

# Whistling Daughter.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

PHILLIS AND NANCY.

The HUMOURS of ROSEMARY LANE.


ST. PATRICK'S GLORY.

THE CONTENTED RURICOLIST.

NONE SO PRETTY.



GLASGOW.  
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## THE WHISTLING DAUGHTER.

O Mammy, mammy, I long to be a bride,  
 To have a lusty young man to ly by my side;  
 For it is well known, I am a woman grown,  
 And 'tis a pity one so pretty as I should ly alone.

O daughter I was fifteen before that I was wed,  
 And I was ne'er tired of my sweet maidenhead.  
 O mammy that may be, but 'tis not so with me,  
 I'm young and airy, almost weary, I can't ly alone.

O daughter, daughter, I'll pull your courage down,  
 And with hard labour pull off your sack & gown,  
 And send you each day to the fields a making hay,  
 O daughter, loving daughter, then perhaps you may.

I pray don't send me to the fields, for young men  
 Are tempting, I perhaps may yield to the thing  
 I would not do, nor dare not for to name, (mean.  
 But tell me, loving mother, what can young men

Whistle, daughter, whistle, & you shall have a sheep,  
 I cannot whistle, mother, nor neither can I sleep,  
 My maidenhead, I swear, it fills my heart with care,  
 'Tis a burden, heavy burden, more than I can bear.

Whistle, daughter, whistle, & you shall have a cow,  
 I cannot whistle, mother, neither will I now,  
 My maidenhead, I swear, it fills my heart with care,  
 'Tis a burden, heavy burden, more than I can bear.

Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a  
 Tol de roi dary, don't you hear I can, (man,  
 Silence, hussy, what makes you whistle now?  
 'Cause mam, I love a man better than sheep or cow.

## P H I L L I S AND N A N C Y,

**D**OWN by a grove I rov'd for my fancy,  
 with sweet music attending on me,  
 There I saw Phillis and beautiful Nancy,  
 as they sat reading of their destiny ;  
 Crying, alas ! what shall I ly under,  
 for to find out a true hearted swain,  
 What sorrow & troubles my poor heart lies under,  
 true love I find is a tormenting pain.

Don't you remember the promise you made me,  
 that you'd be constant and true unto me,  
 You promis'd to marry and never deceive me,  
 yet ye daily increase my misery ;  
 Every night when I ought to be sleeping,  
 tears trickle down me like showers of rain,  
 My fond heart would break if 'twas not for weeping,  
 true love I find is a tormenting pain.

I wish little Cupid would grant me one favour,  
 for to let one of his own arrows fly,  
 Into the bosom of my loving creature,  
 that she may feel it as well as I ;  
 That she may feel it in every feature,  
 that she may feel it in every vein,  
 Will marry me, follow me, and carry me over,  
 send me safe home to my charmer again.

Come my brave boys, now let us be drinking,  
 never let sorrow oppress your minds,  
 We'll drink a good health to the lads that's airy,  
 another good health to the girl that's kind ;  
 So here's a good health to false hearted Nancy,  
 likewise to her ever true hearted swain,  
 We'll sing & be jovial, & dance while we're able,  
 for true love I find is a tormenting pain.

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 The HUMOURS of ROSEMARY LANE.

YE bloods and ye bucks that rove thro' the city,  
 Step into Rag-fair, you'll see humours pretty,  
 There's Dolly and Fanny, and amorous Kitty,  
 Each pleasant evening a bart'ring their ware;  
 There you'll see falesmen & double-hand dealers,  
 The doors are adorn'd with parrots and taylor's,  
 Beer-houses in plenty to call jolly sailors,  
 I mean the West end, Sir, of Rosemary Lane.

Some Billing'sgate faggots their sith are a crying,  
 With strong beer and gin their goblets are plying,  
 Every corner adorn'd with women a plying,  
 Breeches for weavers and dressers of hair;  
 Confectioners, chandlers, and pye-shops in plenty,  
 Supplying each person with bits that are dainty,  
 Mountebank doctors to cure all that are tainy,  
 That smack of the sweets of Rosemary Lane.

In midst of the throng, hear old clothes a bauling;  
 O'd hat folks old shoe folks old wig folks, are calling;  
 The barkers the passengers pulling and hauling,  
 Do you want clothes, Sir? yes, this is their game;  
 Mizzley pork, rotten bacon, and sausages frying,  
 Stinking beef, veal & mutton, greazy fellows a crying,  
 The scent almost stifles you as you pass by them,  
 So delicious the food, Sir, in Rosemary Lane.

Some picking of pockets, and usurers cheating,  
 Pawnbrokers and Jews are a fishng and stealing,  
 Some whores in their collars their faces bewailing,  
 By means of the fire they carry in their tail; (7: e  
 From Wapping, Denmark Street, the Banks of Saltpe-  
 Each flash doth repair to screen from the weather,  
 Where knave, thief, & whore do all cling together,  
 Serenading the humours of Rosemary Lane.





## ST. PATRICK'S GLORY.

**M**Y countrymen dear, come let us prepare,  
 all over the Irish nation,  
 On Patrick's birth-day our colours display,  
 with great joy and declaration.

He was a true blue, such members but few,  
 he would not be led by temptation;  
 Fine actions he squar'd, fine temples he rear'd  
 all over this Irish nation.

To magicians all, he gave a downfal,  
 he preach'd to his country's salvation;  
 All venomous things, with poison and stings,  
 chas'd out of this Irish nation.

The snake and the toad, from their place of abode,  
 came here a while for to station,  
 But Patrick's true blue, that did them pursue,  
 chas'd them out of the Irish nation.

Here's success to Rodger, that can hunt the badger,  
 and all the brave Gores in the nation,  
 Likewise Dick Cox, that can hunt the fox,  
 from every cave in this nation.

Success to Kildare, that Shamrockshire peer,  
 like Patrick for our restoration,  
 He run a smart heat, to save all our plate,  
 all over the Irish nation.

Our Shamrocks we'll wear, we'll walk on the square,  
 to no man we'll give provocation, (King,  
 We'll laugh and we'll sing, here's a health to me,  
 by Patrick's sons and this nation.

This health we'll encore, ten thousand and more,  
 of Patrick's sons in the nation,  
 Shamrocks we'll wear, then of us take care,  
 all over the Irish nation.



## THE CONTENTED RURICOLIST.

**T**He sun being set, and my work being done,  
 one more of my days being spent,  
 Then home to my cottage I tript it along,  
 and set myself down with content.

My cottage with woodbines are decked all round,  
 and the jessamines green at my door,  
 Where in it no trouble was there to be found,  
 I have nothing but ground for my floor.

My bed made of flocks, & my sheets are home spun,  
 no trouble ever enters my breast ;  
 For at night being weary I lay myself down,  
 so contented I take me to rest.

With the lark in' the morning I rise to my work,  
 there's nothing perplexes my mind ;  
 If my lambs go astray, see how careful I look,  
 so sure as you seek you shall find.

No thoughts about honour ever enter'd my breast,  
 or riches I ne'er can desire,  
 For the chief of my study is earning my bread,  
 to high title I ne'er can aspire.

With pipe, made of straw for amusement I play,  
 see my lambs they skip over the plain,  
 Being blest with content, see my time slides away,  
 and at night to my cottage again,

## N O N E S O P R E T T Y.

**T**HIS life is like a country dance,  
 The world a spacious hall room,  
 In which so many take a prance,  
 They scarcely find for all room;  
 Fiddlers and pipers in a row,  
 See how the ranks are closing,  
 Each strives his neighbour's faults to shew,  
 While he's his own exposing.

Pray, Ma'am, what dance have you call'd?  
 Matrimony, Ma'am. The figure is extremely easy, you turn single, run away with your partner, lead up the middle, back to back, part and change partners.

## C H O R U S.

Thus busied in the fond turmoil,  
 They time by folly measure,  
 Turn all the pleasure into toil,  
 And fancy toil a pleasure.

Some in full dance with ardour burn,  
 And swim, and glide, and wander,  
 While others waiting for their turn,  
 Sneer, smile, and deal out slander;  
 And so the Count must run away!

Why really I'm afraid so;  
 His flirt has ruin'd him at play,  
 Poor man, I always said so

O no doubt about it, kept by a Physician before she came to the Count, duel with a young apothecary; syringes loaded with analeptic pills. 'Tis your turn to begin, Sir. Sir, I beg your pardon.

Chor. Thus busied in the fond turmoil, etc,

Away they prance it, small and big,  
Brown, ginger, fair, and grizzle,

O Ma'am! you disconcert my wig,

'Twas you, Sir, touz'd my frizzle!

Right hand and left, the figure mind,

O! what are you about, Ma'am?

My dear Miss Giggle you are blind,

My Lady Fuz you're out, Ma'am!

O, Ma'am! you should consider that the dance is  
my Lord Mayor's feast——it begins with a set to,  
and finishes with a reel.

C H O R U S.

Thus busied in the fond turmoil,

They time by folly measure, etc.

Thus dance succeeding after dance,

As if OLD NICK had got 'em,

They scandal vent, and flirt and prance,

And foot it to the bottom;

Thus having made for others sport,

In regular rotation,

With swinging interest they resort

On them the obligation.

Surprizing! did you ever see such a sight as that  
woman! rubbed it all off one side of her face.——

But look at that man what a scarecrow he is, with  
his false calves turned before.—— Come, come,

Ladies and Gentlemen, a new dance; strike up  
NONE SO PRETTY.

C H O R U S.

Thus busied in the fond turmoil,

They time by folly measure,

Turn all their pleasure into toil,

And fancy toil a pleasure.