

THE

Beds of Roses.

To which is added,

TEA AND BRANDY.

Time caught and drown'd in Wine.

The REFORMED DRUNKARD.

The CHOICE OF A WIFE.

The CHOICE of a HUSBAND.

CONTENTMENT.



Entered according to Order,



THE BEDS OF ROSES.

AS I was a walking one morning in May,
 The small birds were singing delightful and gay,
 There I with my true love did oft sport and play,
 Down amongst 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 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 plate up her hair,
 Of all love's enjoyments, my love she shall share,
 Down amongst the bonny Beds of Roses.

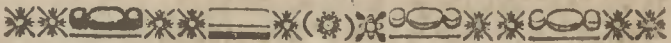
No creature on earth is so happy as me,
 While my charming young girl is set on my knee,
 A smile or a kiss brings fresh pleasure to me,
 Down amongst the bonny Beds of Roses.

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

As I was a walking one morning in 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 these green bushes.



TEA AND BRANDY.

YOU young men all both far and near,
 Listen a while and you shall hear,
 Take care you ben't drawn in a snare,
 By the girls that love Brandy. Fal lal, &c.

Tittle-tattle, now goes about,
 When the first joram is drunk out,
 The landlord nimbly jumps about,
 And in both hands brings Brandy. Fal lal, &c.

The table laid, the cloth is spread,
 Says yellow Moll as I'm a maid,
 Fain would I kiss, but I'm afraid,
 My spark shall smell the Brandy. Fal lal, &c.

The landlord he makes this reply,
 'Tis on your backs you girls must ly,
 Pray which of these will you deny,
 A dish of Tea or Brandy. Fal lal, &c.

The girls spoke up with a hearty voice,
 To have them both it is our choice,
 'Twill make a fair maid's heart rejoice,
 To drink both Tea and Brandy. Fal lal, &c.

If there's an ale-house in the town,
 We'll pawn our smock also our gown,
 And ten times more we will lay down,
 But we'll have Tea and Brandy. Fal lal, &c.

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 so 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,
 Whilst my children & wife were starving for bread.

Come now all ye drunkards take warning by me,
 Your folly in time I would have you to see,
 And all in your youth have your time to begin,
 Pray think on yourselves, let the landladies spin.

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## THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

**I**N city, town, and village, my fancy oft have rovd  
 A Phillis and a Chloe, I every where have lov'd,  
 But, tired 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 I'd go no more a roving,

I care not for Complexion, be she black, brown or fair  
 If she has but discretion, and meaning in her air,  
 Her shape I would have graceful, to pride & folly blind,  
 To mind the one thing needful, to cultivate her mind.

Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

An animated form, where sense & sweetness move,  
 And innocence refining the tenderness of love: (free,  
 From scolding, & from scandal, I'd have her tongue be  
 And always neat and clean keep herself and 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,  
 Of a chearful disposition, with humour free and gay,  
 And sometimes with a song for 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.

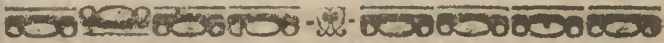
Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

To heighten my affection, and double all my joy,  
 A prospect I would have of a lovely girl or boy,  
 And out of what I have, for, 'tis 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, (mine,  
 She would give me her heart & hand, & I would give her  
 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, &c.



## THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

Since honour has attended us upon the marriage state  
 And from the torch of Hymen our happiness we date  
 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,

Cou'd but my influence,

A conquest gain o'er such a swain,

Endu'd with manly sense.

Then I'd live no longer single.

The fop, the beau, the fribble cou'd ne'er my fancy take  
 Nor yet did I admire the rattle headed rake; (brave,  
 But 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 incline:  
 And affably and 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 sentiments,  
 Free from the pedant's stiffness, or rude impertinence,  
 In all his lawful dealing, 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 but recommend me to such a swain as this  
 I'd think myself arriv'd at the summit of all bliss;  
 And for his health and welfare for ever I would pray,  
 And think myself in duty bound to love & to obey.

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

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## C O N T E N T M E N T.

**T**H O' winter may fright us, and chill us with cold,  
 Bright Phœbus can cheer us with rays pure as gold  
 Then let us not murmur, nor dare to complain,  
 For he who took sun-shine can give it again.

The oak that all winter was barren and bare,  
 Again spreads his branches to wave in the air,  
 All nature rejoicing, appears clad in green,  
 Then let Mirth and Friendship enliven the scene.

The true sons of Freedom together are met,  
 And each by his neighbour, in order is set,  
 While mirth and true Friendship give life to the song,  
 The voice of Contentment the notes shall prolong.

F I N I S.