

THE

Jolly Beggar.

To which are added,

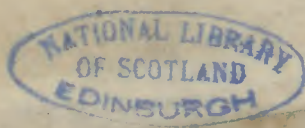
The Duke of Argyle's Courtship to
an English Lady,

The Weaver's Daughter.



FALKIRK:

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The Jolly Beggar.

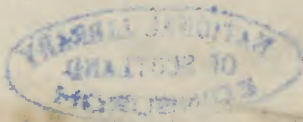
There was a jolly beggar,
 And a begging he had been,
 With his fal de dal lal lal a,
 And he took up his quarters
 In a house in Aberdeen,
 With his toran oran an de odi.

The beggar wadna lie in barn,
 Nor yet wad he in byre,
 With his fal de dal, &c.
 But he would lie into the ha',
 Or beyond the kitchen fire,
 With his toran oran an de odi.

The beggar's bed was well made
 With clean hay and straw,
 With his fal-de dal, &c.
 And beyond the kitchen fire
 There the jolly beggar lay,
 With his toran oran an de odi.

The lassie then she did get up
 To bar the kitchen door,
 With his fal de dal, &c.
 And there she met the jolly beggar
 Standing naked on the floor,
 With his toran oran an de odi.

He gript the lassie by the middle jimp,
 Laid her against the wa',
 With his fal de dal, &c.



O kind sir, she said be civil,
 For you will waken my dadda,
 With your toran oran an de odi.

He never minded what she said,
 But carried on the stroke,
 With his fal de dal, &c.
 Till he got the job done,
 Then he began to joke,
 With his toran oran an de odi.

Have you got ony dogs about the house,
 Or ony cats awa,
 With his fal de dal, &c,
 For I'm fear'd they'll cut my meal pocks,
 Before I gang awa,
 With my toran oran an de odi.

The lassie took up the meal pocks,
 Threw them against the wa',
 With a fal de dal, &c,
 O diel tak your meal pocks,
 My maidenhead's awa,
 With your toran oran an de odi.

The lassie she got up again,
 Three hours before 'twas day,
 With a fal de dal, &c,
 For to gi'e the beggar hansel,
 Before he went away,
 With his toran oran an de odi.

She went into the cellar,
 To draw a pot of ale,
 With a fal de-lal, &c,

And the beggar follow'd after,
 And did the joke again;
 With his toran oran an de odi.

He laid her on the ring'e tree,
 And gave her kisses three,
 With his fal de fal, &c,
 And gave her twenty guineas
 To pay the nurses' fee,
 With his toran oran an de odi.

Had you been an honest lass,
 As I took you to be,
 With a fal de fal, &c,
 You might have rode in your carriage,
 And gone along with me,
 With my toran oran an de odi.

This beggar he took a horn,
 And blew it wond'rous shrill,
 With his fal de fal, &c,
 And four-and-twenty belted knights
 Came riding o'er the hill,
 With his toran oran an de odi.

Now if you are afraid,
 That you should miscall your child,
 With his fal de fal, &c,
 You may call him for the dadd'y o't,
 The great Duke of Argyle,
 With his toran oran an de odi.

*The Duke of Argyle's Courtship to
an English lady.*

Did you ever hear of a loyal Scot,
Who was never concern'd in any plot,
I wish it might fall to my lot,
To marry you my dearie, O.

I wish I had you in Kintyre,
And there your beauty I would admire,
O then I would have my heart's desire,
If you would marry me my dearie, O.

You shall have plenty of barley bannock store,
With geese and fine ducks at the door,
And a good chaff bed upon the floor,
If you will marry me my dearie, O.

You shall have plenty of good Scots kail,
With a good fat haggis at every meal,
After that, good Scots cakes and ale,
If you will marry me, my dearie, O.

O get you gone you saucy Scot,
Your haggis shall never boil in my pot,
For you are a proud and prating sot,
And never shall be my dearie, O.

I will clout your hose; and mend your shoon,
And if you chance to have a son,

I'll make him laird when all is done,
If you will marry me my dearie, O.

Your c'outed hose I cannot wear,
You mended shoon I can't endure,
And for your lordship I am not sure,
And I never shall be your dearie, O.

The diel pick out your twa black een,
I wish your face I ne'er had seen,
For you are a proud and saucy quean,
And you never shall be my dearie, O.

I am a noble lord of high renown,
I am great Argyle when I come to town,
But my blue bonnet has fallen down,
And you never shall be my dearie, O.

O pardon, pardon, Argyle, allow,
For what I have done in saying so,
To the Highland hills with you I'll go,
I long to be your dearie, O.

There is not a whore in London town,
Shall set a foot on Campbell's ground,
For I am related to the crown,
And you never shall be my dearie, O.

I am a nobled lord of great renown,
I am great Argyle when I come to town,
While drums do beat, and trumpets sound,
You never shall be my dearie, O.

I wish I had you in Lancashire,
 To follow me through dub and mire,
 Yet hats from bonnets might retire,
 And you never shall be my dearie, O,

The Weaver's Daughter.

It was in the charming fine summer weather,
 When Flora yields a fine fragrant scent,
 A brisk young Squire, with his hat and feather,
 Into the town of Norris went :
 And there he tarried, much gold he carried ;
 He spied a damsel beautiful and fair,
 'This maid he fancied, her name was Nancy,
 A weaver's daughter that lived there.

He fixed his ogling eyes upon her,
 With every motion for to enjoy ;
 He often crav'd her of her honour,
 But modest Nancy was something coy.
 He oft courted, and likewise sported,
 And in his arms did her enfold :
 He said, my dear Nancy, if you please my fancy,
 I will give you a chain of gold.

I would not blemish my reputation,
 For all the favours you could bestow :
 I mean to live in an honest station,
 No man alive shall serve me so.
 Keep your laces, your kind embraces,
 Such silly trifles won't my fancy move ;

Till death I'll tarry, unless I marry,
 No man alive shall my ruin prove.

Although that I'm but a weaver's daughter,
 I think as much of myself, she cried,
 As those who make it their whole endeavour,
 To kiss for gold, and in coaches ride;
 Their cheeks are painted, their bodies tainted,
 Prove the bad effects of their wanton love;
 But until death I'll tarry, unless that I marry,
 There are none on earth shall my ruin prove.

This London youth he stood amazed,
 And for a season he nothing said,
 All on her amorous beauty gazed;
 At length to her these words he said:

I was in France, ay, and in Flanders,
 And all around this fine Irish shore;
 I met with ladies, and great commanders,
 But a match for Nancy I ne'er saw before.

Her friends and neighbours were all acquainted,
 Of this great match that was in hands:
 The wedding day it was appointed,
 He crown'd his love with house and lands.
 Mirth and weavers, pipes and tabours,
 Great joy he had for to crown his love,
 That day they wedded, and at night they bedded,
 And a loving couple they did prove.