

THE
Jolly Beggar;

To which are added,

The Duke of Argyle's Courtship to
an English Lady,

AND

The Weaver's Daughter.



GLASGOW,
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS

The Jolly Beggar.

There was a jolly beggar,
And a begging he had been,
With his fal de dal lal a,
And he took up his quarters
In a house in Aberdeen,
With his toran oran an de odi.

The beggar wadna lie in barn,
Nor yet wad he in byre,
With his, &c.

But he would lie into the ha',
Or beyond the kitchen fire,
With his, &c.

The beggar's bed was well made
With clean hay and straw,
With his &c.

And beyond the kitchen fire
There the jolly beggar lay,
With his, &c.

The lassie then she did get up
To bar the kitchen door,
With his, &c.

And there she met the jolly beggar
Standing naked on the floor,
With his, &c.

He gript the lassie by the middle jimp,
Laid her against the wa',
With his, &c.

O kind sir, she said be civil,
 For you will waken my dadda,
 With your, &c.

He never minded what she said,
 But carried on his stroke,
 With his, &c.

Till he got his job done,
 Then he began to joke,
 With his, &c.

Have you got ony dogs about the house,
 Or ony cats awa,
 With his, &c.

For I'm fear'd they'll cut my meal pocks,
 Throw them against the wa',
 With a, &c.

O deil tak your meal pocks,
 My maidenhead's awa,
 With your, &c.

The lassie she got up again,
 Three hours before 'twas day,
 With a, &c.

For to gie the beggar hansel
 Before he went awa,
 With his, &c.

She went into the cellar,
 To draw a pot of ale;
 With a, &c.

And the beggar follow'd after,
 And did the joke again,
 With his, &c.

He laid her on the ringle tree,
 And gave her kisses three,
 With his, &c.

And gave her twenty guineas
 To pay the horses' fee,
 With his, &c.

Had you been an honest lass,
 As I took you to be,
 With a &c.

You might have rode in your carriage,
 And gone along with me,
 With my, &c.

This beggar he took a horn,
 And blew it wondrous shrill,
 With his, &c.

And four-and-twenty belted knights
 Came riding o'er the hill,
 With his, &c.

Now if you are afraid,
 That you should miscall your child,
 With his, &c.

You may call him for the daddy o't,
 The great Duke of Argyle.
 With his, &c.



The Duke of Argyle's Courtship to an English Lady.

Did you ever hear of a loyal Scot,
Who was never concern'd in any plot,
I wish it might fall to my lot,
To marry you my dearie, O.

I wish I had you in Kintyre,
And there your beauty I would admire,
O then I would have my heart's desire,
If you would marry me my dearie, O.

You shall have plenty of barley bannock store,
With geese and fine ducks at the door,
And a good chaff-bed upon the floor,
If you will marry me my dearie, O.

You shall have plenty of good Scots kail,
With a good fat haggis at every meal,
After that, good Scots cakes and ale,
If you will marry me my dearie, O.

O get you gone you saucy Scot,
Your haggis shall never boil in my pot,
For you are a proud and prating sot,
And never shall be my dearie, O.

I will clout your hose and mend your shoon,
And if you chance to hae a son,
I'll make him laird when all is done,
If you will marry me my dearie, O.

Your clouted hose I cannot wear
 Your mended shoes I can't endure,
 And for your lordship I am not sure,
 And I never shall be your dearie, O.

The de'il pick out your twa black een,
 I wish your face I ne'er had seen,
 For you are a proud and saucy queen,
 And you never shall be my dearie, O.

I am a noble lord of high renown,
 I am great Argyle when I come to town
 But my blue bonnet has fallen down
 And you never shall be my dearie, O.

O pardon, pardon Argyle, allow,
 For what I have done in saying so,
 To the highland hills with you I'll go,
 I long to be your dearie, O.

There is not a whore in London town,
 Shall set a foot on Campbell's ground,
 For I am related to the crown.
 And you never shall be my dearie, O.

I am a noble lord of great renown,
 I am great Argyle when I come to town;
 While drums do beat and trumpets sound,
 You never shall be my dearie, O.

I wish I had you in Lancashire,
 To follow me through dub and mire,

Yet hats from bonnets might retire,
And you never shall be my dearie, O.

The Weaver's Daughter.

It was in the charming fine summer weather,
When Flora yields a fine fragrant scent,
A brisk young Squire with his hat and feather
Into the town of Norris went:
And there he tarried—much go'd he carried;
He spied a damsel beautiful and fair,
This maid he fancied, her name was Nancy,
A weaver's daughter that lived ther

He fixed his ogling eyes upon her,
With every motion for to enjoy;
He often crav'd her of her honour,
But modest Nancy was something coy.
He often courted and likewise sported,
And in his arms did her enfold:
He said my dear Nancy if you please my fancy,
I will give you a chain of gold.

I would not blemish your reputation.
For all the favours you could bestow:
I mean to live in an honest station,
No man alive shall serve me so.
Keep your 'aces—your kind embraces,
Such silly trifles wont my fancy move;
Till death I'll tarry unless I marry
No man alive shall my ruin prove.

Although that I am but a weavers daughter,
 I think as much of myself she cried;
 As those who make it their whole endeavour
 To kiss for gold and in coaches ride;
 Their cheeks are painted their bodies tainted,
 Prove the bad effects of their wanton love;
 But until death I'll tarry—unless that I marry,
 There are none on earth my ruin shall prove.

This London youth he stood amazed,
 And for a season he nothing said;
 All on her amorous beauty gazed;
 At length to her these words he said:
 I was in France—ay and in Flanders,
 And all around this fine Irish shore;
 I met with ladies and great commanders;
 But a match for Nancy I ne'er saw before.

Her friends and neighbours were all acquainted
 Of this great match that was in hands:
 The wedding-day it was appointed,
 He crown'd his love with house and lands.
 Mirth and weavers, pipes and tabours,
 Great joy he had for to crown his love,
 That day they wedded—and at night they bedded,
 And a loving couple they did prove.

