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THE HANDSOME COBLER. C

YOU that delight in merriment,
come listen to my song,
'Tis very new and certain true,
you will not tarry long
Before you laugh your belly full,
then be pleas'd to stay,
And I hope you will be pleas'd
before you go away.

There was a knight in Derbyshire,
that had a handsome son,
He kept a handsome chambermaid,
the which his favour won.
They dearly lov'd each other,
and oft would sport and play,
Until he got her belly up,
pray mind now what I say.
In tears she told the story,
my dearest love said she,

I am not less than twenty weeks,
now gone with child to thee;
He said love, be contented,
there's all that can be said,
And do not let my father know,
next Sunday we'll be wed.
But mind how cruel fortune
their ruin strove to force,
The old man stood in a corner,
and heard their whole discourse;
Next day he call'd the chambermaid,
likewise the youth his son,
And with a smiling leering look,
the tale he thus began.
And said, I wish you both much joy,
I hear you're to wed on Sunday,
But prithee now be rul'd by me,
and put it off till Monday:
It will be but one day longer,
with that he laugh'd outright;
But ah! said he, I'll part you both,
for fear it be to-night.
He paid the girl her wages,
and home the girl was sent,
And he has him confined,
in tears for to lament;

Next morning away to 'London,
 along with a sturdy guide,
 To his uncle's house in Cheapside,
 and there for to abide.
 And as they rode along the road,
 he said unto the guide,
 I'll give thee twenty guineas,
 let me but step aside.
 Because this very morning,
 one word my father said,
 The which I will remember,
 and keep it in my head.
 The guide he then did give consent,
 he went to his sweet-heart Sue,
 And told her the whole story,
 what he design'd to do.
 Disguis'd like an old cobler,
 with sham old musty beard,
 In leather coat, scarce worth a groat,
 to his father's house he rode.
 He knocked at the door right hard
 his father thither came,
 He said, sir, are you such-a-one,
 he answer'd, yes, I am.
 He said, I understand your son,
 a wanton trick has play'd,

Unknown unto your worship,
 and with a chambermaid.
 I understand, some money, fir,
 with her you're free to give,
 To help to keep the child and she,
 as long as they shall live :
 And I'm an honest cobbler,
 and liveth here hard by,
 For fifty pounds I'll marry her,
 if that will satisfy.
 The old man said, before then
 the money I do pay,
 I'll see her fairly married,
 and I'll give her away.
 With all my heart, the cobbler
 unto the old man said ;
 With that he fetch'd the 50 pounds,
 the bargain it was made.
 And when he came into the church,
 as we do understand,
 The old man strutted boldly up,
 and took her by the hand.
 And cry'd out, heaven blefs ye,
 and send you long to live,
 For as a token of my love,
 these fifty pounds I give.

And so they parted friendly,
 the old man home he went,
 The bride and bridegroom rode away
 to London with consent ;
 Where she was fairly brought to bed,
 with joy and much content :
 A letter to the country
 he to his father sent,
 Sir, I think it is my duty,
 that you acquainted be,
 There's a lady in this city,
 that's fallen in love with me ;
 Five hundred pounds a year she's got
 all in good house and land,
 And if you're willing for the match,
 come up, sir, out of hand.
 The old man got his coach, 'sir,
 and up to London came,
 For to see this fair Lady
 of noble birth and fame ;
 But, coming to his brother's house,
 this beauty for to view,
 He little thought this bonny bride,
 had been his servant Sue.
 With gold and silver spangles,
 she was dressed all around,

The noise of her portion spread,
 of so many thousand pounds;
 The old man call'd his son aside,
 and thus to him did say;
 Take my advice, and marry her,
 dear child this very day.
 That morning they were married,
 and dinner being done,
 The old man being mellow,
 the story thus began.
 Says he, dear son, I'll tell to you,
 nothing but what is true,
 A poor blinking one-ey'd cobbler,
 has married your sweet-heart Sue.
 The young man slept aside,
 as I shall here confess,
 And in a very little time,
 put on the cobbler's dress;
 And taking Susan by the hand,
 he fell upon his knees;
 Saying, pardon, - honoured father,
 fir, pardon, if you please.
 Sir, I am John the cobbler,
 and this is honest Sue,
 Oh, pardon us, dear father,
 because I tell you true.

If thou be the cobbler, said the old man,
 that had the blinking eye,
 You've cobl'd me out of fifty pounds,
 pox on your policy.

The uncle has persuaded him,
 and so did all the guests;
 The old man fell a-laughing,
 and cri'd, I do confess,
 That I cannot be angry,
 and straight these words did say,
 Come, do, call in the fidler,
 and let's be merry to-day.

Thus we see the old and rich,
 are bit by policy;
 For beauty, wit, and manners,
 beyond all riches be.
 Then, drink a health to the cobbler,
 another to honest Sue,
 See every one take off his glass
 without any more ado.

F I N I S.