



THE WILD ROVER.

When I was a young man I roved up and down,
Through every city and fine market town :
Ale-houses and taverns I made them to roar,
But now I will play the wild Rover no more.

It was in Edinburgh city I first did begin,
With cunning girls spent many a pound,
But the landlady sily would double the score,
But now I will play the wild Rover no more.

It was next town to Glasgow I now took my way,
With Nancy and Sally I spent the whole day,
I met with young Molly as bright as the sun ;
She brought me to repentance before it was long.

She agreed with me in my chamber to lie,
I thought I had got a sweet armful of joy,
But when I was sleeping I found she was gone,
My money and cloathing had also put on.

This impudent girl to use me so base,
I applied to the whisky my spirits for to raise,
For a glass of good liquor our spirits will cheer,
It drowns all our sorrows and drives away care.

By Stirling to Perth as I marched along,
My heart it was light as the whisky was strong,
I loved it so dearly I pawned all my clothes,
Which brought me into limbo in spite of my nose.

Then I went to an alehouse where I used to resort,
Where many a pound I had foolishly spent,
I asked her to trust me, but her answer was no,
You word is a bauble, its not worth a straw.

This usage so base, from a woman so bad,
Makes thousands of things run into my head,
It opened my eyes which were quite shut before,
But now I will play the wild Rover no more.

You brave soldiers and sailors, and tradesmen also,
Take care of your money wherever you go ;
Take a warning by me who has tried so before,
But now I will play the wild Rover no more.

George Walker, Jun., Printer Durham.

Betsey Baker.

From noise and bustle far away,
Hard work my time employing,
How happily I pass each day,
Content and health enjoying ;
The birds did sing and so did I,
As I trudg'd o'er each acre,
I never knew what it was to sigh,
Till I saw Betsy Baker.

At church I met her drest so neat,
One Sunday in hot weather,
With love I found my heart did beat,
As we sung psalms together ;
So piously she hung her head
The while her voice did shake, ah !
I thought if ever I did wed,
'Twould be with Betsey Baker.

From her side I could not budge,
And sure I thought no harm on't,
My elbow then she gave a nudge,
And bade me mind the sarment ;
When church was o'er out she walk'd,
But I did overtake her,
Determin'd I would not be baulk'd
I spoke to Betsy Baker.

Her manner's were genteel and cool,
I found on conversation,
She'd just come from a boarding school,
And finished her education ;
But love made me speak out quite free,
Says I, I've many an acre,
Will you give me your company ?—
'I shan't,' says Betsy Baker.

All my entreaties she did slight,
And I was forced to leave her,
I got no sleep all that there night,
For love had brought a fever.
The doctor came, he smelt his cane,
With long face like a quaker,
Said he, " Young man pray where's your pain ?"
Says I, ' Sir, Betsey Baker.

Because I was not bad enough,
He bolus'd and he pill'd me,
And if I had taken all his stuff,
I think he must ha'e kill'd me ;
I put an end to all my strife,
'Twixt him and the undertaker,
And what d'ye think 'twas saved my life,
Why—thoughts of Betsy Baker.

I then again to Betsy went,
Once more with love attack'd her,
But meantime she'd got acquainted with
A ramping mad play-actor,
If she would have him he did say,
A lady he would make her ;
He gammoned her to run away,
And I lost Betsey Baker.

I fretted very much to find,
My hopes of love so undone,
And mother thought 'twould ease my mind,
If I came up to London ;
But tho' I strive another way,
My thoughts still ne'er forsake her,
I dream all night and think all day,
Of cruel Betsy Baker.

