

Disappointed Sailor.

To which are added,


T H E R A P T U R E .

The BROOM of COWDEN-KNOWS.

T H E C H I M N E Y S W E E P E R .



G L A S G O W,
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THE DISAPPOINTED SAILOR.

F A R L Y one morning in the Spring,
I went on board to serve the King,
Leaving my dearest dear behind,
Who often told me her heart was mine.

I often took her in my arms,
I thought she had a thousand charms.
With vows, and oaths, and kisses sweet,
We're to be marry'd next time we meet.

While I was sailing on the sea,
I found an opportunity
For to send letters to my dear,
But not one word from her could hear.

When we came near Carthagena town,
Where cannon ball flew up and down ;
While in the midst of danger there,
My thoughts were on my dearest dear.

When I arriv'd on the British shore,
I went to see her I did adore ;
Her father he made this reply,
My daughter does your love deny.

O then he ask'd me what I mean,
Or if I lov'd his daughter Jean ?
She's marry'd now, Sir, for her life,
I pray young man seek another wife.

(3)
I curs'd the gold and the silver too,
And all false women that were not true ;
Who first make vows and them do break,
And break their vows for riches sake.

I would rather be on yonder shore,
Where thund'ring cannons loudly roar ;
I would rather be where bullets fly,
Than in false women's company.

So I'll bid adieu to all woman-kind,
I'll sail the ocean round and round ;
I'll sail the sea until I die,
I'll cut the waves that run mountains high.

Now from a window that was nigh,
The Lady she made this reply,
I pray let reason now take place,
Before you do our sex disgrace.

Now hold your tongue you cruel man,
For if you sent letters I ne'er got one,
If the fault be great, love, 'tis not mine,
So don't speak so hard of poor woman-kind.



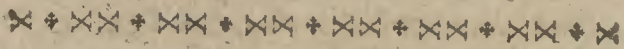
T H E R A P T U R E .

WHEN on thy dear bosom lying,
Celia, who can speak thy bliss ?
Who the rapture I'm enjoying,
when thy balmly lips I kiss ?

Every look with love inspires me,
 every touch my bosom warms;
 Every meeting, transports, fires me,
 -every joy is in thy arms.

Those dear eyes how soft they languish,
 feel my heart with rapture beat,
 Pleasure almost turns to anguish,
 when the transport is too great.

Look not so divinely on me.
 Celia, I shall die with bliss;
 Yet, yet turn these eyes upon me,
 who'd not die a death like this?



The BROOM of COWDEN-KNOWS.

Through Liddefdale lately I went,
 and musing on did pass,
 I heard a maid was discontent,
 the sigh'd, and said, alas!
 All maids that e'er deceived were,
 bear part of this my woes;
 For once I was a bonny lass,
 when I milk'd my daddy's ewes,
 O the broom, the bonny broom,
 the broom of Cowden-knows,
 Fain I wad be in the south country,
 to milk my daddy's ewes.

My love into the field did come,
 when my daddy was frae home;

Sug' red words he gave me there,
 prais'd me for such a one:

His bonny breath and lips so soft,
 and his alluring eye,

And tempting tongue that woo'd me oft,
 now forces me to cry. All maids, &c.

He joy'd me with his pretty chat,
 so well discourse could he,

Talking of this thing, and of that,
 which greatly liked me.

I was so taken with his speech,
 and with his comely making;

He us'd all the means could be,
 t'inchant me with his speaking. All, &c.

In Danby forest I was born,
 my beauty did excel,

My parents dearly loved me,
 till my belly began to swell.

I might have been a Prince's peer,
 when I came o'er the knows,

Till the shepherd's boy beguiled me,
 milking my daddy's ewes. All maids, &c.

When once I felt my belly swell,
 no longer might I bide;

My mother put me out of doors,
 and bang'd me back and side.

Then did I range the world so wide,
 wand'ring among the knows,

Cursing the boy who helped me,
 to fold my daddy's ewes. All maids, &c.

Who would have thought a boy so young,
 wou'd us'd a maiden so,
 For to allure her with his tongue,
 and then from her to go.
 Which hath, alas! procur'd my woe,
 to credit his fair thews ;
 Which now too late, repent I do
 the milking of the ewes. All maids, &c.
 All maidens fair, then have a care,
 when you a milking go ;
 Trust not to young men's tempting tongues,
 that would deceive you so ;
 For you shall find them prove unkind,
 and glory in your woes ;
 For the shepherd's boy beguiled me,
 folding my daddy's ewes. All maids, &c.
 If you your virgin honours keep,
 esteeming of them dear ;
 You need not then to wail and weep,
 or your parents' anger fear.
 As I have said, of them beware
 would glory in your woes ;
 You then may sing with merry cheer,
 milking your daddy's ewes. All maids, &c.
 A young man hearing her complaint,
 did pity this her case,
 Saying to her, Sweet beauteous faint,
 I grieve so fair a face
 Should sorrow such, then my sweeting,
 to ease thee of thy woes,

I'll go with thee to the south country,
to milk thy daddy's ewes. All maids, &c.

Leander like, I will remain
still constant to thee ever,
As Pyramus or Troilus,
till death our lives shall sever.

Let me be hated evermore
of all men that me knows,
If false to thee, sweetheart, I be,
milking thy daddy's ewes. All maids, &c.

Then modestly she did reply,
might I so happy be
Of you to find a husband kind,
and for to marry me ;
Then to you, I will during life,
continue constant still ;

And be a true obedient wife,
observing a' your will. All maids, &c.

Thus with a gentle soft embrace,
he took her in his arms,
And with a kiss, he smiling said,
I'll shield thee from all harms ;

And instantly I'll marry thee,
to keep thee from all woes ;
And go with thee to the south country,
to milk thy daddy's ewes.

O the broom, the bouny broom,
the broom of Cowden-knows,
Fain wad I be in the south country,
to milk my daddy's ewes.

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 THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

IN various shapes I've oft been known,
 to please your ears and eyes ;
 Nor I the only one in town,
 that wears the black disguise.
 Sweep! sweep! tweep!—foot ho!
 In spite of mocks, or flouts, or jeers,
 a truth I must impart ;
 No chimney half so foul appears,
 as doth the human-heart. Sweep! &c.
 The learned Lawyers could they win,
 to give their Briefs to me,
 From foul demurs and many a sin,
 my brush would set them free. Sweep! &c.
 Observe the Doctors as they roll,
 to scrape off all degrees,
 Much sweeping wants such sooty souls,
 all clog'd with filth and fees. Sweep! &c.
 Behold yon Priest so neat and trim,
 that vicious rev'rend Beau!—
 There's no such thing as cleansing him,
 the devil and I do know. Sweep! &c.
 The Statesman with that brow severe,
 had been as well forgot,
 His conscience is as ermine clear,
 and therefore needs me not. Sweep! &c.