

K. *James I<sup>st</sup>.*

AND THE

TINKER.

To which is added,

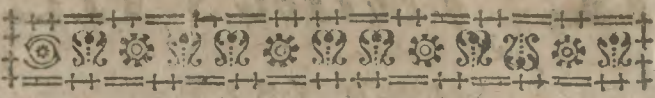
King WILLIAM and his  
bold FORESTER.

PAUL and NANNY.

Braw JOHNNY BUTE.



Entered according to Order;



King James the First, and the Tinker.

**A**ND now to be brief, let's pass o'er the rest,  
Who seldom or never was given to jest,  
And come to King James the first on the throne,  
A pleasanter monarch sure never was known.

Once he was a chasing his fair fallow deer,  
He dropp'd all his nobles of them he got clear,  
In search of new pleasures away he did ride,  
Till he came to an ale-house just by a wood-side.

And there with a tinker he happen'd to meet,  
And in this kind manner did lovingly greet,  
He said, honest feilow, what's that in the jug,  
Which under thy arm thou dost lovingly hug?

In truth, says the tinker, 'tis nappy brown ale,  
And for to drink to thee in truth I'll not fail,  
For though that thy jacket is glorious and fine,  
I hope that my twopence is as good as thine.

Nay, now by my soul the truth shall be spoke,  
Then straight he sat down with the tinker to joke,  
He call'd for a pitcher the tinker another,  
And so at it they went like brother and brother.

While drinking, the King was pleased to say,  
What news dost thou hear honest tinker I pray!  
There is nothing of news the which I do hear,  
But the King is a chasing his fair fallow deer.

And truly I wish I so happy might be,  
That while he is hunting, the King I might see,  
Although I have travell'd the land many ways,  
I ne'er saw the King yet in all my whole days.

The King in a hearty brisk laughter reply'd,  
I'll tell thee good feilow, if thou canst but ride,  
Thou shalt get up behind me, and thee I will bring  
Into the royal presence of James our King.

Perhaps, quoth the tinker, his lords will be dress  
So fine, that I cannot tell him by the rest,  
They will, but I tell you, when once you come there  
The King will be cover'd, his nobles all bare,

Then up got the tinker, and hoisted the black  
Budget of leather and tools on his back,  
And when they came to the merry green wood,  
His nobles came round him, and bare-headed stood:

The tinker then seeing so many appear,  
Immediately whisper'd the King in the ear,  
Saying, since they are all cloth'd so gallant and gay,  
Sir, which is the King now tell me I pray?

The King to the tinker, then made this reply,  
By my soul, man, it must be either you or I:  
The rest are bare-headed and uncover'd all round,  
Thus said, with his budget he fell to the ground,

Like one that was fright'ned quite out of his wits,  
And then on his knees he immediately gets,  
Beseeching his mercy, the King to him said,  
Thou art a good fellow so be not afraid.

Now tell me thy name: It is John of the Vale,  
A mender of kettles, and a lover of ale.  
Then rise up Sir John I will honour you here,  
I'll make you a knight of three hundred a-year.

This was a good thing for the tinker indeed,  
Then soon to the court he was sent for with speed,  
Where store of great pleasure and pastime were seen,  
Into the royal presence of our King and Queen.

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King WILLIAM, and his Forester.

**Y**OU subjects of Britain come listen a while,  
Here is a new ditty will make you to smile,  
It is of a King and a Keeper also,  
Who met in the forest but lately ago.



O early, O early, into a morning,  
 King William rose early in a morning,  
 And a gown of grey ruffet King William put on,  
 As though he had been but a poor silly man.

The hounds were made ready prepar'd for the game,  
 The nobles attended of honour and fame;  
 But like a mean subject in humble array,  
 He to his own forest was taking his way.

O then bespoke Mary, our royal Queen,  
 My gracious King William where are you going,  
 He answer'd her quickly I count him no man,  
 That telleth his counsel unto a woman.

The Queen with a modest behaviour, reply'd,  
 I wish kind providence may be thy guide,  
 And keep thee from danger, my sovereign Lord,  
 The which will the greatest of comforts afford.

He went to the forest some pleasure to spy,  
 The grey-hound run swift, and the keeper drew nigh,  
 Who cry'd you bold fellow, how dare you come here,  
 Without the King's leave, to chase his fallow deer.

Here are my three-hounds, I'll give them to you,  
 And likewise my hawks, they're as good as e'er flew,  
 Besides, I will give thee full forty shilling,  
 If you'll not betray me to William our King.

All that I have offer'd I pray thee now take,  
 And do thy endeavour my peace for to make,  
 Besides forty shillings I'll give thee a ring,  
 If you'll not betray me to William our King.

Your three hounds I tell you I never will take,  
 Nor yet your three hawks, your peace for to make;  
 Nor will I be brib'd with your money and ring,  
 But I will disclose you to William our King.

As I'm a true keeper, I'll not be unjust,  
 Nor, for a gold ring, will I forfeit my trust,  
 I'll bring you before him as sure as a gun,  
 And there you shall answer for what you have done.

Thou art a bold fellow, King William reply'd,  
 Why dost thou not see the star at my side,  
 The forest is mine, I'll let thee to know,  
 Then what is the reason thou threatens me so.

With that the bold keeper fell down on his knees,  
 A trembling fear his spirits did seize,  
 The picture of death did appear in his face,  
 He knew not at first the King was in place.

O pardon, O pardon, my sovereign liege,  
 For your royal pardon humbly beseech,  
 Alas! my poor heart in my breast it is cold,  
 O let me not suffer for being so bold!

Get up honest keeper, and shake off thy fears,  
 In thee there is nothing of folly appears,  
 O that ev'ry one were as faithful as thee,  
 O what a blest prince King William would be.

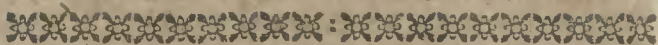
Because I encourage such persons as you,  
 I'll make you my ranger and if that won't do,  
 I'll make thee a captain by sea or by land,  
 And in my high favour you ever shall stand.

The keeper replied, my sovereign Lord,  
 Sure I am not worthy of such a reward,  
 Yet nevertheless, your true keeper I'll be,  
 'Cause I was ne'er bred to the army nor sea.

With that the king laugh'd, till his sides he did hold,  
 And threw him down fifty brisk guineas of gold,  
 And bid him haste to the Kensington court,  
 Where of this true jest he would make some report.

And when you come there, see you ask for long Jack  
 Who wears a pageant of gold at his back,  
 Likewise a great fazon of gold at his right sleeve,  
 For he's a true man you may him believe.

He's one of my porters that stands at my gate,  
 To let in my nobles, both early and late,  
 And therefore, good fellow come up without fear,  
 I'll make thee my ranger of parks far and near.



P A U L   A N D   N A N N Y .

**Y**OU batchelors that are willing to marry,  
 I'd have you be careful for fear you miscarry,  
 I'd have you be wise and mind who you marry,  
 Lest you should be hamper'd like Paul and Nanny,  
 Sing rue, rue, rue, rue and be marry'd,  
 Sing fal driddle, lal driddle, lal driddle laddy,  
 I'd have you take warning by Paul Nanny.

Paul he had nothing, but Nanny had money,  
 He call'd her his love, his joy, and his honey,  
 The day was appointed, they were to be joined,  
 In the happy state of matrimony.

Sing rue, rue, &c.

Full ten months after the marriage was over,  
 Nanny her temper began to discover,  
 She rung such a peal on the side of his noddle,  
 Which made his head ake, and his brains grow addle.

Sing rue, rue, &c.

O you must get up, and make me a fire,  
 Or any thing else that I do desire,  
 You must wash the dishes, and rock the cradle,  
 Or else at your head goes the skimmer and laddle.

Sing rue, rue, &c.

O Nanny your words are very provoking,  
 I thought all the while you was but a joking,  
 Although that your amorous charms bewitches,  
 Yet for all that, you shan't wear the breeches.

Sing rue, rue, &c.

Go fetch me some water, and don't stand murm'ring  
 I wish that your breeches and you were a burning,  
 Come make up a fire, and put on the kettle,  
 For I'll have some tea, if you go to the devil.

Sing rue, rue, &c.

But poor Paul said nothing for fear he'd offended,  
 For if he had spoken, his life she'd have ended,  
 She up with the laddle, and broke his noddle,  
 Which made him remember to rock the craddle.

Sing rue, rue, &c.

Paul was a man that follow'd hard labour,  
 Nanny she gossip'd about with her neighbour,  
 She was the express for to fetch and to carry,  
 And those that want news may learn it of Nanny.

Sing rue, rue, &c.

Now Paul he is gone, and left Nanny his money,  
 Although he call'd her his love and his honey,  
 He would not have left her while he had a boddle,  
 If she had not broke his head with a laddle.

Sing rue, rue, &c.

You batchelors all that are cuddling and wooing,  
 I'd have you be careful now of your chusing,  
 And you young maids that want to be marry'd,  
 I'd have you take warning by Paul and Nanny,

Sing rue, rue, &c.

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## BRAW JOHNNY BUTE.

Tune.—Flowers of Edinburgh.

**B**Raw Johnny Bute was a bonny meikle man,  
 frae Scotland he came with his broad sword in  
 He came at the head of a braw bonny clan, (hand,  
 wha the meickle d—l could his music withstand.

He looked so neat, and he kissed so sweet,  
 that a dame of renown soon gave ear to his suit,  
 Then his pipe he lugg'd out, and you need not to doubt  
 but in concert he play'd with her German Flute.

Quoth he bonny lassie, your flute gangs well,  
 and keeps good time with my bagpipe so clear,  
 Sic music as this will surely never fail,  
 but in time to encore with an English ear.



What music so sweet or harmony so neat,  
 as the bagpipes, when join'd with the German flute,  
 Then turning up his eyes, the blythesome dame replies  
 when the bagpipes plays with braw Johnny Bute.

Play on bonny lad, for I've got great store of gold,  
 your bags shall be fill'd, while your pipes you do play  
 But you ne'er shall return to a climit so cold,  
 while your kisses are so sweet, & warmer than May.  
 Quoth he, ne'er mourn, for I never shall return,  
 while here I can taste of the golden fruit,  
 Then his pipes fast he stay'd, and another list he play'd  
 in concert so sweet with her German flute.

Now, ye English fools, you no more dare pretend,  
 a music to vie with my bonny Highlandmen,  
 No more shall the lasses of England commend,  
 the brave merry jig to compare with my John;  
 For a merry strain, which enlivens every vein,  
 wha the d—l with a Scots dare dispute,  
 But his bagpipes alone has too much of the drone,  
 and, of need must be join'd with the German flute,

Come on, bonny lads, with courage advance,  
 your poor empty scrips and your wallets disown,  
 Johnny Bute bears the bell, & he lifts up the dance,  
 at the grand masquerade at the Thistle and Crown.  
 Where there's sweet meats & wine to invite you to dine  
 your hunger assuage and your spirits recruit,  
 Whilst most soft to the ear hark the bagpipes so clear  
 in concert resound with the German flute.

A brave English fiddle occurs to my strain,  
 a better never was play'd on before,  
 The French horn, at a distance will join it amain,  
 and the Spanish guitar has play'd it before.  
 But woe to the man who'd be join'd in the band,  
 the fiddle would be broke & the fiddle-stick to boot,  
 For an Englishman born wou'd despise a French horn,  
 tho' his ear wou'd be tickl'd with the German flute.

F I N I S.