

Astonishing  
**Abraham**  
**NEWLAND;**

To which is added,  
Cheat upon Cheat: or, Honesty's quite  
out of Fashion:

**RANTING JOHNNY MAGEE.**  
The **BANKS** of a **RIVER.**  
My **LOVE** is but a **LASSIE** Yet.



ASTONISHING

ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

**N**EVER was a man so bandied by Fame,  
Thro' air, thro' ocean, and thro' land,  
As one that is wrote upon every Bank Note,  
And you all must know Abraham Newland.

O! Abraham Newland!  
Notorious Abraham Newland!  
I've heard people say, sham Abraham you may,  
But you mus'n't sham Abraham Newland.

For fashion or arts, should you seek foreign parts  
It matters not, where ever you land;  
From Christian to Greek all language will speak,  
If the language of Abraham Newland.

O! Abraham Newland!  
Astonishing Abraham Newland!  
Whatever you lack, you'll get in a crack,  
By the credit of Abraham Newland.

But what do you think, without victuals or drink,  
You may tramp like the wand'ring Jew land,  
From Dublin to Dover, nay, all the world over,  
If a stranger to Abraham Newland.

O! Abraham Newland!  
Wonderful Abraham Newland!  
Tho' with compliments cramm'd, you may die out  
of hand,  
If you hav'n't an Abraham Newland.

The world are inclin'd to think Justice is blind,  
 Yet Lawyers know well she can view land;  
 But what of all that?—she'll blink like a bat,  
 At the sight of a friend, Abraham Newland.

O! Abraham Newland!

Magical Abraham Newland!

Tho' Justice, 'tis known, can see thro' a mill-stone,  
 She can't see thro' Abraham Newland.

Your Patriots who bawl, for the good of us all,  
 And, good souls, like mushrooms they strew land,  
 But tho' loud as a drum, each prove: Orator Mum,  
 If attack'd by stout Abraham Newland.

O! Abraham Newland!

Invincible Abraham Newland.

No argument's found in the world half so sound,  
 As the logic of Abraham Newland.

The French say they're coming, but surely they're  
 humming;

We know what they want, if they do land:  
 But we'll make their ears ring in defence of our King  
 Our country and Abraham Newland.

O! Abraham Newland!

Excellent Abraham Newland!

No tri-colour'd elf, nor the devil himself,  
 Shall rob us of Abraham Newland,

## CHEAT UPON CHEAT.

ONE day as I rambled cross Kirlington Park,  
On these sorrowful times I made some remarks;  
I set myself down in a shade for to write  
These verses, to shew that the world's all a bit;

For honesty's quite out of fashion,  
And this is the rage of the times.

The way you must try, is to follow my plan,  
To swagger, and swear, and cheat all that you can;  
You must mind that your neighbours don't see you  
do well;

They'll be very angry, the truth I must tell;  
They'll backbite and scandal, and likely they all  
Will gladly rejoice to see your downfall!

For honesty's quite out of fashion;  
And this is the rig of the times.

The bakers are cheats too, and none of the least,  
Their bread is so spongy, 'tis puff'd up with yeast,  
If they'd make their loaves big, as their wives do  
their heads,  
I'm sure the poor people would have larger bread.

But honesty's quite out of fashion,  
And this is the rig of the times.

The next are the butchers, I must bring them in,  
They'll ask Eightpence a-pound, & believe it no sin,  
They'll kick up the sticelyards, & make them godown  
And swear the weight's good, tho' it want a full  
pound!

For honesty's quite out of fashion,  
And this is the rig of the times.

There's swillguts, the Publican, how he will sneer,  
 When he sees you have money, and calling for beer;  
 He'll bring you a relish to make the pot walk,  
 But I'd have you beware of the nitch in his chalk.

For honesty's quite out of fashion,  
 And this is the rig of the times.

So much now in fashion is taking of snuff,  
 If you ask a halfpenny worth, shopkeepers will huff;  
 They'll give you so little, as now the price goes,  
 It causes a poor man to curse his wife's nose!

For honesty's quite out of fashion,  
 And this is the rig of the times.

The next are the gardeners' tricks you shall hear,  
 For the first of the season they'll make you pay dear,  
 The rottenest fruit to the bottom they'll pack,  
 And out of a bushel there'll want half a peck.

For honesty's quite out of fashion,  
 And this is the rig of the times.

The best air-balloon profit, the poor folks will find,  
 Is to send them all up in a high gale of wind.  
 The balloon in the air, and the clouds fit to burst,  
 And the biggest of rogues to break his neck first.

For honesty's quite out of fashion,  
 And this is the rig of the times.

RANTING  
JOHNNY MAGEE.

**T**HERE's a boy at the gate,  
and he rambles out late,  
And his name is Johnny Magee,  
He courted a girl, was fit for an Earl,  
called Dolly Brownlee,  
My ranting Johnny, my snoring Johnny  
and Johnny Magee.

When she goes to the well, it is I that can tell  
what deeds there are done !  
When she comes home she lays down her jug,  
and both kifs and hug, when we are alone.

When she goes to the river, I am very clever,  
in helping her home.  
You teasing young devil, I pray you be civil,  
and let me go home.

Then on the ground he laid her down,  
where horses do stray :  
Lie still little woman, there's nobody coming  
but Johnny Magee.

When Doll comes in, she lifts up a song,  
Saying, I will be married before it be long ;  
Next Valentine day, I will be single and free,  
And take a carrant with young Johnny Magee.

THE  
BANKS OF A RIVER.

ONE evening clear, as I walked down  
By the banks of a river, I heard a fine song;  
'Twas sung by a fair maid, & her voice was so clear,  
Crying, Happy would I be if my true love was here.

In a little time after, her true-love came by,  
With his reed rosy cheeks and his rolling black eye!  
You'd known by her blushes her true-lover came:  
He saluted his lover, and by her sat down,

Saying, My honey, my jewel, my heart's delight,  
Before I would lose you, I'd die at a stake!  
I'll marry my love, and I'll make her my bride;  
And when we are marry'd she'll lye by my side.

And I'll never prove false to you my delight,  
While the stars in the heav'ns they do shine so bright,  
The rocks and the mountains no man can remove,  
Nor will I prove false to the girl that I love.

I'm a stranger in this country from Yarmouth  
I came;

There's nobody knows me, nor can tell my name,  
A stranger in this country, I must tarry a while,  
But I'm far from my darling, O many a long mile.

Some say, I am rakish, some say, I am vile,  
Some say, I am rakish, fair maids to beguile;  
But to make them all liars, if you'll go with me,  
When we get to Jamaica my darling you'll be.

Give my service to Katty, altho' she be poor;  
Likewise unto Polly who lives on yon shore;  
Give my service to Nancy she is my delight;  
I'd roll her in my arms a long winter's night.

Farewel my dearest Polly, whom I do adore,  
For to fight for my King I am going once more,  
But if ever I return I will make you my wife,  
Then we'll live together quite happy for life.

My LOVE is but a LASSIE Yet.

**T**HERE's many one that wed too soon,  
 which often breeds contention O,  
 So I'll not wed this twelve months twa,  
 Till Peggy she grow aulder O!

Auld age and young can ne'er agree,  
 I'll wait a little for her O,  
 She'll soon grow up, and then well wed,  
 And 'gree like Bob and Darby O.

My love she's but a lassie yet,  
 My love she's but a lassie yet,  
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,  
 She'll no be half sae faucy, O.

I rue the day I sought her, O,  
 I rue the day I sought her, O,  
 Wha gets her needna say he's woo'd,  
 But he may say he's bought her, O.

F I N I S.

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