

Hodge of the Mill;

O R, A N

Old Woman clothed in Grey.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

SORROW AND CARE.

PIPES AND TOBACCO.

The PLEASURES of WOOING.

SEND HOME my HEART & EYES.



G L A S G O W,

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AN OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

AN old woman clothed in grey,
 had a daughter was charming & young,
 But she was deluded astray
 by Roger's false flattering tongue ;
 With whom she often had been,
 abroad in the meadows and fields ;
 Her belly grew up to her chin
 her spirit sunk down to her heels.

At length she began for to puke,
 her mother possessed with fear :
 She gave her a gentle rebuke,
 and cry'd, Daughter a word in your ear ;
 I'doubt you've been playing the fool,
 which many call they ding a ding,
 Why did you not follow my rule,
 and tie your two toes in a string.

O Mother! your counsel I took,
 but yet I was never the near :
 He won my heart with a false look,
 and his words so enchanted mine ear,
 That your precepts I soon did forget,
 he on me and would have his scope,
 O it is but a folly to fret,
 'tis done, and for it there's no help.

Then who is the father of it?
 come tell me without more delay?
 For now I am just in the fit
 to go and hear what he will say.

It is Roger, the Damsel reply'd,
 he call'd me his own pretty bird,
 And said that I should be his bride,
 but he was not so good as his word.

What! Roger, that lives in the mill?
 yes, verily, Mother, the same:
 What! Roger, that lives in the mill?
 I'll hop to him tho' I am lame.

Go fetch me my crutches with speed,
 and bring me my spectacles too,
 A lecture to him I will read,
 shall ring in his ears thro' and thro'.

With that she went hopping away,
 and went to young Hodge of the mill,
 On him she her crutches did lay,
 and cry'd, You have ruin'd my Girl,

By getting her dear maidenhead,
 'tis true, you can no ways deny,
 Therefore I advise you to wed,
 and make her as honest as I.

Then what will you give me? quoth Hodge
 if I take your Daughter by hand!
 Will you make me the heir of your lodge
 your houses, your money, and land?

With all your barns and ploughs,
your cattle and money also?
If so I will make her my spouse.
speak up, Are you willing or no?

Then Goody took Hogde by the hand,
let it be for to have and to hold;
I will make you the heir of my land,
my houses, my silver, and gold.

Make her but your honoured wife,
and you shall be Lord of my store,
Whene'er I surrender my life,
in case it were forty times more.

The bargain was presently struck
they wedded; and this being done,
The old woman wish'd them good luck,
being proud of, her Daughter and Son.

Then. Hey for a Girl or a Boy;
young Peg look'd as big as a Duchess,
The Old Woman caper'd for joy,
and danc'd up a jig in her crutches.



S O R R O W A N D C A R E.

TO friend, and to foe,
And to all that I know,
That to marriage state do prepare;
Remember your days,
in their several ways,
Are troubled with sorrow and care.

For he that doth look,
 In the marry'd man's book,
 And reads but the items all over,
 Shall find them to come,
 At length to a sum,
 Shall empty purse, pocket, and coffer.

In the pastimes of love,
 When their labours do prove,
 And the kitchen beginneth to kick;
 For this and for that.

And I know not for what,
 The woman must have, or be sick.

There's item set down
 For a loose-body gown,
 In her longing you must not deceive her:

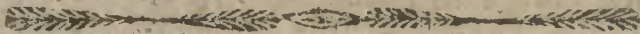
For a bodkin, a ring,
 And the other fine thing,
 For a cornet and lace to a beaver.

Deliver'd and well,
 Who is it can tell?
 But while the child's at the nipple,

There's item for wine,
 'Mongst gossips so fine,
 And sugar to sweeten the tipples.

There's item, I hope,
 For starch and for soap,
 There's item for fire and for candle;
 For better, for worse,
 There's item for nurse,
 by to dress and to dandle.

When swaddled in lap,
 There's item for pap,
 And item for pot, pan, and ladle;
 A coral with bells
 Which custom compels,
 And item a crown for a cradle.
 With twenty odd knacks,
 Which the little one lacks;
 And thus doth the pleasure betray thee:
 Yet this is the sport,
 In country and court,
 Then let not the charges dismay thee.



PIPES AND TOBACCO.


TOBACCO'S but an Indian weed,
 Grows green at morn, cut down at eve;
 It shews our decay, we are but clay,
 Think on this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so lily white,
 Wherein so many take delight,
 Is broken with a touch; Man's life is such;
 Think on this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so foul within
 Shews how man's soul is stain'd with sin,
 It does require to be purg'd by fire,
 Think on this when you smoke tobacco.

The ashes that are left within,
 Do serve to put us all in mind
 That unto dust we must return,
 Think on this when you smoke tobacco.

The smoke that does so high ascend,
 Shews that man's life must have an end;
 The vapour's gone, man's life is done,
 Think on this when you smoke tobacco.



The PLEASURES OF LOVE.

Farewel to the pleasures of wooing,
 the bank and the lily so gay;
 Till once my poor heart was deluded,
 and by a false man stole away.

Young women beware of delusion,
 and be not o'er fond of young men,
 or soon they'll prove your confusion,
 if once your affection they gain.

Or first they'll shorten your apron,
 and then they'll shorten your gown;
 'Till woes me my bonny lassie,
 when once she begins to look down.

They'll fill up her health in a bumper,
 and cause the whole cup to go round,
 and they'll drink it over and over,
 and choose a new lover the morn.

'Till woes me that e'er I believ'd them,
 for oftentimes they charmed me;
 they robb'd me of all my treasure,
 my heart, and virginity.

Young men they are glorious creatures,
 it's a pity so false they were ay,
 They're fickle like weather in Winter,
 they'll heat and they'll cool in a day.

What need I tell't over and over,
 what I in my bosom do find,
 The'll wheedle and cox till you're ruin'd,
 and then all your pleasures do end.

SEND HOME MY HEART AND EYES.

SEND home my heart and eyes to me,
 Which ah! too long have dwelt on thee,
 But if from thee they've learn'd such ill,

To sweetly smile,

And then beguile,

Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
 Which no unworthy thought could stain:
 But if it has been taught by time,

To forfeit both

Its word and oath,

Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me home my heart and eyes,
 That I may see and know thy lies,
 And laugh one day perhaps when thou

Shall grieve for one

Thy love will scorn,

And prove as false as thou art now.