

New Songs.

I. The MISER'S DAUGHTER.

II. The ABSENT LOVER.

III. As through a GROVE I took
my Way.

IV. The ANSWER.

V. CLOUT the CALDRON.



Entered according to Order.



THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

A Youthful swain courted a maid,
 and he was of a low degree,
 And she a miser's daughter great,
 which prov'd his fatal tragedy.

He courted her both day and night,
 no lover sure such pain could bear ;
 He languish'd for his heart's delight,
 and thus adress'd his dearest dear.

What shall I do? I am oppress'd ;
 alas! alas! my grief's renew'd,
 My very heart within my breast,
 alas! will break for love of you.

With ambrosial speeches & modest smile,
 she answered, you are but poor ;
 My parent's wrath I'm sure to gain,
 if I your person should adore,

Don't be danton'd in the least love,
 frowns from your parents never fear,
 For I will work both day and night,
 all for to comfort you my dear.

She said your trade is very poor,
 for to maintain a family,
 But since your heart's in Cupid's bands,
 I will consent and marry thee.

This meeting being in a grove,
it happ'ned in an ev'ning clear,
Her aged father walking nigh,
these words he chanc'd to overhear.

Then he call'd on this beautiful maid,
likewise enraged most passionately,
You barb'rous maid unto her he said,
will you disgrace my family?

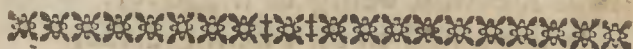
O father dear, then she reply'd,
don't be hard hearted to my love,
For had I all the Indian gold,
there's none but he that I could love.

Now since your heart's in Cupid's thrall,
your wanton thoughts I mean to lay,
I will send you to a dungeon deep,
and keep you to your dying day,

That very night with weighty air,
he sent her to a dungeon deep,
Where bread and water was her food,
and the cold earth her bed to sleep.

To the sweeting wall she made her moan,
and this address to her love she sent,
I'm here confined all alone,
alas! with grief my heart will break.

With that her tender heart did break,
her virtuous soul soon took its flight:
Her love at the window standing by,
he sigh'd, and died for her sake.



THE ABSENT LOVER.

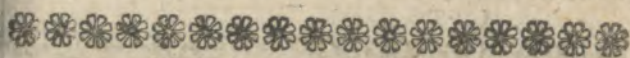
Tune. O my love, is far from me, &c.

YE swains who're happy with your lo-
 by having them at hand, (vers;
 Possess your time in peace and love:
 while you may it command;
 For fate may make the distance more;
 and leave you then to moan;
 Crying oh, my love is far from me:
 when I ly down.

When I am seated by my love;
 no man is happier then,
 But when I'm absent from the fair:
 my heart is fill'd with pain,
 And then nought can me pleasure give,
 all seems to wear a frown,
 When my love she's so far from me,
 when I ly down.

When I would clasp the lovely nymph
 I've nothing but the air,
 This fills my heart with grief and pain,
 and each corroding care,
 I'd rather be possess'd of her,
 as wear the richest crown.
 But, ah my stars, she's far from me,
 when I ly down.

Yet fate may pity this my grief,
 and give her to my arms,
 And then no maid beside herself,
 shall catch me with their charms.
 And when this trouble's over,
 we banish every frown,
 And clasp each other in our arms,
 when I ly down.



As through a Grove I took my Way.

AS thro' a Grove I took my way,
 One morning by the break of day,
 I heard a damsel sigh and say:
 The man I love is gone away.

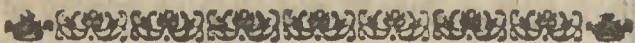
He is a man I love so dear,
 For to find him out I know not where,
 I'll search the world both far and near,
 But that I'll find my dearest dear.

'Twas our minds to have one heart,
 It was against our minds to part,
 My silver locks should ne'er annoy,
 The freedom of my dearest joy.

What strange voice is this I hear,
 I think it is my Molly dear,
 Had I but wings I would fly to you,
 See what the power of love can do.

In lonesome hills and shady rocks,
 Where shepherds feed their tender flocks,
 I'll range the hills and valleys low,
 If they were cover'd all with snow.

The lily bank shall be my bed,
 The heavens shall be my cover-lid,
 And there I'll ly till break of day,
 While harmless Robins round me play.



The A N S W E R.

O Yes, O yes, O yes, I cry,
 Tell me ye loving standers by,
 If you a wandering heart did see,
 Which lately took its flight from me.

The marks I will describe to you,
 Such marks you'll say there are but few,
 'Tis milder than the turtle-dove,
 And round the same a chain of love.

Just in the middle of this heart,
 There sticks a fatal golden dart, (flow
 From whence fresh streams of blood doth
 Pray did you meet this heart or no.

Cupid a fatal arrow sent,
 And forc'd it from its element,
 Or it had never gone I'm sure,
 Great is the loss which I endure!

If you by fortune find it there,
 Conduct it home to me with care,
 And you shall well rewarded be,
 For your kind fidelity.

Perhaps my heart you may behold,
 Among the lambs in Cupid's fold,
 Confined like a captive slave,
 If so a boon of Cupid crave.

Intreat him that he'd be so kind,
 As not to keep my heart confin'd,
 Tell him what grief I undergo,
 And how mine eyes like fountains flow.

Who knows but he may comfort me,
 And set my heart at liberty,
 Which favour if I once obtain,
 My heart shall ne'er be lost again.

Close in my breast I'll lock it fast,
 And there'as long as life doth last;
 I'll keep it safe, no charm I'll view,
 Because I find what love can do.

It conquers kings and noble peers,
 It makes the valiant soul shed tears;
 All this and more fond love can do,
 Unto a wounded heart that's true.

C L O U T T H E C A L D R O N :

HAVE you any pats or pans?
 or any broken chandlers?
 am a tinker to my trade,
 and newly come frae Flanders.

As scant of filler as of grace,
 disbanded, we've a bad run,
 Gar tell the lady of the place,
 I'm come to clout her caldron,
 Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
 I'll do't to your contentment,
 And dinna care a single flee,
 for any man's resentment;
 For, lady fair, tho' I appear
 to every ane a tinker,
 Yet to yoursell, I'm bauld to tell,
 I am a gentle Jinker. Fa adrie, &c.

Love Jupiter into a swan,
 turned for his lovely Leda;
 He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
 to carry off Europa.

Then may not I, as well as he,
 to cheat your Argos blinker,
 And won your love like mighty Jove,
 thus hide me in a tinker. Fa, &c.

Sir, you appear a cunning man,
 but this fine plot you'll fail in,
 For there is neither pat nor pan,
 of mine you'll drive a nail in.
 Then bind your budget on your back,
 and nails up in your apron;
 For I've a tinker under tack,
 that us'd to clout my caldron: &c.

F I N I S.