

THE
Treacle Cask

Harkness, Printer, 121, Church Street, Preston.

Come listen awhile and a story I'll tell,
I warrant the joke it will please you right well,
'Tis concerning a tailor of fame and renown,
A buxom young tailor of great London town.
Fal de ral de di do.

This buxom young tailor had long cast an eye,
On the wife of a grocer who lived hard by ;
Says he, tho' I'm the ninth part of a man,
I'll cuckold the grocer (that is if I can.)

Two yards of broad cloth now the grocer did take,
To the house of the tailor a coat for to make ;
The very next day, O the coat being done,
Away went the tailor to carry it home.

My husband is out, then the lady did say,
But tell me the charge and the money I'll pay,
O then, says the tailor, I'll cross it out quite,
If I can but enjoy you my dear lady one night.

Now the lady invented a plan that was deep,
Says she to herself, my own council I'll keep, —
I ne'er will enjoy the ninth part of a man,
But I'll send for my husband as soon as I can.

Then she to her husband a kind letter did write,
And desired him to come home at ten the same night,
Then so loving and kind to the tailor she spoke,
And she kept him in tow just to keep up the joke.

At the hour appointed the grocer came home,
Says she to the tailor we are surely undone,
Then she took the tailor and him she did pop,
On a large cask of treacle that stood in the shop.

Then the grocer came in, and she told him the joke !
He lighted a candle but not a word spoke ;
The tailor with fright he slipt into the cask,
And up to the middle in treacle stuck fast.

O then, says the grocer, my honest old friend,
If treacle you like, why I'll dip t'other end,
So out of the cask the poor tailor he took,
And in the same, head and shoulders he stuck.

With treacle besmeared from foot to the head
They rolled him inside of a large feather bed,
When the feathers and treacle they cut such a show,
That he look'd like a devil just roll'd in snow.

With a light on his head to make him complete,
They with a horse-whip started him down the street,
The folks were all frightened to see him run down,
And swore that the devil himself was in town.

Then straight home he ran to his dear loving wife,
But as soon as she saw him she fell down in a fright,
Threw his arms round her neck & squeezed her so tight
That murder she cried and fell down in afright.



**Margaret Scott's
EPITAPH.**

Found in a country Church-yard, in the
Parish of Dunkeld, in Scotland

Stop passenger until my life you read,
The living may gain knowledge from the dead ;
Five times five years I liv'd a virgin's life,
Ten times five years I was a married wife,
Ten times five years I was a widow grave and chaste,
Now tired of this mortal life I go to rest.

I from my cradle to my grave have seen,
Eight mighty Kings of Scotland and a Queen,
But was worse than any civil war,
A king arraigned before his subjects bore,
With satarines hot with hellish rage,
Cut of his royal head upon an open stage.

Twice did I see old Praylesee pull'd down,
Twice the cloak was humbled by the gown,
An end of Stewart's race I saw no more,
I saw my country sold for English ore,
Such desolation in my time has been,
That I've an end of all perfection seen.

When she found her mistake they up stairs went together,
See soon set him free from the treacle and feathers ;
But the grocer did laugh till his sides they were sore,
To think the poor tailor was fairly done o'er.

So all you poor tailors wherever you be,
Be constant with your wife and your own family,
Another man's goods never covet nor ask,
But always remember the large treacle cask.