

# *Beds of Roses.*

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

ARRA CAPTAIN AGRA.

The REFORMED DRUNKARD.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

The CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

O! WONDER TO HEAR!



G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1805.

THE BEDS OF ROSES.

AS I was a walking one morning in May,  
The small birds were singing delightful and gay,  
There with my true love did often sport and play,  
Down among the bonny Beds of Roses.

My pretty brown girl come sit on my knee,  
For there's none in the world I can fancy but thee;  
Nor will I ever change my old love for a new,  
So my pretty brown girl do not leave me.

My daddy and mammy, they often us'd to say,  
'That I was a naughty boy and us'd to run away;  
If they bid me go to work I wou'd sooner go to play,  
Down amongst the bonny Beds of Roses.

If I had ten thousand bright guineas laid in store,  
I would give it all to the girl I do adore,  
I would give it all, and twice as much more,  
And a chariot of gold for to ride in.

No nymph on the plain with my love can compare,  
With a comb set with diamonds I'll plait up her hair;  
Of all love enjoyments, my love she shall share,  
Down amongst the bonny Beds of Roses.

No creature on earth is so happy as me,  
While my charming young girl is set on my knee,  
A smile or a kiss brings fresh pleasure to me,  
Down amongst the bonny Beds of Roses.


My daddy may fret and my mammy may frown,  
For to walk with my true love I'll venture alone,  
Fast lock'd in my arms, all one love we will own,  
Down amongst the bonny Beds of Roses.

If ever I marry, I'll marry in May,  
When the flow'rs are springing, delightful and gay,

Then my true love and I will dance, sing and play,  
Down amongst the bonny Beds of Roses.

Then away to the church we will walk with an air,  
Kind Hymen proclaim us to be the happy pair,  
Her bosom I'll press, and her chains I will wear,  
Down amongst the bonny beds of Roses.

As I was a walking one morning in the Spring,  
The Winter going out and the Summer coming in,  
The cuckow sang cuckow, you're welcome here again  
And I pray you stay among the green bushes.



### CAPTAIN AGRA

ARRA, Captain Agra, I'm going to list,  
Will you lend me the loan of your hand in my list?  
I'm going to Dublin, is this the straight way?  
I was not there to-morrow nor here yesterday.

When I went to Dublin, that very fine place,  
I went to Green Castle or e'er I did cease;  
I look'd all around me to see what I could spy,  
E'er a one in the world to make a soldier of I.

The first thing I saw was a man on horseback,  
With a red coat and a three-cocked-hat;  
I boldly stept to him and made a low stoop,  
And swore by my durk I would list in his troop.

The first thing they gave me was a fine red coat,  
With three straps of leather to gird me about;  
With a scabbard at my side, and a pouch to put on,  
Oh! then for the wars as bold as I can.

The next thing they gave me was a black-horse,  
He list'd me on and my legs went across:  
But he would not stir till I gave him the steel,  
And then my brave gelding could run to the deil.

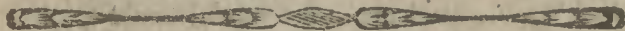
Then the next thing he gave me was a long gun,  
And under the bolt he made me place my thumb;  
It was not long there till the gun gave a crack,  
And gave my poor shoulder a terrible stroke.

Captain Agra, I cry'd will you help me to tie her,  
I believe she's the devil, see how she spits fire!  
It's a wonder that a man of your understanding,  
Should contrive such a thing for any man's handling.

Captain Agra, I pray, there is one thing I want,  
Does my gun go to Meeting! or does she keep Lent!  
Indeed, says the Captain, I can't magnify,  
Oh! arra my jewel, I'm as well satisfy'd.

The next thing they shew'd me was a long boat,  
And if you believe me, she could sweep when a float;  
She's but half a year old, and if she does thrive,  
She'll be as big's a slave-galley before she be five.

Then after, they shew'd me a very large sloop,  
With two standards up and her wings flying about,  
With her rudder behind, and a great stern before,  
She's certainly a devil—I ne'er saw before.



### THE REFORMED DRUNKARD.

**A**S I was awalking the streets up and down,  
I saw my young landlady dress'd in a silk gown,  
With my elbows all out my breeches out at knee,  
See how my young landlady frowns upon me.

O then I stept to her, and told her my case,  
She up with her hand and struck me on the face,  
Saying, Thou saucy fellow do not prat to me,  
Dost thou think that I mind such a drunkard as thee!

See the impudent fellow and drunkard, said she,  
Dost thou think that I mind such a drunkard as thee!  
When you call'd for strong liquor, I gave you the dregs,  
That bought me fine clothes & reduc'd you to rags.



But when I had silver and gold in my fist,  
 O then she would meet me and give me a kiss;  
 But now my money's gone and my pockets empty,  
 See how the dissembler frowns upon me.

So now fellow-drunkards, you see how I'm us'd,  
 When my money's all gone then I am abus'd;  
 But now for her sake, I wiser shall be,  
 I will think on my wife and my family.

I'll go home to my wife & children who are poor,  
 I us'd to abuse her and call her a whore;  
 The more I said to her, the more she did cry,  
 O what a silly drunkard and blockhead was I.

But if I had been rul'd by my wife at the first,  
 I might have had silver and gold in my purse,  
 For to maintain my wife and children small,  
 But I prov'd a drunkard and ruin'd them all.

But now I'll refrain, it's high time to amend,  
 My money I'll save, it will be my best friend;  
 But to speak of the ale-wives, how oft I them fed,  
 While my wife & children were starving for bread.

Come all you drunkards take warning by me,  
 Your folly in time I would have you to see;  
 And all you in youth who've your time to begin,  
 Pray think of yourselves, let the landladies spin.

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### THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

**I**N city, town, & village, my fancy oft has mov'd,  
 A Phillis and a Chloe, I ev'ry where have lov'd,  
 But, tir'd with variety, to marriage I'm inclin'd,  
 Would fortune only grant me a partner to my mind,  
 Then I'd go no more a roving,  
 But constant as the dove,  
 My time I'd pass with such a lass,  
 In harmony and love.      Then, &c.

I care not for complexion, be she black, brown or fair,  
 If she has but discretion, and meaning in her air;  
 Her shape I'd have graceful, to pride & folly blind,  
 To mind the one thing needful, to cultivate the mind.  
 Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

An animated form, where sense & sweetness move,  
 And innocence refining the tenderness of love:  
 From scolding & scandal, I'd have her tongue be free,  
 And always neat and clean keep herself & family,  
 Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

I'd have a just decorum in all her actions shine,  
 With a temper condescending to suit herself & mine,  
 Or a cheerful disposition, with honour free & gay,  
 And sometimes with a song to pass the time away.  
 Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

It shall not be my study to court a leaden purse,  
 Altho' with that ingredient she will not be the worse,  
 Let modesty, reserve, be her property and choice,  
 Not over fond to cloy, and yet not over nice.  
 Then I'd go no more a roving. &c.

To heighten my affection, & double all my joy,  
 A prospect I would have of a lovely girl or boy;  
 And out of what I have, for it's what I would allow,  
 I would charitable have her, and hospitable too.  
 Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

This granted, I would freely my liberty resign,  
 She'd give me her heart & hand, & I'd give her mine,  
 A monarch on his throne then unenvy'd should be,  
 For home would be a paradise with such a girl as she,

Then I'd go no more a roving,  
 But constant as the dove,  
 My time I'd pass with such a lass,  
 In harmony and love  
 Then I'd go no more a roving.

## THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

SINCE honour has attended upon the marriage  
 state, (date,  
 And from the torch of Hymen our happiness we  
 If e'er the Fates ordain it that I should be a wife,  
 The picture I will draw of the partner of my life.

Then I'd live no longer single,  
 Could but my influence,  
 A conquest gain o'er such a swain,  
 Endu'd with common sense,  
 Then I'd live no longer single.

The sop, beau & fribble, cou'd ne'er my fancy take,  
 Nor yet did I admire the rattle-headed rake, (brave,  
 To guard himself from insult, I'd have him bold &  
 To wink at little foibles that I may chance to have.

Then I'd live no longer single, &c.

His person in proportion, more robust than fine,  
 A sort of easy carelessness, deportment to decline;  
 And affably & candidly share all my joys & cares,  
 And give me my prerogative in family affairs.

Then I'd live no longer single, &c.

His conversation fraught with endearing sentiment,  
 Free from the pedant stiffness, & rude impertinent,  
 In his lawful dealings, let honour still preside,  
 Frugal in economy, let prudence be his guide.

Then I'd live no longer single, &c.

His principles untainted, his morals just & sound,  
 And one in whom the dictates of honesty is found;  
 I value not the glaring of wealth and pageantry,  
 But plac'd above necessity is just enough for me,  
 Then I'd live no longer single, &c.

Could you recommend me to such a one to this,  
 I'd think myself arriv'd at the summit of all blifs!  
 And for his health & welfare for ever would I pray,  
 And think myself in duty bound to love & to obey.  
 Then I'd live no' longer single, &c.

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### O WONDER TO HEAR.

**T**HERE liv'd long ago in a country place,  
 A clever young lad that lov'd a sweet lass:  
 She lov'd him again, and (O wonder to hear!)  
 No offers could move her, she lov'd him so dear.

The Lord of the village took it into his head,  
 To tempt her to leave him and come to his bed;  
 He offer'd her jewels, and babbles, and rings,  
 But she slighted his love, and refus'd his gay things.

He told her he'd make her as gay as a queen,  
 Her gown should be silk, and her cap colberteen:  
 But she said linssey-woolsey & bonlace would serve,  
 And rather than please him she'd venture to starve.

He told her, he'd give her a pad to ride out,  
 Or a coach, if she lik'd it, to visit about:  
 She thank'd him, but said, she could very well walk,  
 If she had a coach, how the neighbours would talk.

He said, for the neighbours, he'd make it his care,  
 That none, ev'n the Parson on Sundays should dare,  
 To find fault with her conduct, or offer to blame,  
 Her manner of living, or blast her good name.

She told him in short, he must e'en be content,  
 For jewels or gold should ne'er bribe her consent:  
 Her heart was another's, and so should remain,  
 And she scorn'd to be false for the lucre of gain.

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