

T H E

Broom of Cowden-knows,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

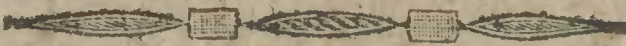
The DISAPPOINTED SAILOR.

CRUEL NELL.

THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD.



GLASGOW,  
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The BROOM of COWDEN-KNOWS.

**T**Hrough Liddesdale lately I went,  
and musing on did pass,  
I heard a maid was discontent,  
she sigh'd, and said, alas!

All maids that e'er deceived were,  
bear part of this my woes;

For once I was a bonny lass,  
when I milk'd my daddy's ewes.

O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,  
the broom of Cowden-knows,

Fain I wad be in the south country,  
to milk my daddy's ewes.

My love into the field did come,  
when my daddy was frae hame;

Sug' red words he gave me there,  
prais'd me for such a one;

His bonny breath and lips so soft,  
and his alluring eye,

And tempting tongue that woo'd me oft,  
now forces me to cry. All maids, &c.

He joy'd me with his pretty chat,  
so well discourse could he,

Talking of this thing, and of that,  
which greatly liked me.

I was so taken with his speech,  
and with his comely making;

He used all the means could be,  
t'enchaut me with his speaking. All, &c.

In Danby-forest I was born,  
 my beauty did excel,  
 My parents dearly loved me,  
 till my belly began to swell.

I might have been a princess' peer,  
 when I came o'er the knows,  
 Till the shepherd's boy beguiled me,  
 milking my daddy's ewes. All maids, &c.

When once I felt my belly swell,  
 no longer might I bide ;  
 My mother put me out of doors,  
 and bang'd me back and side.  
 Then did I range the world so wide,  
 wand'ring among the knows,  
 Cursing the boy who helped me,  
 to fold my daddy's ewes. All maids, &c.

Who would have thought a boy so young,  
 wou'd us'd a maiden so,  
 For to allure her with his tongue,  
 and then from her to go.  
 Which hath, alas! procur'd my woe,  
 to credit his fair shews ;  
 Which now too late, repent I do  
 the milking of the ewes. All maids, &c.

All maidens fair, then have a care,  
 when you a milking go ;  
 Trust not to young men's tempting tongues,  
 that would deceive you so ;  
 For you shall find them prove unkind,  
 and glory in your woes ;

For the shepherd's boy beguiled me,  
folding my daddy's ewes. All maids, &c.

If you your virgin honours keep,  
esteeming of them dear;

You need not then to wail and weep,  
or your parents' anger fear.

As I have said, of them beware  
would glory in your woes;

You then may sing with merry cheer,  
milking your daddy's ewes. All maids, &c.

A young man hearing her complain,  
did pity this her case,

Saying to her, Sweet beauteous faint,  
I grieve so fair a face

Should sorrow such, then my sweeting,  
to ease thee of thy woes,

I'll go with thee to the south country,  
to milk thy daddy's ewes. All maids, &c.

Then modestly she did reply,  
might I so happy be.

Of you to find a husband kind,  
and for to marry me;

Then to you, I will during life,  
continue constant still;

And be a true obedient wife,  
observing a' your will. All maids, &c.

Leander like, I will remain  
still constant to thee ever,

As Pyramus or Troilus  
till death our lives shall sever,



Let me be hated evermore,  
 of all men that me knows,  
 f false to thee, sweetheart, I be,  
 milking thy daddy's ewes. All maids, &c.

Thus with a gentle soft embrace,  
 he took her in his arms,  
 And with a kifs, he smiling said,  
 I'll shield thee from all harms ;  
 And instantly I'll marry thee,  
 to keep thee from all woes ;  
 And go with thee to the south country,  
 to milk thy daddy's ewes.

O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,  
 the broom of Cowden-knows,  
 Fain, wad I be in the south country,  
 to milk my daddy's ewes.

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### THE DISAPPOINTED SAILOR.

**E**ARLY one morning in the Spring,  
 I went on board to serve the King,  
 Leaving my dearest dear behind,  
 Who often told me her heart was mine.

I often took her in mine arms,  
 thought she had a thousand charms,  
 With vows, and oaths, and kisses sweet,  
 We're to be marry'd next time we meet.

While I was sailing on the sea,  
 found an opportunity  
 For to send letters to my dear,  
 But not one word could from her hear.

When we came near Carthagena town,  
 Where cannon balls flew up and down;  
 Whilst in the midst of danger there,  
 My thoughts were on my dearest dear.

When I arriv'd on the British shore,  
 I went to see her I did adore;  
 Her father he made this reply,  
 My daughter does your love deny.

O then he ask'd me what I mean,  
 Or if I lov'd his daughter Jean?  
 She's marry'd now, Sir, for her life,  
 I pray young man seek another wife.

I curs'd the gold and the silver too,  
 And all false women that were not true;  
 Who first make vows and them do break,  
 And break their vows for riches sake.

I would rather be on yonder shore,  
 Where thundring cannons loudly roar;  
 I would rather be where bullets fly,  
 Than in false women's company.

So I'll bid adieu to all woman-kind,  
 I'll sail the ocean round and round;  
 I'll sail the sea until I die,  
 I'll cut the waves that run mountains high.

Now from a window that was nigh,  
 The Lady she made this reply,  
 I pray let reason now take place,  
 Before you do our sex disgrace.

Now hold your tongue you cruel man,  
 For if you sent letters I never got one,  
 If the fault be great, love, 'tis not mine,  
 So don't speak so hard of poor woman-kind.

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### C R U E L N E L L Y.

**A**H! grieve with me, for I have lost,  
 What to my soul is dear;  
 In meagre black despair I'm tost,  
 And in my hot love passion crost,  
 I now a ghost appear.

Now o'er the mead where flowers grow,  
 And yield a fragrant smell,  
 Alone I pensive wand'ring go,  
 And look a melancholy woe,  
 And sigh for cruel Nell.

Her beauteous face, her iv'ry neck,  
 Her moulding bosom round,  
 Raise such desire in me, e-feck;  
 I fear at last my heart will break,  
 Behold in tears I'm drown'd.

But then her shape 'tis such a one,  
 That I could almost span,  
 But oh! she's gone, and I'm undone!  
 And oh! alas! sure as a gun,  
 I am a dying man.

Ah! what a taper leg has she,  
 And ah! her snowy thighs;  
 And garter'd too above the knee,  
 'Tis true (if you'll but believe me)  
 Or else I tell a lye.

Now she may give another swain,  
 Her wish'd for maiden-head ;  
 And grieve for me (ah ! hapless swain)  
 When deep in grave my head is lain—  
 What's that when I am dead ?

**The AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD.**

**T**HE auld man's mare's dead,  
 The puire man's mare's dead,  
 The auld man's mare's dead,  
 A mile aboon Dundee.

She had the hooks they ca'd the crooks,  
 The jaw pish and the wanton looks :  
 On every lug she had the brooks,  
 And the hooks aboon her eye.

Chor. And the auld man's mare's, etc.

She was cut-luggit, panch-lipit,  
 Steel-wamed, stanchel-fitit,  
 Chanler-chafstet, and lang-neckit,  
 And yet the bruit did die. And, etc.

When first my master came to town,  
 He tied me to a stanchel round,  
 He took a chappin to himsel,  
 But ne'er a drap gae me.

Chor. And the auld man's mare's dead,  
 The puire man's mare's dead ;  
 The peats and turs and a's to lead,  
 And yet the brute did die.