

Author: Anonymous

Text type: Verse, ballad

Date of print: 1683

Editions: Unknown

Source text:

Anon. 1683. *Daniel Cooper; Or, The High-Land Laddy*. [n.p.] Printed for P. Brooksby <<http://www.bodley.ox.ac.uk/ballads/>>.

e-text:

Access and transcription: February 2006

Number of words: 448

Dialect represented: Northern/Scots

Produced by Javier Ruano-García

Copyright © 2011– DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca

—∞—
Anonymous

***Daniel Cooper; Or, The High-Land Laddy* (1683)**

To a Scotch tune, called, Wally on't, Or, We'l welcome you to Yarrow.
Up go we, Or, Jenny Gin.

There's ne'r a Lad in our town, that's worth an ounce of Powder, but will have
his beaver hat, and Ribbons to his shoulder, There's ne'r a Lass in our town
that's worth a bunch of leeks a, but she'l have a fasnet hood, and ribbons tul,
her Cheeks a-

Daniel Cooper and his Man,
they went tull a Fayr Joe,
And all to seek a bonny Lass,
but the Deel a Girl was there so:
The Fidler kist the Pipers Wife;
the Blind-man sat and saw her,
She lift up her Holland smock,
and Daniel Cooper claw'd her.

There's four and twenty Highland Lads
went to a Highland Market,
And twelve of them had Heas & Shoon

The Salamanca Corpus: *Daniel Cooper* (1683)

and twelve of them went bare-foot,
And they went tull a Widdows house,
and she was Dancing naked,
And all the Tune the Piper play'd,
was, prithe Widow take it.

Some do call me Shentleman,
and some do call me trooper,
But when I am at mine own house,
my name is Daniel Cooper:
Cooper, Cooper, canst thou hoop?
canst thou hoop a kinn-a-kin?
I've forty Shillings in my Purse,
and that will serve us drinking.

And I can hoop a kin-a-kin,
and I can hoop a Cogie,
And I can stop the Water-gay,
that lets out all the Grovy:
Daniel Cooper was his Name,
all others can exceeding;
He might have been a Lord of fame,
for worthy birth and breeding.

Daniel Cooper he did gang
to'th Town of Panting-coddle,
There he lent the Parson Jo[?]
a soud clank o're the noddle:
He brust his Custard, till the blood,
ran streaming down his hair Sir,
'Cause it was said, the Parson plaid
with Daniels tickling Geer Sir,

Daniel Cooper met forsooth,
a Lass was cloath'd in grey Joe,
And she was going to Edenborough,
with Butter-milk and Whey Joe:
He lay'd her down upon the Green,
for he was a lusty fellow,
And there he ty'd her Garter Green,
upon her stocking yellow.

Such tying of a Garter fair,
I think was never seen Joe,
For she that came a Maiden there,

The Salamanca Corpus: *Daniel Cooper* (1683)

did ne'r return again so:
Daniel skipt away with joy,
the Maid was well contended,
Though in a while she had a Boy,
and then she sore repented.

Daniel Cooper he could fight,
and he a Horn could blow well,
To hawk or hunt for his delight,
and Daniel he could mow well,
Which made him gang full oft and soon
unto the Lady Cradle;
Who said he was the bonniest Loon,
that e're was girt in Girdle.

