

T H E

Farmer's Son

OR, T H E

Unfortunate Lovers.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE CAPTAIN OF LOVE.

MY MOTHER DID SO BEFORE ME.

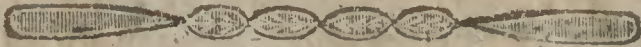
JUST THE THING.

THE WILD ROVER.



G L A S G O W,

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



THE FARMER'S SON.

TUNE—THE ROYAL COTTAGER.

YOUNG lovers all, I pray, draw near,
 Unto these lines which I have here,
 How a young Lady was undone,
 By loving of a Farmer's Son.

She was of birth and high renown,
 Her portion was six hundred pound ;
 But soon this Lady's heart was won,
 When she first saw the Farmer's Son.

She sent him letters ev'ry day,
 Because he to her would nothing say,
 Because he knew he was engag'd,
 Unto her handsome chamber-maid.

His age it was just twenty-two,
 As I the truth do tell to you ;
 He was well shap'd in ev'ry limb,
 This Lady fell in love with him.

As she was walking in the grove,
 By chance she met her own true love,
 To him she said, Upon my life,
 I do design to be thy wife.

O Lady fair, that cannot be,
 For you to be a bride to me,
 Because I'm going to be wed
 To Sally, your own chamber-maid.

She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
 Crying, alas! I'm near despair!
 How can you slight me? Sir, she said,
 Still for a silly chamber-maid.

You know I have a good estate,
 My father left to me of late,
 And you the Lord of all shall be,
 If you'll consent to marry me.

He said, If I from her was free,
 Then I would love you tenderly;
 But I am bound to her by oath,
 Therefore I cannot wed you both.

O then, quoth she, If it be so,
 I soon will work her overthrow;
 For she my waiting-maid shall be,
 And we shall cross the raging sea.

For pretty Sally she did send,
 And said on you I do depend;
 That you my waiting-maid shall be,
 And we'll pass to West-Florida.

This Lady had contrived so,
 And all to work her overthrow;
 For as this maiden fell asleep,
 So plung'd they her into the deep.

Unto the shore she did return,
 Her conscience did as fuel burn,
 For she could never be at rest,
 Until she had the deed confess'd.

Now she's confin'd unto a goal,
The Lord have mercy on her soul;
Crying, Alas! I am undone,
That ever I lov'd a Farmer's Son.

This young man was in great distress;
He tore his hair and smote his breast;
O then distracted he did run;
In Bedlam lies the Farmer's Son.

Young lovers all of each degree,
That's standing by, come pity me;
And never do as I have done,
I've ruin'd myself and Farmer's Son.

And for the sake of cursed gold,
This maiden's precious blood was sold;
But now at last as we may see,
It prov'd the ruin of all the three



THE CAPTAIN OF LOVE.

YE Nymphs and ye Swains,
Who are youthful and gay,
Attend to my call

And be blest while ye may;
Lads and Lasses hither come,
To the sound of my drum,
I have treasures in store,
That you never have seen.

Chorus. Then haste let us rove,
To the Island of Love,
Where Cupid is Captain,
And Venus is Queen.

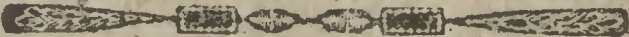
Each Nymph of sixteen,
 Who would fain be a wife ;
 Shall soon have a partner
 To bless her for life.

Then please hither come,
 To the sound of my drum,
 I have sweethearts in store,
 That you never have seen : Then haste, &c.

Would a youth be but blest,
 With a Nymph to his mind,
 Let him enter my list,

And his wish he will find.
 I can bless him for life,
 With a kind loving wife,
 More beautiful far,
 Than the Nymph e'er was seen. Then, &c.

In Paphos we know
 No disorder nor strife ;
 Each Nymph and each Swain,
 May be happy for life,
 In transport and joy,
 We each moment employ,
 And taste such delights,
 As never yet was seen. Then haste, &c.



MY MOTHER DID SO BEFORE ME.

I AM a brisk young lively Lass,
 a little more than twenty ;
 And by my comely air and dress,
 I can have sweethearts plenty :

But I'll beware of wedlock's snare,
 tho' dying swains adore me;
 The men I'll tease, myself to please,
 my mother did so before me.

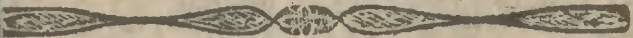
In rich brocades and diamonds bright,
 like gayest springs delighting;
 My parts and honour shall unite,
 to make me more inviting:
 For I'll advance, and learn to dance,
 to please shall be my glory,
 I'll learn to trace each step with grace,
 my mother did so before me.

I'll dress as fine as fine can be,
 and pride shall be my pleasure;
 And though my neighbours envy me,
 to mind them I've no leisure,
 I'll take delight, both day and night,
 to be talk'd of in story,
 I'll have it said, There goes a Maid!
 my mother did so before me.

To Park or Play I'll often go,
 to spend each leisure hour,
 I'll walk and talk with every beau,
 and make them feel my power.
 But if a dart should pierce my heart,
 from one that does adore me,
 We'll wed and kiss, what harm's in this!
 my mother did this before me.

Then will I manage, when I wed,
 my husband to perfection;

But as good wives have often said,
 "Keep husbands in subjection."
 No snarling fool shall o'er me rule,
 or e'er eclipse my glory;
 'll let him see, I'll mistress be,
 my mother did so before me.



J U S T T H E T H I N G .

ON Newgate steps Jack Chance was found,
 And bred up near St. Gile's pound,
 My story's true, deny it who can,
 By saucy leering Billingsgate Nan
 Her bosom glow'd with heart-felt joy,
 When first she beheld the lovely boy,
 Then home the prize she straight did bring,
 And they all allow'd he was just the thing.

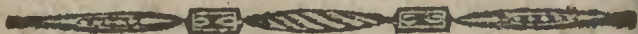
At twelve years old, as we are told,
 The youth was sturdy, stout, and bold,
 He had learn'd to curse, to swear, to fight,
 And every thing but read and write;
 With daddies clean, he'd slip between
 A crowd, and knap a clout unteen
 and what he got he home would bring,
 and they all allow'd he was just the thing.

But when he grew to man's estate,
 His mind it ran on something great,
 A thieving then he scorn'd to tramp,
 So hir'd a pad and went on the scamp.
 To strut in the Park was all his pride,
 With a famous whore stuck by his side;

At clubs he all flash songs would sing,
And they all allow'd he was just the thing.

His manual exercise he had gone thro',
Both Bridewell pump, and horse-pond too;
His back had often felt the smart
Of Tyburn jigs at the tail of a cart;
He stood the patter, but that was no matter,
Hegammon'd the twelve, & work'd on the water
But a pardon he got from a gracious King,
And swaggering Jack he was just the thing.

Blue cockade in hat, well arm'd for war,
With bludgeon stout, or iron bar,
To head a mob he ne'er would fail;
At gutting a mass-house, or burning a jail,
But a victim he fell to his country's laws,
And dy'd at last in religion's cause;
No Pop'ry made the blade to swing,
And when tuck'd up he was just the thing.



T H E R O V E R.

A W A Y you rover,
For shame give over,
You play the wild rover so like an ass;
You are for storming,
You think you're charming,
Your faint performing, we read in your face

G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. & M. ROBERTSON, Saltmarket, 1802