



THE BEVERLY MAID

AND THE TINKER.

—◆◆◆◆◆—
In Beverly town a maid did dwell,
A buxon lass I knew her well,
Her age it was near twenty-two,
And for a man she had a view.

This maid being generous, kind and free,
And willing to travel the country,
She went to live with a gentleman,
A tinker came to solder her pan.

The gentleman being from home one day,
The tinker with her did kiss and play,
He slyly got behind the door,
And gave her kisses o'er and o'er.

When all was o'er and at an end,
She slipt him twenty guineas in hand,
Saying when will you come this way again,
For I've another old kettle to mend.

In travelling hard and being dry,
He called at an ale-house close hard by,
Saying landlord bring me a pot of ale,
For twenty guineas I've earn'd to day.

The landlord says well done my cock,
Your rivets you have boldly knock'd,
My liquor is good, your money is fine,
And you shall stay with me to dine.

If all is true as I've been told,
The tinker spent all his gold,
The tinker may do as he's done before
Kiss the girl behind the door.



The White Cockade.

—◆◆◆◆◆—
It was one Monday morning,
As I march'd o'er the moss,
I had no thoughts of listing,
Till the soldiers did me cross.
They kindly did invite me
To drink of a flowing bowl,
They advanced me some money,
Ten guineas and a crown.

'Tis true my love is listed,
And he wears a white cockade,
He is a handsome young man,
Besides a roving blade,
He is a handsome young man,
He is gone to serve the king,
My very heart is breaking
All for the loss of him.

Oh! may he never prosper,
Nor may he never thrive,
Nor any thing he takes in hand,
As long as he's alive.
May the very ground he treads upon,
May the grass never grow,
Since he's been the only occasion
Of all my sorrow, grief and woe.

I pulled out my handkerchief,
And wip'd her flowing eyes,
Take this in remembrance,
While I march o'er the plain,
And keep you in good company,
While I march o'er the plain,
Then I'll married be, my love,
When I return again.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

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