

Merry may the Maid be ;

To which are added,

O THAT I NE'ER HAD BEEN MARRIED,

O rare country Lasses,
The Wealth of a Cottage.



STIRLING:

PRINTED BY W. MACNIE.

MERRY MAY THE MAID BE.

Merry may the maid be
that marry's the miller,
For foul day and fair hay,
he's ay bringing till her;
Has ay a penny in his purse,
for dinner and for supper,
And gin she please, a good fat cheese,
and lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
I spier'd what was his calling,
Fair maid, say's he, O come and see,
you're welcome to my dwelling:
Though I was shy, yet I could spy,
the truth of what he told me;
And that his house was warm and south,
and room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
and in the kist was plenty,
Of good hard cakes, his mither bakes,
and bannocks were na scanty;

A good fat cow, a sleeky cow,
were standing in the byre ;

While lazy puss with mealy mouse,
were playing at the fire.

Good signs are these my mither says,
and bids me tak the miller ;

For foul day, and fair day,
he's ay bringing till-ber :

For meal and ma't she disna' want,
nor any thing that's dainty,

And now and then a keckling hen,
to lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain,
blaws o'er the barn and byre ;

The miller by a clean hearth-stane,
beside a ranting fire.

He sits and cracks and tells his tale,
o'er ale that is right nappy ;

Who'd be a Queen that gaudy thing,
when a miller's wife's sae happy.

● THAT I NE'ER HAD BEEN MARRIED ●

I am a batchlor just in my prime,
who had a good mind to get married,

It happened once on a Saturday's night,
 When late in the ale-house I tarried:
 And as coming home I heard a great noise,
 I stood to listen what it was,
 A woman cries out, O is there no laws:
 O that I cannot be unmarried.

You rogue, I brought you a portion you know,
 and for this to be served by a villian,
 You work all the week, and on Saturday's night,
 brings me nothing home but a shilling.
 A shilling I have three children to feed,
 which is not enough to find them in bread,
 She up with the piss-pot and threw't at his head,
 saying, O that I ne'er had been married.

She sat herself down for to rest her a while,
 and thus she begun for to prattle,
 A lecture she gave him again I declare,
 which made his poor head for to rattle.
 Begone to your whores, I solemnly rwear,
 if you stay any longer; I'll cut off your ears,
 And I'll certainly spoil all the rest of your wares,
 saying, O that I ne'er had been married.

You impudent jade to rail against whores,
 pray where is your gallant the taylor,

By him you had a bastard you know,
 the mean time that I was a sailor.
 You rifled my riches, you plunder'd my store,
 I father'd your bastard when I came on shore,
 You adacious jade to rail against whores,
 saying, O that I ne'er had been married.

The reason of this the women did,
 all reason that I had this failing,
 He only supply'd your place when away,
 the mean time you was a sailing.
 For seven long years that was you from home,
 why should I ly sighing and tumbling alone,
 While you got a Moll, to each port you did come,
 eaying, O that I ne'er had been married.

Before that you rogue, you disgraced me so,
 I pass'd for an honest woman ;
 But now you have let the neighbours to know,
 that I to the taylor was common :
 For disgracing me so, you're the son of a whore,
 she off with her cap, and at him once more,
 Then presently they did roll on the floor,
 saying, O that I ne'er had been married.

The children did squall, the dishes did fly,
 the pipkins did rattle like thunder,

By this time the neighbours broke open the door,
 and strove for to part them asunder ;
 But she, like a scold, did make thus reply,
 go hang you, you rogue, I'll fight till I die,
 She up with her hand double, gave him a black
 eye,
 saying, blast you, you rogue, I'll be master.

O RARE COUNTRY LASSES.

The Lasses that live in this town,
 They for the Lads will give a crown,
 The Lads they are so very scant,
 They will take any before they want
 O rare country Lasses, O rare Lasses O.

With Capuchines and Cardinals,
 They love the Lads that have good t-ils,
 But how to get I do not ken,
 Although they were ne'er so fain. O, &c.

They take three rows of pins to dress,
 They will stand two hours at the glass,
 When that is done they march away,
 Thinking there's none like them so gay, &c.

They busk us brow as e'er they can,
 They go to the fair to get a man;
 They all rank up about the cross,
 Lads come and take them up by force.

○ rare country Lasses, O rare Lasses ○

Then next a fiddle they do want;
 say they, we'll have a clever rant;

Then bid them for to chuse their spring,
 Que's Dainty Davie—ony thing, &c.

They dance and loup as they were daff,
 And are like to ding down the last;
 They dance till they are out of breath,
 And to leave it are very laith, O rare, &c.

The Lasses say they must away,
 because they dare no longer stay;
 says the Lads stay yet a while,
 and we will go with you a mile, O rare, &c.

Then homeward they do steer again,
 The Lads have nothing for their pain,
 but now their money is all gone,
 Which makes them rue when they come home, &c.

The Lasses will laugh at them now,
 and say they ne'er had kiss'd their mow,

And to their neighbours they will tell, *And yet*
 What they have done among themself, &c. *on yet*

Thus never more I do intend,
 My money on a whore to spend,
 But stay at home and work my werk,
 And never kiss more in the dark.

THE WEALTH OF A COTTAGE.

A Blessing unknown to ambition and pride,
 Which fortune can never abate;
 To wealth and to splendour, though often denied,
 Yet on poverty deigns to await;
 That blessing, ye powers oh, be it my lot,
 The choicest best gift from above,
 Deep fix'd in my heart, it shall ne'er be forgot—
 The wealth of a cottage is love.

Whate'er my condition why should I repine?
 By poverty never depress'd;
 Exulting, I felt what a pleasure was mine,
 A treasure enshrip'd in my breast.
 That blessing, &c.

FINIS.