

T H E

# London Prentice;

O R, T H E

# Wanton Mistress.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

DAMON AND FLORELLA,

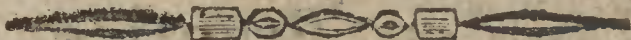
A N D

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.



G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. and M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1803.



## THE LONDON 'PRENTICE.

**Y**OU wanton maids who want to range,  
 the country round about ;  
 Both night and day, to seek and search,  
 to find young gallants out.

Your wanton fancies for to please,  
 betimes give ear to me.  
 For here's a song I really think  
 will fit you to a tee.

'Tis of a merchant in the Strand,  
 that had a handsome wife,  
 And she did love the change of men,  
 as she did love her life.

That Merchant had a young 'prentice,  
 that was at man's estate,  
 And as I understand, his wife  
 this 'prentice she did hate.

The life he with his mistress liv'd,  
 caus'd him shed floods of tears,  
 She oftentimes would call him names,  
 and lug him by the ears.

This sort of life with her he liv'd,  
 almost the first three years ;  
 But now you'll know through policy,  
 he did fit her as appears.

One day in costly rich array,  
she then abroad did go,  
And to find out the gaming kane,  
the 'prentice lov'd to know.

Where'er she went, he did her dog  
near to Salisbury-court ;  
There to a Crack-shop she went in,  
to act her wanton sport.

To fit her for her former tricks,  
now mark well his design :  
He borrow'd a new suit of clothes,  
both cottle, fresh and fine :

With beaver-hat, and knotted wig,  
sword by his side and all ;  
Then to the Crack-shop he did go,  
for a private room did call.

He saw his mistress and one more,  
a topping Miss of the town,  
With painted face and curled hair,  
a walking up and down.

Now after he had sat a while,  
a knock or two he gave,  
The drawer straightway came to him,  
to know what he would have.

His answer was, I want a miss,  
the drawer straight reply'd :  
Sir, you shall have one by and by,  
to sit down by your side.

Two pictures to him then were brought,  
for him to chuse his Miss :

One was his mistress's picture,  
he said, I will have this.

Then in short time, with impudence,  
she came into the room :

And for to sit down by his side,  
this thing she did presume :

With kisses sweet and pleasant talk,  
they pass'd the time away ;

At last two games at Frisky-huff  
he with her then did play.

As they were playing at the game,  
Bow-bells did sweetly ring ;

She said to him, methinks, to me  
it is a pleasant thing,

To hear how sweet Bow-bells do ring,  
and merrily they go ;

His answer was to her again,  
I love to hear that too.

O then of her he took his leave,  
and did return his clothes,

To him that was the right owner,  
and homeward straight he goes :

He had been at home for hours two,  
before that she came in.

But little she did think or dream,  
he knew where she had been.

So this did pass on but one day,  
she thus began to scold,  
And for to lug him by the ears,  
he said, Pray mistress, hold

Your peace, and do not make a noise,  
Bow-bells they merrily go,  
I love to hear them with all my heart,  
and so do you also.

Sirrah, then these words, she said,  
what mean you thus to say?  
His answer was, Have you forgot,  
mistress, the other day,

When you in Salisbury-court did play,  
there at your wanton game  
Bow-bells they then rang merrily,  
have you forgot the same?

Why Sirrah, Who was there? she said,  
he said. Both you and me;  
And since it was my lot that time,  
your wanton tricks to see:

If e'er you beat me any more,  
while I with you do dwell,  
For your playing at Frisky-huff,  
I will my master tell.

A cursed blank, quoth she, it is  
that I should be trapan'd so,  
I would not for five hundred pounds,  
my husband should it know.

If he then of my tricks should know,  
 it would make him wond'rous sad,  
 'Twould fill his heart with jealousy,  
 and make him run horn mad.

Then instead of kicks and blows,  
 a kifs to him she gave,  
 And a guinea saying, When this is done,  
 thou more of me shalt have.

If thou wilt not thy master tell,  
 so keep it close, you shall  
 Have money of me, when thou wilt,  
 and I'll be at thy call.



DAMON & FLORELLA, A DIALOGUE.

H E.

C A S T, my love, thine eyes around,  
 See the sportive lamkins play,  
 Nature daily decks the ground,  
 All in honour of the May.  
 Like the sparrow and the dove,  
 Listen to the voice of love.

S H E.

DAMON, thou hast found me long,  
 List'ning to thy foolish tale,  
 And thy soft persuasive tongue  
 Often held me in the dale,  
 Take. Oh! DAMON, while I live,  
 All which virtue ought to give.

## H E.

Not the verdure of the grove,  
 Nor the garden's fairest flow'r,  
 Nor the meads where lovers rove,  
 Tempted by the vernal hour,  
 Can delight thy DAMON's eye  
 If FLORELLA is not by.

## S H E.

Not the water's gentle fall,  
 By the banks with poplar's crown'd,  
 Not the feather'd songsters all,  
 Nor the flute's melodious sound,  
 Can delight FLORELLA's ear,  
 If her DAMON is not near.

## B O T H.

Let us love and let us live  
 Like the cheerful sea and gay;  
 Banish care and let us give  
 Tribute to the fragrant MAY:  
 Like the sparrow and the dove,  
 Listen to the voice of love.



## DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

**W**hen trees did bud & fields were green,  
 and broom bloom'd fair to see:  
 When Mary was complete fifteen,  
 and love laugh'd in her eye:

Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move,  
 to speak her mind thus free,  
 Gang down the burn Davie, love,  
 and I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,  
 that dwelt on this burn-side,  
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
 just fit to be a bride ;  
 Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,  
 her een were bonny blue ;  
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
 her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,  
 what tender tales they said !  
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,  
 and with her bosom play'd ;  
 Till baith at last impatient grown  
 to be mair fully blest,  
 In yonder vale they leau'd them down,  
 love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess was harmless play,  
 and naithing sure unmeet ;  
 For ganging hame I heard them say,  
 they lik'd a wa'k sae sweet ;  
 And that they aften sbou'd return,  
 such pleasure's to renew,  
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,  
 and ay shall follow you.

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