

## A WOMAN, DEAR WOMAN FOR ME.

GIVE attention both married and single,  
And listen awhile to my rhymes,  
I sing in the praise of the women,  
Man's comfort in critical times.  
A woman to a man is a treasure,  
In whatever station he be,  
And whatever taste I have for pleasure,  
A woman, dear woman for me.

If a man sails for miles o'er the ocean,  
And dangers do threaten his life;  
His heart, like a ship in full motion,  
Must beat when he thinks on his wife.  
That is, if he has one behind him,  
And she kind and virtuous be,  
Of every joy under heaven,  
A virtuous woman for me.

There are some will speak ill of a female,  
Which oft causes her to grieve,  
Some will speak of the time when in Eden,  
That Satan persuaded poor Eve.  
To eat and give unto Adam,  
Some fruit from the poisonous tree,  
Yet still I shall always adore them,  
A woman, dear woman for me.

Some women are blest with a temper,  
And tongue that in your ears will ding,  
And we know there's some that deceitful,  
And some that drinks plenty of gin.  
But still why should that be the reason,  
We twenty should blame for two or three,  
To say they're all bad must be treason,  
A woman, dear woman for me.

A young man's like a bird in the winter,  
Abroad for his comfort must roam,  
Doomed to suffer the storms of the season,  
No wife to console him at home.  
When a married man comes from his labour,  
He joy and contentment may see,  
I never shall change my opinion,  
A woman, dear woman for me.

If a woman should go to the alehouse,  
For her husband,—he will her abuse,  
Not considering what's good for the gander,  
Must surely be good for the goose.  
A virtuous wife is a jewel,  
In whatever station she be,  
On earth there is nothing can equal,  
A woman, dear woman for me.

Printed by George Walker, Jun., Durham, and Sold by  
John Livsey, 43, Hanover St., Shudehill, Manchester.

## THE BREWER LADDIE.

In Perth there lived a bonny lad,  
A brewer to his trade, O,  
And he has courted Peggy Roy,  
A rum and handsome maid, O.

He courted her for seven long years,  
All for to gain her favour.  
But there came a lad out of Edinburgh Town,  
And he swore that he would have her.

Wilt thou go along with me,  
Wilt thou go, my honey?  
And wilt thou go along with me,  
And leave your own dear Johnnie?

Yes, I'll go along with you,  
And along with you I'll ride, O,  
Yes, I'll go along with you,  
Although I am the brewer's bride, O.

The brewer he came hame at e'en,  
Enquiring for his honey,  
Her father he made this reply,  
I've ne'er seen her since Monday.

Be it not, or be it so,  
Little it does grieve me,  
I'm a young man free as you may see,  
And a small thing will relieve me.

There is as good fish in the sea,  
As ever yet was taken,  
I'll cast my net once o'er again,  
Although I am forsaken.

She's rambled up, she's rambled down,  
She's rambled through Kirkaldy,  
And many a time she's rued the day,  
She forsaked the brewer laddie.

She's rambled up, she's rambled down,  
She's rambled through Perth town, O,  
And when she came to the brewer's door,  
She was ashamed to gang in, O.

He's drawn his course where'er he's gane,  
His country he has fled, O,  
He's not left a shift upon her back,  
Nor a blanket on her bed, O.

The brewer he set up in Perth,  
And often brewed strong ale, O,  
And he has courted a bonny lass,  
And ta'en her to his sell, O.

Ye lovers all, where'er you be,  
By me now take a warning,  
And never slight your ane true love,  
For fear you get a waur ane.

