

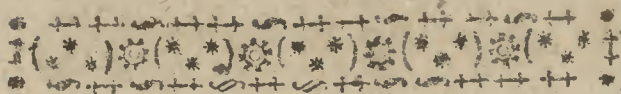
Wandering Shepherdes ;
OR, THE
Betrayed Damfel.

To which is added,

GO LOOK, GO LOOK.



G L A S G O W,
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Saltmarket, 1799.



THE WANDERING SHEPHERDESS.

VOU that do know what to true love belong,
 I'll tell you a story that lately was done :
 At Oxford a merchant's fair daughter did dwell,
 Who for wit and beauty did others excel.

A noble young 'squire that liv'd hard by,
 Upon this young lady did soon cast an eye ;
 And for to court her he thus did begin :
 Thou fairest of creatures that ever was seen,

Do not be so cruel but yield unto me,
 For without your love there's no comfort for me,
 And now give consent for to be my bride,
 Or else I am ruin'd for ever, he cry'd.

The lady with innocent smiles did rep'y,
 'Tis pity so good-like a creature should die,
 When 'tis in my power your life to save,
 So now I grant thee this that you do crave.

With eager embraces he flew to her arms,
 And said, Thou hast ten thousand charms,
 Which invite great monarch's to fall at your feet ;
 But I've got the prize, and my joys are complete

First ask my father's consent, she did say,
 For I must ever his pleasure obey :
 My honoured parents I mean to please,
 For fear the Heavens be with us displeas'd.

Then straight to her father the 'squire did go,
 And the whole matter he gave him to know,
 Her father was pleas'd he should be his son,
 And said, if she loves him it soon shall be done.

All things were agreed on, the time was set,
 And now as soon as this couple were met,
 This perjur'd villain, the innocent fair
 He with false delusions began to ensnare.

With modesty she unto him did say,
 Sir, do not my honour thus strive to betray,
 'Tis not true love, but lust you do mean,
 Better had it been if I ne'er had you seen.

It will not be long e'er I shall be your bride;
 Then seek not my ruin, she to him reply'd;
 O talk not of ruin, thou pri'e of my life,
 May heaven forsake me if thou'rt not my wife.

With many persuasions his will he obtain'd,
 And then her bright person, he soon disdain'd;
 For straight up to London this villain did come,
 Leaving his jewel in sorrow to mourn.

Her parents wonder'd the 'squire never came,
 Asking their daughter the cause of the same;
 She said, honoured father, the cause I don't know,
 But men they are fickle, and so let him go.

Tho' she to her parents did not seem surpriz'd,
 When she was alone, the tears from her eyes
 Like fountains wou'd run; crying, Worst of men,
 For your sake I will trust no man again.

But I will wander thro' vallies and groves,
 Be witness Heaven, how false is my love!
 And still I must love him do all that I can,
 I must be a slave to this perjured man.

Rich jewels and treasure she did provide,
 Saying, Now I will wander whatever betide!
 And if my troubled heart does find any rest,
 To live in a cottage I'd think myself blest.

So then from her parents away she did go,
 Poor soul with a heart full of sorrow and wo,
 Thro' lonesome fields and woods she did hie,
 Then she a small cottage at length did espy.

It was a poor shepherd that in it did dwell,
 Seeing the lady sit down near his cell.
 He welcom'd her in, and said, sweet lady fair,
 Pray what cruel fortune has driven you here?

Then into his cottage the lady did go,
 His wife unto her great kindness did show.
 When she with the shepherd sometime had been,
 Her riches and jewels she gave unto them,

And said, O this matter let no one know;
 And to keep the sheep in the vallies I'll go,
 The Wandering Shepherdess you can me call,
 Unfortunate love is the cause of my fall.

A rich suit of green embroider'd ware,
 With a garland of flowers had this lady fair,
 To shade off the sun from her beauty clear,
 To her sheep in the vallies she did repair.

When two long years were finish'd and gone,
 The 'squire to Oxford straight did return,
 Her parents, accus'd him of wronging their child,
 He said, She was fickle and false as the wind.

But now, said her father, I fear she is dead,
 So we can add nothing to what we have said;
 But sure she was honest and virtuous to all,
 And you are the man that caused her fall.

Now we will leave her parents to mourn,
 And unto the Shepherdess let us return,
 Who was the talk of folk far and near,
 At length her lover the same came to hear.

He must see this beauty whatever betide,
 Then he got his coach and away he did ride;
 And just as bright Phoebus was going down,
 He came to the valley where she lay alone.

The lambs were sporting in innocent sort,
 And she was pleas'd with their harmless sport;
 Her fine silver hair sweet breezes did wave,
 On a bank of sweet lilies she carelessly laid.

O gods! said the 'squire, sure she is divine,
 But if she is mortal, oh! let her be mine,
 He little thought it was his love so true,
 Men so much admire each beauty they view.

The charming Shepherdess turning her eyes,
 Soon did know him to her great surprize,
 But yet who she was he did not know
 At length to her cottage she homeward did go.

He followed her home, saying, Sweet fair,
 Pity a lover that is in despair;
 For by the glance of your charming eyes,
 My love-sick heart is fill'd with surprize

Sir, you seem a person of high degree,
 And I a poor Shepherdes now as you see:
 Talk not sweet creature thy charms are so sweet,
 Will cause the great monarch to fall at thy feet.

The shepherdes then invited him in,
 But now afresh her sorrows to begin:
 The garland of flowers being took from her head,
 He knew 'twas his love he thought had been dead.

His love-sick heat he soon did abate,
 But he unto her no notice did take:
 Quoth he to himself, since it is thee
 I ere to-morrow your butcher will be.

They parted that night the next morning to meet,
 In the sweet pasture where she kept her sheep,
 And the next morning just as the sun rose,
 This perjured wretch to the Shepherdes goes;

No one being there, he to her did say,
 Come madam, slip off that gaudy array;
 As I'm come so far an harlot to see,
 I am resolv'd your butcher to be.

Can'st thou be so cruel, to him she did say,
 My innocent life thus to take away?
 What harm my dear jewel, have I done to thee,
 The crime it was yours in deluding of me.

Vile strumpet, dost thou presume for to prate,
 Come yield to my sword, for no longer I'll wait:
 She to him for mercy did bitterly cry,
 But he hard-hearted wretch had no mercy.

But finding with him she could not prevail,
 O Heav'n! said she, since all flesh is frail,
 Pardon my crimes which are many, she cries,
 Now traitor I'm ready for your sacrifice.

She op'ned her breast far whiter than snow,
 He pierced her heart whilst the crimson did flow;
 Her body he threw in a river near,
 And thus dy'd the beauty of fair Oxfordshire.

Then home he returned, and when he came there,
 He wandered about like a man in despair;
 No rest night nor day he ever cou'd find,
 The sweet Shepherdess ran so in his mind.

Within four days he took to his bed,
 The doctor gave him over, it is said,
 When he found his dying hour was come,
 He sent for her father, and told what was done.

Then in a sad sort he yielded up his breath,
 Her father said, I'm the unhappiest man on earth,
 Then he sought the body of his daughter dear,
 Who in sumptuous manner was bury'd we hear.

Within a little time her father did die,
 Now let each take warning by this tragedy;
 And maidens beware of men's flattering tongue,
 For if you consent you are surely undone.

