

THE

Lincolnshire Knight;

OR, THE

Poor Rich Man.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

HARVEST HOME.

THE LADY'S COMPLANT.

The grand Proceſſion on St George's Day.

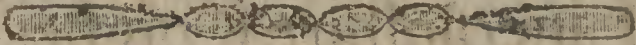
HOMEWARD BOUND.

LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE.



GLASGOW,

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



THE LINCOLNSHIRE KNIGHT.

A Certain knight from Lincolnshire,
 came up to London city,
 On purpose for to show his parts
 good L—d how wondrous witty;
 He flash'd away there were none so gay,
 but at home the case was alter'd,
 At carrying victuals, watching beer,
 this knight he never falter'd.

Full many a change of men he had,
 maid-servants soon were quitting;
 For there to stay and starve their guts,
 they thought it was not fitting;
 But one more bold than all the rest,
 rogue Jack they did him call Sir,
 He swore with pinch-gut he wou'dn't stay,
 whatever might befall Sir.

On Monday Jack begun his work,
 on Tuesday got no dinner;
 And Wednesday he must hold a fast,
 and Thursday he look'd thinner;
 On Friday it no better was,
 on Saturday not alter'd,
 Quoth Jack I'll play this Knight a trick,
 though for it I get halter'd.

He went to Moses Levy who,
 had picklock keys in store Sir;

Who soon provided Jack with one,
 to ope the cellar door Sir ;
 Also the cupboard 'twould unlock,
 then might he get his fill Sir,
 So to get himself in flesh again,
 his grinders ne'er stood still Sir.

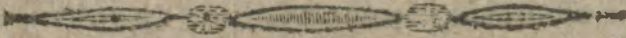
Great devastation he did make,
 his teeth were never quiet ;
 The small beer it escap'd his rage,
 because the strong stood by it ;
 The Knight began to storm and swear,
 to find his cupboard plunder'd,
 But how the devil it was done,
 this Chelsea Knight much wonder'd.

At length Jack found his schemes they were
 all drawing to an end, Sir ;
 Because this Knight resolved was
 his cupboard to defend, Sir ;
 Eight times a night from his warm bed,
 Sir Chelsea down the stair came,
 Quoth Jack for this I'll play a trick,
 and thus he plan'd his rare game.

He bought some cloth and made a dress,
 look'd like Belzebub of old, Sir,
 Long tail, large horns, and furious eyes,
 most dreadful to observe, Sir ;
 Arm'd with a whip, in kitchen stood,
 at night Sir Charles came down,
 Who when he saw this spectre grim,
 upright stood the hair on his crown.

The Knight had only on his shirt,
 so Jack lash'd him with great fury ;
 In vain he loud for mercy beg'd,
 but Jack was judge and jury ;
 At length his cries the servants heard,
 came down into the place, Sir,
 Befoul'd upon the ground he lay,
 all in a woeful case, Sir.

They clean'd and brought him out of fits,
 up stairs did him convey straight ;
 He vow'd the devil had done this trick,
 and was sure for him did there wait.
 May this a warning be to such Knights,
 who bolt and bar the small beer ;
 For had not Sir Charles been so mean,
 he Belzebub had need not fear.



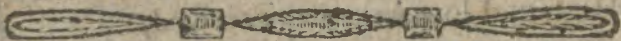
H A R V E S T H O M E.

COME Roger, come Nell,
 Come Simkin, come Bell,
 Each lad, with his lass, hither come,
 With singing and dancing,
 In pleasures advancing,
 To celebrate harvest home,
 For Ceres bids play,
 And keep holiday,
 To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,
 To celebrate harvest home.

Our labours are o'er,
 Our barns in full store,

Now swell with rich gifts of the land,
 Then let each man take
 His prone and rake,
 With his cann, and his lass, in his hand.

What mortal can be,
 So happy as we,
 In innocent pastime and mirth,
 While this we carouse,
 With our sweethearts and spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth.



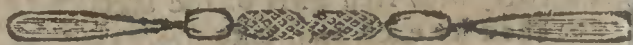
THE LADY'S COMPLAINT.

MY Love has fairly promised,
 that he would prove true,
 No sooner I consented,
 but he's left me to rue.

His actions always modest,
 his words were sweet and kind,
 But he's gone to range the world,
 and left me here behind.

But I hope he will return,
 as constant as the dove,
 When I with open arms,
 will meet with my true love.

When we will join our hands,
 and happy we will be,
 There's none in the world
 shall enjoy me but he.



The grand Proceſſion on St. George's Day

ST. George's day, the weather pleasant,
 From a Duke down to the Peasant,
 Ran to ſee the grand proceſſion,
 It was almoſt paſt expreſſion,
 Such a noble ſhow.

The Strand and Fleet-ſtreet as expected,
 High and low were ſeats erected,
 From guineas two to ſhillings ten, Sir,
 Some for women ſome for men, Sir,
 To ſee this noble ſhow.

As you paſſed by each room, Sir,
 You might ſmell a fine perfume, Sir,
 Some were fill'd with admiration,
 Others ſqueez'd to perſpiration,
 Anxious for to ſee the ſhow.

The proceſſion grand advancing,
 Horſes proudly rearing, prancing,
 Wiſhing that they could go faſter,
 Proud to draw their royal Maſter,
 What a noble ſhow.

What joy in every face was ſeen,
 To view our noble King and Queen,
 And thouſands came of each profeſſion,
 For to ſee the grand proceſſion,
 Such a noble ſhow.

The bells were ringing, which discover'd,
 Joy, the King is now recover'd,
 At St. Paul's the King arriving,
 For to see each one was striving,
 Such a noble show.

Guns were fired, colours flying,
 Women squalling, children crying,
 Such a fight not seen before, fir,
 Hats and clocks were lost and tore, fir,
 At this noble show.

Next comes on the illumination,
 Really worth your observation,
 The Bank of England decorated,
 No place was e'er so illuminated,
 It was a noble show.

The Sunfire Office next in view, fir,
 Transparencies were noble too, fir,
 The Lord Mayor's court, a clever fight, fir,
 Which gave the people great delight, fir,
 It was a noble show.

This shews the Britons still were loyal,
 To a family so royal,
 Now we've finished the scene, fir,
 God bless our noble King and Queen, fir,
 Wherever they do go.

HOMeward Bound.

LOOSE every sail to the breeze,
 the course of my vessel improve,
 've done with the toils of the sea,
 failers I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
 my grief I fling all to the wind,
 'Tis a pleasant return for my care.
 my mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are fill'd to my dear,
 what tropic bird swiftly can move,
 Who cruel shall hold his career,
 that returns to the nest of his love.

Hoist every sail to the breeze,
 come shipmates and join in the song,
 Let's drink while the ship cuts the sea,
 to the gale that may drive her along.

LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE.

O Listen, listen to the voice of love,
 he calls my Daphne to the grove,
 The primrose sweet bedecks the field,
 the tuneful birds invite to rove.

To softer joys let splendor yield,
 O listen, listen to the voice of love.

Where flowers their blooming sweets exale,
 my Daphne let us fondly stray,
 Where whisp'ring love breaths forth its gale,
 and shepherds tune their artless lay. &c.

Come share with me the sweets of spring,
 and leave the town's tumultuous noise,
 The happy swains will sweetly sing,
 an echo still repeat their joys. &c.