

T H E

# Auld Goodman:

O R, T H E

## Goodwife Victorious.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE VALIANT SOLDIER.

PRAY, BE QUIET! DO!

REMEDY FOR PAIN.


THE FAITHFUL TAR.

JOHNNY AND MOLLY.



G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. and M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1802.



## THE AULD GOODMAN.

**L**A T E in an ev'ning forth I went,  
 a little before the sun gaed down,  
 And there I chanc'd by accident,  
 to light on a battle new begun:  
 A man and his wife were fa'n in strife,  
 I canna well tell you how it began;  
 But ay she wail'd her wretched life,  
 and cry'd, ever, alake my auld goodman.

### H E.

Thy auld goodman that thou talks of,  
 the country kens where he was born,  
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,  
 and ilka ane leugh him to scorn;  
 For he did spend and mak an end,  
 of gear that his forefathers wan,  
 He gart the poor stand frae the door,  
 say tell me nae mair of thy auld goodman.

### S H E.

My heart, Alake! is liking to break,  
 when I think on my winsome John,  
 His blinken eye, and his gait sac free,  
 was naething like thee, thou dozen'd drone.  
 His rosy face, and flaxen hair,  
 and a skin as white as ony swan,  
 Was large and tall, and comely withal,  
 and thou'll ne'er be like my auld goodman.

HE ) Why dost thou 'pleen? I thee maintain;  
 for meal and mawt thou disna want;  
 But thy wild bees I canna please,  
 now when our geer gins to grow scant.  
 Of household stuff thou hast enough,  
 thou wants for neither pat nor pan;  
 Of sicklike ware he left thee bare,  
 sae tell nae mair o' thy auld goodman.

SHE.) Yes, I may tell, and fret mysel',  
 to think on these blythe days I had,  
 When he and I together lay  
 in arms into a weel made bed;  
 But now I sigh and may be sad,  
 thy courage is canld, thy colour wan,  
 Thou faulds thy feet, and fa's asleep,  
 and thou'll ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night sae dark,  
 and gane was a' the light o' day;  
 The carl was fear'd to misz his mark,  
 and therefore wad nae langer stay.  
 Then up he gat, and he ran his way,  
 I trow the wife the day the wan,  
 And ay the o'erword o' the fray,  
 was ever, alake! my auld goodman.

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### THE VALIANT SOLDIER.

COME all you lovers far and near,  
 within bold Britain's dourie,  
 Attentive be, and listen to me,  
 while I relate my story:

There's some calls me a quiet young iad,  
 and others a wild rover,  
 But I tell you I'm neither of the two,  
 for I'm a jolly soldier.

I cheerfully left my pipe and pot,  
 to go where drums were beating,  
 That music's sweeter far to hear,  
 than a lover's tales intreating :  
 For woman's cries I do despise;  
 I love my foes to conquer,  
 And follow the drums where cannons roar,  
 just like a valiant soldier.


A soldier lives the happiest life  
 almost can be enjoyed,  
 Each day to spend his frugal pay,  
 his time is most employed ;  
 So this each day we pass away,  
 each day and night all over,  
 And go where I will, I go by the name  
 of a loyal hearted soldier.

So full of glee, my landlady,  
 will all her joys discover,  
 And when my landlord he comes home,  
 I'll play the wanton lover :  
 So this each day I'll pass away,  
 each day and night all over ;  
 Contented and free in unity,  
 blest be each jovial soldier.

When Britain again has peace proclaim'd,  
 then home I'll be returning,



Then every soul out over his bowl,  
 shall drink his former mourning ;  
 Let each take his glafs and then his las,  
 and drink to each true lover ;  
 Bad luck unto he that would not drink free  
 to every loyal soldier.



B E Q U I E T ! D O !

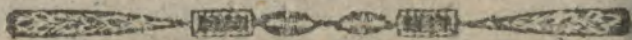
**L** O N G time with Sylvia have I strove,  
 Oft told her of my faithful love,  
 And vow'd for to be true ;  
 Yet the coy fair with feign'd restraint,  
 Always reprov'd my fond complaint,  
 With, pray be quiet do !  
 With, pray be quiet. do !

Last May-day walking o'er the green,  
 I saw her drest like ony queen,  
 But when I nearer drew ;  
 And told in moving plaints my grief,  
 Begging of her to give relief,  
 She cry'd, Be quiet, Do !      She, &c.

Vex'd to the heart at last to find,  
 That Sylvia never would be kind,  
 From her I went my way ;  
 And sent a letter to her strait,  
 That I no more on her would wait,  
 Nor longer for her stay.      Nor, &c.

Well, this soon melted all her pride,  
 And then in answer thus reply'd,

Haste, dear Philander, do;  
 Come, quickly come, I'll be your bride,  
 In Hymen's bands let us be ty'd,  
 For I love none but you. For I love, &c.  
 These words reviv'd my dying love,  
 I joyful, thank'd the Powers above,  
 In raptures quick I flew  
 To Sylvia, and made her my bride.  
 Now she no more with feigned pride,  
 Cries, Pray, Be quiet, Do! Cries, &c.  
 Learn, learn from hence ye nymphs & swains,  
 That tread the rural flow'ry plains,  
 Come learn like us to love;  
 And may we thro' this mortal life,  
 In spite of discord, noise, and strife,  
 Be blessed from above. Be blessed, &c.



### A REMEDY FOR PAIN.

**T**HIS great world is a trouble,  
 where all must their fortunes bear;  
 Make the most of the bubble,  
 you'll have but neighbour's fare.  
 Let not jealousy tease ye,  
 think of nought but to please ye,  
 What is past is but in vain  
 for mortals to wish again.  
 When dull cares do attack ye,  
 drink will these clouds repel;  
 Four bottles will make ye  
 happy, they seldom fail.

f the fifth should be wanted,  
 ask the gods, 'twill be granted ;  
 Thus, with ease, you'll obtain  
 a remedy for all your pain.

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## THE FAITHFUL TAR.

**T**HE sails unfurl'd, the ship unmoor'd,  
 Her course to steer, all hands on board,  
 Propitious every gale ;  
 Fair Betsy on the beach deplores,  
 Her sailor bound to distant shores,  
 But nought her tears avail.

O cruel Fate ! ye Powers above,  
 Why thus bereft of him I love ?  
 Who on the restless deep,  
 The boist'rous tide must ceaseless brave,  
 And meet perchance a wat'ry grave,  
 Whilst I but live to weep.

Twelve months elaps'd when he return'd.  
 Her constant heart with rapture burn'd,  
 'Twas free from every care ;  
 For Henry's love, his heart, his soul,  
 Were true as needle to the pole,  
 When absent from the fair.

In wedded bliss they taste delight,  
 No winds disturb, nor storms affright,  
 The lovely Betsy's breast ;  
 For now he makes a firm decree,  
 No more to trust the raging sea,  
 With her completely blest,

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 JOHNNY AND MOLLY.

**D**OWN the burn and thro' the mead,  
 his golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,  
 Johnny lilting, tun'd his reed,  
 and Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.

Dear she lo'ed the well known song,  
 while her Johnny, blythe and young,  
 Sung her praise the whole day long.

Chor. Down the burn and thro' the mead,  
 his golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,  
 Johnny, lilting, tun'd his reed,  
 and Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.

Costly claithe she had but few;  
 of rings and jewels nae great store,  
 Her face was fair, her love was true,  
 and Johnny wisely wish'd nae mair:  
 Love's the pearl the shepherd's prize,  
 o'er the mountain, near the fountain,  
 Love delights the shepherd's eyes.  
 Down the burn, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,  
 and Johnny cou'd not these impart;  
 Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth  
 was still her faithfu' Johnny's heart;  
 Sweet the joy that lovers find,  
 great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,  
 Where the heart is always kind. Down &c.

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