

## I. "Forsaken Lover. Tune Farewel You Flower Of False Deceit"

*(London, ca. 1780, ESTC T040047, bibliographic details at [COPAC](#), available at [Eighteen Century Collections Online](#))*

I run my finger into a bush,  
Thinking the sweetest rose to find,  
I prick'd my finger to the bone,  
And left the sweetest rose behind.

If roses be such a fading flower  
They must be gather'd when they're green;  
And she that loves an unkind man,  
'Tis like striving against the stream.

Against the stream, love, I dare not go,  
Because the stream it runs so strong;  
I'm deadly afraid I'm one of those,  
That lov'd an unkind man too long.

I wish to Christ my babe was born,  
And smiling in its daddy's arms,  
I myself wrapt up in clay,  
Then should I be free from all harm.

I leant my back against an oak,  
Thinking it a trusty tree:  
First it bow'd, and then it broke,  
And so did my false love to me.

Had I but kept my apron down,  
My love had ne'er forsaken me,  
But now he walks up and down the town  
With a harlot, and not with me.

What makes the Western winds to blow,  
to blow the green leaves from the tree?  
Come death, come death, and end my woe,  
For a maiden more, love, I ne'er can be.

I cast my anchor in the sea,  
And it sunk doen into the land;  
And so did my heart in my body,  
When I took my false love by the hand.

## II. "The Effects of Love. A new Song"

*(London?, ca. 1780, ESTC T032452, bibliographic details at [COPAC](#), available at [Eighteen Century Collections Online](#))*

O! Love is hot, and love is cold,  
And love is dearer than any gold;  
And love is dearer than any thing,  
Unto my grave it will me bring.

O when my apron it hung low,  
He followed me thro' frost and snow;  
But now I am with a child by him,  
He passes by and says nothing.

I wish that I had ne'er been born,  
Since love has proved my downfall;  
He takes a stranger on his knee,  
And is not this a grief to me.

I wish that my dear babe was born,  
And dandled on his daddy's knee,  
And in the cold grave did lie,  
And the green grass grew over me.

Ye Christmas winds when will ye blow,  
And blow the green leafs off the tree?  
O, gentle death when you call,  
For of my life I'm quite weary.

Unloose these chains love, and set me free,  
And let me at liberty;  
For was you hear [sic] instead of me,  
I'd unloose you love, and set you free.