure my Maggie has maik sense,
She'll gie a score without offence;
Now gie me see unto the mense,
And ye shall be my Dawtie.

O Jamie ye hae mony ta'en,
But I will ne'er stand up for aye,
Or twa, till we do meet again,
Sae ne'er think me a Gawkie.

Ah! na lafs, that canna be,
Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
Or ony thy sweet face that see,
E'er to think thee a Gawkie.

But whicht, nae mair of this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet,
Instead of Meg, he kiss'd sae sweet,
I true he likes the Gawkie.

O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
When I came, your gown's sae new,
I think you've got it wet wi' dew;
Quoth Bess, that's like a Gawkie.

It's wet wi' dew and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when this is gane,
Sae ye may gang the gat ye came,
And tell it to your Dawtie.

The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek,
He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,
E' I should gang anither gate,
I ne'er could meet my Dawtie.

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Junie fair to rue,
That ever Maggie's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Bess a Gawkie.

As they went o'er the moor they sang,
 The hills and dales with echoes rang,
 The hills and dales with echoes rang,
 Gang o'er the mair to Maggie.

The BROOM of COWDEN KNOWS.

O The broom the bonny bonny broom,
 the broom of the Cowden Knows,
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 milking my daddy's ewes.

How blythe ilk morn was I to see
 my swain come o'er the hill,
 He leapt the burn and flew to me,
 I met him with good will.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 the birds stood list'ning by,
 Ev'n the dull cattle stood amaz'd,
 charm'd with his melody.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 while his flock near me lay,
 He gather'd in my sheep at e'en,
 and cheer'd me all the day.


He did oblige me every hour,
 could I but thankful be!

He stole my heart, who could refuse,
 whate'er he ask'd of me.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
though ne'er so rich and gay.

Hard fate that I should banish'd be,
gang heavily and mourn,
Because I love the kindest swain,
that ever yet was born.

Adieu! ye Cowden Knows, adieu!
farewel all pleasures there;
Ye gods, restore to me my swain,
is all I crave or care.



The WOMAN'S PRAISE of TEA.

SOME men do rail against tea,
and say that it makes butter dear,
But let them say all that they will,
it's cheaper than brandy or beer.

They say they make butter with curd,
when the wives do the best they can;
Who is it can blame a good woman,
for doing the best for a man.

By the help of a man we were made,
and over us they were to rule;
The man that denies his wife tea,
has got no more wit than a fool.

There's a penny for a quartern of tea,
a penny for sugar's the price,

What man will deny his wife tea,
as two pence will breakfast her twice.

When the best of the tea is over,
there's a dish for the children or maid;
It is cheaper than milk or small beer,
when to such fine use it is made.

My husband he goes to an ale-house,
and soon drinks two quarts of strong beer,
With a pipe to his mouth like a lord,
says his wife has no business there.

He talks of the news of the nation,
carouses with merry good cheer:

Denies his wife tea, which is cheaper,
than either good brandy or beer.

Tea and sauff is always my comfort,
and's been all the days of my life,

The man that denies his wife tea,
I wish him a sad drunken wife.

There is some low-lit'd husbands says,
He must buy butter and bread,

But the women will have their tea,
when butter-milk husbands are dead.



THE ANSWER.

NOW Bet I have heard thy petitions,
your praise in extolling of tea,
And if that you give no more reasons,
thou's ne'er get a verdict from me.

It's said, that tea makes butter dear,
 but certainly, that is not true.

For as that you state your expences,
 there's none of it eaten by you.

You count but for sugar and tea,
 then where is the butter and bread,
 I judge you take something before it,
 or there is no teeth in your head!

Or dost thou like fish live on water?
 the costliest living I call;

On gin, rum, or good hot brandy,
 I judge thou'rt a tipler of all.

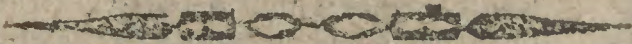
Thou says that thy husband loves beer,
 tobacco, and nappy brown ale;
 When thou lives on nothing but tea,
 and that of a penny each meal.

O happy's the man that hath got thee,
 if thou earns but fourpence a day,
 Then sixpence a week I'll allow thee,
 to clothe thee in comely array.

As thou lives on nothing but sweet water,
 to be sure a sweet wife thou must be,
 But if ever I wed for the better,
 it's ne'er be a lover of tea.

As at it they learn the poor fashion;
 cups reading, to chaff and to lie;
 And tell how Jack out of passion,
 he never gives comfort to me.

But turns his cold hum: to my belly,
 and there he lies snoring all night,
 He surely loves some other madam,
 or else I would have more delight,
 I am kiss'd only twice in the week,
 and that's a poor pitiful thing:
 And oh! to be married again,
 for I love all things in the spring.



THE THIRSTY LOVER.

DRINK to me only with thine,
 and I'll pledge thee with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 and I'll not look for wine.

The thirst which in my soul doth rise,
 does ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's Nectar sip,
 I wou'd not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 not so much honouring thee;
 And giving it a hope that there,
 it could not wither'd be.

But thou therein did only breathe,
 and sent it back to me;
 Since when, it looks and smells, I swear,
 not of itself but thee.