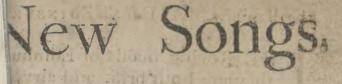
Four Excellent



The Roving MAIDS of Edinburgh. The INJUR'D FAIR. The FAITHFUL SHEPHERD. SYLVIA'S MARRIAGE.



Entered according to Orders

The Roving MAIDS of EDINBUR

{ 2 }

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

Now behold thefe pretty maids, as they walk on the caufway, With ruffl'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 filver and fet with Briftol ftone O.

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

The other night I got fuch a ful I bleft me from all evil, n a lady came in fhining robes, thought it was the devil. a a cap more high than grenadiers and hair dreft in tuch order, appeared like to Marg'ret's ghill me from the Stygian border.

n filken hofe and fine pink fhoes, ey are all trim'd and ready, not eafy for to know, fogie by a lady, it's ladies bright fet out at night, eir fign is a white apron, in the dark to feek a fpark, ad wha' but our Mifs Katharine.

e laffes then I do offend, telling of their knavery, that's the way I'm bold to fay, at they've won all their bravery. Roving maids of Edinb urgh, hen they go to the dancing, young men all admire the fport, ey are fo neat and handfome.

well kent their face they paint, ey are fo vain and idle, wilk and drefs more time they pals, an they do on their Bible. With muffs and furls and cardinals, made of the fineft fearler, They worn are, I do declare, by many a common harlot.

A

Their qualitie come fhow to me, you'll know them by their cleidi Dear neighbours then I'll tell you pl you'll find it by their breeding. They curfe and fwear and dominee and fwear like any randy, Their morning drink I really think is whifky, gin or brandy.

And if they chance to prove with c or lofe their reputation. O then fets up a baudy houfe, and that's their occupation. Such bawds & bullies now turn'd obferve the difinal ftory, By hangy's hands their lives they and that's call'd Tyburn's Glory

The INJUR'D FAI

OME laffes liften unto me, in country town and city, Let my downfal a warning be, to blooming maids fo pretty, am a poor unhappy girl, upon the town applying, Becaute I did believe falle 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 fcorned.

(. 5.)

Such flatteries to me he us'd, and prefents I had many, Although I'd twenty for to choofe, 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.

With arms around me on his knee, like Judas he would kils me, And with the happy day to fee, in marriage for to blefs me. But O, alas! the treach'rous youth, most treach'rous did feduce me, And when I ask'd him for to wed, 'he like a rogue refus'd me. &ce

&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, &ce

6)

But yet I will not curfe the youth, but this I wilh in brief, fir, That he may wed a drunken wife, then he'll have whore and thief, fir Sufficient punifhment I vow, for any man alive, fir; For he that's ty'd to fuch a jilt, i'm fure can never thrive, fir. &c

Now this is all the harm I with, 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 hufband priz'd, But may he get a drunken jilt, and fee himfelf defpis'd.

The FAITHFUL SHEPHERI Tune-AULD LANG SYNE.

> 7 Hen flow'ry meadows deck the ye and fporting lambkins play,

LITTIP

When fpangl'd fields renew'd appear, and mufic wak'd the day;
Then did my Chloe leave her bow'r, to liear my am'rous lay,
Warm'd by my love file vow'd nopow'r, fhou'd lead her heart aftray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough, furround our couch in throngs, And all their tuneful art beftow, to give us change of Sougs. scenes of delight my foul pones? I blets'd, then hugg'd my maid; I robb'd the killes of her breaft, fweet as a noon-day's fhade.

Joy transporting never fails,

to fly away as air, Another fwain with her prevails, to be as falle as fair. What can my fatal paffion care? I'll never woo again, All her difdain I muft endure, adorning her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy, thus fighing with his pain ; But time and fcorn may give him joy, to hear her figh again. Ah! fickle Chloe, be advis'd;
do not thyfelf beguile,
A faithful lover fhould be priz'd;
thou cure him with a finile.

SYLVIA's MARRIAGE SYlvia was tender, foft and young the wonder of the plain; The theme of every fhepherd's fong, at a "ior of his pain.

 $\left(\begin{array}{c} 8 \end{array} \right)$

To gaze on . each amrous boy, would we de live long day, Let wolves his helplefs lambs deftro and flocks heeded flray.

But Sylvia, rathough anthinking maid, too fondly turned a wife; Let all her blooming beauties fade; and loft the fweet's of life.

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

FINIS.