



THE Plough Boy.

A flaxen-headed cow-boy,
As simple as may be,
And next a merry plough-boy,
I whistle o'er the lea ;
But now a saucy footman,
I strut in worsted lace,
And soon I'll be a butler,
And wag my jolly face.

When steward I'm promoted,
I'll snip a tradesman's bill,
My master's coffers empty,
My coffers for to fill.
When lolling in my chariot,
So great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy,
That whistled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections,
But when I've made the pelf,
I'll stand poll for the parliament,
And then vote in myself.
Whatever's good for me, sir,
I never will oppose,
When all my ayes are sold off,
Why then I'll sell my noes.

I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph,
With speeches charm the ear,
And when I'm tired on my legs,
Then I'll sit down a Peer.
In courts or city honour,
So great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy
That whistled o'er the lea.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

JACK MUNRO.

In Chatham town there liv'd a worthy merchant-man,
He had one only daughter as you shall understand ;
This lady she was courted by many a noble knight,
But there was none but Jack could gain her heart's delight.

Her waiting maid standing by, unto her father went,
And told him the secret, his daughter's whole intent ;
He called on his daughter with pride and disdain,
Saying, good morrow, Mrs. Frazer, this was her true-love's name

It is the news, my daughter, that I have heard of thee,
Young Jack he shall be press'd and you confined be :
It's there is my body you may it then confine,
But there's none but Jack the sailor can gain this heart of mine.

It's here is twenty guineas I give unto thee,
If that you'll press young Jack to the wars of Germany :
Now Jack he's gone on board he'll never more return,
I'll wed at your disposal if you will set me free.

It's now she is at liberty, and drest in man's array,
Looking for an officer to carry her away ;
Jack he's now on board with a sore and troubled mind,
For the leaving of his country and darling close confin'd.

Your name we must have sir before on board you go,
That you shall have quickly, it is Jack Munro .
This lady's gone on board with a troubled mind,
To land in French Flanders it was her wish'd design.

Now she's landed over reviewed for to be,
Standing in the ranks her own true love did see ;
She stepped up to him and thus to him did say,
By your features you an Englishman should be.

If that you are willing, whatever may betide,
I'll be your loyal comrade and lie down by your side ;
The drums did beat and the trumpets did sound,
Unto the field of battle they were all called along.

They fought on with valour, they fought courageously,
Unto two officers and a private by did lie ;
The officers took notice and unto her did say,
For the valour you have shewn, preferred you shall be.

A major's commission on you we will bestow,
The doctor that can cure you, shall be paid by Munro ;
She called for a minister, and bade them step aside,
And would call them up again when she woo'd her bride.

It's I'll not be the groom but groom's man I'll be,
For I never will be married, till my Molly I do see ;
She stripped down her snow white breasts, some private mark
to show,
Saying, Jack won't you marry me, dear Jack don't you know.

The drums did beat and the trumpets did sound,
And home to old England they were all called along.
It's now they're landed over, the people all went to see,
Saying yonder comes the heroes from the wars of Germany.

As they walked up the streets, her father she did know,
Saying, good old merchant will you list with Munro :
It's out bespoke her mother, I had a daughter gay,
There's not a feature in your face but resembles she.

It's now they have got married, and she lies by his side,
The officers and privates begrudge Jack of his bride ;
When the Queen she heard of this, she laughed heartily,
Saying, here is fifty guineas I'll give to this lady.

