

FOUR EXCELLENT

New Songs.

The ROVING MAIDS of *Edinburgh*.

The INJUR'D FAIR.

The FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

SYLVIA'S MARRIAGE.



Entered according to Order

The Roving MAIDS of EDINBUR

THE Roving maids of Edinbu
 they are both brisk and airy,
 They make young men to laugh at
 their heads so high they carry.
 Fal der lal, der ral lal.

Now behold these pretty maids,
 as they walk on the caufway,
 With ruff'd cuffs and capuchins
 and wow but they be faucy.
 With fine net hoods upon their
 each ftame a buckling comb O
 Which mounted is with silver
 and fet with Bristol ftone O.

Their lockets fine that bright do
 a glancing broach below it,
 Their bravitie full well we fee,
 how proud they are to show
 With new fashion'd caps of diff'
 that are fo monftrous high C
 Such fliry-gigs upon their head
 are frightful to the eye. O.

The other night I got fuch a f
 I blest me from all evil,

n a lady came in shining robes,
 thought it was the devil.
 n a cap more high than grenadiers,
 ad hair drest in such order,
 appeared like to Marg'ret's ghastly
 me from the Stygian border.

n silken hose and fine pink shoes,
 ey are all trim'd and ready,
 not easy for to know,
 scogie by a lady,
 ir's ladies bright set out at night,
 eir sign is a white apron,
 in the dark to seek a spark,
 ad wha' but our Miss Katharine.

e lasses then I do offend,
 telling of their knavery,
 that's the way I'm bold to say,
 at they've won all their bravery.
 Roving maids of Edinburgh,
 hen they go to the dancing,
 young men all admire the sport,
 ey are so neat and handsome.

well kent their face they paint,
 ey are so vain and idle,
 oulk and dress more time they pass,
 an they do on their Bible.

With muffs and furls and cardinals,
 made of the finest scarlet,
 They worn are, I do declare,
 by many a common harlot.

Their qualitie come show to me,
 you'll know them by their cleidi
 Dear neighbours then I'll tell you p
 you'll find it by their breeding.
 They curse and swear and dominee
 and swear like any randy,
 Their morning drink, I really thin
 is whisky, gin or brandy.

And if they chance to prove with c
 or lose their reputation,
 O then sets up a baudy house,
 and that's their occupation.
 Such bawds & bullies now turn'd
 observe the dismal story,
 By hangy's hands their lives they
 and that's call'd Tyburn's Glory.

The I N J U R ' D F A I

COME lasses listen unto me,
 in cuntry town and city,
 Let my downfal a warning be,
 to blooming maids so pretty,

I am a poor unhappy girl,
 upon the town applying,
 Because I did believe false man,
 full of deceit and lying, CHORUS.
 So pray remember pretty maids,
 how often are you warned,
 For when men once do get their ends,
 by them you will be scorned.

Such flatteries to me he us'd,
 and presents I had many,
 Although I'd twenty for to choose,
 I lov'd him best of any.
 Blythe as the lark I was till he,
 of every bereft me,
 But when he had his will of me,
 he went away and left me. &c.

With arms around me on his knee,
 like Judas he would kits me,
 And wish the happy day to see,
 in marriage for to blets me.
 But O, alas! the treach'rous youth,
 most treach'rous did seduce me,
 And when I ask'd him for to wed,
 he like a rogue refus'd me. &c.

Then of his conquest he did boast,
 in man you know 'tis common,

And bragg'd to his companions all,
how he betray'd a woman,

However he has my ruin been,
and I'm undone for ever;

So how can man ever expect,
of woman any favour,

&c

But yet I will not curse the youth,
but this I wish in brief, sir,

That he may wed a drunken wife,
then he'll have whore and thief, sir

Sufficient punishment I vow,
for any man alive, sir;

For he that's ty'd to such a jilt,

I'm sure can never thrive, sir. &c

Now this is all the harm I wish,
what think you of my prayer,

A drunken wife to be the lot,
of every maid's betrayer:

A good wife is an ornament,
and makes a husband priz'd,

But may he get a drunken jilt,
and see himself despis'd.

&c

The FAITHFUL SHEPHERD

Tune—AULD LANG SYNE.

When flow'ry meadows deck the ye
and sporting lambkins play,

When spangl'd fields renew'd appear,
 and music wak'd the day;
 Then did my Chloe leave her bow'r,
 to hear my am'rous lay,
 Warm'd by my love she vow'd no pow'r,
 shou'd lead her heart astray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough,
 surround our couch in throngs,
 And all their tuneful art bestow,
 to give us change of Songs.
 Scenes of delight my soul possess'd,
 I blest'd, then hugg'd my maid;
 I robb'd the kisses of her breast,
 sweet as a noon-day's shade.

Joy transporting never fails,
 to fly away, as air,
 Another swain with her prevails,
 to be as false as fair.
 What can my fatal passion care?
 I'll never woo again,
 All her disdain I must endure,
 adorning her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy,
 thus sighing with his pain;
 But time and scorn may give him joy,
 to hear her sigh again.

Ah! fickle Chloe, be advis'd;
 do not thyself beguile,
 A faithful lover should be priz'd,
 thou cure him with a smile.

SYLVIA'S MARRIAGE

Sylvia was tender, soft and young
 the wonder of the plain;
 The theme of every shepherd's song,
 and author of his pain.

To gaze on her, each amrous boy,
 would wish to live long day,
 Let wolves his helpless lambs destro
 and flocks unheeded stray.

But Sylvia, rash and thinking maid,
 too fondly turn'd a wife;
 Let all her blooming beauties fade;
 and lost the sweet's of life.

So on the tree the blushing rose,
 charms all beholding eyes;
 But pluck'd & torn from whence it gro
 it withers, fades, and dies.

F I N I S .