

T H E

London

Walter Willreys

Welcome, welcome
Debtor

Down the Burn



Entered according to Order.



The LONDON 'PRENTICE.

YOU wanton dames who want to range,
 the country round about ;
 Both night and day, to seek and search,
 and find young gallants out,
 Your wanton fancies for to please,
 betime give ear to me,
 For here's a song I really think
 will fit you to a tee.

'Tis of a merchant in the Strand,
 that had a handsome wife,
 And she loved the change of men,
 as dear's she lov'd her life.

That merchant had a young 'prentice,
 that was at man's estate,
 And as I understand his wife,
 this 'prentice she did hate.

The life he with his mistress liv'd,
 caus'd him shed floods of tears,
 She oftentimes would call him names,
 and lug him by the ears :

This sort of life with her he liv'd,
 almost his first three years ;
 But now you'll know through policy,
 he fitted her as appears.

One day in costly rich array,
 she then abroad did go,
 And to find out the gaming kane,
 the 'prentice lov'd to know.

Where'er she went, he did her dog,
 near to Salisbury-court ;
 There to a Crack-shop she went in,
 to act her wanton sport.

To fit her for her former tricks,
 now mark well his design ;
 He borrow'd a new suit of clothes,
 both costly, fresh and fine :

With beaver-hat, and knotted wig,
 sword by his side, and all ;
 Then to the Crack-shop he did go,
 for a private room did call

He saw his mistress and one more,
 a topping miss of the town,
 With painted face and curled hair,
 a walking up and down.

Now after he had sat a while,
 a knock or two he gave,
 The drawer straightway came to him,
 to know what he would have.

His answer was I want a miss,
 the drawer straight reply'd ;
 Sir, you shall have one by and by,
 to sit down by your side.

Two pictures to him then was brought,
 for him to choose his miss :
 One was his mistresses picture,
 He said, I will have this.

Then in short time, with impudence,
 she came into the room ;
 And for to sit down by his side,
 this thing she did presume :

With kisses sweet and pleasant talk,
 they pass'd the time away ;
 At length two games at Frisky-huff,
 he with her then did play.

As they were playing at the game,
 Bow-bells did sweetly ring ;
 She said to him, methinks, to me,
 it is a pleasant thing,

To hear how sweet Bow-bells do ring,
 and how merrily they go ;
 His answer was to her again,
 I love to hear them too.

O then of her he took his leave,
 and did return his clothes,
 To him that was the right owner,
 and homeward straight he goes :

He had been at home for hours two,
 before that she came in,
 But little she did think or dream,
 he knew where she had been.

So this did pass on but one day,
 she thus began to scold,
 And for to lug him by the ears,
 he said, Pray mistress hold

Your peace, and do not make a noise,
 Bow-bells they merrily go,
 I love to hear them with all my heart,
 and so do you also.

Sirrah, then these words, she said,
 what mean you thus to say?
 His answer was, have you forgot,
 mistress, the other day,

When you in Salisbury-court did play,
 there at your wanton game,
 Bow-bells they then rang merrily,
 have you forgot the same?

Why Sirrah, who was there? she said,
 He said, both you and me;
 And since it was my lot that time,
 your wanton tricks to see:

If e'er you beat me any more,
 while I with you do dwell,
 For you playing at Frisky-huff,
 I will my master tell.

A cursed blank, quoth she, it is
 that I should be trapaned so,
 † would not for five hundred pounds,
 my husband should it know.

If he then of my tricks should know,
 it would make him wond'rous sad,
 'Twould fill his heart with jealousy,
 and make him run horn mad.

Then instead of kicks and blows,
 a kiss to him she gave,
 And a guinea, saying, When this is done,
 thou more of me shalt have.

If thou wilt not thy master tell,
 so keep it close, you shall
 Have money off me, when thou wilt,
 and I'll be at thy call.



BROTHER DEBTOR.

Welcome, welcome, brother debtor,
 to this poor, but merry place,
 Where no bailiff, dun, nor setter,
 dare to shew his frightful face :
 But, kind Sir, as you're a stranger,
 down your garnish you must lay,
 Or your coat will be in danger ;
 you must either strip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement,
 from your children or your wife ;
 Wisdom lies in true resignation,
 through the various scenes of life.

Scorn to shew the least resentment,
 though beneath the frowns of fate;
 Knaves and beggars find contentment,
 fears and cares attend the great.

Though our creditors are spiteful,
 and retain our bodies here,
 Use will make a goal delightful,
 since there's nothing else to fear:
 Every island's but a prison,
 strongly guarded by the sea;
 Kings and princes for that reason,
 pris'ners are as well as we.

Pray, what made great Alexander
 weep at his unfriendly fate?
 'Twas because he could not wander
 beyond the world's prison gate.
 For the world is also bounded,
 by the heav'ns and stars above;
 Why should we then be confounded,
 since there's nothing free but love.



DOWN the BURN DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud and field were
 green,
 and broom bloom'd fair to see:
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 and love laugh'd in her eye;

Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move,
 to speak her mind thus free,
 Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 and I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
 that dwelt on this burn-side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 just meet to be his bride ;
 Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 her een were bonny blue ;
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 what tender tales they said !
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 and with her bosom play'd ;
 Till baith at last impatient grown
 to be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down ;
 love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess was harmless play,
 and naithing sure unmeet ;
 For gauging hame, I heard them say,
 they lik'd a wa'k sae sweet :
 And that they aften shou'd return,
 sic pleasures to renew,
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
 and ay shall follow you.