

# Light Dragoon.

To which are added,

THE ORANGE AND BLUE,

A N D

THE HUMOURS OF SMITHFIELD.



G L A S G O W,

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## THE LIGHT DRAGOON.

**O** It is a pretty story,  
 a story you shall hear,  
 Of a jolly light dragoon,  
 as plainly doth appear :

He courted a rich lady,  
 of honour, birth and fame,  
 And thought to gain her favour,  
 but it was all in vain

Her father was a noble Knight,  
 a man of high renown,  
 And for to marry a soldier,  
 'twould pull our honour down :

For your birth and his birth,  
 they never will agree,  
 So pray young man take your answer,  
 and so begone from me.

For an answer it is more  
 than ever I would take,  
 For I would lay down my life,  
 all for the lady's sake.

Soon as the Lady heard this,  
 her heart began to bleed ;  
 Then straightway the lady and dragoon  
 were married with speed.

When ever they were married,  
and coming back again,  
This young Lady espy'd her father,  
and seven well armed men.

Aloud, aloud the Lady cry'd,  
I'm afraid we'll all be slain:  
Never fear, said the jolly dragoon,  
we'll rise and fight again

Then he said, My dearest dear,  
we have no time to prattle,  
For you see they are all armed,  
and ready for the battle.

He drew his sword and pistol,  
and his coutrements did rattle,  
And the Lady held the horse,  
till the dragoon fought the battle.

Hold your hand, hold your hand,  
her father he did cry,  
And you shall have my daughter,  
and twenty thousand pound.

Fight on, fight on, the Lady cry'd,  
my fortune is too small;  
Fight on, fight on, my jolly dragoon,  
we will o'ercome them all.

Come all you pretty fair maidens,  
that soldiers do admire,  
O do not slight a soldier,  
let him be ne'er so poor.

For they are men of honour,  
belonging to the crown,  
Here is a health to George our King,  
and to this light dragoon.

THE ORANGE AND BLUE.

IT was on a Monday morning,  
as I was going to Mass,  
I had no mind of listing,  
until they did me press.

Bad company enticed me to  
partake of a full flowing bowl,  
And the advance money they gave me,  
was a guinea and a crown.

O! my dearest dear he is listed,  
and ta'en a white cockade,  
O! he is a clever fellow,  
beside he's a roving blade.

Sure he is a clever fellow,  
and is gone to serve the King;  
My very heart is a bleeding  
all for the love of him,

It was on a Monday morning,  
just by the break of day,  
The Captain commanded the Lieutenant,  
to march those men away.

He march'd them all in rank and file,  
all on the Irish shore.

Fare you well sweet Molly dear,  
if I never see you more.

He pull'd out his pocket-kerchief,  
and wip'd her crystal eyes,  
He says my dearest jewel,  
I'm sorry for your sighs.

But if ever I come back again,  
and all goodness spares my life,  
There is not a woman breathing,  
but you I'll make my wife.

My dear I will convoy you,  
as far as sweet Straban,  
My dearest I'll convoy you  
as far as e'er I can.

My hand I never did give  
to any man but you,  
And now you're going to leave me  
for the orange and the blue.

He's gone, he's gone and left me,  
behind him for to rove,  
His name I'll carve on every tree,  
through Belanamurry grove,

Please God that he return again,  
and his consort make me,  
I'll prove a faithful loving wife,  
until the day I die.

The HUMOURS of SMITHFIELD.

A S I was a-walking  
all in the month of May,  
And through the bars of Smithfield,  
I met a Lady gay ;  
She took me by the hand, and  
she call'd me by my name,  
She said, she knew my parents,  
and the place from whence I came.

CHORUS.

Fall the day, fall the day,  
Fall the day, fall the day,  
Right fall the day, fall the day.

She took me by the hand, and  
she gave to me a kifs ;  
Come judge you all young people,  
what harm was there in this ?  
For it was from this loving kifs,  
I no longer could refrain ;  
For I laid her on the green grass  
and kifsed her again. Fall, &c.  
She took me to a tavern  
and liquor for to call,  
Two rabbits we had roasted,  
and dainty fauce withal ;  
Two rabbits we had roasted,  
with good and dainty cheer,

Was set upon the table  
for me and my sweet dear.

Chor Fall the day, fall the day,  
Fall the day, fall the day,  
Right fall the day, fall the day.

Our supper being over,  
our bodies to advance,  
The fiddler he was sent for  
my love and I to dance;  
We danced and caroused,  
the best part of the night,  
And in each others company  
we did take great delight.  
Fall the day, fall the day, &c.

Then she did take me by the hand,  
and led me to her bed,  
And swore that I that very night,  
should have her maidenhead;  
Then she ranted and she stamped  
her heels against the floor,  
With that two Irish bullies  
came rushing to the door, Fal the day, &c.

Why are you there proud fellow?  
what do you with my wife?  
Come answer give me quickly,  
or else I'll take your life.  
Says the one unto the other,  
we will not swear or curse,  
But if we spare his sweet life,  
we will not spare his purse. Fal the, &c.

When full fifty bright guineas,  
 out of my purse they drew,  
 Says the one unto the other  
 this is our just and due.  
 Then the one pull'd off my beaver hat,  
 the other my broad cloth coat,  
 And I stood trembling on the floor,  
 for fear they'd cut my throat. Fal, &c.  
 When she had a stick provided,  
 for substance and for length;  
 And about my back she laid it,  
 with all her might and strength:  
 And when she saw the blood run down,  
 she call'd me buckskin fool,  
 She said, It was the readiest way  
 my courage for to cool. Fall the day, &c.  
 They stripped me stark naked,  
 I was as cold as clay,  
 And out of doors they turned me,  
 before the break of day.  
 Now a warning I will take,  
 and a warning will I give,  
 In such idle women's company,  
 what pleasure can you have?  
 Chor. Fall the day, fall the day,  
 Fall the day, fall the day,  
 Right fall the day, fall the day.