

TWO
OLD SONGS.

The Perjured Maid,

AND
The Waukrife Mammy.

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FALKIRK:

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TWO
OLD SONGS.
THE PERJURED MAID.

Come lovers all, both maid and men,
Who swear to what you ne'er intend,
A warning piece I bring to you,
The which is strange but certain true.
A Nobleman near Exeter,
He had a comely daughter fair :
And at the age of sixteen years,
She courted was by Lords and Peers.

But none of them her heart could move,
Till a young sea Captain he did prove
To be the master of her heart,
And caus'd it both to bleed and smart.

His person was so excellent,
That she, poor soul, had no content ;
And always when he went to sea,
She'd weep with sorrow bitterly.

And many times beyond the seas,
He'd buy fine things his love to please :
Cupid had given the wound so deep,
It made him oft times also weep.

A piece of gold he broke in two,
And said, if e'er I prove false to you,
May heaven's judgments from above
Fall on their heads, that slight true love,

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Her answer was, my dear, said she,
If ever I prove false to thee,
I wish my body ne'er a grave,
Nor soul a resting place may have.

Soon after this it happen'd so,
That he again to sea must go:
One night he came to her, we find,
And thus began to tell his mind:

My tender love, said he, henceforth,
Dear life, be mindful of your oath;
O think of me when I am gone,
For thee I'm comfortless alone.

She kissing him, and crying, said,
My dearest dear, be pacified;
If that I don't prove true, said she,
May heaven's judgments fall on me.

No sooner was he gone to sea,
But this poor wretched creature she
Was courted by another man,
Who did her yielding heart trepan.

This poor young man, who was her love,
By stress of weather he was drove
Upon the coast of Barbary,
When he had nine months been away.

The other being discontent,
This wretched maiden did consent
To match with him for riches sake,
And all her former vows to break.

The day was set for to be wed,
 But the night before, as 'tis said,
 The poor young Captain came to town,
 In poverty, and much cast down:

Poor lad, by stress of weather, he,
 Had lost his substance in the sea;
 Both ship and loading all were gone,
 Seldom one sorrow comes alone.

He hearing how her mind was bent,
 In tears he for the lady sent:
 She came to him with scornful frown,
 Asking what wind brought him to town.

My dearest love, the Captain said,
 I hear to-morrow you're to wed;
 Straight, with a frown, she cried, 'tis true,
 And if it I be, what's that to you?

Tears stopp'd his speech, no more could say,
 Straight from his arms she flung away,
 And left him there in tears alone,
 With heart as cold as lead or stone.

In floods of tears to bed he went,
 And spent the night in discontent;
 Smiting his breast, he oft-times said,
 Oh! that I'd in the ocean died.

In the morning, soon as it was light,
 In tears he did a letter write,
 Which he directed to his dear,
 The words were these as you shall hear.

Thou falsest one of woman-kind,
 This is to put thee fresh in mind;
 How most ungrateful you have been,
 Oh! while you're here repent your sin.

Oh! take your joys while they do last;
 But he assur'd e'er night be past,
 I'll come in tears and visit you.—
 No more from him that loves so true.

She took the letter with a scoff,
 And reading it she fram'd a laugh;
 Into her pocket put the same,
 And to her company went again.

No answer from her could he get,
 Therefore in height of passion great,
 Into a river near the town,
 In tears of sorrow walked down;

Smiting his breast, he often cry'd,
 O! that in the ocean I had died;
 And never liv'd to see this day,
 To throw my precious life away.

His grief was more than he could bear;
 Into the river deep and clear
 He flung himself with bitter cries,
 And never more was seen to rise.

The very night in which he died,
 She to another was made bride;
 In mirth and joy the day they past,
 But mark her sorrows at the last.

Night being come, she said, my dear,
 Let me the first to bed repair;
 If after you'll be pleas'd to come,
 My maid will shew you to the room.

The same it was by both agreed,
 Being put to bed, the maid with speed,
 Taking her leave, return'd down stairs,
 The same minute the Ghost appears.

With piercing words, he to her cry'd,
 Oh! perjur'd soul, not satisfied,
 With all the love that I could give,
 How canst thou thus desire to live?

Could not my sighs make thee to grieve?
 Could not my sighs make thee believe
 That my distressed heart was true?
 What canst thou say? Speak to me now.

With that she shriek'd out bitterly,
 Oh! pray, dear Christian souls, said she,
 Save me! save my life, I do die,
 I am ruin'd to eternity.

'Tis not your cries, said he, can save
 Your perjur'd body from the grave:
 This night you'll lie with me in clay:
 Then straight he took her hence away.

They hearing of her dreadful cry,
 Up stairs immediately did hie,
 But found the chamber all alone,
 The poor young Lady being gone.

In tears of sorrow all were drown'd ;
 In her pocket they the letter fonn'd,
 Which he had sent the day before,
 Reading the same they wept the more.

The father cry'd, I am undone ;
 The husband he distracted ran :
 Oh ! take warning here both young and old,
 And never brek your vows for gold.

The Waukife Mammy.

As I gaed o'er the Highland hills,
 I met a bonny lassie ;
 Wha look'd at me and I at her,
 And O but she was saucy.

Whare are you gaun my bonny lass,
 Whare are ye gaun, my lammy ;
 Right saucily she answer'd me,
 An errand to my mammy.

An' whare live ye, my bonny lass,
 Whare do you won, my lammy ;
 Right modestly she answer'd me,
 In a wee cot wi' my mammy.

Will ye tak' me to your wee house,
 I'm far frae hame, my lammy ;
 Wi' a leer o' her eye, she answer'd me,
 I darena for my mammy.

But I fore up the glen at e'en,
 To see this bonny lassie ;

And lang before the gray morn cam',
 She wasna half sae saucy,

O weary fa' the waukrife cock,
 An' the fumart lay his crawling.

He wauken'd the auld wife frae her nest,
 A wee blink or the dawning;

Wha straught began to blaw the coal,
 To see gif she could ken me;
 But I crap out from whare I lay,
 And took the fields to skreen me.

She took her by the hair o' the head,

As frae the spencè she brought her,
 An' wi' a gude green hazel wand,
 She's made her a weel pr'id dochter.

Now fare-thee-weel my bonnie lass,

An' fare-thee weel my lammy,
 Tho' thou has a gay, an' a weel-far't face,
 Yet thou has a waukrife mammy,