



BONNY BEESWING

A NEW SONG.

Come all ye jolly sportsmen, of high and low degree,
And if you please attention pay a moment unto me;
While I of bonny Beeswing sing, a galloper renown'd,
For she hath won her weight in gold and is with glory crown'd

CHORUS

So drink a health to Beeswing, for the deeds that she has
done,
From Newcastle to Doncaster, many prizes has she won.

Her pedigree I will make known, if you the same require,
And tell you what they call'd her dam, and what her noble
sire;

With all the cups that she has won, and purses fill'd with gold
Since in the racing calendar Beeswing hath been enroled.

The Champagne Stakes, at Doncaster, she won when two
years old.

Besides a thousand pounds or more in sovereigns made of
gold;

And at Newcastle on the Tyne, I solemnly declare,
A silver waggon was the prize of this distinguished mare.

And near unto Newcastle town was bonny Beeswing bred'
Where by her master, Squire Ord, she frequently was fed,
And when she won three golden cups, which on his table
shine,
When he with lords and ladies fair is known to take his wine.

At Richmond and Northallerton, believe me when I say,
That she at both these races hath born the prize away;
At Lincoln she walk'd over, for neither friends nor foes,
Would try with bonny Beeswing for fear that they should
lose.

The Monarch was a famous horse, as is by all confess'd,
While others say that Sadler exceeded all the rest;
The Dutchess was a fleet one, but neither horse nor mare,
Nor gelding ever yet was known, with Beeswing to compare.

Her dam was Cleopatra, the Doctor was her sire,
From them she got her mettle and from them she got her fire
Nine golden cups she's won my boys, besides such lots of
gold,

As never yet was known before, nor can I here unfold.

Nine cups hath Beeswing won in all, and when I write again,
Perhaps another cup or two will lengthen out my strain;
May Fortune smile upon her then, and on her steps attend,
So now my jolly sportsmen my song is at an end.

G. Walker, Jun., Printer, Durham.

THE SINGLE MAN'S COMPLAINT.

I pray now attend to these lines I've penned,
It is the woes of a sad and a single young man,
The have told me so stately, indeed I've heard lately
That a woman's the joy and the pride of the land.
I am just five and twenty, of sorrows I've plenty,
Though young I have led a sad rambling life,
Then no longer I'll tarry but speedily marry,
As soon as ever I can meet with a wife.

When the clock gives me warning I rise in the morning,
And off to my work sad and languishing go,
With the horrors I quake while my heart oft doth ache
And my head droops in agony, sorrow and woe.
Then as I am a sinner, a cold breakfast and dinner,
I am forced to put up with, how sad is my life,
Married men may all prattle, and in my ears rattle,
But I'm sure there is nothing can equal a wife.

When my days work is ended I'm off to the alehouse,
Or my supper to get in a dirty cook shop,
My mind it distresses, to dine on such messes,
And pay through the nose for a bason of slop,
Then for lodging & victuals, gin washing and skittles,
Through the week it does cost me as much, on my life,
I do not deceive ye, you all may believe me,
As would keep seven children, myself and a wife.

Half the night through the streets, like an owl I am
moping,
Through rain wind and cold do I wander and roam,
Though I have none to control me, I have nought to
console me,

Not a thing in the world to entice at home.
A single young man is like a fish in dry land,
No pleasure by day neither comfort at night,
Bad luck to the man that will frown on a woman,
Oh, I wish heaven knows, I was blest with a wife.

In the dead of the night to my bed I go creeping,
There I lay and I roll till my sides they do ache,
A grumbling and tumbling and while I am sleeping
I dream about devils and witches and snakes.
Without the help of a woman a man must be undone,
For single he never can travel through life,
There's nothing on earth that can equal a woman,
And I don't care how soon I am blest with a wife.

No longer I'll tarry but speedily marry,
To find one to my fancy the nation I'll roam,
Then in all sorts of weather I'll do my endeavour,
To please her abroad and to love her at home.
I'll with happiness greet her, and kindly I'll treat her
And be her protector as long as I have life,
A good woman is a treasure and a man has no pleasure
In this world unless he is blest with a wife.

