

Hop up and down all day my lonely Cage,
 And find that Cold's as bad as fumbling Age,
 Nothing can stir up my Poetick Rage;
 My Verses dare not yet their worth expose,
 For well their Feet may halt when they are froze
 But when the Summer cloaths the naked Trees,
 And Balmy Winds refresh with gentle breeze:
 When Flowers their gay Wedding Robes put on,
 To please and welcome in the vigorous Sun;
 Then *Silvia* sitting by *Laurinda's* side,
 Shall prove this Truth, and shall not be deny'd
 That none on Earth can e'er more faithful be,
 Or her dear Friend can value more than she.

Silvia.

*The Farmers Daughter, a SONG, set to
 Pleasant Scotch Tune.*

I.

COld and raw the North did blow,
 Bleak in the Morning early,
 All the Trees were hid in Snow,

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Dag'd by Winter yearly;
 When come riding over a Knough,
 I met with a Farmer's Daughter,
 Rosie Cheeks and bonny Brow,
 Good faith made my Mouth to water.

II.

Down I vail'd my Bonnet low,
 Meaning to shew my breeding,
 She return'd a graceful bow,
 A Village far exceeding:

I ask'd her where she went so soon,
 And long'd to begin a Parly,
 She told me to the next Market Town
 A purpose to sell her Barley.

III.

In this purse, sweet Soul, said I,
 Twenty pounds lie fairly,
 Seek no farther one to buy,
 For I'll take all thy Barley;
 Twenty more shall buy Delight
 Thy Person I love so dearly

If thou wouldst stay with me all Night,
And go home in the Morning early.

I V.

If twenty pound could buy the Globe,

Quoth she, this I'd not do, Sir,

Or were my Kin as poor as *Job*,

I wo'd not raise 'em so, Sir,

For should I be to Night your friend,

We'll get a young Kid together,

And you'd be gone ere the nine Months ^{ell}

And where should I find a Father?

V.

I told her I had wedded been
Fourteen years and longer,

Or else I choose her for my Queen,

And tie the Knot much stronger;

She bid me then no farther come,

But manage my Wedlock fairly,

And keep Purse for poor Spouse at home,

For some other shall have her Barley.

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