

THREE EXCELLENT

NEW SONGS

The Old Man's Song.

The Brewer and the Cooper's Wife,

The Lady's love for the Bonnet so Blue,

The Faithful Lover's,



Edinburgh, Printed by J. Morren.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG

O WHY should old age so much wound us O
 There is nothing in it all to confound us O
 For how happy now am I,
 With my old wife sitting by.
 And our bairns and our oves all around us, O
 for how happy now am I, &c.

We began in this world with naething O,
 And we've jegg'd on and toil'd for the aething O
 We made use of what we had
 And our thankful hearts were glad
 When we got the bit meat and the clathing, O,
 We made use of what we had, &c.

When we had any thing we never wanted O,
 Nor did we hing our heads when we wanted, O,
 We always gave a share,
 Of the little we could spare,
 When it pleas'd the ALMIGHTY to grant it O,
 We always gave a share. &c.

We have liv'd all our life time contented O,
 Since the day we became first acquainted, O,
 It's true we have been poor,
 And we are so to this hour,
 Yet we never repin'd nor lamented, O,
 It's true we have been poor, &c.

We never laid a plot to be wealthy O
 By ways that were cunning or stealthy, O,
 But we always had the blest
 And what further could we wis'ry
 To be pleas'd with ourselvs and be healthy, O,
 But we always had the blest &c,

But tho' we cannot boast of our guineas O
 We have plenty of Jockies and Jennies, O,
 And these I'm certain are,
 More desirable by far
 Than a bag full of poor yellow stanies, O,
 And these I'm certain are, &c,

We have seen many wonders and fairies, O,
 And changes that have almost been yearly, O,
 Of rich folks up and down,
 Both in country and in town,
 That now live both scimpily and sparely, O,
 Of rich folks up and down,

Then why should brag of prosperity O,
 Since a straiten'd life we see is no rarity O?
 Indeed we've been in want
 And your living's been but scant,
 Yet we never were reduc'd to seek charity, O,
 Indeed we've been in want, &c,

In this house we first came together O,
 Where we've long been a father and mother O,

And tho' not of stone and lime,
 It will serve us all our time
 And I hope we shall never need another, O:
 And when we leave this habitation O,
 We'll depart with a good commendation, O,
 We'll go hand in hand I wis',
 To a better place then this
 And make room for the next generation, O,
 We'll go hand in hand I wis', &c.

Then why should old age so much wound us, O,
 There is nothing in it all to confound us, O,
 for, how happy now am I.
 With my old wife sitting by,
 And our barins and our eyes all around us, O,
 For who happy now am I &c.

The Brewer and the Cooper's Wife.

Come listen a while the story I'll tell,
 Concerning a Cooper, and where he did
 dwell, Concerning &c.

Have you any more work for a cooper.

John had a most beautiful woman to wife,
 A brewer intown lov'd John Cowper's wife, &c.
 He swore he would cuckold John Cooper.

He sent for the cooper and thus to him did say
 I have as much work as will serve you a day,
 And when it's all over your wages I'll pay,

So make haste to your work Johnny Cooper.

John ranted and roved o'er the broad lawn,
and ay he ranted as he came o'er his auld sang
Johnny then wrought both nimble and fast,
So make haste to your work Johnny Cooper.

When some of his tools he missed at the last,
he came to his own door, and he found it was
fast, He &c.

Saying make haste and let in Johnny Cooper,
the brewer and John's wife being tumbled in
bed, he was afraid.

Here the voice of John made them terribly a-
t she tumbled on him the broad masking fat
But she, &c.

Then make haste and let in Johnny Cooper
what is this that you have got here to day,
is but a pig, and don't touch it I pray, &c.

So make haste to your work Johnny Cooper.
this be a pig, it looks wonderous big,
that I will take from it, an arm or a leg,
But I will, &c.

And I will make it remember John Cooper,
put up John lifts the fat, and out looked he
and this made the Brewer cry oh, woes me.
And this &c.

What shall I say now to John Cooper,
I'll take the key of my silver, and gold
and daily let honestly never be told, &c.
I'll make a rich man of John Cooper,

John takes the key not thinking a fault,
But lifts up his goupans and falls up his
Heart a health to my wife and long day

in the live &c.

She's made a rich man of John Cooper.

The Ladies Love for the Bonnet so Blue.

DOWN in Green Woolich, a town in Yorkshire
I liv'd at my ease, and was free from all care
I liv'd in splendor, I had sweet hearts not a few,
But I lov'd the bonny lad with his bonnet so blue.

A company of Ladies, as now you shall know,
From Scotland to Kingstown abroad for to go,
There is one man among them that I lov'd so true
He is a bonny Scots lad wears a bonnet so blue.

His cheeks like the roses his eyes as floes,
He is handsome and proper wherever he goes,
Likewise he is good natured and comely to view,
And so well he becomes his fine bonnet so blue.

Early one morning I arose from my bed,
I call'd on Sally my own waiting maid,
Come dress me as fine as your two hands can do,
For I'll go see the bonny lad with his bonnet so blue.

When I came to the regiment they were at the par
I stood with great pleasure to hear what was said,
His name's Charly Stewart I lov'd him most true,
My bonny young lad with his bonnet so blue.

My true love came by with his gun in his hand,
I strove to speak to him but it was in vain,

strove to speak to him but away then he flew.
at my heart still went with him and his bonnet so blue

She says my dear jewel I will buy your discharge,
will free you from the army I will set you at large,
you can but love me and your heart prove true,
you are a bonny Scots lad and your bonnet so blue.

you say dearest lady you would buy my discharge,
you would free me from a soldier and set me at large,
I could love you my heart would be true,
at my bonnet Scots lassy can love none but me.

I have a pretty girl in my own country,
I'll never forsake her for her poverty,
so the maid I love I will always be true,
for she will never put a stain on my bonnet so blue.

I will send for a limmer from London to Hull,
I will have my love's picture drawn out in full,
and in my bed chamber so often I will view,
my bonny Scots lad and his bonnet so blue.

Faithful Lovers;

Or the Death of

Henry and Jane.

Tune — "Galley Slave"

SOME listen young lovers while I sing unto ye,
Of two lovers in battle both slain.

(8)
Side by side they both fought their enemy,
Young Henry and his true-love Jane;
A Young serjeant so bold young Henry was he,
In love their hearts did enwine,
But O fatal death lovely Jane she was slain,
And di'd, and died by young Henry's side.

Young Jane she was fair, love'y and gay,
And thro' it was plac'd in her heart,
But young Henry was forc'd from her to go,
Which griev'd this fair maiden to part,
Then in man's attire she enter'd strait way,
Determin'd let what would befall,
But in battle so hot she received a shot,
And died, and died by young Henry's side.

The moment so true, that young Henry he knew,
That it was his love that was slain,
With one arm tis said he supported the maid,
Vengeance on the foe he did exclaim,
His sword then he drew like a lover so true,
Where in full glory he fell it is said,
There in glory he died by his true lovers side,
And for love, for love, died the fair maid.

Now all you true lovers, that ever did know
What unto true love did belong,
By my print here you may see, what pure love their
Likewise by the words of my song,
Thus those lovers so true in battle they flew,
And both in one grave they were laid,
Love and glory it is true to both of them is due,
Young Henry and the lovely maid.

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