

THE

Dorsetshire Garland;

OR, THE

Beggar's Wedding

IN THREE PARTS.

Edinburgh, printed by J. Morren, Cowgate.

## THE BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

## PART I.

**A**LL you that delight in a jest that is true,  
Give ear to these lines I unfold unto you  
I'm sure you will smile when these lines you do hear,  
This frolick was acted in fair Dorsetshire.

A noble Knight of renown lived there,  
And he had a daughter of beauty most fair.  
Hard by liv'd a Merchant who had riches store,  
And he had a son whom he did adore.

The knight & the merchant being neighbours so near  
In friendship did live, and lov'd each other dear,  
And they had agreed these sweet infants so fair,  
Should be man and wife when come to ripe years.

This Merchant fell sick, and his Lady likewise,  
They sent for the Knight with tears in there eyes,  
Saying, With this world we shortly must part,  
And leave our sweet baby the joy of our heart.

I hope if we leave this sweet babe in your care,  
And all our estate and worldly affair,  
You'll take care of him when we're laid in the grave,  
And furthermore grant us the thing that we crave.

That you will not break your promise to me,  
But give your fair Daughter his Bride for to be;  
But if that he die ere to age he do come,  
Then all I leave him it shall be your own.

To the church of England I'd have him upbrought  
To serve his high Maker, I'd have him be taught,  
That we may meet together in heaven above.  
Dear Sir, says the Knight, for your friendship & lov

What has past betwixt us, I'll take special care,  
 How I do bring up your dear Son and Heir ;  
 And if that so long the Lord give him life  
 My beautiful Daughter I'll give him to Wife.

And so for the Babes they sent for with speed,  
 The Merchant he cry'd, My heart it does bleed,  
 To leave you behind me, but it must be done,  
 For death calls me hence, and my glass it is run.

The Will being done I'm content he did say,  
 He kiss'd the sweet Babes, with lips cold as clay ;  
 So both in one minute did yield up their breath,  
 The happiest couple that e'er liv'd on earth,

The Merchant and Wife being laid in the grave,  
 He took home the Child and kept him most brave,  
 The Knight's only Daughter and the Merchant's Son,  
 Became all the talk of the neighbouring town.

These children they loved each other dear,  
 This covetous Knight he began for to fear,  
 This promise, which he did count but a jest,  
 He must perform, which disturbed his rest.

My Daughter, said he, is of beauty most bright,  
 And she will be fit for a Lord or a Knight  
 But ten thousand pounds there is left to this boy,  
 I'll find out a means his life to destroy.

## P A R T II.

**H**E hired a beggar this child for to kill,  
 The innocent Babes thinking no ill,  
 As they in innocent sport were at play,  
 With a treacherous laugh this false Knight did say,

Come Jemmy, go forth for to take the air ;  
 And I, worthy Sir, said his Daughter so fair ;

For to go and gather dazies with Jamie will go;  
Her Father answer'd, it must not be so,

You must stay at home till we come again,  
This innocent child, like a lamb to be slain,  
Did go with the beggar for many a mile;  
At length he did say to him with a smile

Pray where are you going, Sir, tell unto me,  
Must I go no more pretty infant to see!  
His innocent talk made the beggar relent,  
So home to his wife with the child then he went

He told her the story, the woman she cri'd,  
He is a sweet creature, a well favour'd bairn;  
A begging now with us, I say let him go,  
We'll call him our son let us order it so.

But five years of age was this Merchant's Son,  
Yet he for the loss of his Susan did mourn;  
The Beggarman's Wife to her Husband did say,  
Come let us contrive to steal Susan away;

It will be but justice to that cruel man,  
That wanted his innocent life to trap in;  
The Beggar to Dorset then instantly went,  
To steal this young Lady was resolute bent.

He brought her ten miles till he came to a town  
He stript off her clothes that she might not be known  
And over the hedge he tare them indeed,  
So homeward at night he did hasten with speed.

In two or three days she arriv'd at his cell;  
Where a noble legion of beggars did dwell;  
Where now we will leave the two lovers so young  
And turn to the Knight who does bitterly mourn.

A hue and a cry leads through every town,  
For finding his Daughter, five hundred pounds;

They brought him her clothes they found in the field,  
Which made him believe that his child was kill'd,

Now Heaven, he cry'd, I see it is just,  
The innocent Babe which I had to my rust,  
His blood cries for vengeance, I hate my desert,  
I have lost my Daughter, the joy of my heart.

So now let us leave the false traitor to mourn,  
Who wand'ring about like a man that's forlorn,  
And turn to young Jemmy and Susan a'ise,  
Who along with the rest a mumping did go.

The Beggar he then for his children doct o'm,  
The dearestest Babies that ever was known;  
Which pleas'd him so well, to Doll he did say,  
The moaty was given this Babe for to slay,

He shall have for a portion, and twice as much more,  
And since that each other they so much adore,  
If that they do live to the age of eighteen,  
Ye'll have the finest wedding that ever was seen.

For Jemmy and Susan in marriage we'll join,  
Do not me co'troul for this fro'ck is mine:  
A score of fine suitors I mean to have there,  
And we'll keep this wedding in fair Dorsetshire.

We'll blaze it about, that upon such a day,  
A brave beggar's wedding there is for to be;  
The gentry will be ready to see such a sight,  
And if he be living that perjur'd Knight,

When that the wedding is done and all o'er,  
I'll take the young couple unto his own door;  
And make him a present of his own Daughter fair,  
And tell him it is Jemmy his own son and Heir.

Old Doll was well pleased to hear him say so,  
So merrily they out a cruising did go.  
For thirteen long years at this rate they did run,  
At length the time for this wedding did come.

## P A R T III.

**T**H E richest attire that there could be bought  
 With silver and gold was richly wrought,  
 For the Bride and Bridegroom they then did prepare  
 And so took their journey for fair Dorsetshire.

A score of the best that belong'd to the tribe  
 They took them along for to credit the Bride ;  
 The lame with their crutches, the halt and the blind  
 Were plac'd in great order to follow behind.

When they had been two or three days in the town  
 The fame of a wedding was spread up and down  
 The rich and the poor being curious to see,  
 And many resolv'd the Bride's guest to be.

They hired the noblest hall in the town,  
 That the rich and the poor had room to sit down,  
 But Jemmy and Susan were kept up secure,  
 Till they in their splendor appear'd at the door.

Some hundreds of people that stood for to gaze  
 At the sight of the couple, were struck with amaz  
 For she did appear like an angel divine,  
 And he all the rest of his sex did obline.

Old Doll and her Husband they followed the Bride  
 With a budget of good bread and cheese by their side  
 And after came hopping the blind and the lame,  
 Such a wedding in England before was ne'er seen.

This couple they were not asham'd of their guests  
 Because that they nothing did know of their birth  
 Being joined in marriage, they back did return,  
 And now of the pectin e they had, Sir, at home.

They furnished the table with good wedding cheer  
 They had mumpt on the road coming to Dorsetshire  
 Good rind of fat bacon and nice mouldy cheese,  
 And niggins of ale, Sir, as strong as you please.

Dinner being ended, starts up one of the guests,  
 Who pull'd out his pipes and played the best,

the lame and the blind fell to dancing the May,  
the gentry flock'd in as they would to a play.

Amongst the rest was that treacherous Knight,  
fixing his eyes on his Daughter so bright,  
his heart it did flutter and leap in his breast,  
his spirit was seiz'd, and his mind was oppress'd.

Old Doll cry'd, We must have a jig of the Bride,  
I'll play me up a pretty hornpipe, she cry'd ;  
which Susan perform'd with so noble a grace,  
that she won the praise of all was in the place.

Well done, says the old man, 'tis a child of my own,  
come, jovial piper, Play up t' other tune:  
Health to the Bridegroom let's pass round the room.  
O' a Beggar brought up, he's a Merchant's Son born,

The Knight hearing this, stept up to the Bride,  
let me speak with you, fair creature, he cry'd,  
you have a mark of a rose on your breast,  
you are my dear Child and a Lady by birth.

She shew'd him the mark, he immediately cry'd,  
conduct home the Bridegroom and beautiful Bride,  
for this is my child that's been missing so long,  
and her loving Husband, the Merchant's dear Son,

Bring all your guests into my own home,  
I kindly receive you, and when that is done,  
I'll tell all the world of my treacherous deed,  
or who can prevent what Fate has decreed.

The cripples they snatch'd up their crutches and run,  
to see the strange miracles there had been done ;  
their Father confessed the whole that same night :  
He praised the Beggar that sav'd the Babe's life.

All people upbraid'd him with this base crime,  
with grief he did die in a little time :

And left this young couple six thousand a year,  
Who are still call'd the Beggars of fair Dorsetshire.

Old Doll and her husband in splendor do dwell,  
This couple they loved them heartily well:  
You nifiers who are of a covetous mind,  
Strive not to prevent what Fate has design'd,

### The Weavers Lamentation.

It was on a Monday morning with my heart full of woe,  
I went down to my cold loom my shuttle to throw,  
There is nothing that grieves but innocent love,  
Still hoping to be saved by the girl that I love.

Oh! Sally, oh! Sally it's little do you know  
The love I bear to you which if I'd show  
And you for to know it your heart would relent,  
And oh come lovely Sally and don't cause me repent.

It's my friend and relations they all join in one—  
To part us, dear Sally they do what they can.  
But if you love this Country and go along with me,  
A lady in Colley my Sally shall be.

If I could command the King's army in one,  
And I for to fight love and you to look on.  
I would cross the wide ocean where the billows do roar,  
For to sport with you Sally along Colley shore.

When I rise in the morning I comb down my hair  
Look unto Colley my anguish lies there.  
There's nothing that grieves me or disturbs my mind  
But the leaving of Sally in Colley behind.

Oh what is the reason they banished my swain,  
Or what is the reason she left her own land.  
It was the heavy vows she made unto me  
That banished my Sally so far o'er the sea.

For when I look to the Highlands my heart it is sad  
When I look to the Lowlands she's not to be had.  
I must row my long boat unto some other shore  
Farewell rolling Derry I shall ne'er see you more

F I N I S.