

THE TAX'D DOGS'

GARLAND.

To which are added,

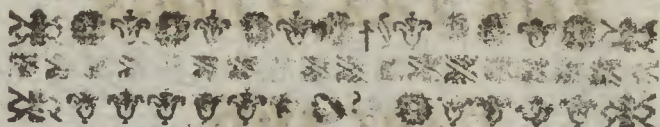
The Maid of Primrose-hill.

Hap Me with thy Petticoat.



Stirling, Printed and Sold by C. Randall.

1806.



THE
TAX'D DOGS' GARLAND.

UPON the road the other day,
I chanc'd to overtake Sir,
Two country-men upon the road,
who great complaint did make Sir.

One of the two right mounsfal said,
oh! have you heard the news, Sir,
A heavy tax is laid on dogs,
which are of so great ule, Sir.

Six shillin, s now we all must pay,
if that a dog we keep, Sir.
Poor people cannot this afford,
tho' they should lose their sheep, Sir.

I'm seventy years or thereabout,
my neighbour's sixty tax Sir,
But never saw the like of this,
to lay on dogs a tax, Sir.

Wow man, I think, there's mony ways,
to clear the nation's load, Sir,

Than to opprefs a poor man fo,
and tax his very dog, Sir.

This morning, or I came frae hame,
I law three collies die, Sir
Their owner's could not pay the tax,
tho't had been but shillings three. Sir.

O if they had but come to me,
or yet to Madge, my wife, Sir,
This year's taxation we would pay'd,
to fav'd their collie's life,

My heart was wae to fee the brutes
share sic untimely fate, Sir,
The country sure must be right poor,
when they uphold the state. Sir.

There's mony dogs. I frankly own,
that's ufeless for to keep, Sir;
But country collies ufeul are,
for herding of our theep, Sir.

My collie is an unco beast,
and meikle fenfe he has, Sir,
And when the theep strays o'er far aff,
he gies them mony a chafe, Sir.

I canna want my collie dog,
mair than meat to my wime, Sir;

For turning either horse or nout,
he is a hunter fine, Sir.

He never hunts them by the head,
but ay grips at their heels, Sir;
And gathers safely a' the flock,
when running thro' the fields, Sir.

He's careful o' the house at night,
and when that any ill, Sir,
Is likely for to come on me,
he barks baith loud and shrill, Sir.

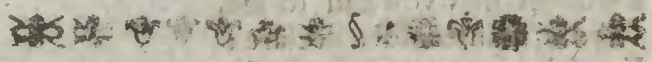
Were't not for him the robbers sure
would take from me my gear, Sir;
But collie gives a lively bark,
when danger it is near, Sir.

At kirk or fair there's ne'er a dog,
wi' collie can compare, Sir;
The other day, upon the road,
he catch'd a running hare, Sir.

It's very right that usefess dogs,
should pay a handsome tax, Sir;
Each one should twenty shillings pay,
If collies must pay tax, Sir.

The happy time will yet arrive,
I hope the time to see, Sir.

When uselefs dogs will all be hang'd,
and collie dogs gae free, Sir.



THE MAID OF PRIMROSE-HILL.

’T WAS under Primrose-hill there liv’d,
a sweet pretty maid,
Not Venus could give more delight,
when you her charms survey’d.
For the lillies fair. and the roses there,
they did combine, and both entwine,
To form a beauty rare.

This one many suitors had,
but treated them with scorn,
Till William who could play and dance,
came piping o’er the lawn;
He sung so sweet, was dress’d so neat,
that maidens fair, they did declare,
Their love for William great.

Sweet maid of Primrose-hill, he cry’d,
I come a wooing here,
Then do not you my love reject,
nor treat me too severe.
For my heart so true is fix’d on you,
I’ll constant be to only thee,
Thou flower of rosy hue.

The maid she gave her head a tosse,
 reply'd with scornful air,
 I wonder that you can to me,
 your fruitless love declare;
 For suitors great, in land estate,
 have offer'd me their bride to be,
 So you do come too late.

Then William hung his head with grief,
 and said poor girl, adieu,
 I'll quit your charms for wars alarms,
 and glory I'll pursue,
 For love shall yield to Mars the field,
 the sife and drum, invite to come,
 I'll poise the spear and shield.

Then with a smile she call'd him back,
 and said, dear William stay,
 I did but jest to try your love,
 so go not now away;
 Then with a kiss, he seal'd his bliss,
 she did agree his bride to be,
 And nam'd the happy day,

Then to the church he went with sweet content
 the bells rang, all with joy,
 Their hands were join'd in hymen's bands,
 their blefs will never cloy:
 For they love all day, at night toy and play,
 who'll so happy be, as he and she,
 For their lives arc always May.

HAP ME WITH THY PETTICOAT.

O BELL, thy looks have kill'd my heart,
 I pass the day in pain
 When night returns I feel the smart,
 and wish for them in vain,
 I'm starving in cold, while thou art warm:
 have pity and incline,
 And grant me for a hap that charm-
 ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze,
 still wanders o'er thy charms,
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways,
 present thee to my arms
 By waking think what I endure,
 while cruel you decline,
 Those pleasures who can only cure,
 this panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
 because you still deny
 The just reward that's due to love,
 and let true passion die.
 Oh! turn and let compassion seize
 that lovely breast of thine;

Thy peticoat would give me ease,
if thou and it were mine.

Sure Heaven has fitted for delight,
that beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its law to slight,
by hind ring the design.

May all the powers of love agree,
at length to make thee mine,
Or lose my chains, and set me free
from ev'ry charm of thine.

FINIS.