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T H E

HAPPY STRANGER;

O R, T H E

Fortunate Meeting.


TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.
MY APRON DEARY.
THE FORSAKEN NYMPH.
THE PATRIOT FAIR.
THE TRUE HEARTED MAIDEN.
THE FEMALE SOLDIER.



G L A S G O W,

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THE HAPPY STRANGER.

AS I was a walking one morning in spring,
To hear the birds whistle & nightingale sing,
I heard a fair maid and she was making her moan,
Saying, I am a poor stranger and far from my own.

I stept up unto her, and made a low gee,
And asked her pardon for making so free,
Saying, I have taken pity on hearing you moan,
As I am a stranger, and far from my own.

Her cheeks blush'd like roses and she shed a tear,
And says, Sir, I wonder at meeting you here,
But I hope you'll not ill use me in this desert alone,
As I am a poor stranger, and far from my own.

My dear to ill use you indeed I ne'er will,
My heart's blood to save you indeed I would spill,
I'd strive for to ease and relieve all your moan,
And wish to convey you safe back to your home.

Therefore my dear jewel, if you would agree,
And if ever you marry to marry with me,
I'd be your guardian thro' those deserts unknown,
Until with your parents I'd leave you at home.

Sir, where is your country, I'd wish for to know,
And what's the misfortunes you did undergo?
That caus'd you to wander so far from your home,
And made us meet strangers in this desert alone.

He says, my sweet fair one the truth I will tell,
If I was in my own country near Newry I dwell,
But yet to misfortunes my love I was prone,
Which made many a hero go far from his home.

Sir the lads of sweet Newry are all roving blades,
 and take great delight in courting fair maids,
 they kiss them & press them, & call them their own,
 and perhaps your darling lies mourning at home.

Believe me my jewel, the case is not so,
 never was married, the truth you must know,
 so these strangers agreed as the case it is known,
 and I wish them both happy & safe to their home.



THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

[N Scotland there lived a humble Beggar,
 He had neither house, nor hauld, nor hame,
 but he was well liked by ilka bodie,
 And they gae him sunkets to rax his wame.

A nivesfow o' meal, and a handfow o' groats,
 A dadd o' bannock, or herring brie,
 Auld parrage, or the lickings o' plates,
 Wad made him as blyth as a beggar cou'd be.

This Beggar he was a humble Beggar,
 The feint a bit o' pride had he,
 He wad a ta'en his a'ms in a bikker,
 Frae gentleman, or poer bodie.

His wallets a-hint and a-fore did hang,
 In as good order as wallets cou'd be:
 A lang kail-gully hang down by his side,
 And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.

It happened ill, it happened warse,
 It happened sae, that he did die:
 And wha do ye think was at his late-wake,
 But lads and lasses o' high degree.

Some were blyth, and some werè sad,
 And some they play'd at blind Harrie;
 But suddenly up-started the auld Carle,
 I redd ye, good fowks, tak tent o' me.

Up gat Kate that sat i'the nook,
 Vow Kimmèr, and how do ye?
 Up he gat, and ca'd her a Limmèr,
 And ruggit and tuggid her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,
 E'en far frae the companie;
 But whan they were gawn to lay'm i'the yird,
 The feint a dead nor dead was he.

And whan they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard,
 He dunted on the kist, the boards did flie,
 And whan they were gawn to put'm i'the yird,
 In fell the kist, and out lap he.

He cry'd, I'm cauld, I'm unca cauld,
 Fu' fast ran the fowk, and fu' fast ran he:
 But he was first hame at his ain ingle side,
 And he helped to drink his ain dirgie.



M Y A P R O N D E A R Y.

T Was early in the morning, a morning of May,
 A soldier and a lassie was walking astray,
 Close down in yon meadow, yon meadow brow,
 I heard the lass cry, My apron now.

C H O R U S.

My apron, deary, my apron now,
 My belly bears up my apron now:
 But I, being a young thing, was easy to woo,
 Which makes me cry out, My apron now.

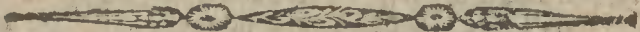
O had I ta'en counſel of father or mother,
 Or had I adviſed with ſiſter or brother ;
 But I, being a young thing, and eaſy to woo,
 It makes me cry out, My apron now.

My, apron apron deary, my now, &c.

Your apron, deary, I muſt confeſs,
 Seems ſomething the ſhorter, tho' naithing the leſs:
 Then ha'd your tongue deary, & I will prove true,
 And nae mair cry out your apron now.

C H O R U S.

Your apron deary, Your apron now,
 Your belly bears up your apron now, (true,
 Then ha'd your tongue, deary, & I will prove
 And nae mair cry out your apron now.



THE FORSAKEN NYMPH.

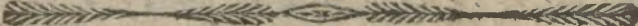
A Walking, a talking, and a walking was I,
 To meet my ſweet Billy, he'll come by & by,
 To meet him in the meadows is all my delight,
 A walking and talking from morning till night.

Meeting is a pleaſure, but parting is a grief,
 And an inconstant lover is worſe than a thief,
 A thief can but rob me and take what I have,
 But an inconstant lover ſends me to my grave.

The grave it will rot me and bring me to duſt,
 But an inconstant loyer no maiden can truſt,
 They'll kiſs you, they'll court you, poor girls to deceive
 There's not one in twenty that you can believe.

The cuckoo's a fine bird, ſhe ſings where ſhe flies,
 She brings us good tidings and tells us no lies,
 She ſucks of ſweet flowers to keep her voice clear,
 The more ſhe ſings cuckoo, the ſummer draws near.

Come all ye pretty maidens wherever ye be,
 Don't settle your love on a fyeamore tree,
 The leaf it will wither, and the root it will die,
 And if I'm forsaken, I know not for why.



THE PATRIOT FAIR.

WHEN young and artless as the lamb,
 Which plays about its fondling dam,
 Brisk, buxom, pert, and silly;
 I slighted all the manly swains,
 And put my virgin heart in chains,
 For smiling smooth fac'd Willy.

But when experience came with years,
 Which rais'd my hopes and quell'd my fears,
 My heart was blythe and bonny,
 I turn'd off every beardless youth,
 So gave my word, and fix'd my truth
 On honest sturdy Johnny.

Next at the wake I saw the 'Squire,
 For love I felt a new desire,
 Fond to outshine my mammy,
 I sigh'd for fringes, frogs, and beaux,
 For pig-tail wigs, and powder'd clothes,
 And silken master Sammy.

For riches next I set a flame,
 Old Gripus to my cottage came,
 And held an amorous parley.
 For music next I chanc'd to burn,
 And fondly listen'd in my turn,
 To warbling quivering Charley.

So now alike the fools and wits,
 Fops, fiddlers, foreigners and cits,
 All struck me by rotation.

Come learn of me ye patriot-fair,
 Nor make a single man your care,
 But sigh for all the nation.

THE TRUE HEARTED MAIDEN.

Fatewel my dear jewel, my own heart's delight,
 Since war now alarms you in-battle to fight,
 Across the wide billows, quite over the main,
 Never, no never shall I see you again

For her true love she moan'd by night & by day,
 And exclaim'd 'gainst those that forc'd him away,
 I wish that the sword in their breast may remain,
 Till my true love returns to my arms back again.

My life for his sake, I freely would yield,
 It grieves me to think that his blood should be spill'd;
 I'll go into battle where bullets they do fly,
 I'll fight for my love for my true love I'll die.

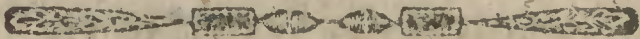
The drums did beat and the trumpets did found,
 The cannons were roaring & shaking the ground,
 Her heart it did tremble between hope and fear,
 Yet she found out the young man she loved so dear.

Across the wide ocean I'll swim on my breast,
 Till I find out my true love I never can rest,
 I wish that the bullets may miss him and fly,
 And strike thro' the heart of his great enemy.

When the battle was over, she flew to his arms,
 He thought that an angel appeared in her charms;
 In his arms he embrac'd her all joy to restore,
 But I cannot return till the wars are all o'er.

She went to his Captain and to him did say,
 For this young man's discharge 40 guineas I'll pay,
 Resolved to marry the man I adore,
 For I never can stay till the wars are all o'er.

What can be so strong in the heart as true love,
 When deck'd in beauty by the powers above,
 It never will flatter, dissemble, nor fly,
 With my love I'll live, with my true love I'll die.



THE FEMALE SOLDIER.

WHEN I was a young girl, at the age of fifteen,
 I was courted by a young man most rare to be seen;
 But now to my grief, for a soldier he's gone,
 And what to do for my love I will make known.

I dress'd myself up in some men's array,
 And went to the captain without more delay,
 Where I list'd myself for a drummer so strong,
 In the very same regiment where my love belong'd.

The very next morning the route it came,
 That the same regiment to Jamaica was bound;
 And over the plain as we marched along,
 I charmed my love by the sound of the drum.

Beat up, my little drummer, the colonel reply'd,
 You shall be advanc'd from a drummer this day;
 The very next day a lieutenant I was made,
 For to handle my pen I never was afraid.

The very next day my love's trial came on,
 For missing of his duty, as you may understand,
 When I begg'd his forgiveness & did him embrace,
 And before the whole reg'ment I op'ned my case.

The very next morning my love and I was wed,
 The colonel made him lieutenant in my stead;
 And now, for my courage, as plain you may see,
 This has been the upmaking of my love and me.

G L A S G O W,

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