

Maid Milking her COW.

To which are added,

A SONG by GENERAL WOLF.


The loving and united VALENTINE.

LOUISA THE FAIR.



G L A S G O W,

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The MAID MILKING HER COW.

It was on a fine summer's morning,
 as birds sweetly sung on each bough,
 I heard a fair maid sweetly singing,
 as she sat a milking her cow

She sung with a voice so melodious,
 that made me scarce able to go ;
 My heart it was smother'd with sorrow,
 by the pretty maid milking her cow.

I courteously thus did salute her. —
 Good-morrow, fair amorous maid,
 I'm a your captive slave for the future, —
 Kind sir do not banter she said ;

I'm not such a precious jewel,
 that you could remember me so ;
 I'm but a plain country girl,
 said the pretty maid milking her cow.

All India can afford no such jewel,
 so charming or transparent fair ;
 Pray do not add flames to my fuel,
 but consent and love me, my dear.

Take pity, and grant my desire,
 and leave me no longer in woe ;
 Come love, or else I'll expire
 you pretty maid milking your cow.

I don't understand what you mean, Sir,
 I've ne'er been a slave yet to love;
 Such ambers I seldom experienc'd,
 therefore your affections remove,

To marry, then I can assure you,
 is a thing that I can't undergo,
 Therefore young man, pray excuse me,—
 said the pretty maid milking her cow.

No young man could excuse you,
 or it would be against his own will;
 To pen your perfection in beauty
 some volumes I'm sure it would fill.

I would patiently wait for an answer,
 my destiny pray let me know;
 Your consent, till death, be the ransom,
 you pretty maid milking your cow.

I pray, Sir, withdraw, and don't teaze me,
 I'll never consent unto thee;
 I like to live single and easy,
 till more of this world I see:

Left care it should early embrace me,
 beside that my fortune is low;
 Until I grow rich, I'll not marry —
 said the pretty maid milking her cow.

To say you will wait for a fortune,
 is a civil way to deny,
 And I have got money and cattle,
 dear love, all your wants to supply.

Delays are attended with dangers,
 and youth it hath no second spring;
 And likewise when beauty is faded,
 it never will return again.

A fair maid is like a ship sailing,
 she knows not how long safe she'll go,
 For in every blast she's in danger,
 you pretty maid milking your cow.

An old maid is like an old almanack,
 useless when once out of date;
 If her ware is not sold in the morning,
 at noon it goes at a low rate.

The fragrance of noon is soon over,
 garnished with beauty you know;
 All blooms are consum'd in October,
 you pretty maid milking your cow.

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A SONG BY GENERAL WOLF.

HOW stands the glass around,
 For shame, ye take no care my boys,
 How stands the glass around,
 Let mirth and wine abound,
 The trumpets found,
 The colours they are flying boys,
 To fight, kill or wound,
 May we still be found,
 Content with our hard fate my boys,
 on the cold ground.

Why, soldiers why.

Shou'd we be melancholy, boys,

Why, soldiers why,

Whose business 'tis to die!

What—Sighing, fie!

Hang fear, drink on, be jolly boys,

'Tis he, you or I!

Cold, hot, wet, dry,

We're always bound to follow boys,

And scorn to fly.

Think of renown,

Before you go to fight my boys,

Think of renown

Likewise the British Crown;

That you may go down,

With honour to your grave my boys,

In the cold ground,

So never frown,

But take a glass, a smiling glass,

Of good liquor round.

Behold this sword of mine,

Which has stood many a cut my boys,

Behold this sword of mine,

It does like silver shine,

So boys don't decline;

But boldly clear your ways my boys,

So let the armies join,

And break the en'my's line.

But before you go to fight my boys,

Drink off your wine.

'Tis but in vain,
 I mean not to upbraid ye, boys,
 'Tis but in vain
 For soldiers to complain,
 Should next campaign,
 Send us to him that made us, boys,
 We're free from pain!
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind Landlady
 Cures all again.

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 The Loving and United VALENTINE.

**A**LL in the month of February,  
 when the trees do bud and spring,  
 And little lambs do skip like fairies,  
 birds-do couple, build and sing.  
 All things on earth that do draw breath,  
 in love together they do join,  
 Why should not I my fortune try,  
 and chuse me out some Valentine.  
 Thanks to kind features, I have my wishes,  
 since that I have met my dear,  
 Your fair face and lovely kisses,  
 your fair face doth my heart cheer,  
 My dearest love and turtle dove,  
 O let my arms about thee twine,  
 For thou art she that first I see,  
 good-morrow my fair Valentine.  
 O no, kind Sir, you are mistaken,  
 you must chuse some other maid,

For young men are given to flatter,  
 and so much to me you've said ;  
 Pray do not stay me on the way,  
 with those few lines which you have join'd ;  
 Let me alone, let me be gone,  
 chuse you some other Valentine.

If kind Fate may be believed,  
 when on you I first set sight,  
 Surely I did love, believe me,  
 and you are my beauty bright ;  
 Oft have I wish'd for to be bless'd,  
 in your fair presence to be join'd,  
 And in my mind, maids should be kind,  
 and loving to their Valentine.

To me, kind Sir, you are a stranger,  
 maids must look before they leap,  
 And in strange lands there is great danger,  
 snakes under flowers often creep ;  
 I often find men's words are wind,  
 the sun doth set to brighter shine,  
 After a calm there comes a storm,  
 and then no more sweet Valentine.

But if I from my promise alter,  
 let then nothing with me thrive,  
 No, nor nothing with me thrive,  
 whilst that I remain alive :  
 Pains I'll not spare, but I'll take care,  
 for to maintain you neat and fine,  
 And of the best that can be dress'd,  
 then thou shalt eat, sweet Valentine.

For your affection kind Sir, I thank you,  
 for it is more than I deserve,  
 For I will be no longer cruel,  
 but will a lover's heart preserve ;  
 'Tis modesty makes maids deny,  
 and from these words I do decline,  
 So banish pain. take heart again,  
 and I will be your Valentine.

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LOUISA THE FAIR.

**H**OW oft, Louisa hast thou said,  
 nor wilt thou the fond boast disown,  
 Thou would'st not lose Antonio's love,  
 to reign the partner of a throne.

And by those lips who spoke so kind,  
 and by this hand I press to mine,  
 To be the Lord of wealth and power,  
 I swear I would not part with thine.

Then how my soul can we be poor,  
 who own what kingdoms could not buy,  
 Of this true heart thou shalt be Queen,  
 and serving thee, a Monarch I.

Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliss,  
 and rich in love's exhaustless mine,  
 Do thou snatch treasure from my lips,  
 and I'll take kingdoms back from thine.