



THE  
**SQUIRE**  
 OF  
**EDINBURGH.**

There was a squire in Edinburgh, and a squire of high degree,  
 And he courted a country girl, and a country girl was she,  
 But when her parents came to hear it, they unto her did say,  
 Still begging of their daughter dear to keep out of his way.

There was a farmer lived in the north, he had an only son,  
 And he courted this girl till he thought he had her won,  
 He got consent from her friends, her father and mother likewise,  
 But still she cried I am undone, and the tears fell from her eyes.

She wrote a letter to the squire, and sealed it with her hand,  
 That she was going for to be wed unto a farmer's son,  
 The very first line he looked on, he smiled and this did say,  
 I might deprive him of his bride all on the wedding day.

He wrote her back an answer that was both sharp and keen,  
 Come dress yourself in green, and I'll dress in the same,  
 Come dress yourself in green, and I the same will wear,  
 And I will wed with you my dear in spite of all that's there.

He looked east, he looked west, he looked all o'er his land,  
 Until he picked out eight score all of the Scottish clan,  
 He mounted them on milk white steeds most beautiful to see,  
 And they're away to the weddinghouse, and a single man was he

When he came to the wedding house the company welcomed him  
 there,  
 Saying have you seen the gentleman that rode along this way,  
 He laughed at them, he scoffed at them, and unto them did say,  
 They must have been some fairy troop that rode along this way.

They handed him a glass of wine, he drank to the company round,  
 Saying happy is the man, the man they call the groom,  
 But happier is the man he said, the man that will enjoy the bride,  
 Another might like her as well as him, and take her from his side.

Out bespoke the groom himself, and an angry man was he,  
 If it be for to fight you came, I am the man for thee,  
 It is not for to fight I came, but company for to show,  
 Give me one kiss from your lovely bride, and away from you I'll go

He took her by the middle so small, and by the grass green sleeve  
 He brought her out of the wedding house, of the company he  
 asked no leave,

The drums did beat the trumpets sounded most glorious to be seen  
 And she's away to Edinburgh town, with the company dressed in  
 green,

## Prince of Wales's Nurse.

Yon ladies of Great Britain,  
 Pity my sad case,  
 I'm a poor discharged servant,  
 Now wandering out of place

CHORUS.

I've offended Queen Victoria,  
 I never could do worse;  
 Eight months you're well aware I've been  
 The Prince of Wales's nurse.

I was brought up in Hampton,  
 Indeed it is no joke,  
 My father keeps a horse and cart,  
 And deals in coals and coke.

My husband lives at Claremont,  
 And jobs about the park,  
 I went there in a carriage,  
 And come back in a coal cart.

Now to my husband I dare not speak,  
 Now is not that a shame,  
 He said when I a nursing went,  
 I got myself to blame.

He said he heard concerning me  
 Some very wicked tales,  
 That I used to nurse the Footman  
 Instead of the Prince of Wales!

A rumour flew from England,  
 Right all the way to Cork,  
 That in next November,  
 I should have a Duke of York.

The picture of Prince Albert,  
 In his hand a riding whip,  
 And a bundle of Mustachios  
 Growing on his upper lip.

Victoria to the nursery  
 In a passion came one day,  
 Saying pack up your clothes you jade,  
 No longer here you stay.

I bawl'd out Queen forgive me,  
 I've been drinking ginger pop,  
 Now if I could have a little boy,  
 With mustachios fine and keen,

So help my bob I'll do my best,  
 To swear it on the Queen.

And if she wont support it,  
 Old England I will gull,  
 I will send it in a bonnet box,  
 Direct to farmer Bull.

I took my pitcher to the wall,  
 Until it did get broke,  
 Now I must to my father go,  
 To bawl out coals and coke.

