

THE

Wanton VIRGINS Frightened.

To which are added,

THE REJECTED MAID.

DIFFERENT HUMOURS.

The DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.


BILLY and MOLLY'S PARTING.

THE BUSY CREW.



GLASGOW,

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THE WANTON VIRGINS FRIGHTENED.

ALL you that delight in a jocular song,  
 Come listen unto me a while, Sir,  
 I will engage you shall not tarry long,  
 before it will make you to smile, Sir.

Near to the town there liv'd an old man,  
 had three pretty maids to his daughters,  
 Of whom I shall tell such a story anon,  
 will tickle your fancy with laughter.

The old man he had in his garden a pond,  
 'twas very fine summer weather,  
 The daughters one night, they were all very fond,  
 to go and bathe in it together.

Which they all agreed, but happ'ned to be,  
 espy'd by a youth in the house, Sir;  
 Who got in the garden, and climb'd up a tree,  
 and there lay as snug as a mouse, Sir.

The branch where he sat hung over the pond,  
 and each puff of wind made it totter;  
 Pleas'd with the thoughts he should sit so abscond,  
 and see them go into the water.

When the old man was safe in his bed,  
 the daughters to the pond repair'd, Sir,  
 One to the other two, laughing, she said,  
 as high as our bubbles we'll venture.

Upon the tender green grass they sat down,  
 and they all were of delicate feature;  
 Each pull'd off her petticoats, smock and gown,  
 no sight could ever be sweeter.

Into the pond then they a dabbling went,  
 so clean that they needed no washing ;  
 But they were all so unluckily bent,  
 like boys they began to be dashing.

If any should chance to see us says one,  
 they'd think we are goddess's of evils,  
 And from the sight of us would quickly run,  
 to avoid so many white devils.

This put the youth into such a merry pin,  
 he let go his hold through laughter ;  
 And as it fell out, he fell tumbling in,  
 and fear'd them all out of the water.

The old man by this time a noise had heard,  
 and rose out of his bed in a fright, Sir,  
 And comes to the door with an old rusty sword,  
 and stood in a posture to fight, Sir.

The daughters they all ran nimbly in,  
 and over their dad they did founder ;  
 Who cry'd out aloud, Mercy good gentlemen,  
 and thought they were thieves come to plunder.

The noise by this time the neighbourhood hears,  
 who came with long clubs to assist him,  
 He said, Three bloody rogues ran up my stairs,  
 I dar'd by no means to resist them.

For they all three were clothed in buff,  
 he saw as they shov'd in their shoulders,  
 And black bandiliers hung before like a ruff,  
 which made me believe they were soldiers.

The Virgins their clothes in the garden had left,  
 and keys of their trunks in their pockets,  
 To roll them in sheets, were fain to make shift,  
 their chests they could not get unlockt.

At last ventur'd up these valiant young men,  
 though armed with courage undaunted ;  
 But took them for spirits, and run back again,  
 and swore that the house it was haunted.


As they retreated, the young man they met,  
 come shivering in at the door, Sir,  
 Who look'd like a rat, his clothes dripping wet,  
 no rogue that was pump'd could look worse, Sir.

They all were amaz'd to see him come in,  
 and asked him what was the matter !  
 He told him the story and where he had been,  
 which made them to burst into laughter.

Quoth the old man, O I was in a huff,  
 and reckon'd to cut them assunder,  
 Thinking that they'd been three soldiers in buff,  
 and come for to rifle and plunder.

But they're my three daughters whom I do adore,  
 all frighted from private diversion ;  
 Therefore I'll put up my old rusty sword,  
 for why should I be in a passion !

All ye young maids that these lines revise,  
 that go out for to wash in the night ;  
 Beware of the boys that are hid in the trees,  
 lest that they surprize you with fright.



### THE REJECTED MAID.

**L**ONG have I spent my time in vain,  
 By loving a young man did me disdain,  
 By loving a young man did me disdain,  
 Through woods and groves I took his part,  
 False is the man that has won my heart,  
 So deep is the wound and so great is the smart.

Why does the Heavens so decree?

That women to men such slaves should be, etc.

Their ways our hearts so easily won,

When once betray'd they are undone. When, etc.

Beauty's a flower that's fine and gay,

Young Virgin's hearts are soon betray'd, etc.

But how can we stand the powers of young men?

They'll rove and range, do all we can,

They have so many ways for to trapan.

They'll bring you presents fine and gay,

Pretending in your arms to die away, etc.

Disimulation sure in every part,

False is the man that has won my heart,

So deep is the wound, and so great is the smart.

As soon as they have the conquest won,

Straight to another girl they will run, etc.

Boasting of all they have enjoy'd,

And of your love they can't abide,

Young Cupid has my heart betray'd.

Young Virgins all be wise in love,

The jolly, fair and constant swain, The jolly, etc.

And Cupid's dart you need not fear,

Nor never seem to shed a tear,

Take the man that's just and loves you dear.

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### DIFFERENT HUMOURS.

**T**'OTHER day as I walk'd in the Park,

the gentry being dress'd very fine,

They all went away at the noon time of day,

and for different taverns to dine.

The Nobles to the King's-head will go;

the Gentry to the sign of the Crown;

The Merchant you know to the Gold-sleece will go,

and away to the Plow will the Clown,

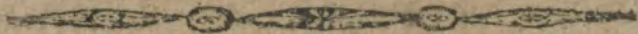
The Drover at the Savage may be found,  
 which Humanity has mark'd with such scorn;  
 The Huntsman you know to the Hound he will go,  
 and the cuckold to the sign of the Horn.

The Clergy at the Mitre will dine,  
 the Soldier at the sign of the Gun;  
 The Butcher you know to the Black-bull will go,  
 and the Friar to the sign of the Nun

The Players at the Shakespear may be found,  
 the Sailor at the Anchor and Cann;  
 The Lawyer ye know to the Devil will go,  
 and the Maid to the sign of the Man.

The Irishman fine on Potatoes will dine;  
 the Welchman on hard toasted Cheese;  
 The Scotchman you know to his Crowdie will go,  
 and the Englishman to Pudding and Pease.

Thus it is every Man in his station,  
 search East, West, North, and South,  
 And he who has no Money in's pocket you know,  
 may dine at the sign of the Mouth.



### THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

WHEN my money was all spent I'd gain'd in the war,  
 and the world began to frown on my fate,  
 What matter'd my zeal or my honoured scars,  
 when indifference flood at the gate.

The face that would smile when my purse was well  
 shews a diff'rent respect unto me;      (blind,  
 But if I can nought but indifference find,  
 I'll hie myself again to the sea.

I thought it not safe to repine at my lot,  
 or to stay with cold looks on the shore,  
 But I pack'd up the trifling remains I had got,  
 and a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,  
 which on a stick over my shoulder I threw,  
 Away then I steer'd with a heart rather sad,  
 for to join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled by far than my mind,  
 and as the wide main I survey'd,  
 I could not help thinking the world was unkind,  
 and Fortune a slipp'ry jade.

But if I can take her once more into tow,  
 I will let these ungrateful ones see,  
 That the blust'ring winds and the billows can show,  
 more kindness than they have for me,

### BILLY AND MOLLY'S PARTING.

**L**OVE, I am coming to take my leave,  
 My dearest dear, do not sigh nor grieve;  
 For I am going to the Spanish shore,  
 To leave my charmer, to leave my charmer,  
 To leave my charmer whom I do adore.

O Billy, Billy hearken unto me,  
 How many ships there is lost at sea;  
 You are safer sleeping in your true love's arms,  
 Free from all dangers, free from all dangers,  
 Free from all dangers and loud dreadful storms.

No storms nor dangers will I fear,  
 I will go to sea in a privateer,  
 And if it should please God to spare my life,  
 When I return love, when I return love,  
 When I return love, I will make you my wife.

There is one thing more that disturbs my mind,  
 Some other girl I am afraid you will find,  
 When you are sailing on the Spanish shore,  
 You ne'er will think on, you ne'er will think on,  
 You ne'er will think on your charming Molly more.

O! if ten thousand fine girls I could see,  
 None should enjoy my love but thee,  
 O then says Molly since you are so true,  
 I will ne'er wed, love, I will ne'er wed, love,  
 I will ne'er wed, love, one alive but you.

Then this young couple they did part,  
 Fear was the grief of true loves smart,  
 So he took shipping and away he went,  
 And left poor Molly, and left poor Molly,  
 And left poor Molly, in tears to lament.

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### THE BUSY CREW.

**T**HE busy Crew their sails unbending,  
 the ship in harbour safe arriv'd,  
 Jack Oakham all his perils ending,  
 had made the port where Katty liv'd.

His rigging no one dare attack it,  
 tight fore and aft, above, below,  
 Long quarter'd shoes, check shirt, blue jacket,  
 with trowsers like the driven snow.

His honest heart with pleasure glowing,  
 he flew like light'ning to the side,  
 Scarce had he been a boat's length rowing,  
 before his Katty he espy'd.

A flowing pennant gaily flutter'd,  
 from her neat made hat of straw,  
 Red was her cheek, when first she utter'd,  
 it was her sailor that she saw.

And now the gazing crew surround her,  
 while secure from all alarms,  
 Swift as a ball from a nine pounder,  
 they dart into each other's arms.