

T H E

Humours of Gravel-Lane;

O R, T H E

Cobler's Daughter's Wedding,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

The Magic cavern, or Virtue's Triumph.

SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

MIDNIGHT WATCH.

THE BRITISH HERO; Or,
DEATH of GEN. WOLFE.

A SMILING FULL BOWL.

THE LAMENTING MAIDEN.



G L A S C O W,

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The HUMOURS of GRAVEL-LANE;
OR, THE
COBLER'S DAUGHTER'S WEDDING.

A TAYLOR courted a Cobler's Daughter,
whose living was near Gravel-lane,
But mark, I pray, what followed after,
for she was a girl that was fond of the game;
When he came to her, thinking to woo her,
her father to him thus begun,
Says, If you'll take her, and wise you'll make her,
I'll give you a portion when you're my son.

Although I say it, she is a clever girl,
as ever was bred in Gravel-lane,
Although she's drest in no rich apparel,
there's many a dray-boy knows her name:
Bear down upon her, you'll gain the honour,
that none before has ever done,
That is to take her, and a wife to make her,
and you'll gain the title of a cobbler's son.

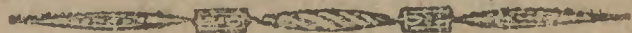
Then says the Taylor, I do not rattle,
I am worth a thimble, goose, and sheers,
Likewise a needle I have us'd in battle,
against all my foes for these many years;
Whene'er they seize me, or try to tease me,
I run them quite thro' 'till the job's done,
So if I take her, and a wife I make her,
I'll have a portion when I'm your son.

The portion I will give to my daughter,
'tis worth a couple of pence or more,
So of her I beg you will make no laughter,
for she is the child we do adore;

Two wooden spoons and an old tin kettle,
 a pipkin crack'd but doth not run,
 So if you take her, and wife you make her,
 all this you'll have when you're my son.

The jolly Taylor quickly consented,
 for to be married out of hand,
 And with her portion he was contented,
 being as much as he did demand ;
 In a cart were carried for to be married,
 in a rag shod the first job was done,
 Where the old wife danc'd, & the cobbler pranc'd,
 for to see their daughter and their son.

A Chimney Sweeper he was the Parson,
 an old Small Coal-man he stood for Clerk,
 To view the Bride she was quite handsome,
 was you to see her in the dark ;
 She was hump-backed, and bandy-legged,
 and her mouth as wide as a barrel's bung,
 So they were wedded, and then were bedded,
 in Gravel-lane all amongst the dung.



The MAGIC CAVERN, or VIRTUE'S TRIUMPH.

COME listen ye lads, and ye lasses around,
 To a stave or two sung by Harry Hidebound ;
 A tanner I am, of no humble degree,
 And tanners all mankind I'll prove are like me.
 Tol de roll, etc.

The lawyer so great, with big wig and long band,
 His conscience, as bullock's hide, stoutly tann'd,
 Yet touch with a double fee wisely that part,
 'Twill stretch like a glove, it is tann'd with such art.
 To de roll, etc.

Physicians, likewise, are all tanners by trade,
 And fortunes by working on sheep-skins have made;
 With bark they tanning their patient's inside,
 'Till shoemaker Death bores a hole thro' the hide.
 Tol de rol, etc.

To the tan-pit of Cupid fond lovers repair,
 And throw themselves in thro' a fit of despair,
 But Hymen good-natur'dly oft helps them out,
 And their hearts being tann'd, why they soon get
 about. Tol de rol, etc.

The foes of Old England don't tanning despise,
 And to season their hides well, I think they are wise,
 But in spite of the Devil, that Tanner of sins,
 When Britons strike home, they shan't sleep in
 whole ikins. Tol de rol, etc.

SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

WHEN Edward first heard Poll of Plymouth was
 the functions of life made a pause, (dead,
 His piteous eyes stood aghast in his head,
 his shipmates enquired the cause;
 Reviving a while, he address them all round,
 with his hand closely prest on his heart,
 Saying, Within this sad letter at once I have found,
 the sceptre of death and his dart.

It tells that my dear Poll of Plymouth is dead,
 my comfort, my joy, and my life,
 When I was torn from her, she flew to her bed,
 and sighing resign'd her dear life;
 He fancied he saw his dear Poll in the clouds,
 then say for poor Edward, he cry'd,
 And swift as his fancy he ran up the shrouds,
 and eagerness flash'd in his eyes.

He call'd for all hands, and he gave a loud shriek,
 and now all distracted he raves, (leak,
 Saying, Don't you see that my heart's sprung a
 and threw himself into the waves;
 All hands were employ'd to prevent his sad fate,
 the long boat was hoisted in vain,
 They dragg'd him on board, but, alas! 'twas too late;
 for he never once breathed again.

M I D N I G H T W A T C H.

WHen the night, and the midwatch is come,
 And chilling miltshang o'er the darkned main,
 Wh'n sailors think of their far distant home,
 And on these friends they ne'er may see again,
 Yet when the fight's begun,
 And you're serving at the gun,
 Should any thoughts of these come o'er your mind,
 Think only should the day be won,
 How 'twould cheer,
 Their hearts to hear,
 That their own companion he was one.

Or my lad, should you a mistress kind,
 Have left on shore, some pretty girl, and true,
 Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
 And sighs to think how it may fare with you.
 Yet when the fight's begun,
 And you're serving at the gun,
 Should any thoughts of her come o'er your mind,
 Think only should the day be won,
 How it would cheer
 Her heart to hear,
 That her own true sailor he was one.

The British HERO; or, Death of Gen. WOLFE

R E C I T A T I V E.

O'er Quebec's plain, where Gallia's forces spread
 To many warlike chiefs the destin'd bed,
 When Wolf appear'd all glorious to behold,
 His bands connected, resolute, and bold;
 The clanging instruments awake the woods,
 And sounds responsive tremulate the floods;
 The burnish'd arms attract the solar rays,
 And glit'ring terror o'er the field displays,
 When thus brave Wolfe address'd his warlike train,
 While on the Gallic lands he look'd disdain.

A I R.

Think, think, my brave friends,
 On your valour depends,
 Your country's glory and good,
 No mean thoughts of gain
 In your breast entertain,
 Be lucrative motives withstood.

Let honour inspire,
 For honour give fire,
 For honour high brandish the blade;
 Be virtue your cause,
 And honour your laws,
 Your toils will by Heav'n be repaid.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Now carnage led by horror shews her face,
 And unrelenting death encreas'd his pace,
 Drums, trumpets, cannons in confusion roar,
 Expiring cries alight the hostile shore,

But in the field, alas! as in the state,
 The greatest merit meets the hardest fate;
 Wolfe falls, Britannia's Genius gave a groan,
 And Fame immortal seal'd him for her own,
 Streaming in blood he rolls his livid eyes,
 And hearing shouts, has England lost? he cries,
 O no! to view the Victor's Colours fly,
 My country conquers, and in peace I die.
 Yet ere his soul it's destin'd journey sped,
 He sigh'd, and thus to his attendants said.

A I R.

Farewel, my friends, Britannia now adieu,
 I die contented, since I bleed for you;
 Victory now his wings expands,
 To smooth the tractless way,
 And peace immortal opes its hands,
 To lead me up to day.
 My country's serv'd, I ask no greater fame,
 Than is contained in a Briton's name.

A SMILING FULL BOWL.

Will you credit a Miser, 'tis gold makes us wise,
 The bliss of his life, the joy of his eyes:
 And ask a fond lover, where wisdom he places,
 To be sure in his mistress, her charms & her graces;
 But let the free lad speak the joy of his soul,
 'Tis a sparkling Glass, and a smiling full Bowl.

The Miser is wretched, unhappy and poor;
 He suffers great want in the midst of his store:
 The lover's disconsolate, mopish, and sad,
 For that which when gain'd will soon make him mad,
 The Miser's a Fool, and the Lover's an Ass,
 And he only's Wife, who adores the full Glass.

Let the Miser then hug up his ill gotten Pelf,
 And to feed empty bags, he may starve his ownself,
 Let the Lover still languish 'twixt hope & despair,
 And doat on a face as inconstant as fair:
 But still may his blifs be as great as his soul,
 Who pays no devoir but to Wine and the Bowl.

THE LAMENTING-MAIDEN.

YE maids, wives, & widows also, give attention,
 Unto these few lines, tho' dismal to mention;
 I'm a maiden distracted, in the deserts I'll rove,
 To the gods I'll complain for the loss of my love.

CHORUS.

Broken-hearted I wander, broken-hearted I wander,
 My bonny light-horseman is slain in the war.

Had I wings like an eagle; so quickly I'd fly,
 To the very spot where my true-love did die,
 On his grave would I flutter my out-stretch'd wings,
 And kiss his cold lips over and over again.

Two years & two months since he left England's
 My bonny light-horseman that I did adore; (shore,
 O why was I born, the sad day for to see, (me.
 When the drum beat to arms & did force him from

Not a Lord, Duke, or Earl, could my love exceed,
 Nor a more finer youth for his King e'er did bleed,
 When mounted on horse he so gay did appear,
 And by all his regiment respected he were.

Like the dove that doth mourn when it looses its
 So will I for my love, till I die for his sake, (mate,
 Not a man on this earth my affections shall gain,
 I'll a maid live and die for my love that was slain.