CRAFTY MILLER;

OR, THE

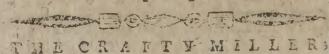
MISTAKEN BATCHELOR.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

FAREWEL TO SPRING.
THUNDERING ROARING GUNS.
BEAUTIFUL NANCY.
A FAVOURITE HUNTING SONG.



G L A S G O WOINBURG rinted by J. & M. ROBERTSON, Saltmarket, 1802.



OR, THE

MISTAMEN BATCHELOR.

The tricks of a miller you quickly shall bear,
A gentleman had a fine water mill,
And in it this poor honest miller did dwell,
But fortune did frown as it doth appear,
Ile could pay no rent for the space of two year.
Fal lal de ral, la de, etc.

The Landlord resolv'd he would make no firife, Tho' greatly instant'd with the poor Miller's wife. Honest Miller, he cry'd, I beg you'll not moan, for if you can't pay me, pray let it alone. Come, come to the tavern, it is my design, To give you the share of a bottle of wine.

Fal lal de ral, etc.

Being mellow with wine, as we all may suppose, The Landlord cries Miller; my mind I'll disclose; 'Tis true, I'm in love with your honest bride, And if you'll consent, I shall by by her side, I mean to surrender with heart and good will. The rent that you owe me and give you the mill Fall lal de ral, etc.

Kind Sir, fays the Miller, I grant your don't, they wife's at your will when you please to ly by her I freely consent, you shall have your will. But now let's have writings concerning the mall with all my heart the Landlord did say, we'll have them drawn here without more delay.

Fal lal de ral, etc.

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But, quoth the Willer, it will be a jeer,
If that we in public do let it appear;
To fave both our credits, and bring it to pass,
I have in the meadow a dainty the as.
That will appear better the bond for to fill,
For the lend of the ass you mult give me the mill.
Fal lal de ral, etc.

Wellfaid fays the Landlord, that will end the strife. But you know that my meaning stoly with your wife. Indeed, fays the Miller, you shall have your delight. But who shall we get this bond for to write; As foreune would have it the Parson came by, The Landlord he saw him, and to him did cry. Fal lal de ray, etc.

Kind Sir, here's a bond I beg you will fill, That I give to this Miller a good water mill, And quit him the rent for two years past, And all for the lending to me his she ass. That is a good act the Parson did say, The bond I will fill without more delay.

Fal lal de ral, etc.

When the Miller the bond in his pocket had got, Took leave of his Landlord, & homeward did trot, He whidled and fung, and laugh'd in his fleeve. To think how his Landlord he meant to deceive. The bond is fecure, the bargain is fast, Instead of my wife he shall have my she ass.

Fal lal de ral, etc.

The Gentleman he was as brisk as an eel,
And soon the next morning some courage did seels.
He call'd to his man, and he gave him a glass,
Saying, Go to the Miller and setch his she als,
Now mind that you get your story quite pass.
He'll know what you mean, but—mum for all that

Fal lal de ral. etc.

The fervant he down to the Miller did hafte, And told him his Master must have his the ass. The Miller he fmil'd, but nothing he faid, But taking a halter, goes down to the mead; Then leading the als up, and when he had done, The servant said Miller, sure this is high fun. Fal lal de ral, etc. -

My Maiter's commands Pll quickly obey. Then taking the als he led her away; As the Malter had order'd, he sweep'd out the hall. And foon it became a she ass's stall! But the wine and the fowls he kept for his pains, For the afs it was dumb, and could not complain.

Fal lai de ral, etc.

When he came to his Mafter, hewhispering faid, Sir, I've brought home that mettlefome jade. That's well, faid the Mafter, my counfel now keep, A fancy by this time the wants for to fleep, Go tell the housekeeper to put her to bed, With clean holland freets, and the best coverlid.

Fal lal de ral, etc.

The housekeeper & servants they laugh'd amain. To hear that the als in hed must be lain. Then madain was dress'd in her pinners so neat, And they put her to bed, and cover'd her feet, They hid her ly fill, fo they all went to reft, But now comes the end and cream of the jest.

Fal lal de ral, etc.

The Matter came hom quite pleas'd to the life, And thought to embrace the Miller's fair wife; Then alking his man if his dear was affect, And into the room quite foftly did creep. lack laught till he pitt, and crept up for to fee, How his Matter and Jenny did feem' to agree."

Hal lai de ral, etc.

[5]

He sat down on the bed, and the ass gave a groan; He said, My dear jewel, I beg you'll not moan; I long have admired your beautiful sace, And now I have bought you, I will you embrace, So then into bed he tembled amain, But to his surprise he was kick'd out again.

Fal lal de ral, tte.

What the devil is this in my chamber? faid he, Said Jack, 'tis the ais that the Miller gave me. That rogue of a Miller has trick'd me at last, Instead of his wife has fent his the ais. Then he said to his servants, my counsel pray keep, And turn this damn'd ass into the street.

Fal lal de ral, etc.

The als she was found the next day at a fair, Which made all the country gassers to stare; The pinners and smock they took from her hide, And held it convenient the als should be cry'd. The Miller he came, and the als he did own, And thro' every village the story was known.

Fal lal de ral, etc.



FAREWEL TO SPRING.

AREWEL to fpring, virgins and wives,
Bithe bloom when fassiron grows dark,
Our harvest is come, come lads to your reaping,
Your sickles are keen, come lads to your reaping,
Come lasses to glean, plough, and sow.

The fun peeps to broad, and the twylight is flown, The dawn of the morning throws off the grey gown, Come lads to your labour, 'tis welcome' the day, Your hearty meal's meat shall your labour repay.

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Hodge cross his shoulder from the barn bears a sail, Whilst Nell crosses the stile, on her head a sull pall, Our cattle well fodder'd, to the cottage let's haste, No other pains take, on brown bread make a feast.

Neither courtly nor colly, nor book-learnt we thow, Plain drefling, plain dealing is all that we know, No cares rus across us; but those loves we find, Those cured if your sweetheart proves but kind.



THUNDERING ROARING GUNS.

Entlemen all come liften to my merry fong,
I 'lisofthe noble Hornfides & bold Foudroyant,
The bravelt engagement that ever was feen,
Was by a British thip in the bay of Carthagene.
Chor. Where was thundering and roaring,

Rauting and roaring,

Where was thundering and roaring guns,

Thundering and roaring guns."

So clear was the morning and glorious the day, As we were a cruifing in Carthagene bay, Five fail of the French we chanc'd for to meet, Came bearing down directly upon the British fleet.

With their thundering and roaring, etc.

Then our admiral gave the fignal for to chace, When courage appear'd in each Briten's face; The Moimouth got up with the brave Foudroyant, And so fell to firing with their key diag-o-dong

With their thundering and roaring, etc.

At fix he evening we saw them engage, The Foudroyant and Monmouth were so entaged. They throve for victory, but all was in vain. For Britain will always be lords of the main.

With their thundring and toaring, etc.

[17]

But firsight a fumnions dispetch'd by pale death, When brave colonal Gardoner furrender'd his breath, Fight on my brave heroes, 'tis all I require, Then like a British failor to hravely did expire.

By his shundering and sparing, etc.

Then like a little devil the Monmouth did light, Against the great Goliah in the dead of night, With broadside for broadside, each other slike, And after shifteen glasses compelled them to strike. By our thundering and rousing, etc.

BEAUFIFUL NANCY.

Was down in a valley, by the fide of a grove, By a clear chry hal fountain I faw my true love, The birds were a finging, the lambs were at play, On a bank of fweet violets she carelesty lay.

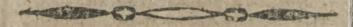
When first I beheld her my heart was surprized, By the bloom of her cheeks, and her sparkling eyes; Young Cupid was cruel, he directed his dart, For the sake of my Mancy she wounded my hearts

Now here in this torment I fill do remain.
Likeathielthat's fentenc'd l'mbound inlova's chain,
No peace night or day can my heart ever find,
The thoughts of ray Nancy fo trouble my mind.

Bring me pen, ink, and paper, all for to write, To my beautiful Nancy, my joy and delight, She's charming, the's beautiful, the's pretty & fair, There's none in the country dan with her compare.

Small birds on the branches are bless with a mate, The dove is a mourning for my hapless fate, The lark with her fine notes mounting the air, Bings me no glad tidings from my dearest dear. [-8,]---

Farewel derrest Nancy, since we must parted be, I'll away to the mountains where none shall me see, The rocks shall hide me, & bring me to my grave, So farewel Nancy, since I cannot you have.



A. FAVOURITE HUNTING SONG.

Ark! the huntiman's begun to found the shrill come quickly unkennel the hounds, (horn; Tis a beautiful gittering golden ey'd morn, we'll chase the fox over the grounds.

See yonder fits Reynard fo crafty and fly, come saddle your coursers apace, The hounds have a scent, and are all in full cry, they long to be giving him chace.

The horsemen are mounted, & steeds feel the spur,

and fwifely they four it along,

Rapid after the fox runs each mulical cur, follow, follow, my boys, is the fong.

Over mountains and vallies they skim it away, now Reynard's almost out of fight, But sooner than lose him we'll spend all the day in hunting, for that's their delight.

By eager pursuing they have him at last, be's so tir'd, poor regue, down he lies; Now starts up alress, young Suap has him fast, he trembles, kicks, struggles, and dies.

GLASGOW,

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