

Weather Beaten Soger;

OR THE

Burgo-Master of Venice.

IN FOUR PARTS.



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THE WEATHER-BEAVEN SOGER.

P A R T I.

HERE you may see the turns of fate,
From woe to joy, from poor to great;
A mark of Fortune's special love,
Who did a soldiers grief remove.

One who in former days, 'tis told,
Had trudg'd through weather hot and cold,
'Till he was poor and pennyless,
You would have laugh'd to've seen the dress.

His shoes with trudging up and down,
No sole they had; a hat no crown;
His coat no sleeves, his shirt the same,
But by his side a sword of fame.

Without a scabbard good or bad,
Nor was there any to be had;
His coat and breeches would not come,
In slepht to cover half his bum.

Now being weary of his trade;
One day he to his Captain said,
Pray now give me a full discharge,
That I my fortune may enlarge.

I am persuaded I shall be,
A burgo-master, Sir, said he,
To Venice, if you'll let me go.
His Captain smiling, answer'd, No.

With you, said he, I will not part.
Then, thought the soldier, I'll desert,
My colours, let what will befall:
And soon he went for good and all.

Now as he march'd with all his might,
A coachman and his worthy knight,

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Upon the road he chanc'd to find,
And ask'd to borrow full five pound.
At this the Knight laugh'd out again,
And said, When will you pay'd again?
He answer'd, Sir you shall be paid,
When I am a Burgo master made.

Of Venice, which shall be my lot,
The Noble Knight away he got,
And laugh'd to see him in that trim,
But yet the the coachman lent it him.

This being done away he went,
To Venice, where some time he spent,
To view the palace rich and gay,
And then to Burgo's went away,

Who kept a house to entertain
All kinds of guests—as it is plain;
He call'd for wine and liquor free.
Though in a wretched garb was he.

P A R T II.

THIS soldier was a gallant blade,
And while in pleasure there he stay'd;
Behold a Squire who lived near,
Court'd the Burgo's daughter dear,

Now as he kept her company,
One day the soldier sittin' by,
Feigning asleep, did overhear
Their private talk as will appear,

Part of their amorous chat was this
My dear sweet love and charming bliss
Let me enjoy this self-same night,
The damsel told him that he might.

If he would to her chamber creep,
When all the house were fast asleep,
About the hour of twelve o'clock,
She would the door for him unlock.

The soldier heard the whole design,
Thought he, The pleasure shall be mine
And thereupon he went before,
To the young Lady's chamber-door.

He knock'd, and soon she let him in,
A pleasant game did then begin,
And ere an hours time it was past,
Her love the 'Squire did come at last,
He knock'd, Who's there? the Lady cry'd,
The soldier lying by her side,
Said, it's the ragged fellow sure,
Who seem'd as if he slept secure.

He heard us and is come to have,
The pleasure that our love did crave;
But it's in vain, I shall arise
And cast the piss-pot in his eyes.

Accordingly, in woful case,
He dash'd it in thr 'Squire's face;
Away he goes, and nothing said,
Supposing it had been the maid.

She laughed at the pleasant jest,
And gave him then among the rest,
A diamond ring with kisses sweet,
But did not understand the cheat.

Then he arose and went his way,
Behold on the succeeding day,
Upon his right hand the ring she spy'd,
Pray where had you the same she cry'd.

He answer'd then, and thus he said,
Pray be not in the least dismay'd;
For you was loving, kind and free,
Last night, and gave the same to me.

O bless me did I ly with you?
Since it is so I pray be true;

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And do not let the same be told,
So thou shalt never want for gold.

He vowd he would conceal the same,
Soon after this the 'Squire he came,
Saying, Why was you so unkind?
The piss-pot made me almost blind.

The youthful damsel answer'd thus,
'Tis good enough if it were worse;
Because you thought to ruin me,
My honour and my chastity.

P A R T III.

IN part the third we must return,
Unto a mighty great concern,
Consisting of some thousand pounds,
Which the poor soldier's fortune crowns.

Behold her wealthy father he,
Did send four mighty ships to sea,
Laded with glorious merchandize,
Rich silks with other wares likewise,

They had been gone full seven years,
No tale nor tiding they could hear,
Of them at length he gave them o'er,
And never thought to see them more.

At length there was a letter brought,
The ships were safe with riches fraught,
Near to the borders of the land,
Which news came to his daughters hand,

Then having view'd and read the same,
She to the ragged soldier came;
Crying, My dear, be true to me,
You shall a Burgo-master be.

My Father thinks his ships are lost,
Which now are on the Venice coast;
And ere he does the tidings hear,
Go buy his rights in them my dear.

And when thou hast the bargain bought,
Of four large ships richly fraught;
Be what it will of me you shall
Have money to pay for it all.

Then on her father he did wait,
And struck a bargain with him straight;
For the four ships four hundred pound,
Whether the same be lost or found.

No sooner was the bargain made,
And that small sum of money paid;
But he heard the ships were come,
Their burden was a mighty sum.

Then did the Burgo-master fret,
Cause he with such a loss had met;
But since it could no better be,
He with the soldier did agree,

To take the daughter for a bride,
With all my heart he then reply'd;
Then out of hand they married were,
The soldier and the lady fair.

No sooner were they made man and wife,
But straight her father left this life,
And when he in his grave was laid,
The son was Burgo-master made.

He that had travel'd many miles,
Was now by Fortune's special smiles,
Made mighty, powerful and great,
And knew no end of his estate.

P A R T I V.

NOW mind the last part I pray,

I make no question but you'll say
Still as you read the story out,
The things were strangely brought about.

While he was Burgo-Master there,
His former Captain did repair.

Into his house, by chance to dine.
 With other brave commanders fine,
 The Burgo-master seeing that,
 He straight put on his crownless hat,
 With all his other ragged clothes,
 And so into the room he goes.

The Captain then began to swear,
 Lieutenant, pray see who is there,
 My ragged Burgo-master, who
 In private from his colours flew.

Straight from the presence of his guests,
 He slept away, himself he drest,
 In sumptuous robes he drest again,
 And then return'd to them again.

The Captain said, right worthy Sir
 Here is a foolish ragged cur,
 Endu'd with neither wit no sense,
 'll hang him or I go from hence.

He from his colours did desert.
 The Burgo said, he not so tart,
 In presence of these gentlemen.
 Write his discharge, here's guineas ten.

He wrote the same and took the gold,
 The Burgo-master said, behold,
 I am the man, and now at last,
 What once I said has come to pass.

The Captain then began to fume,
 And told his gallants in the room,
 If he had known as much before,
 It should have cost him ten times more.

And then within a month and less,
 The Knight who once he did address,
 To lend him five pounds on the road,
 Came there to take up his abode.

The Burgo-master as before,
 Put on his robes both rent and tore;
 So that the Knight might know him straight,
 As he did on his worship wait.

He to his coachman turned round,
 And said, there's one owes on five pound,
 When do you think the same to get?
 He is not Burgo-master yet.

The coachman said, as I do live,
 I freely do the same forgive,
 For to my grief I still do see,
 He remains in poverty.

For some short time he went away,
 And dress'd himself in rich array,
 In feathers fine and rich perfume,
 and so return'd into the room.

Having discours'd with them a while,
 He told the coachman with a smile,
 As he helped him in time of need.
 He would return it now indeed.

He gave him then five thousand pound,
 Likewise a match for him he found,
 A sweet young lady fair and clear,
 Daughter to a renowned Peer.

The knight was vexed to the heart,
 That he must with his servant part:
 But let him grieve, it must be so,
 Whether his Lordship will or no.

Thus he who once was mean and poor,
 At length enjoys a happy store,
 Which Fortune unto him did send,
 And he prov'd grateful to his friend.

F I N I S.