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JOHN  
OF  
BADENYON,

TO WHICH IS ADDED,  
My Galloping's all at an End,  
AND  
THE BETRAYRD MAID.



Falkirk, Printed by T. Johnston, 1814.

JOHN OF BADENYON.

1 WHEN first I came to be a man  
of twenty years, or so,  
I thought myself a handsome youth,  
and fain the world would know;  
In best attire I slept abroad,  
with spirits brisk and gay,  
And here, and there, and every-where,  
was like a morn in May:  
I had no care, nor fear of want,  
but rambled up and down,  
And for a beau I might have pass'd  
in country, or in town:  
I still was pleas'd, where'er I went,  
and when I was alone,  
I turn'd my pipe and pleas'd myself  
with John of Badenyon.

2 Now in the days of youthful prime,  
a mistress I must find;  
For love, they say, gives one an air,  
and even improves the mind:  
On Phyllis fair, above the rest,  
kind Fortune fix'd my eyes;





Her piercing beauty struck my heart,  
and I became her prize !  
To Cupid now, with hearty pray'r,  
I offer'd many a vow ;  
And danc'd, and sung, and sigh'd, and swore,  
as other lovers do :  
But when I came to breathe my flame,  
I found her cold as stone ;  
I left the jilt, and turn'd my pipe  
to John of Badenyon.

3 When love had thus my heart betray'd,  
with foolish hopes and vain,  
To Friendship's port I steer'd my course,  
and laugh'd at lovers' pain :  
A friend I got, by lucky chance,  
'twas something like divine !  
An honest friend's a precious gift,  
and such a gift was mine :  
And now, whatever might betide,  
a happy man was I !  
In any strait I knew to whom  
I freely might apply :  
A strait soon came, I try'd my friend,  
he heard, and spurn'd my moan :  
I turn'd away, and pleas'd myself  
with John of Badenyon.

- 4 I thought I should be wiser next,  
and would a Patriot turn,  
Began to doat on Johney Wilkes,  
and cry up Parson Horn :  
Their manly courage I admir'd !  
approv'd their noble zeal,  
Who had, with flaming tongue and pen,  
maintain'd the public weal :  
But e'er a month or two was past,  
I found myself betray'd,  
'Twas self and party after all,  
for all the stir they made ;  
For when I saw the factious knaves  
insult the very throne,  
I curs'd them all, and turn'd my pipe  
to John of Badenyon.
- 5 What to do next I mus'd a while,  
still hoping to succeed,  
I pitch'd on books for company,  
and gravely try'd to read ;  
I bought and borrow'd every-where,  
and studied night and day ;  
Ne'er miss'd what Dean or Doctor wrote,  
that happen'd in my way.  
Philosophy I now esteem'd  
the ornament of youth,



And carefully, thro' many a page,  
I hunted after truth :  
Ten thousand various schemes I try'd,  
but yet was pleas'd with none ;  
I threw them by, and turn'd my pipe  
to John of Badenyon.

6 And now ye youngsters every-where,  
who want to make a show,  
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope  
for happiness below :  
What you may fancy pleasure here,  
is but an empty name,  
For girls, and friends, and books also,  
you'll find them all the same.  
Then be advis'd, and warning take  
from such a man as me  
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,  
nor one of high degree ;  
You'll find displeasure every-where,  
then do as I have done,  
E'en turn your pipe and please yourself  
with John of Badenyon.

My Galloping's all at an end.

You Sailors that plow on the main,  
with the waters a glittering toy,  
Keep your senses from falling asleep,  
from Venus' or Cupid's decoy.  
Fair Helen, that Grecian Queen,  
or the damsels who on her attend,  
When you're married your courage is down,  
and your galloping's all at an end.

When that a young man is married,  
and rolled in a marriage state,  
He's curb'd all the days of his life ;  
Oh ! but his sorrows are great.  
His wife will his quarrels oppose,  
and close to his heels will attend,  
She'll cross him in spite of his nose,  
and his galloping's all at an end.

If that I chance for to treat  
a friend or a neighbour also,  
My wife she will follow me straight,  
and many bad words will bestow :  
She says, You most damnable rogue,  
your money why do you thus spend ?



You look like a sot or a slave,  
and your galloping's all at an end.

When my first child it was born,  
they made up a great bill of charge,  
The midwife and gossips came in,  
and swell'd it out still very large.  
At all this I'm very well pleas'd,  
for what good Providence may send,  
I find there is nothing al'tray,  
but my galloping's all at an end.

Before Jockey entered marriage,  
'twas he that was sprightly and gay,  
Right taper and proud was his carriage,  
and who was so airy as he?  
But now since my uncle got married,  
he can neither rove but nor ben,  
He must stay at home with his wife,  
his galloping's all at an end.

Now comes the jolly town-rake,  
and thus he did merrily sing,  
I will spend one shilling or more,  
and toast a good health to the king.  
No woman shall e'er me controul,  
For I will both borrow and lend,



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I'll live single until I grow old,  
and my galloping never shall end.

So lads be aware how you marry;

I'd have you take pattern by me:

I think it far better to tarry,

and always live happy and free,

If you have a shilling to spare,

or yet half-a-crown for to lend,

There's no one to stop your career,

for your galloping never shall end.

THE BETRAYED MAID.

Tune—*Broom of the Cowden Knows.*

How happy were my days till now!

I ne'er did sorrow feel;

With joy I rose to milk my cow,

or take my spinning-wheel;

My heart was lighter than a fly,

like any bird I sung,

Till he pretended love, and I

believ'd his flate'ring tongue.

O the fool! the silly, silly fool,

that trusts what man may be!

I wish I was a maid again,

and in my own country.

F I N I S.















































