

Four Excellent New

SONGS,

- 1. The Yorkshire Bite,
- 2. The Golden Glove,
- 3. The bold Hairy Cap,
- 4. The Laplander's Wish,



Entered According to Order.

Printed by...



The Yorkshire Bite.

IF you please to draw near till the truth I declare,
 I'll sin. of a farmer who liv'd in Hartford shire,
 A pretty Yorkshire boy he had for his man,
 For to do his business — his name it was John.
 Derry down &c.

One morning right early he called his man,
 And when unto him then he was come,
 He said, Take this cow this day to the fair,
 She is in good order, and her I can spare.

This boy went away with the cow in a band
 And came to the fair, as we understand;
 In a little time he did meet with two men,
 And sold them the cow for six pound ten.

They went to his master's host's house for to drink
 Where the Farmer paid the boy down his clink,
 The boy to the landlady then he did say,
 O what shall I do with my money, I pray?

I'll sew it in the lining of your coat, said she,
 For fear on the road you robbed should be:
 Thus heard a highway man while drinking of wine
 Who thought to himself—the money is mine.

The boy took his leave and homeward did go ;
 The highway-man he follow'd after also,
 And soon overtook him upon the highway ;
 O well overtaken, young man he did say.

Will you get up behind me ? the highway man
 But where are you going ? replied the lad ; (said
 About four miles farther for ought I do know ;
 So he jump'd up behind, and away they did go.

They road until they came to a dark lane ;
 The highway man said I must tell you plain,
 Deliver your money, without any strife,
 Or else I will certainly take they sweet life.

He found there was no time to dispute,
 So jump'd up behind him without fear or doubt,
 He tore from his linings the money throughout,
 And among the long grass he strew'd it about.

The highway man instantly jump't from his horse
 ut little he dream'd it was for his loss,
 efore he could find where the money was fown,
 he boy got on horseback, and off he was gone.

The highway-man flouted, and bid him to stay,
 he boy would not hear him, but still rode away,
 nto his own master —and to him did bring,
 idie and bridle, and many fine thing.

When the maid servant saw Jack come riding
 o acquaint her master ran into the room ; (home

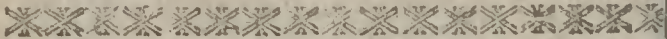
The farmer he came to the door—with a curse,
 What a pox is my cow turn'd into a horse,

The boy said good master the cow I have sold,
 But was robb'd on the road by a highway man bold
 And, while he was putting it into his purse,
 To make you amends I came home with his horse.

His master laugh'd till his sides he did hold,
 And said For a boy thou hast been very bold;
 And as for the villion thou served him right,
 And has put upon him a true Yorkshire bite.

They open'd the bags, and quickly was told,
 Two hundred pounds, in silver and gold,
 With two brace of pistols. The boy said, I vow
 I think, my good master, I've well sold your cow.

Now Jack, for his courage and valour so rare,
 Three parts of the money he got for his share,
 And since the highway man has lost all his store,
 Let him go a robbing until he get more.



The Golden Glove,

A Wealthy young squire of Tanworth, we hear
 He courted a nobleman's daughter most fair
 And to marry him was the lady's intent,
 All friends and relations had given consent.

The time was appointed for their wedding day,
A young farmer was chosen bridegroom's man to be
As soon as the lady the farmer did spy,
His beauty attracted her heart instantly.

She turn'd from the squire and nothing she said,
stead of being marry'd she went to her bed ;
The thoughts of the farmer did run in her mind,
And to make him her husband she was inclin'd.

Coat waistcoat, and breeches she next day put on
And a hunting she went, with a dog and a gun ;
she hunted around where the farmer did dwell,
because in her heart she loved him well.

Oft successless she fir'd, for nothing she kill'd :
At length the young farmer came into the field,
Then for to discourse him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun to meet him she went.

I thought you had been at the wedding, she said
To wait on the squire, and give him his bride :
No, sir, says the farmer, if the truth I may tell,
I'd not give her away, while I love her so well.

Suppose the young lady should grant you her love
You know that your rival the squire would prove,
No, says the farmer, I'll take sword in hand,
My valour shall gain her, and fearless I'll stand.

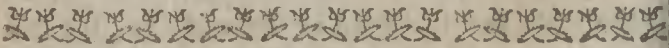
It pleased the lady to haer him so bold ;
she gave him a glove that was flow'rd with gold,
and told him she found it in coming along,
as she was a hunting, with dog and with gun.

The lady went home with her heart full of love,
 And reported abroad that she dropped her glove,
 And he that shall find it and bring it to me,
 I'll freely consent his bride for to be.

The farmer was pleased when he heard the news,
 And with heart felt joy to the fair one he goes,
 Sweet charming Lady I've pick'd up your glove,
 And hope you'll be pleased to grant me you love.

Already 'tis granted—I be will your bride :
 I love the sweet breath of a farmer she cry'd :
 I'll be mistress of dairy, a milking my cows,
 While my Jolly brisk farmer whistles at plow.

And when she was marry'd she related the fun,
 How she gained the farmer with dog and with gun
 Crying, Now, I have got him so fast in my snare,
 I'll enjoy him for ever, I vow and declare.



The Bold Hairy CAP.

IN Edinburgh there lyes a company,
 Of bonny lads so bold and free,
 They're pretty lads, and men of fame,
 The black Cuffs they ere call'd by name,
 And amongst them all there is my Jack,
 With a scarlet coat and hairy Cap,
 Fall la de ral &c.

Young Jack he was my love you know,
 And for a soldier he did go.

He has my heart in keeping still,
 He has my heart go where he will,
 I like him ne'er the worse of that,
 For wearing of a hairy Cap.

My father said why do you moan ?
 Since for a soldier he is gone ;
 My sister says O let him go,
 How can you love a soldier so ?
 But she herself, did love young Nat,
 And I love the lad with the hairy Cap.

I sold my petticoat you know,
 My ribbons and my ruffles too :
 'I'll buy myself a good broad sword,
 As you shall see upon my word,
 'I'll look as rakish as young Jack,
 With my broad sword and hairy Cap.

If Jack doth go to America,
 When I will go as well as he,
 I'll court the lasses night and day,
 And flatter them as Jack did me,
 They'll like me ne'er the worse for that,
 For wearing of my hairy Cap.

If Jack doth go to America,
 When I will go as well as he,
 In the wars that he is slain,
 Then farewell to my cap again,
 But I'll make no dispute of that,
 I'll follow the lad with the hairy Cap

My bonny lasses now farewell,
 Save you singing at the wheel's

For with my bonny lad I'll gang,
 Where King George he does command,
 With my young lad I'll kifs and clap,
 And boldly cock my hairy CAP.

The Laplander's With, or Ora More,

THOU rising Sun whose gladsome rays
 Invites my fair to rural plays,
 Dispel the mist and clear the skys,
 And bring my Ora to my eyes.

O was I sure my dear to view.
 I'd climb yon Pine trees topmost bough,
 Aloft in air that quivering plays.
 And round and round for ever gaze.

My Ora More where art thou laid,
 What wood conceals my sleeping maid,
 Fast by the roots enraged I'd tear,
 The trees that hide my promised fair,

My bliss too long my bride denys.
 Apace the winking summer flies,
 Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
 Nor storms nor hail shall keep me here,

O could I ride the clouds so high,
 Or on the Raven's pinions fly
 Ye storks ye swans a moment stay,
 And waft a over on his way,

Pray what for strength to steel can compare,
 Love has fetters stronger far,
 By bolts of steel are limbs confined,
 But cruel love insnares the mind,

No more shall care my mind perplex,
 When thoughts are had the first is best,
 Its bad to go 'tis death to stay
 Then hast to Ora hast away. F I N I S.