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THE

Proud Dutchess,  
OR,  
Death and the Lady.

To which is added,

The Wounded Hussar,  
THE  
Cold Winter Night,  
AND  
Once Crowdie.



Glasgow:—Printed by T. Johnston.

1816

## DEATH AND THE LADY.

DEATH.

FAIR Lady lay your costly robes aside,  
 No longer may you glory in your pride,  
 Take leave of all your carnal vain delights  
 I'm come to summon you away this night

LADY.

What bold attempt is this? Pray let me know  
 From whence you come, & whither must I go  
 Shall I, who am a Lady, yield or bow  
 To such a pale-fac'd vilage! Who art thou?

DEATH.

Do you not know me? Well I'll tell you the  
 'Tis I that conquer all the sons of men:  
 No pitch of honour from my dart is free;  
 My name is Death, have you not heard of me?

LADY.

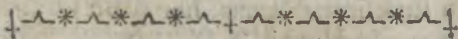
Yes, I have heard of you, time after time,  
 But being in the glory of my prime,  
 I did not think thou wouldst have call'd so soon:  
 Why must my morning-sun go down at noon?

DEATH.

Talk not of noon, you may as well be mute:  
 This is no time at all for to dispute;  
 Your riches, jewels, gold and garments brave  
 Your houses, lands, they must new masters have  
 Tho' thy vain heart to riches was inclin'd,  
 Yet thou, alas! must leave it all behind.

## LADY.

O heavy news! must I no longer stay?  
 How shall I face my Judge at the Great Day!  
 Down from her eyes her dying tears did flow,  
 And said, There's none knows what I undergo;  
 Upon a bed of sorrow here I lie,  
 My carnal life makes me afraid to die.  
 My sins, alas! are many, gross, and foul;  
 O! may I now find mercy to my soul:  
 And tho' I do deserve the Almighty's frown,  
 May he forgive, and pour his blessings down.  
 Then with a dying sigh her heart did break,  
 And did the pleasures of this world forsake.  
 Here may you see the high and mighty fall,  
 For death he sheweth no respect at all,  
 To any one of high and low degree.  
 Great men submit to Death, as well as we,  
 Tho' they are gay, their life is but a span,  
 A lum of clay, so poor a creature's man.



## THE

## WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONG the banks of the dark rolling Danube,  
 Fair Adelaïd walk'd when the battle was o'er;  
 O where hast thou wander'd my dearest lover?  
 Where dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?  
 The voice which I hear, is it Henry that sigh'd,  
 All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,

When bleeding and low on the heath she espied,  
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded  
Huffar.

From his warm bosom the blood was streaming,  
Pale was his visage, deep-mark'd with a scar!  
Dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,  
That melted in love, and that kindled in war!  
O smote was poor Adelaid's heart at the sight!  
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!  
Hast thou come, my fond love, this sorrowful  
night,

To cheer the lone heart of your wounded  
Huffar.

I hope thou shalt live, kind mercy relieving,  
She said; while, alas! she most sorely did mourn.  
Ah! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving!  
No light of the morn shall to Henry return.  
Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!  
Ye babes of my love that await me afar!  
His salt'ring tongue scarcely murmur'd Adieu!  
Till he sunk in her arms, her poor wounded  
Huffar!

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THE

COLD WINTER NIGHT.

O now the cold Winter comes on,  
and Fortune runs hard by my side,  
For to work at my trade I've got none,  
and the best of my friends I have try'd.

( 3 )  
LADY.

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heart is cold, I tremble at the news;  
Thy bags of gold, if thou wilt me excuse,  
Seize on those, thus finish thou the strife,  
With such who are now weary of their life.  
There not many bound in prison strong,  
With bitter grief of soul have languish'd long,  
And fain would find a grave, a place of rest  
From all their griefs in which they are oppress'd;  
Beside, there's many with their hoary head,  
And palsy'd joints, by which their joys are fled,  
Pity please thou them, whose sorrows are so great,  
And spare my life to have a longer date.

DEATH.

Tho' they with age are full of grief and pain,  
Yet their appointed time they must remain:  
I come to none before my warrant's seal'd,  
And when it is, they must submit and yield;  
I take no bribe, believe me, this is true,  
Prepare yourself to go, I come for you.

LADY.

Death be not so severe, let me obtain  
A little longer time to live and reign;  
Fain would I stay if thou my life would spare;  
I have a daughter beautiful and fair,  
I'd live to see her wed whom I adore,  
Grant me but this, and then I'll ask no more.

DEATH.

This is a slender, frivolous excuse,  
I have you fast, and will not let you loose;  
Leave her to Providence, for you must go  
Along with me, whether you will or no.

I Death do command Kings to leave the  
crowns,

And at my feet to lay their sceptres down,  
If not to Kings I will this favour give,  
But cut them down, Do you expect to live  
Beyond the limits of your time and space?  
No, I must send you to another place.

LADY.

You learned Doctors, now display your skill  
And let not Death of me obtain his will;  
Prepare me cordials, let me comfort find,  
My gold shall fly like chaff before the wind.

DEATH.

Forbear to call, their skill will never do,  
They are but mortals here as well as you;  
I give the fatal wound, my dart is sure,  
'Tis far beyond the Doctor's skill to cure.  
To purchase life, rather than yield to die,  
How freely would you let your silver fly;  
But while you flourish'd here all in your store,  
You could not spare one penny for the poor.  
In all your pomp, the poor then you did hate  
And like rich Dives scourg'd them from your  
gate;

But tho' you did, those whom you thus did see  
They, like yourself, into this world were born;  
Tho' for your alms they did both cringe & bow,  
They bore God's image here as well as you:  
Tho' in God's name a suit to you they'd make,  
You would not give one penny for his sake,  
My Lord beheld wherein you did amiss,  
And calls you hence to give account for this.

at he that is friend to himself,  
will provide for a cold winter day;  
it will help him in time of his need,  
when his friends they will frown him away.

When work and money comes in,  
O then I'm as brisk as a bee,  
And while I've got sixpence to spend,  
O my friends they will all visit me.  
But if I've not a sixpence to spend,  
and a sixpence I go for to borrow,  
I'll be sure to come back as I went,  
'tis very well known to my sorrow.

And if I to the ale-house do go,  
and spend what I've toil'd for so long,  
If I ask them to trust but one pot,  
they straightway will bid me be-gone.  
And if I run on with old scores,  
and get no more money to spend,  
They'll be sure to clap bums to my back,  
for a man without money has no friend.

My breeches are ragged and torn,  
and my stockings hang over my shoes,  
My pockets no money will hold,  
for in truth I've got none for to lose.  
My shirt is as black as a coal,  
for want of an industrious wife,  
And if you can help me good fellows,  
I'll mind you all the days of my life.

I love for to tumble and tofs,  
 in due time when I go to bed;  
 Had I but an industrious wife,  
 I surely would something provide.  
 And if she were as willing as I,  
 to provide for a cold winter day,  
 It would help us in time of our need,  
 when friends they would frown us away.

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ANCE CROWDIE, TWICE CROWDIE.

O that I had ne'er been married,  
 I wad never had nae care;  
 Now I've gotten wife and bairns,  
 and they cry crowdie evermair.  
 Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,  
 three times crowdie in a day;  
 Gin ye crowdie ony mair,  
 ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,  
 glowrin by the hallan en';  
 Sair I fight them at the door,  
 but aye I'm eerie they come ben.  
 Ance crowdie, &c.

F I N I S.

Falkirk, Printed by T. Johnston.