

43  
K. William & the Plowman;

O R,

# Industry Rewarded.

To which is added,

The P O W E R of L O V E.

The R A K I S H B U T C H E R.

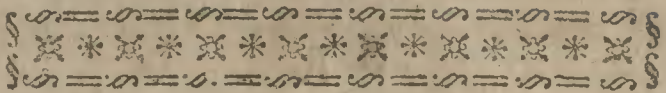
The K I N D L A S S I E,

Blink over the Burn, Sweet Betty.



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King WILLIAM and the PLOWMAN.

**G**reat William, our renowned King,  
 And in the glory of the spring,  
 Went forth to take the pleasant air,  
 Into a comely country there.

Laid by his robes of dignity,  
 Was clothed in humility,  
 That wheresoe'er he chanc'd to go,  
 His royalty they might not know.

As thro' a pleasant field he past,  
 It was his chance to see at last,  
 An aged man with wrinkled brow,  
 Was sweating at the weary plough.

The King most courteously appear'd,  
 And said, Good-morrow, father dear,  
 Which doth our nourishment give forth,  
 Thou painful tiller of the earth.

Then the old man, immediately,  
 Return'd the King this short reply,  
 Good-morrow, right renowned Sir,  
 You are the earth's great Governor.

Then said the King, why saidst thou so?  
 Quoth the old man, because I know:  
 When God this mighty Globe did frame,  
 Man was made Governor of the same.

The King beheld his head all gray,  
 In merriment was pleas'd to say,  
 Upon this mountain there is snow.  
 The man says, time will have it so.

The King, to hear some farther sport,  
 To hear what did the man support;  
 And farther, in discourse did say,  
 What dost thou earn, poor man, a-day?

Two groats a-day, kind Sir, I earn.  
 Then said the King, I can't discern  
 How thy poor life can supply'd be;  
 It's not enough to nourish thee.

If I may tell you as a friend,  
 My wife and I but two-pence spend:  
 And two-pence more, for paying debt,  
 For which my aged forehead sweat:

And thus a careful life I live,  
 And we do both lend, spend, and give.  
 O aged father, said the King,  
 Thou tell'st to me as strange a thing

As ever any mortal knew!  
 The man says, it is perfect true:  
 But Sir to put you out of doubt,  
 This mystery I will make it out:

And, for the first, My wife and I,  
 Two-pence a-day can none deny;  
 My aged parents are yet alive,  
 My duty, which I do contrive,

Two pence a-day to them I give,  
 And will, while I have days to live,  
 To help their poor necessitie,  
 When I was young they nursed me.

Two little babes, kind Sir, I have,  
 Who do for daily succour crave,  
 Their lives in order to defend,  
 A two-pence more I daily spend.

My wife she has two daughters dear,  
 All by a former husband here,  
 To them I give two-pence a-day,  
 And thus I count all given away;

For why? I do not once expect  
 That they will in the least respect,  
 Or succour me in grief or woe,  
 When I shall past my labour go.

The King who heard him all the while,  
 Said, My friend, with a royal smile,  
 In order to increase thy wealth,  
 Here's five guineas to drink my health.

And as the King discoursed there,  
 His royal nobles far and near,  
 Did run to search the whole country,  
 To find his royal Majesty:

And riding o'er the farmer's land,  
 They spied their mighty Monarch stand  
 Discourfing to a ploughman there,  
 And they rode up with heads all bare.

The plowman standing in amaze,  
 He did upon King William gaze;  
 For quaking could not hold a limb,  
 For fear he had offended him.

The King beheld his pannic fear,  
 And said, My friend, be of good cheer;  
 Thy answers have so pleased me,  
 That sure no hurt shall come on thee.

But tell me, Didst thou ever fight  
 Thy foes in shining armour bright?  
 Yea, seven years and something more,  
 Under the mighty Emperor:

Before the wall of Bradow, I  
 Have seen many brave soldiers die;  
 But yet at last we storm'd the town,  
 Gain'd triumph o'er the Romish crown.

The wars once more I intend to see,  
 If it were not for my family:  
 But who of them shall take a care,  
 When I'm abroad, and from them far?

King William instantly reply'd,  
 For them, old soldier, I'll provide,  
 If freely to the wars thou'lt go,  
 Here's a commission I'll bestow,

And clothe thee in armour so bright,  
 If thou against my foes will fight,  
 I'll make of thee a Captain now!  
 O come, and leave the weary plow.

Here's thirty guineas to thy wife,  
That she may live a happy life,  
And have no reason to complain,  
Till we return with joy again.

The old man then receiv'd the gold,  
And said, Renowned King, behold!  
While I have pow'r & strength to stand,  
I'll freely fight with heart and hand.

Then turning his poor coat of grey,  
Into the scarlet rich and gay,  
He like a Champion did appear,  
Whose heart is void of dread or fear.

Thus to the army he did go,  
Where he did such experience show,  
That good King William did declare,  
No Captain with him could compare.

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The P O W E R of L O V E.

**S**ubjected to the pow'r of love,  
By Nelly's restless charms,  
The fancy fix'd no more can rove,  
or fly love's soft alarms.

Gay Damon had the skill to shun,  
all traps by Cupid laid,  
Until his freedom was undone,  
by Nell the conquering maid.

But who can stand the force of love,  
when she resolves to kill;  
Her sparkling eyes love's arrows prove,  
and wound us with our will.

O happy Damon, happy fair,  
 what Cupid had begun,  
 May faithful Hymen take a care,  
 to see it fairly done.

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THE RAKISH BUTCHER.

WHEN first to London I did come,  
 I was a rakish blade, Sir,

I left my country and my home,  
 for truth I had a trade, Sir.

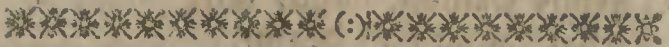
I am a butcher to my trade,  
 and that you may all see, sirs,  
 And of no man I am afraid,  
 but what is that to thee, sirs?

My apron is off from the sheep,  
 as white as any snow, Sir;  
 My trade makes all the lasses skip,  
 wherever they do go, Sir.

Oftimes I made their aprons high,  
 at playing at their riggs, Sir;  
 Then I my home was forc'd to fly,  
 or else to Bridwell drag, Sir.

So here's success unto my trade,  
 we are Knights of the steel, Sir;  
 The lasses like the butcher blade,  
 'cause they blow up their veal, Sir.

But now I'm married to a wife,  
 I'll leave no more the rakish blade, Sir;  
 And stay at home now all my life  
 a working at my trade, Sir.



The K I N D L A S S I E.

W H E N I gaed to the mill my lane,  
 for to grind my ma't,  
 The miller laddie kist me,  
 I thought it was nae fau't.  
 What though the laddie kist me,  
 when I was at the mill,  
 A kifs is but a touch,  
 and a touch can do na ill.

O I loe the miller-laddie,  
 and my laddie loes me,  
 He has sic a blyth look,  
 and a bonny blinking eye.  
 What though the laddie kist me,  
 when I was at the mill?  
 A kifs is but a touch,  
 and a touch can do no ill.



Blink over the Burn, Sweet B E T T Y.

I N Summer I mawed my meadows,  
 I in Harvest I shure my corn,  
 In Winter I married a widow,  
 I wish I was free the morn.

Blink over the burn sweet Betty,  
 blink over the burn to me,  
 O it is a thousand pities.  
 but I was a widow for thee.

F I N I S.