

THE
London Astrologer;

OR, A
Young Girl put to the Blush.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

DRINKING DROWNS CARE.

THE LADY'S DIARY.

The Love & Rage of Highland Donald.


THE MALTMAN.

JENNY NETTLES.



GLASGOW,

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THE LONDON ASTROLOGER.

THERE was an old Astrologer,
 in London he did dwell,
 For telling girls their Fortunes,
 all others did excel.

And many a pretty fair young maid,
 to this old man would go,
 All of them being willing,
 their Fortunes for to know.

Amongst the rest, a pretty girl,
 to this old man she went,
 All for to have her Fortune told,
 it was her whole intent.

She asked for the Cunning Man,
 answer to her was made,
 He is up stairs in his chamber,
 go call him down she said.

When that she saw the Cunning Man,
 she thus to him did say,
 I have heard you can tell Fortunes,
 come tell me mine I pray.

And if that you the same will do,
 I'll pay you well, said she;
 No fear of that, my Girl, he said,
 come walk up stairs with me.

I will not come up stairs with you,
 nor any man indeed,
 She spoke with as much modesty,
 as if she'd been a maid.

Besides I am in haste, Sir,
 and thought not to have staid,
 Come be as nimble as you can,
 I'm but a servant maid.

Then he stood and viewed her,
 his skill began to rise,
 He spoke such words unto this maid,
 which did her quite surprize.

It is true you are a servant,
 but sure you are no maid;
 It is time that you were wed my girl,
 you have the wanton play'd.

You would have laugh'd to've seen her blush,
 hearing him what he said,
 But still she told for answer,
 that yet she was a maid.

Deny it not, my girl, he said,
 and tell me nothing so,
 For you lay with your master,
 not many nights ago.

Then she began to curse and swear,
 she would her master bring,
 That he would testify for her,
 that there was no such thing.

Deny it not my Girl, he said,
it makes your case look worse,
For your master gave to you a crown,
you have it in your purse.

When she saw him so positive,
she could it not deny,
She turn'd herself right round about,
to him made this reply ;

Indeed I am a maiden yet,
and hopes so to remain,
My Master got my Maidenhead,
but he gave it me again.



DRINKING DROWNS CARE.

FILL your glasses, banish care,
Wealth and worldly care despise,
Sorrow ne'er can bring relief ;

Joys from drinking will arise.

Why should we with anxious care,
Spoil what Nature's made so fair ?

Chor. Drink and set your heart at rest ;
Of a bad bargain make the best.

Mirth when mingled with our wine,
Makes the heart alert and free :

Let it rain, or snow, or shine,
All the same it is to me.

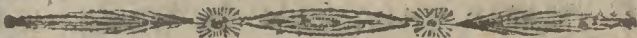
There's no fence against our fate,
Changes daily on us wait.

Chor. Drink and set your heart at rest ;
Of a bad bargain make the best,

Some pursue the winged wealth,
 Some to honour do aspire;
 Give me freedom, give me health,
 That's the sum of my desire.

What this world could more present,
 Would not add to my content.

Chor. Drink and set your heart at rest;
 Of a bad bargain make the best.



THE LADY'S DIARY.

LECTUR'D by Pa and Ma o'er night,
 Monday, at ten, quite vex'd and jealous,
 Resolv'd in future to be right,
 and never listen to the fellows!

Stitch'd half a wristband, read the text,
 receiv'd a note from Mrs. Rackit:

I hate the woman, she sat next,
 all church-time, to sweet Captain Clackit.

Tuesday got scolded, did not care,
 the toast was cold, 'twas past eleven;

I dreamt the Captain, through the air,
 on Cupid's wings bore me to heav'n!

Pouted and din'd, dress'd, look'd divine,
 made an excuse, got Ma to back it!

Went to the play, what joy was mine;
 talk'd loud & laugh'd with Captain Clackit.

Wednesday came down, no lark so gay!
 the girl's quite alter'd, said my Mother;

Cry'd Dad, I recollect the day
 when, Dearie, thou wert such another.

Danc'd, drew a landscape, skim'd a play,
 in the paper read that widow Flackit
 To Gretna-Green had run away,
 the forward minx! with Captain Clackit.

Thursday fell sick; poor soul, she'll die;
 five doctors came with length'ned faces;
 Each felt my pulse; ah, me! cry'd I,
 are these my promis'd loves and graces!
 Friday grew worse; cry'd Ma, in pain,
 our day was fair, heav'n do not black it;
 Where's your complaint, love? In my brain,
 what shall I give you? Captain Clackit.

Early next morn a nostrum came
 worth all their cordials, balms, and spices,
 A letter; I had been to blame;
 the Captain's truth brought on a crisis:
 Sunday, for fear of more delays,
 of a few clothes I made a packet,
 And Monday morn slept in a chaise,
 and ran away with Captain Clackit.

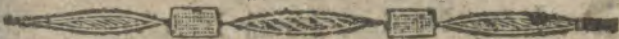
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The Love and rage of Highland Donald.

Highland Donald, swore a wife
 was not so great an evil,
 And any but a husband's life,
 was sure a Highland devil.

Then Highland Donald tun'd his pipe,
 he had been some months married;
 Severely now he feels a whip
 for horns our Donald carried.

Now Highland Donald thump'd his wife,
 he swore she was not civil,
 And to get quit, he'd part with life,
 and send her to the Devil.



THE MALTMAN.

THE maltman comes on Munday,
 he craves wonder fair,
 Cries " Dame come gi'e me my filler,
 " or malt ye fall ne'er get mair."

I took him into the pantry,
 and gave him some cock-broo,
 syne paid him upon a gantree,
 as hostler-wives should do.

When maltmen come for siller,
 and gaugers wi' wands o'er soon,
 Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
 and clear them as I ha'e done.

This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,
 will keep them frae making din ;
 The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
 the snackest o' a' my kin.

The maltman is right cunning,
 but I can be as flee,
 An' he may crack o' his winning,
 whan he clears scores wi' me ;
 or come whan he likes, I'm ready,
 but if frae haine I be,
 et him wait on our kind Lady,
 she'll answer a bill for me.

 J E N N Y N E T T L E S .

SA W ye Jenny Nettles,
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Saw ye J nny Nettles,
 coming frae the market ;
 Bag and baggage on her back,
 her see and bountith in her lap ;
 Bag and baggage on her back,
 and a' babie in her oxters.

I met ayont the Kairny,
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Singing till her bairny,
 Robin Rattle's bastard ;
 To flee the dool upo' the stool,
 and ilka ane that mocks her,
 She round about seeks Robin out,
 to stap it in his oxters.

Fy, fy ! Robin Rattle,
 Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle ;
 Fy, fy ! Robin Rattle,
 use Jenny Nettles kindly :
 Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
 and without more debate o't.
 Tak hame your wain, mak Jenny fain,
 the leel and leesome gate o't.

 G L A S G O W ,

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