



Leather Breeches.

*O, Nanny, wilt thou gang
with me.*

O, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me,
Nor sigh to quit the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,—
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer dressed in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit the courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair.

O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face each parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O, can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardships learn to bear,—
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair

O, Nanny, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pangs of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,—
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,
When thou wert fairest of the fair.

And when, at last, thy love shall die,
Will thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death,
And wilt thou, o'er his breathless clay,
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret the scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair.

Although a simple clown, my life pass'd sweet as honey,
Till feyther died in town, and left me all his money;
Some twenty pounds or more, wi' harrows, ploughs, and
ditches,
Wi' gruntern half a score, and a pair of Leather Breeches.

As pleased I were as fun, and dress'd myself up natty,
Thinks I, the girls each one, will think I varry pratty;
Wi' fortin quite content, grief gave my heart some twitches,
So to church on Sunday went, to sport my Leather Breeches.

But coming home, oh! dear, some boys did jeer and flout me,
They fill'd my mind wi' fear, as they all flock'd about me,
They 'gainst me did conspire, soused me in ponds and ditches
And soon wi' mud and mire they daub my Leather Breeches.

I next did go to woo a damsel young and dapper,
But she at me look'd blue, and ding-dong went her clapper,
Say she, I hate your plan, my heart again you reaches,
Cause I can't abear a man, vot vears the Leather Breeches.

To Lunnen I set out, my spirits just to rally,
But each one there did scoff, in court, in street, and alley,
My woes came on by halves, I got insulting speeches,
One fellow bawl'd out calves, another twig his Breeches.

A lass I met one night, as I for fun were dodging;
I thought myself all right, and wi' her took a lodging;
Next morn how I did curse, the girls and all such wretches
When I found she'd boned my purse, my watch, and Leather
Breeches.

I left the house quite hurt, it rain'd and blew together,
Expos'd all in my shirt, were I to wind and weather,
The women from me fled, I did not tue my riches,
But I'd hae gi'en my head, to have had my Leather Breeches.

A police-man passing by, on duty never dosing,
And off to quod kick'd I, my person for exposing,
The justice spoke his will, and wi' upbraiding speeches,
He sent me to the mill all through my Leather Breeches.

But now once more I'm free, and by the coach to-morrow,
From Lunnen I will flee, and try to drown my sorrow;
Once more to plough I'll go, a fig for pride and riches,
No more I'll be s beau, nor sport my Leather Breeches.

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