

THREE NEW
SONGS

A Servant Man became
a Queen.

Sweet Sally Gray.

Take care of your Money.



Edinburgh: Printed by J. Morgan Cowgate.

2
A Servant Man become a Queen.

YOU beautiful ladies great and small,
Give ear unto me one and all,
And I will let you understand,
What I have suffered in this land.

I was by birth a lady fair,
My father's chief and only heir,
And when my good old father died,
Then-I was made a knight's young bride:

My love he built to me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower,
A braver bower you ne'er did see,
Than my true-love did build for me,

But there came thieves late in the night,
They broke my bower and slew my knight,
And after that my knight was slain,
No longer there I could remain.

My servants all from me did flee,
In midst of my extremity,
And left me by myself alone,
With a heart as cold as any stone.

Yet though my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not suffer me to despair,
So then in haste I changed my name,
From fair Helen to fair William.

So then wihal I cut my hair,
 And dress'd myself in man's attire,
 With a doublet, horse, and beaver hat,
 Asp a golden band about my neck.

With a silver rapier by my side,
 So like a gallant I did ride:
 But on a day it happened so,
 That I to the king's court did go,

With hat in hand I bow'd full low,
 My love and duty for to shew,
 All that I of his grace did crave,
 That I a servant's place have

Stand up young man, the king replied,
 Your suit it shall not be denied,
 But first tell me what can you do,
 You shall be suited therunto.

Will you be usher of my hall,
 To wait upon my nobles all?
 Or will you be taster of the wine,
 And wait upon me when I dine?

Or will you be my chamberlin,
 To make my bed both soft and fine?
 Or will you be one of my guard?
 And I will give thee thy reward.

Sweet William with a smiling face,
 Unto the king if it please your grace,
 To shew such favour unto me,
 Your chamberlain I said would be.

The king did all his nobles call,
 And ask'd the counsel of them all:
 Who gave consent sweet William he,
 The king's own chamberlain should be.

But mark what strange things came to pass,
 A the king one day a hunting was,
 He carried with him all his train,
 Sweet William did at home remain.

Sweet William had no company then,
 At home with him, but an old man,
 She finding that he house was clear,
 Did take a flute which she had there.

On the play'd melodious,
 Which made the old man's heart rejoice,
 Upon the flute Sweet William play'd,
 And to the same he sung and said,

My father was as brave a lord,
 As ever Europe did afford,
 My mother was a lady gay,
 Was deck'd in glorions rich array.

My husband was a gallant knight,
 And I myself a lady bright,
 The bravest lady in all the land,
 Had no more pleasure at command

My former joys are past and gone,
 For now I am a servant man;
 I had curious lessons for to say,
 To keep me company night and day.

I had my company fair and free,
 Continually for to visit me
 But now at last I have not one,
 Since I became a servant man.

At last the king from hunting came,
 And presently upon the same,
 He call'd upon the good old man.
 And thus to speak he did begin,

What news? what news? come let me see
 What news hast thou to tell to me?
 Brave news the old man he did say,
 Sweet William is a lady gay.

If this be true thou tellest to me,
 I'll make thee a lord of high degree;
 But if these words do prove a lie,
 Thou shalt be hang'd instantly.

But when the king the truth had found,
 His joy did more and more abound,
 According as the old man did say,
 Sweet William was a lady gay.

So then the king without more delay,
 Put her in glorious fine array,
 Upon her head a crown of gold,
 Which was most glorious to behold.

So then for fear of farther strife,
 He took sweet William for his wife
 The like before was never seen,
 A servant man become a queen.

Sweet Sally Gray.

O David I'll you a secret, if you will keep it close
in you breast,

I would not for Elfdon parish, it came to the ears of
the rest.

I lay you best or a wager, a groat to your twopence
I'll lay,

You cannot guess who I'm in love, if you keep off
sweet Sally Gray.

There's many comes in to the nation, but few with
my Sally can match,

There's many comes to her a wooing, and O but it
makes right vex'd.

For Sally sits spinning, and singing of her Jaspie all
the whole day,

And I myself keep by the hay stack, and fain would
would see sweet Sally Gray.

She's sixteen last Candlemas Monday, and I am the
very same age,

And O for a kiss of my Sally, I'd freely give half a
year's wage.

When I look to the bonny black mountain, and o'er
the hills far away,

There's not such a place in the nation, for there lives
sweet Sally Gray.

If you'd been at Kirk the last Sunday, you would
Sh-

have minded the text,
sat beside I am in the loving, and O but I was

even right vex'd.

As they were a walking in the green meadow, I said
 here is a wet day,
 I would have spoke, but how could I, when thinking
 on sweet Sally Gray.

I went down to Tom in the loing, to hear all his
 cracks and his jokes,
 And there was a man telling fortunes, and I must be
 like other folks.
 With chalk, and a pair of bellows, two letters
 wrote in my way.
 S stands for Sall all the world over, and nothing but
 G stands for Gray.

You talk of your Glasgow lasses, in their targets and
 ribbons and lace,
 Foul sa' them for pale looking creatures, there's nae
 a bit red in their face.
 But Sally's skin's like alabaster, her cheeks like roses
 in May,
 O man I could stand here for ever, talking about
 sweet Sally Gray.

Were I some great duke or rich lord, or some parliament
 of renown,
 I would hire a coach and six horses, and gallop the
 country all round:
 But fortune has plac'd me much lower, which makes
 me with sorrow to say,
 That I surely will die in despair, if I don't get sweet
 Sally Gray.

2
Take Care of your Money.

FROM great Londonderry to London so-merry,
My own natty self in a waggon did ride;
In London so frisky, folks vile in a whisky,
At Connaught they carry their whisky inside,
I jump'd from the waggon and saw a green dragon,
I spied a blue boar when I turn'd to the south;
At the Swan and two Bottles, I tipped two bottles,
And bothere'd the beef at the Bull and the Mouth.
Ah! Paddy, my honey, take care of your money,
It's all notheration from bottom to top;
Sing didderoo daisy, my jewel, be aisy
This London, agra! is the devil's own shop.

The great city wax work, was all a mere wax-work,
A plan to bamboozle me out of my pelf,
Says I, Mrs Salmon, cut up your gammon,
You figures are no more alive than yourself.
I ax'd an old quaker the way to long Core;
With thee and with thou, he so bother'd my brain
After fifty long Tullies thro' lanes and blind allies,
I found my myself trotting in Rosemary lane.
Ah! Paddy, my honey, &c.

At night, how silly I along Picadilly,
I wander'd when up comes a beautiful dame,
"Huzza!" says the lady, "how do you do Paddy?"
Says I, pretty well, ma'am, I hope you're the same,
A great hulking fellow who held her umbrells,
Then gave me t' terrible thump on the nob:
She ras'd as I squalling, I, watch! watch! was baw-
ling:—

The devil a watch was there left in my sab.
Ah! Paddy, my honey, &c.

FINIS.