

# YOUNG ROGER

THAT FOLLOWS

## The Plough.

# NORTH

OF

## AMERICA.

Dear mother, I intend to get married,  
I hope you will give your consent,  
I am fifteen years old as I been told,  
It was in the middle of last Lent ;  
It's time to get married you know,  
Three summer's and winter's ago ;  
The joys of a lover, I fain would discover,  
For Roger he loves me I know,  
And if ever I marry I solemnly vow,  
I'll marry Young Roger that follows the plough.

And who do you mean by (the) Roger,  
The mother in a passion replied,  
A country clown the scorn of the town,  
You might be a gentleman's bride !  
I'll make it appear in a far better share,  
That your gold and your treasure,  
And wealth without measure,  
Free rents and ten thousand a year,  
Therefore dear daughter consider this now,  
Don't marry no Roger that follows the plough.

I have at my own election,  
Ten thousand a year,  
A plentiful store, I'll covet no more,  
So give me the lad that I love,  
Though in a men habit he goes,  
With patches perhaps on his clothes ;  
Mother believe me, whenever he comes near  
His breath smells as sweet as a rose : [me,

And if ever I marry I solemnly vow,  
I'll marry Young Roger that follows the plough.

There is Young Willy the squire,  
He would court you I vey well know,  
He'd love you as he loves his life,  
In rings and fine jewels you'd go,  
He is healthy and wealthy withal,  
And proper, straight and tall ;  
You will be befriended and also attended,  
With servants to come at your call ;

Therefore, dear daughter, consider this now,  
I'd marry not Roger that follows the plough.

A fig for your Willy,  
The squire he'd court you !  
He'd revel and sport with the ladies in court,  
While I in my chamber would weep,

Young Roger he wo'nt do so,  
He's honest I know,

And from me wo'nt go,  
For Roger he loves me I know ;

And if ever I marry, I solemnly vow,  
I'll marry Young Roger that follows the plough.

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As we sailed out of Glasgow, being in the month of June,  
The weather was warm, and the trees were in full bloom,  
Where thousands from the city came flocking to us around  
And fifty pretty maidens to convey us through the town.

Then up spoke pretty Polly, I have one thing more to say  
Dear captain don't be cruel, but guard us o'er the main,  
Our captain answered with a frown, and said we all must  
stay on shore,

Our ship she is heavy loaded, and she cannot carry more.

Then amongst those wild Indians we will venture our  
sweet lives,  
We will never mind their tomahawks, nor yet their scalping  
knives,  
We will cut and slash with our broad swords, and shew  
them British play,  
We will cut down those wild Indians in the North of Ame-  
rica.

As we marched through fields of blood, where thundering  
cannons roar,  
And many a brave commander lay bleeding in his gore,  
And many a brave soldier on the ground did lay,  
For they were killed and wounded in the North of Ame-  
rica.

It was early the next morning to hear the soldiers wives,  
Lamenting for their husbands, for to hear their dismal  
cries, [rue the day,  
Our children crying out "Mother," we will make them  
For the killing of our daddies in the North of America.

So to conclude and finish, God bless our gracious Queen,  
And all our brave commanders glad tidings may they  
bring,

And to all her brave soldiers, on land as well as on sea,  
May heaven protect our army in the North of America.

If that is your reason dear daughter,  
Your judgment I must recommend ;  
A good honest man will do all that he can,  
Whilst a rake he will willingly spend,  
And ruin his family quite :  
Dear daughter, you are all in the right.  
Never deny him, let Roger do by you,  
As he is your joy and delight,  
And if ever you marry my love shall be shown  
I'll give you a farm to plough of your own

