

MERRY PLOUGHBOY.

One Saturday night, I remember it well,
About a fortnight ago,
I met with a beauty and she smiled in my face,
Her equal I ne'er look'd upon,
So politely she asked me if I would her treat,
I thought her a beauty, oh! quite complete.

SPOKEN.—Egad, her was a beauty, only her face
was bedazzled over with red raddle like, and her
asked I to stand a drop of summit to sup, and I did
blush about a bit, and all the while I wur a blushing
her kept on a grinning, nodding, winking, & saying,

CHORUS.

Come along, come along my Merry Ploughboy.
Come along, oh, she said unto me.

We went till we came to a very fine house,
Says she, sir, walk up stairs,
There was nice sort of thingembobs all round th' room
And nice soft bottoms on the chairs.
She talked such stuff as should not be named,
I could not help blushing, I was so ashamed.
Come along, &c.

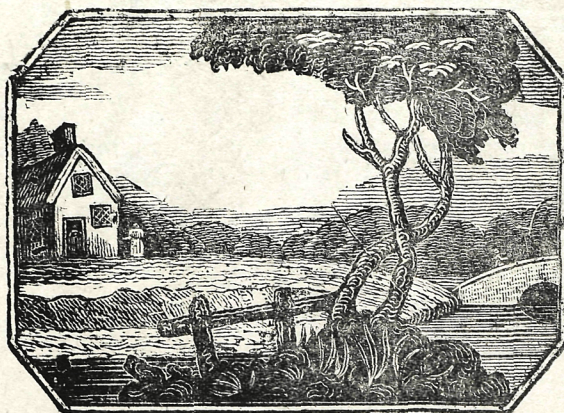
When we got into the house to be sure,
I gotten very nicely placed,
I never were used to such things before,
I were ashamed to look the wench in the face.
Her next had the impudence to tickle my knees,
Oh, now young woman, come don't if you please.
Come along, &c.

Her next came and sat right a top of my lap,
Lord how I felt to be sure,
Her next put her hand bang on the top of my cap,
I nearly slipp'd down on the floor.
My modesty before never had such a shock,
As sure as you're there, she laid hold of my frock.
Come along, &c.

Now my lads, now my lads! when you meet with a
lass that's right hearted and free,
Take her hand, touch her heart, and behave to her
well—and never be so bashful as me.
For life's rolling round, just like a cart wheel, 47
And nobody knows what love is till they feel.
Come along, &c.

Spoken.—Egad, I should think you did know what
love was, for when that little goat wi' no breeches
on all round his belly, tickles you under the short
ribs, you'd think about.

Come along, &c.



OLD SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

W. M'Call, Printer, 4, Cartwright Place, Byrom
Street, Liverpool.—Shops & Hawkers supplied.

O do you remember the old soldier's daughter,
As fair as the morning in spring time was she,
And many a lover warmly had sought her,
To all she was distant as maiden could be.
Dear father she cried with thee let me tarry,
Though lonely our cottage a home 'tis to me,
And a vow I have made that I never will marry,
Then let me live happy dear father with thee.

But vain was the vow of the old soldier's daughter
Young Patrick he woo'd her, though humble
was he,
He knelt at her feet, to his bosom he caught her,
And whispered to say when the bridla should be
Dear father she cried, it were a pity to tarry,
A cow and a cottage has Patrick for me,
And so dearly he loves me that I'm tempted to marry
And both will live happy dear father with thee.

Calm was the home of the old soldier's daughter,
With Patrick beside her a babe on her knee,
The aged, the blessed, and the youthful all sought
her,

And none was so cheerful and happy as she.
And fain was the soldier beside her to tarry,
Till death gently called him, and calmly slept he,
But she still blessed the day she was tempted to
marry,
Saying Patrick thou art now the world's love to me.

