


Unhappy Lover;
O R,
RUINED VIRGIN.

To which are added,
Guardian Angels, with the Answer.
Y O U N G R O S A L I N D.
The COBLER OF CASTLE BURY.



Entered according to Order.



THE UNHAPPY LOVER.

Farewel the sweet pleasures of loving,
 the flowers and meadows so gay,
 Where first my poor heart was deluded,
 and by a false man stole away.

'Tis hard for young maids to believe 'em,
 for young men flatter and lie,
 Their pleasure is to be deceiving,
 all for a young man I must die.

When first they begin to adore you,
 if you but their offers should slight,
 They would form ten thousand stories,
 and swear they are ruined quite.

They'll make you a thousand kind presents,
 on purpose your heart to betray
 Young virgins take care of delusion,
 and let not your hearts go astray.

They well know young virgins do love them,
 indeed they are naturally prone ;
 for a man is a glorious creature,
 'tis a pity so false they are grown.

Their hearts are like snakes among flow'rs,
 that hide from the sight of the sun,
 That maiden that doats on her lover,
 is surely for ever undone.

For they will decoy you to ruin,
 and then they will leave you forlorn,
 When friends & acquaintance do slight you,
 then if unto them you make moan.

With flouts and with jeers they'll revile you,
 your rivals they'll bring to your fight,
 What foolish maid doats on her lover,
 is sure to be ruined quite.

My parents unto me are cruel,
 because I did love this false man,
 Love has'been the cause of my ruin,
 but still let me do what I can.

My heart I shall never recover,
 it is buried within his false breast,
 What foolish maid doats on her lover,
 must never expect to have rest.

I wish I had never beheld him,
 but many ways he had to charm,
 When he robb'd me of my virgin treasure,
 he swore he would do me no harm.

We both went to gather some flowers,
 on a bank of sweet lilies we play'd.
 Like moments did seem the long hours,
 when I to his will was betray'd.

Young Cupid, come send down an arrow,
 to his stubborn heart let it fly;
 Did he then but know half the sorrow,
 I suffer'd for his cruelty.

But man has no heart for to pity,
 they laugh at our sorrow and woe,
 Pray Virgins begin to be witty,
 lest love should be your overthrow.



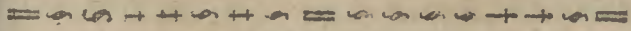
GUARDIAN ANGELS.

GUARDIAN angels now protect me,
 Send me to the swain I love,
 Cupid with his bow direct me,
 Help me all ye Powers above,
 Bear him my sighs ye gentle breezes,
 Tell him I love, and I admire;
 Tell him for him I live,
 Tell him for him I grieve,
 Oh! may the shepherd be sincere.

Through the shady groves I'll wander,
 silent as the bird at night;
 Near the brink of yonder fountain,
 First Leander bleis'd my sight -
 Witness ye groves and falls of water,
 Echoes repeat the vows he swore,
 Can he forget me?
 Will he neglect me?
 Shall I never see him more?

Does he love, and yet forsake me?
 to admire a nymph more fair;
 If it be so, I'll wear the willow,
 and esteem the happy pair.

Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
 Ne'er more the cares of life pursue :
 The lark and Philomel,
 Alone can hear me tell,
 Wherefore I bid the world adieu.



T H E A N S W E R .

CHarming, lovely, beauteous creature,
 Cease to languish, grieve and pine,
 He must have a savage nature,
 that can slight such charms divine ;
 Although I did seem to be slighting,
 It was thy constancy to try,
 The only one I do adore,
 And will for evermore,
 With Sylvia alone I'll live and die.

Hear me ye hills and every valley,
 Hear me renew my former vows :
 May the Powers above forsake me,
 When any other nymph I chuse,
 O witness all ye heav'nly Pow'rs,
 How I the lovely nymph adore ?
 I'll ne'er forget thee,
 Nor ne'er neglect thee,
 Constant I'll prove for evermore.

Ye Gods what mortal can forsake thee,
 To admire another fair ;
 Thy fair beauteous charms are so lovely,
 Few with Sylvia can compare :

While Strephon thus you teize me,
for to declare my heart:

It sure can be no treason,
if I the truth impart.

It was not your face so charming,
nor yet your shape and air,

It was your gen'rous nature,
that did my heart ensnare.

When Rosalind's face commands,
how vain the essays of man?

She frowns, we break love's silken bands,
the smiles, we love again.

But yet ye fair be not inclin'd,
like her your power to prove;

Few nymphs can charm like Rosalind,
few swains like me can love.

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The COBLER of CASTLE BURY.

T WAS in a village near Castle Bury,
a Cobler and his wife did dwell,

And for a time no two so merry,
their happiness no tongue can tell,

But mortal joys, alas! are fleeting,
and little things oft cause much strife,

For going to a merry meeting,
the man got drunk and beat his wife.

Yet though he us'd her so unruly
then what did this good creature do!

Now mark my song, I'll tell you truly,
for other things she had in view.

A jolly landlord and his tapster,
 full oft had view'd her comely charms,
 And with her beauty so enrapt, Sir,
 that each one wish'd her in his arms.

Then she to wound her unkind deary,
 to each her favours seem'd to give,
 And all the folks in Castle Bury.

soon saw how jealous they did live.
 Now topsy turvey, noise and riot,
 and all the furniture was sold,
 Nothing could make her Dickey easy,
 until his wife did this unfold,

Dick, I so archly have contrived.
 both with the man and master too,
 Each of a purse of gold deprived.
 which now my dear I bring to you.
 Now Dickey's heart it soon relented,
 and love did in his bosom burn,
 His former usage he repented,
 so to his dame made this return.

No more, my dear, will I be jealous,
 but ever be both kind and true.
 I'll laugh at love pretending fellows,
 and will rejoice with none but you.
 Now Dick he whistles in his stall, Sir,
 thumps his hammer, minds his end,
 And use makes of his pegging awl, Sir,
 pray what can mortal more pretend.