

AN OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GRAY;

39

To which are added,

The Bird,

A New Song.

Nobody coming to marry me.

I WOULD IF I WAS NOT SO YOUNG



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## AN OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GRAY.

An old woman clothed in gray,  
had a daughter was charming & young,  
But she was deluded a tray  
by Rogers false flattering tongue;

With whom she often had been,  
abroad in the meadows and fields;  
Her belly grew up to her chin  
her spirit sunk down to her heels.

At length she began for to puke,  
her mother possessed with fear:  
She gave her a gentle rebuke,  
and cry'd, Daughter a word in your ear.

I doubt you've been playing the fool,  
which many call'd hey ding a ding,  
Why did you not follow my rule,  
and tie your two toes in a string.

O Mother! your counsel I took,  
but yet I was never the noar:  
He won my heart with a false look,  
and his words so enchanted mine ear,

That your precepts I soon did forget,  
he on me and would have his scope,  
Oil is but a folly to fret,  
'tis done and for it there's no help.

Then who is the father of it?  
come tell me without more delay  
For now I am just in the fit,  
to go and hear what he will say.

It is Roger. the damsel reply'd,  
he call'd me his own pretty bird,  
And said that I should be his bride,  
but he was not so good as his word.

What! Roger that lives in the mill?  
yes, verily; Mother the same:  
What! Roger that lives in the mill?  
I'll hap to him tho' I am lame:

Go fetch me my crutches with speed,  
and bring me my spectacles too,  
A lecture to him I will read,  
shall ring in his ears thro' and thro'.

With that she went hoping away,  
and went to oung Hodge of the mill;

On him she her crutches did lay  
and cry'd, You have ruin'd my Girl,

By getting her dear maidenhead,  
'tis true you can no ways deny,  
Therefore I advise you to wed,  
and make her as honest as I.

Then what will you give me? quoth Hodge.  
if I take your Daughter by hand!  
Will you make me the heir of your lodge?  
your houses, your money, and land.

With all your barns and ploughs,  
your cattle and money also?  
If so, I will make her my spouse,  
speak up, Are you willing or no.

Then Goody took Hodge by the hand,  
let it be for to have and to hold;  
I will make you the heir of my land,  
my houses, my silver, and gold.

Make her but your honoured wife.  
and you shall be Lord of my store,  
Whene'er I surrender my life,  
in case it were forty times more.

The bargain was presently struck,  
 they wedded—and this being done,  
 The old woman wished them good luck,  
 being proud of her Daughter and Son.

Then, Hey for a Girl or a Boy;  
 young Peg look'd as big as a Duchess,  
 The Old Woman caper'd for joy,  
 and danc'd up a jig in her crutches.

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### THE BIRD. A NEW SONG.

The bird that hears her nestling song,  
 and flies abroad for food,  
 Returns impatient through the sky,  
 to nurse her hallow breed.

The tender mother knows no joy,  
 but bodes a thousand harms,  
 And sickens for her darling boy,  
 while absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience joined,  
 my faithful bosom fire,  
 Nor forc'd to leave my fair behind,  
 The Queen of my desire.

The power of verse too languid prove,  
 all similar in vain,  
 To show how ardently I love,  
 or to relieve my pain.

The faint with ardent zeal inspir'd,  
 for heaven and joys divine,  
 The faint is not with rapture fir'd,  
 more pure, more warm than mine,

I take what liberty I dare,  
 'twere impious to say more,  
 Convey my lodgings to the fair,  
 The Goddess I adore

### NBODY COMING TO MARRY ME

LAST night the dogs did bark,  
 And I peep't out to see,  
 When I saw a lively young spark,  
 But he was not looking for me.  
 And it's oh dear what shall become of me?  
 Oh dear! what shall I do?  
 Nobody coming to marry me;  
 Nobody coming to woo.

My father's a hedger and ditcher  
 My mother does nothing but spin,  
 And I am a pretty young girl,  
 But the money comes slowly in.  
 And it's oh dear, &c.

They say I am beautiful and fair;  
 They say I am scornful and bold;  
 Alas! I must now despair,  
 For oh! I am grown very old.  
 And it's oh dear, &c.

But now I must die an old maid,  
 Oh dear how shocking the thought,  
 And all my beauty must fade,  
 For I'm sure it's no my own fault.  
 And it's oh dear &c.

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### I WOULD IF I WAS NOT SO YOUNG.

a my holiday gown, and my new fashion'd hat,  
 last monday I went to the fair,  
 held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,  
 young Roger I guess'd would be there:  
 He woo's me to marry, whenever we meet'  
 there's honey sure dwells on his tongue,

He hugs me so close, and kisses so sweet,  
that I would, I would, I would if I was not so young.

Pert sue I'll assure you. got hold of my Boy,  
the Vixen would fain be his bride ;  
A token she'd have either ribband or toy,  
and swore that she'd not be deny'd.  
A top knot he bought me and garters of green,  
the wench was confounded and stung ;  
I hate her so much, that with anger and spleen,  
That I wou'd, I wou'd, I would. etc.

He whisper'd such pretty soft things in my ear,  
he promis'd he flatter'd he swore,  
Such trinket she bought me, such ribbands & gear  
that trust me my pockets run o'er :  
Some ballads he bought me the best he could find  
and sweetly the burthen he sung ;  
Faith he's so witty so handsome and kind,  
that I would, I would I wou'd, etc.

The sun was just setting, 'twas time to retire,  
our cottage was distant a mile,  
I turn'd to be gone, Roger bow'd like a 'squire,  
and handed me over the stile  
His arms he threw round me, love laughed in his eye  
he led me the meadow along,  
He hugg'd me close that I own'd with a sigh,  
that I wou'd, that I wou'd, I wou'd, etc.

FINIS.