An excellent New Song, called

WILLIE WASTLE:

To which are added,

Henry's Cottage Maid,

The SHEFFIELD PRENTICE,

Different Humours,

AND,

My Love is but a Lassie yet.

HADDINGTON:

Printed by G. MILLER :—at whose Shop may be had a variety of Pamphlets, Ballads, Children's Books, Pictures, Catechisms, &c.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Sic a Wife as Willie had.

WILLIE Waſtle dwelt on Tweed,
The ſpot they ca'd it Linkumdodie,
Willie was a wabſter gude,
Cou'd ſtown a clue wi' ony body,
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, ſhe has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five ruſty teeth forbye a ſtump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller:
A whiſkin beard about her mou,
Her noſe and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow hough'd, ſhe's hem- ſhinn'd.
Ae limpin leg a hand breed ſhorter;
She's twiſted right, ſhe's twiſted left,
To balance fair on ilka quarter;
She has a hump upon her breaſt,
The twin o' that upon her ſhouther:
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrons by the ingle ſits,
An' wi' her luſe her face a-waſhin';

But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion:
Her wallie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water;
Sie a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

Henry's Cottage Maid.

AH where can I fly my soul's true love,
Sad I wander this long grove,
Sighs and tears for him I shed,
Henry is from Laura fled,
Thy love to me thou didst impart,
Thy love soon won my virgin heart,
But, dearest Henry, thou'st betray'd
Thy love with thy poor cottage maid.

Thro' the vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad with pearly tears:
Oft thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green:
See, my cheek the colour flies,
And love's sweet hope within me dies;
For oh! my dear Henry, thou'st betrayed
Thy love with thy dear cottage maid.

The Sheffield Prentice.

I Was brought up in Sheffield,
got of a high degree,
My parents doated on me,
they had no more but me.
I rolled in ſuch pleaſure,
juſt where my fancy led,
Till I was bound apprentice,
then all my joys were fled.

I did not like my maſter,
he did not uſe me well,
I took a reſolution,
not long with him to dwell.
Unknown to my poor parents,
from him I run away;
I ſteered my courſe to London,
O curſed be the day!

A handſome young lady,
from Holland was there,
She offered me great wages,
to ſerve her for a year.
O then with great perſuaſions,
with her I did agree
To go to live in Holland,
which proved my deſtiny.

I had not been in Holland
  paſt years two or three,
Before that my young miſtreſs
  grew very fond of me.
She ſaid her gold and ſilver
  her houſes and her land,
If I'd conſent to marry her,
  ſhould be at my command.

I ſaid dear honoured lady,
  I cannot wed you both,
For I have lately promiſed
  and made a ſolemn oath,
To wed none but Polly,
  your pretty chamber maid;
Excuſe me, my dear miſtreſs,
  ſhe has my heart betray'd.

Then in an angry humour,
  away from me did run,
Reſolv'd to be revenge'd on me,
  before that it was long.
She being ſo perplexed,
  ſhe could not be my wife.
That ſhe would ſeek a project
  to take away my life.

One day as we were walking
  all in a garden gay,
The flowers they were ſpringing
  delightful and ſo gay,

A gold ring from her finger,
as I was paſſing by,
She ſlipt into my pocket,
and for it I muſt die.

My Miſtreſs ſwore I robb'd her,
and quickly I was brought,
Before a grave old juſtice,
to anſwer for my fault.
Long time I pleaded innocence
bnt it was no avail:
She ſwore ſo ſore againſt me
that I was ſent to jail.

Its now the laſt aſſizes
are drawing on apace,
And preſently the judges
will on me ſentence paſs.
From the place of confinement
they brought me to the tree,
So woe to my miſtreſs
For ſhe has ruin'd me.

All you that ſtand around me,
my wretched fate to ſee,
Don't glory in my downfal;
I ptay you pity me,
Believe me I am quite innocent,
I bid the world adieu;
Farewell, my pretty Polly
I die for love of you.

Different Humours.

T'OTHER day as I walk'd in the park,
the gentry being dreſs'd very fine,
They all went away at the noon time of day,
and for different taverns to dine.

The nobles to the King's head will go,
the gentry to the ſign of the crown;
The merchant you know to the gold fleece will go,
and away to the plough will the clown.

The drover at the ſavage may be found,
which humanity has mark'd with ſuch ſcorn;
The huntſman you know to the hound he will go,
and the cuckold to the ſign of the horn.

The clergy at the mitre will dine,
the ſoldier at the ſign of the gun;
The butcher you know to the black bull will go,
and the friar to the ſign of the nun.

The player at the Shakeſpear may be found,
the ſailor to the anchor and cann;
The lawyer you know to the devil he will go,
and the maid to the ſign of the man.

The Iriſhman fine, on potatoes will dine,
the Welchman on hard toaſted cheeſe;
The Scotsman you know to his crowdy he will go,
and the Engliſhman to pudding and peaſe,

Thus it is every man in his ſtation.
ſearch Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South,
And he who has no money in his pocket you know,
may dine at the ſign of the mouth.

My Love is but a Laſſie yet.

MY love ſhe's but a laſſie yet,
My love ſhe's but a laſſie yet,
We'll let her ſtand a year or twa,
She'll no be half ſo ſaucy yet.

I rue the day I ſought her O,
I rue the day I ſought her O,
Wha gets her needna ſay ſhe's woo'd
But he may ſay he's bought her O.

FINIS.