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Hodge of the Mill 24

OR AN

Old Woman Clothed in Grey.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

The STAFFORDSHIRE TRAGEDY.

JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

The PLEASURES of WOOING.

OCH HEY, JOHNNY LAD.



GLASGOW,
PRINTED BY J. & M. ROBERTSON,
[No. 20.] SALTMARKEET, 1809.

An OLD WOMAN clothed in GREY.

AN old woman clothed in grey,
had a daughter was charming and young,
But she was deluded away,

by Roger's false flattering tongue.
With whom she often had been
abroad, in the meadows and fields :

Her belly grew up to her chin,
her spirits sunk down to her heels.

At length she began for to puke :

her mother, possessed with fear,
She gave her a gentle rebuke,

and cry'd, Daughter, a word in your ear;

I doubt you've been playing the fool,
which many call, Hey Ding a Ding ;

Why did you not follow my rule,
and tie your two toes in a string ?

O Mother ! your counsel I took,
but yet I was never the near ;

He won my heart with a soft look,
and his word so enchanted my ear,

That your precepts I soon did forget ;

he on me, and would have his scope ;
It is but a folly to fret,

'tis done, and it cannot be help'd.

Then who is the father of it ?

come tell me without more delay ?

For now I am just in the fit,

to go and hear what he will say.

It is Roger the damsel reply'd :
 he call'd me his dear pretty bird,
 And said that I should be his Bride :
 but he was not so good as his word.

What! Roger, that lives at the mill!
 yes, verily, Mother, the same,
 What! Roger, that lives at the mill!
 I'll hop to him, tho' I be lame.

Go fetch me my crutches with speed,
 and bring me my spectacles too ;
 A lecture to him I will read,
 shall ring his ears quite thro' and thro'.

With that she went hoping away,
 and went to young Hodge of the mill,
 On whom she her crutches did lay,
 and cry'd, You have ruin'd my girl,
 By getting her dear Maiden-head ;
 'tis true, you can no way deny :
 Therefore I advise you to wed,
 and make her as honest as I.

Then, what will you give me, quoth Hodge,
 if I take your Daughter off hand ?
 Will you make me the heir of your lodge,
 your houses, your money, and land ?
 With every barn and ploughs,
 your cattle and money also ?
 If so, I will make her my spouse ;
 speak up, Are you willing or no ?

Then Goody took Hodge by the hand,
 let it be for to have and to hold,

I will make you the heir of my land,
 my houses, my silver, and gold.
 Make her but your honoured wife,
 and you shall be Lord of my store,
 When e'er I surrender my life,
 in case it were forty times more.

The bargain was presently struck,
 they wedded;—and this being done,
 The old woman wish'd them good luck,
 being proud of her Daughter and Son.
 Then, hey for a girl or a boy;
 young Peg look'd as big as a duchess;
 The old woman caper'd for joy,
 and danc'd them a jig in her crutches.

THE STAFFORDSHIRE TRAGEDY.

NEAR Burton-town in Stafford-shire,
 There liv'd a farmer's daughter fair;
 On a game-keeper as we find,
 This damsel she fixed her mind.

Three years and more had courted been,
 At last she prov'd with child to him;
 By her some hours in tears were spent,
 When he to others courting went.

One ev'ning she went to the park,
 She met her love with aking heart,
 She said, O dear, What shall I do?
 You know I am with Child by you.

I will not marry yet, said he,
 For while I'm single, I am free;

And thus from's side a durk he drew,
He pierc'd her heart and body throw.

He cut her up immediately,
Into her womb the babe did cry,
And there he laid her among the thorns,
And the sweet baby in her arms.

The neighbours that did hear her cry,
They came to her immediately,
There they found her 'mong the thorns,
With her babie crawling in her arms.

The neighbours flocked all around,
And quickly who she was they found;
And told her Father and Mother dear,
Which caused them shed many a tear.

They took the man before it was long,
And bound him in a prison strong;
And soon he was condemn'd to die,
Upon the gallows tree so high.

And when the gallows-tree he rode,
He own'd that he the murder did;
And four of them in one grave did ly,
And for the murder I must die.

O if I could their life restore,
Ten thousand worlds I'd give therefore:
From wicked ways I would remove,
That I might die in peace and love.

May this be a warning to mankind,
In courtship that they be not blind:
I promis'd marriage but did not wed,
The gallows proves my marriage-bed:

JENNY DANG. THE WEAVER.

AT Willy's wedding on the green,
 the lassies, bonny witches,
 Were a' dress'd out in aprons clean,
 and braw white Sunday's mutches.
 Auld Maggy baud the lads tak' tent,
 but Jock wou'd not believe her,
 But soon the fool his folly kent,
 for Jenny dang the weaver. Jenny, etc.

At ilka kintry dance or reel;
 wi' her he would be bobbing;
 When she sat down, he sat down,
 and to her would be gabbing.
 Where'er she gaed baith but and ben,
 the cuif wad never leave her,
 Ay keckling like a clocking hen,
 but Jenny dang the weaver. Jenny, etc.

Quoth he, my lass, to speak my mind,
 in troth I need not swither,
 You've bonny een, and if you're kind,
 He never seek anither.

He hum'd and haud, the lass cry'd peugh,
 and baud the cuif no deave her;
 Syne snap'd her fingers, lap and leugh,
 and dang the silly weaver.

Chor. And Jenny dang, dang, dang,
 Jenny dang the weaver;
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh:
 and dang the silly weaver.

 THE PLEASURES OF WOOING.

Farewel to the pleasures of wooing,
 The bank and the lilly so gay,
 Till once my poor heart was deluded,
 And by a false man stole away.

Young women beware of delusion,
 And be not o'er fond of young men;
 For soon they'll prove your confusion,
 If once your affection they gain.

For first they'll shorten your apron,
 And then they'll shorten your gown;
 But woes me for my bonny lassie,
 When once she begins to look down.

They'll fill up your health in a bumper,
 And cause the whole cup to go round,
 And they will drink it over and over,
 And choose a true lover the morn.

But wots me that e'er I believ'd them,
 For oftentimes they charmed me;
 They robb'd me of all my treasure,
 My Heart and my Virginity.

Young men they are glorious creatures,
 It's a pity so false they were ay,
 They're fickle like weather in Winter,
 They'll heat and they'll cool in a day.

What need I tell it over and over,
 What I in my bosom do find;
 They'll wheedle and cox till you're ruin'd,
 And then all their pleasure does end.

OCH HEY, JOHNNY LAD.

OCH hey, Johnny lad,
 Ye're no fae kind's ye foud a been ;
 Och hey, Johnny lad !
 Ye didna' keep your tryst yestreen ;
 I waited lang beside the wood,
 Sae wae an' weary a' my lane ;
 Och hey, Johnny lad !
 It was a waefu' night yestreen.

I looked by the whinny knowe,
 I looked by the firs fae green,
 I looked o'er the spunkie howe,
 An' ay I thought ye wad ha'e been ;
 The ne'er a supper crost my craig,
 The ne'er a sleep has clos'd my een.
 Oh hey, Johnny lad !
 Ye're no' fae kind's ye foud a been.

' Gin ye was waitin' in the wood,
 ' Its I was waitin' by the thorn,
 ' I thought it was the place we set,
 ' An' waited maist till dawning morn ;
 ' But be na' vex't, my bonny lass,
 ' Let my waiting stan' for thine :
 ' We'll awa' to Birkton-Shaw,
 ' An' seek the joys we tint yestreen.'

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