

TWO EXCELLENT

NEW SONGS.

CONTAINING,

THE

night and Shepherd's

DAUGHTER.

To which is added,

The Soldier's Farewel.



Printed this present Year,

Edinburgh

The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter.

THERE was a shepherd's daughter
came tripping on the way ;
And there by chance a knight she met,
which caused her to stay,

Good morrow to you, beauteous maid,
these words pronounced he ;
O I shall die this day he said,
if I have not my will of thee.

The Lord forbid, the maid reply'd,
that you should wax so wode !
But for all that she could say,
he would not be withstood.

Sith you have had your will of me,
and put me to open shame ;
Now, if you are a courteous knight,
tell me what is your name ?

Some do call me Jack, sweet-heart,
and some do call me Jill ;
But when I come to the king's fair court
they call me Willful Will.

He set his foot in the stirrup,
and away then he did ride ;

he tuckt her girdle about her middle,
and ran close by his side.

ut when she came to the broad water,
she fat her breatt and swam,
and when she was got out again,
she took to her heels and ran.

le never was the courteous knight,
to say, fair maid, will ye ride?
and she was ever too loving a maid,
to say, Sir knight abide.

When she came to the king's fair court,
she knocked at the ring;
o ready was the king himself
to let this fair maid in.

Now hear my prayer, my gracious liege,
Now be you judge and lee,
You have a knight within your court
this day hath robbed me.

What hath he robbed thee of sweet-heart?
of purple or of pall?
Or hath he taken thy gay gold ring
from off thy finger small?

le hath not robbed me, my liege,
of purple or of pall;

But he hath got my maidenhead,
which grieves me worst of all.

Now if he be a batchelor,
his body I'll give thee;
But if he be a married man,
high hanged shall he be.

He called down his merry men all,
by one, by two, and by three;
Sir William used to be the first,
but the last came he.

He brought her down full forty pound,
tied up within a glove;
Fair maid, I'll give the same to thee,
go, seek the another love.

O, I'll have none of your gold, she said,
nor I'll have none of your fee;
But your fair body I must have,
The king has granted me.

Sir William ran and fetched her then
five hundred pounds in gold,
Saying, fair maid, take this to thee,
thy fault will ne'er be told.

'Tis not thy gold that shall me tempt
these words then answered she,

But your own body I must have,
the king hath granted me.

Would I had drunk the water clear,
when I had drunk the wine,
Rather than any shepherd's brat
should be a lady of mine!

Would I had drunk the puddle foul,
when I did drink the ale,
Rather than ever a shepherd's brat,
should tell me such a tale!

A shepherd's brat even as I was,
you might have let me be;
I never had come to the king's fair court,
to crave any love of thee.

He set her on a milk-white steed,
and himself upon a grey;
He hung a bogle upon her neck,
and so they rode away.

But when they came unto the place,
where marriage rites were done,
She prov'd herself a duke's daughter,
and he but a squire's son.

Now marry me, or not, sir knight,
your pleasure shall be free;

If you make me lady of one good town,
I'll make you lord of three.

Ah! cursed be the gold, he said,
if thou hadst not been true,
I should have forsaken my sweet love,
and have changed her for a new.

And now their hearts being linked fast,
they join hand in hand ;
Thus he had both purse and person too,
and all at his command.

The Soldiers Farewell.

WWE marched out from Scotland,
the fourteenth day of May,
Our colours they were flying,
and soldiers brisk and gay.

With mady a pretty fair maid,
with tears all in their eyes,
Take me along with you my dear,
it was their constant cries.

No, no, my dearest Nancy,
with me you must not go.

For I am going to France my dear,
to face the daring foe.

Where cannons they do rattle,
and bullets they do fly,
O stay at home my Nancy,
and I pray you do not cry.

When you get to France my dear,
there is one thing more I crave,
That you'll send me a letter
how they to you behave.

Well spoke my dearest Nancy,
these words have won my heart,
Since Providence has ordered it,
That you and I must part.

I'll leave you all my bounty,
and every thing but life,
When I return from France my dear,
I will make you my wife.

But when you're on the march my dear,
may the Heavens be your guide,
With fife and drums before you,
yourselves for to revive.

Success to all king George's men,
that trips along the plain,
And send our bonny Highland lads,
to Scotland back again.

Twice a day we go to the field,
and when we do retire,
We then look all around us,
our Sweathearts to admire,

But we will bid farewell to you,
we must go cross the main,
And when we've beat the Carmagnols,
we will return again.

In Hymen's bands we then will join,
and never more will part,
Therefore my dearest Nancy,
be of a chearful heart.

F I N I S