

THE

Handfome Cobler;

OR, THE

Father Outwitted.

To which are added,

A CANN OF GROG,

AND

TYBURN TREE.



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THE HANDSOME COBLER.

YOU that delight in merriment,
 come listen to my song,
 'Tis very new and certain true,
 you will not tarry long,
 Before you laugh your belly full,
 then pray be pleas'd to stay,
 And I hope you'll be well pleased,
 before you go away

There was a Knight in Derbyshire,
 that had a handsome son,
 He kept a handsome chambermaid,
 the which his favour won ;
 They dearly lov'd each other,
 and oft would sport and play,
 Till he had got her belly up,
 pray mind now what I say

In tears to him she told the story,
 my dearest love, said she,
 I am no less than twenty weeks,
 now gone with child to thee ;
 He said, Love, be contented,
 there all that can be said,
 And do not let my Father know,
 next Sunday we'll be wed.

But mind how cruel fortune,
 their ruin strove to force,

The old man stood in a corner,
 and heard their whole discourse ;
 Next morn he call'd the chambermaid,
 likewise the youth his son,
 And with a smiling leering look,
 The tale he thus begun,

And said, I wish you both much joy,
 you're to be wed on Sunday ;
 But prithee now be rul'd by me,
 and put it off till Monday :
 It will be but one day longer,
 with that he laugh'd outright ;
 But ah ! said he, I'll part you both,
 lest it should be to night.

He paid the girl her wages,
 and home the girl was sent,
 And he confin'd to his chamber,
 in tears for to lament ;
 Next morning away to London,
 along with a sturdy guide,
 To his uncle's house in Cheap-side,
 and there for to abide.

And as they rode along the road,
 he said unto the guide,
 I'll give thee full twenty guineas,
 let me but step aside.
 Because this very morning,
 one word my Father said,
 The which I will remember,
 and keep it in my head.

The guide he then gave consent ;
 he went to his sweetheart Sue,
 And told her the whole story,
 what he design'd to do :

Disguised like an old Cobler,
 with sham old musty beard,

In a leathern old coat not worth a groat,
 to his Father's house he rode.

He knocked at the door right hard,
 his Father thither came,

He said, Sir, Are you such a one ?
 he answer'd, Yes I am ;

He said, I understand your Son,
 a wanton trick has play'd,

Unknown unto your worship,
 and with your chambermaid.

I understand some money, Sir,
 with her you're free to give,

To help to keep the child and she,
 as long as they shall live ;

And I'm an honest Cobler,
 that liveth here hard by,

For fifty pounds I'll marry her,
 if that will satisfy.

The old man said, before then
 the money I do pay,

I'll see her fairly married,
 and I'll 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.

When he came into the church,
as we do understand,

The old man strutted boldly up,
and took her by the hand,
And cry'd out, Heavens bliss ye,
and send you long to live,
For, as a token of my love,
these fifty pounds I give.

And so they parted friendly ;
the old man home he went,
The bride and bridegroom rode away
to London with content ;
Where she was fairly brought to bed,
with joy and much content :
A letter into the country
he to his Father sent.

Sir, I think it is my duty,
that you acquainted be,
There is a Lady in this city,
that's fallen in love with me ;
Five hundred pounds a year she's got,
all in good house and land,
And if you're willing to the match,
come up Sir out of hand.

The old man got his coach, Sir,
and up to London came,
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 bonny bride,
 had been his servant Sue ;

With gold and silver spangles,
 Sue was dress'd all around,
 The noise of her portion spread,
 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 married,
 and dinner being done,
 The old man being mellow,
 the story thus begun ;
 Says he, Dear Son. I'll tell to you,
 nothing but what is true,
 A poor blinking one ey'd Cöbler,
 has married your sweetheart Sue.

The young man slept aside, Sir,
 as I shall here confess,
 And in a very little time,
 put on the Cöbler's dress,
 And taking Susan by the hand,
 he fell upon his knees ;
 Saying, Pardon honoured Father,
 Sir, pardon if you please.

Sir, I am John the Cöbler,
 and this is honest Sue,

Oh! pardon us dear Father,
 because I tell you true
 If thou be the Cobler, said the old man,
 that had the blinking eye.
 You've cobled me out of fifty pounds,
 a pox on your policy.

The Uncle has persuaded him,
 and so did all the guests;
 The old man fell a laughing,
 and cry'd, I do confess.
 That I cannot be angry,
 and straight these words did say,
 Come, do, call in the fiddlers,
 and let's be merry to-day.

Thus we see the old and rich,
 are bit by policy:
 For beauty, wit, and manners,
 beyond all riches be.
 Then drink a health to the Cobler,
 another to honest Sue,
 See every one take off his glass,
 so I bid you all adieu.

C A N N O F G R O G .

WHEN up the shrouds the sailor goes,
 and ventures on the yard,
 The landman he who better knows,
 believes his lot is hard;
 Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,
 weighs anchor, heaves the log,

Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
and drinks his cann of grog. Bold Jack, etc.

If to engage they give the word,
to quarters he'll repair.

Now sinking in the dismal flood,
now quivering in the air :

Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,
weighs anchor, heaves the log,

Trims all his sails, belays the sheets,
and drinks his cann of grog. Bold Jack, etc.

When waves 'gainst rocks & quick sands roar,
you ne'er hear him repine,

Though he's on Greenland's icy shore,
or burning on the line :

Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,
weighs anchor, heaves the log,

Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
and drinks his cann of grog. Bold Jack, etc.

T Y B U R N T R E E.

SINCE laws were made for ev'ry degree,
To curb vice in others, as well as me,
I wonder we han't better company
Upon Tyburn Tree!

But gold from Law can take out the Sting,
And if rich men like us were to swing,
'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn Tree.