

# OLD SONGS



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# OLD SONGS





OLD SONGS  
WITH DRAWINGS BY  
EDWIN A. ABBEY  
& ALFRED PARSONS

NEW YORK · HARPER & BROTHERS · PRINTERS &  
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A LOVE SONG





*A LOVE SONG.*

BY GEORGE WITHER.



LOV'D a lasse, a faire one,  
As faire as e'er was seene;  
She was, indeed, a rare one,  
Another Sheba queen;

But,

But, foole, as then I was,  
I thought she lov'd me too;  
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

Her haire, like gold, did glister;  
Each eye was like a starre;  
She did surpasse her sister,  
Which past all others farre:



She



She would me hony call;  
She'd, oh, she'd kisse me too!  
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,  
*Falcro, lero, loo.*

In

In summer-time, to Medley  
My love and I would goe—  
The boatmen there stood readie  
My love and I to rowe;  
For creame there would we call,  
For cakes, and for prunes too;  
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

Many a merry meeting  
My love and I have had:  
She was my onely sweeting;  
She made my heart full glad:





The teares stood in her eyes,  
Like to the morning-dew;  
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

And as abroad we walked,  
As lovers' fashion is,  
Oft, as we sweetly talked,  
The sun would steale a kisse;  
The winde upon her lips  
Likewise most sweetly blew;  
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

Her cheekes were like the cherrie,  
Her skin as white as snow;  
When she was blyth and merrie,  
She angel-like did show;  
Her wast exceeding small,  
The fives did fit her shoo;  
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

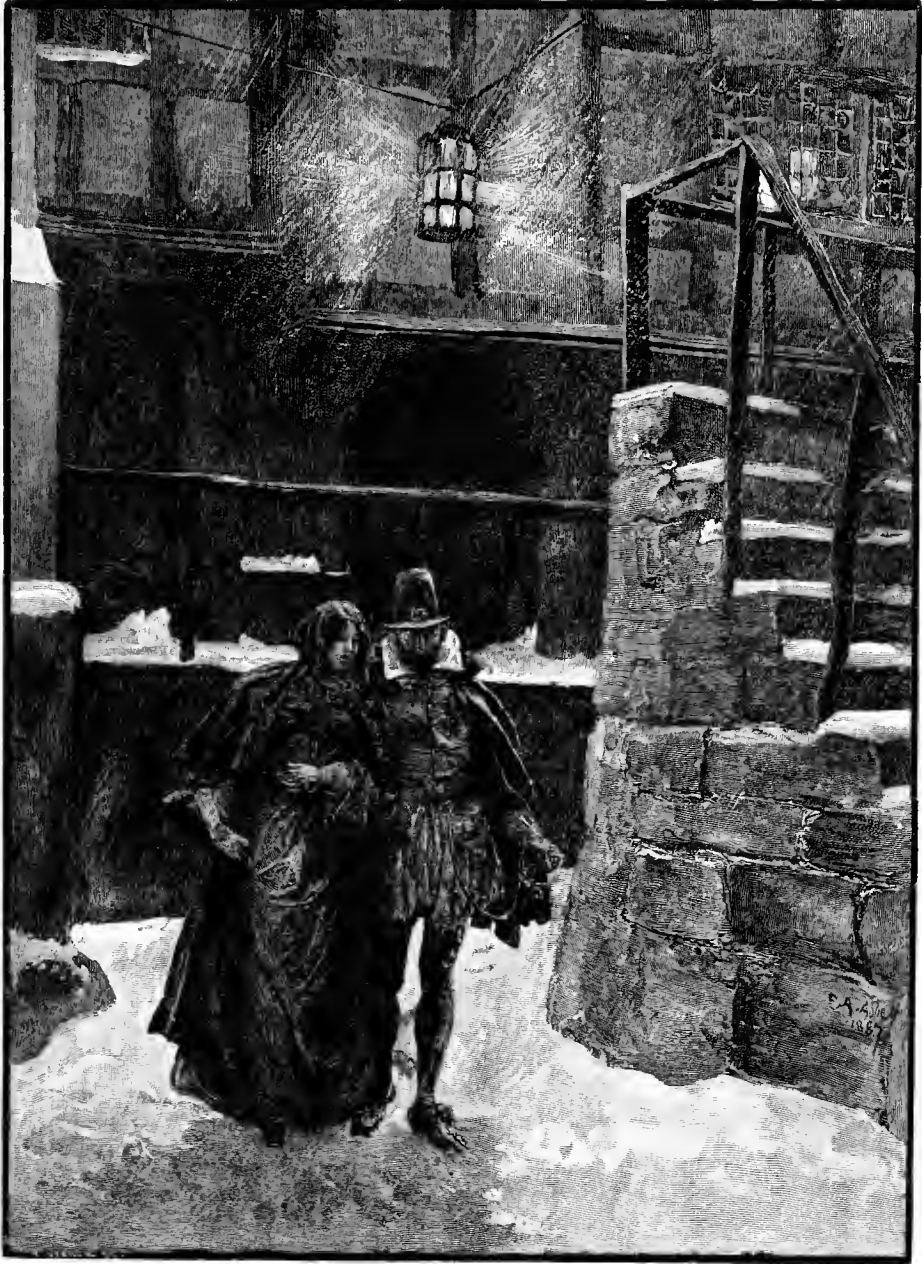
In summer-time or winter  
She had her heart's desire;  
I stil did scorne to stint her  
: From sugar, sacke, or fire:  
The world went round about;  
No cares we ever knew;  
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

As



As we walked home together,  
At midnight, through the towne,  
To keepe away the weather,  
O're her I'd cast my gowne;  
No colde my love should feele,  
Whate'er the heavens could doe;  
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

Like



Like doves we would be billing,  
And clip and kisse so fast,  
Yet she would be unwilling  
That I should kisse the last:  
They're Judas kisses now,  
Since that they prov'd untrue;  
For, now, alasse! sh'as left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*



To maidens' vowes and swearing  
Henceforth no credit give;  
You may give them the hearing,  
But never them beleeve:  
They are as false as faire,  
Unconstant, fraile, untrue;  
For mine, alasse! hath left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

'Twas I that paid for all things,  
'Twas others dranke the wine;  
I cannot now recall things,  
Live but a foole to pine:  
'Twas I that beat the bush,  
The bird to others flew;  
For she, alasse! hath left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

If ever that Dame Nature,  
For this false lover's sake,  
Another pleasing creature  
Like unto her would make,  
Let her remember this,  
To make the other true;  
For this, alasse! hath left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*

No riches, now, can raise me,  
No want make me despaire,  
No miserie amaze me,  
Nor yet for want I care:

I have

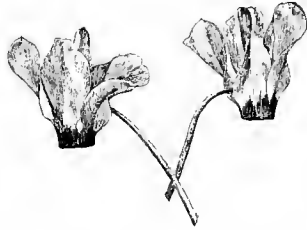


I have lost a world it selfe.  
My earthly heaven, adue!  
Since she, alasse! hath left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo.*









“Why canst Thou not  
as Others do”



*“WHY CANST THOU NOT, AS OTHERS DO?”*



WHY canst thou not, as others do,  
Look on me with unwounding eyes?  
And yet look sweet, but yet not so,  
Smile, but not in killing wise;  
Arm not thy graces to confound;  
Only look, but do not wound.

Why should mine eyes see more in you  
Than they can see in all the rest?  
For I can others' beauties view,  
And not find my heart opprest.  
O be as others are to me,  
Or let me be more to thee.







*“With Jockey  
to the Fair”*



*"WITH JOCKEY TO THE FAIR."*



WAS on the morn of sweet May-day,  
When nature painted all things gay—  
Taught birds to sing and lambs to play  
And deck'd the meadows fair—  
Young Jockey early in the morn  
Arose and tripped it o'er the lawn.  
His Sunday coat the youth put on;  
For Jenny had vowed away to run  
With Jockey to the fair.

The cheerful parish bells had rung.  
With eager steps he trudg'd along;  
Sweet flowing garlands round him hung,  
Which shepherds us'd to wear.  
He tapp'd the window. "Hush, my dear!"  
Jenny, impatient, cried, "Who's there?"  
"'Tis I, my love, and no one near.  
Step gently down, you've naught to fear  
With Jockey to the fair."

"My





E. A. 1847  
(18)



“ My dad and mammy 're fast asleep.  
My brother up and with the sheep.  
And will you still your promise keep,  
    Which I have heard you swear?  
And will you ever constant prove?”  
“ I will, by all the pow'rs above!  
And ne'er deceive my charming dove.  
Dispel those doubts, and haste, my love,  
    With Jockey to the fair.”

“ Behold the ring!” the shepherd cried.  
“ Will Jenny be my charming bride?  
Let Cupid be our happy guide,  
    And Hymen meet us there.”  
Then Jockey did his vows renew—  
He would be constant, would be true.  
His word was pledged, away she flew,  
With cowslips sparkling with the dew,  
    With Jockey to the fair.

Soon did they meet a joyful throng.  
Their gay companions, blithe and young,  
Each joins the dance, each joins the song  
    To hail the happy pair. '  
What two were e'er so fond as they?  
All bless the kind propitious day—  
The smiling morn, the blooming May,  
When lovely Jenny ran away  
    With Jockey to the fair.







*“Sweet Nelly  
my  
Heart’s Delight.”*







*“SWEET NELLY, MY HEART’S DELIGHT.”*

HE.



WEET Nelly, my heart’s delight,  
Be loving, and do not slight  
The proffer I make  
For modesty’s sake.

I honor your beauty bright;  
For love I profess,  
I can do no less.  
Thou hast my favor won.  
And since I see  
Your modesty,  
I pray you agree,  
And fancy me,  
Though I’m but a farmer’s son.

SHE.

SHE. No; I am a lady gay;  
It is very well known I may  
    Have men of renown  
    In country or town.  
So, Roger, without delay  
    Court Bridget, or Sue,  
    Kate, Nancy, or Prue;  
Their loves will soon be won;  
    But don't you dare  
    To speak me fair,  
    As if I were  
    At my last pray'r  
To marry a farmer's son.

HE. My father has riches in store,  
Two hundred a year and more,  
    Besides sheep and cows,  
    Carts, harrows, and ploughs.  
His age is above threescore,  
    And when he does die,  
    Then merrily I  
Shall have what he has won.  
    Both land and kine,  
    All shall be thine,  
    If thou'lt incline,  
    And will be mine,  
And marry a farmer's son.

SHE. A fig for your cattle and corn!  
Your proffered love I scorn.  
    'Tis known very well  
    My name it is Nell,  
And you're but a bumpkin born.

HE.





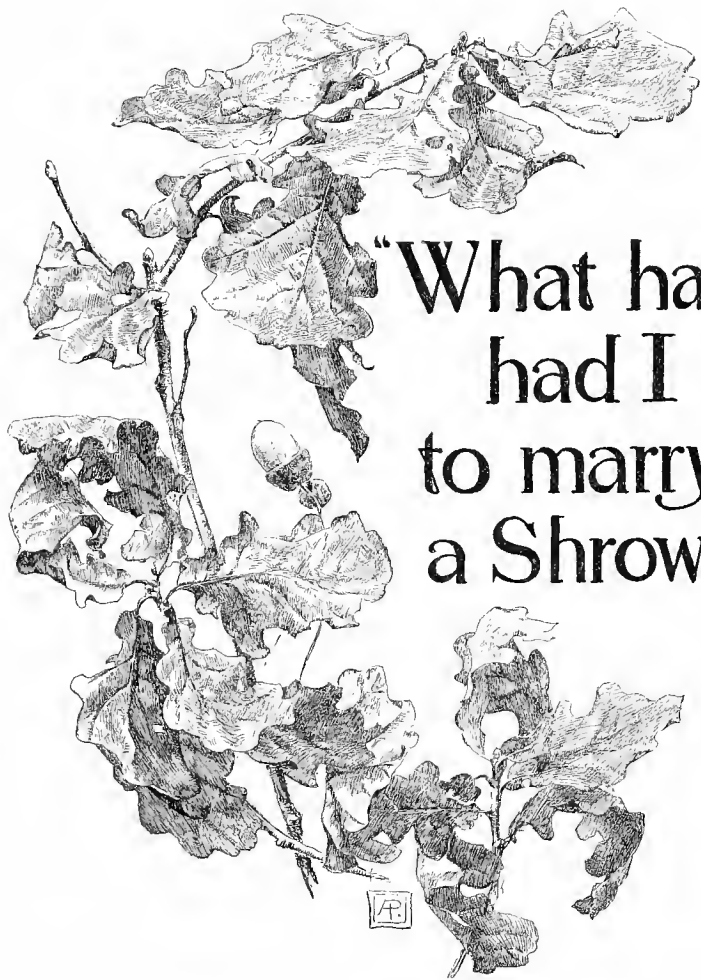
HE.           Well, since it is so,  
                Away I will go,  
And I hope no harm is done.  
                Farewell! adieu!  
                I hope to woo  
                As good as you,  
                And win her too,  
Though I'm but a farmer's son.

SHE. Be not in such haste, quoth she;  
      Perhaps we may still agree,

For,

For, man, I protest  
I was but in jest;  
Come, prithee, sit down by me.  
For thou art the man  
That verily can  
Win me if e'er I'm won.  
Both straight and tall,  
Genteel withal,  
Therefore I shall  
Be at your call  
To marry a farmer's son.

HE. Dear Nelly, believe me now,  
I solemnly swear and vow  
No lords in their lives  
Take pleasure in wives  
Like we that do drive the plough.  
Whatever we gain  
With labor or pain,  
We don't after wantons run,  
As courtiers do.  
And I never knew  
A London beau  
That could outdo  
A country farmer's son.



“What hap  
had I  
to marry  
a Shrow”



*“WHAT HAP HAD I TO MARRY A SHROW!”*



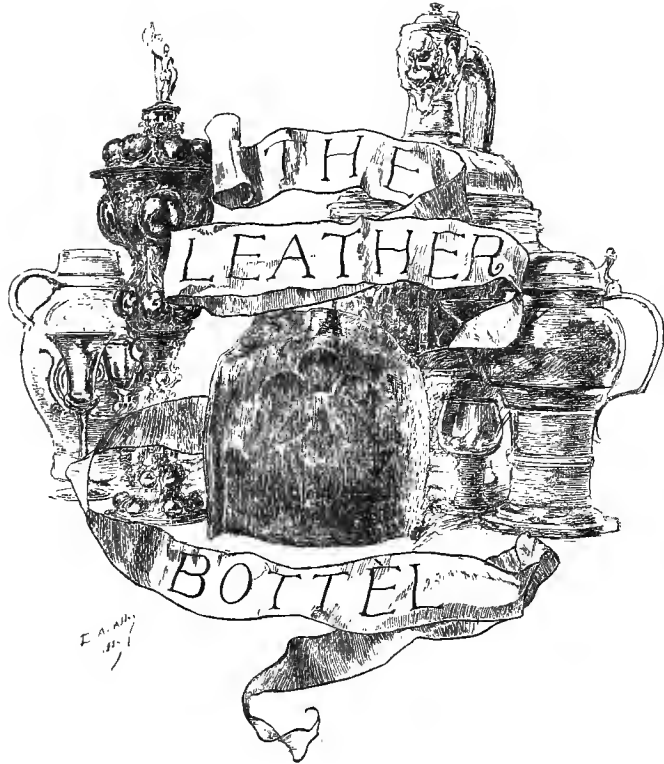
HAT hap had I to marry a shrow!  
For she hath given me many a blow,  
And how to please her, alack! I do not know.

From morn to even her tongue ne'er lies;  
Sometimes she brawls, sometimes she cries;  
Yet I can scarce keep her talents from mine eyes.

If I go abroad and late come in,  
“Sir Knave,” saith she, “where have you been?”  
And do I well or ill, she claps me on the skin.







*THE LEATHER BOTTÈL.*



’T WAS God above that made all things,  
The heav’ns, the earth, and all therein,  
The ships that on the sea do swim  
To guard from foes that none come in;  
And let them all do what they can,  
’Twas for one end—the use of man.  
So I wish in heav’n his soul may dwell  
That first found out the leather bottèl.

Now, what do you say to these cans of wood?  
Oh no, in faith they cannot be good;  
For if the bearer fall by the way,  
Why, on the ground your liquor doth lay;  
But had it been in a leather bottèl,  
Although he had fallen all had been well.  
*So I wish in heav’n, etc.*

Then





Then what do you say to these glasses fine?  
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,  
For if you chance to touch the brim,  
Down falls the liquor and all therein;  
But had it been in a leather bottèl,  
And the stoppel in, all had been well.  
*So I wish in heav'n, etc.*

Then



A 412  
1887





Then what do you say to these black pots three?  
If a man and his wife should not agree,  
Why, they'll tug and pull till their liquor doth spill;  
In a leather bottèl they may tug their fill,  
And pull away till their hearts do ake,  
And yet their liquor no harm can take.

*So I wish in heav'n, etc.*

Then



Then what do you say to these flagons fine?  
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,  
For when a Lord is about to dine,  
And sends them to be filled with wine,  
The man with the flagon doth run away,  
Because it is silver most gallant and gay.  
*So I wish in heav'n, etc.*

A leather bottèl we know is good,  
Far better than glasses or cans of wood,  
For when a man's at work in the field,  
Your glasses and pots no comfort will yield;  
But a good leather bottle standing by  
Will raise his spirits whenever he's dry.  
*So I wish in heav'n, etc.*

At noon, the haymakers sit them down,  
To drink from their bottles of ale nut-brown;  
In summer, too, when the weather is warm,  
A good bottle full will do them no harm.  
Then the lads and the lasses begin to tottle,  
But what would they do without this bottle?  
*So I wish in heav'n, etc.*

There's never a Lord, an Earl, or Knight,  
But in this bottle doth take delight;  
For when he's hunting of the deer,  
He oft doth wish for a bottle of beer.  
Likewise the man that works in the wood,  
A bottle of beer will oft do him good.  
*So I wish in heav'n, etc.*

And

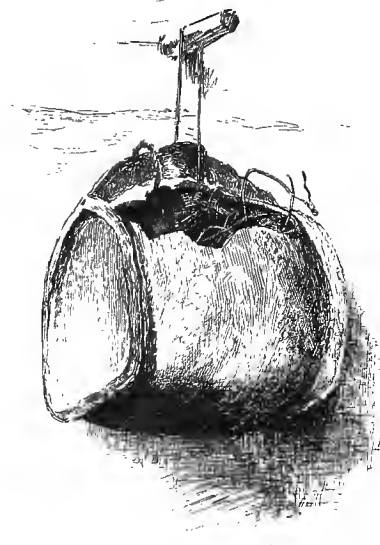




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1848



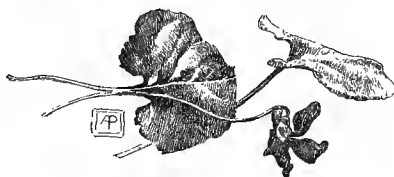
And when the bottle at last grows old,  
And will good liquor no longer hold,  
Out of the side you may take a clout,  
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;  
Or take and hang it up on a pin,  
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.  
*So I wish in heav'n, etc.*







NEVER  
LOVE THEE  
MORE



*NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.*



MY dear and only love, take heed  
How thou thyself expose  
By letting longing lovers feed  
Upon such looks as those.  
I'll marble-wall thee round about,  
And build without a door;  
But if thy heart do once break out,  
I'll never love thee more.

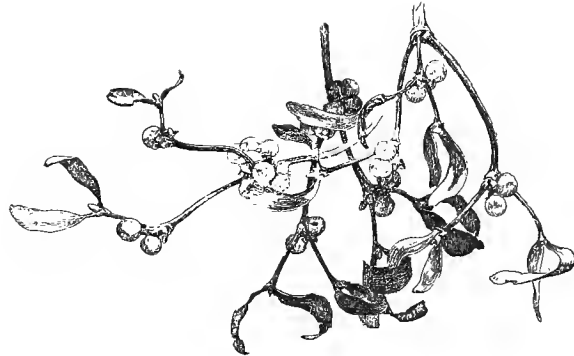
Let not their oaths, by volleys shot,  
Make any breach at all,  
Nor smoothness of their language plot  
A way to scale the wall;  
No balls of wildfire love consume  
The shrine which I adore;  
For if such smoke about it fume,  
I'll never love thee more.

Then

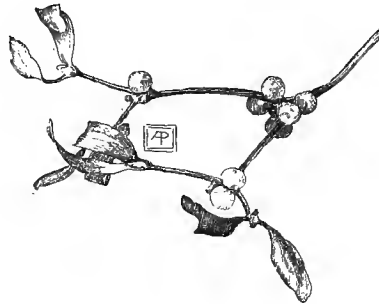


Then if by fraud or by consent  
To ruin thou shouldst come,  
I'll sound no trouble as of wont,  
Nor march by beat of drum,  
But fold my arms, like ensigns, up,  
Thy falsehood to deplore,  
And after such a bitter cup  
I'll never love thee more.





‘ “Here’s to the Maiden  
of Bathful Fifteen” ’



*“HERE’S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL  
FIFTEEN.”*



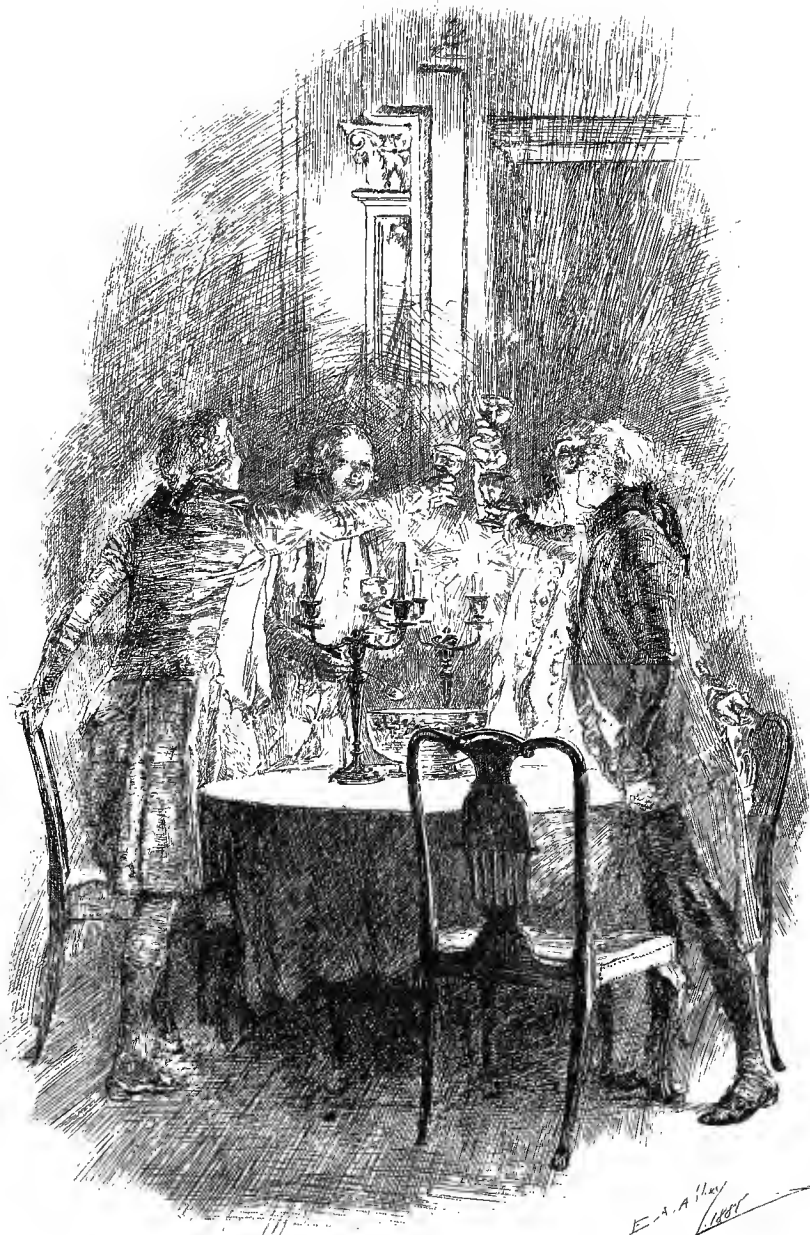
HERE’S to the maiden of bashful fifteen,  
Now to the widow of fifty;  
Here’s to the flaunting extravagant quean,  
And here’s to the housewife that’s thrifty,  
Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the lass;  
I warrant she’ll prove  
An excuse for the glass.

Here’s to the charmer whose dimples we prize,  
Now to the damsel with none, sir;  
Here’s to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,  
And now to the nymph with but one, sir.  
*Let the toast, etc.*

Here’s to the maid with a bosom of snow,  
Now to her that’s as brown as a berry;  
Here’s to the wife with a face full of woe,  
And now to the damsel that’s merry.  
*Let the toast, etc.*

For





E. A. Kelley  
1888

For let her be clumsy or let her be slim,  
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;  
So fill up a bumper, nay, fill to the brim,  
And let us e'en toast 'em together.

*Let the toast, etc.*







*BARBARA ALLEN.*



ALL in the merry Month of May,  
when green leaves they was springing,  
This young man on his Death-bed lay,  
for the love of *Barbara Allen*.

He sent his man unto her then,  
in the Town where she was dwelling:  
You must come to my Master dear,  
if your name be *Barbara Allen*.

For Death is printed in his face,  
and Sorrow's in him dwelling,  
And you must come to my Master dear,  
if your name is *Barbara Allen*.

If

If Death be printed on his face,  
and Sorrow's in him dwelling,  
Then little better shall he be  
for Bonny *Barbara Allen*.



S. J. P. H. K.  
1837.



So slowly, slowly she got up,  
and so slowly she came to him,  
And all she said when she came there,  
young Man, I think you are a dying.

He

He turn'd his face unto her then:  
if you be *Barbara Allen*,  
My dear, said he, come pittie me,  
as on my Death-bed I am lying.

If on your Death-bed you be lying,  
what is that to *Barbara Allen*?  
I cannot keep you from Death,  
so farewell, said *Barbara Allen*.

He turn'd his face unto the Wall,  
and Death came creeping to him:  
Then adieu, adieu, and adieu to all,  
and adieu to *Barbara Allen*.

And as she was walking on a day,  
she heard the Bell a Ringing,  
And it did seem to ring to her,  
unworthy *Barbara Allen*.

She turn'd herself round about,  
and she spy'd the Corps a coming:  
Lay down, Lay down the Corps of Clay,  
that I may look upon him.

And all the while she looked on,  
so loudly she was laughing;  
While all her Friends cry'd amain,  
unworthy *Barbara Allen*.

When





When he was dead & laid in Grave,  
then Death came creeping to she.  
O Mother! Mother! make my Bed,  
for his Death hath quite undone me.

A hard



L. A. M. 27  
1887.

A hard hearted Creature that I was,  
to slight one that loved me so dearly;  
I wish I had been more kinder to him,  
the time of his Life, when he was near me.

So this Maid she then did dye,  
and desired to be buried by him,  
And repented herself before she dy'd  
that ever she did deny him.



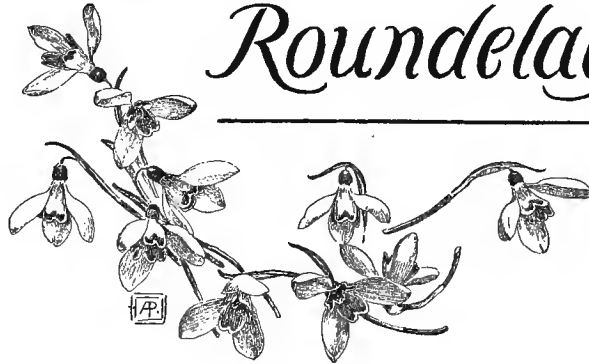




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*Perigot & Cuddy's*  
*Roundelay.*

---





*PERIGOT AND CUDDY'S ROUNDELAY.*

BY EDM. SPENSER.



I fell upon a holy-eve  
(Heigho, holy-day!),  
When holy fathers went to shrive  
(Now 'ginneth this roundelay),  
Sitting upon a hill so high  
(Heigho, the high hill!)  
The while my flock did feed thereby,  
The while the shepherd's self did spill.

I saw the bouncing Bellibone  
(Heigho, bonny-bell!)  
Tripping over the dale alone—  
She can trip it very well—  
Well decked in a frock of gray  
(Heigho, gray is great!)  
And in a kirtle of green say—  
The green is for maidens meet.

A chaplet on her head she wore  
(Heigho, the chaplet!);  
Of sweet violets therein was store—  
She's sweeter than the violet.

My





My sheep did leave their wonted food  
    (Heigho, silly sheep!)  
And gazed on her as they were wood—  
    Wood as he that did them keep.

As the bonny lass passed by  
    (Heigho, bonny lass!)  
She rolled at me with glancing eye  
    As clear as the crystal glass.  
All as the sunny beam so bright  
    (Heigho, the sunbeam!)  
Glanceth from Phœbus' face forth-right,  
    So love into my heart did stream.

Or as the thunder cleaves the clouds  
    (Heigho, the thunder!)  
Wherein the lightsome leaven shrouds,  
    So cleaves my soul asunder;  
Or as dame Cynthia's silver ray  
    (Heigho, the moonlight!)  
Upon the glistening wave doth play,  
    Such play is a piteous plight.

The glance into my heart did glide  
    (Heigho, the glide!),  
Therewith my soul was sharply gride.  
    Such wounds some waxen wide;  
Hasting to wrench the arrow out  
    (Heigho, Perigot!),  
I left the head in my heart-root:  
    It was a desperate shot.

Then

Then it rankleth aye more and more  
    (Heigho, the arrow!),  
Nor can I find salve for my sore—  
    Love is a cureless sorrow.  
And though my bale with death I bought  
    (Heigho, heavy cheer!)  
Yet should this lass not from my thought,  
    So you may buy gold too dear.

But whether in painful love I pine  
    (Heigho, pinching pain!)  
Or thrive in wealth, she shall be mine.  
    But if thou can her obtain,  
And if for graceless grief I die  
    (Heigho, graceless grief!),  
Witness she slew me with her eye,  
    Let thy folly be the preef (*sic*).

And you that saw it, simple sheep  
    (Heigho, the fair flock!),  
For prief thereof my death shall weep  
    And moan with many a mock.  
So learn'd I love on a holy-eve  
    (Heigho, holy-day!)  
That ever since my heart did grieve.  
    Now endeth our roundelay.



*SALLY IN OUR ALLEY*  
*A SONG by*  
*H. CAREY*



*SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.*



**O**F all the girls that are so smart  
There's none like pretty Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.  
There is no lady in the land  
Is half so sweet as Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,  
And through the streets does cry 'em;  
Her mother she sells laces long  
To such as please to buy 'em;

But





But sure such folks could ne'er beget  
So sweet a girl as Sally!  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

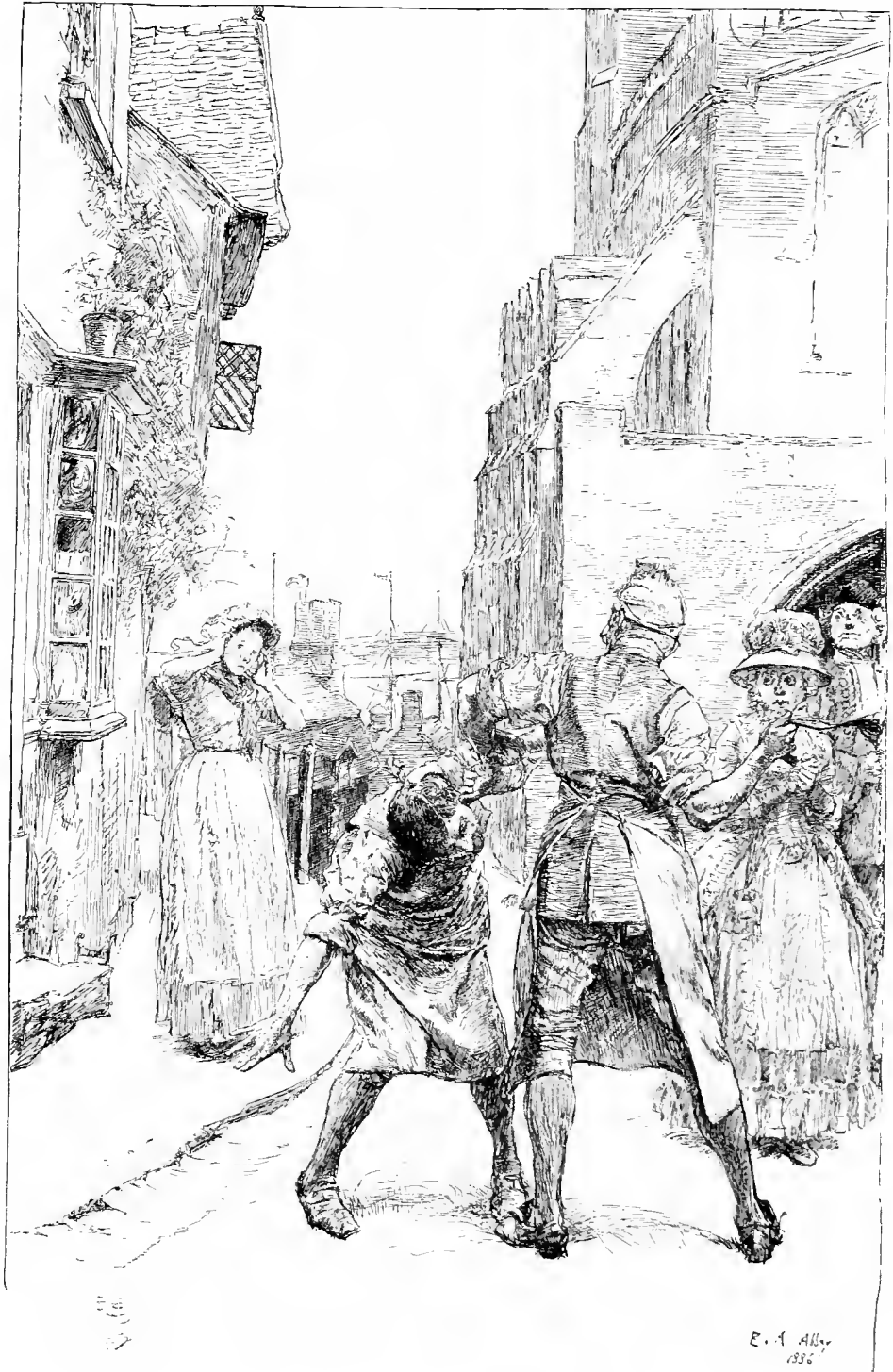
When she is by, I leave my work,  
I love her so sincerely;  
My master comes like any Turk,  
And bangs me most severely;

But

But let him bang his bellyful,  
I'll bear it all for Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.



Of



E. A. Allen  
1886





Of all the days that's in the week  
I dearly love but one day,  
And that's the day that comes betwixt  
A Saturday and Monday;  
For then I'm drest all in my best  
To walk abroad with Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.



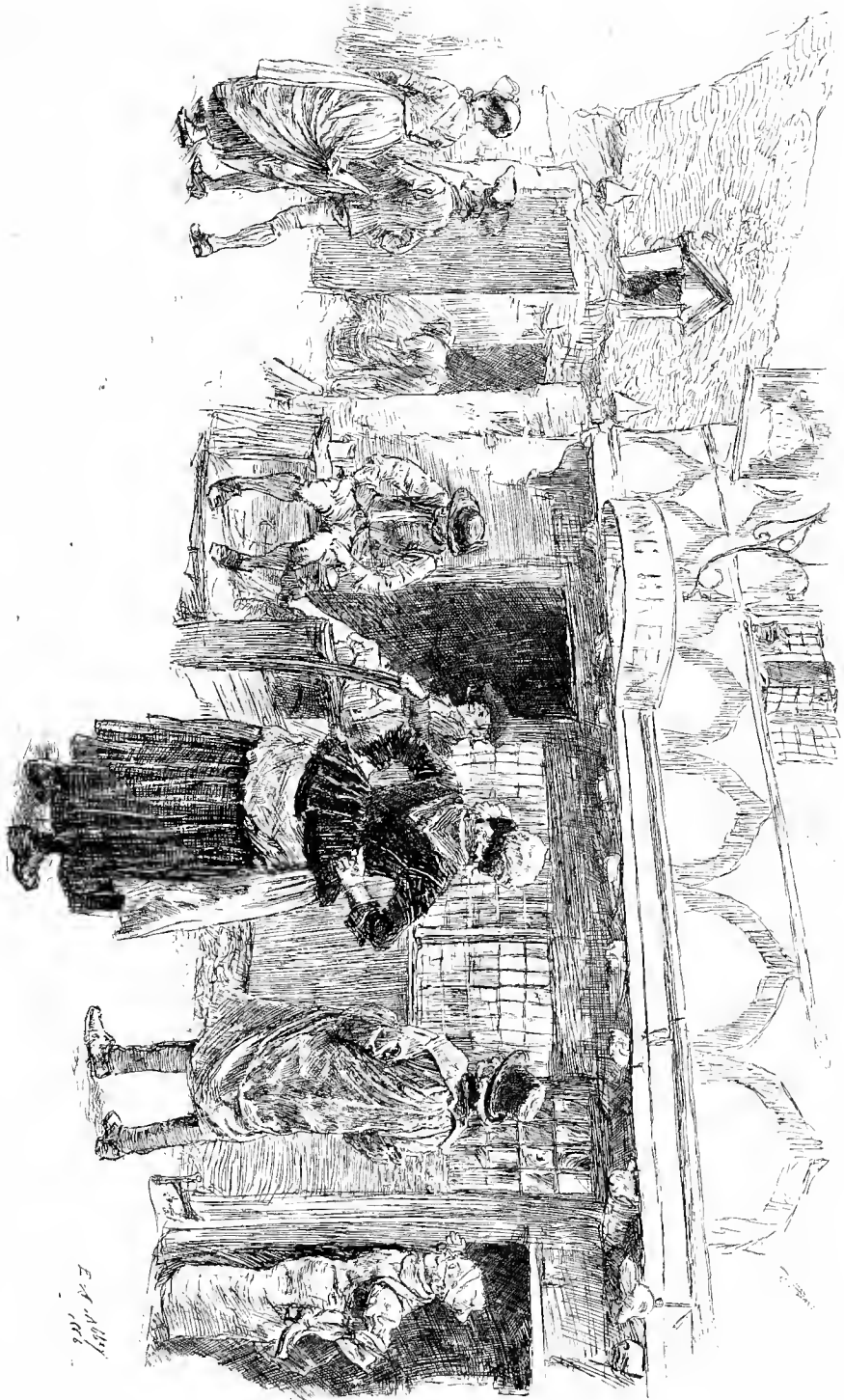
My master carries me to church,  
And often am I blamed  
Because I leave him in the lurch  
As soon as text is named;  
I leave the church in sermon-time  
And slink away to Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,  
Oh, then I shall have money;  
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,  
I'll give it to my honey:  
I would it were ten thousand pound,  
I'd give it all to Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.



My master and the neighbors all  
Make game of me and Sally,  
And, but for her, I'd better be  
A slave and row a galley;

But



F. A. Abbey  
1866

But when my seven long years are out,  
Oh, then I'll marry Sally!  
And then how happily we'll live,  
But *not* in our alley.





*"EARLY  
ONE  
MORNING"*

*“EARLY ONE MORNING.”*



EARLY one morning, just as the sun was rising,  
I heard a maid sing in the valley below:  
“Oh, don’t deceive me! oh, never leave me!  
How could you use a poor maiden so?”

“Oh, gay is the garland and fresh are the roses  
I’ve culled from the garden to bind up my brow.  
Oh, don’t deceive me! oh, do not leave me!  
How could you use a poor maiden so?”

“Remember the vows you made to your Mary;  
Remember the bow’r where you vowed to be true.  
Oh, don’t deceive me! oh, do not leave me!  
How could you use a poor maiden so?”

Thus sang the poor maiden, her sorrows bewailing;  
Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below:  
“Oh, don’t deceive me! oh, never leave me!  
How could you use a poor maiden so?”

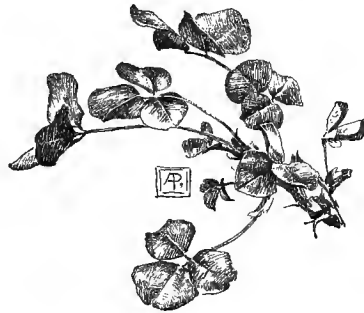


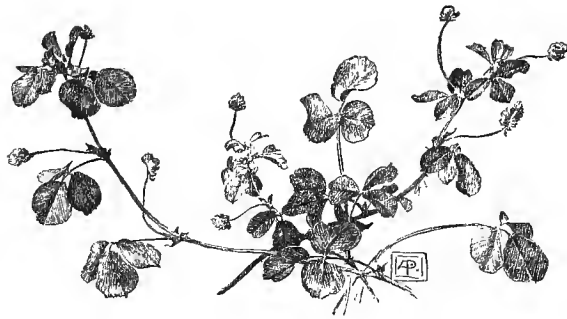






*Kitty of Coleraine*







*KITTY OF COLERAINE.*



S beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping  
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of  
Coleraine,  
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it  
tumbled,  
And all the sweet buttermilk water'd the  
plain.

Oh, what shall I do now? 'Twas looking at you, now.  
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again.  
'Twas the pride of my dairy. Oh, Barney M'Leary,  
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine!

I sat





1918







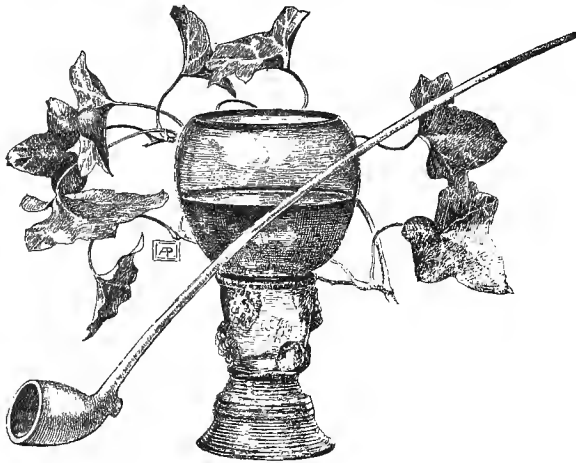
I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,  
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.  
A kiss then I gave her. Before I did leave her,  
She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas haymaking season. I can't tell the reason—  
Misfortunes will never come single—that's plain—  
For, very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,  
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.





# OLD KING COLE



*OLD KING COLE.*



OLD King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he ;  
And he call'd for his pipe,  
And he call'd for his bowl,  
And he call'd for his fiddlers three.

Then twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle went the  
fiddlers ;

Twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle twee.  
There's none so rare as can compare  
To King Cole and his fiddlers three.







*HARVEST-HOME.*



COME, Roger and Nell;  
Come, Simkin and Bell;  
Each lad with his lass hither come,  
With singing and dancing,  
In pleasure advancing  
To celebrate harvest-home.  
'Tis Ceres bids play  
And keep holiday  
To celebrate harvest-home.

Our labor is o'er, and our barns in full store  
Now swell with rich gifts of the land.  
Let each man then take, for the prong and the rake,  
His can and his lass in his hand.  
'Tis Ceres bids play  
And keep holiday  
To celebrate harvest-home.

No courtiers can be so happy as we  
In innocent pastime and mirth,

While



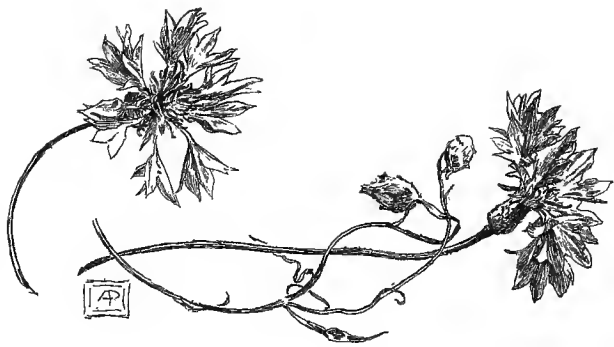


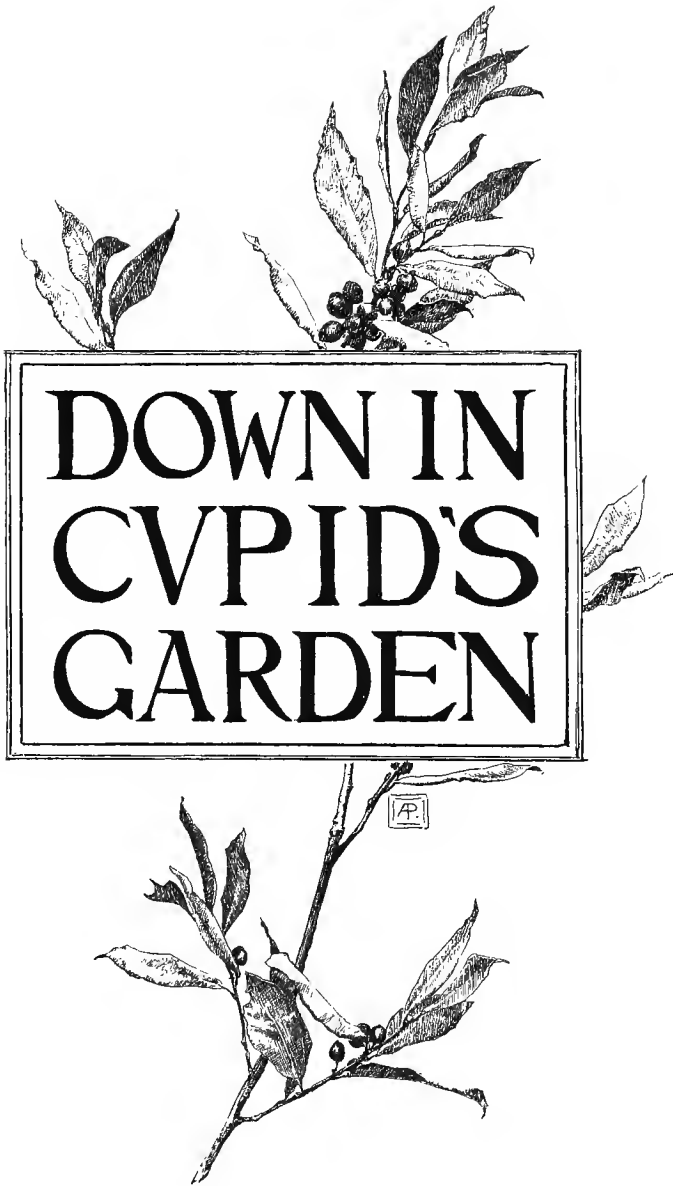
107  
LAVY E



While thus we carouse with our sweetheart or spouse,  
And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth,  
'Tis Ceres bids play  
And keep holiday  
To celebrate harvest-home.







DOWN IN  
CUPID'S  
GARDEN

A.P.

*"'T WAS DOWN IN CUPID'S GARDEN."*



WAS down in Cupid's garden  
For pleasure I did go,  
To see the fairest flowers  
That in that garden grow.  
The first it was the jessamine,  
The lily, pink, and rose,  
And surely they're the fairest flow'rs  
That in that garden grows!

I'd not walked in that garden  
The part of half an hour,  
When there I saw two pretty maids  
Sitting under a shady bower.  
The first was lovely Nancy,  
So beautiful and fair;  
The other was a virgin  
Who did the laurel wear.

I boldly stepped up to her,  
And unto her did say,  
Are you engaged to any young man?  
Do tell to me, I pray!

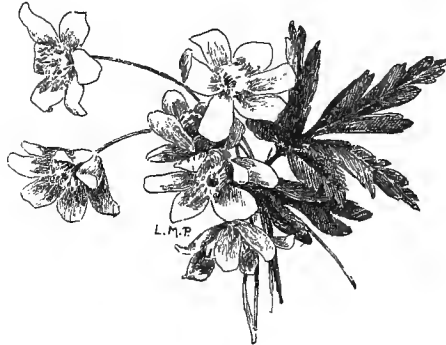
I'm



Part 3  
1844

I'm not engaged to any young man,  
I solemnly do swear;  
I mean to live a virgin,  
And still the laurel wear.

Then hand in hand together  
This lovely couple went;  
Resolved was the sailor boy  
To know her full intent—  
To know if he would slighted be  
When to her the truth he told.  
Oh no! oh no! oh no! she cried;  
I love a sailor bold.







PHILLADA  
FLOUTS ME







*PHILLADA.*



H, what a pain is love!  
How shall I bear it?  
She will unconstant prove;  
I greatly fear it.

She

She so torments my mind  
That my strength faileth,  
And wavers with the wind  
As a ship saileth.  
Please her the best I may,  
She loves still to gainsay:  
Alack and well-a-day!  
Phillada flouts me.

All the fair yesterday  
She did pass by me;  
She looked another way  
And would not spy me.  
I woo'd her for to dine,  
But could not get her;  
Will had her to the wine—  
He might intreat her.  
With Daniel she did dance;  
On me she looked askance:  
Oh, thrice unhappy chance!  
Phillada flouts me.

Fair





Fair maid! be not so coy;  
Do not disdain me!  
I am my mother's joy:  
Sweet! entertain me!  
She'll give me when she dies  
All that is fitting:  
Her poultry and her bees,  
And her goose sitting,

A pair

A pair of mattress beds,  
And a bag full of shreds:  
And yet, for all this guedes,  
Phillada flouts me.

She hath a clout of mine,  
Wrought with blue coventry,  
Which she keeps for a sign  
Of my fidelity;



But



But, 'faith, if she flinch,  
She shall not wear it;  
To Tib, my t'other wench,  
I mean to bear it.  
And yet it grieves my heart  
So soon from her to part:  
Death strike me with his dart!  
Phillada flouts me.

Thou



Thou shalt eat crudded cream  
All the year lasting,  
And drink the crystal stream  
Pleasant in tasting,



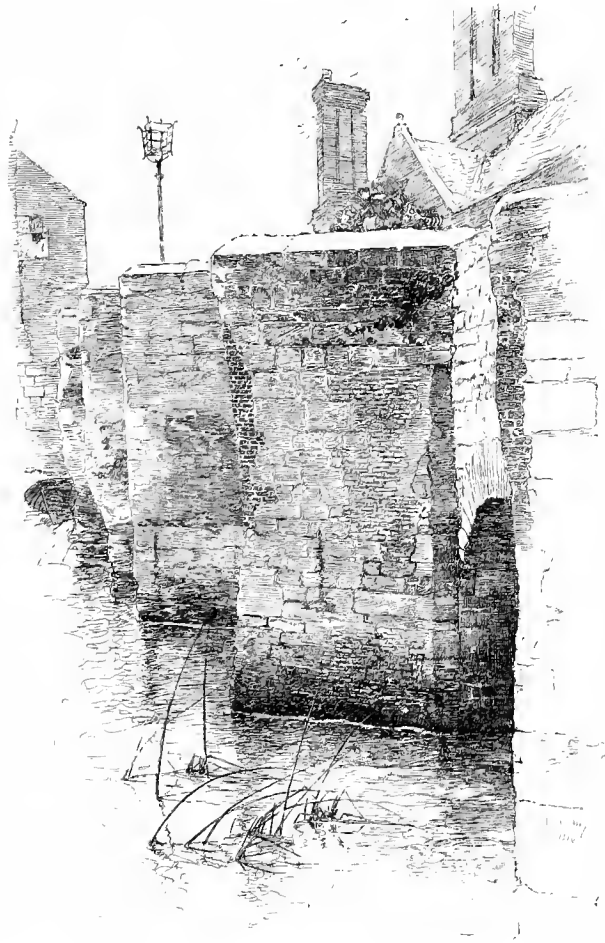
Whig



Whig and wey whilst thou lust,  
    And ramble-berries,  
Pie-lid and pastry crust,  
    Pears, plums, and cherries ;  
Thy raiment shall be thin,  
Made of a weevil's skin—  
Yet all's not worth a pin :  
    Phillada flouts me.

Fair

Fair maiden! have a care,  
And in time take me;  
I can have those as fair,  
If you forsake me:  
For Doll the dairy-maid  
Laughed at me lately,  
And wanton Winifred  
Favors me greatly.



One

One throws milk on my clothes;  
T'other plays with my nose:  
What wanting signs are those!  
    Phillada flouts me.

I cannot work nor sleep  
    At all in season,  
Love wounds my heart so deep,  
    Without all reason.  
I 'gin to pine away  
    In my love's shadow,  
Like as a fat beast may  
    Penned in a meadow.  
I shall be dead, I fear,  
Within this thousand year:  
And all for that my dear  
    Phillada flouts me.















