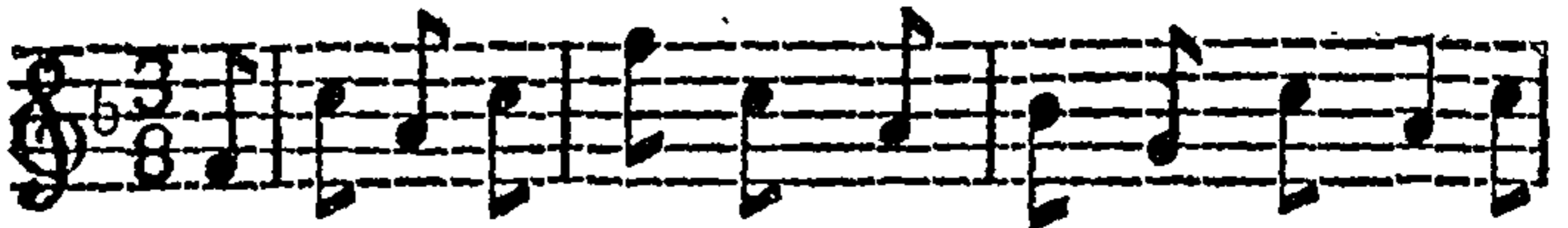


SONG CXXVII.

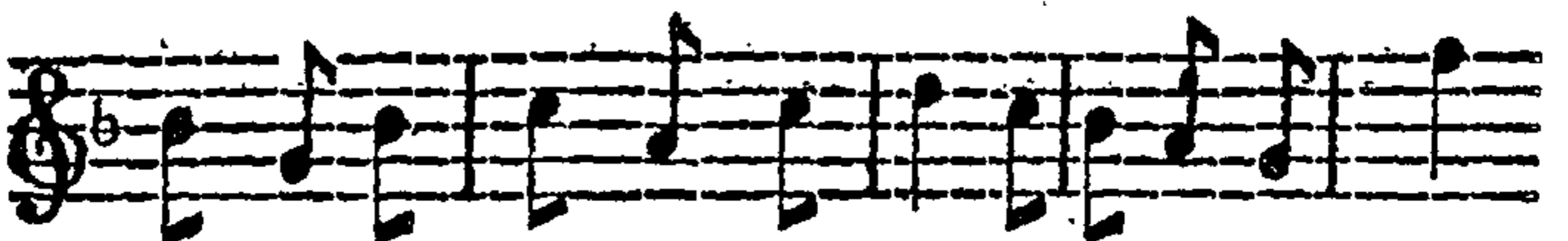
WHEN I WAS A YOUNG ONE.



When I was a young one, what girl was like me? So



wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee: I tattl'd, I



rambl'd, I laugh'd, and where'er A fiddle was heard,



to be sure, I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say.
 'Twas this, Sir! and that, Sir! but scarce ever nay:
 And Sundays drest out in my filks and my lace:
 I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband—poor man!
 Well rest him—we all are as good as we can:
 Yet he was so pcevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
 And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

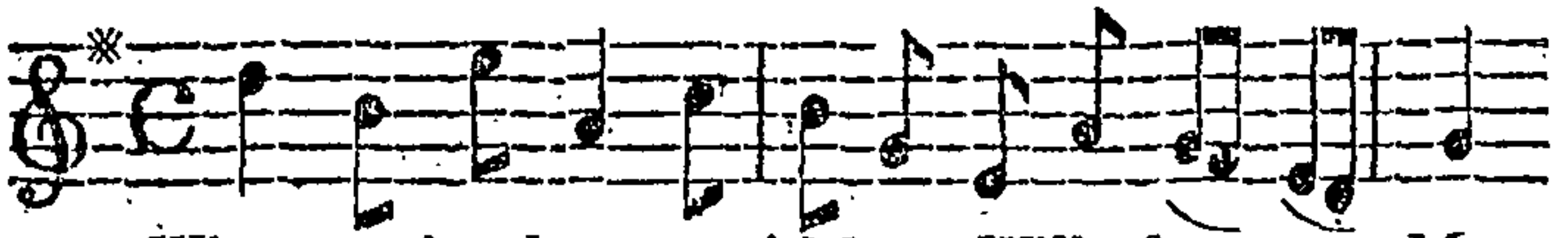
He snub'd me and huff'd me—but let me alone,
Egad I've a tongue—and I paid him his own :
Ye wives take the hint, and, when spouse is untow'rd,
Stand firm to our charter—and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe,
I'm not what I was forty summers ago :
This Time's a fore foe, there's no shunning his dart ;
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

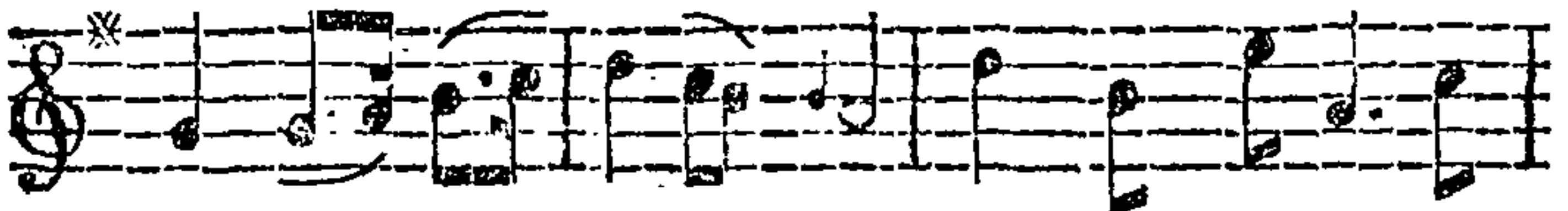
Grown old, yet I hate to be fitting mum chance ;
I still love a tune, tho' unable to dance :
And, books of devotion laid by on the shelf,
I teach that to others—I once did myself.

SONG CXXVIII.

WHEN WAR'S ALARMS.



When war's alarms entic'd my Willy from me, My



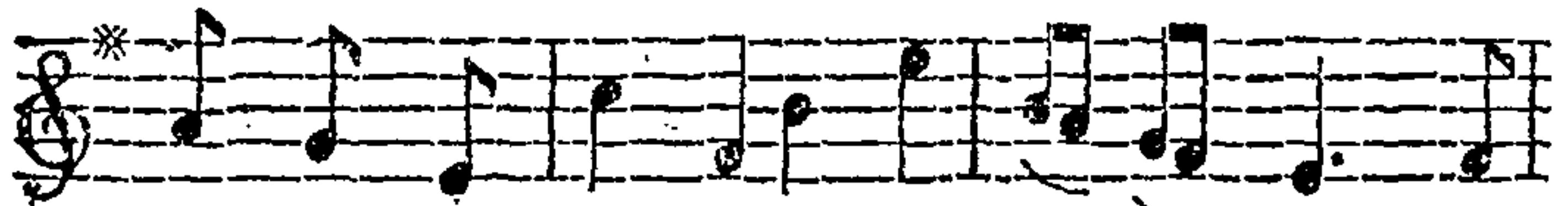
poor heart with grief did sigh: Each fond remembrance



brought fresh sorrow on me; I'woke e'er yet the morn



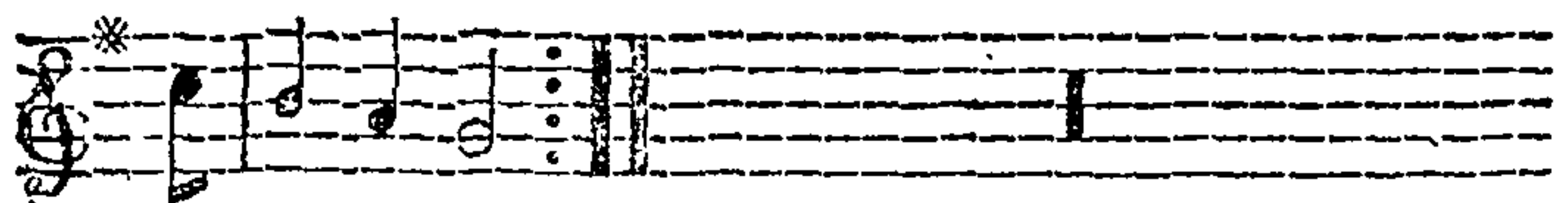
was nigh. No other cou'd delight him: Ah! why did I



e'er slight him? Coldly ans'ring his fond tale; Which



drove him far Amidst the rage of war, And left silly me



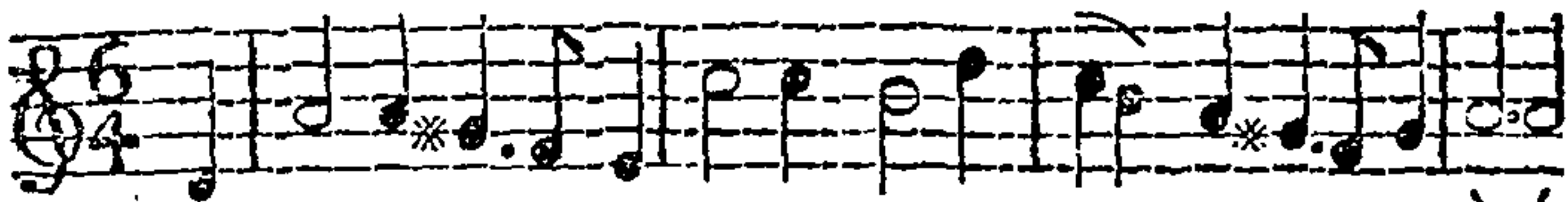
thus to bewail.

But I no longer, tho' a maid forsaken,
 Thus will mourn like yonder dove :
 For, 'ere the lark to-morrow shall awaken
 I will seek my absent love.
 The hostile country over
 I'll fly to seek my lover,
 Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear ;
 Nor distant shore,
 Nor cannon's roar,
 Shall longer keep me from my dear.



SONG CXXIX.

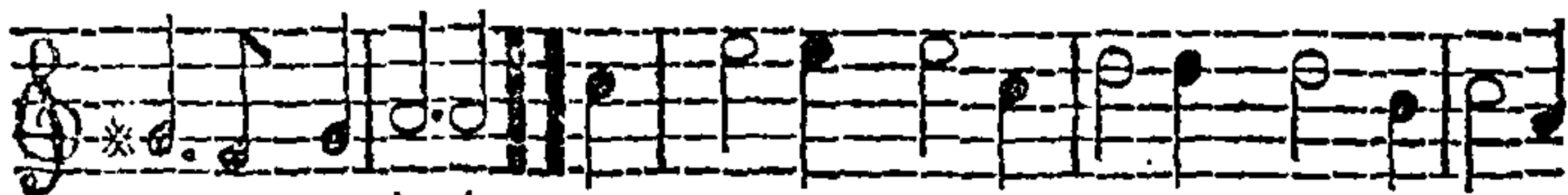
THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.



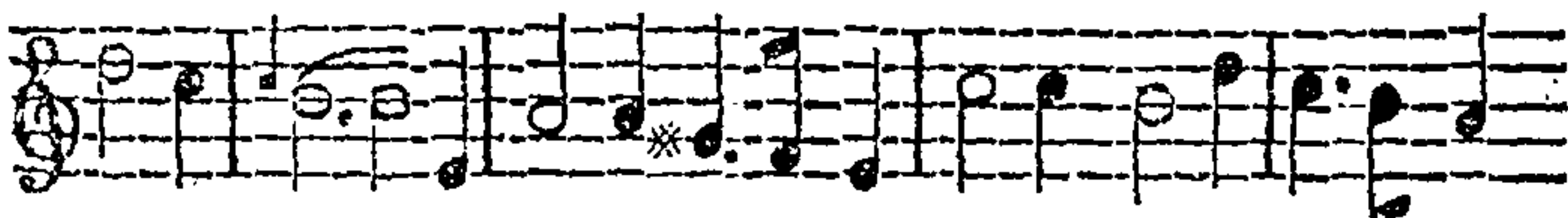
There was a jolly miller once liv'd on the river Dee :



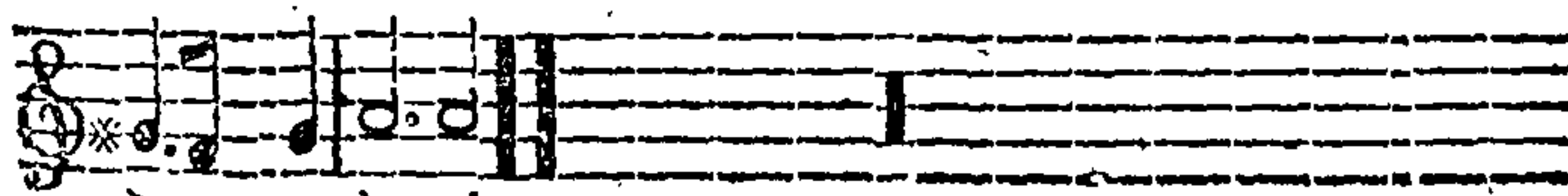
He danc'd and he sung from morn till night ; no lark so



blithe as he. And this the burden of his song for e-ver



us'd to be : I care for nobody, no, not I, if no-bo-dy



cares for me.

I live by my mill, God blefs her! ſhe's kindred, child,
and wife;

I would not change my ſtation for any other in life.

No lawyer, ſurgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from me.

I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

When ſpring begins its merry career, oh! how his heart
grows gay!

No ſummer's drouth alarms his fears, nor winter's ſad
decay;

No foreſight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to ſing
and ſay,

Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to day.

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice and
ſing:

The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on
the wing.

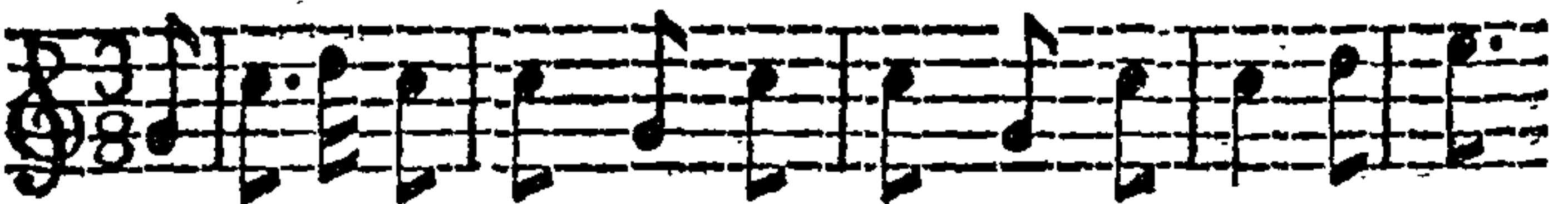
This ſong ſhall paſs from me to thee, along this jovial
ring:

Let heart and voice and all agree, to ſay,—long live the
King!



SONG CXXX.

THE ECHOING HORN.



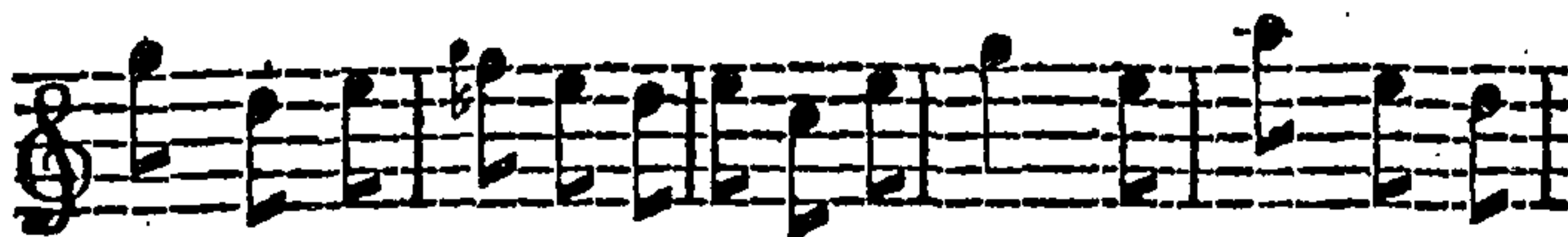
The echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad; To horſe,



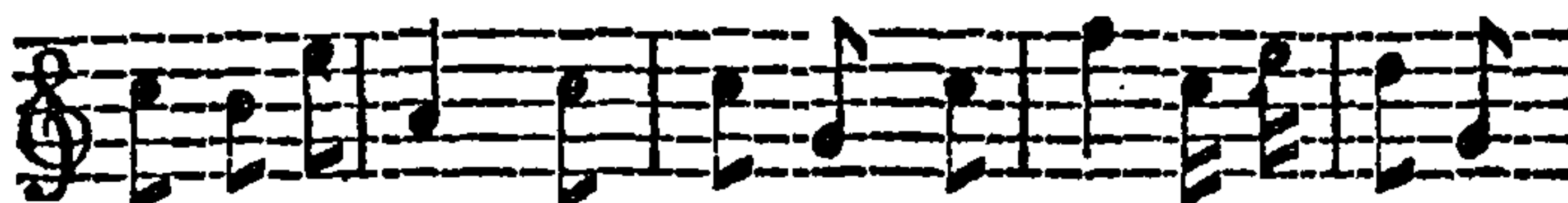
my brave boys, and away. The morning is up, and the



cry of the hounds Upbraids our too tedious delay. What



pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox! O'er hill and o'er



valley he flies: Then follow, we'll soon overtake him,



huzza! The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies. He dies - - -



----- The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

Chorus.



Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza! The trai-



tor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay ;
 How sweet with a bottle and las to refresh,
 And drown the fatigues of the day !
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy ;
 Dull wisdom all happiness fors.
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.
 With flow'rs ; lets strew, &c.



SONG CXXXI.

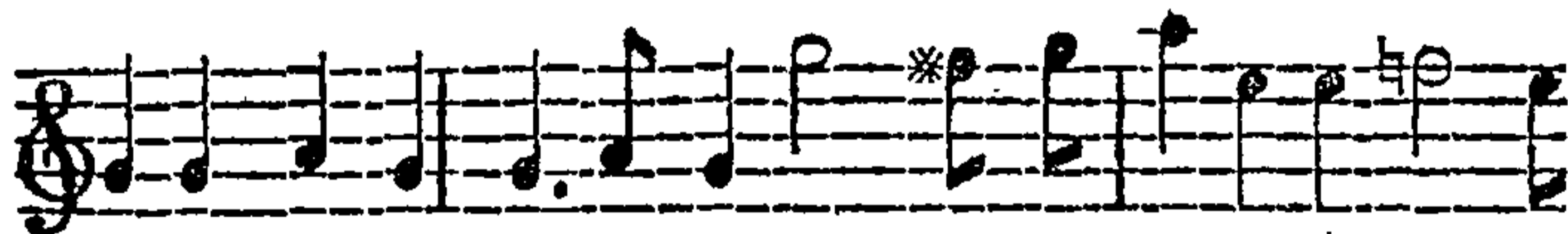
A COBLER THERE WAS.



A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall ; Which



serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall. No coin in



his pocket, no care in his pate ; No ambition had he, nor



yet duns at his gate, Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd ; and he thought himself happy
 If at night he could purchase a cup of brown nappy :
 He'd laugh, then, and whistle, and sing, too, most sweet ;
 Saying, just to a hair I've made both ends to meet.

Derry down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
 That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,
 He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart:
 I wish it had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
 Where a buxom young damsel continually lay :
 Her eyes shone so bright, when she rose ev'ry day,
 That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.

Derry down, &c.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work ;
 But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk.
 Whenever he spoke she would flounce and would flier ;
 Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

Derry down, &c.

He took up his AWL that he had in the world,
 And to make away with himself was resolv'd :
 He pierc'd thro' his body instead of the SOLE ;
 So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, &c.

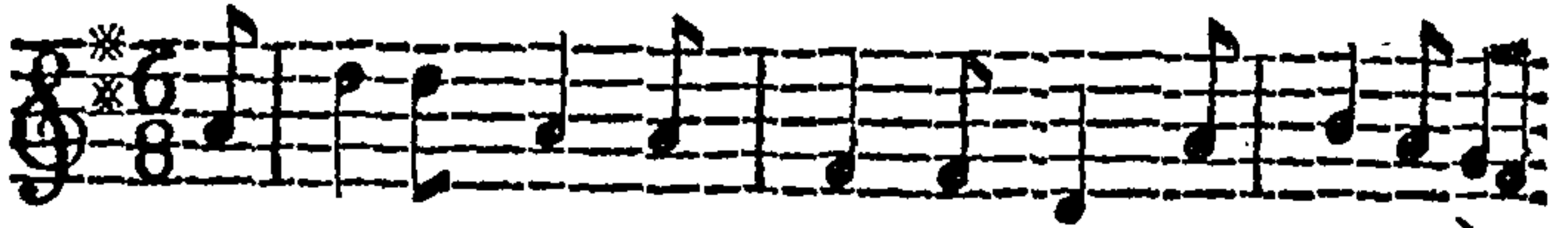
And now, in good-will, I advise as a friend :
 All cobblers take notice of this cobbler's END :
 Keep your hearts out of love ; for we find, by what's
 past,

That love brings us all to an END at the LAST.

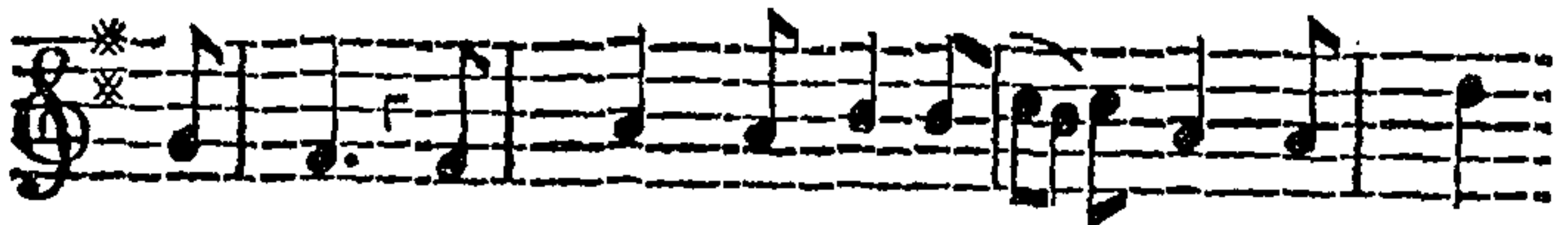
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

SONG CXXXII.

THE DUSKY NIGHT.



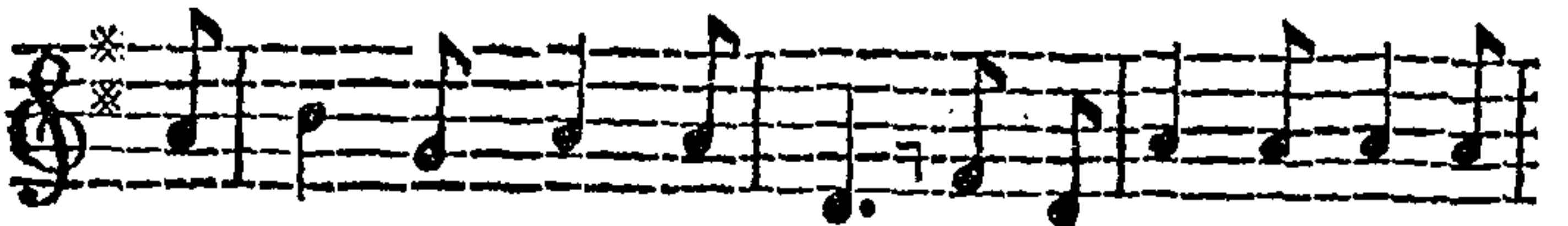
The dusky night rides down the sky, And ushers in



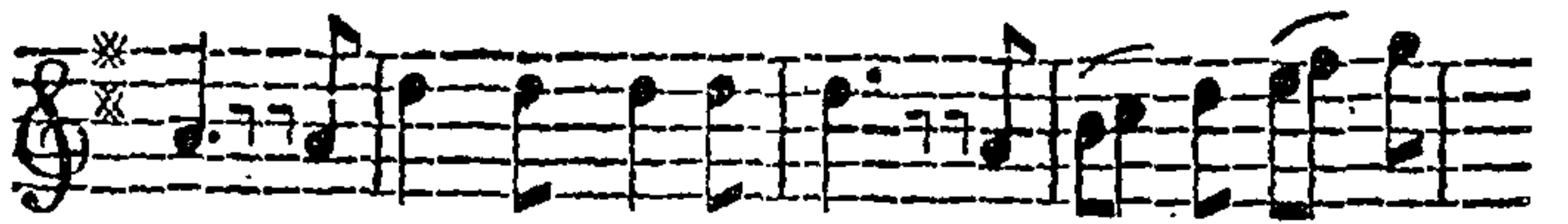
the morn; The hounds all join in jovial cry, The hounds



all join in jovial cry; The huntsman winds his horn,



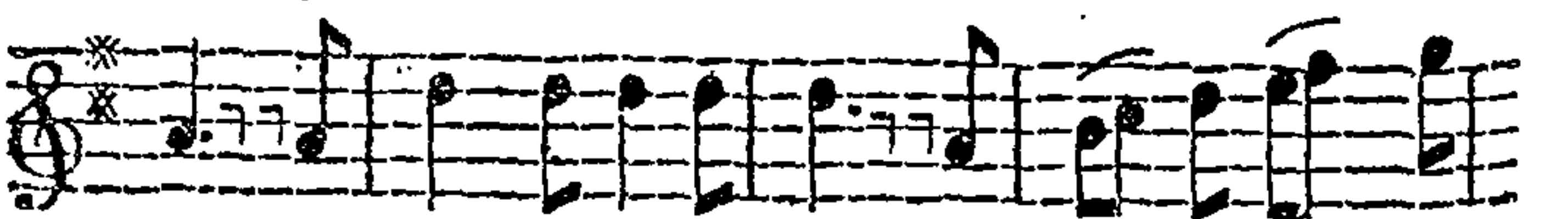
The huntsman winds his horn. And a hunting we will



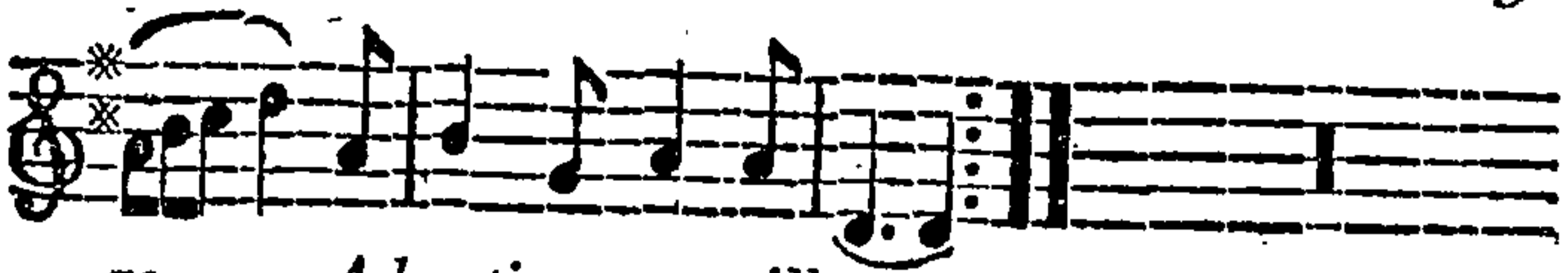
go, A hunting we will go, A hunting we will



go - - - A hunting we will go. And a hunting we will



go, A hunting we will go, And hunting we will



go - - -, A hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
 Her arms to make him stay :
 My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows,
 You cannot hunt to-day.
 Yet a hunting, &c.

Sly Reynard now like light'ning flies,
 And sweeps across the vale ;
 But when the hounds too near he spies
 He drops his bushy tail.
 Then a hunting, &c.

Fond echo seems to like the sport,
 And join the jovial cry ;
 The woods and hills the found retort,
 And music fills the sky,
 When a hunting, &c.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
 Then hungry homeward we return
 To feast away the night.
 And a drinking, &c.

Ye jovial hunters in the morn
 Prepare then for the chace ;
 Rise at the sounding of the horn,
 And health with sport embrace,
 When a hunting, &c.

SONG CXXXIII.

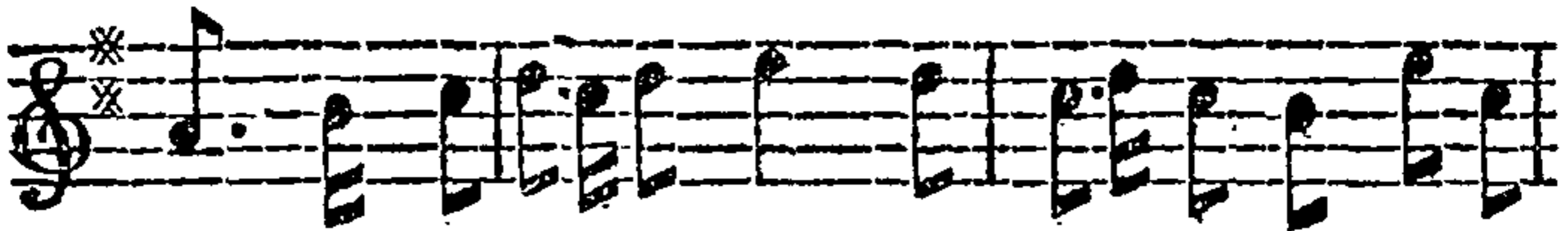
YE BELLES AND YE FLIRTS.



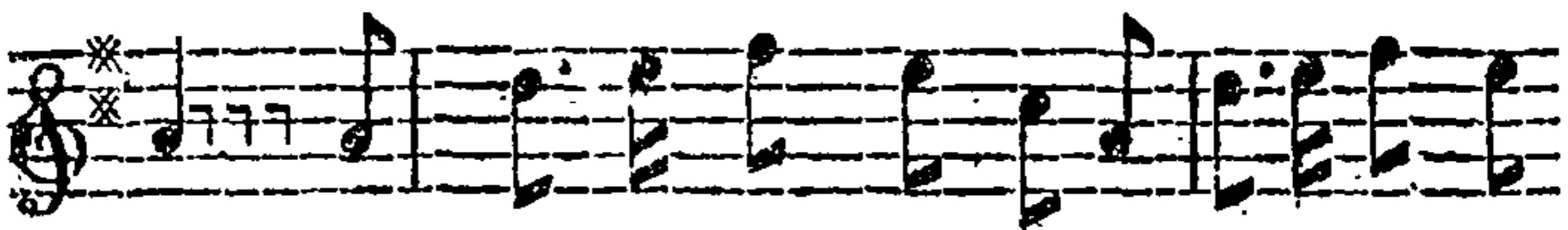
Ye belles and ye flirts, and ye pert little things, Who



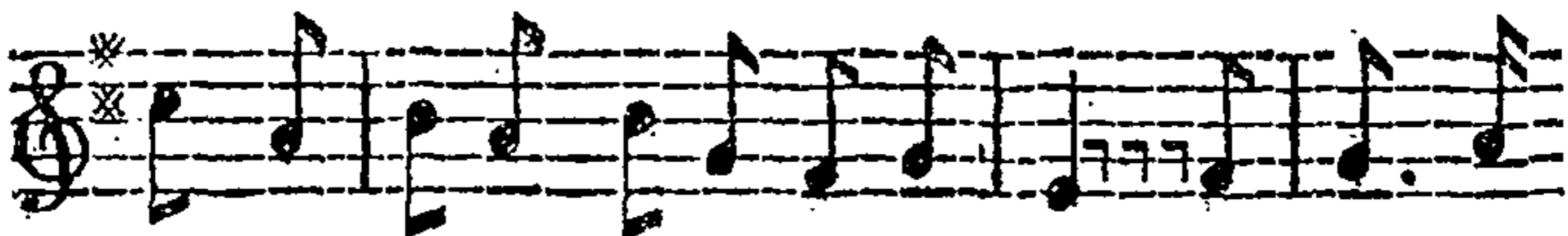
trip in this frolicsome round; Prithee tell me from



whence this indecency springs, The sexes at once to con-



found? What means the cock'd hat and the masculine air,



With each motion design'd to perplex? Bright eyes were



intended to languish, not stare, And softness the test of



your sex, dear girls; And softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support
 May call ev'ry art to her aid ;
 The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
 Are samples she gives of her trade :
 But you on whom fortune indulgently smiles,
 And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,
 Should slyly attack us with coyness and wiles,
 Not with open and insolent airs,
 Brave girls, not with, &c.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
 Shrinks modestly back from the view ;
 And kindly shou'd seem by the artist design'd
 To serve as a model for you.
 Then learn, with her beauties, to copy her air,
 Nor venture too much to reveal :
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
 And double each charm you conceal,
 Sweet girls, and double, &c.

The blushes of morn and the mildness of May
 Are charms which no art can procure.
 Oh ! be but yourselves and our homage we'll pay,
 And your empire is solid and sure.
 But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
 And put us in fear of our lives,
 You may do very well for sisters and aunts ;
 But, believe me, you'll never be wives,
 Poor girls, believe me, &c.

SONG CXXXIV.

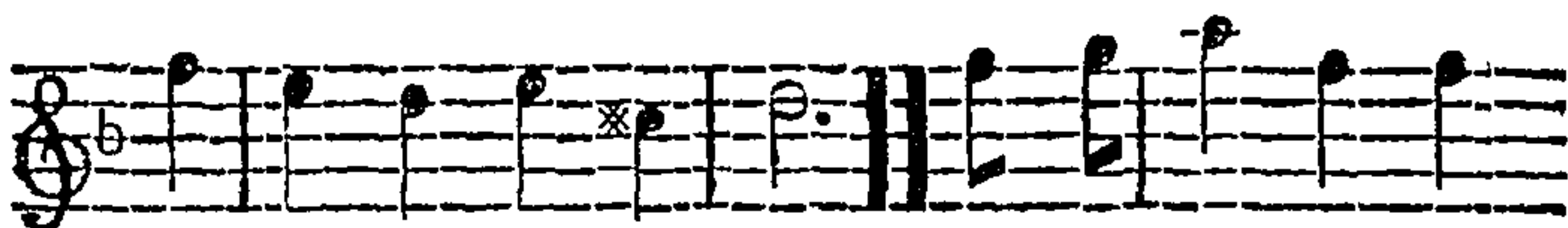
ON A BANK OF FLOW'RS.



On a bank of flow'rs, in a summer's day, inviting



and undress'd, In her bloom of years bright Celia lay,



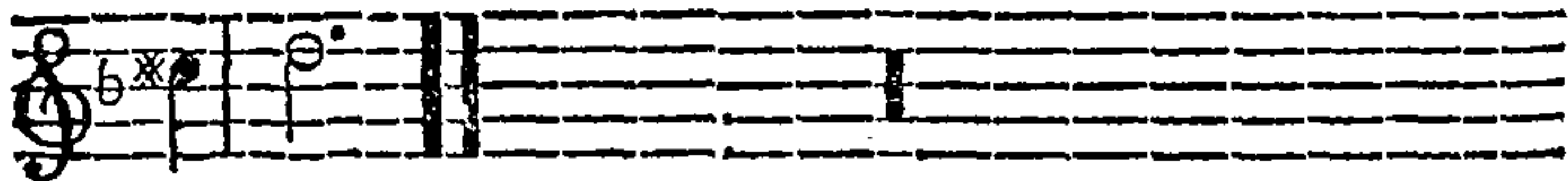
with love and sleep oppress'd ; When a youthful swain,



with admiring eyes, Wish'd he durst the fair maid sur-



prise, With a fa, la, la, &c. - - - But fear'd approach-



ing spies.

As he gaz'd a gentle breeze arose
 That fann'd her robes aside ;
 And the sleeping nymph did charms disclose
 Which, waking, she would hide ;

Then his breath grew short, and his pulse beat high;
He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to spy,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

But durst not yet draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood, with her beauties fir'd,

And blest'd the courteous wind;

Then in whispers sigh'd, and the gods desir'd

That Celia might be kind.

Then, with hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain:

But she laugh'd aloud in a dream, and again,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

Repell'd the tim'rous swain.

Yet, when once desire has inflam'd the soul,

All modest doubts withdraw;

And the god of love does each fear controul

That would the lover awe.

Shall a prize like this, says the vent'rous boy,

Escape, and I not the means employ,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

To seize the proffer'd joy?

Here the glowing youth, to relieve his pain,

The slumb'ring maid caress'd,

And, with trembling hands, (oh! the simple swain!)

Her glowing bosom press'd.

Then the virgin wak'd and affrighted flew,

Yet look'd as wishing he would pursue,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

But Damon miss'd his cue.

Now, repenting that he had let her fly,

Himself he thus accus'd:

What a dull and stupid thing was I

That such a chance abus'd!

To my shame 'twill now on the plains be said,

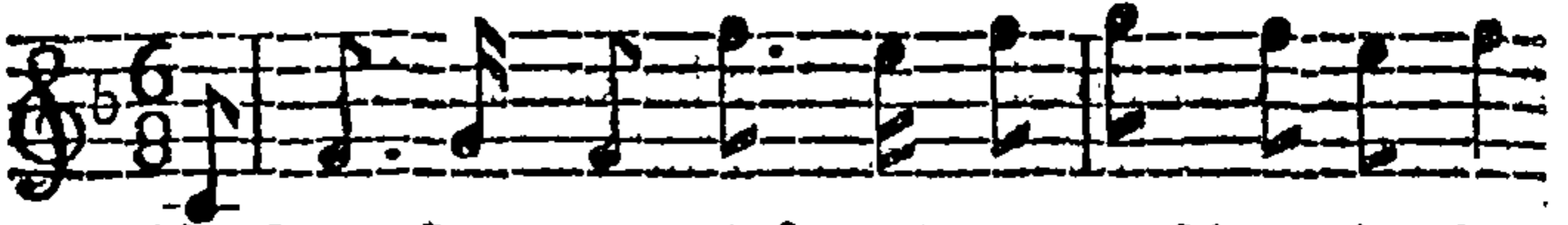
Damon a virgin asleep betray'd,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

Yet let her go a maid!

SONG CXXXV.

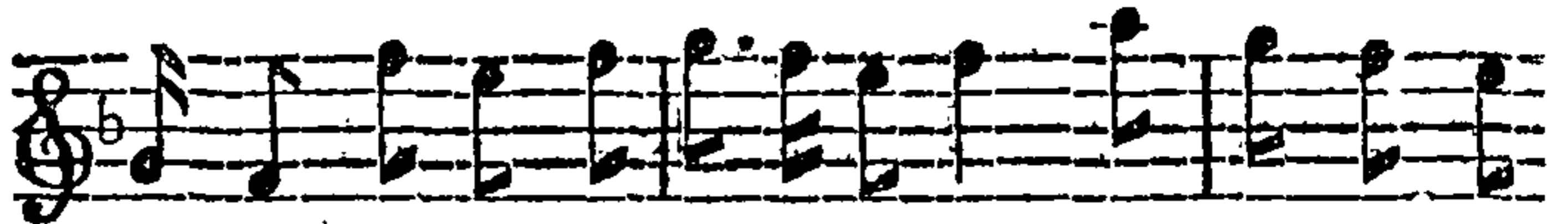
YOU KNOW I'M YOUR PRIEST.



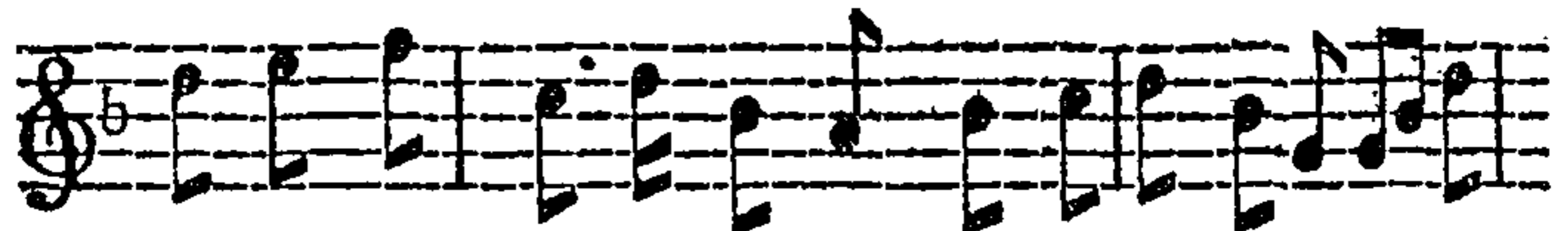
You know I'm your priest, and your conscience is mine;



But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good sign: So leave



off your raking, and marry a wife; And then, my dear



Darby, you're settled for life. Sing a Ballina-mona,



o-ro, Ballina-mona, o-ro, Ballina-mona, o-ro,



A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,
 The bride and the bridegroom, in coats white as snow ;
 So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,
 You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away ;
 She blushes at love, and she whispers obey ;
 You take her dear hand to have and to hold ;
 I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

That snug little guinea for me.

The neighbours with joy to the bridegroom and bride ;
 The pipers before us, you march side by side ;
 A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face ;
 The piper plays up, and myself I say grace.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

A good wedding-dinner for me.

The joke now goes round, and the stocking is thrown ;
 The curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone ;
 'Tis then, my dear boy, I believe you're at home ;
 And hey for a christening at nine months to come.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

A good merry christening for me.

SONG CXXXVI.

BALLINAMONA.

To the foregoing tune.

WHerever I'm going, and all the day long,
 At home and abroad, or alone in a throng,
 I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
 That your name, when I'm silent, still runs in my song,
 Sing Ballinamona, &c.
 A kiss of your sweet lips for me.

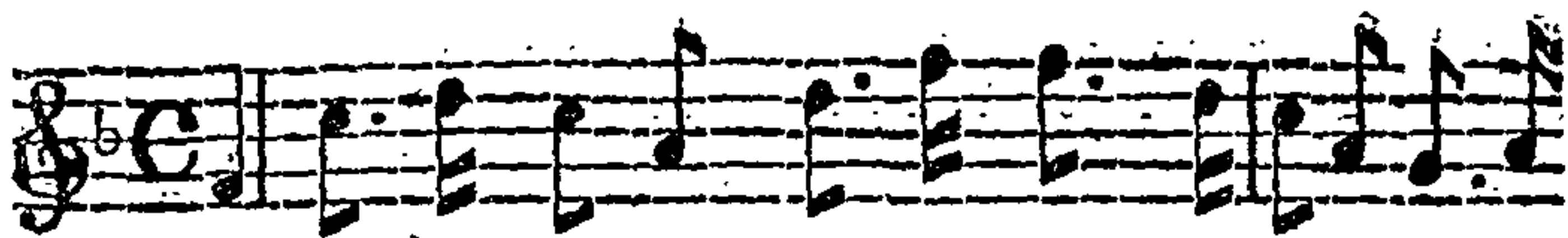
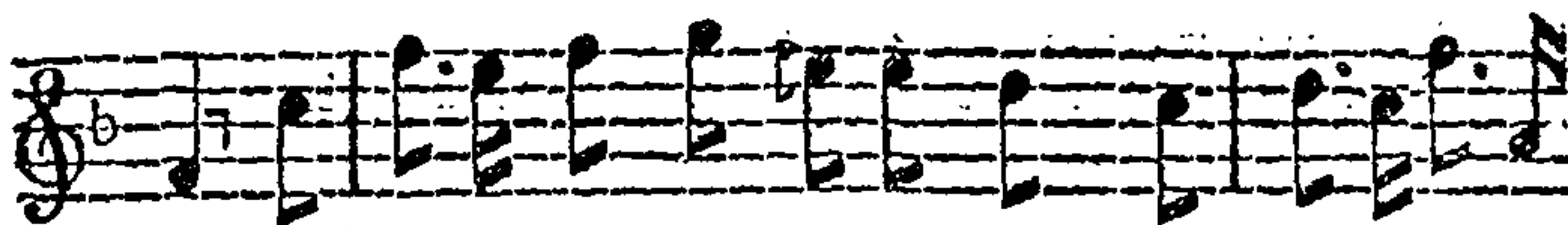
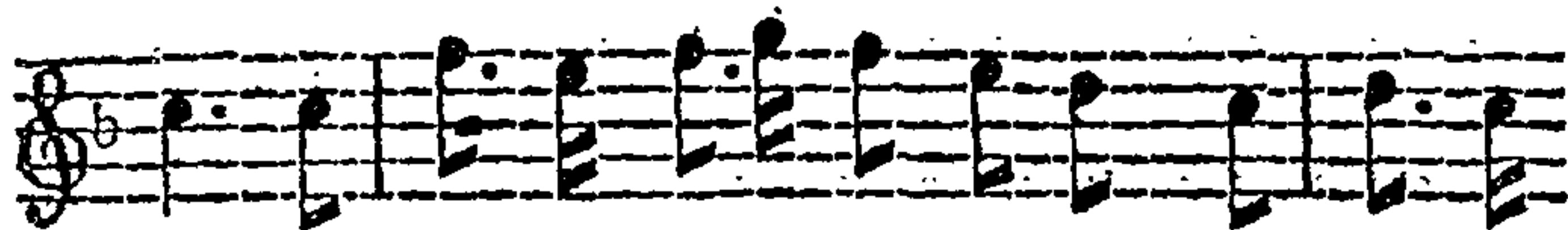
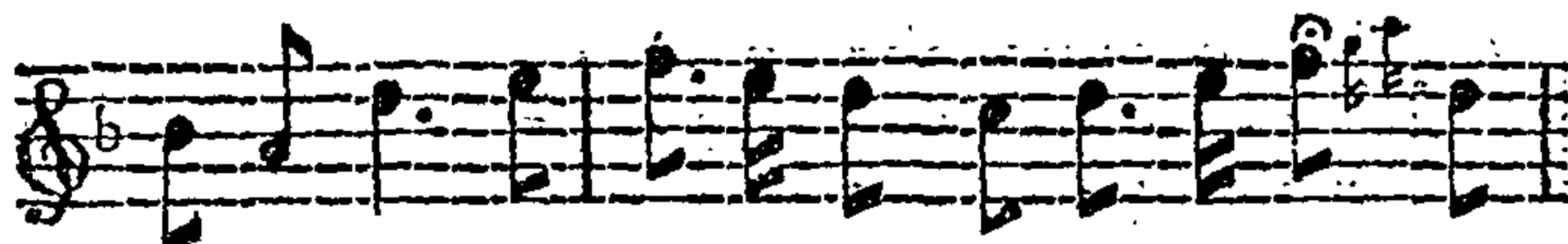
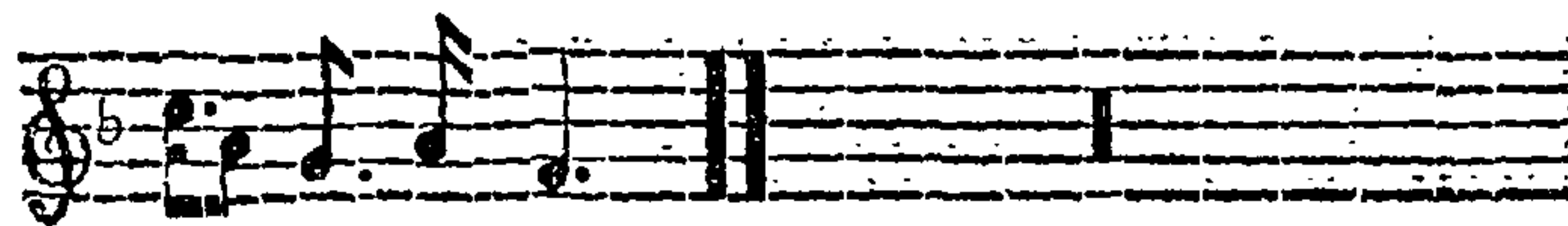
Since the first time I saw you I take no repose;
 I sleep all the day to forget half my woes;
 So hot is the flame in my stomach that glows,
 By St Patrick! I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.
 Sing Ballinamona, &c.
 Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience I fear I shall die in my grave,
 Unless you comply and poor Phelim will save,
 And grant the petition your lover does crave,
 Who never was free till you made him your slave.
 Sing Ballinamona, &c.
 Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
 With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut and I'll stride!
 With coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
 As before you I walk to the church by your side,
 Sing Ballinamona, &c.
 Your lily-white fist for me.

Counsellor Poet of Dublin

SONG CXXXVII.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY: - *Irish* -*As down on Banna's banks I stray'd, One evening in**May, The little birds in blithest notes Made vocal ev'ry**spray: They sung their little tales of love, They sung them**o'er and o'er. Ah Gramachree, ma Colleenouge, ma**Molly Ashtore!*

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
 The dawn of nature yields;
 The primrose pale, the vi'let blue,
 Lay scatt'ed o'er the fields:
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies
 Of her whom I adore.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

K k ij

x

I laid me down upon a bank,
 Bewailing my sad fate,
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love
 And cruel Molly's hate :
 How can she break the honest heart
 That wears her in its core ?

Ah Gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear ;
 Ah ! why did I believe ?
 Yet, who could think such tender words
 Were meant but to deceive ?
 That love was all I ask'd on earth ;
 Nay, heav'n could give no more.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Oh had I all the flocks that graze
 On yonder yellow hill,
 Or lov'd for me the num'rous herds
 That yon green pasture fill ;
 With her I love I'd gladly share
 My kine and fleecy store.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head
 Sat courting on a bough ;
 I envied not their happiness,
 To see them bill and coo :
 Such fondness once for me she shew'd ;
 But now, alas ! 'tis o'er.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
 Thy loss I e'er shall mourn ;
 Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart
 'Twill beat for thee alone :
 Tho' thou art false, may heav'n on thee
 Its choicest blessings pour !

Ah Gramachree, &c.

SONG CXXXVIII.

THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

To the foregoing tune.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing;
Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus
fung she :

I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea ;
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love from me :
Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've
ruin'd me ;

And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the
fky,

I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love to fly ;
To guard him from all dangers how happy should I be !
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine ;
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine ;
And I'll present it to my love when he returns from sea ;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast !
Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest !
To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward shou'd be ;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O if I were an eagle, to soar into the fky !
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes, where I my love
might spy :
But ah ! unhappy maiden ! that love you ne'er shall see ;
Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I laid me down upon a bank,
 Bewailing my sad fate,
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love
 And cruel Molly's hate:
 How can she break the honest heart
 That wears her in its core?

Ah Gramachree, &c.

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To the foregoing tune.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing;
Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus
sung she:

I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea;
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love from me:
Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've
ruin'd me;

And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the
sky,

I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers how happy should I be!
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine;
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll present it to my love when he returns from sea;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast!
Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest!
To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward shou'd be;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky!
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes, where I my love
might spy:

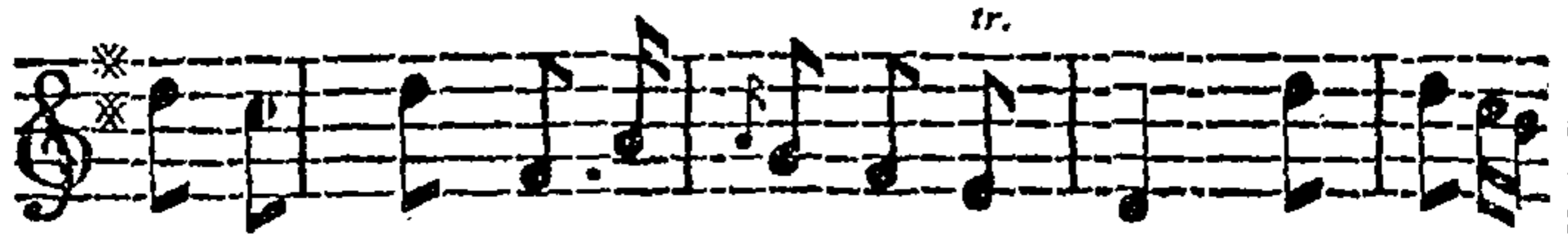
But ah! unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er shall see;
Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

SONG CXXXIX.

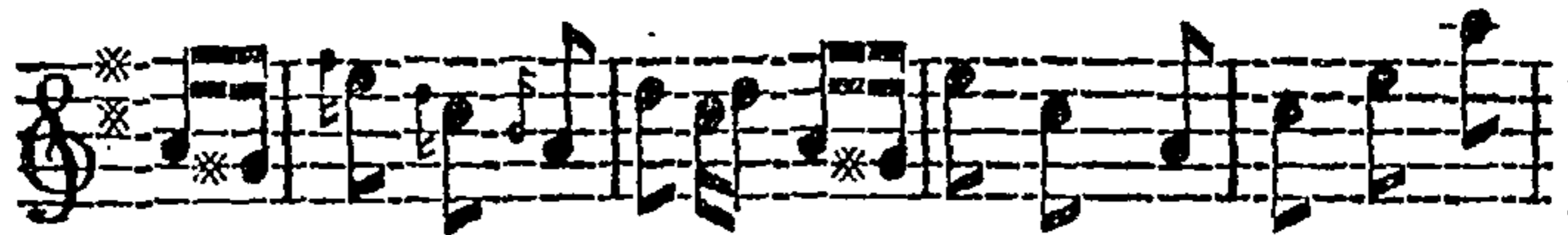
HARK AWAY.



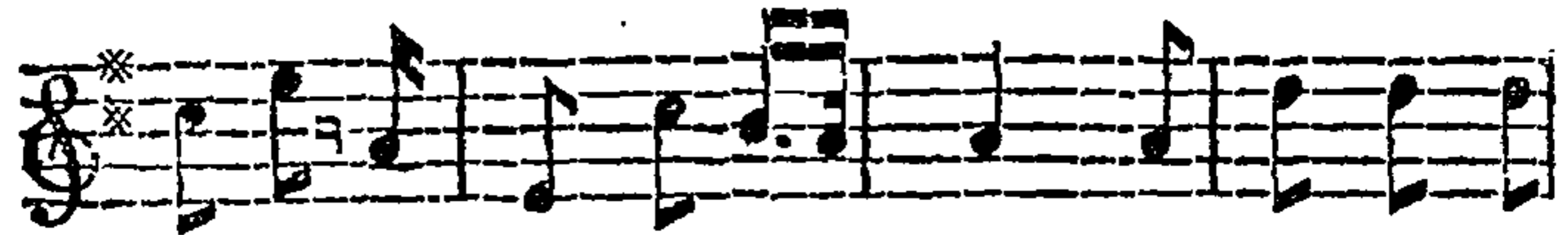
The moment Au - ro-ra peep'd in-to my room, I put



on my clothes and I call'd for my groom : Will Whistle,



by this, bad uncoupl'd the hounds ; Who lively and



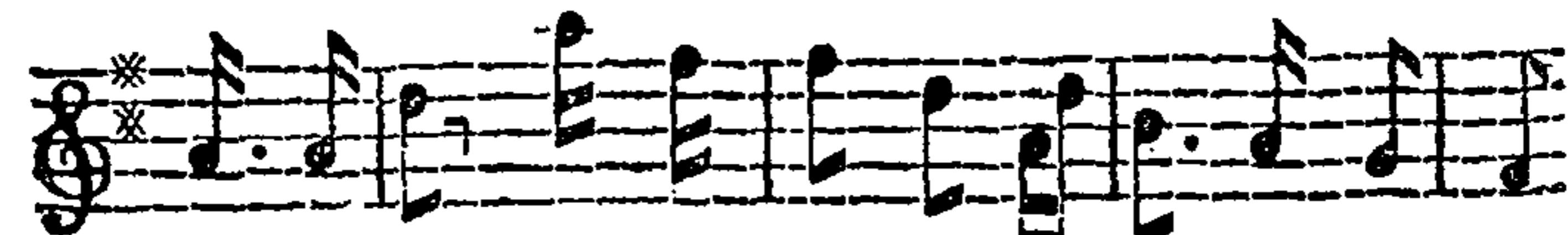
mettlesome frisk'd o'er the grounds. And now we're all



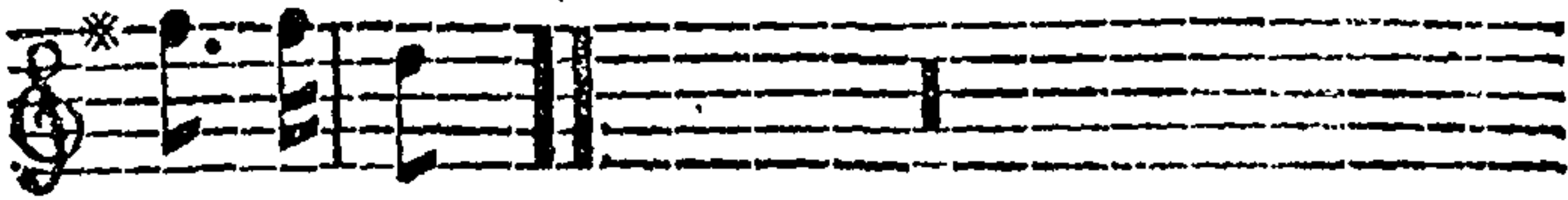
saddl'd, fleet, dapple, and grey ; Who seem'd longing



to hear the glad sound hark away ! Hark away !



Hark away ! Who seem'd longing to hear the glad sound



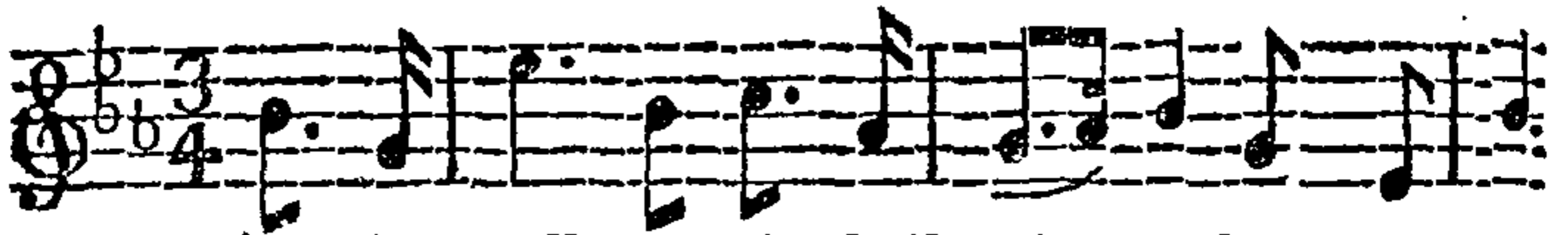
bark a - way!

'Twas now, by the clock, about five in the morn;
 And we all gallop'd off to the found of the horn:
 Jack Garter, Bill Babblers, and Dick at the goose,
 When, all of a sudden, out starts Mrs Pufs:
 Men, horses, and dogs, not a moment would stay,
 And echo was heard to cry, Hark, hark away!

The course was a fine one she took o'er the plain;
 Which she doubl'd, and doubl'd, and doubl'd again;
 Till at last she to cover return'd out of breath,
 Where I and Will Whistle were in at the death:
 Then, in triumph, for you I the hare did display;
 And cry'd to the horns, my boys, Hark, hark away!

SONG CXL.

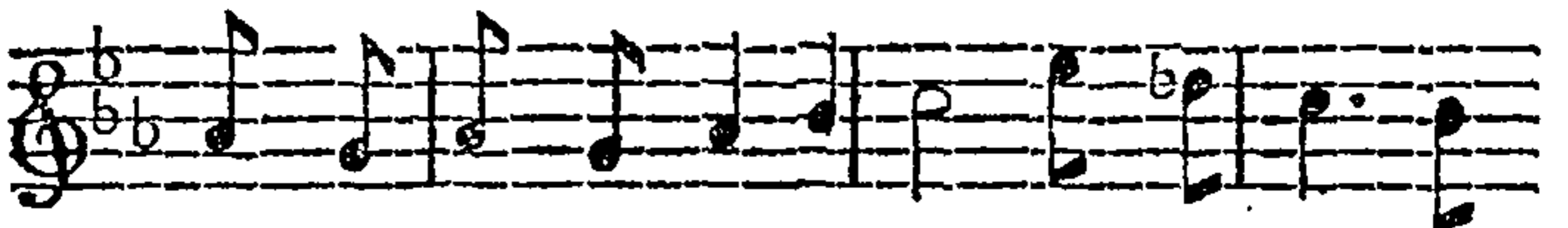
MY TRIM-BUILT WHERRY.



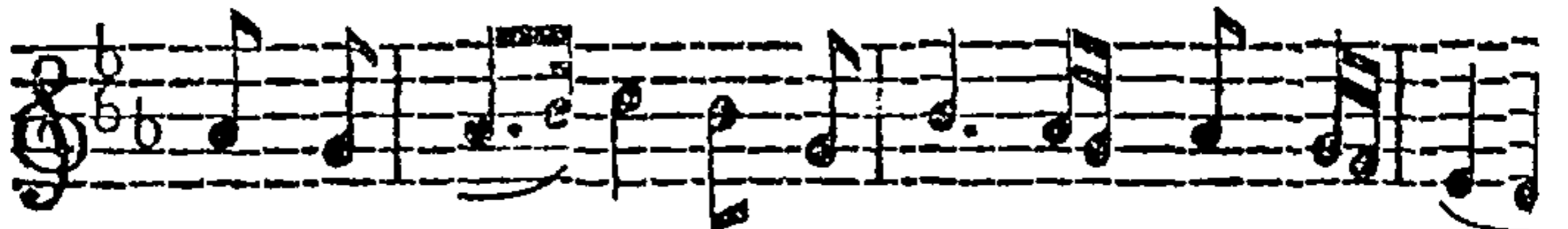
Then farewell, my trim-built wherry, Oars and coat



and badge, farewell; Never more at Chelsea ferry



Shall your Thomas take a spell. Then farewell, my



trim-built wherry, Oars and coat and badge, farewell;



Never more at Chelsea fer - ry shall your Thomas



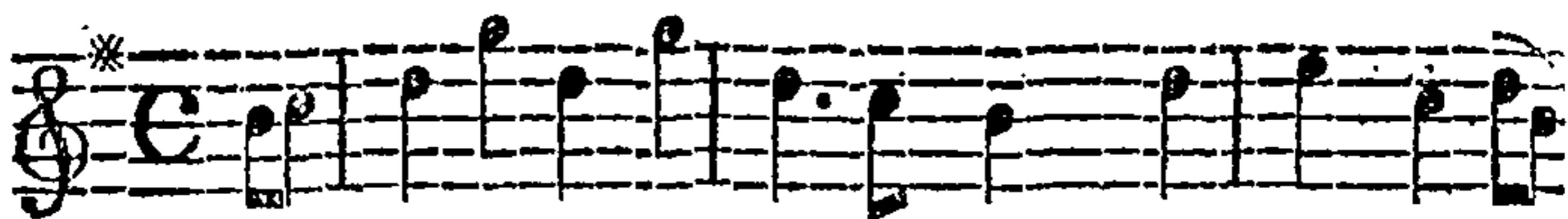
take a spell - - ; Shall your Tho-mas take a spell.

But, to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I go ;
Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

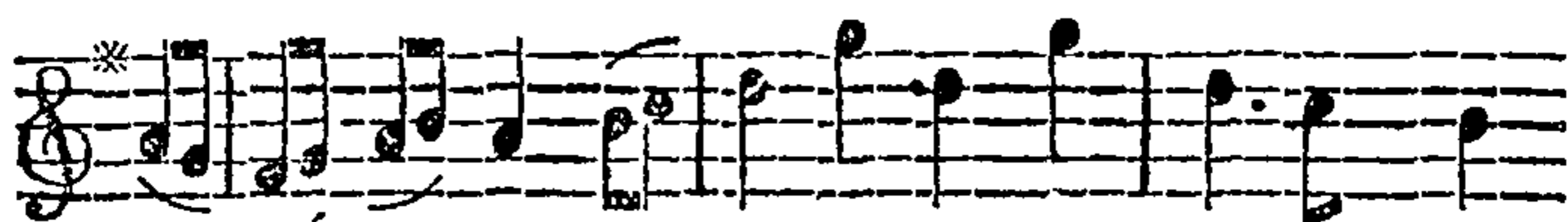
Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
With the news my messmates come ;
Even you, my story hearing,
With a sigh may cry—poor Tom !

SONG CXLI.

THE BONNY SAILOR.



My bonny sailor won my mind ; My heart is now



with him at sea ; I hope the summer's western breeze



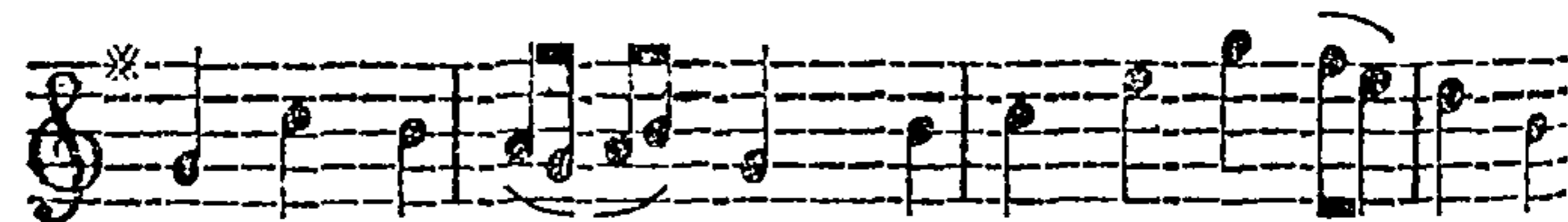
will bring him safe - ly back to me : I wish to hear



what glorious toils, What dangers he has un-dergone !



What forts he's storm'd ! How great the spoils from France



or Spain my sailor's won ! My sailor's won, my sailor's



won ; From France or Spain my sailor's won.

A thousand terrors chill'd my breast
When fancy brought the foe in view ;
And day and night I've had no rest,
Lest ev'ry gale a tempest blew.
Bring, gentle gales, my sailor home ;
His ship at anchor may I see !
Three years are, sure, enough to roam ;
Too long for one who loves like me.

His face, by sultry climes, is wan ;
His eyes, by watching, shine less bright ;
But still I'll own my charming man,
And run to meet him when in fight.
His honest heart is what I prize ;
No weather can make that look old :
Tho' alter'd were his face and eyes
I'll love my jolly sailor bold.

SONG CXLII.

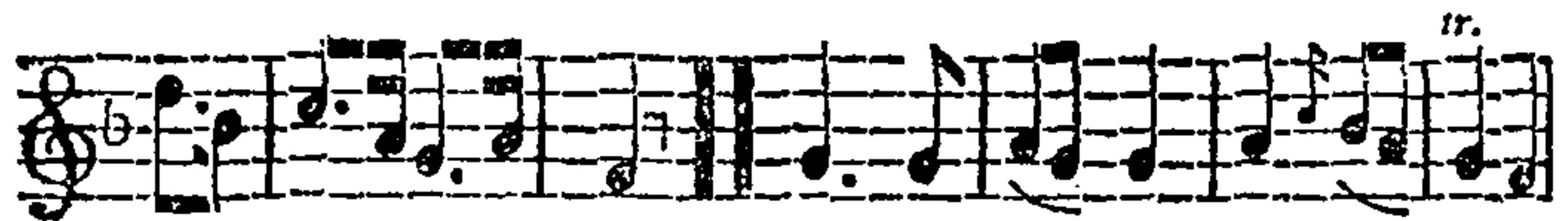
HOW IMPERFECT IS EXPRESSION.



How imperfect is expression Some e - motions to



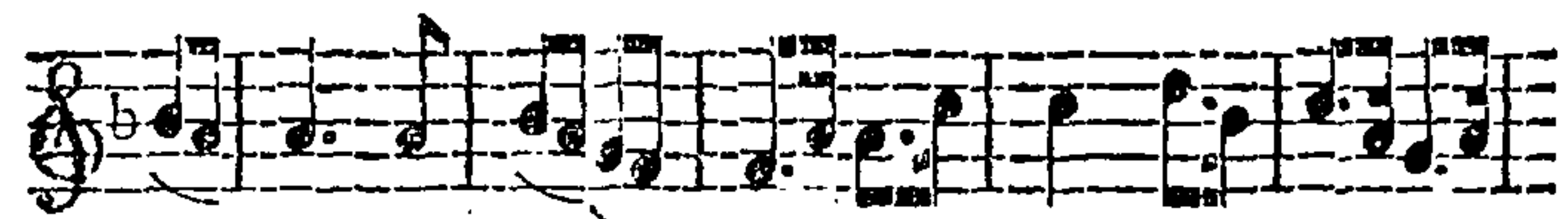
im-part! When we mean a soft confession, and yet seek



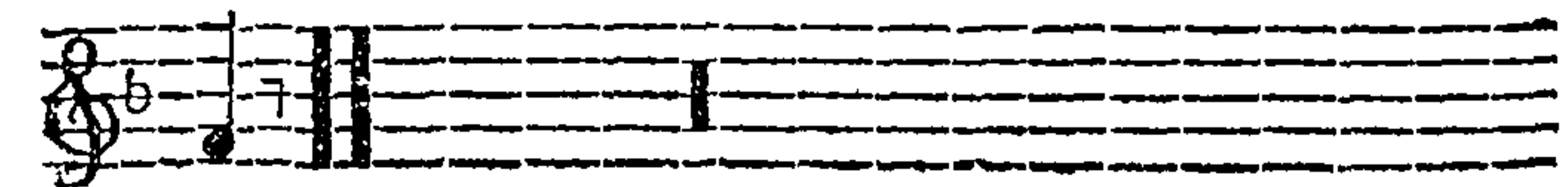
to hide the heart. When our bosoms, all complying,



With de - licious tu - mults swell, And beat what bro-



ken, falt'ring, dying, language would, but can-not,



tell.

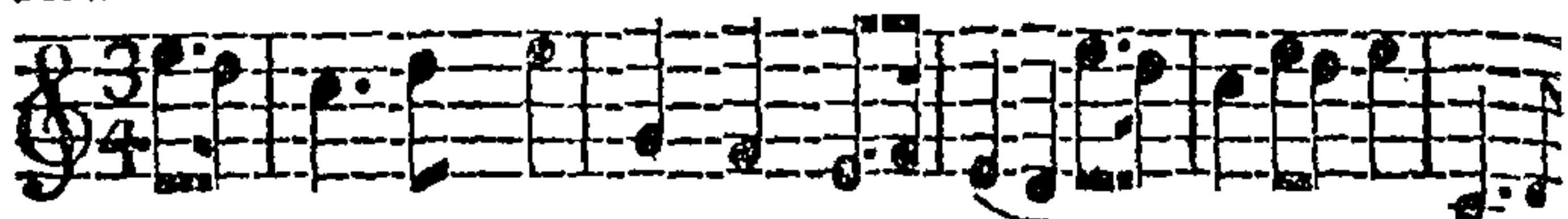
Deep confusion's rosy terror,
Quite expressive paints my cheek.
Ask no more—behold your error ;
Blushes eloquently speak.
What tho' silent is my anguish,
Or breath'd only to the air ?
Mark my eyes ; and, as they languish,
Read what yours have written there.

O that you could once conceive me !
Once my heart's strong feelings view !
Love has nought more fond, believe me ;
Friendship nothing half so true.
How imperfect is expression
Some emotions to impart !
When we mean a soft confession,
And yet seek to hide the heart.

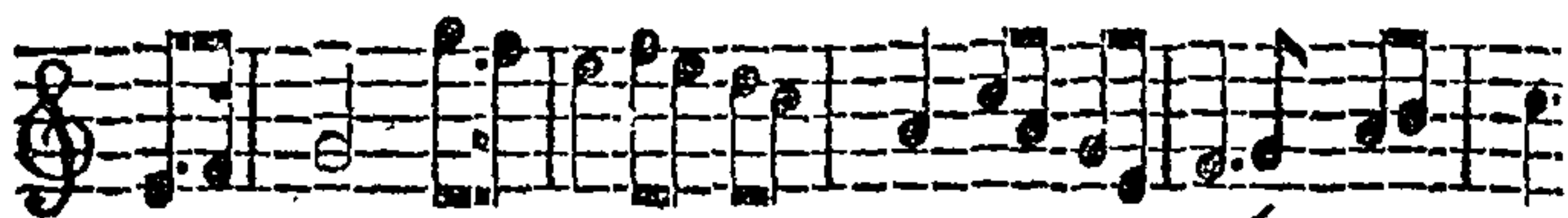
SONG CXLIII.

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HAE BEEN.

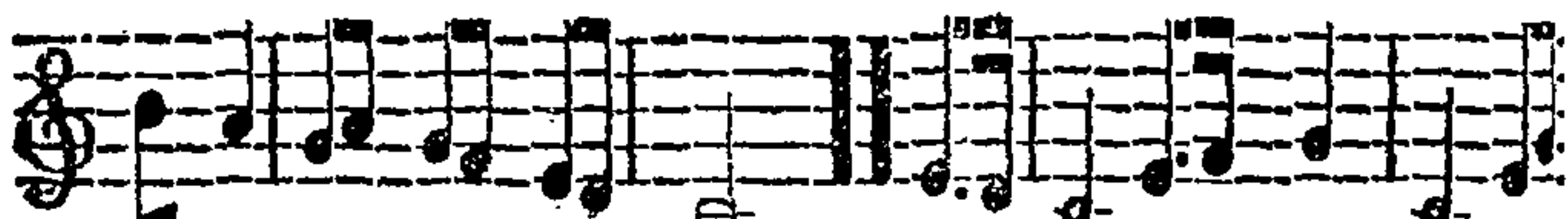
Slow.



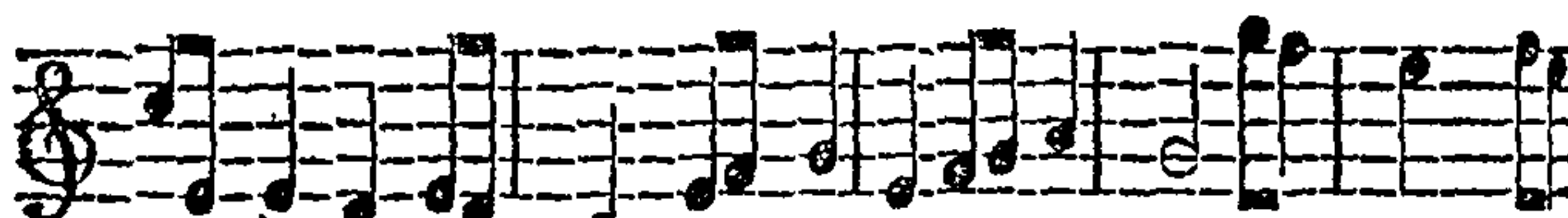
A lass that was laden with care sat bea-vi-ly under



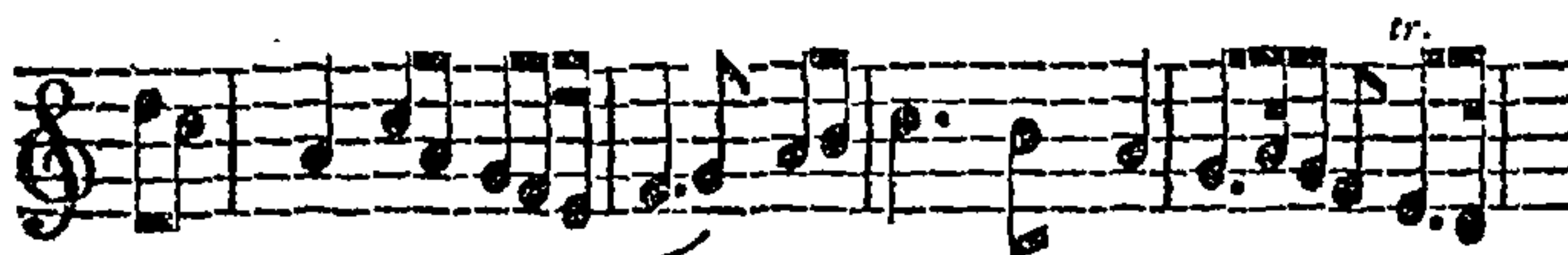
yon thorn, I listen'd a while for to hear, When thus



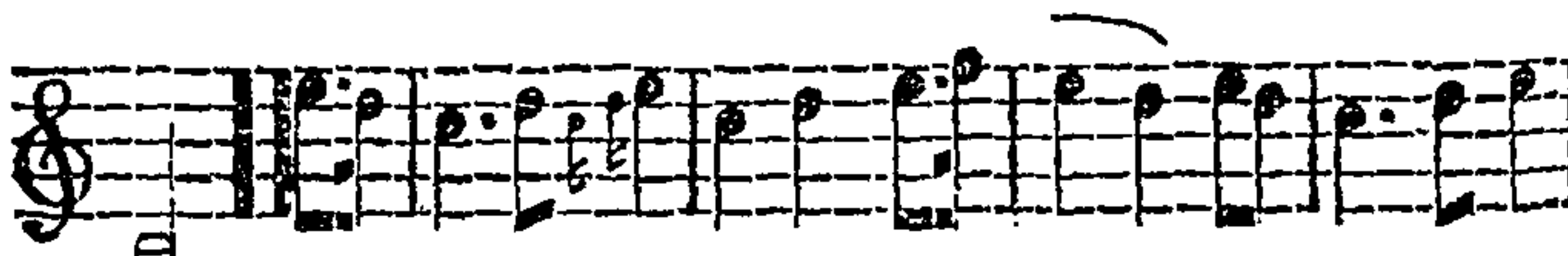
she be-gan for to mourn: Whene'er my dear shepherd



was here, the birds did melodiously sing, And cold nip-



ping winter did wear A face that resembled the



spring. Sae merry as we twa hae been; Sae merry as



we twa hae been; My heart it is like for to break



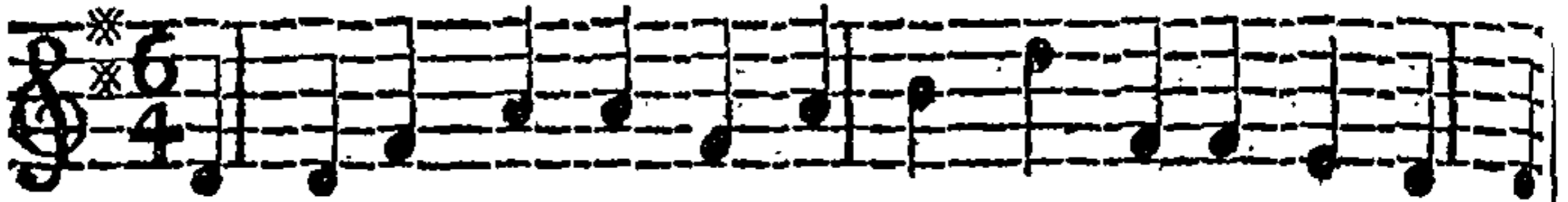
when I think on the days we have seen.

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
 He gently pressing my hand,
 I view'd the wide world in its pride,
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command!
 My dear, he wou'd oft to me say,
 What makes you hard-hearted to me?
 Oh! why do you thus turn away
 From him who is dying for thee!
 Sae merry, &c.

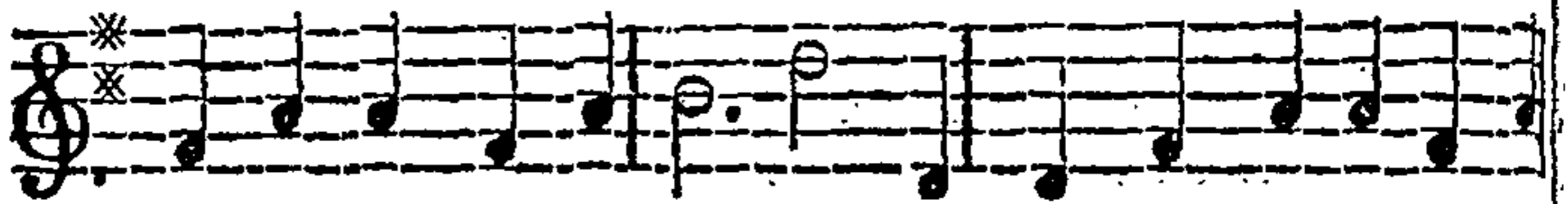
But now he is far from my sight,
 And perhaps a deceiver may prove;
 Which makes me lament day and night,
 That ever I granted my love.
 At eve, when the rest of the folk
 Are merrily seated to spin,
 I set myself under an oak,
 And heavily sigh for him,
 Sae merry, &c.

SONG CXLIV.

YE LADS OF TRUE SPIRIT.



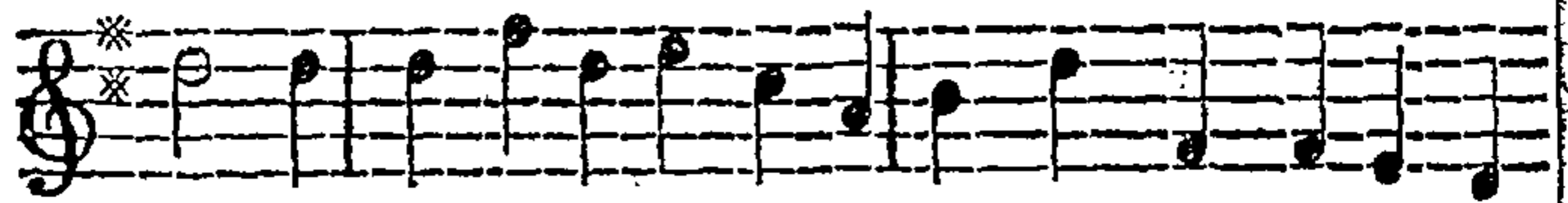
Ye lads of true spirit, pay courtship to claret, Releas'd



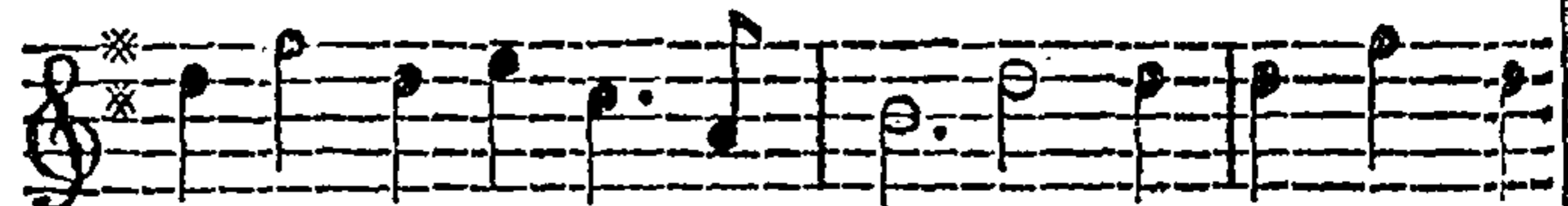
from the trouble of thinking ; A fool, long ago, said we



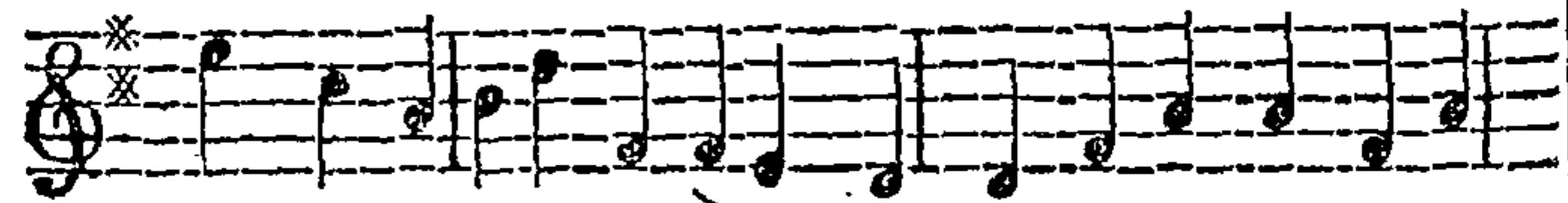
nothing could know ; The fellow knew nothing of drink.



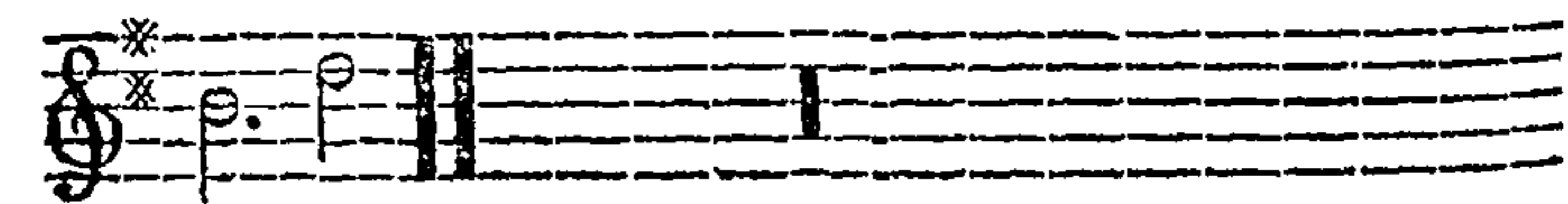
ing. To pore over Plato, or practise with Cato, Dis-



passionate dunces might make us ; But men, now more



wise, self-denial despise, And live by the lessons of



Bacchus.

Big-wig'd, in fine coach, see the doctor approach ;
 He solemnly up the stair paces ;
 Looks grave—smells his cane—applies finger to vein,
 And counts the repeats with grimaces.
 As he holds pen in hand, life and death are at stand—
 A tofs up which party shall take us.
 Away with such cant—no prescription we want
 But the nourishing noſtrum of Bacchus.

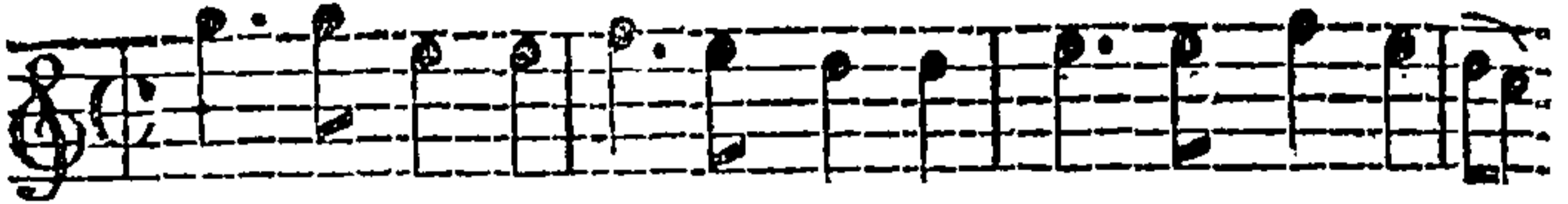
We jollily join in the practice of wine,
 While miſers 'midſt plenty are pining ;
 While ladies are ſcorning, and lovers are mourning,
 We laugh at wealth, wenching, and whining.
 Drink, drink, now 'tis prime ; toſs a bottle to Time,
 He'll not make ſuch haſte to o'ertake us ;
 His threats we prevent, and his cracks we cement,
 By the ſtyptical baſam of Bacchus.

What work is there made, by the newspaper trade,
 Of this man's and t'other man's ſtation !
 The ins are all bad, and the outs are all mad ;
 In and out is the cry of the nation.
 The politic patter which both parties chatter,
 From bumpering freely ſhan't ſhake us ;
 With half-pints in hand, independent we'll ſtand
 To defend Magna Charta of Bacchus.

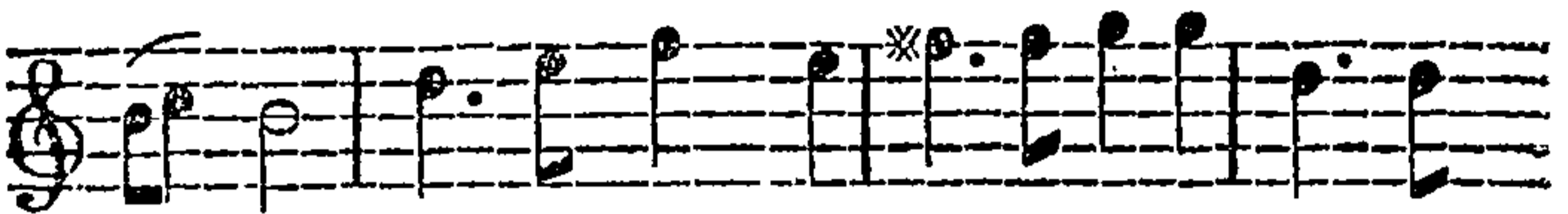
Be your motions well-tim'd ; be all charg'd and all prim'd ;
 Have a care—right and left—and make ready.
 Right hand to glaſs join—at your lips reſt your wine ;
 Be all in your exerciſe ſteady.
 Our levels we boaſt when our women we ſeaſt ;
 May graciously they undertake us !
 No more we deſire—to drink and give ſire,
 A volley to beauty and Bacchus !

SONG CXLV.

LET'S BE JOVIAL.



Let's be jovial, fill our glassses, Madnefs 'tis for us



to think, How the world is rul'd by asses, And the



wise are sway'd by chink. Never let vain cares oppress



us, Riches are to them a snare ; We are all as rich as



Craesus, While our bottle drowns our care.

Wine will make us red as roses,
 And our sorrows quite forget ;
 Come let's fuddle all our noses,
 Drink ourselves quite out of debt.

When grim Death comes looking for us
 We are toping off our bowls ;
 Bacchus joining in the chorus,
 Death begone ! here's none but souls.

Godlike Bacchus thus commanding,
 Trembling Death away shall fly;
 Ever after understanding,
 Drinking souls can never die.

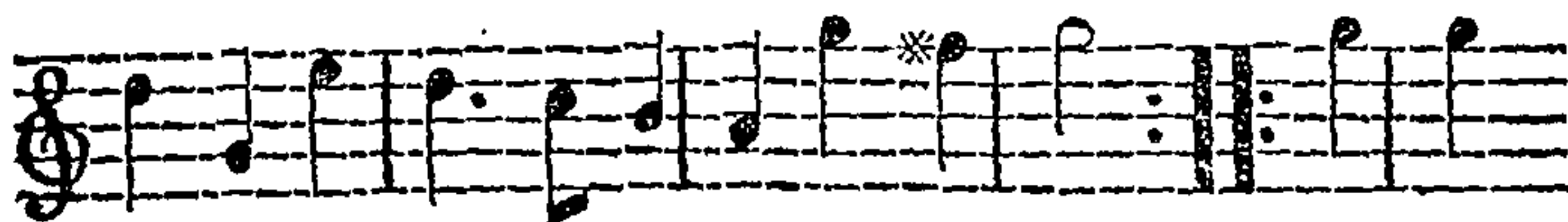


SONG CXLVI.

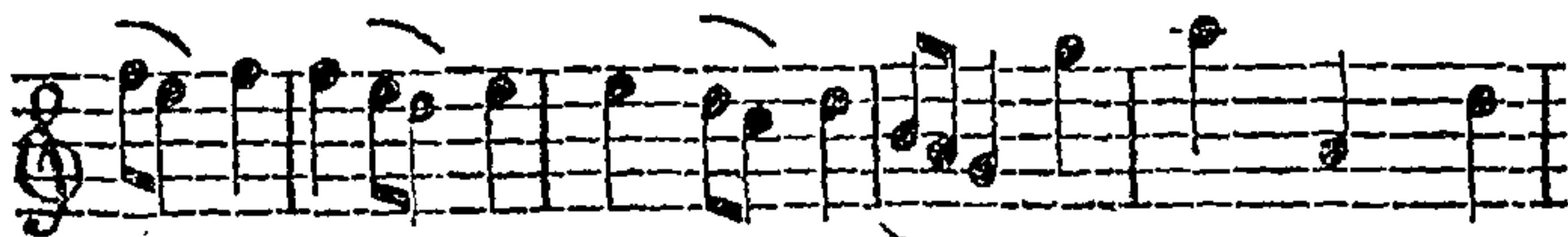
WITH AN HONEST OLD FRIEND.



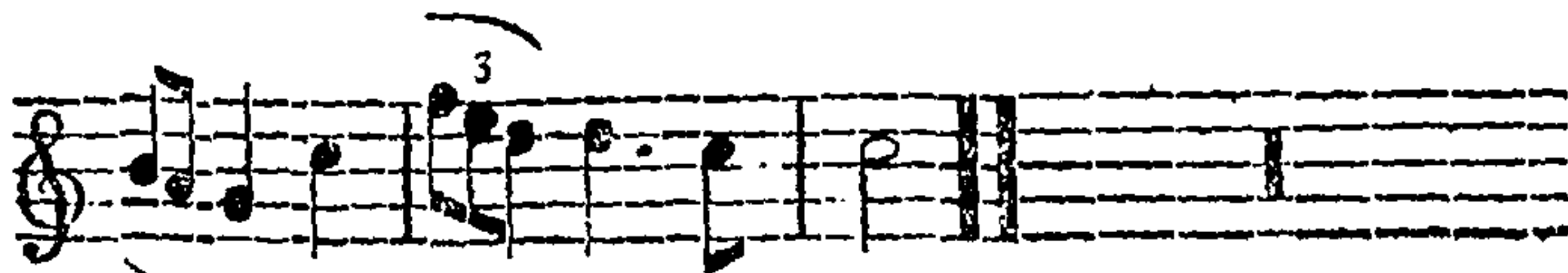
With an honest old friend and a merry old song, And a



flask of old port, let me sit the night long: And laugh



at the malice of those who repine That they must swig



porter while I can drink wine.

M m ij

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,
 Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate ;
 But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
 Is poorness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay ;
 Let's merrily pass life's remainder away :
 Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise ;
 For the more we are envied the higher we rise.



SONG CXLVII.

THE HONEST FELLOW.

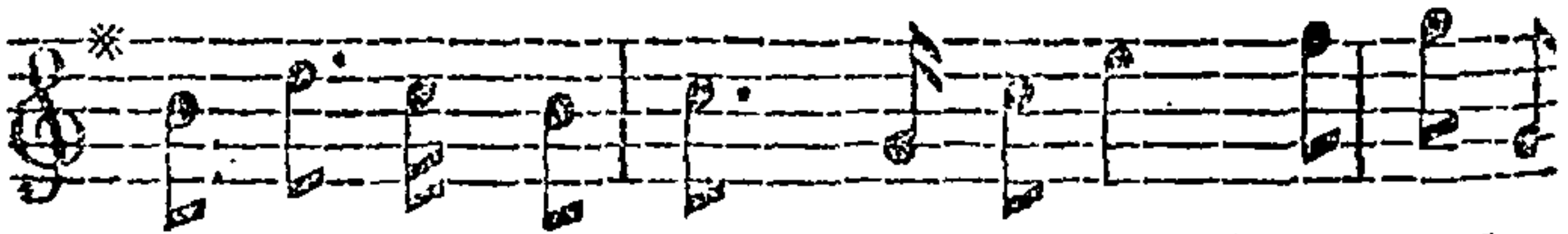
Moderato.



Pbo ! pox of this nonsense, I prithee give o'er, And talk



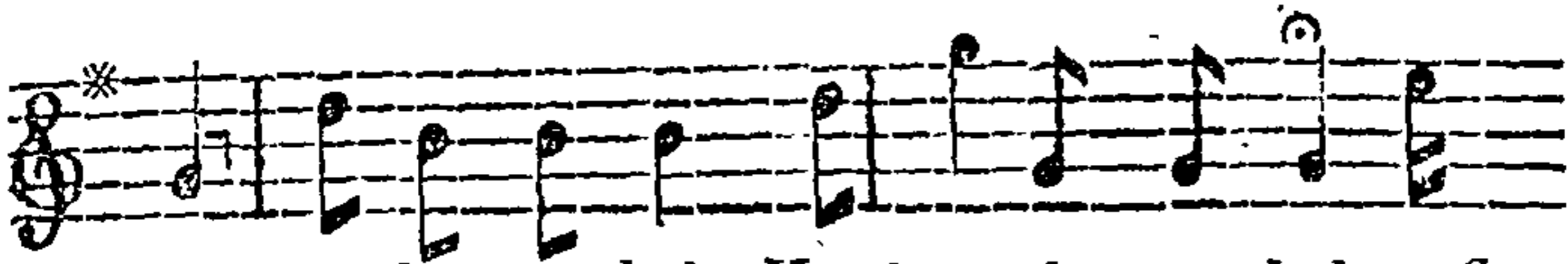
of your Phillis and Chloë no more ; Their face, and



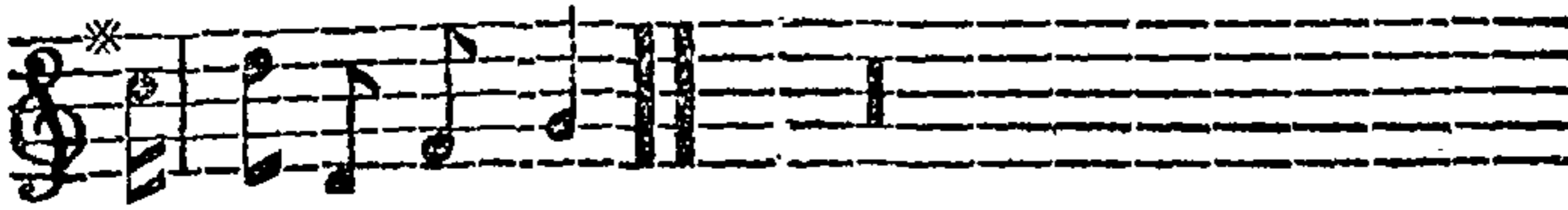
their air, and their mien—what a rout ! Here's to thee,



my lad, push the bottle about. Here's to thee, my



lad, to thee, my lad; Here's to thee, my lad, push



the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape;
 They dare not confide in the juice of the grape:
 But we honest fellows—'fdeath! who'd ever think
 Of puling for love, while he's able to drink?

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows;
 Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes;
 Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,
 The man that is drunk is as great as a king.

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks;
 Anacreon's cases, see page twenty-six:
 The precedent's glorious, and just, by my foul!
 Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl.

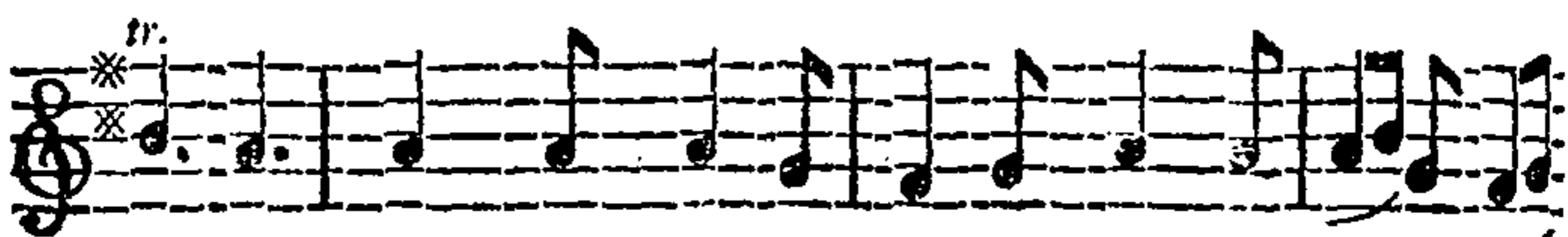
What's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh.
 My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff,
 May mirth and good fellowship always abound:
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

SONG CXLVIII.

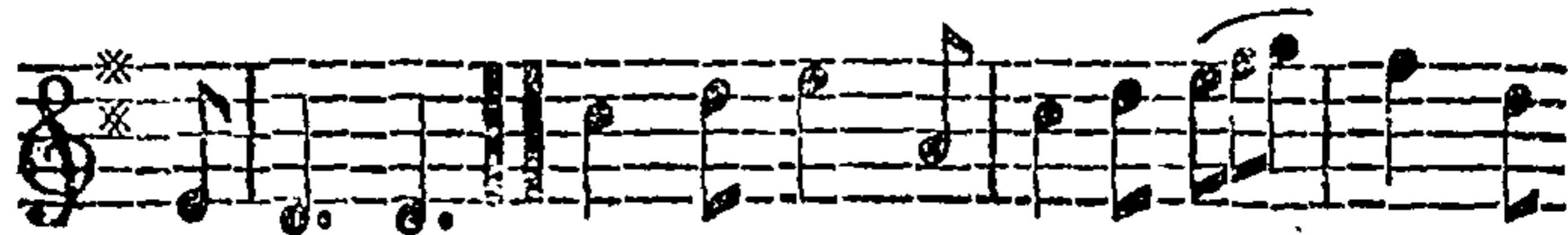
COME, NOW, ALL YE SOCIAL POW'RS.



Come, now, all ye social pow'rs, Shed your influence



o'er us; Crown with joy the present hours, Enliven those



before us: Bring the flask, the music bring, Joy shall



quickly find us; Drink, and dance, and laugh, and sing,



And cast dull care behind us. Bring the flask, the



music bring, Joy shall quickly find us; Drink, and dance,



and laugh, and sing, And cast dull care behind us.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
Source of generous passion ;
But will ne'er bow down before
Those idols wealth or fashion.
Bring the flask, &c.

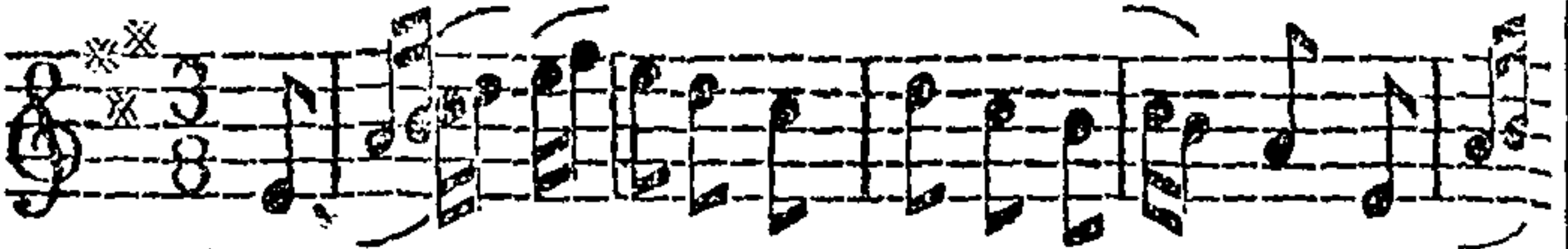
Friendship, with thy smile divine,
Brighten all our features ;
What but friendship, love, and wine,
Can make us happy creatures ?
Bring the flask, &c.

Why the deuce should we be sad
While on earth we moulder ?
Grave, or gay, or wise, or mad,
We ev'ry day grow older.
Bring the flask, &c.

Then since time will steal away
Spite of all our sorrow ;
Heighten ev'ry joy to-day,
Never mind to-morrow.
Bring the flask, &c.

SONG CXLIX.

CATO'S ADVICE.



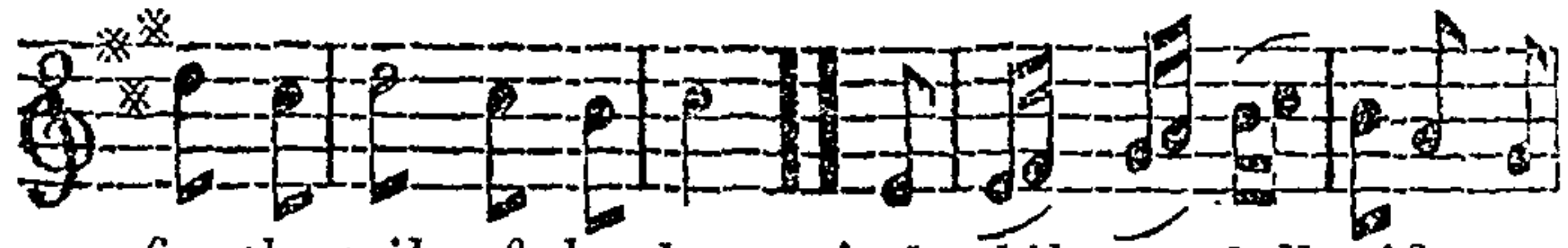
What Cato advises most certainly wise is, Not al-



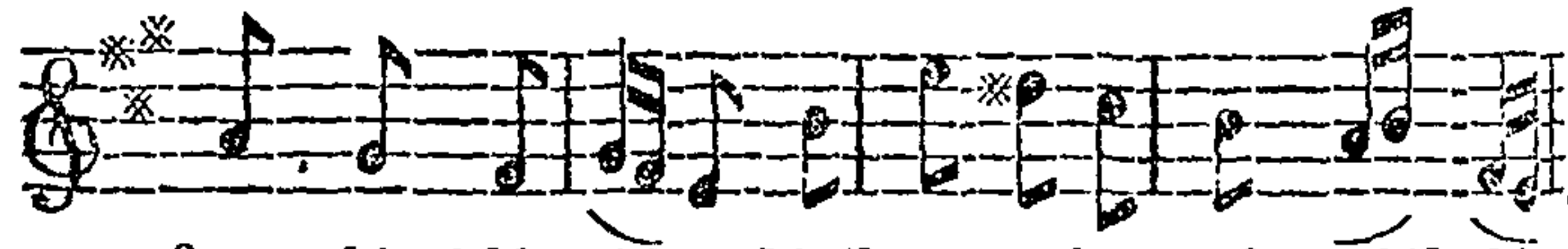
ways to labour, but sometimes to play: To mingle sweet



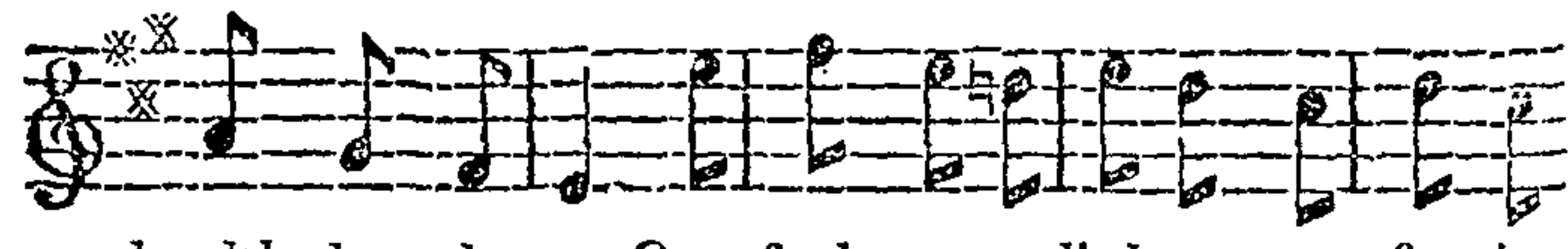
pleasure with search after treasure, Indulging at night



for the toils of the day: And while the dull miser e-



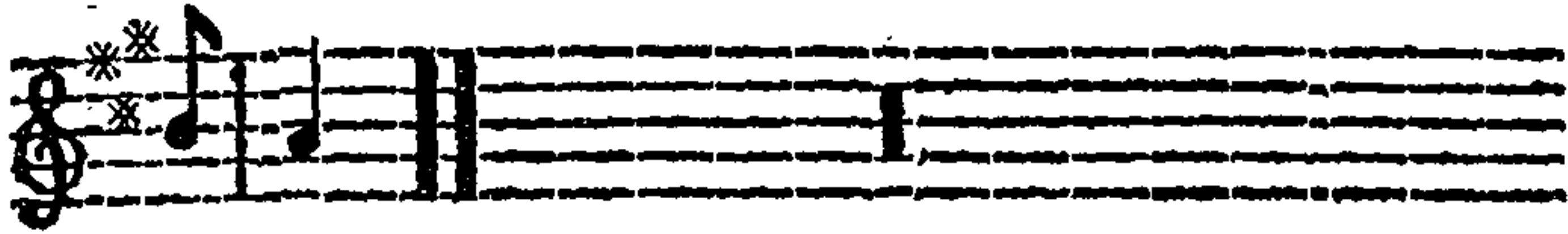
steems himself wiser, his bags to increase, while his



health does decay, Our souls we enlighten, our fancies



we brighten, And pass the long ev'nings in pleasure



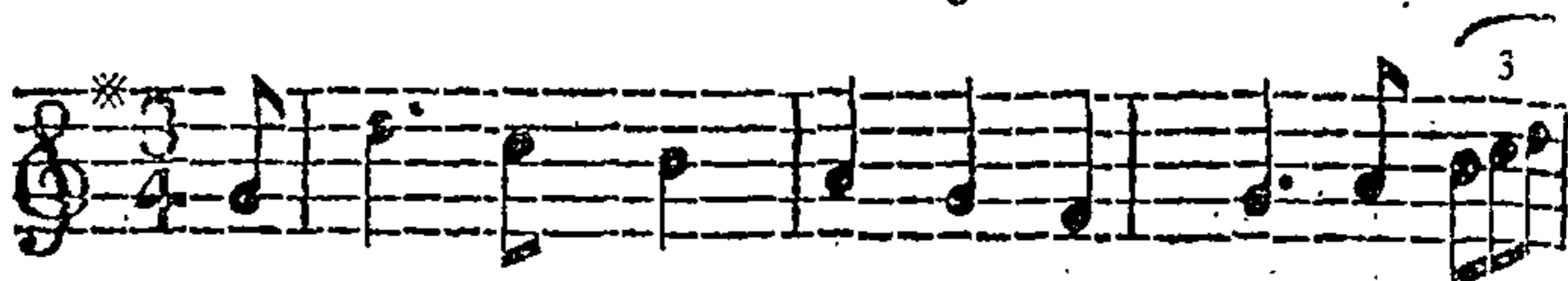
away.

All cheerful and hearty, we set aside party,
 With some tender fair the bright bumper is crown'd ;
 Thus Bacchus invites us, and Venus delights us,
 While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd :
 See, here's our physician, we know no ambition,
 But where there's good wine and good company found ;
 Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,
 'Tis sunshine and summer with us the year round.

N n

SONG CL.

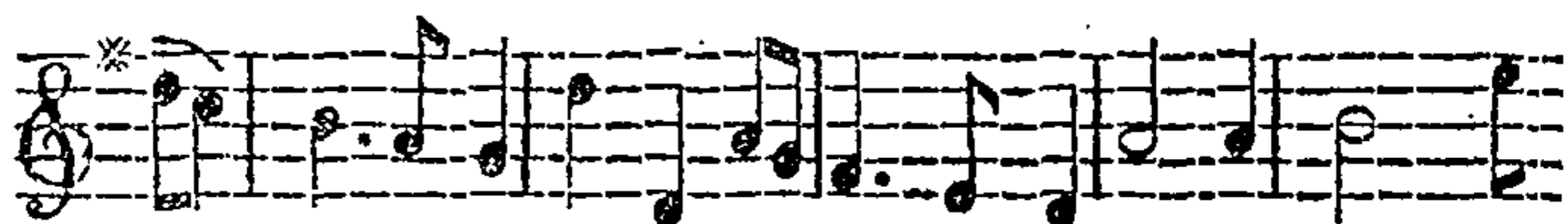
THE BROWN JUG.



Dear Tom, this brown jug, that now foams with mild



ale, (In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale),



Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul As e'er crack'd



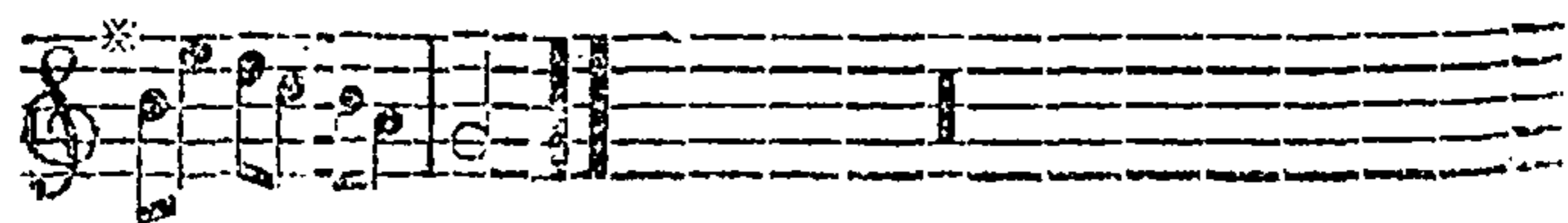
a bottle or fathom'd a bowl. In boozing a - - bout



'twas his praise to ex-cel, And among jol-ly to-pers he



bore off the bell - - - - - he



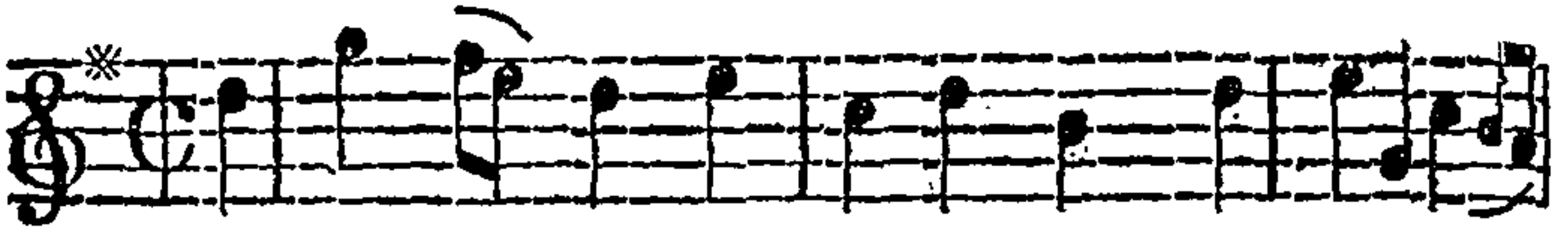
bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he dy'd full as big as a Dorchester butt.

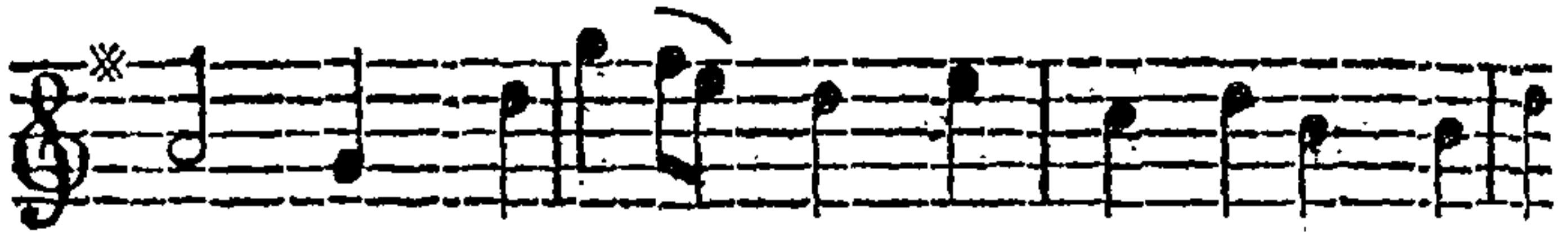
His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug.
Now, sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale;
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

SONG CLI.

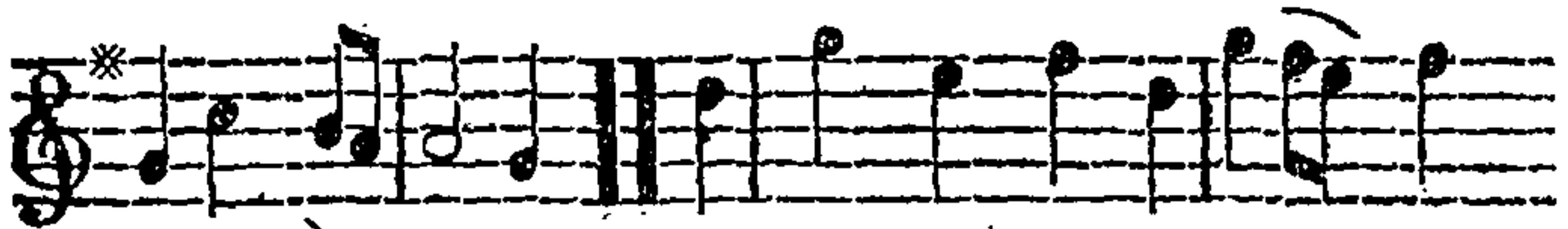
THE VICAR OF BRAY.



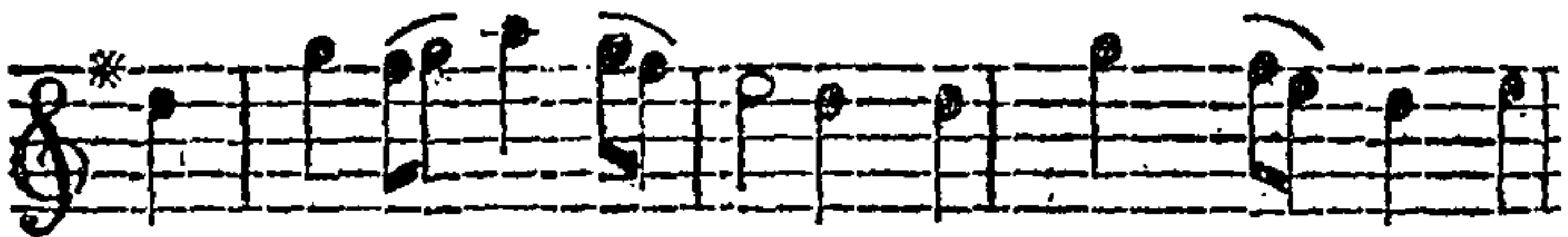
In good King Charles's golden days, When loyalty no



harm meant, A zealous high-church-man I was, And so

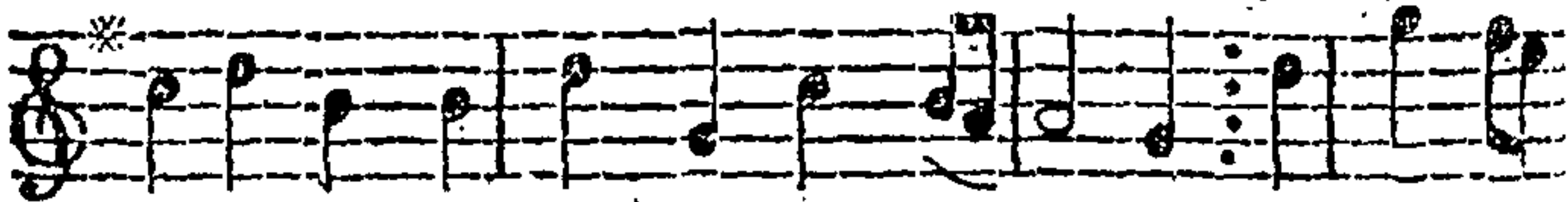


I got preferment. To teach my flock I never mist,

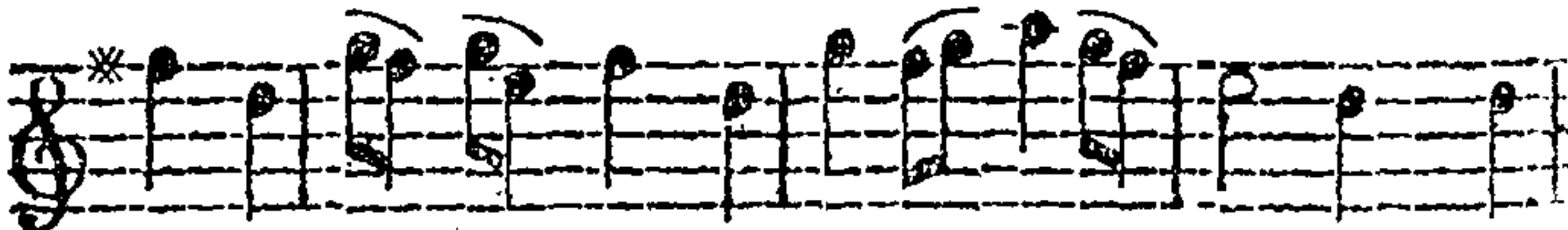


Kings are by God appointed, And damn'd are those that

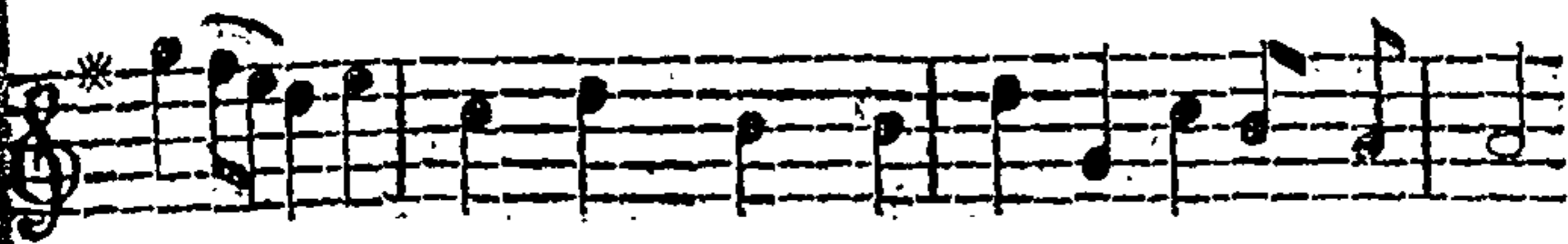
Chorus.



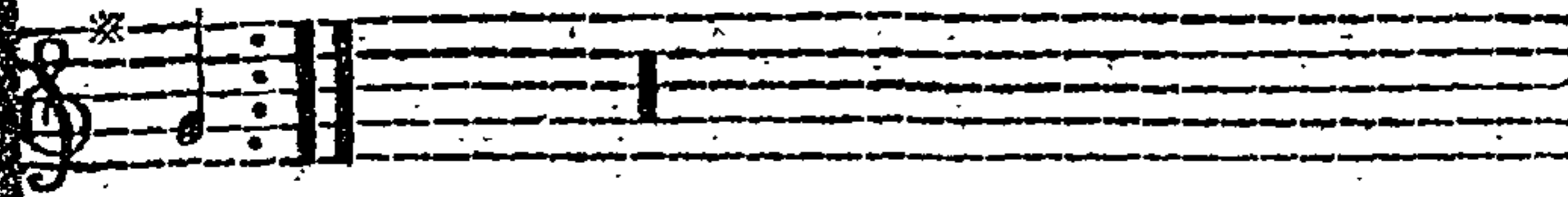
do resist, or touch the Lord's anointed: And this is



law, I will maintain, Until my dy-ing day, Sir, That



whatsoever king shall reign, I'll be the Vicar of Bray,



Sir.

When Royal James obtain'd the crown,
 And popery came in fashion,
 The penal laws I hooted down,
 And read the Declaration:
 The church of Rome I found would fit
 Full well my constitution;
 And had become a Jesuit,
 But for the Revolution.
 And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd
 To ease the nation's grievance,
 With this new wind about I steer'd,
 And swore to him allegiance:
 Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance;
 Passive-obedience was a joke,
 A jest was non-resistance.
 And this is law, &c.

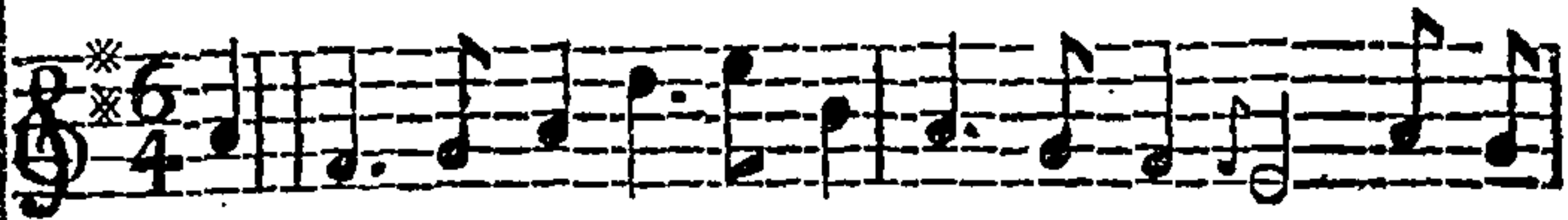
When gracious Anne became our queen,
 The church of England's glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a tory:
 Occasional conformists base,
 I damn'd their moderation;
 And thought the church in danger was
 By such prevarication.
 And this is law, &c.

When George, in pudding-time, came o'er,
 And mod'rate men look'd big, Sir,
 I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
 And so became a whig, Sir ;
 And thus preferment I procur'd
 From our new faith's defender ;
 And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
 The Pope and the Pretender.
 And this is law, &c.

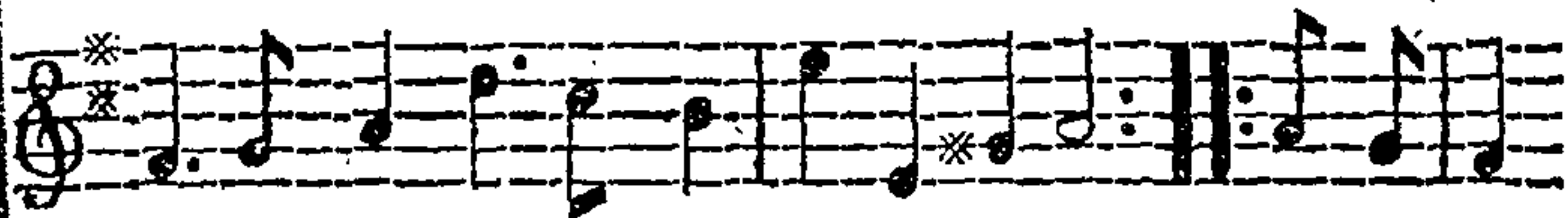
Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
 And Protestant succession ;
 To these I do allegiance swear—
 While they can keep possession :
 For in my faith and loyalty,
 I never more will falter,
 And George my lawful king shall be—
 Until the times do alter.
 And this is law, &c.

SONG CLII.

THE WOMEN ALL TELL ME.



The women all tell me I'm false to my lass ; That I



quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my glass : But to you,



men of reason, my reasons I'll own ; And if you don't



like them, why, let them alone.

Although I have left her, the truth I'll declare ;
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair :
But goodness and charms in a bumper I see
That make it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own ;
But, though she could smile, yet in truth she could frown ;
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime ;
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time :
But, in wine, from its age such benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me my love would in time have been cloy'd,
 And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd ;
 But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
 For, the longer I drink the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history, prove
 The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love :
 But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival contends ;
 For, the more we love liquor the more we are friends.

She, too, might have poison'd the joy of my life
 With nurses, and babies, and squalling, and strife :
 But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,
 And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage ;
 It brings on diseases, and hastens old age :
 But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
 And keep out t'other leg when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
 She has left me—to get an estate, or a lord ;
 But my bumpers (regarding nor titles nor pelf)
 Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain ;
 She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain :
 For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy.
 Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

SONG CLIII.

THE GOSSIPS.



Two gossips they mer-ri-ly met, At nine in the



morning full soon ; And they were resolv'd for a whet,



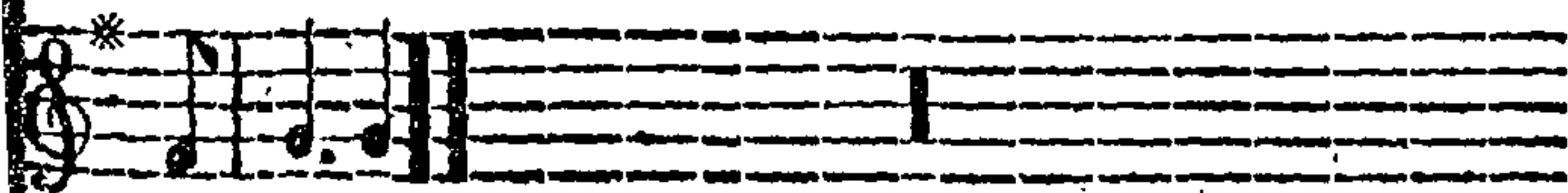
To keep their sweet voices in tune. Away to the tavern



they went ; " Here, Joan, I do vow and pro-test, That



I have a crown yet unspent ; Come, let's have a cup of



the best.

“ And I have another, perhaps
 “ A piece of the very same sort ;
 “ Why should we sit thrumming of caps ?
 “ Come, drawer, and fill us a quart ;
 “ And let it be liquor of life,
 “ Canary, or sparkling wine :
 “ For I am a buxom young wife,
 “ And I love to go gallant and fine.”

The drawer, as blithe as a bird,
 Came skipping with cap in his hand,
 “ Dear ladies, I give you my word,
 “ The best shall be at your command.”
 A quart of canary he drew,
 Joan fill'd up a glass and begun,
 “ Here, gossips, a bumper to you ;”
 “ I'll pledge you, girl, were it a tun.”

“ And pray, gossip, did'nt you hear
 “ The common report of the town,
 “ A squire of five hundred a year
 “ Is married to Doll of the Crown :
 “ A draggle-tail'd flut, on my word,
 “ Her clothes hanging ragged and foul ;
 “ In troth he would fain have a bird
 “ That would give a groat for an owl.

“ And she had a sifter last year,
 “ Whose name they call'd Galloping Peg,
 “ She'd take up a straw with her ear ;
 “ I warrant her right as my leg !
 “ A brewer he got her with child ;
 “ But e'en let them brew as they bake ;
 “ I knew she was wanton and wild ;
 “ But I'll neither meddle nor make.”

“ Nor I, gossip Joan, by my troth,
 “ Though nevertheless I’ve been told,
 “ She stole seven yards of broad cloth,
 “ A ring, and a locket of gold ;
 “ A smock and a new pair of shoes ;
 “ A flourishing madam was she :—
 “ But Margery told me the news ;
 “ And it ne’er shall go further for me.

“ We were at a gossiping club,
 “ Where we had a chirruping cup
 “ Of good humming liquor, strong bub !
 “ Your husband’s name there it was up,
 “ For bearing a powerful sway,
 “ All neighbours his valour have seen ;
 “ For he is a cuckold, they say—
 “ A constable, gossip, I mean.

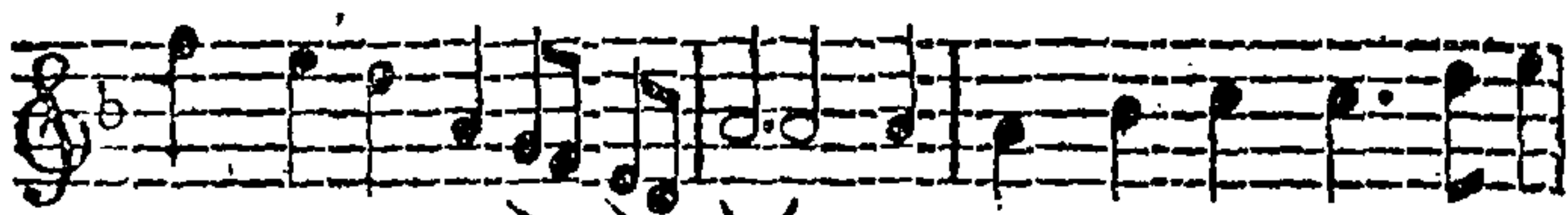
“ Dear gossip, a slip of the tongue ;
 “ No harm was intended in mind :
 “ Chance words they will mingle among.
 “ Our others we commonly find.
 “ I hope you won’t take it amiss.”
 “ No, no, that were folly in us ;
 “ And if we perhaps get a kifs,
 “ Pray, what are our husbands the worse ?”

SONG CLIV.

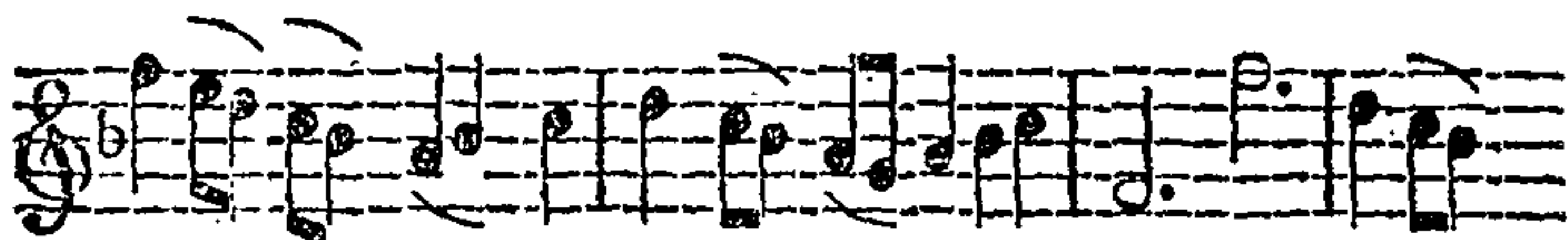
THE POWER OF MUSIC.



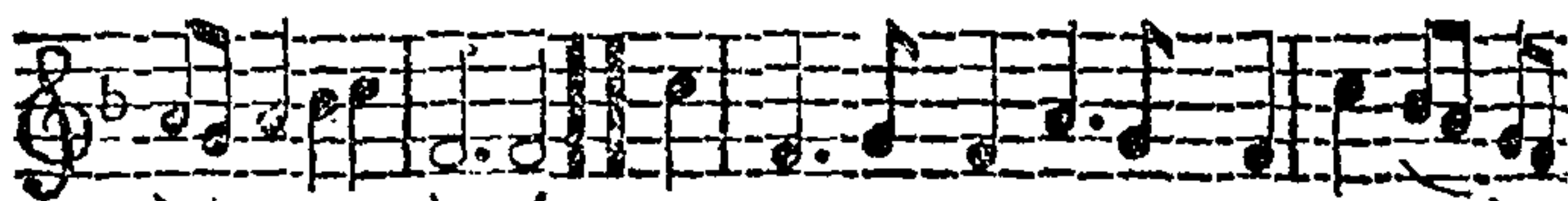
When Orpheus went down to the regions below, Which



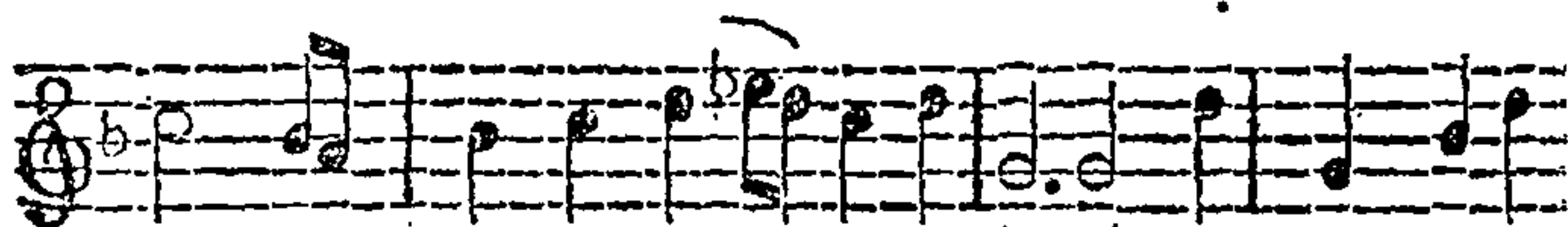
men are forbidden to see ; He tun'd up his lyre, as old



histories show, To set his Eurydice free ; To set his



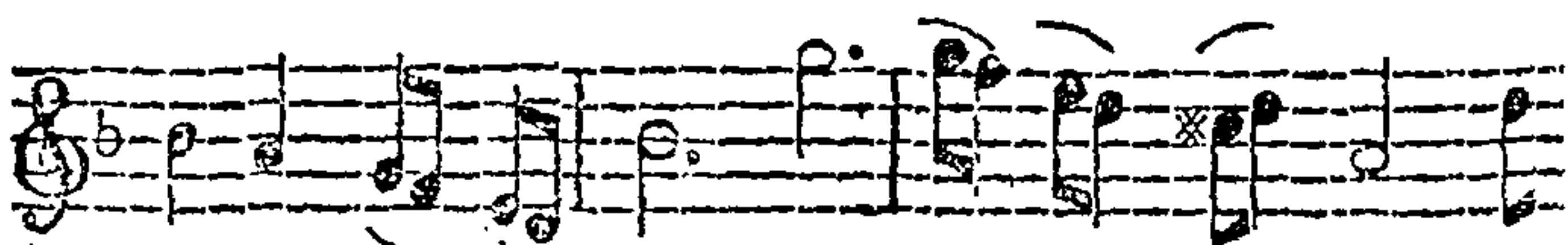
Eurydice free. All hell was astonish'd a person so



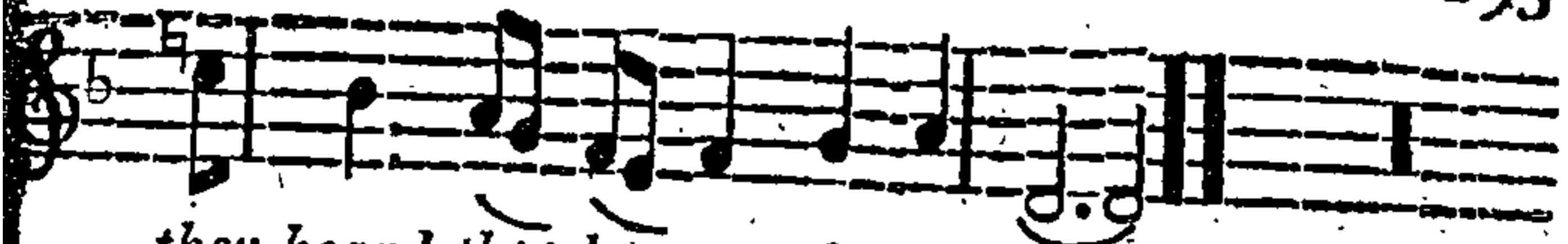
wife Should rashly endanger his life, And venture so



far ; but how vast their surprise ! When they heard that



he came for his wife ; How vast their surprise ! when

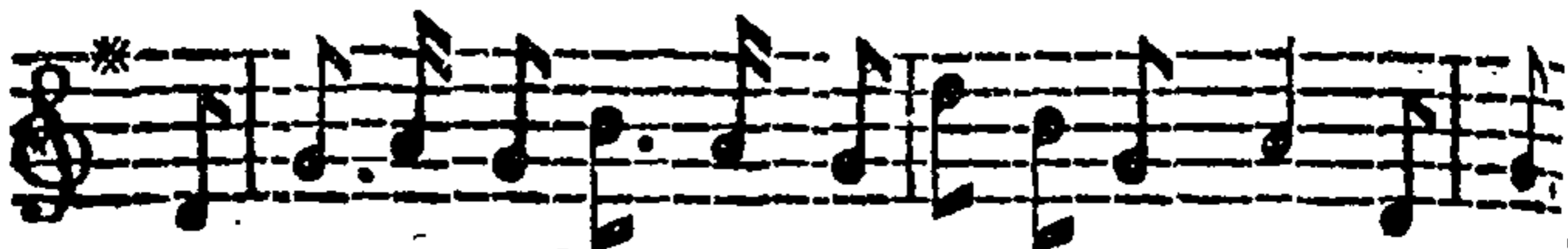


they heard that he came for his wife.

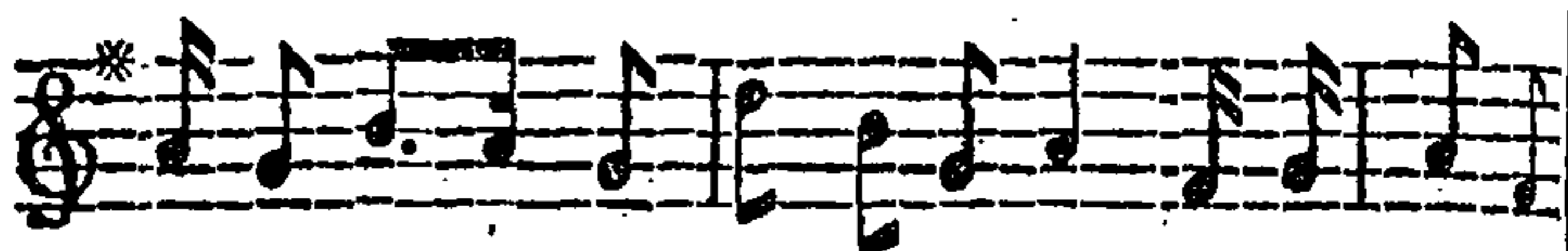
To find out a punishment due to his fault,
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain ;
But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought ;
So he gave him his wife back again.
But pity succeeding found place in his heart ;
And, pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art ;
Such merit had music in hell !

SONG CLV.

HOW HAPPY A STATE.



How happy a state does the miller possess, Who would



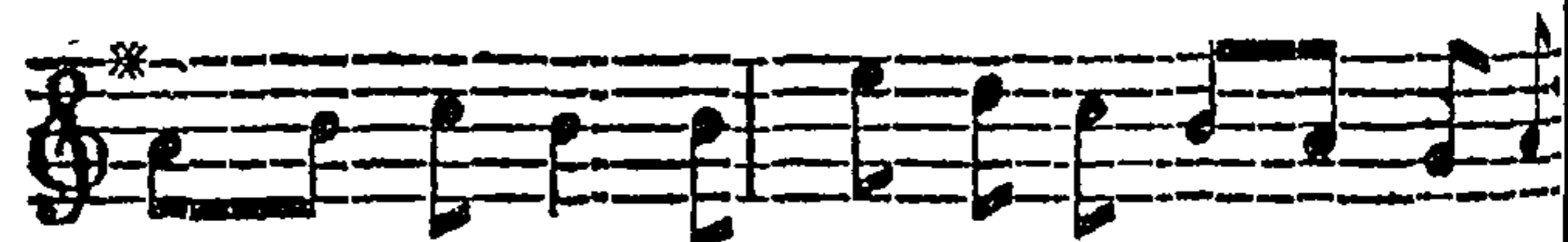
be no greater, nor fears to be less ; On his mill and



himself he depends for support ; Which is better than



servilely cringing at court. What tho' he all dusty and



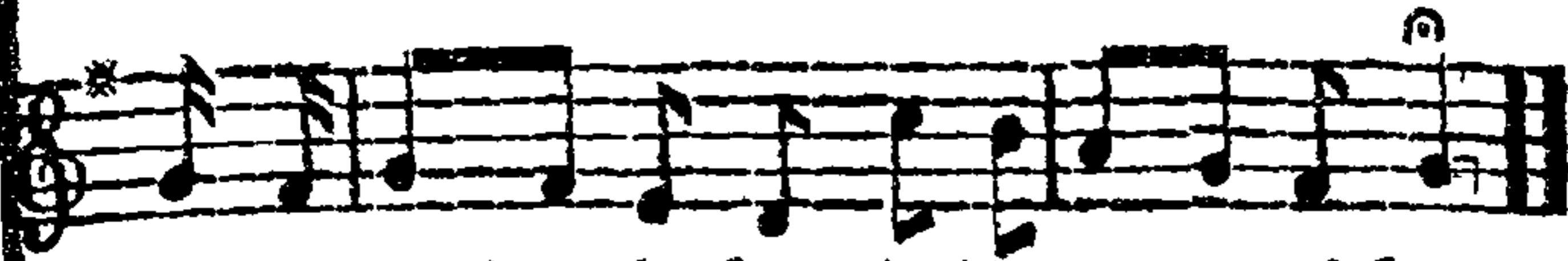
whiten'd does go ? The more he's bepowder'd, the more



like a beau : A clown in this dress may be honest



far Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star



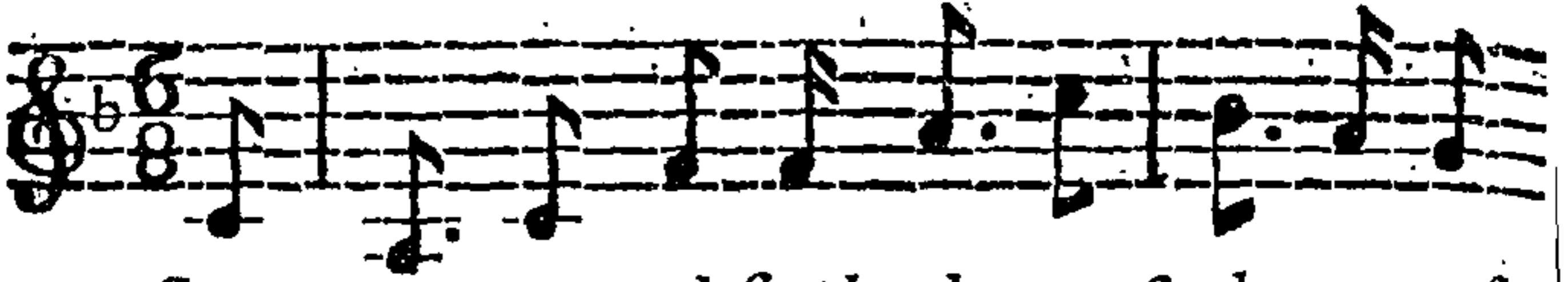
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Though his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
 The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal ;
 Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.
 What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs, without scruple, from other mens sacks ;
 In this of right noble examples he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

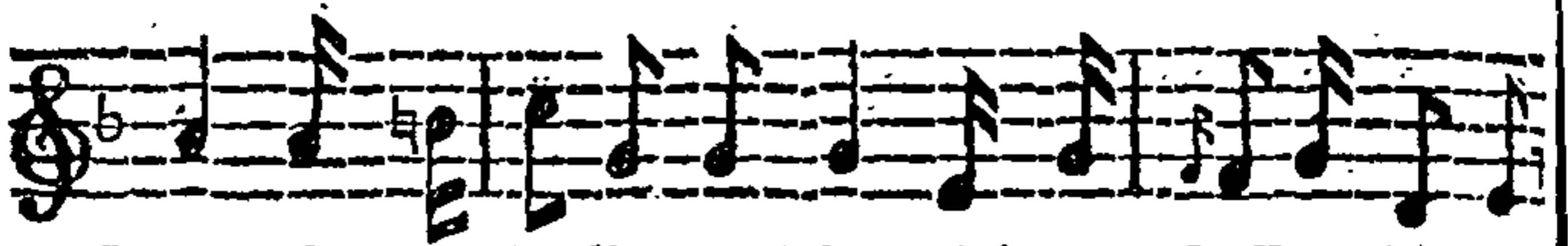
Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
 In this he would mimic the tools of the state ;
 Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
 As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.
 He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
 And down, when he's weary, contented does lie ;
 Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing :
 If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king ?

SONG CLVI.

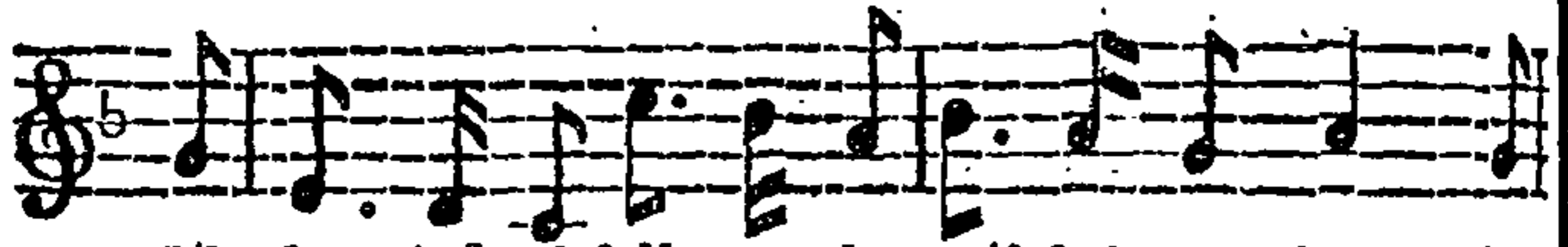
COME, COME, MY GOOD SHEPHERDS.



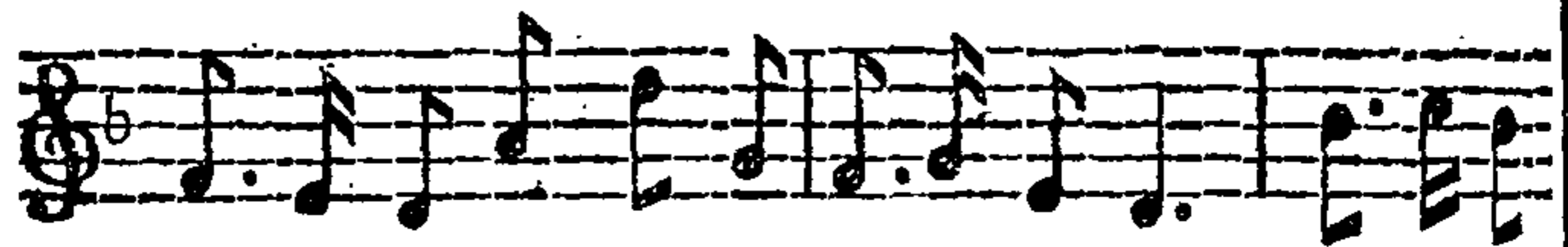
Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must



shear ; In your ho-li-day suits with your lasses appear ;



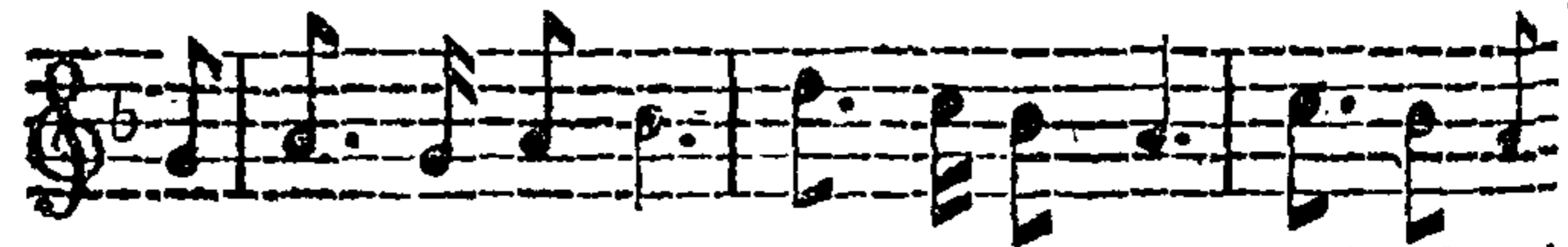
The happiest of folk are the guileless and free ; And



who are so guileless, so happy, as we ? Who are so



guileless, so happy, as we. The happiest of folk are



the guileless and free, guileless and free, guileless and



free : And who are so guileless, so happy, as we ?

We harbour no passions, by luxury taught,
We practise no arts, with hypocrisy fraught;
What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes:
For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

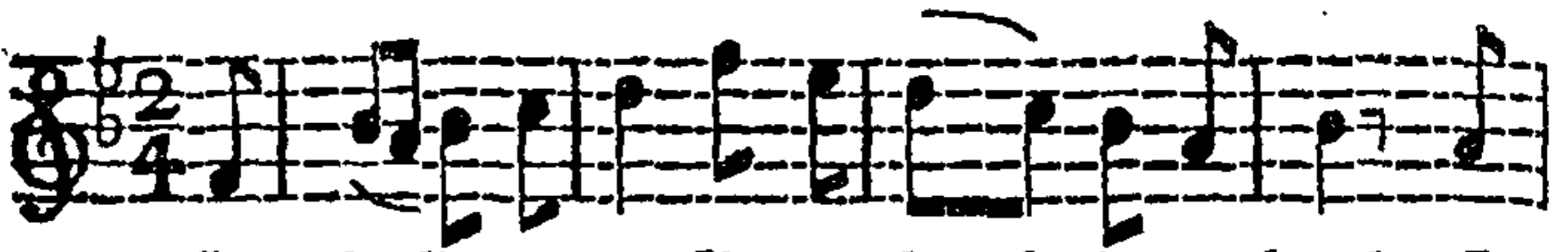
By mode and caprice are the city dames led;
But we as the children of nature are bred:
By her hand alone we are painted and dress'd;
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast.

That giant Ambition we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
Content and sweet Cheerfulness open our door;
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

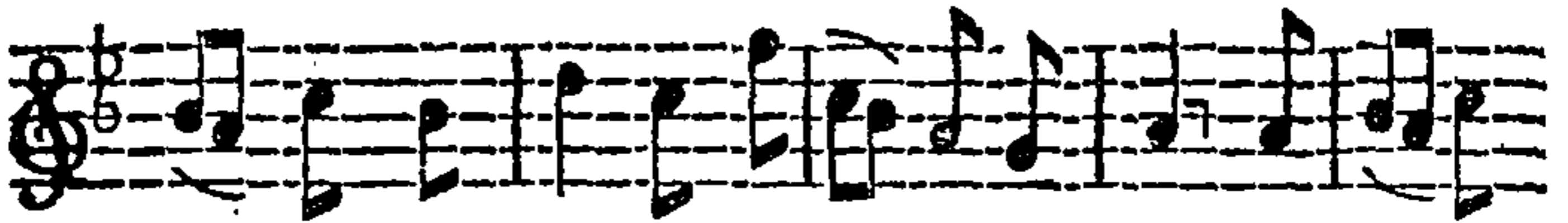
When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel:
So, harmless and simple, we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

SONG CLVII.

AS SURE AS A GUN.



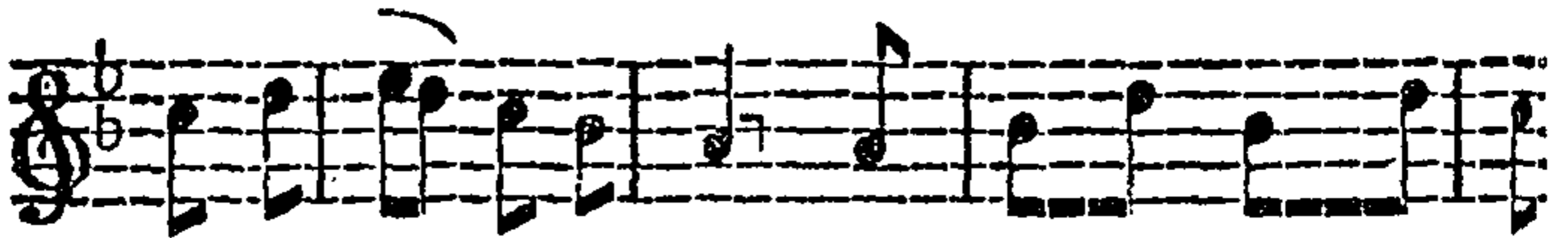
Says Co-lin to me, I've a thought in my head ; I



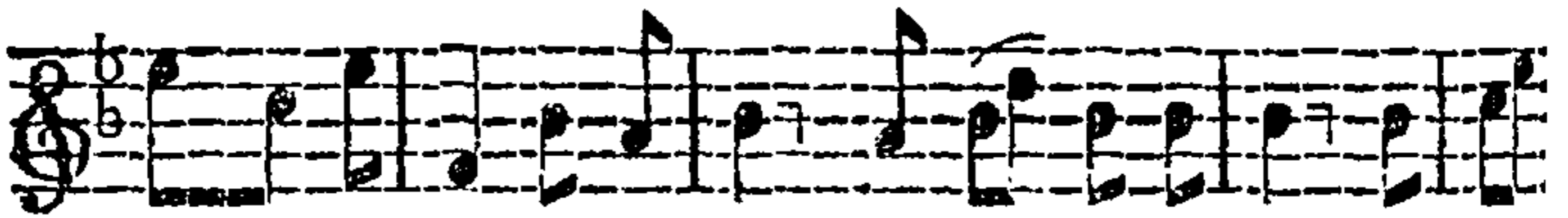
know a young damsel I'm dying to wed ; I know a



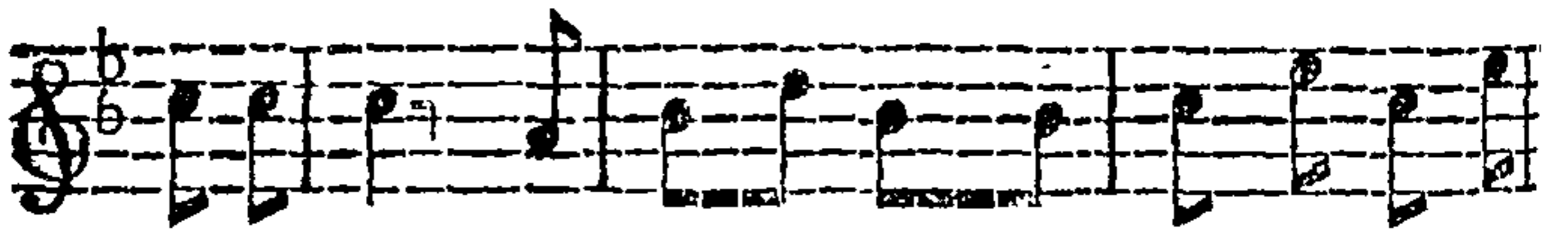
young damsel I'm dying to wed. So please you, quoth I,



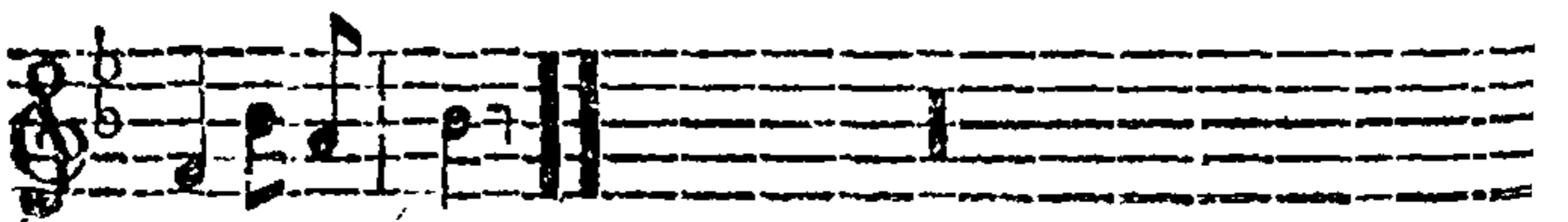
and whene'er it is done, You'll quarrel and you'll part



again, as sure as a gun ! As sure as a gun ! As sure



as a gun ! You'll quarrel and you'll part again, as



sure as a gun !

And so when you're married (poor amorous wight!)
 You'll bill it and coo it from morning till night:
 But trust me, good Colin, you'll find it bad fun;
 Initead of which you'll fight and scratch—as sure as a
 gun!

But shou'd she prove fond of her own dearest love,
 And you be as supple and soft as her glove;
 Yet, be she a faint, and as chaste as a nun,
 You're fasten'd to her apron-strings—as sure as a gun!

Suppose it was you, then, said he, with a leer;
 You wou'd not serve me so, I'm certain, my dear:
 In troth, I replied, I will answer for none;
 But do as other women do—as sure as a gun!



SONG CLVIII.

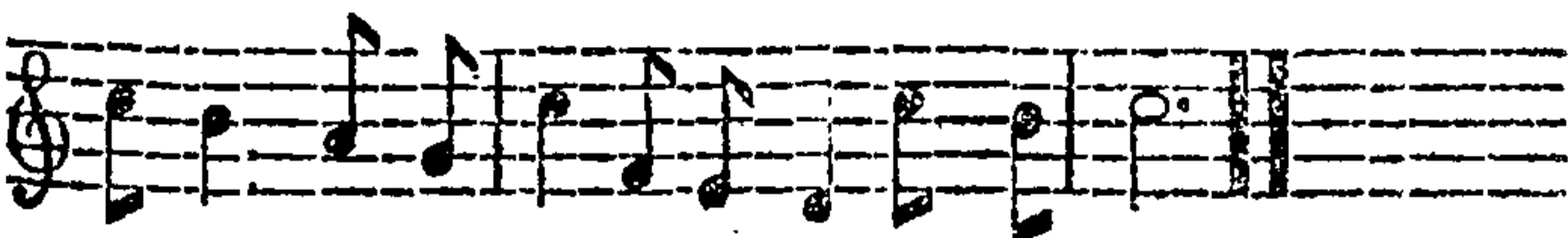
NO GLORY I COVET.



No glory I covet; no riches I want; Ambition is



nothing to me: The one thing I beg of kind Heaven



to grant Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
 By reason my life let me square ;
 The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
 And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
 I'll justly and gratefully prize ;
 Whilst sweet meditation, and cheerful content,
 Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
 Unenvied I'll challenge my part ;
 For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey
 Contributes to gladden my heart.

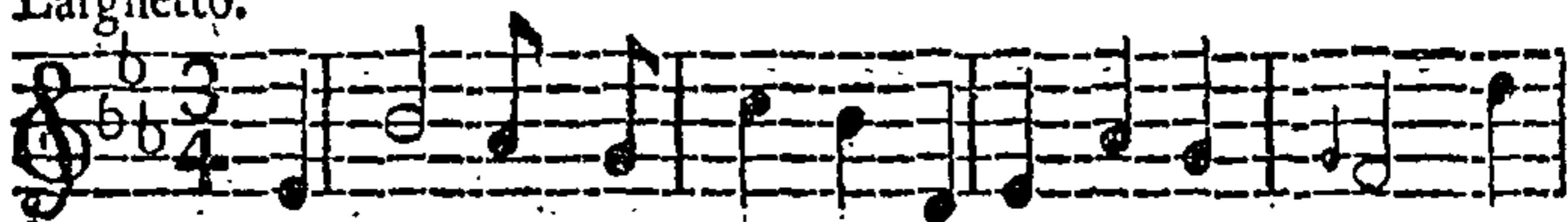
How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
 The many their labours employ !
 Since all that is truly delightful in life
 Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.



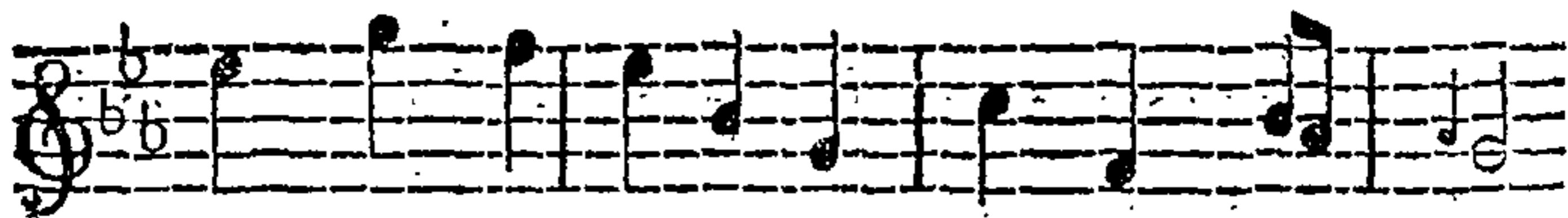
SONG CLIX.

THOU SOFT FLOWING AVON.

Larghetto.



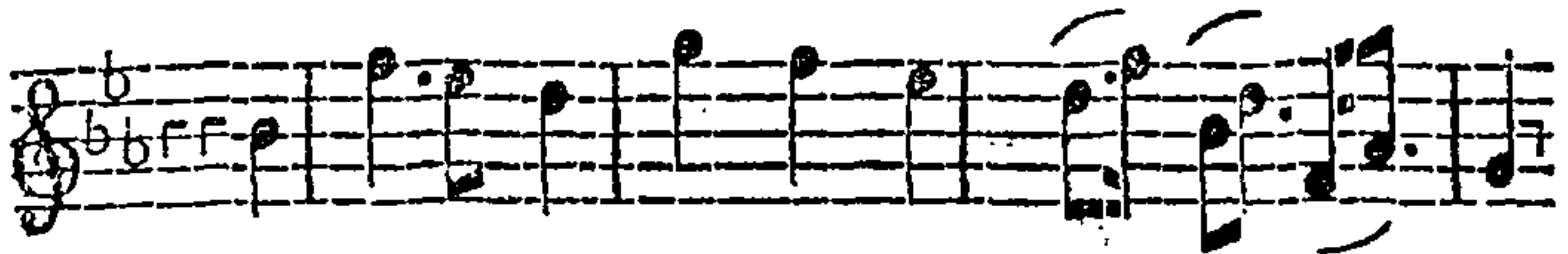
Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream, Of



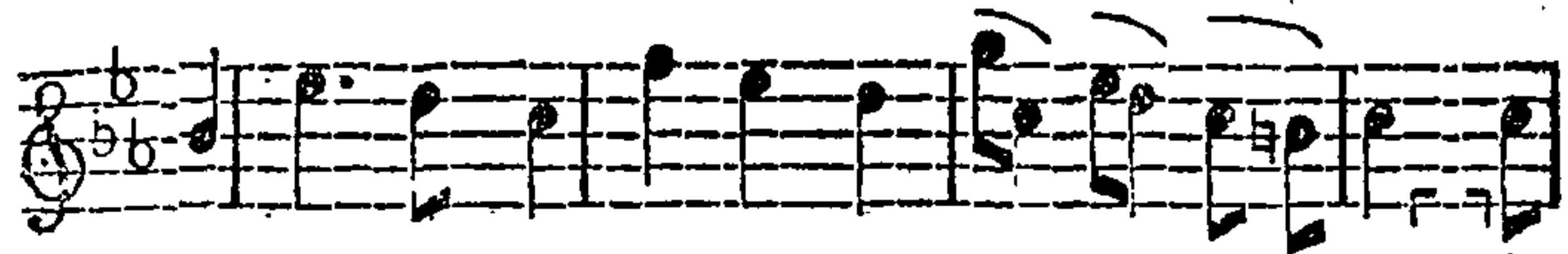
things more than mortal sweet Shakespear would dream,



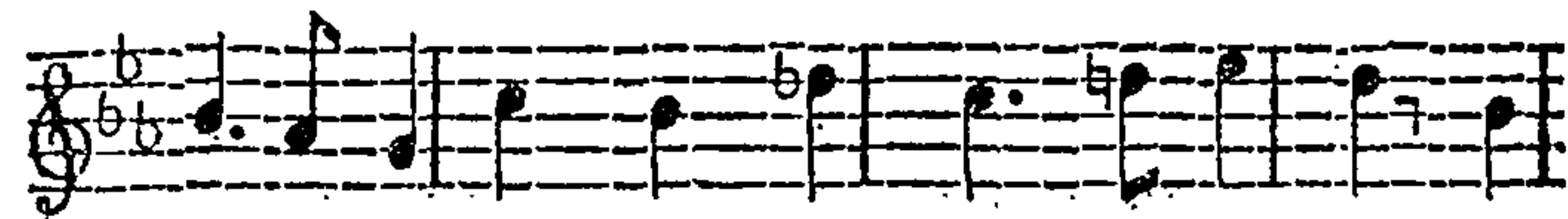
would dream, would dream, thy Shakespear would dream.



The fairies, by moonlight, dance round his green bed;



For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head: The



fairies, by moonlight, dance round his green bed; For



hallow'd the turf is which pil - low'd his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the soft-fighting swain,
 Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain.
 The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread;
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
 And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth:
 For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread;
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow!
 Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow!
 Ever full be thy stream; like his fame may it spread!
 And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head!

SONG CLX.

THE IRISH HUNT.



Hark ! hark ! jolly sportsmen, a while to my tale ; To



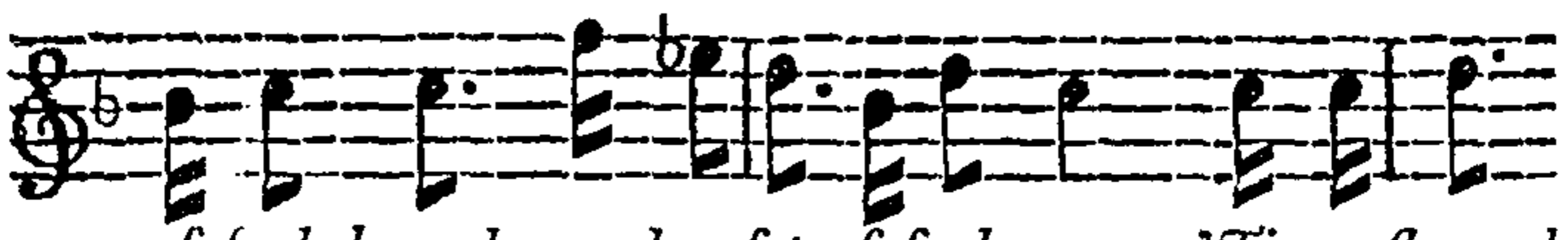
pay your attention I'm sure it can't fail: 'Tis of lads



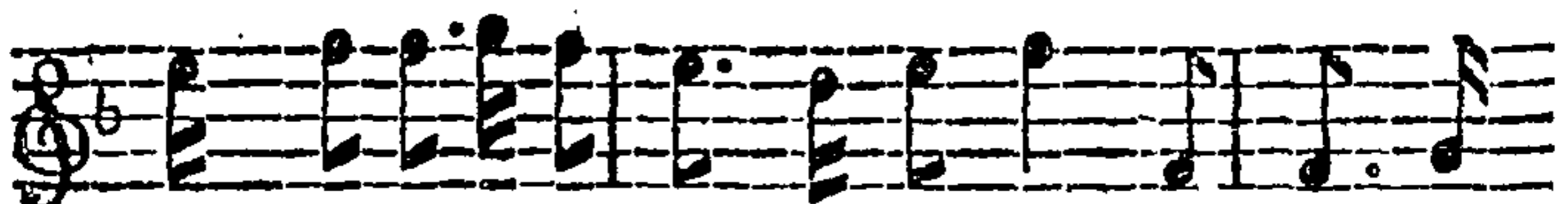
and of horses and dogs that ne'er tire, O'er stone-



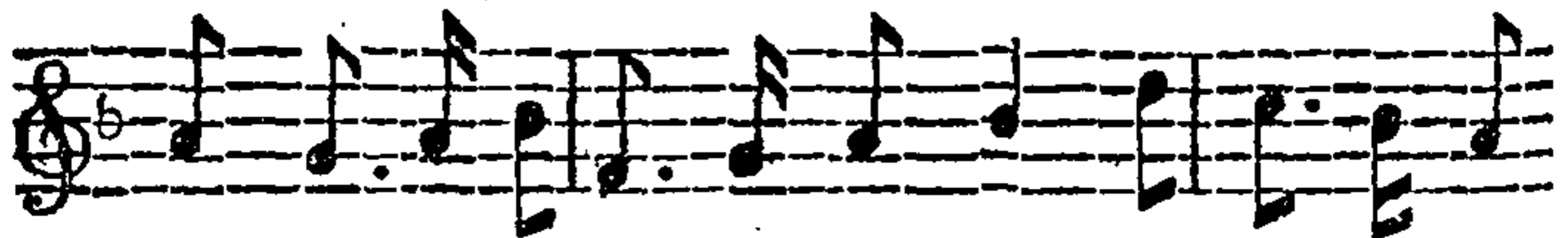
walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog, and briar : A pack



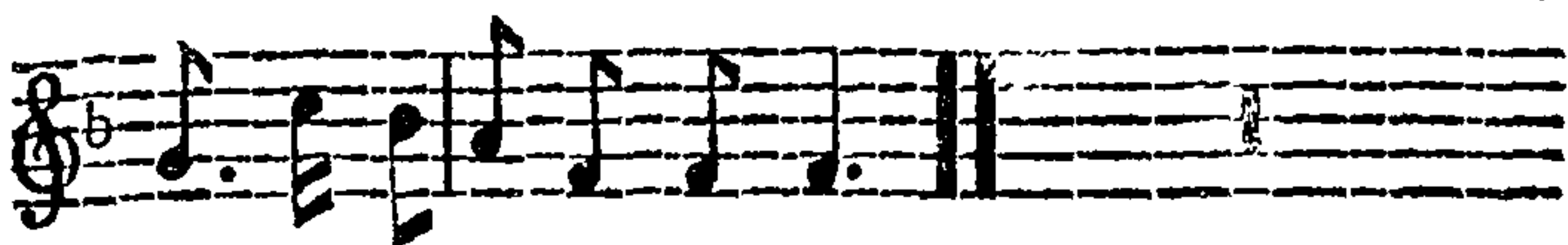
of such hounds, and a set of such men ; 'Tis a shrewd



chance if ever you meet with again. Had Nimrod,



the mighti'st of hunters, been there, 'Foregad he'd have



shook like an aspen for fear.

In seventeen hundred and forty and four,
 The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
 At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
 We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox.
 The Laughlinstown landlord, the old Owen Bray,
 And squire Adair, sure, was with us that day ;
 Joe Debbil, Hal Preston, that huntsman so stout,
 Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
 When Wanton set up a most tunable roar ;
 Hark to Wanton ! cried Joe, and the rest were not slack ;
 For Wanton's no trifler esteem'd in the pack :
 Old Bonny and Collier came readily in,
 And ev'ry hound join'd in the musical din ;
 Had Diana been there she'd been pleas'd to the life,
 And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day
 When Reynard broke cover, and this was his play :
 As strong from Killegar as though he could fear none,
 Away he brush'd round by the house of Kilternan ;
 To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherrywood then,
 Steep Shankhill he climb'd, and to Ballyman-glen ;
 Bray-common he cross'd, leap'd Lord Anglesey's wall,
 And seem'd to say, Little I value you all.

He ran Bushes-grove up to Carberry-burns,
 Joe Debbil, Hal Preston, kept leading by turns :
 The earth it was open ; but he was so stout,
 Though he might have got in, yet he chose to keep out :
 To Malpas' high hills was the way then he flew ;
 At Dalkeystone-common we had him in view ;

He drove on, by Bullock, through Shrubglanagery,
And so on to Mountown, where Laury grew weary.

Through Rochestown wood like an arrow he pass'd,
And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last;
There gallantly plung'd himself into the sea,
And said in his heart, Sure none dare follow me:
But soon, to his cost, he perceiv'd that no bounds
Could stop the pursuit of such staunch mettl'd hounds;
His policy here did not serve him a rush,
Five couple of tartars were hard at his brush.

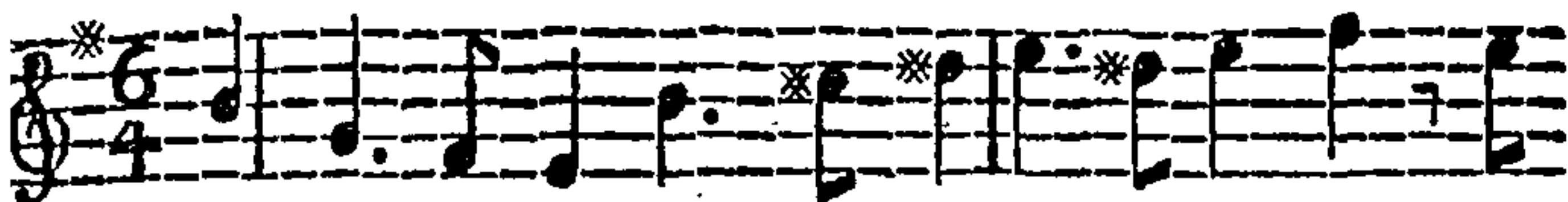
To recover the shore then again was his drift;
But, ere he could reach to the top of the clift,
He found both of speed and of cunning a lack;
Being waylaid and kill'd by the rest of the pack.
At his death there were present the lads I have sung,
Save Laury, who, riding a garron, was flung.
Thus ended, at length, a most delicate chase,
That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

We return'd to Kilruddery's plentiful board,
Where dwells Hospitality, Truth, and my Lord;
We talk'd o'er the chase, and we toasted the health
Of the man that ne'er varied for places or wealth.
Owen Bray baulk'd a leap; says Hal Preston, 'twas odd;
'Twas shameful, cries Jack, by the great living God!
Says Preston, I halloo'd, Get on, though you fall;
Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all.

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport;
For party affairs we consign'd to the court:
Thus we finish'd the rest of the day and the night
In gay flowing bumpers and social delight:
Then, till the next meeting, bid farewell each brother;
For some they went one way and some went another.
As Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
So Luna took care in conducting us home.

SONG CLXI.

WHAT MAN, IN HIS WITS.



What man, in his wits, had not rather be poor, Than



for lucre his freedom to give? Ever busy the means of



his life to se-cure, And so ever neglecting to live.



And so ever neglecting to live.

Inviron'd from morning to night in a croud,
 Not a moment unbent or alone;
 Constrain'd to be abject, though never so proud,
 And at ev'ry one's call but his own.

Still repining and longing for quiet each hour,
 Yet studiously flying it still;
 With the means of enjoying his wish in his pow'r,
 But accurst with his wanting the will.

For a year must be past, or a day must be come,
 Before he has leisure to rest:
 He must add to his store this or that pretty sum,
 And then will have time to be blest.

But his gains, more bewitching the more they increase,
 Only swell the desire of his eye:
 Such a wretch let mine enemy live, if he please;
 Let not even mine enemy die.



SONG CLXII.

WOMEN AND WINE.



Some say women are like the seas, Some the waves,



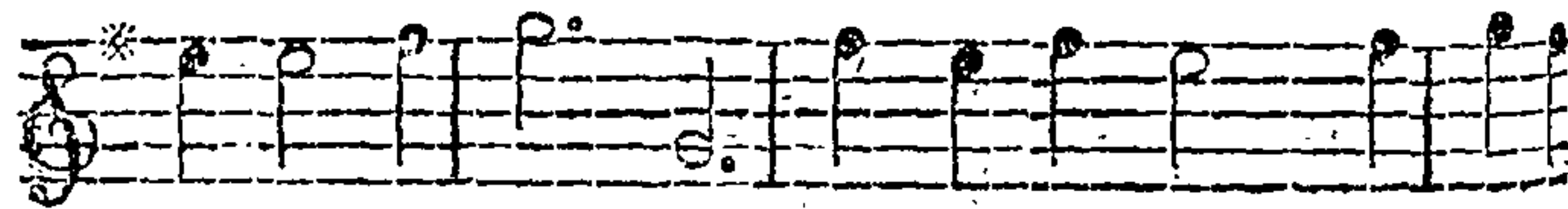
and some the rocks; Some the rose that soon decays;



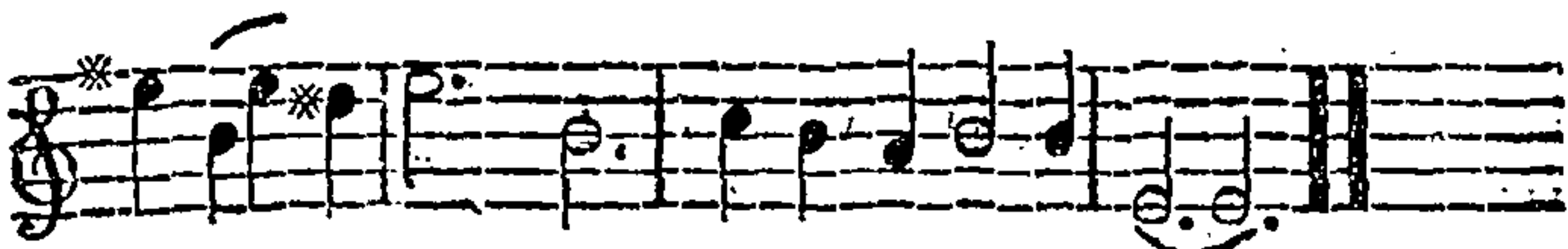
Some the weather, and some the cocks; But if you'll



give me leave to tell, There's nothing can be compar'd



so well As wine, wine, women and wine, They run in



a pa-ral-lel; They run in a pa-ral - lel.

Women are witches when they will,
 So is wine, so is wine;
 They make the statesman lose his skill,
 The foldier, lawyer, and divine;
 They put a gig in the gravest skull,
 And send their wits to gather wool:

'Tis wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your visage so pale?
 What is't that makes your looks divine?
 What is't that makes your courage to fail?
 Is it not women? Is it not wine?

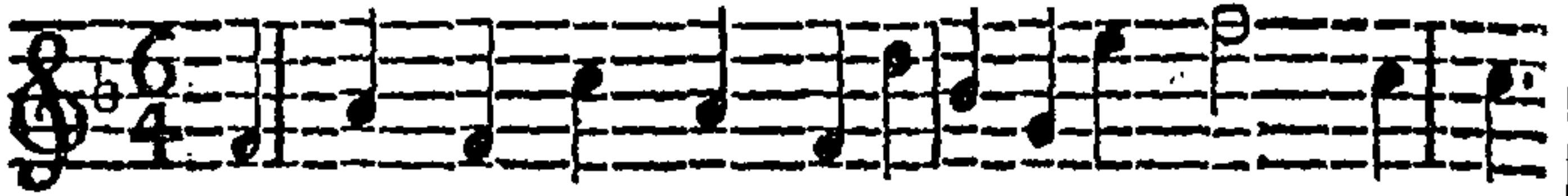
'Tis wine will make you sick when you're well;

'Tis women that make your forehead to swell:

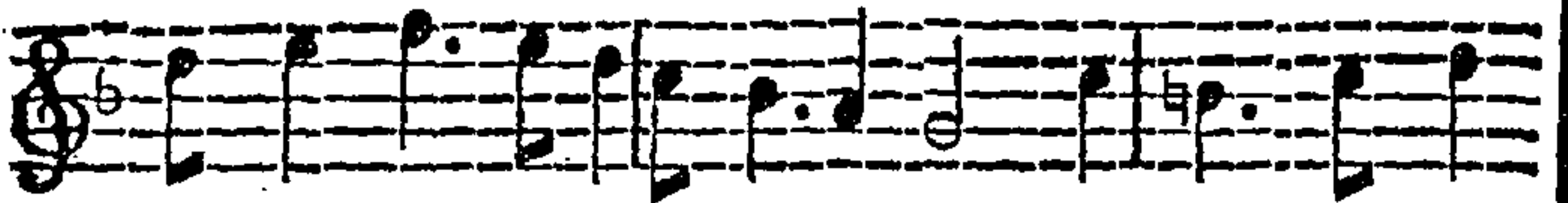
'Tis wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

SONG CLXIII.

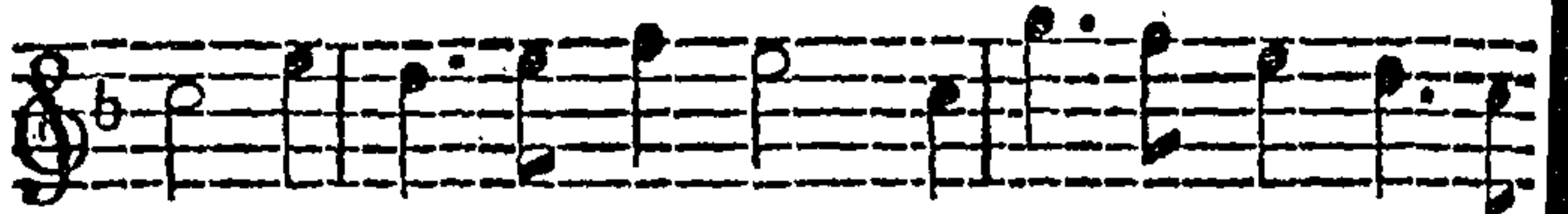
THE UNION.



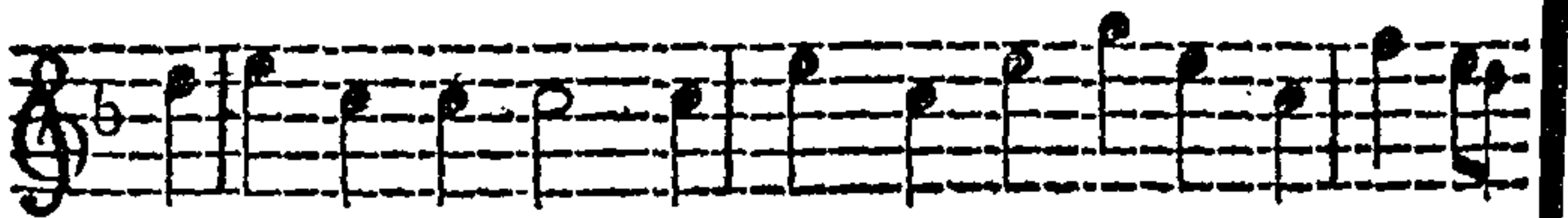
With women and wine I defy ev'ry care ; For life,



without these, is a bubble of air ; For life, without



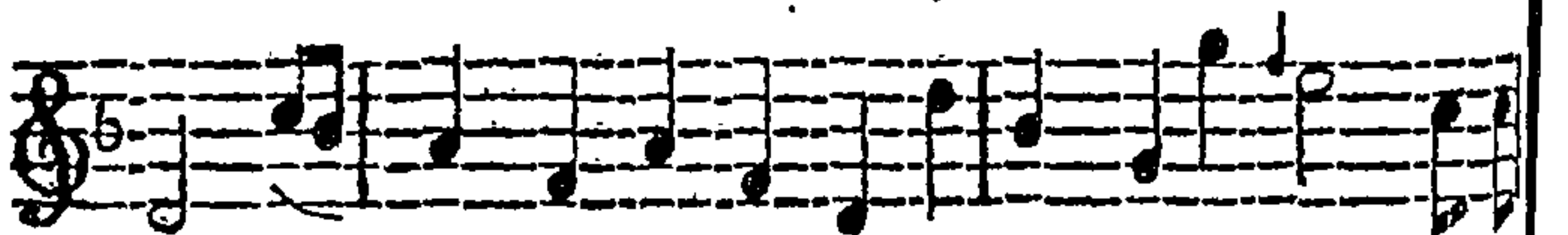
these, For life, without these, For life without these is



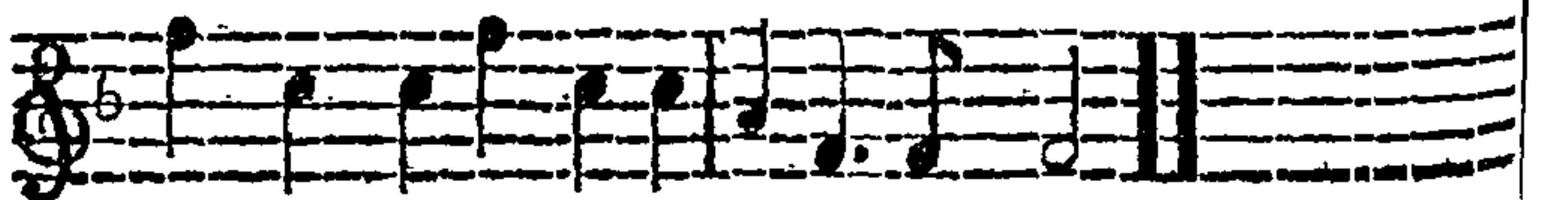
a bubble of air ; Each helping the other, in pleasure



I roll, And a new flow of spirits en - li - vens my



soul. Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll, And a



new flow of spirits en-livens my soul.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my conduct for them;
 I care not how much they my measures decline,
 Let them have their own humour—and I will have mine.

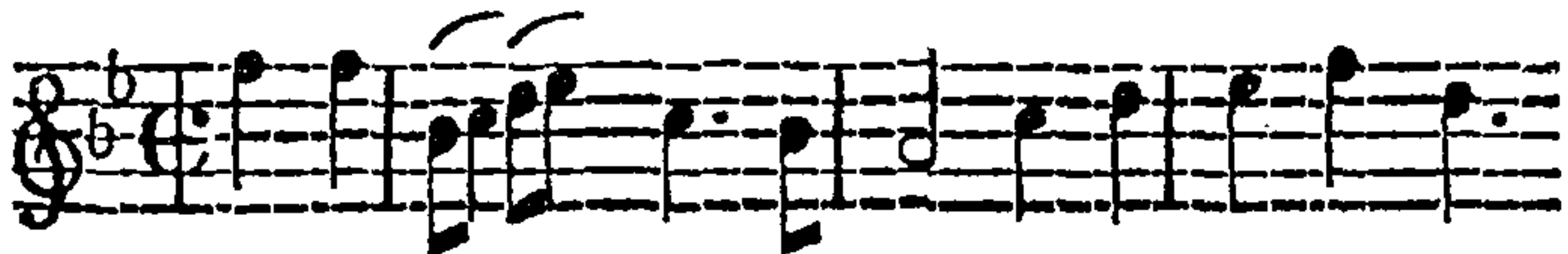
Wine, prudently us'd, will our senses improve;
 'Tis the spring-tide of life and the fuel of love;
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch of the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer! thou nymph half divine!
 First pledge me with kisses—next pledge me with wine:
 Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
 The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

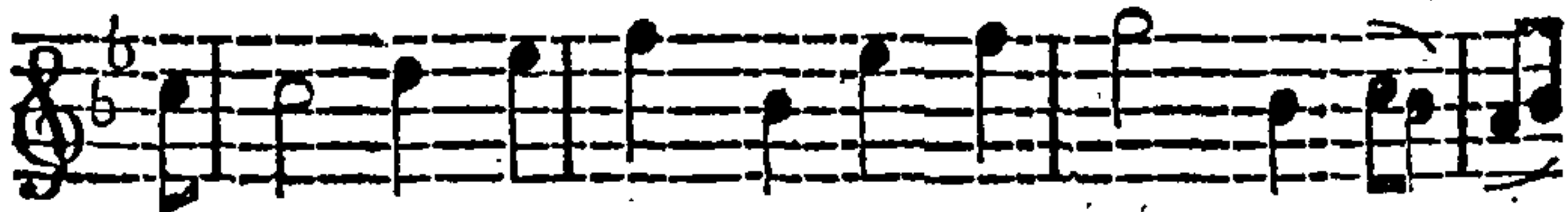
But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
 My bumper I'll quit to be blest'd with thy love;
 For, rather than forfeit the joys of my las,
 My bottle I'll break and demolish my glas.



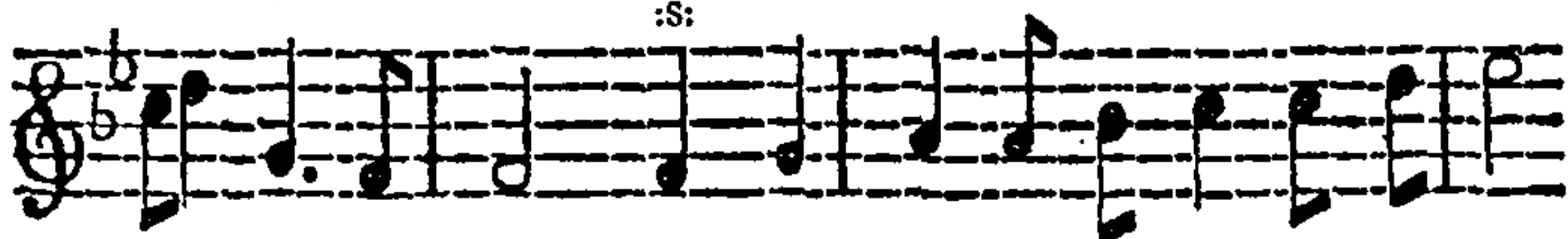
SONG CLXIV.
 PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.



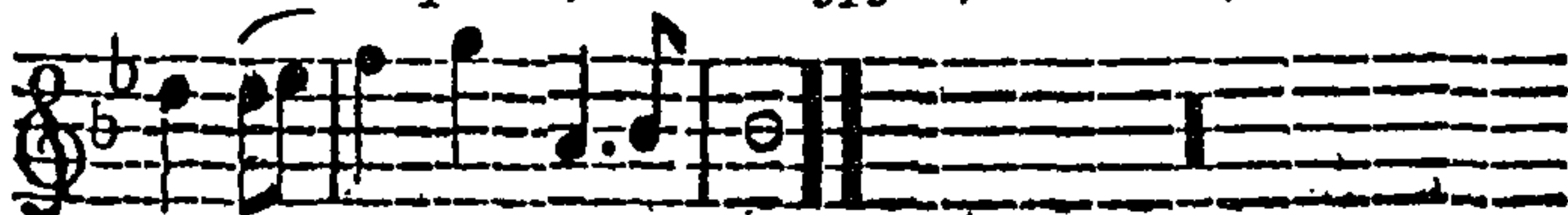
In the merry month of May, In a morn, by break



of day, Forth I walk'd by the wood-side, When, as May



was in his pride, There I spy'd, all alone, all alone,



Philli-da and Co-ry-don.

Much ado there was, God wot !
 He would love, and she would not :
 She said, never man was true :
 He said, none was false to you :
 He said, he had lov'd her long :
 She said, love should have no wrong.

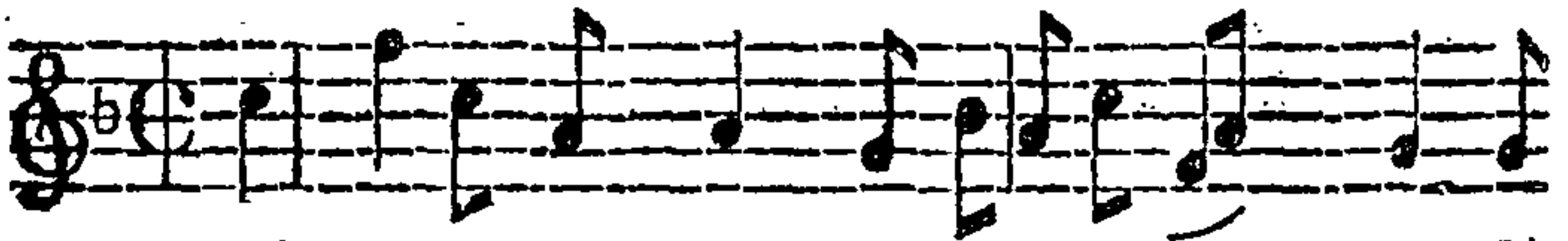
Corydon would kiss her then :
 She said, maids must kiss no men
 Till they did for good and all.
 Then she made the shepherd call
 All the heavens to witness truth :
 Ne'er lov'd a truer youth.

Thus, with many a pretty oath,
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth !
 Such as silly shepherds use
 When they will not love abuse ;
 Love, which had been long deluded,
 Was, with kisses sweet, concluded :
 And Phillida, with garlands gay,
 Was made the lady of the May.



SONG CLXV.

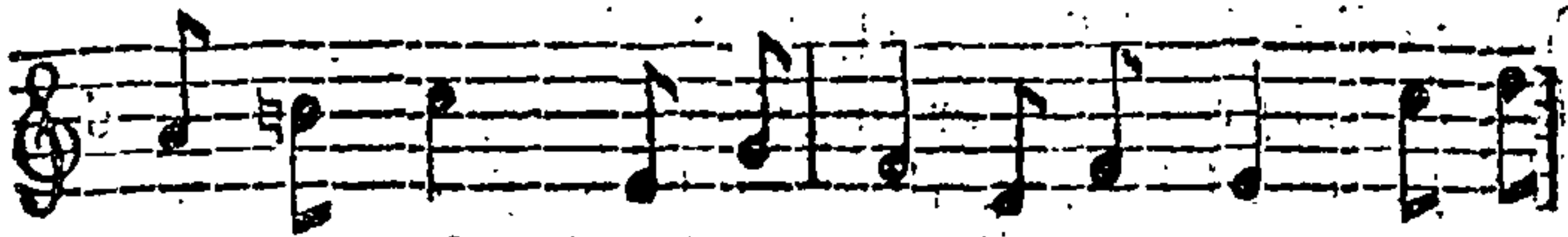
THE COUNTRY WEDDING.



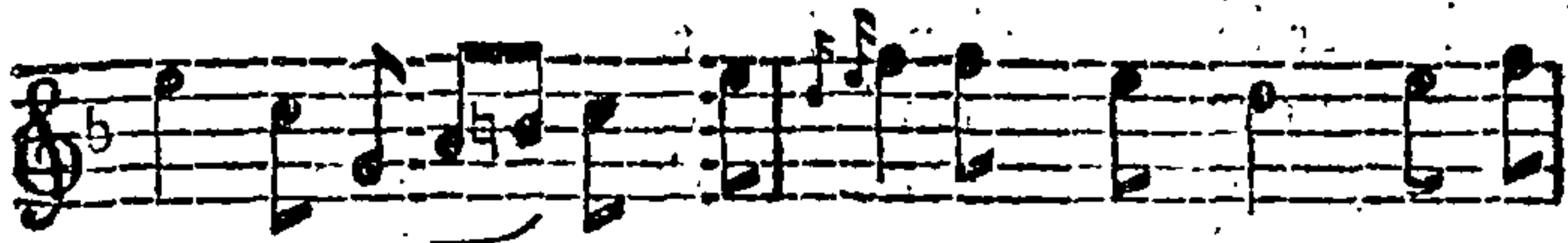
Well met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young swain, To



a beautiful shepherdess crossing the plain ; Why so



much in haste? (now the month it was May) Shall I



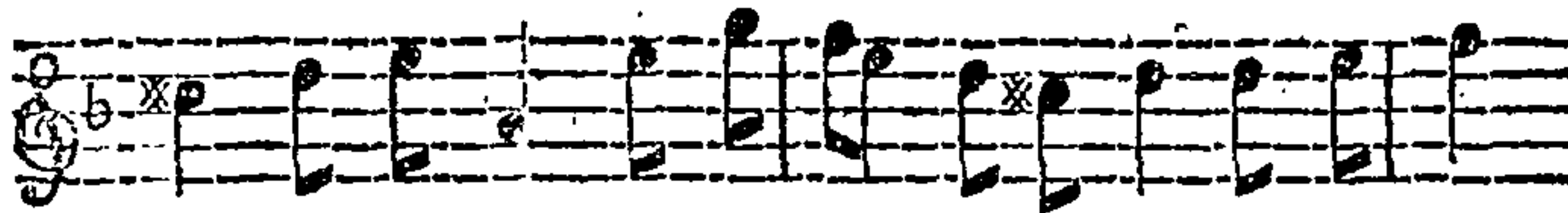
venture to ask you, fair maiden, which way? Shall I



venture to ask you, fair maiden, which way? Then



straight to this question the nymph did reply, With a



smile on her look, and a leer in her eye, I am come



from the village, and homeward I go; And now, gentle



shepherd, pray why would you know?

I hope, pretty maid, you won't take it amiss,
 If I tell you the reason of asking you this;
 I would see you safe home, (the swain was in love)
 Of such a companion if you would approve.

Your offer, kind shepherd, is civil, I own,
 But see no great danger in going alone;
 Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free,
 For one as another, for you as for me.

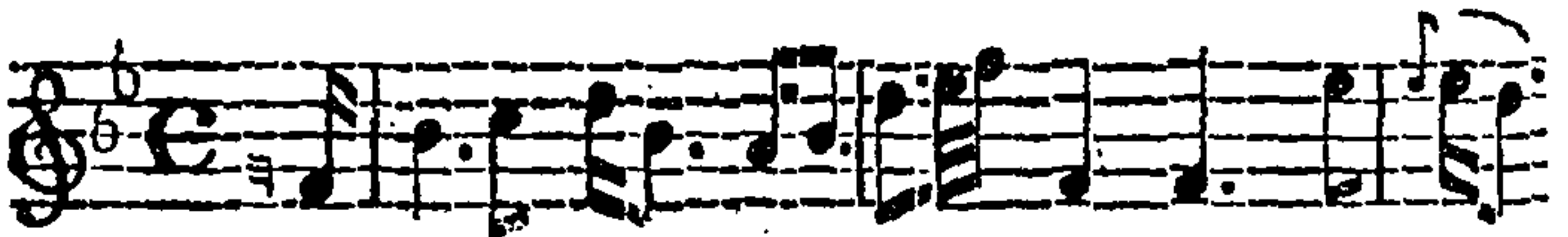
No danger in going alone, it is true,
 But yet a companion is pleasanter too;
 And if you could like (now the swain he took heart)
 Such a sweetheart as me, we never would part.
 O! that's a long word, said the shepherdess then;
 I've often heard say there's no minding you men:
 You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true;
 Then leave a young maiden the first thing you do.

O! judge not so harshly, the shepherd replied;
 To prove what I say, I will make you my bride;
 To-morrow the parson (well said, little swain)
 Shall join both our hands, and make one of us twain:
 Then what the nymph answered to this is not said;
 The very next morn to be sure they were wed.
 Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down;
 Now, when shall we see such a wedding in town?



SONG CLXVI.

MAY EVE: OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.



The silver moon's en - a - mour'd beam Steals soft-



ly through the night, To wanton with the



Upon the green the virgins wait,
 In rosy chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbar her golden gate,
 And give the promis'd May.
 Methinks I hear the maids declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

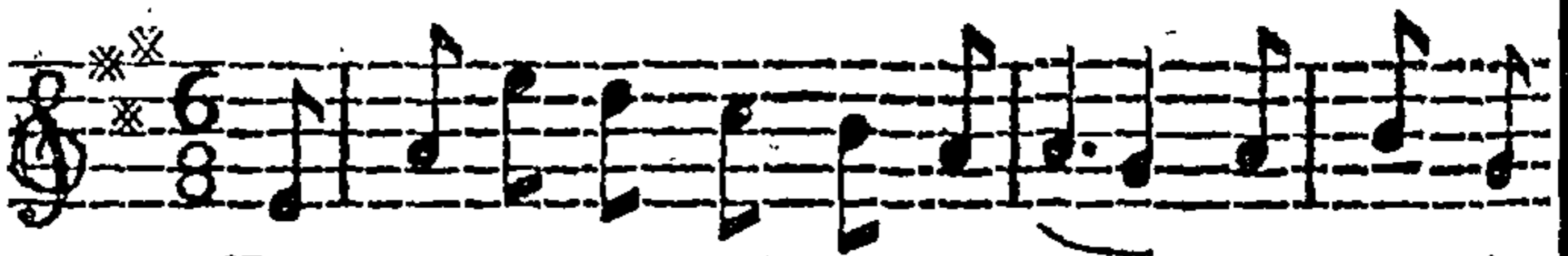
Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
 We'll rouse the nodding grove ;
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,
 And hail the maid I love :
 And see—the matin lark mistakes,
 He quits the tufted green :
 Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now, lightfome o'er the level mead,
 Where midnight fairies rove,
 Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
 Or tune the reed to love :
 For, see, the rosy May draws nigh ;
 She claims a virgin queen :
 And, hark ! the happy shepherds cry,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

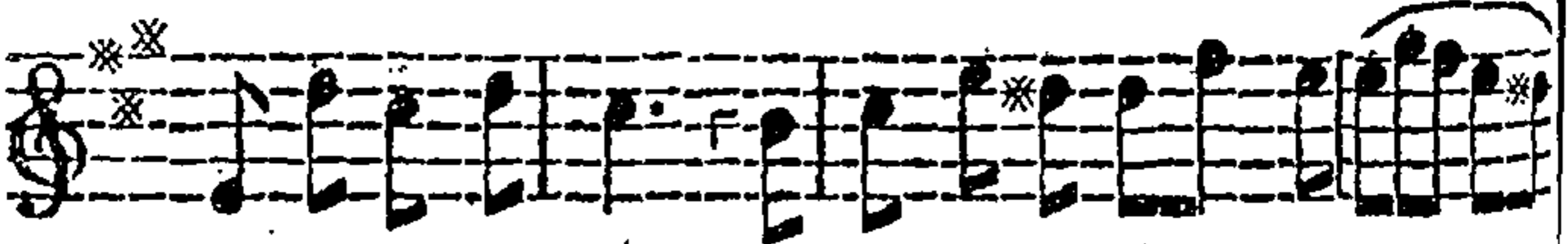


SONG CLXVII.

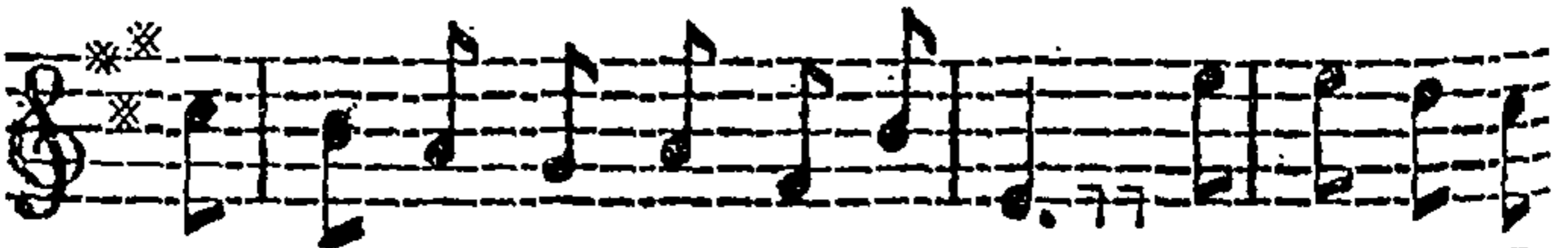
LUCY, THE FAIR QUEEN OF HEARTS.



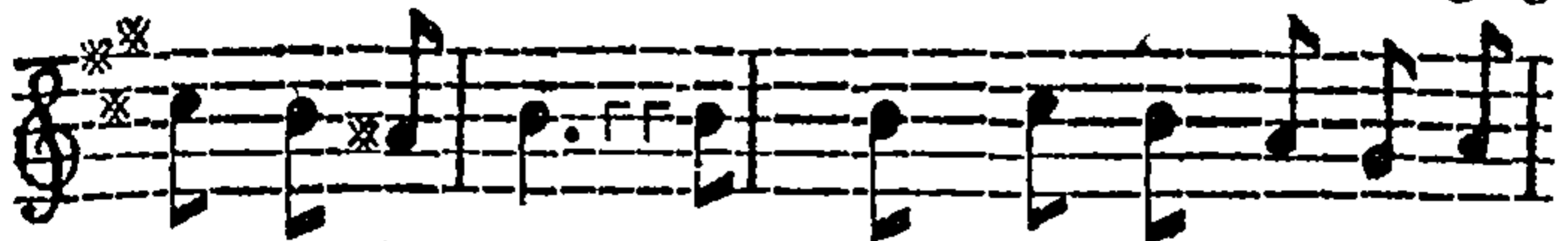
Farewell to the park and the play, Farewell the



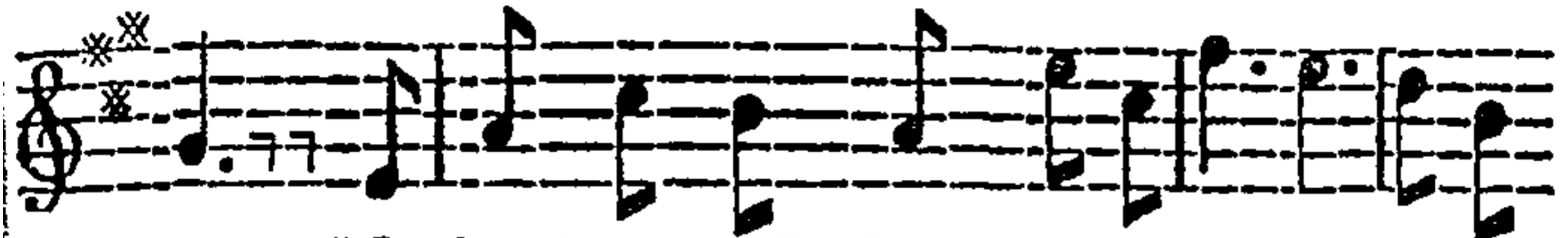
assembly and ball ; Ye parties so frolic and gay,



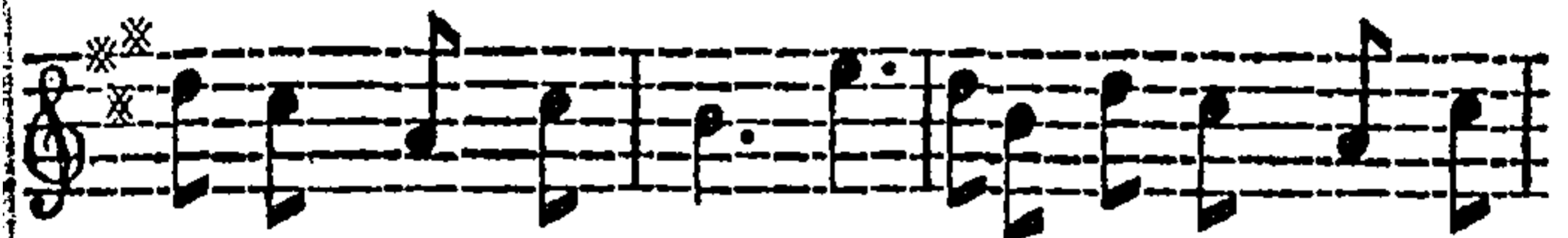
With pleasure farewell to you all. No joys can I



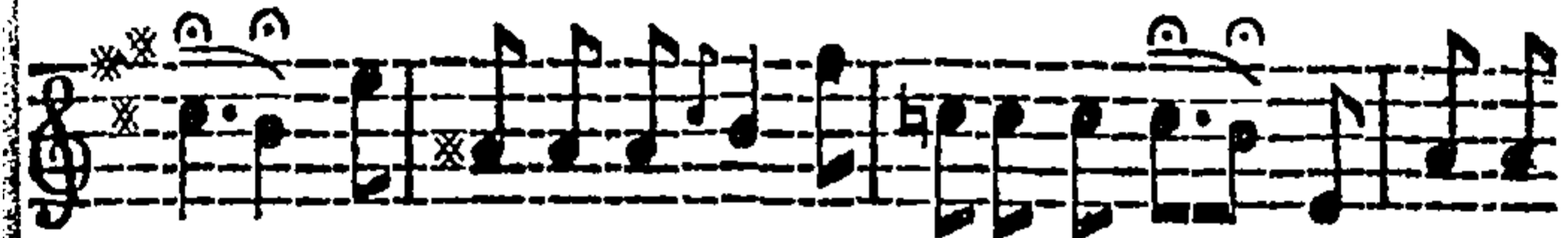
now find in wine, Shot through with sly Cupid's keen



darts; My freedom, well pleas'd, I resign To Lucy



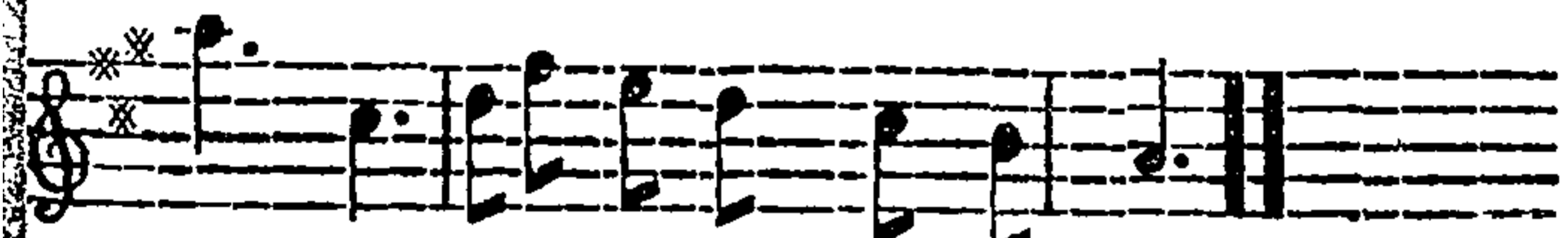
the fair queen of hearts, To Lucy the fair queen of



hearts. For Lucy I sigh, for Lucy I die, For Lucy



I sigh, for Lucy I die, For Lucy the fair queen of



hearts, For Lucy the fair queen of hearts.

Though beauties are plenty, I own,
 Regardless I view their dull charms,
 Nor beauty cou'd conquer alone,
 But beauty and merit difarms.
 Insipid to me all their faces,
 In vain they play off all their arts,
 Compar'd to the numberless graces
 Of Lucy the fair queen of hearts.
 For Lucy I sigh, &c.

She listens to all that I say,
 She blushes whenever we meet ;
 Though with others she's lively and gay,
 With me she is grave and discreet.
 To church then I'll lead my fair bride,
 And, scorning deceitful base arts,
 Still happy, whate'er may betide,
 With Lucy the fair queen of hearts,
 For Lucy I fight, &c.



SONG CLXVIII.

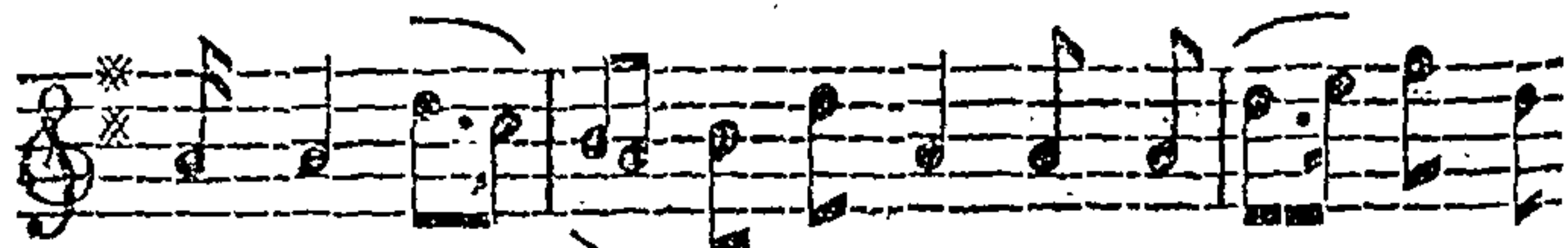
THE FRIEND AND THE LOVER.



I'm told by the wise ones a maid I shall die, They



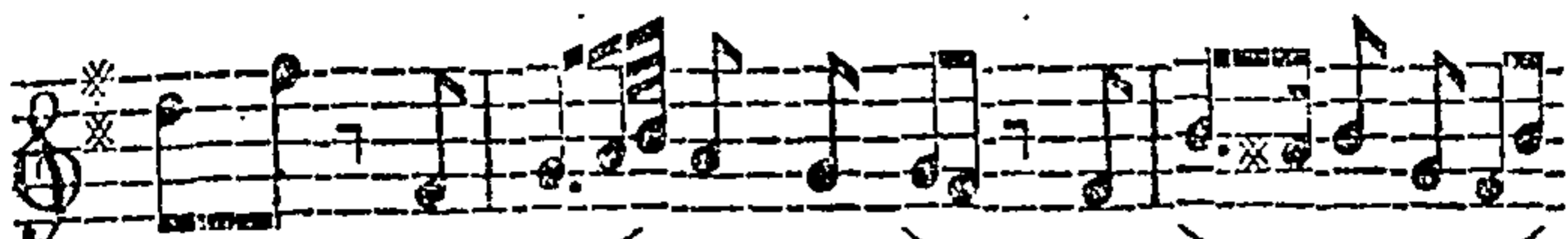
say I'm too nice, but the charge I deny ; I know but



too well how time flies along, That we live but few



years, and yet fewer are young. But I hate to be



cheated, And ne - ver will buy Whole a - ges of for-



row for moments of joy; I ne - ver will wed till a



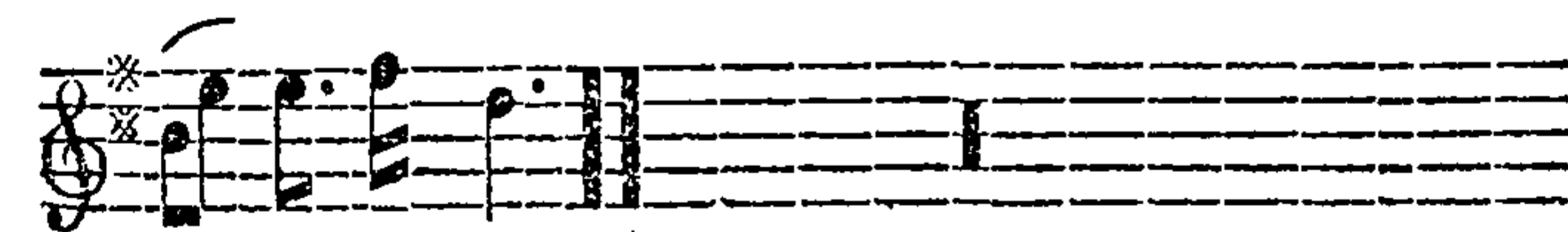
youth I can find Where the friend and the lover are



e - qual - ly join'd; Where the friend and the lover, the



friend and the lover, the friend and the lo - ver, are



e - qual - ly join'd.

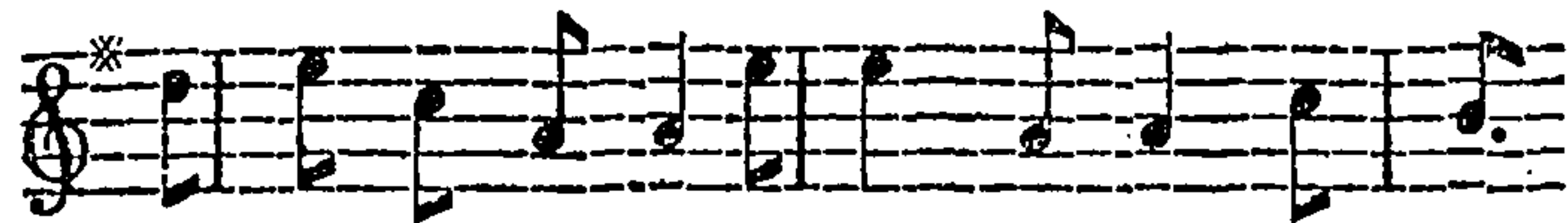
No pedant, though learned, or foolishly gay,
 Or laughing because he has nothing to say,
 To ev'ry fair one obliging and free,
 But never be fond of any but me:



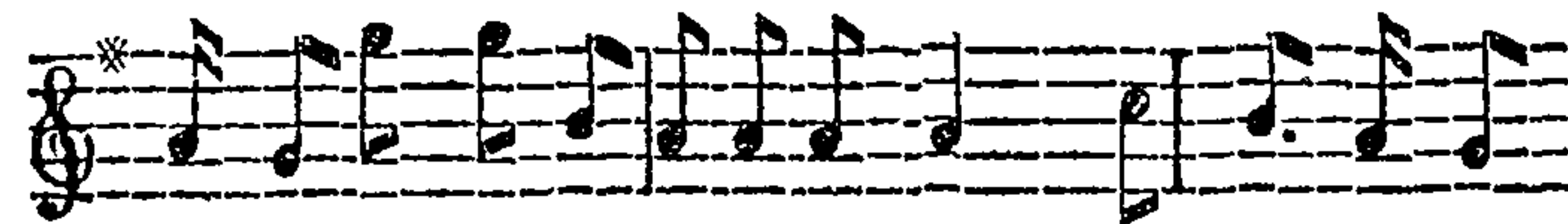
met pretty Sue in the way, He met pretty Sue in



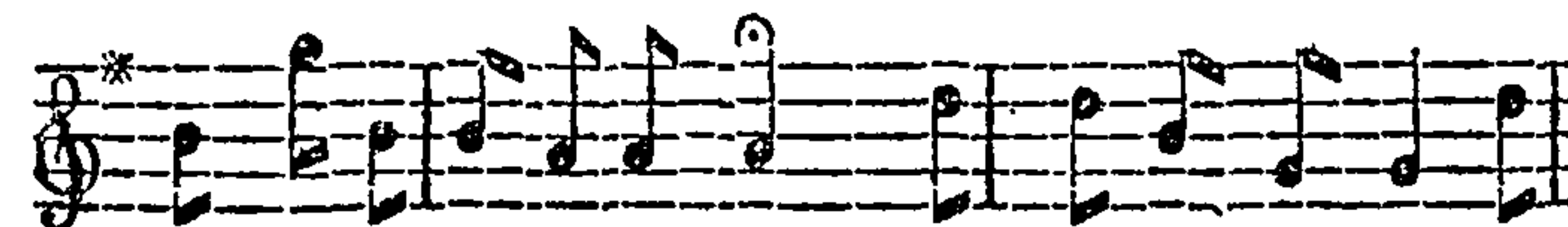
the way. Come kifs me, says he ; I won't, says she ;



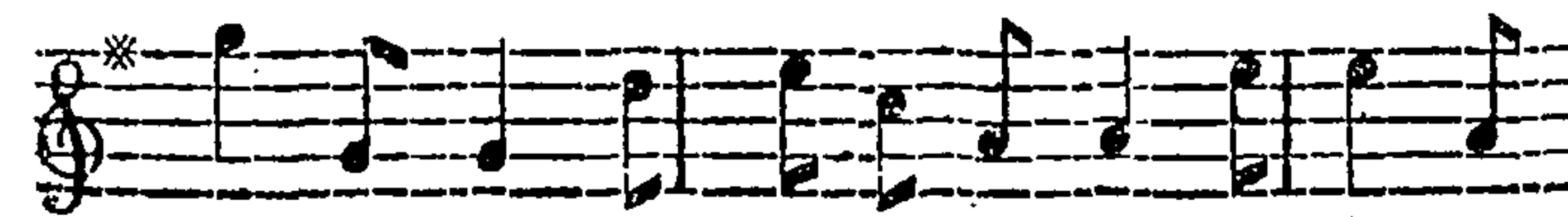
Come kifs me, says he ; I won't, says she, You're bold



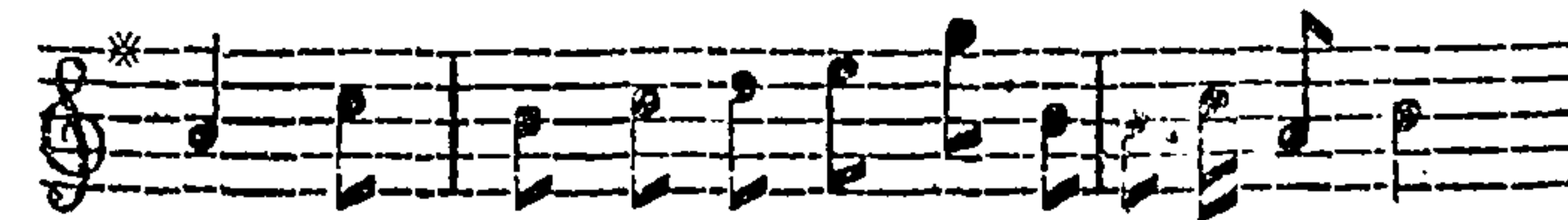
and I hate you, I do, I declare, You're bold and I



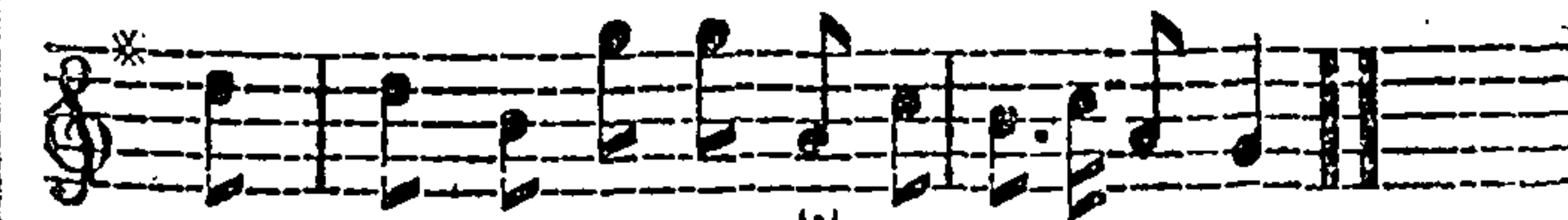
hate you, I do, I declare. Come kifs me, says he ; I



won't, says she ; Come kifs me, says he ; I won't, says



she, You're bold and I hate you, I do, I declare ;



You're bold and I hate you, I do, I declare.

He offer'd a ribbon her hair to bind ;
 Dear Susan come kiſs, and in pity be kind,
 Or I'll hang in a fit of deſpair ;
 Deſpair, cry'd the maiden, is blind.

Then kiſs me, ſays he ;

I won't, ſays ſhe ;

You think that I love you, I don't, I declare.

Shall we go to the parſon, he roguiſhly ſaid ?
 She curty'd, cry'd yes, bluſh'd, and held down her
 head,

With a look that diſpell'd all his care ;
 For ſhe found that he wiſh'd her to wed :

Well, kiſs me, ſays he ;

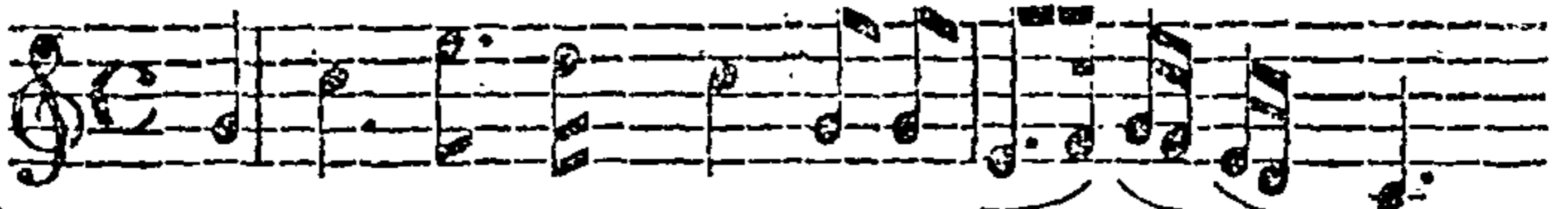
I will, ſays ſhe ;

I'll kiſs when we're wed, not till then I declare.



SONG CLXX.

'THO' BACCHUS MAY BOAST.



Tho' Bacchus may boast of his care-kill-ing bowl,



And fol - ly in thought-drowning re-vels de - light,



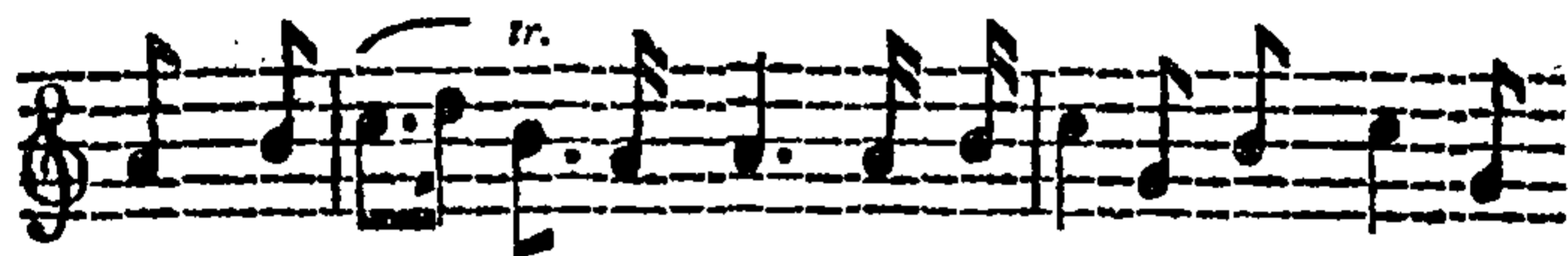
Such worship, alas ! has no charms for the soul,



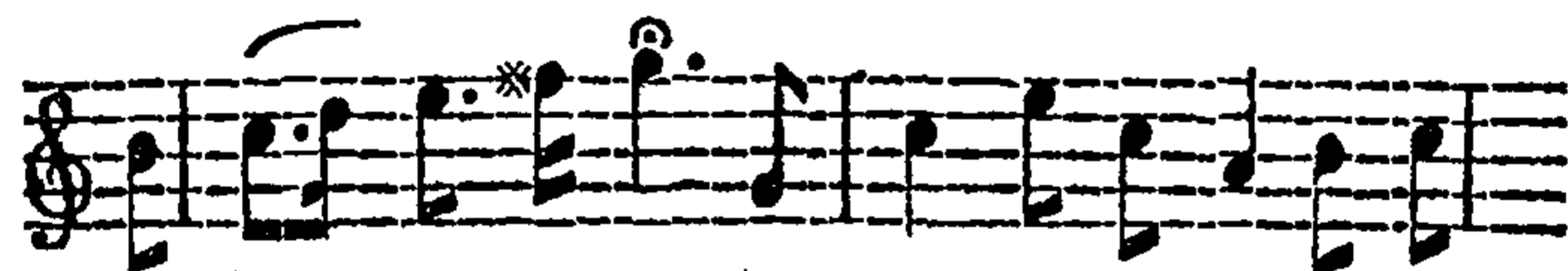
When softer de - votions the sen - ses invite. To the ar -



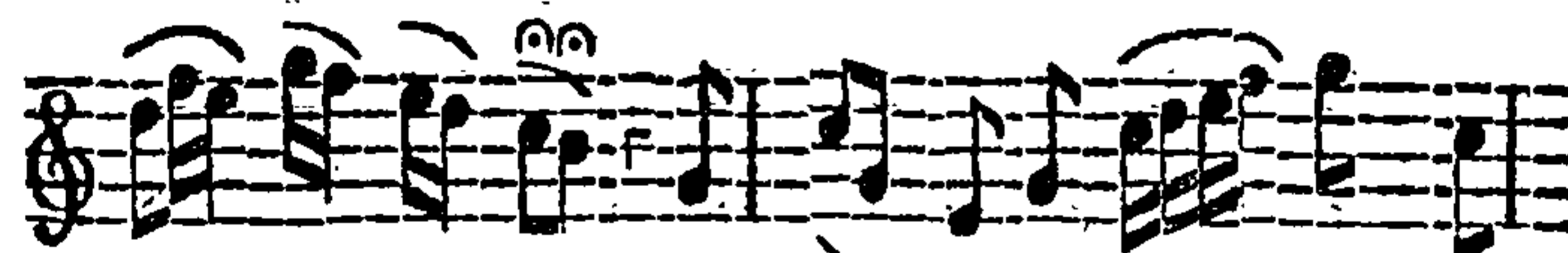
row of fate, or the canker of care, His potions ob - li -



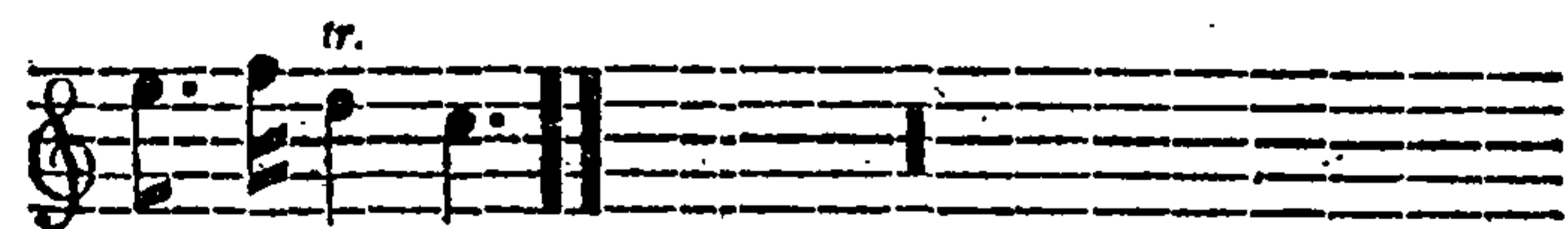
vious a balm may bestow ; But to fancy that feeds on



the charms of the fair, The death of reflection's the

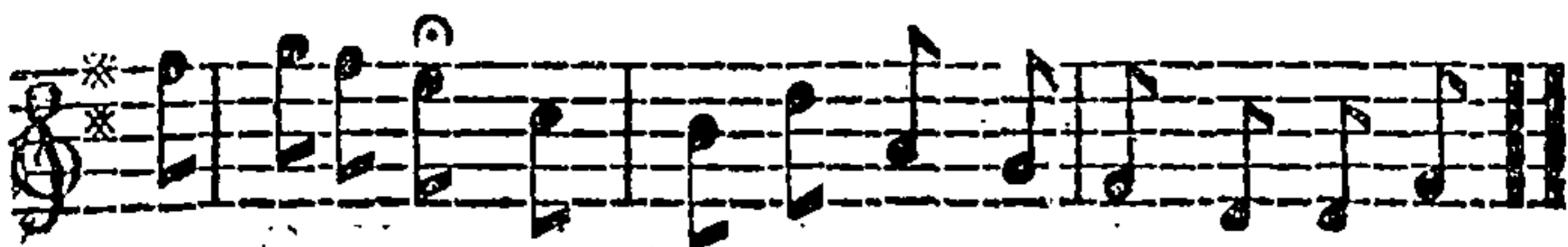


care of all woe ; The death of re - flec - tion's the



care of all woe.

What soul, that's possess'd of a dream so divine,
 With riot wou'd bid the sweet vision begone?
 For a tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine
 Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.



each silly elf Came cooing, wooing, bowing to me.

The divine, with looks demure,
 Talk'd of tithes and eating plenty,
 Show'd the profits of his cure,
 And vow'd to treat me with each dainty ;
 Cooing, &c.

The learned fergeant of the law
 Show'd his parchments, briefs, and papers ;
 In his deeds I found a flaw ;
 So dismiss'd him in the vapours ;
 Cooing, &c.

Physic now display'd his wealth
 With his nostrums ; but the fact is,
 I resolv'd to keep my health,
 Nor die a martyr to his practice ;
 Cooing, &c.

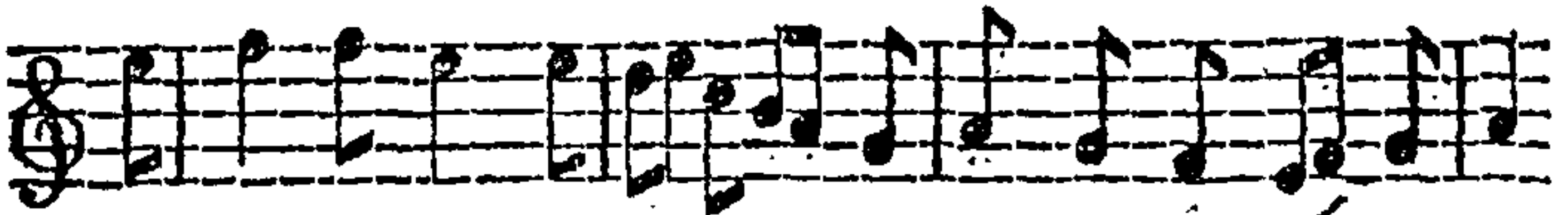
But, at last, a swain bow'd low,
 Candid, handsome, tall, and clever,
 Squeez'd my hand, I can't tell how,
 But he won my heart for ever ;
 Cooing, &c.
 I sent all other wooers from me.

SONG CLXXII.

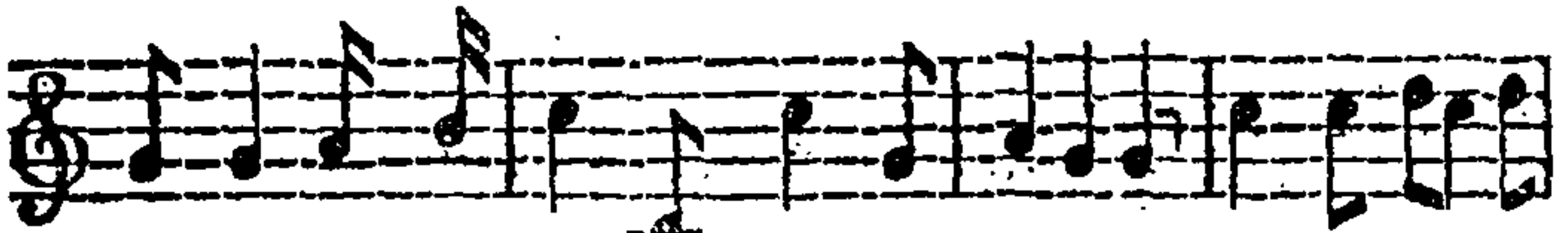
MY NAME'S HONEST HARRY, O.



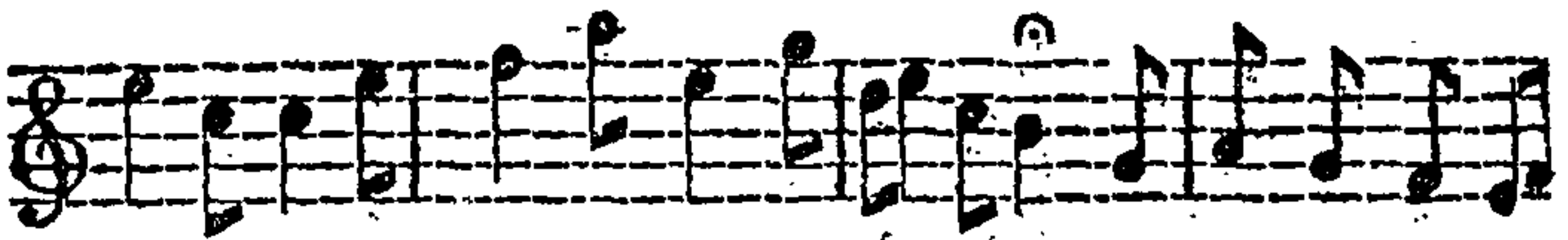
My name's honest Harry, O: Mary I will marry, O;



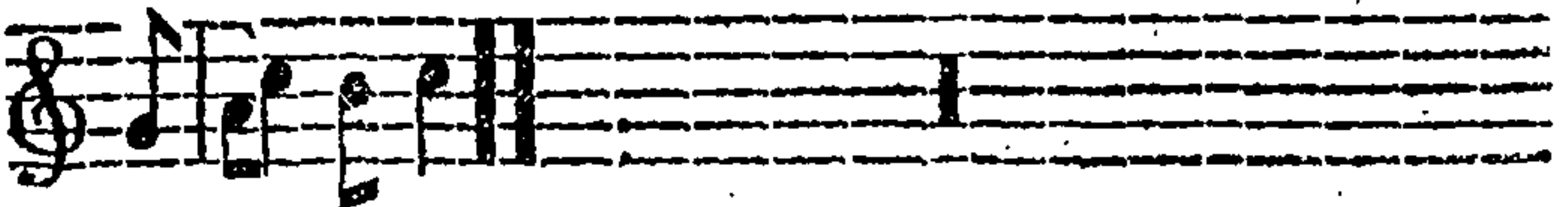
In spite of Nell or I-sa-bel I'll follow my own va-ga-



ry, O; With my rigdum, jigdum, airy, O, I love lit-tle



Mary, O; In spite of Nell or I-sabel I'll follow my own



va-ga-ry, O.

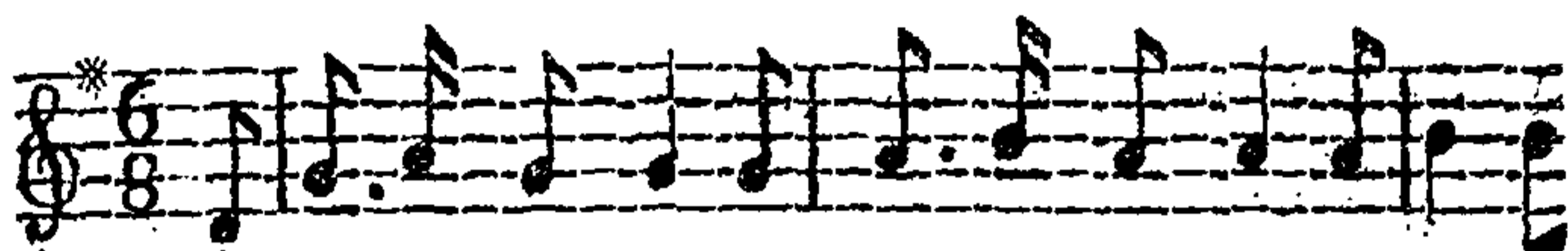
Straight she is and bonny, O,
 Sweet as sugar-candy, O,
 Fresh and gay
 As flow'rs in May,
 And I'm her Jack-a-dandy, O;
 With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.

Soon to church I'll bring her, O,
 Where we'll wed together, O,
 And, that done,
 Then we'll have fun,
 In spite of wind or weather, O ;
 With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.



SONG CLXXIII.

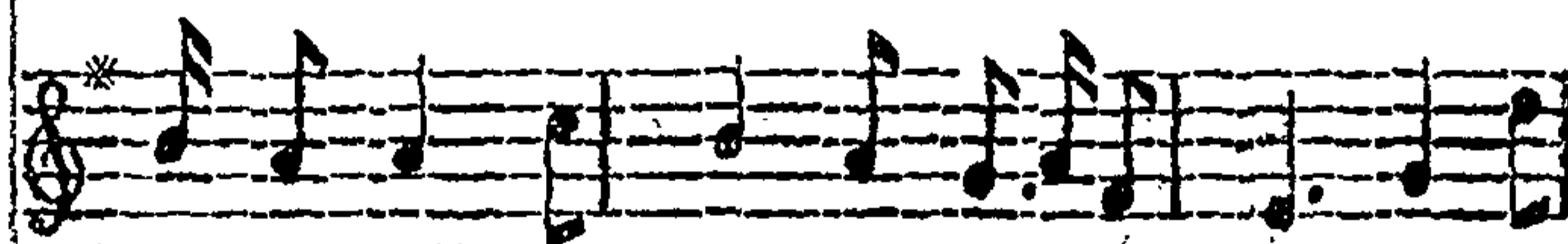
THE LASSES ARE MAD.



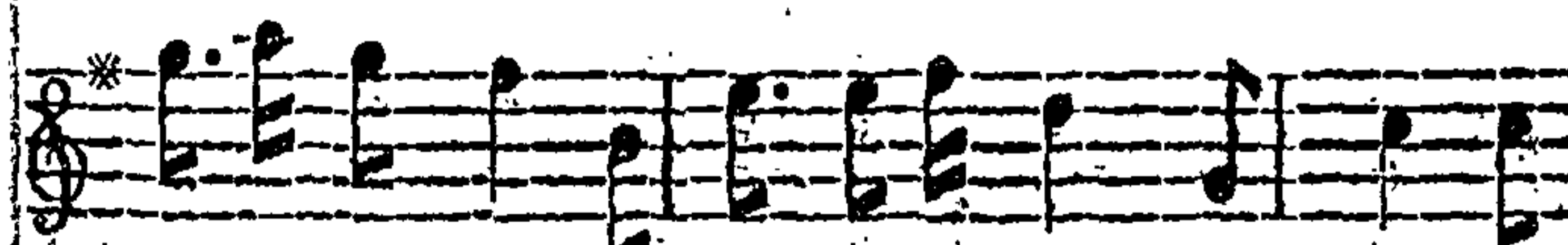
The lasses are mad, the archers are mad, In nimbly



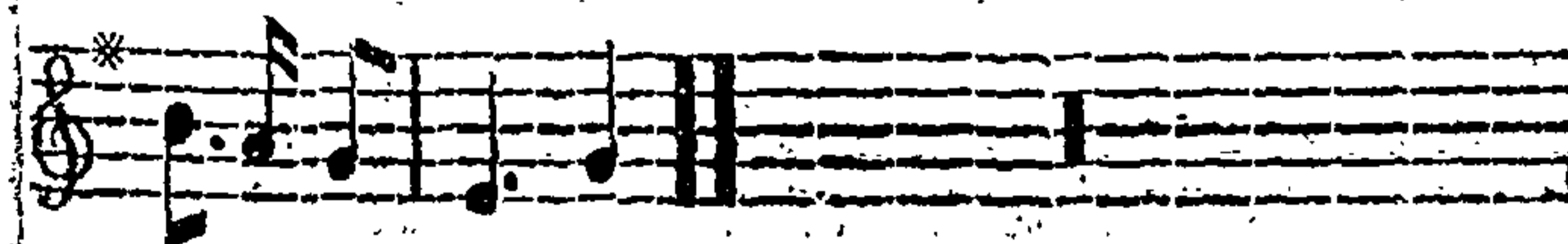
footing the ground, Sir ; In merry Sherwood no soul



shall be sad, While harps with me-lo-dy sound, Sir. In



merry Sherwood no soul shall be sad, While harps with



me-lo-dy sound, Sir.

We'll tipple till mad, then madly sing
 Madrigals, catches, and gleees, Sir;
 Chaunt out, like mad, till the welkin ring,
 Under the misletoe trees, Sir.
 Chaunt out, &c.

We fight like mad when we fall on our foes,
 Shoot arrows wing'd like the wind, Sir;
 The fat fallow deer can't 'scape our bows,
 Nor in swiftness safety find, Sir.
 The fat, &c.

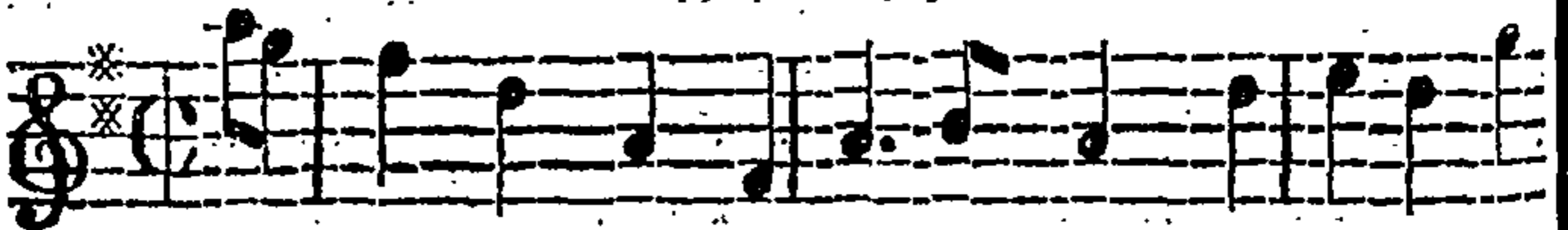
Then madly we'll sing, and madly we'll dance,
 And madly all roar out, Sir,
 And madly make our enemies prance,
 If mad, to try about, Sir.
 And madly, &c.

Brave Scarlet is mad, stout Allen is mad,
 And John's as mad as the best, Sir;
 Maidens run mad, our hearts are glad,
 Stark mad shall be ev'ry guest, Sir.
 Maidens run, &c.

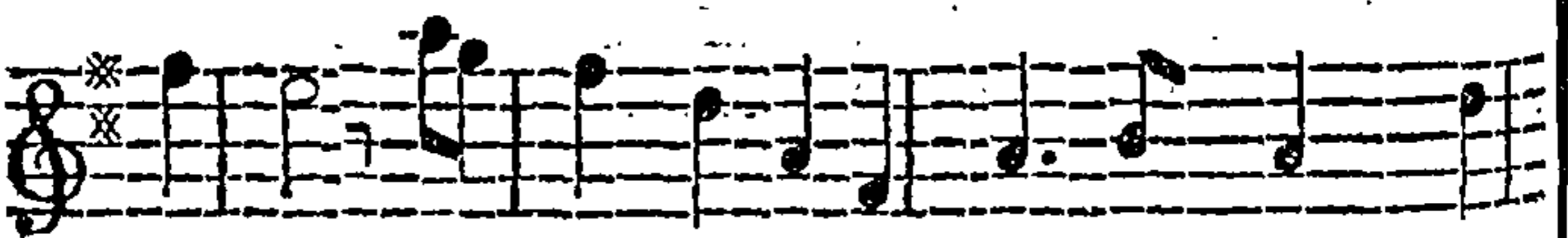


SONG CLXXIV.

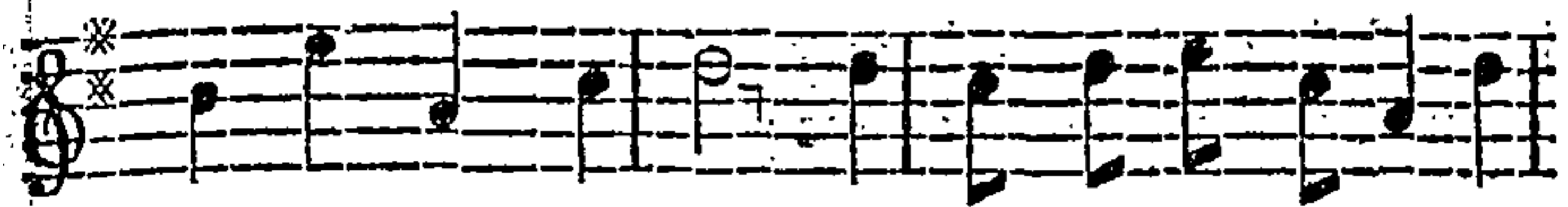
LET'S SEEK THE BOW'R.



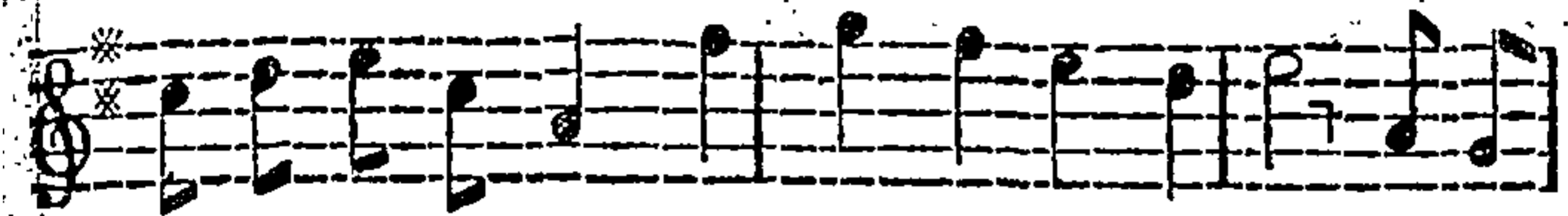
Let's seek the bow'r of Robin Hood, This is his bri-



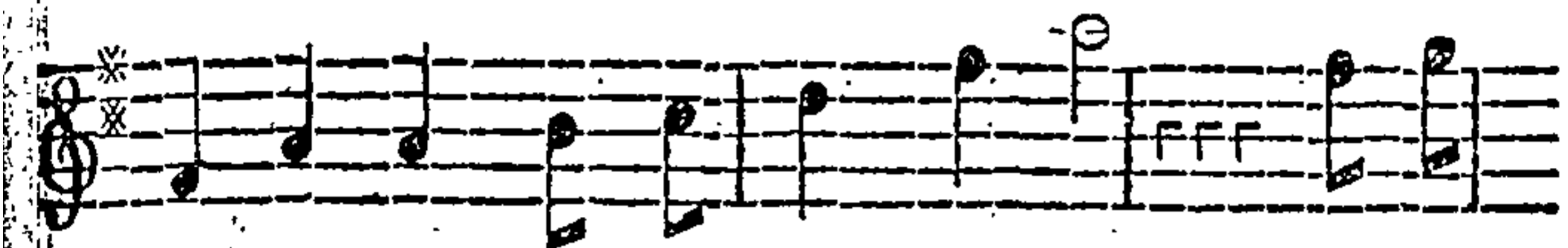
dal day, And cheerfully, in blithe Sherwood, bride,



maids and bridemen play. Then follow, follow me, my



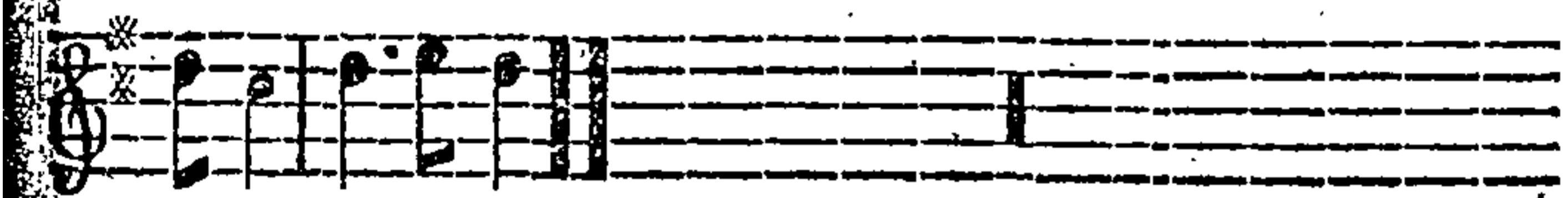
bonny, bonny lads, And we'll the pastime see; For the



minstrels sing, And the sweet bells ring, And they



feast right merrily, merrily; And they feast right mer-



rily, merrily.

The humming beer flows round in pails,
 With mead that's stout and old,
 And am'rous virgins tell love-tales,
 To thaw the heart that's cold.
 Then follow me, my bonny lads,
 And we'll the pastime see;
 For the minstrels sing
 And the sweet bells ring,
 And they feast right merrily.

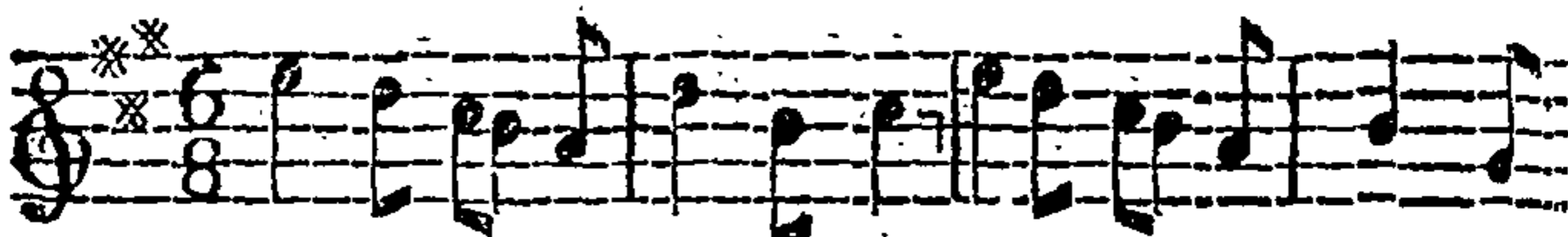
There, dancing sprightly on the green,
 Each light foot lad and lass,
 Sly stealing kisses when unseen,
 And gingling glafs with glafs.

Then follow me, my bonny lads,
 And we'll the pastime see;
 For the minstrels sing
 And the sweet bells ring,
 And they feast right merrily.

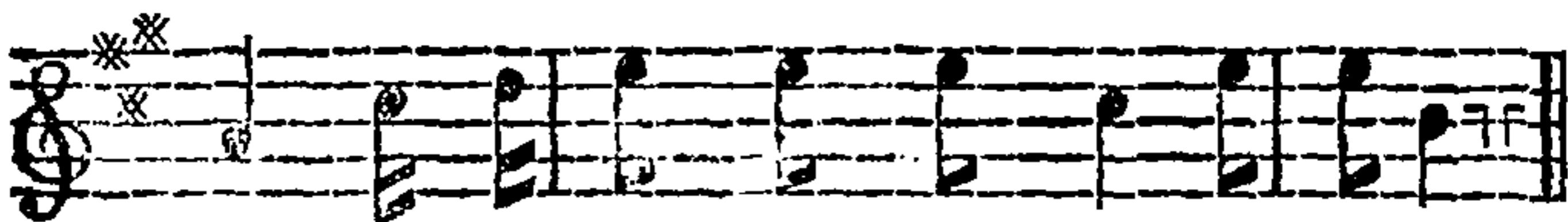


SONG CLXXV.

MARGARITTA FIRST POSSEST.



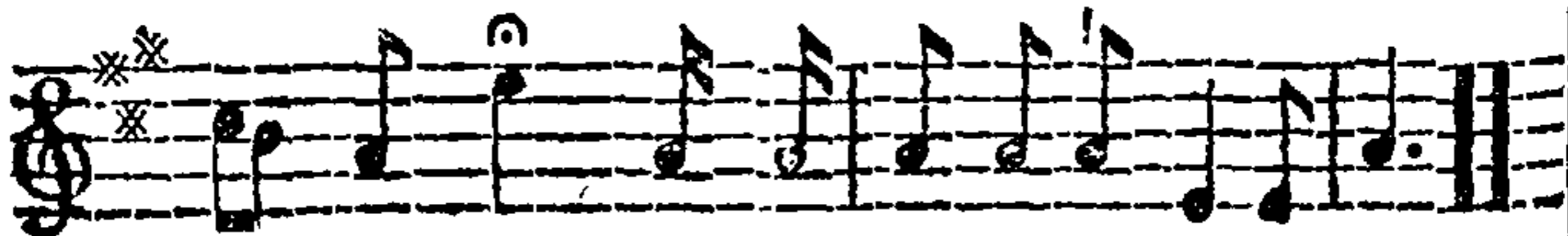
Marga-rit-ta first possest, I remember well, my



breast, With my row, dow, dow, dow, dow, derro.



With my restless heart next play'd Martha, wanton



sloe-ey'd maid, With her tan ta ra ra ra-ro.

She to Katharine gave place,
 Kate to Betsey's am'rous face,
 With my row, &c.
 Mary, then, and gentle Ann,
 Both to reign at once began,
 With their tan ta, &c.

Jenny next, a tyrant she,
But Rebecca set me free,
 With my row, &c.
In a week from her I fled,
And took Judith in her stead,
 With her tan ta, &c.

She possess'd a wond'rous grace,
But she wanted Susan's face,
 With my row, &c.
Isabella's rolling eye
Eclips'd Susan's presently,
 With her tan ta, &c.

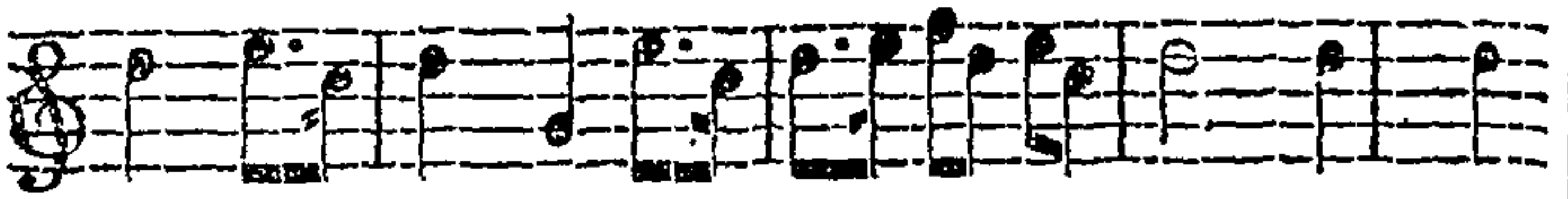
Brown skinn'd Bess I next obey'd,
Then lov'd Nanny, red hair'd maid,
 With my row, &c.
None cou'd bind me, I am free,
Yet love all the fair I see,
 With my tan ta, &c.

SONG CLXXVI.

WHEN RUDDY AURORA.



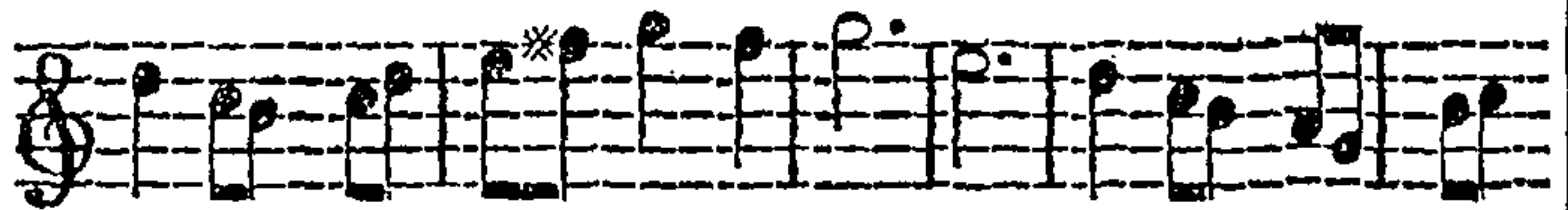
When ruddy Au - ro - ra a - wakens the day, And dew-



drops in - pearl the sweet flow - ers so gay, Sound, sound,



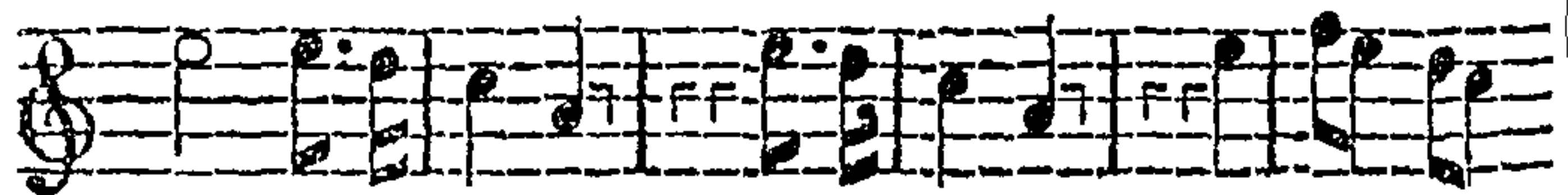
my stout archers, sound horns and a-way ; With



arrows, sharp-pointed we go, With arrows, sharp-point-



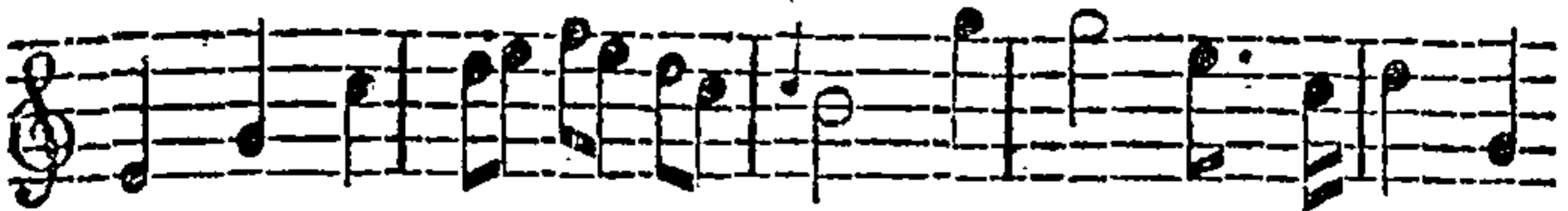
ed, we go. See Sol now a - ri - ses, in splendor so



bright, I O Pæan, I O Pæan, For Phœbus,



for Phœbus, who leads to de - light, All glorious il-



lumin'd, now ri-ses to fight; 'Tis he, boys, is god of



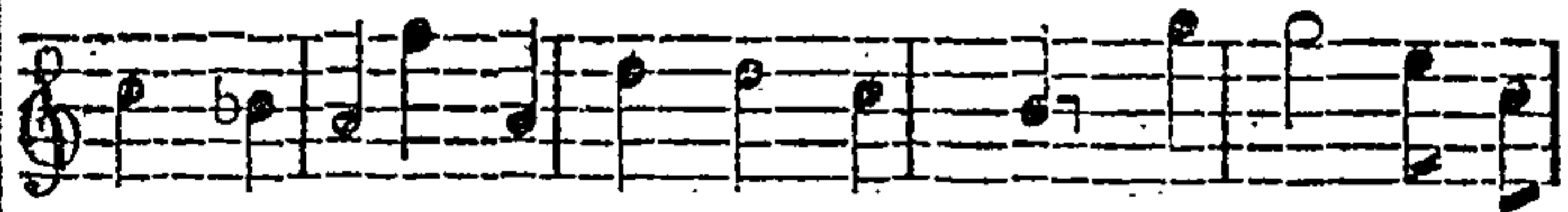
the bow, is god of the bow, is god of



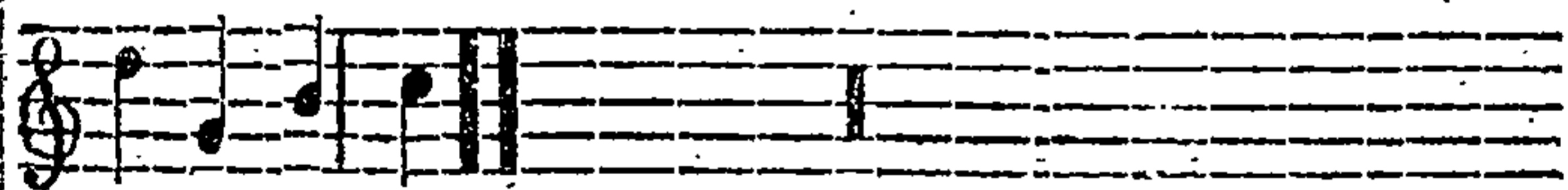
the bow, of the bow - - - - -



- - - - - See Sol



now a-ri-ses, In splendor bow bright, 'Tis he, boys, is



god of the bow.

Fresh roses we'll offer at Venus's shrine,
 Libations we'll pour to great Bacchus divine,
 While mirth, love, and pleasure, in junction combine,
 For archers, true sons of the same.

For archers, &c.

Bid sorrow adieu; in soft numbers we'll sing;
 Love and friendship, love and friendship,
 Love, friendship, and beauty, shall make the air ring,

T t ij

Wishing health and success to our country and king,
Increase to their honour and fame.

To their honour and fame,

To their honour and fame,

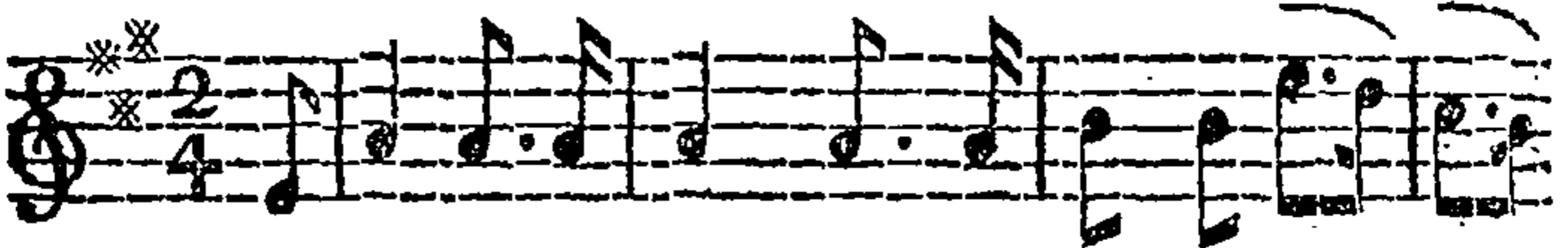
To their ho - - - nour and fame.

Wishing health and success to our country and king,
Increase to their honour and fame.

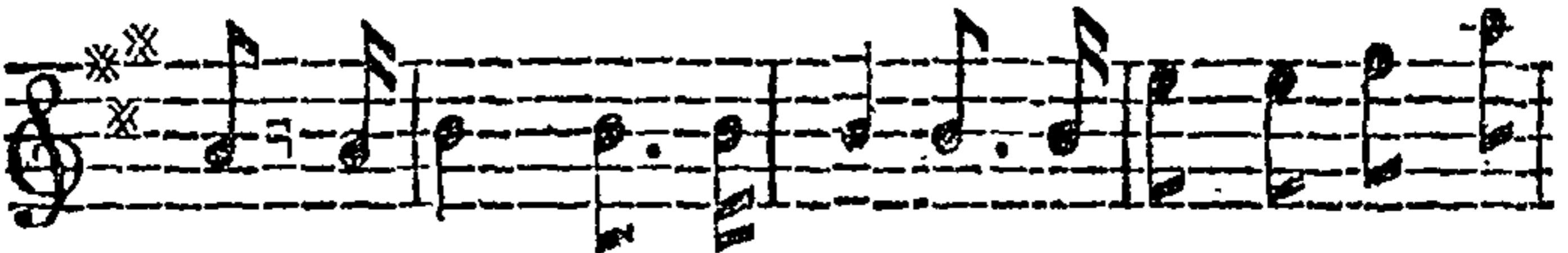


SONG CLXXVII.

BOW, WOW, WOW.



I'll sing you a song, faith I'm singing it now



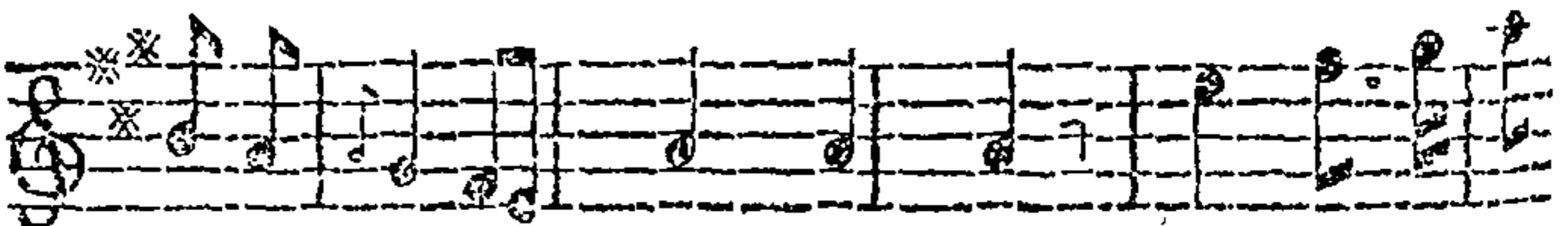
here, I don't mean t'afrent either small or big bow



wow here: The subject I've chosen it is the canine



race, To prove, like us, two-legg'd dogs they are a



very fine race. Bow, wow, wow, Fal, lal, lal, ad-



di, addi, Bow, wow, wow.

Like you and I other dogs may be counted sad dogs ;
And we won't drink water, some might think us mad
dogs :

A courtier is a spaniel, a citizen's a dull dog,
A soldier is a mastiff, a sailor's a bull dog.
Bow, wow, &c.

An old maid comes from church, the poor no lady kinder ;
A lusty dog her footman, with prayer-book behind her :
A poor boy asks a farthing, and gets plenty of good
kicking ;
But little Shock, her lap-dog, must have a roasted
chicken.
Bow, wow, &c.

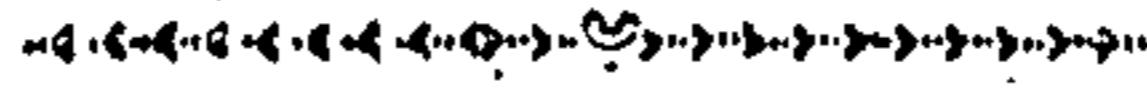
When filly dogs, for property, uncle, son, and brother,
Grin and snarl mighty gruff, and worry one another ;
Shou'd they a bit of equity from justice beg the loan of,
That cunning dog the lawyer, Snap, carries quick the
bone off.
Bow, wow, &c.

A poet's a lank greyhound, for the public he runs game
down ;
A critic is a cur that strives to run his fame down ;
And though he cannot follow where the noble sport in-
vites him,
" He slyly steals behind, and by the heel he bites him."
Bow, wow, &c.

" You've a choice pack of friends, while to feed 'em
" you are able ;
" Your dog, for his morsel, crouches under your table ;

“ Your friends turn tail in misfortune or difaster ;
 “ But your poor faithful dog will ne'er forsake his ma-
 “ ster.”

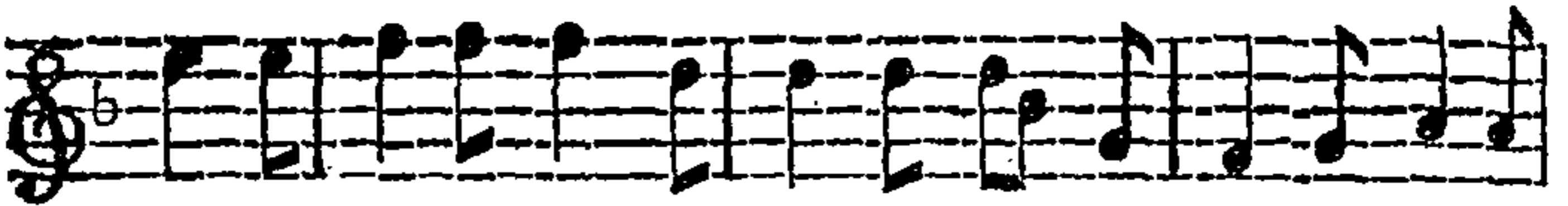
Bow, wow, &c.



SONG CLXXVIII.
 AS DERMOT TOIL'D.



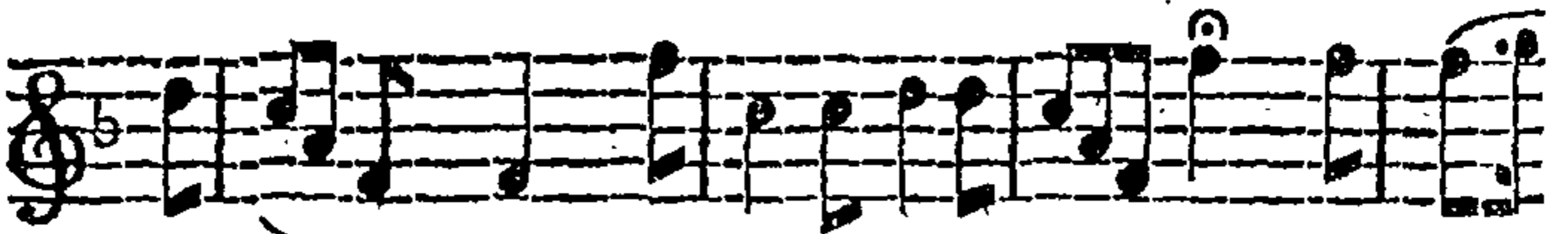
As Dermot toil'd one summer's day, Young Shelah,



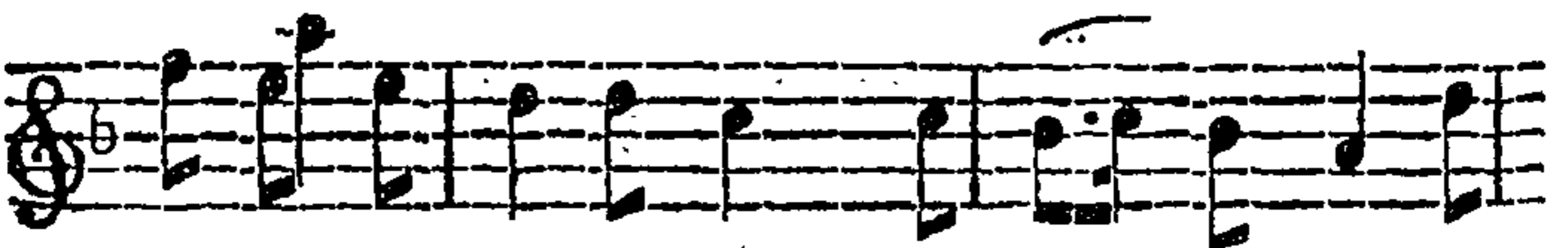
as she sat beside him, Fairly stole his pipe away, Oh,



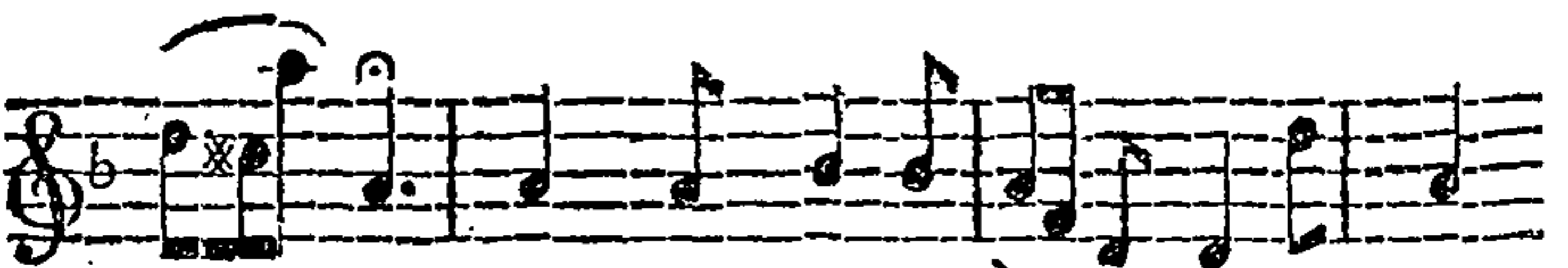
then, to hear she did deride him. Where, poor Der-



mot, is it gone, Your li-ly li-by loo - dle? They've left



you nothing but the drone, And that's yourself, you



noo - - dle. Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loodle, Beam,



bum, boodle, loodle, loo. Poor Dermot's pipe is lost



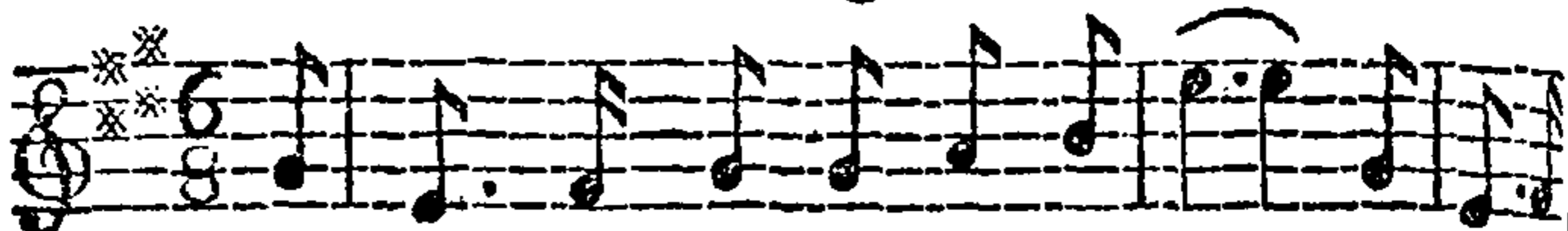
and gone, And what will the poor devil do?

Fait now I am undone, and more,
 Cried Dermot—Ah! will you be easy?
 Did you not steal my heart before?
 Is it you have made a man run crazy?
 I've nothing left me now to moan;
 My lily lily loodle
 That us'd to cheer me so, is gone,
 Ah! Dermot, thou'rt a noodle.
 Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loodle,
 Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loo,
 My heart, and pipe, and peace, are gone,
 What next will cruel Shelah do?

Then Shelah, hearing Dermot vex,
 Cried, fait 'twas little Cupid mov'd me,
 You fool, to steal it out of tricks,
 Only to see how much you lov'd me.
 Come cheer thee, Dermot, never moan,
 But take your lily loodle;
 And, for the heart of you that's gone,
 You shall have mine, you noodle.
 Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loodle,
 Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loo;
 Shelah's to church with Dermot gone;
 And, for the rest—what's that to you?

SONG CLXXIX.

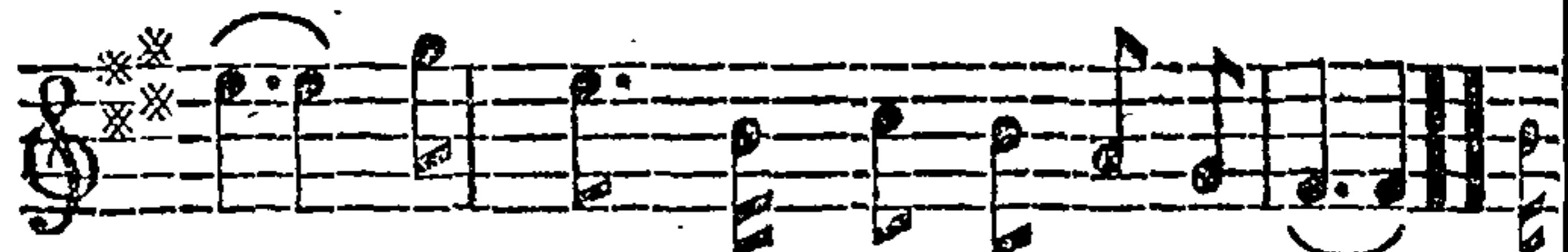
THE SINE QUA NON.



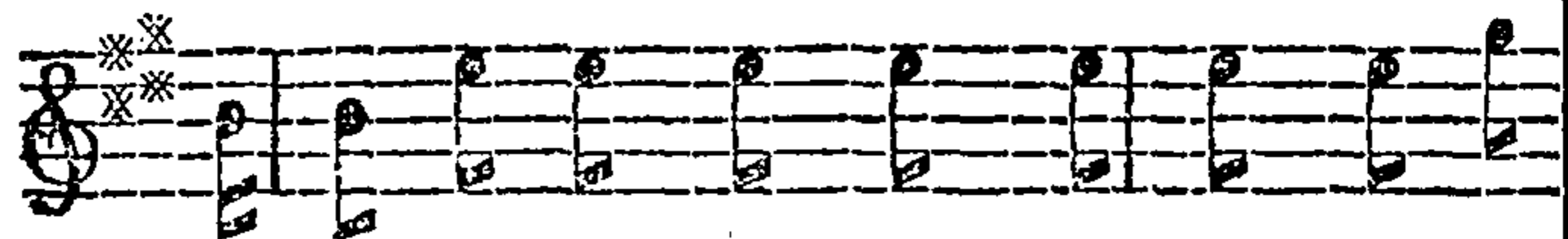
Lord! Lord! without victuals and drink. We po-ets



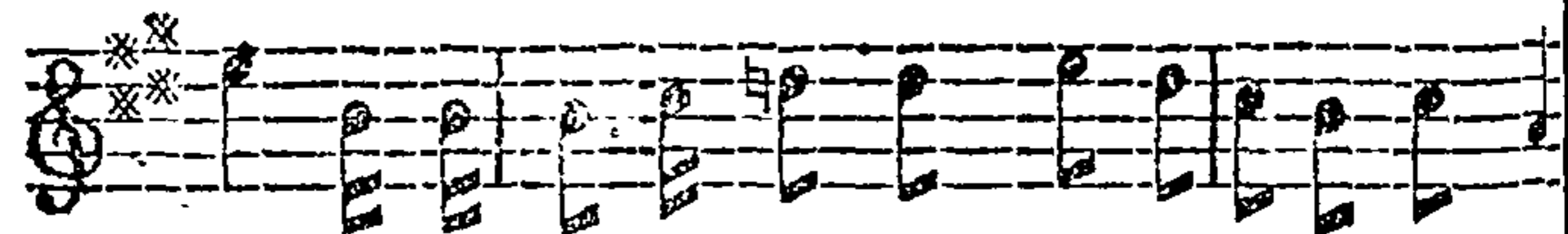
must give up each strain; It helps us, poor devils, to



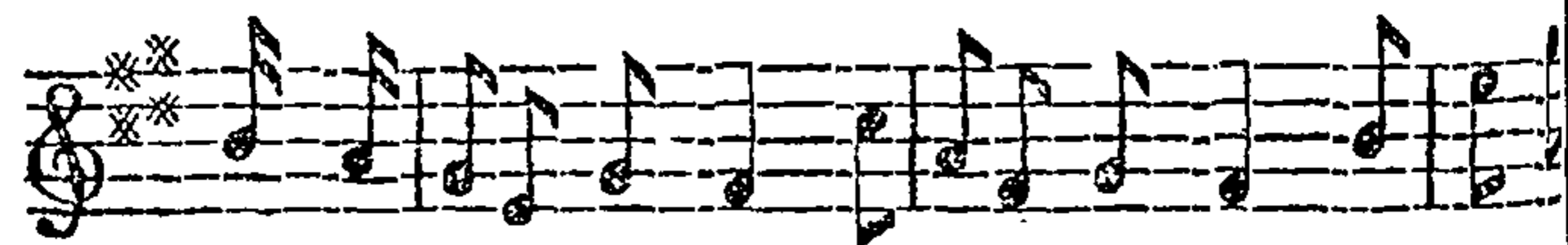
think, And thrash with more vigour our brain. With-



out victuals and drink, Lord! the world were un-



done, 'Tis the soul of the world, 'tis the fine qua non.



'Tis the fine qua non, the fine qua non, The soul of



the world, 'tis the fine qua non.

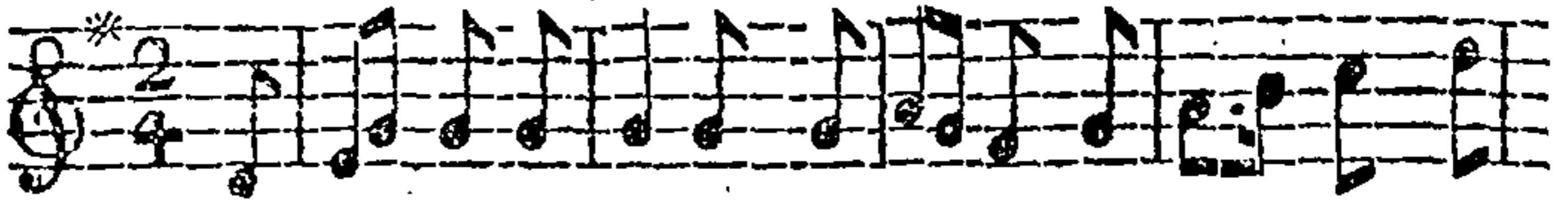
The foldier, 'midst battle's alarms,
Without it, could ill face his foe ;
So faint would he handle his arms,
And draw with such weakness his bow.
Without victuals, &c.

What would ladies and gentlemen do,
That say such fine things to each other ?
They would never be able to coo ;
They could never be father and mother.
Without victuals, &c.

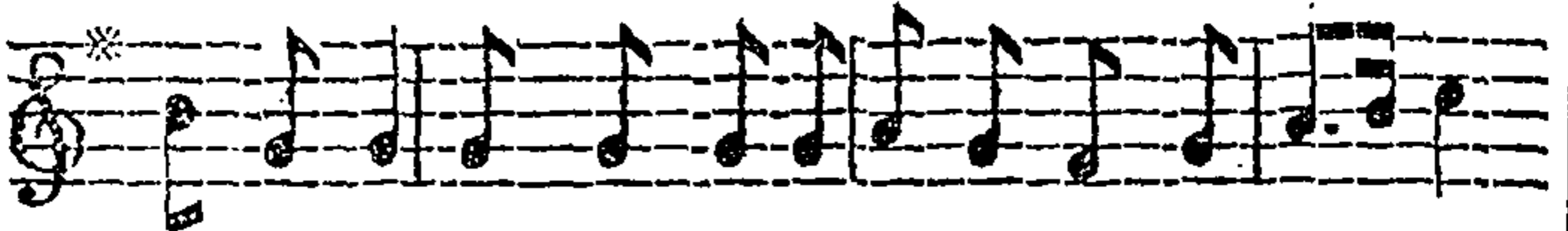
Then hey for good victuals and drink !
Who is there that would not carouse ?
Wherever he may be, I think
He's not to be found in this house.
Without victuals, &c.

SONG CLXXX.

WHEN FIRST I BEGAN, SIR.



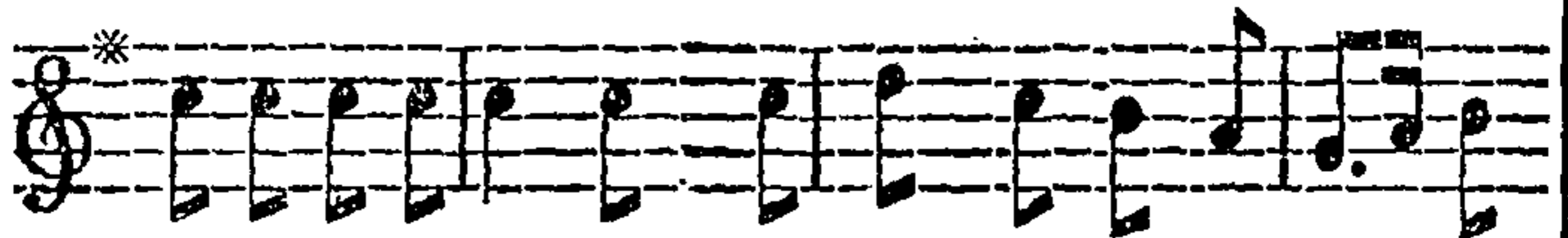
When first I began, Sir, to o-gle the la-dies, And



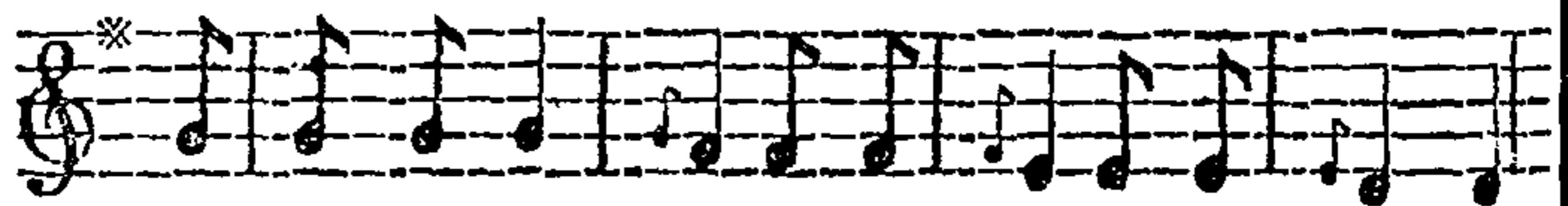
prattle soft nothings, as a pretty fellow's trade is ;



Whilst with rapt'rous praises I dwelt on ev'ry fea-ture,



If I stole a sly kiss, 'twas, Fye, you wicked creature ;



But soon, in tones lower, and softer, and sweeter,



Half pleas'd they'd whisper, Fye, fye, you wicked creature.

Indeed my attractions no gallantry needed ;
 Each ev'ning new conquest to conquests succeeded ;
 Perplex'd how so many fond claims I shou'd parry,
 To settle them all, I resolv'd, faith, to marry ;
 And press'd lovely Laura, in language still sweeter,
 Till, blushing, she whisper'd, I'm yours, you wicked
 creature.

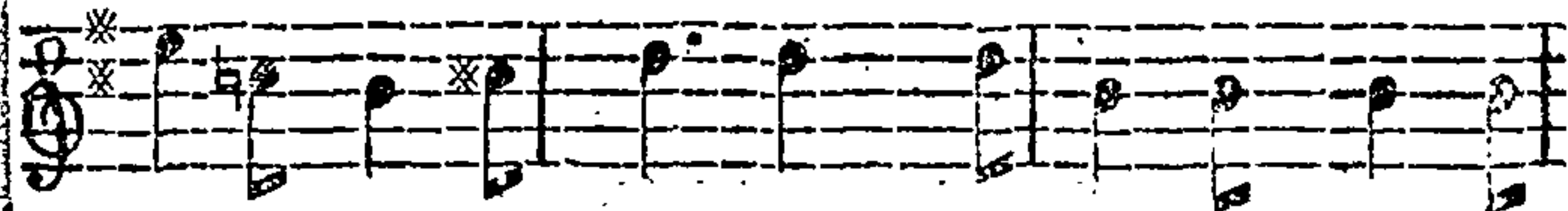
SONG CLXXXI,
TOL DE ROL LOL, SIR.



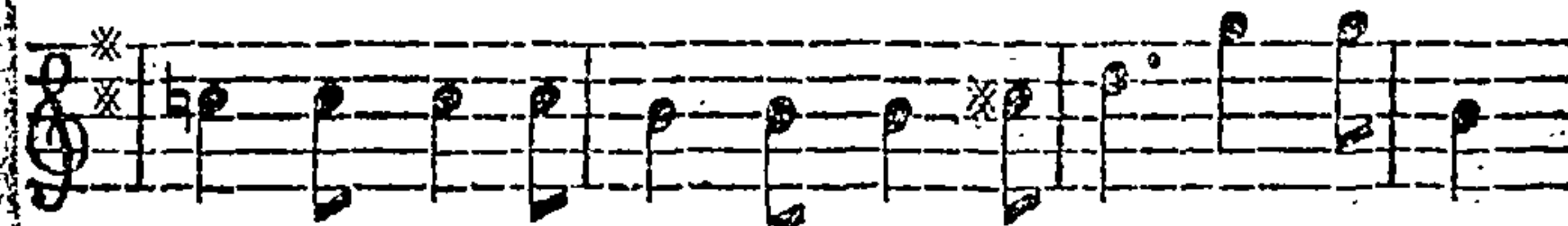
In vain the ills of life assail; I never yet would



yield me; Nor shall their malice e'er prevail, Whilst



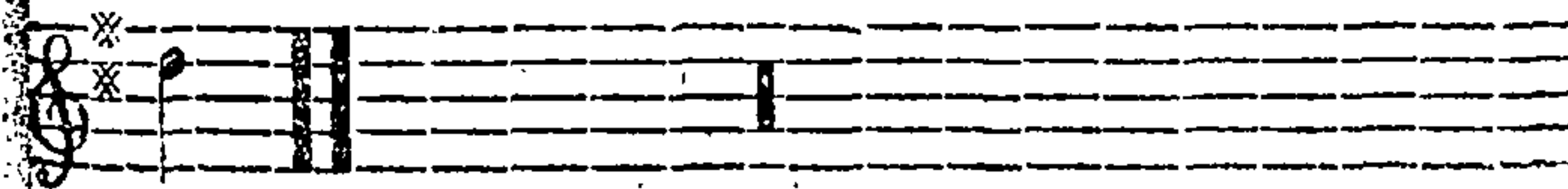
frolic mirth can shield me. Like curs they snarl, but



dare not bite; I heed them not at all, Sir; But laugh



at all their roguish spite, And still sing tol de rol lol,



Sir.

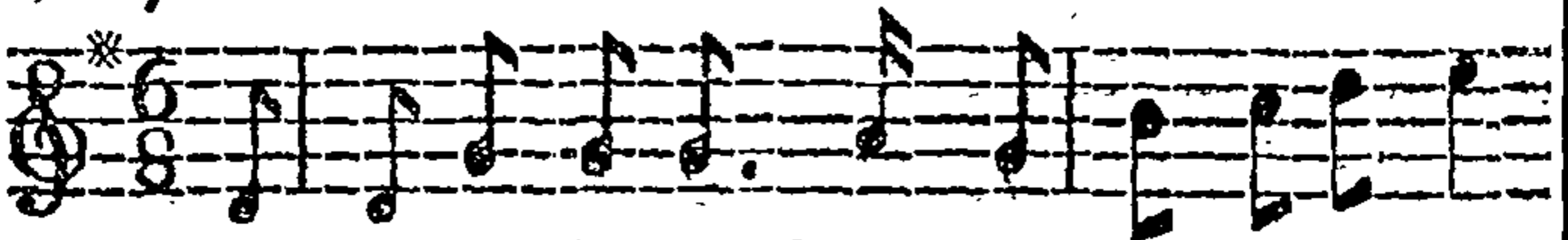
I ever scorn'd, with face of woe,
Proud dames to dangle after;
With smiles I bent young Cupid's bow,
And tipt his shafts with laughter:

Success still mark'd each merry dart,
 Black, fair, brown, short, or tall, Sir ;
 I conquer'd ev'ry female heart
 With tol de rol de rol lol, Sir.

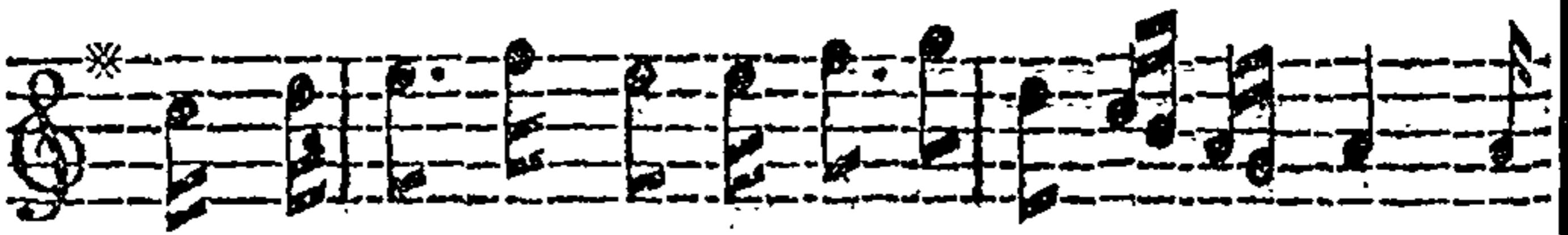
In spite of Dons so grave and wise,
 'Till o'er old Styx I ferry,
 I always shall most highly prize
 Whatever's blithe and merry.
 May love and laughter ever be
 Attendant on my call, Sir !
 Here's, what I ever lov'd to see,
 A glass to tol de rol lol, Sir !

SONG CLXXXII.

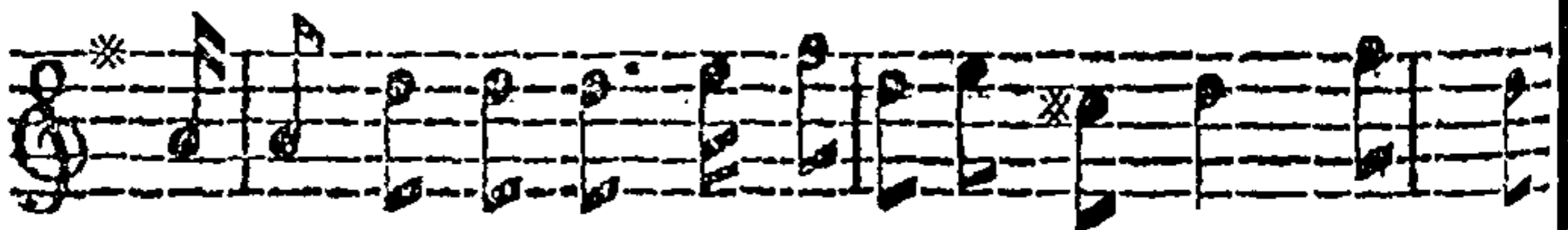
YOUNG ROGER THE PLOUGHMAN.



Young Roger the ploughman, who wanted a mate,



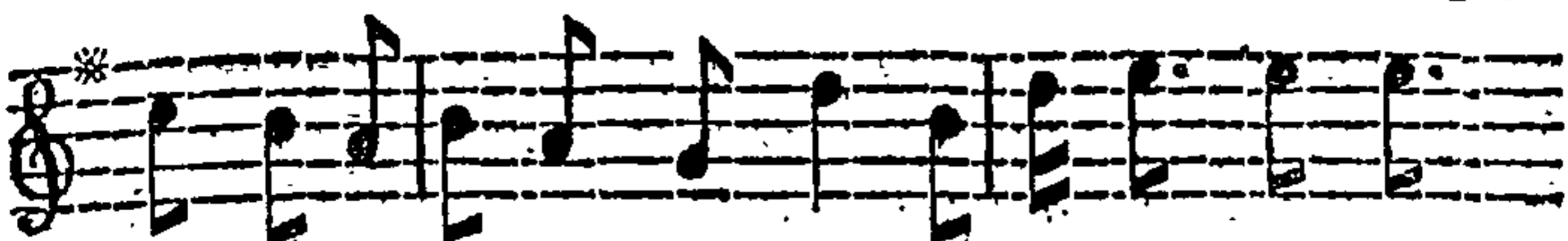
Went, along with his daddy, a-courting of Kate ; With



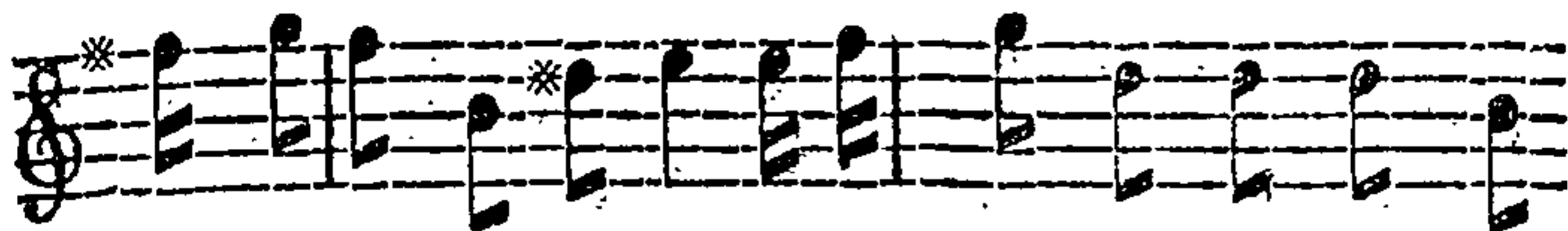
a nosegay so large, in his ho-li-day clothes, His hands



in his pockets, away Roger goes. Now, he was as



bashful as bashful could be, And Kitty, poor girl,



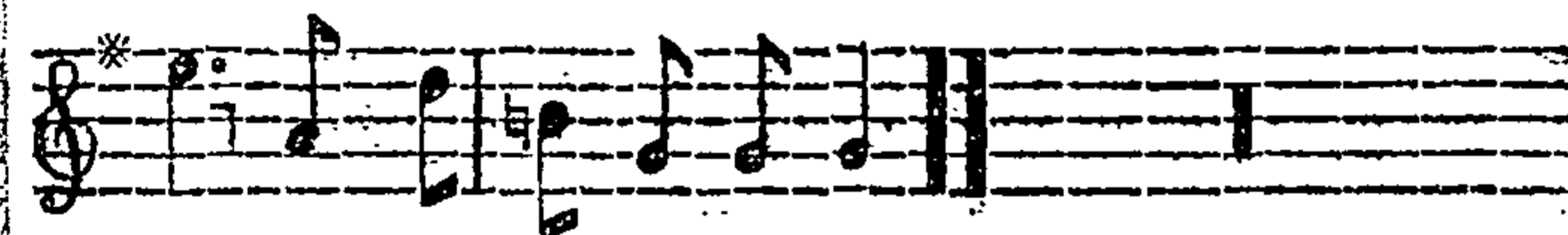
was as bashful as he: So he bow'd, and he star'd, and



he let his hat fall, And he grinn'd, scratch'd his head,



and said nothing at all. And he grinn'd, scratch'd his



head, and said nothing at all.

If awkward the swain, no less awkward the maid;
 She fimper'd and blush'd, with her apron-string play'd;
 Till the old folks, impatient to have the thing done,
 Agreed that young Roger and Kate shou'd be one.
 In silence the young ones both nodded assent,
 Their hands being join'd, to be married they went;
 Where they answer'd the parson with voices so small,
 You'd have sworn that they both had said nothing at all.

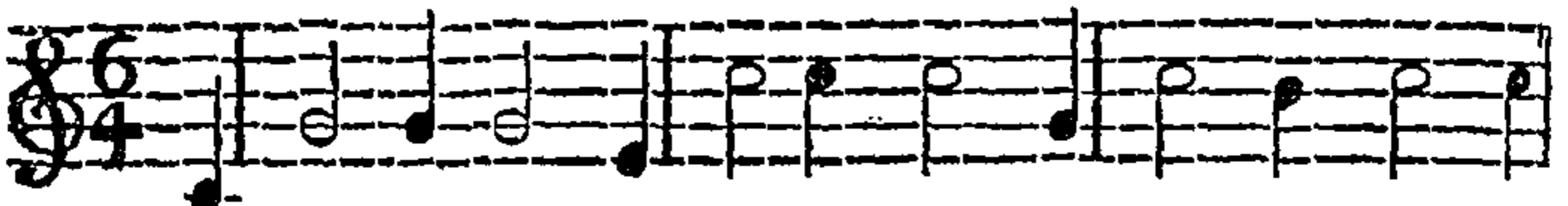
But, mark what a change! in the course of a week,
 Kate quite left off blushing, Rodge boldly cou'd speak;
 Cou'd joke with his deary, laugh loud at the jest;
 He cou'd coax too, and fondle, as well as the best;

And, asham'd of past folly, they've often declar'd,
 To encourage young folks who at courtship are scar'd,
 If at first to your aid some assurance you'll call,
 When once you are us'd to't, 'tis nothing at all.

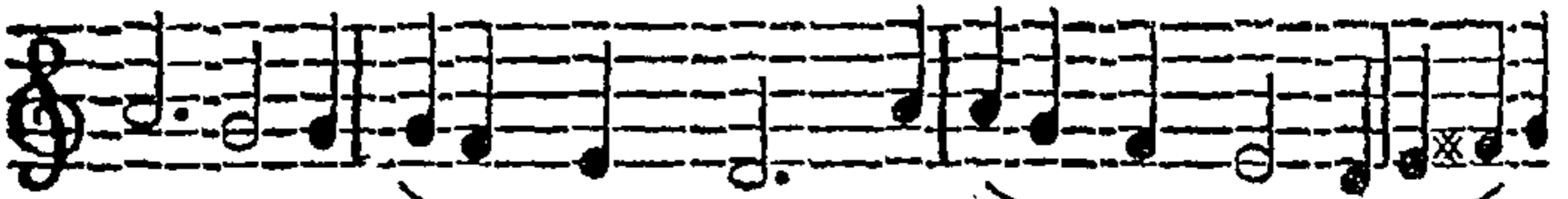
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SONG CLXXXIII.

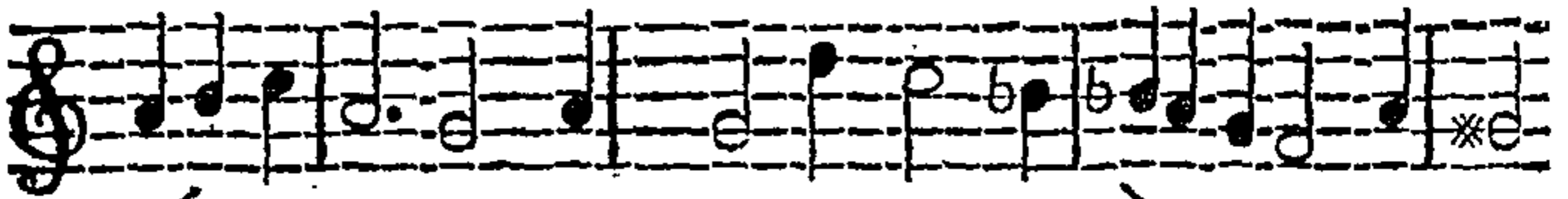
WHEN UP TO LONDON.



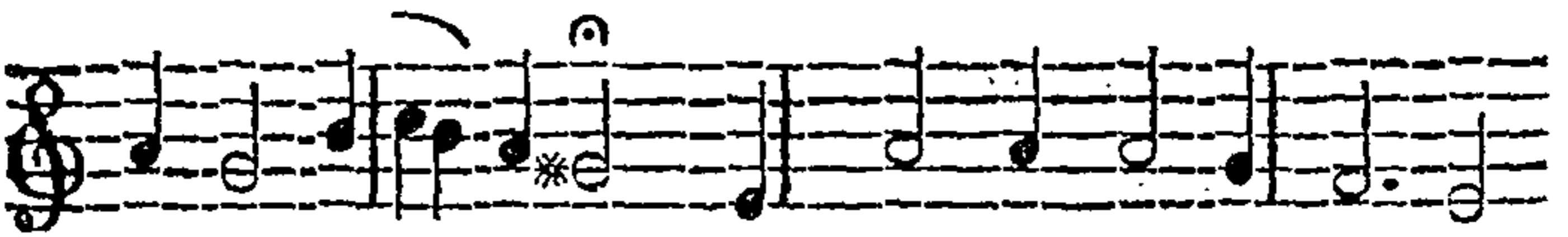
When up to London first I came, An aukward country



booby, I gap'd, and star'd, and did the same As ev'ry



o - ther looby. With countenance demurely set, I doff'd



my hat to all I met, With, Zir, your humble servant ;



With, Zir, your humble servant.

Alas ! too soon I got a wife ;
And, proud of such a blessing,
The joy and business of my life
Was kissing and careffing ;
'Twas " Charmer ! Sweeting ! Duck and Dove !"
And I, o'er head and ears in love,
Was Cupid's humble servant.

She's gone, poor girl ; and, in my cot,
With friend and bottle smiling,
I'd envy not a higher lot,
The tedious hours beguiling.
If Care peeps in, I'm busy then ;
I nod, desire he'll call again,
And am his humble servant.

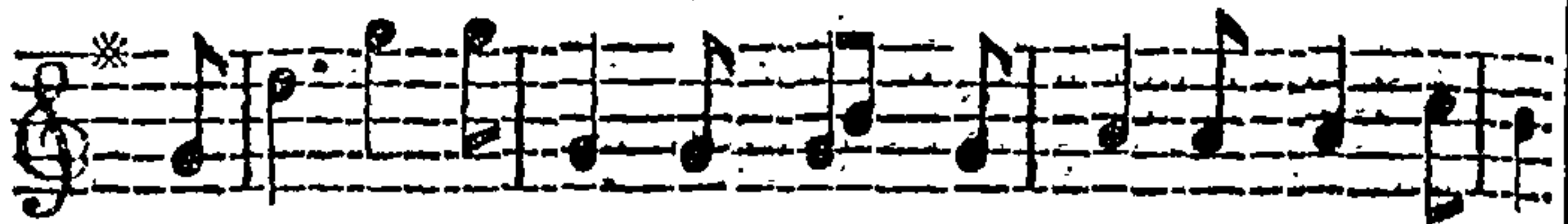
Since life's a jest, as wise ones say,
'Tis best employ'd in laughing ;
And, come what frowning cares there may,
My antidote is quaffing.
I'm ever jovial, gay, and free ;
For this is my philosophy ;
And so, your humble servant.

SONG CLXXXIV.

YOU MUST, GOOD SIR, EXCUSE ME.



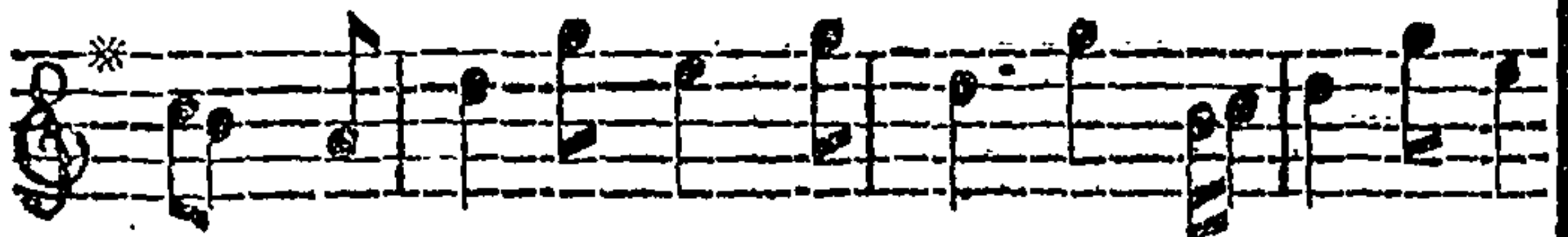
A fig for all your whining stuff; Fine speeches sweet



as honey; Of love you can't give proof enough Unless



you give your money. Were I your mistress, faith and



truth, Your av'rice soon wou'd lose me; For compliments



are but mere froth, You must, good Sir, excuse me.

Of all the arrows love can boast,

The golden ones are best, Sir;

And he who boldly bids the most

Can never be in jest, Sir.

'Tis true that I make rather free;

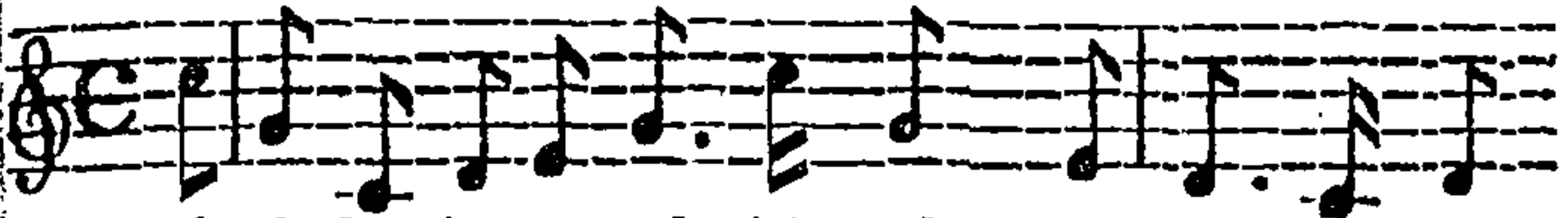
But faith you shan't refuse me:

So draw your purse-strings now, d'ye see,

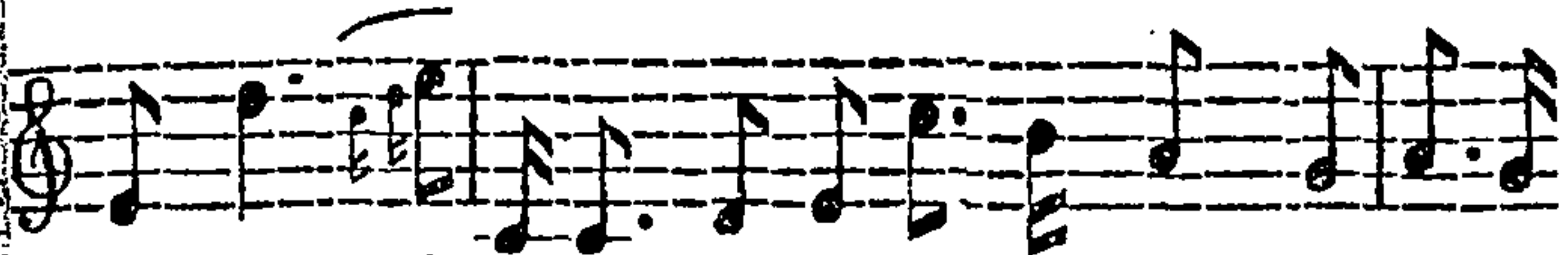
Or else you must excuse me.

SONG CLXXXV.

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.



My daddy is a canker'd carle, He'll nae twin wi'



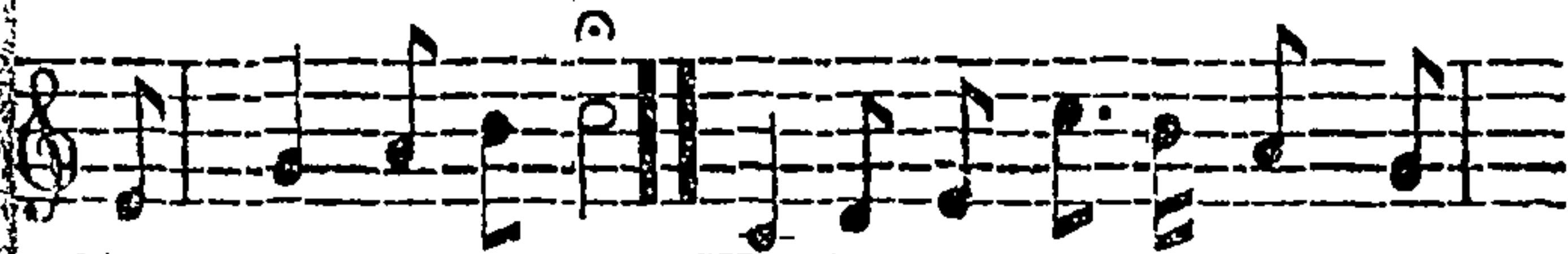
his gear ; My minny she's a scolding wife, Hads a' the



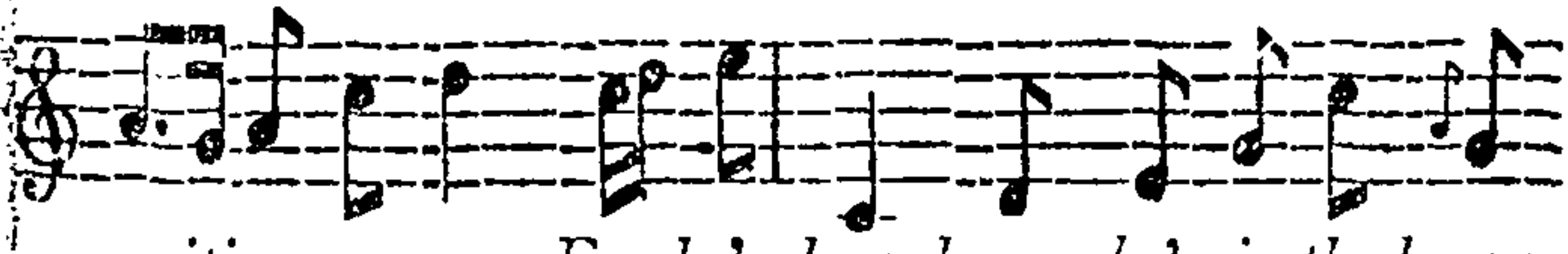
house a-steer ; But, let them say, or let them do, It's



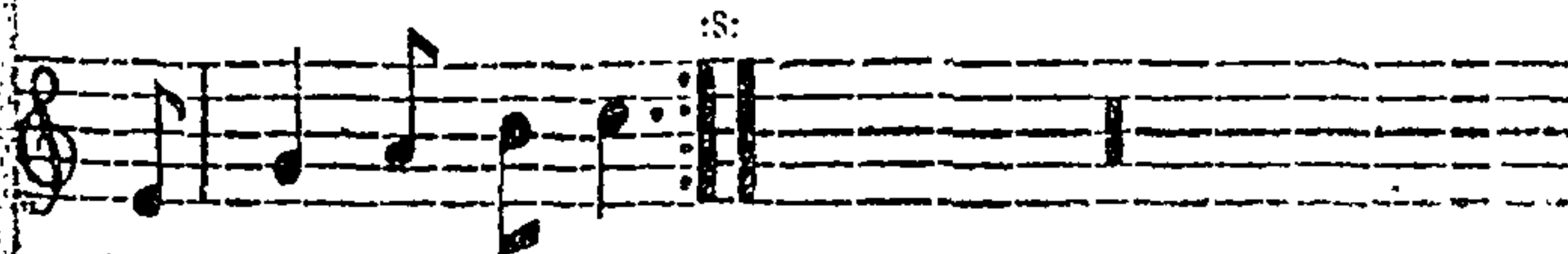
a' ane to me ; For he's low down, he's in the broom,



That's waiting on me. Waiting on me, my love, He's



waiting on me ; For he's low down, he's in the broom,



That's waiting on me.



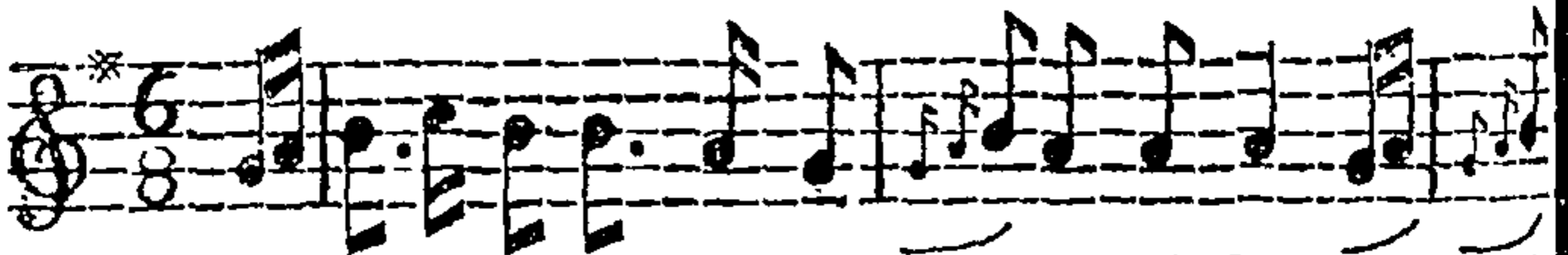
My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
 And fair she lightlies me ;
 But weel ken I it's a' envy ;
 For ne'er a jo has she.
 But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was fair beguil'd
 Wi' Johnny i' the glen ;
 And ay fince-syne she cries, beware
 Of false deluding men.
 But let her say, &c.

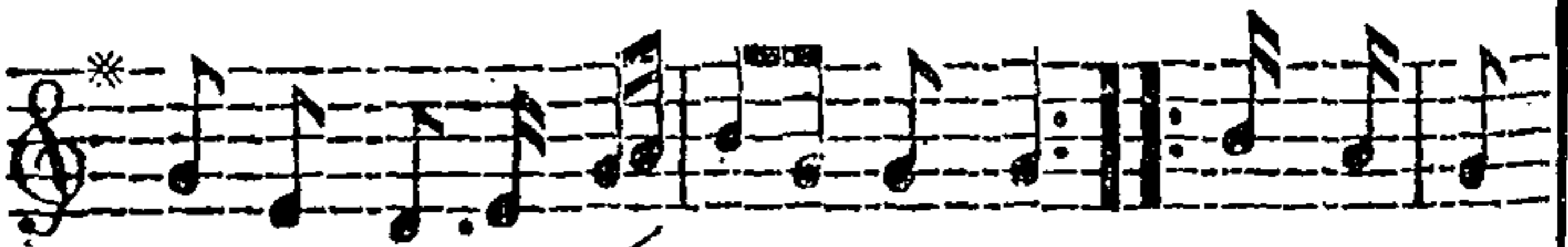
Glee'd Sandy he came west ae night,
 And speer'd when I saw Pate ;
 And ay fince-syne the neighbours round
 They jeer me air and late.
 But let them say, &c.

SONG CLXXXVI.

CONTENTED I AM.



Contented I am, and con-tent-ed I'll be ; Resolv'd,



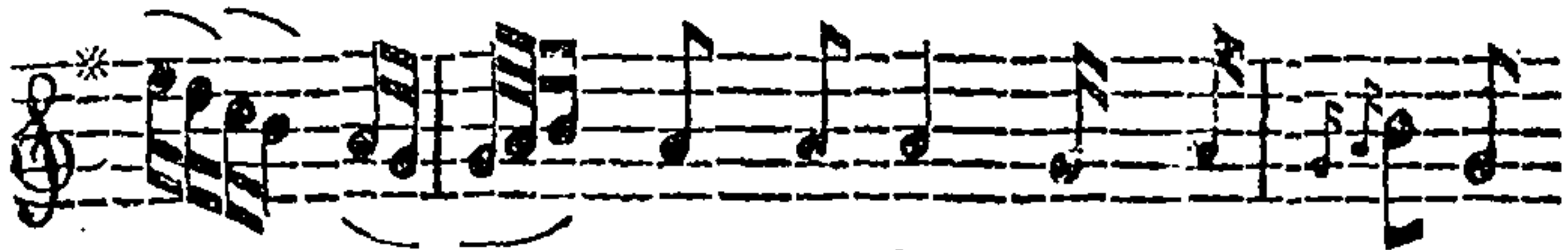
in this life, to live happy and free. With the cares



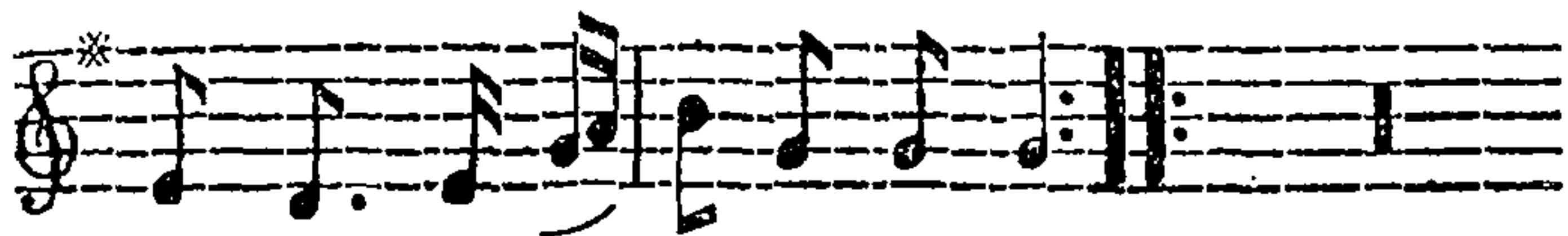
of this world I'm seldom perplex'd ; I'm sometimes



un-ea-sy, but never am vex'd: Some higher, some



lower, I own there may be; But there's more who



live worse than live better than me.

My life is a compound of freedom and ease;
 I go where I will, and return when I please;
 I live above envy, also above strife;
 And wish I had judgment to choose a good wife:
 I'm neither so high nor so low in degree,
 But ambition and want are both strangers to me.

Did you know how delightful my gay hours do pass,
 With my bottle before me, embrac'd by my lass;
 I'm happy while with her, contented alone;
 My wine is my kingdom; my cask is my throne;
 My glass is the sceptre by which I shall reign;
 And my whole privy council's a flask of Champaign.

When money comes in, I live well till it's gone;
 While I have it quite happy, contented with none.
 If I lose it at gaming, I think it but lent;
 If I spend it genteelly, I'm always content:
 Thus in mirth and good humour my gay hours do pass,
 And on Saturday's night I am just as I was.

SONG CLXXXVII.

BRIGHT PHOEBUS.



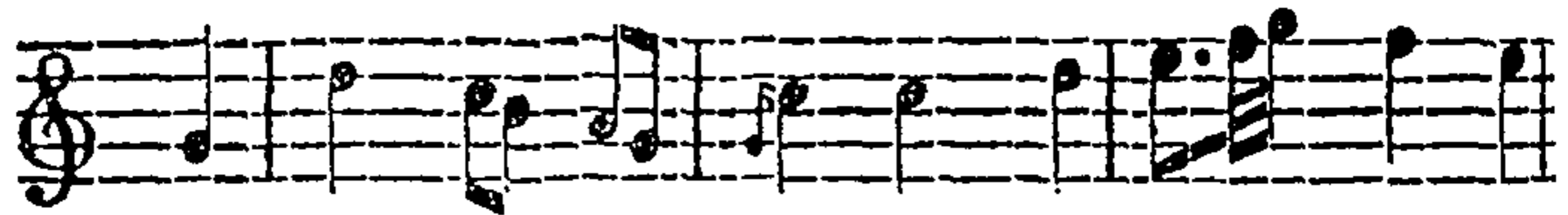
Bright Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day, And



the horns and the hounds call each sportsman a - way;



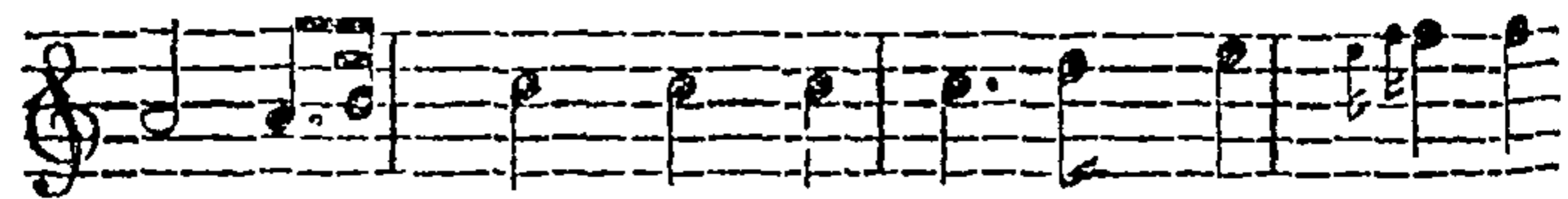
And the horns and the hounds call each sportsman away.



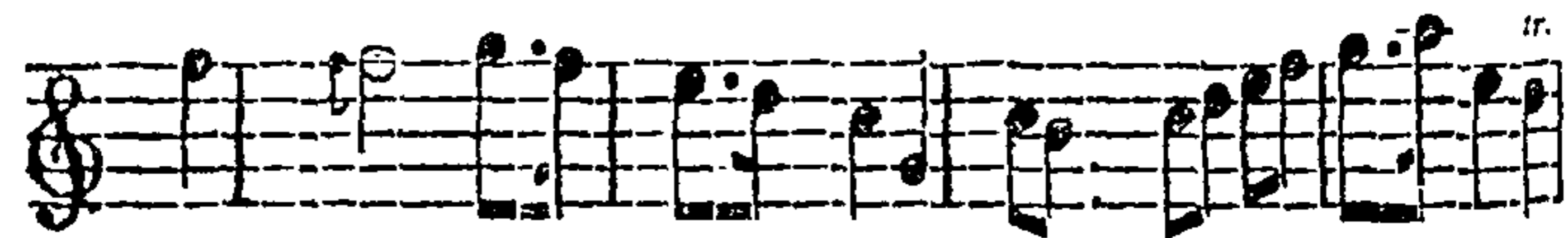
Thro' woods and thro' meadows, with speed, now they



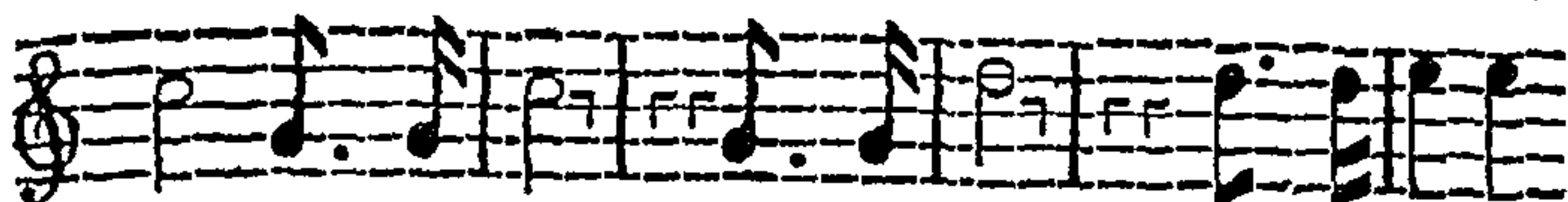
bound, While health, ro-sy health, is in ex - er-cise



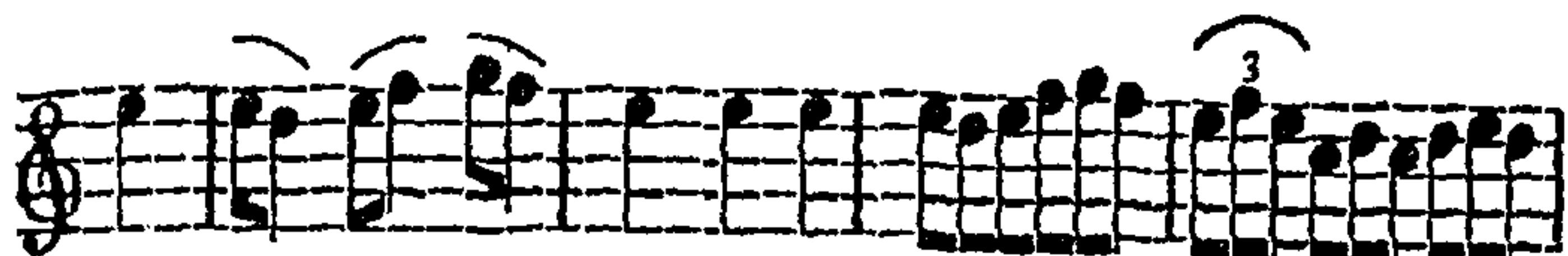
found; Thro' woods and thro' meadows, with speed, now



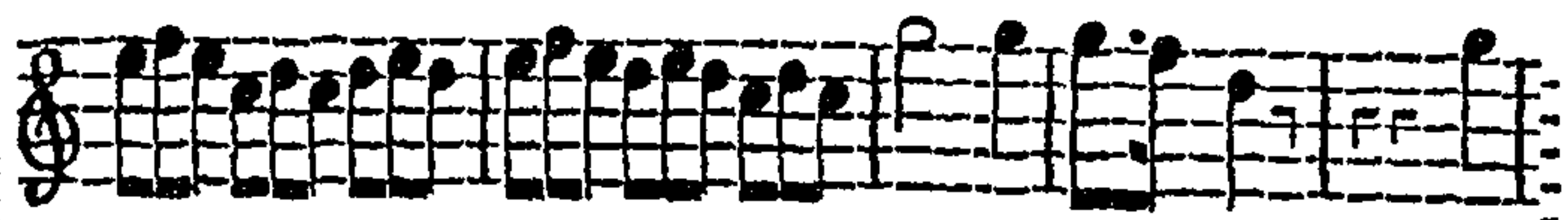
they bound, While health, rosy health, is in. ex-er-cise



found. Hark away! Hark away! Hark away is



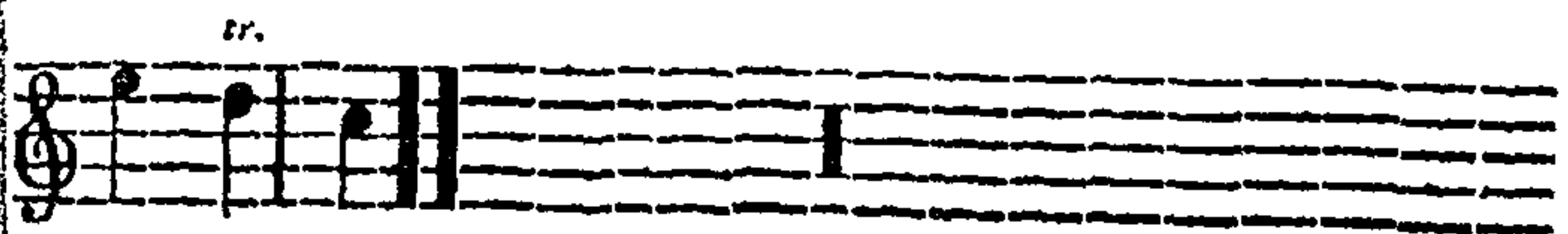
the word to the sound of the horn - - - - -



- - - - - And e - cho, and



e - cho, And e - cho, blithe e - cho, makes jo-



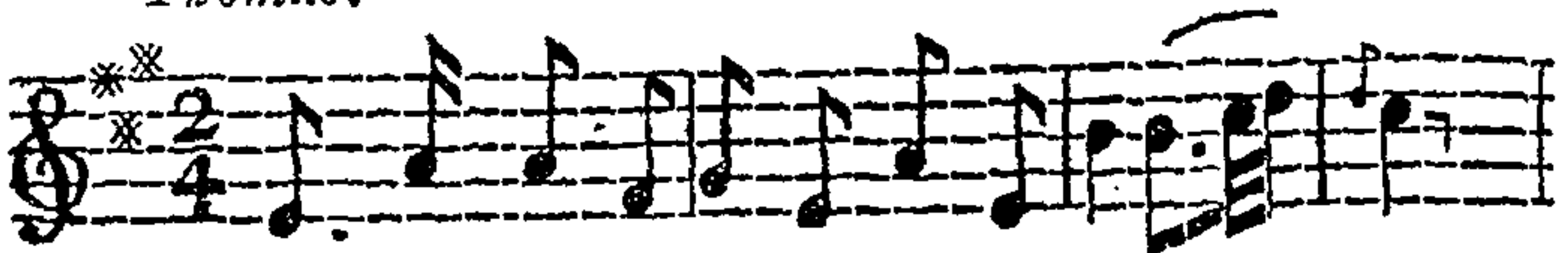
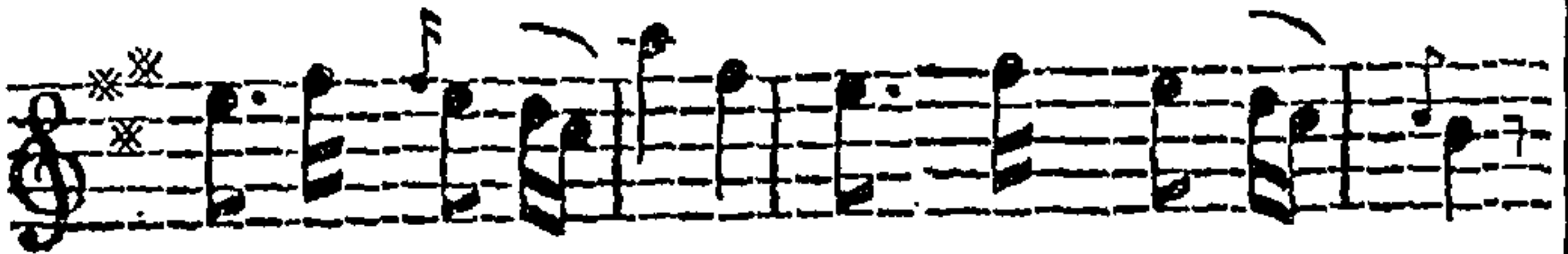
vial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While Pufs flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue.
Behold where she flies o'er the wide-spreading plain!
While the loud op'ning pack pursue her amain.
Hark away, &c.

At length Pufs is caught, and lies panting for breath,
And the shout of the huntsman's the signal of death.
No joys can delight like the sports of the field;
To hunting all pastimes and pleasures must yield.
Hark away, &c.

SONG CLXXXVIII.

THE TOBACCO-BOX : A DIALOGUE.

Thomas.*Tho' the fate of battle on to-mor - row wait,**Let's not lose our prattle, now, my charm-ing Kate.**'Till the hour of glory, love shou'd now take place ;**Nor damp the joys before you with a fu - - ture case.*

Kate. Oh, my Thomas, still be constant, still be true!
 Be but to your Kate as Kate is still to you ;
 Glory will attend you, still will make us blest ;
 With my firmest love, my dear, you're still possess'd.

Tho. No new beauties tasted, I'm their arts above ;
 Three campaigns are wasted, but not so my love ;
 Anxious still about thee, thou art all I prize ;
 Never, Kate, without thee, will I bung these eyes.

Kate. Constant to my Thomas I will still remain,
Nor think I will leave thy side the whole campaign;
But I'll cherish thee, and strive to make thee bold:
May'st thou share the vict'ry! may'st thou share
the gold!

Tho. If, by some bold action, I the halbert bear,
Think what satisfaction, when my rank you share.
Dress'd like any lady-fair from top to toe;
Fine lac'd caps and ruffles then will be your due.

Kate. If a sergeant's lady I shou'd chance to prove,
Linen shall be ready always for my love;
Never more will Kate the captain's laundress be;
I'm too pretty, Thomas, love, for all but thee.

Tho. Here, Kate, take my 'bacco-box, a foldier's all;
If by Frenchmens blows your Tom is doom'd to fall,
When my life is ended, thou may'st boast and prove,
Thou'd'st my first, my last, my only, pledge of love.

Kate. Here, take back thy 'bacco-box, thou'rt all to me;
Nor think but I will be near thee, love, to see;
In the hour of danger let me always share;
I'll be kept no stranger to my soldier's fare.

Tho. Check that rising sigh, Kate, stop that falling tear;
Come, my pretty comrade, entertain no fear;
But, may Heav'n befriend us! Hark! the drums
command:
Now I will attend you. Love, I kiss your hand.

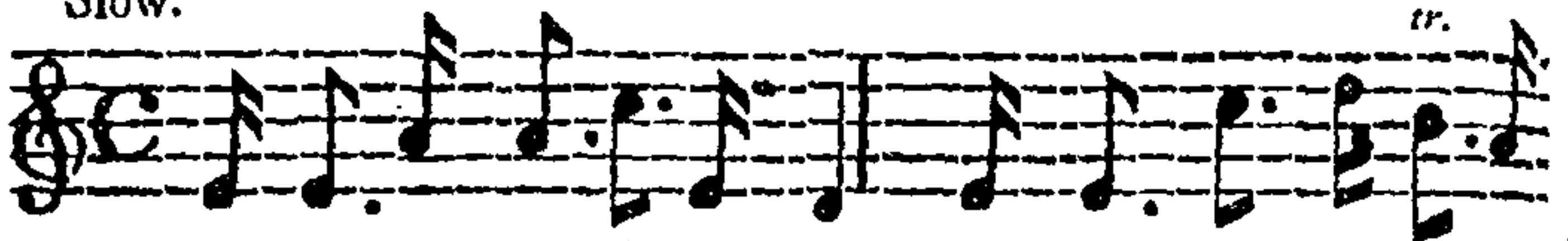
*Kate.** I can't stop these tears, tho' crying I disdain;
But must own 'tis trying hard the point to gain:
May good Heav'ns defend thee! Conquest on thee
wait!
One kiss more, and then I give thee up to fate.

* Both repeat this verse, only Thomas says, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Conquest on me wait!} \\ \text{yield myself to fate.} \end{array} \right.$

SONG CLXXXIX.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

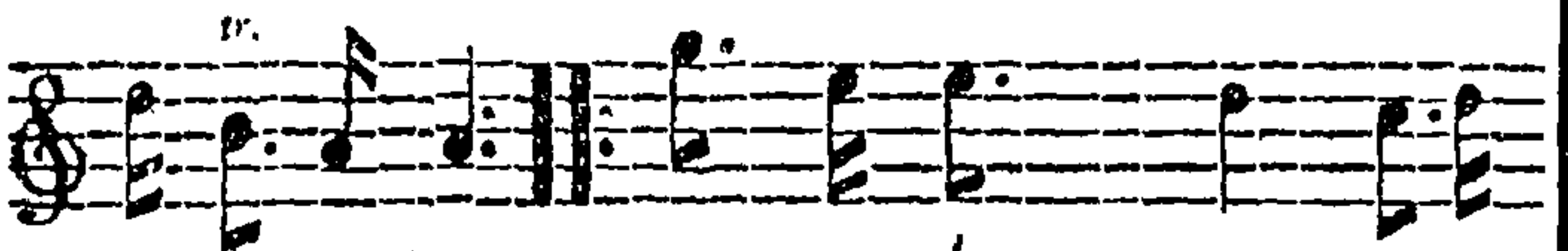
Slow.



Up amang yon cliffy rocks, Sweetly rings the rising



echo, To the maid that 'tends the goats, Liltin'g o'er



her native notes. Hark! she sings, "Young Sandy's



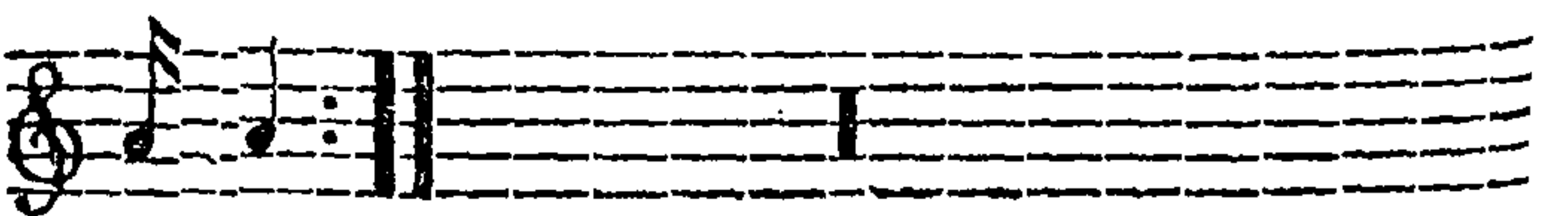
kind, An' he's promis'd ay to lo'e me; Here's a brotch,



I ne'er shall tin'd Till he's fairly marry'd to me.



Drive away, ye drone, Time, An' bring about our bri-

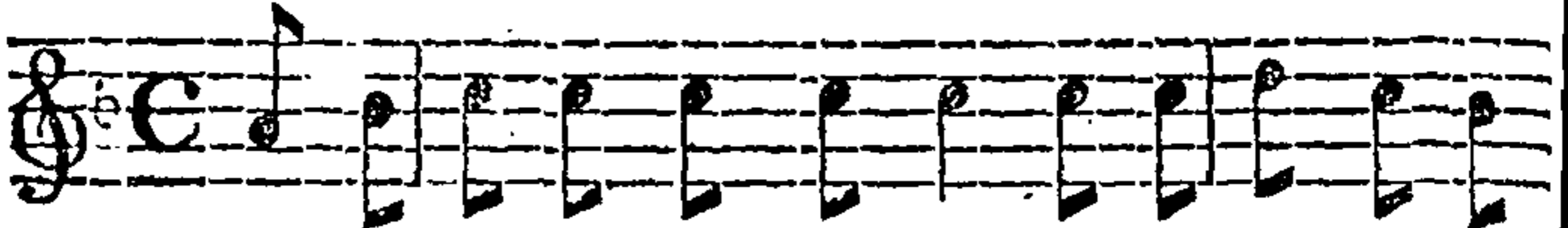


dal day.

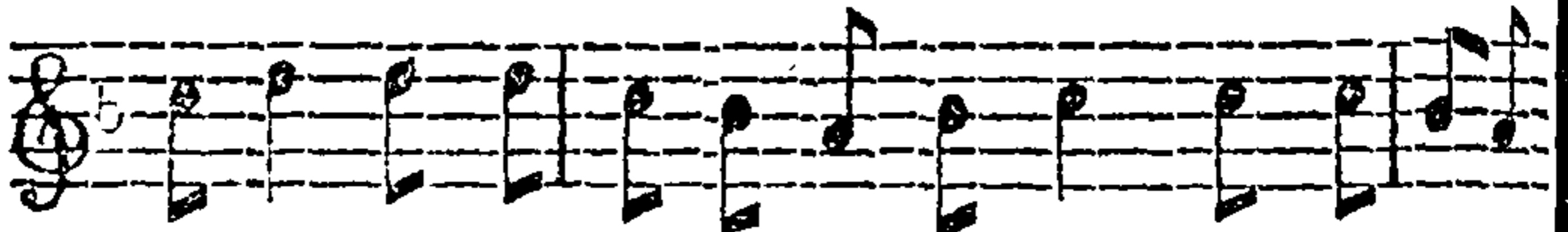
- “ Sandy herds a flock o’ sheep ;
 “ Af’en does he blaw the whistle
 “ In a strain fae fastly sweet,
 “ Lammies, list’ning, dare nae bleat.
 “ He’s as fleet’s the mountain roe,
 “ Hardy as the highland heather,
 “ Wading thro’ the winter snow,
 “ Keeping ay his flock together.
 “ But a plaid, wi’ bare houghs,
 “ He braves the bleakest norlin blast.
- “ Brawly he can dance and sing
 “ Canty glee or highland cronach ;
 “ Nane can ever match his fling
 “ At a reel, or round a ring.
 “ Wightly can he wield a rung ;
 “ In a brawl he’s ay the bangster ;
 “ A’ his praise can ne’er be sung
 “ By the langest winded sangster.
 “ Sangs that sing o’ Sandy
 “ Come short, tho’ they were e’er fae lang.”

SONG CXC.

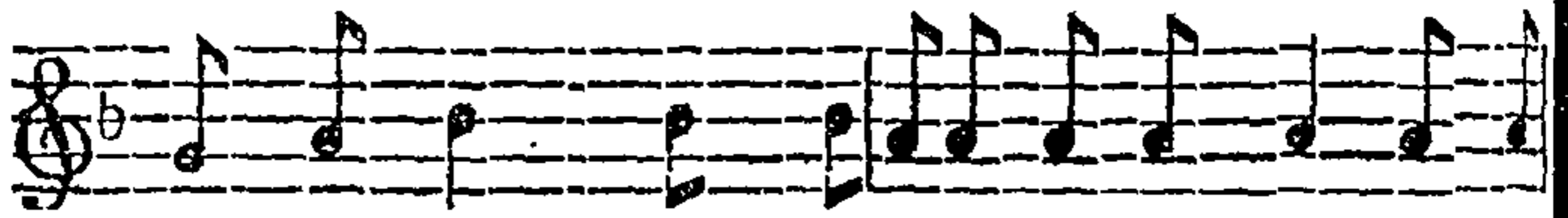
ALL AMONGST THE LEAVES SO GREEN, O.



In the forest, here, hard by, A bold robber late



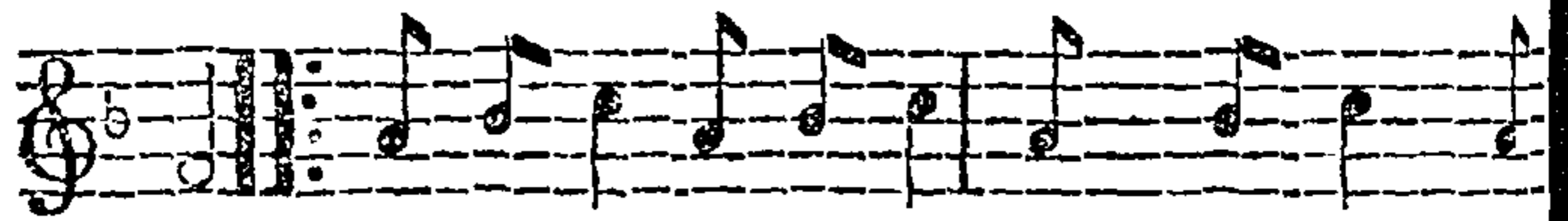
was I; With my blunderbuss in hand, When I bid a



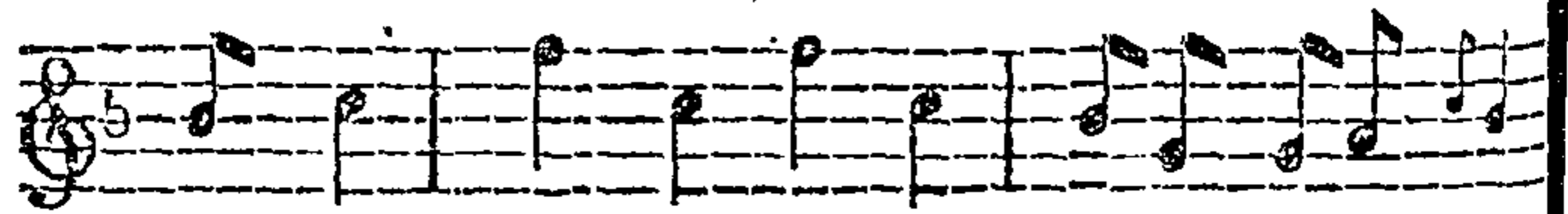
trav'ler stand, Zounds! deliver up your cash, Or your



noddle I shall slash, All amongst the leaves so green,



O. Damme, Sir, If you stir, Sluice your veins, Blow



your brains, Hey down, ho down, Derry, derry, down,



All amongst the leaves so green, O.

Soon I'll quit the roving trade
 When a gentleman I'm made ;
 Then, so spruce and debonnaire,
 Gad ! I'll court a lady fair.
 How I'll prattle, tattle, chat,
 How I'll kiss her, and all that,
 All amongst the leaves so green, O,
 How d'ye do ?
 How are you ?
 Why so coy ?
 Let us toy ;
 Hey down, ho down,
 Derry, derry, down,
 All amongst the leaves so green, O.

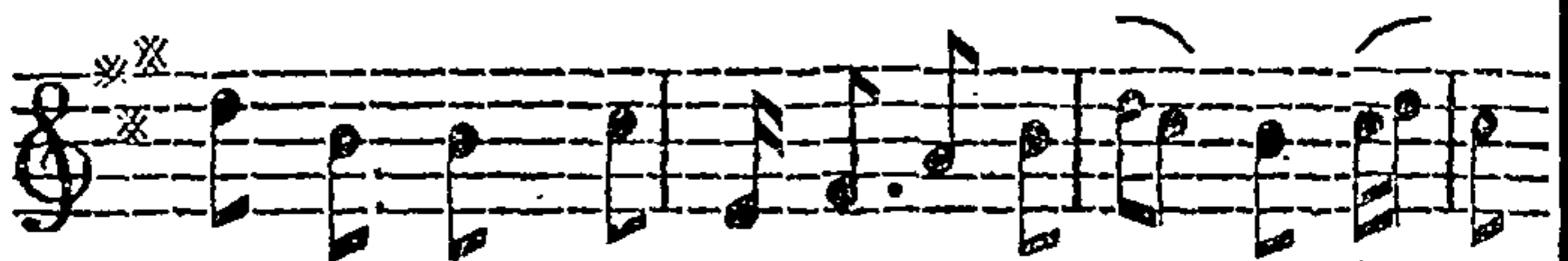
But, ere old and grey my pate,
 I'll scrape up a snug estate ;
 With my nimbleness of thumbs
 I'll soon butter all my crumbs ;
 When I'm justice of the peace,
 Then I'll master many a lease,
 All amongst the leaves so green, O.
 Wig profound,
 Belly round,
 Sit at ease,
 Snatch the fees,
 Hey down, ho down,
 Derry, derry, down,
 All amongst the leaves so green, O.

SONG CXCI.

WIDDLE WADDLE.



The Prado I re-sort-ed, That brilliant place, That



brilliant place; This comely person sported, All drest



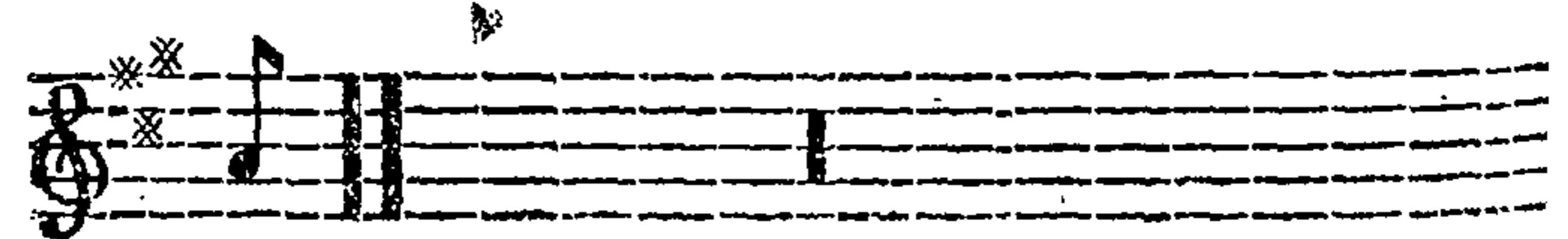
in lace, All drest in lace. 'Twas all about report-



ed, And no disgrace, And no disgrace, The ancient



maid I courted Lik'd this pretty face, This pretty

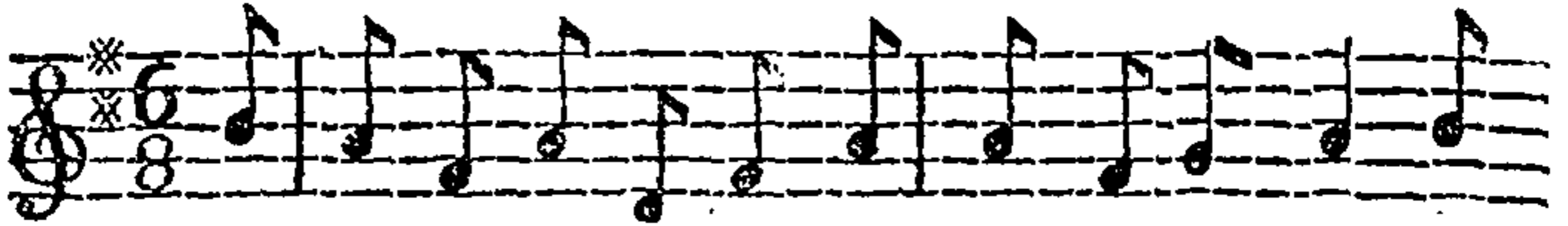


face.

When first my person blefs'd her,
Sir, what d'ye want?
Sir, what d'ye want?
And, when I'd have carefs'd her,
Indeed you shan't,
Indeed you shan't.
So cunning I address'd her,
With sigh and pant,
With sigh and pant,
That soon I kifs'd and prefs'd her,
I'm so gallant,
I'm so gallant.

My fair in wit so arch is,
I'm her dawdle,
I'm her dawdle ;
My very soul she searches,
Shakes her noddle,
Shakes her noddle ;
My heart with love she parches,
My blood does coddle,
My blood does coddle ;
And like a duck she marches,
Widdle, waddle,
Widdle, waddle.

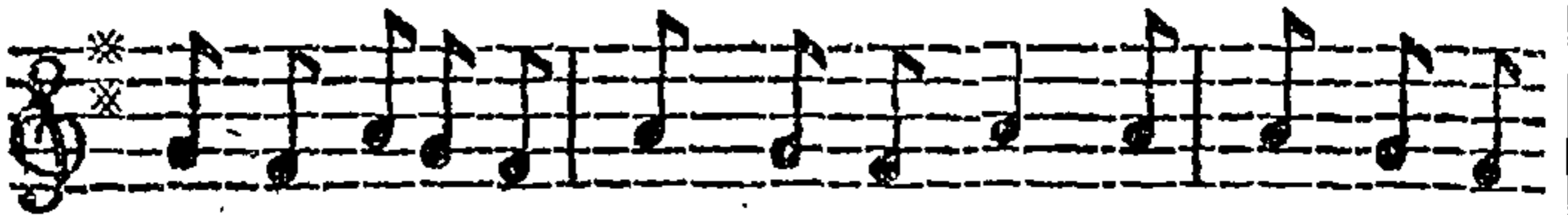
SONG CXCIH.
ROW DE DOW, DOW.



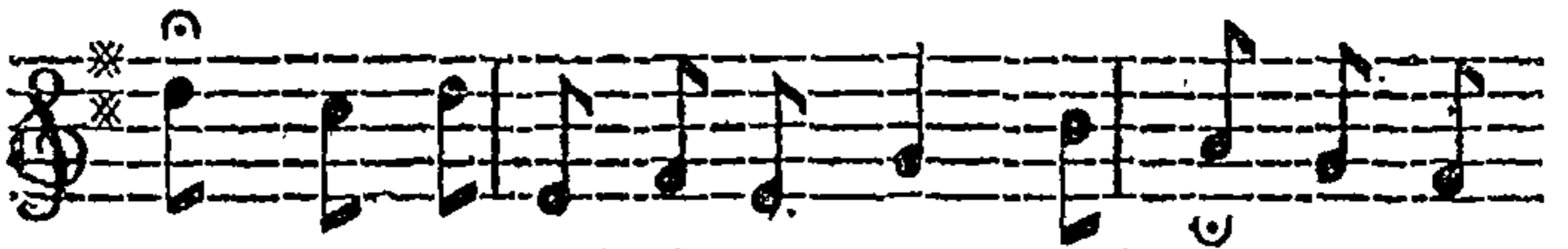
How happy the soldier who lives on his pay, And



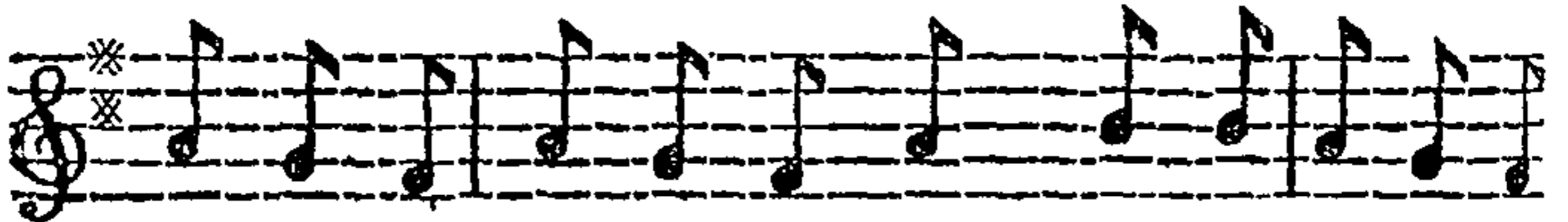
spends half a crown out of sixpence a-day ; Yet fears



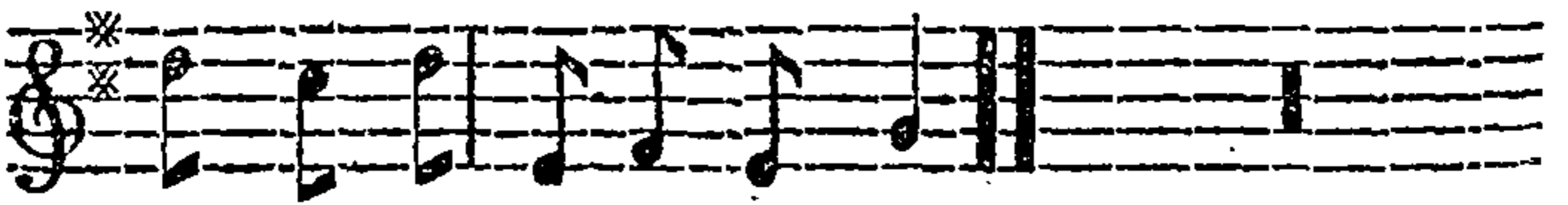
neither justices, warrants, or bums, But pays all his



debts with the roll of his drums. With row de dow,



row de dow, row de dow, dow ; And he pays all his



debts with the roll of his drums.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes ;
His king finds him quarters, and money, and clothes ;
He laughs at all sorrow whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of his drums.
With a row de dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy and delight,
 It leads him to pleasure as well as to fight;
 No girl, when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,
 But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.
 With a row de dow, &c.



SONG CXCIIL.

DREARY DUN.



A master I have, and I am his man, Galloping



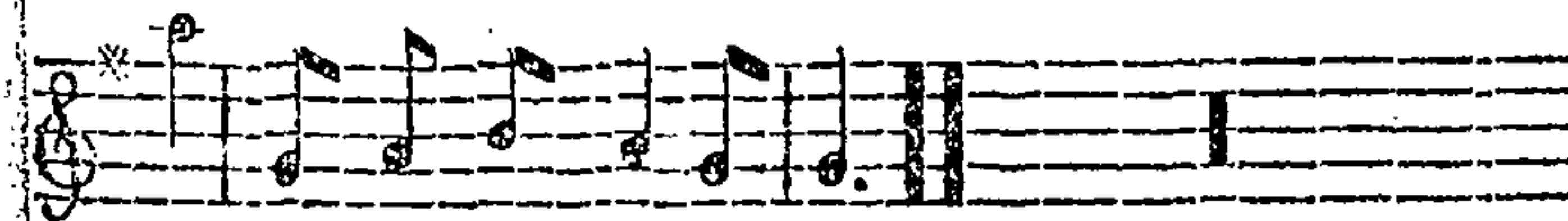
dreary dun; A master I have, and I am his man,



And he'll get a wife as fast as he can, With his baily,



gaily, gamboraily, giggling, niggling, galloping gallo-



way, draggle tail dreary dun.

I faddled his steed so fine and so gay,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 I mounted my mule and we rode away,
 With his haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
 With his haily, &c.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 By the Lord! says the friar, you're both gone astray,
 With your haily, &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 We wander alone, like the babes in the wood,
 With our haily, &c.

My master is fighting, and I'll take a peep,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 But now I think better, I'd better go sleep,
 With my haily, &c.



SONG CXCIV.

KISS THE COLD WINTER AWAY.



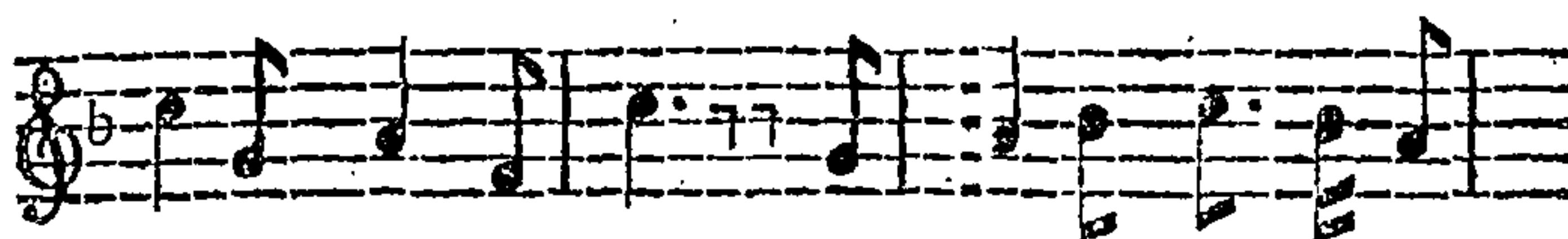
Hey for a lass and a bottle to cheer, And a thump-



ing bantling every year; Hey for a lass and a bottle



to cheer, And a thumping bantling every year. With



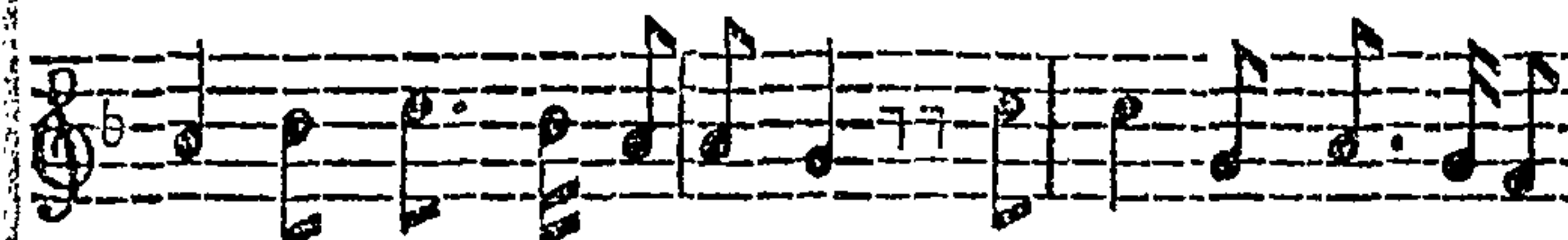
skin as white as snow, And hair as brown as a



berry; With eyes as black as a sloe, And lips as



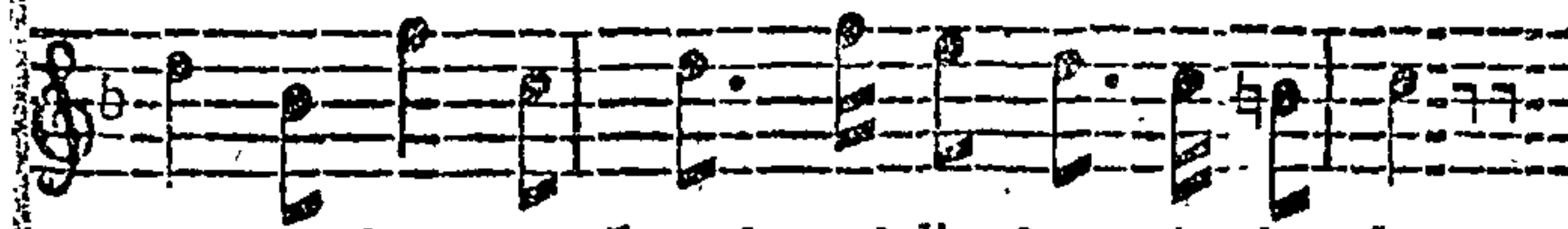
red as a cherry. With skin as white as snow, And



hair as brown as a berry; With eyes as black as a



sloe, And lips as red as a cherry. Sing rousy, tousy,



rantum, scantum, Laugh and lie down is the play:



We'll saddle together, To keep out the weather, And



kiss the cold winter away ; Kiss, kiss the cold winter



away, Kiss, kiss the cold winter away.

Laugh while you live ;
 For, as life is a jest,
 Who laughs the most
 Is sure to live best.
 When I was not so old
 I frolick'd among the misses ;
 And, when they thought me too bold,
 I stopp'd their mouths with kisses.
 Sing rory, tory, &c.

~~~~~

### SONG CXCIV.

#### LIKE MY DEAR SWAIN.



*Like my dear swain no youth you'd see, So blithe,*



*so gay, so full of glee ; In all our village, who but*



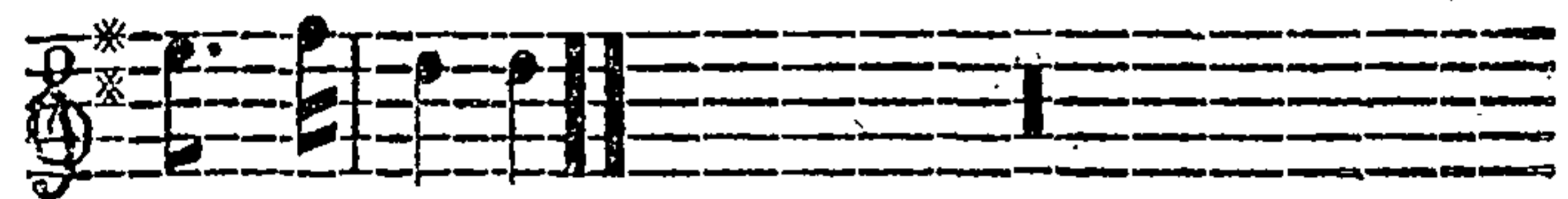
*he Could foot it up so featly? His lute to bear,*



*from far and near, Each female came, both girl and*



*dame; And all his boon for ev'ry tune, To kiss 'em*



*round so sweetly.*

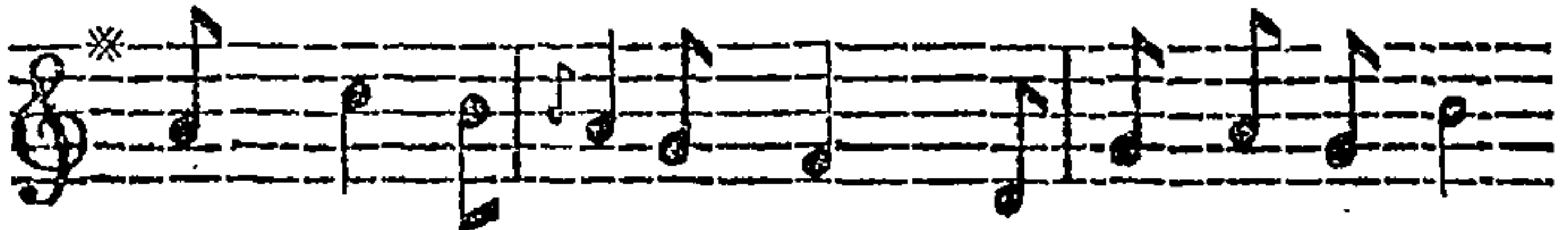
While round him, in the jocund ring,  
 I've nimbly danc'd, he'd play or sing;  
 Of May the youth was chosen king,  
 He caught our ears so neatly:  
 Such music rare in his guitar,  
 But touch his flute the' crowd was mute;  
 His only boon for ev'ry tune,  
 To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

## SONG CXCVI.

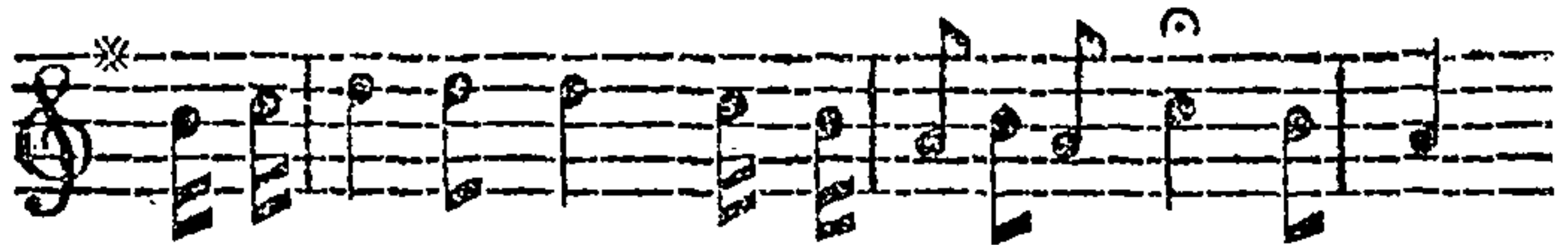
## WHEN BROTHER BOBBY.



*When brother Bobby came first to town, By all he*



*was call'd a country clown ; But now, to be sure,*



*he is alter'd quite, He can do any thing but read*



*and write : Both hyperbole and common-place, And*



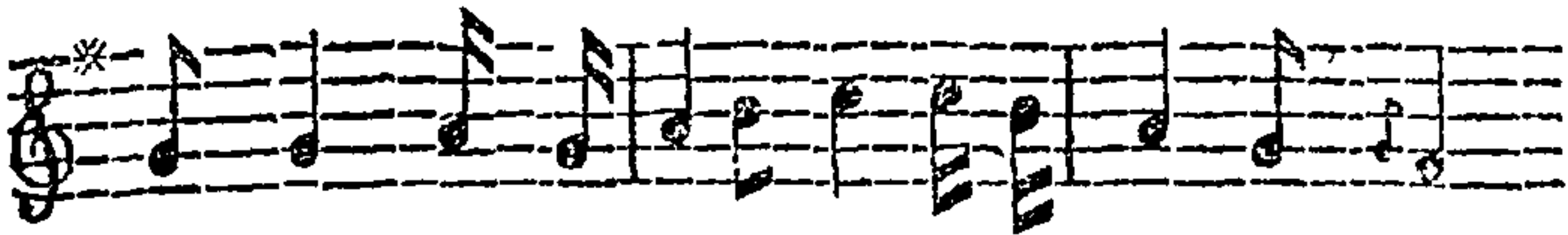
*that sort of thing he speaks with grace ; He bows and*



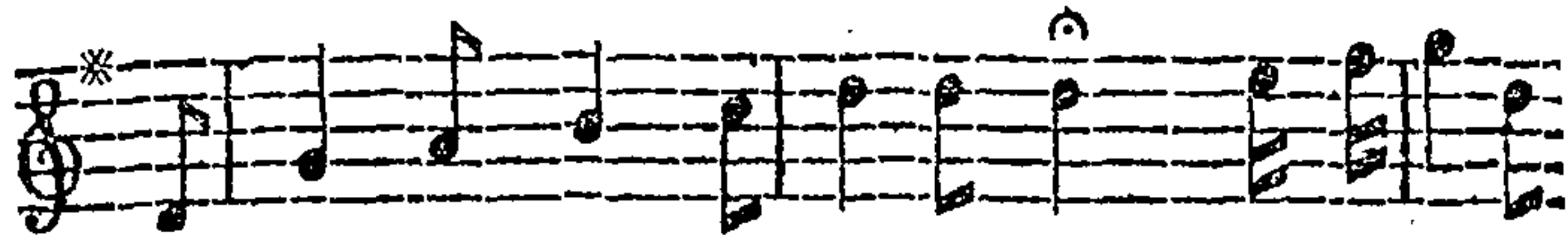
*struts with modish swing, And the ladies cry, Lord !*



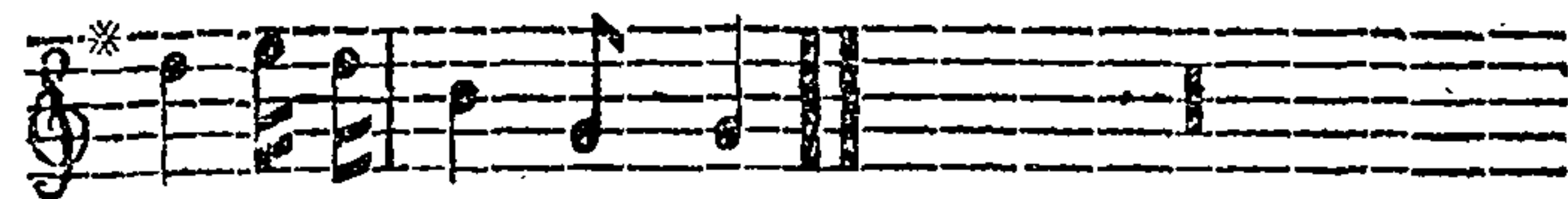
*he's quite the thing. He is neat the thing, and complete*



*the thing, And the ladies cry he is quite the thing ;*



*He bows and struts with modish swing, And the ladies*



*cry, he is quite the thing.*

Then why shou'd Bobby call me a fool,  
 When I learn'd to write at Launce'ton\* school?  
 Lord Sparkle does my learning praise,  
 And, when I dance, with rapture gaze.  
 Both hyperbole and common-place,  
 I, too, will lisp with modern grace ;  
 And all the town shall henceforth ring  
 With—Miss Pendragon is quite the thing.

She's neat the thing, and complete the thing,  
 And Miss Pendragon is quite the thing ;  
 And all the town shall henceforth ring  
 With Miss Pendragon is quite the thing.

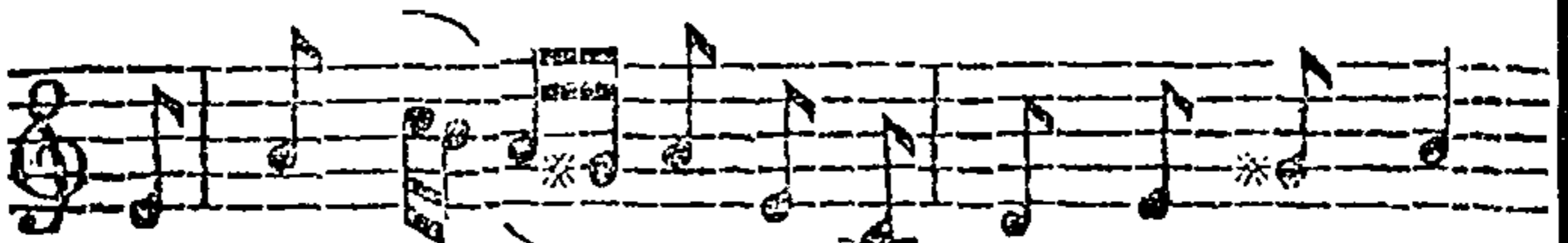
\* Launceston, a town in Cornwall.

## SONG CXCVII.

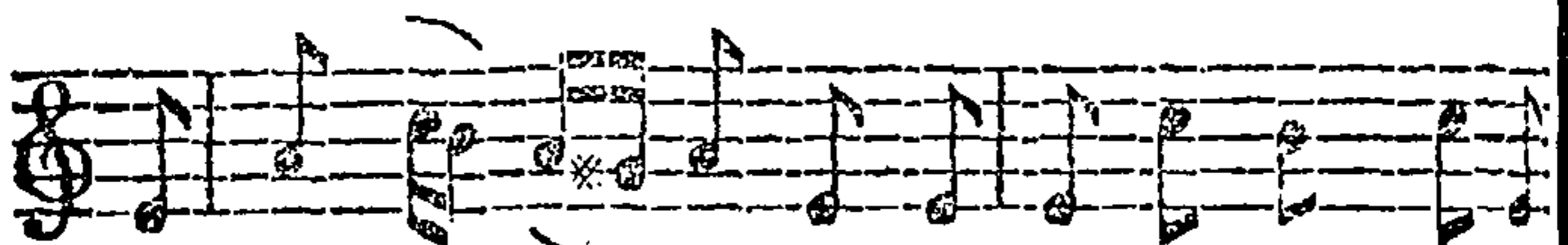
## THO' LEIXLIP IS PROUD.



*Tho' Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,*



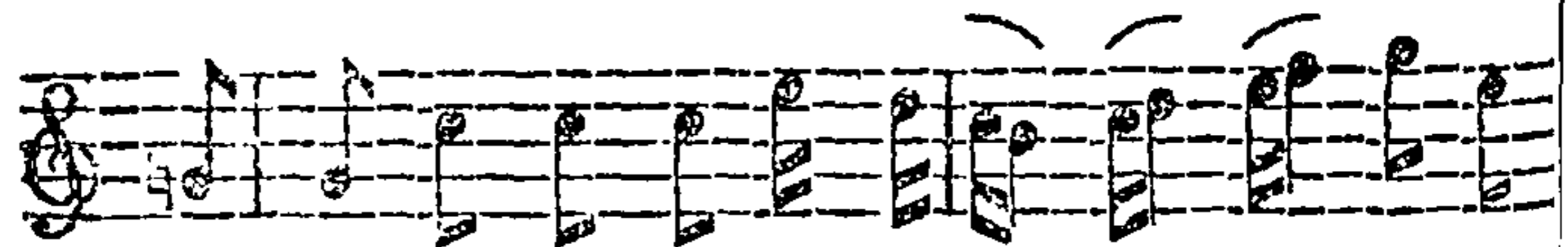
*Its clear fall-ing waters, its murm'ring cascades,*



*Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of sweet flowers,*



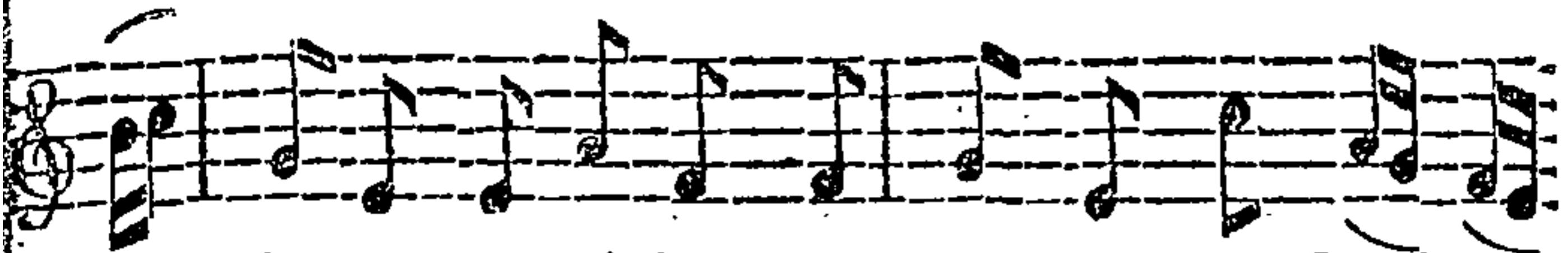
*Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty maids :*



*As each his own village will still make the most of,*



*In praise of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong,*



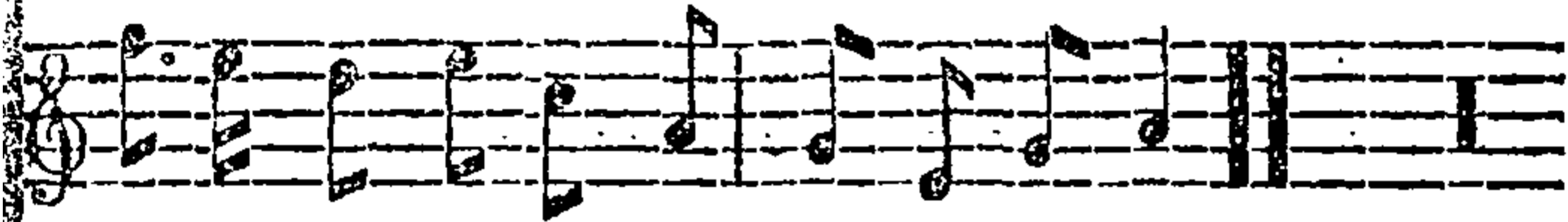
*Dear Carton, containing what kingdoms may boast of,*



*'Tis Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song. Dear*



*Carton, containing what kingdoms may boast of, 'Tis*



*Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.*

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots on,  
 Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare ;  
 Or dance at a ball, with their Sunday new suits on,  
 Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice powder'd  
 hair ;

Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean humble station,  
 For gold, or for acres, he never shall long ;  
 One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation  
 From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.



CALLIOPE : OR THE  
SONG CXCVIII.

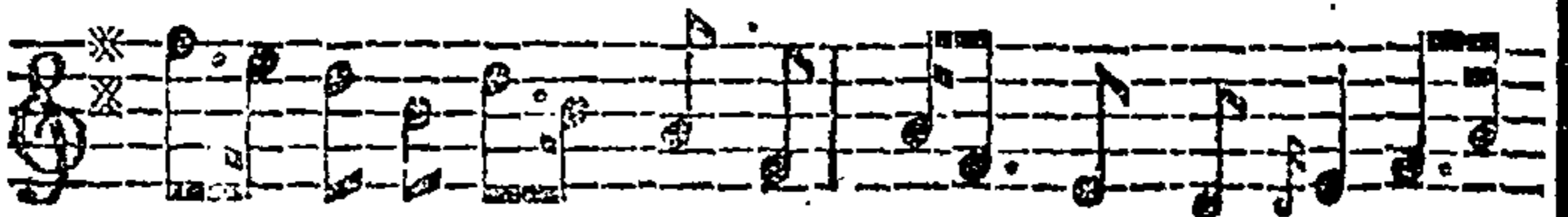
AULD ROBIN GRAY. SCOTS AIR.



*When the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky at*



*hame, And a' the world to sleep are gane, The*

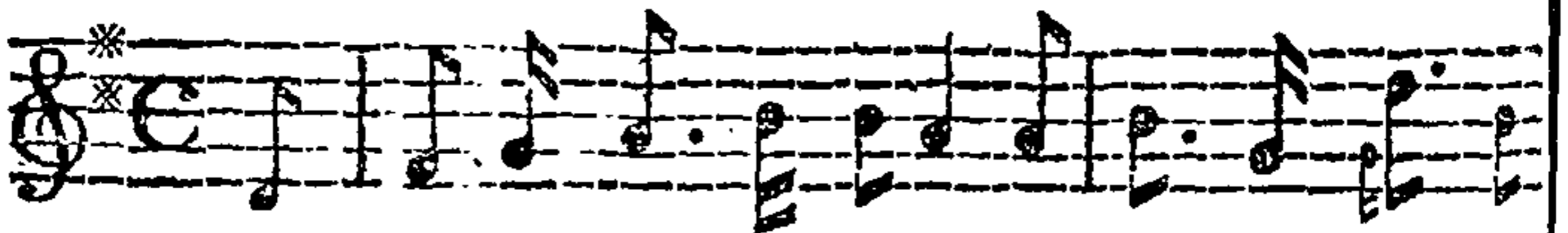


*waes o' my heart fa' in show'rs frae my e'e, When*

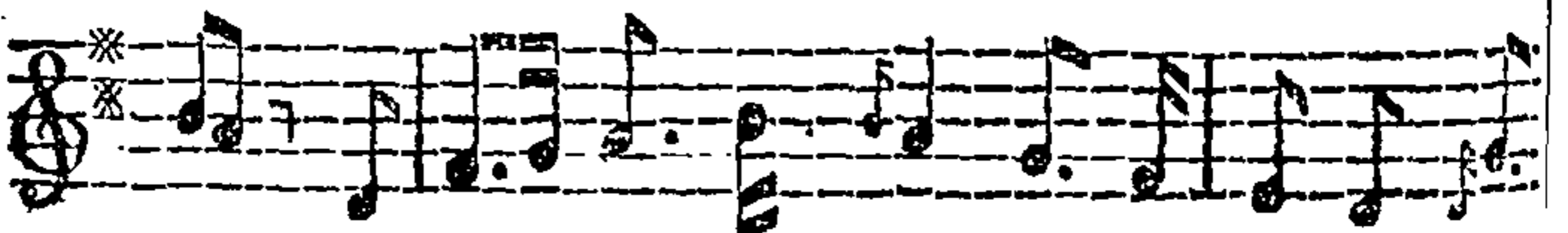


*my gudeman lies found by me.*

NEW SET OF AULD ROBIN GRAY.



*Young Jamie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for his*



*bride ; But, sa - ving a crown, he had naething else*



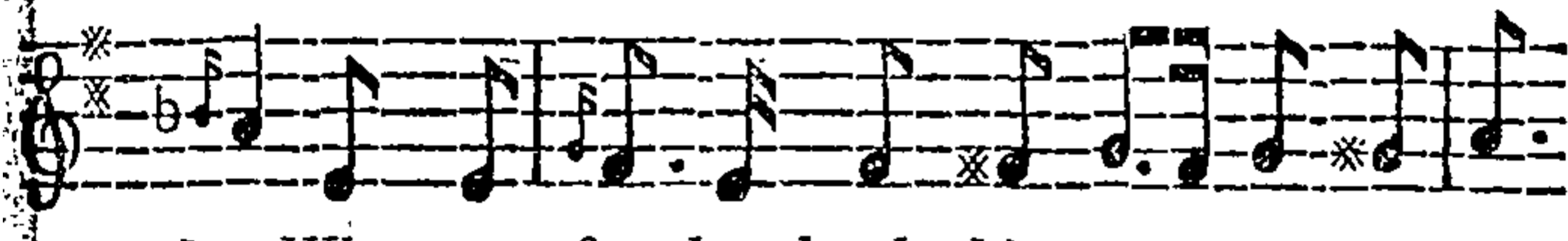
*be-side : To make the crown a pound my Jamie gae'd*



*to sea ; And the crown and the pound were baith*



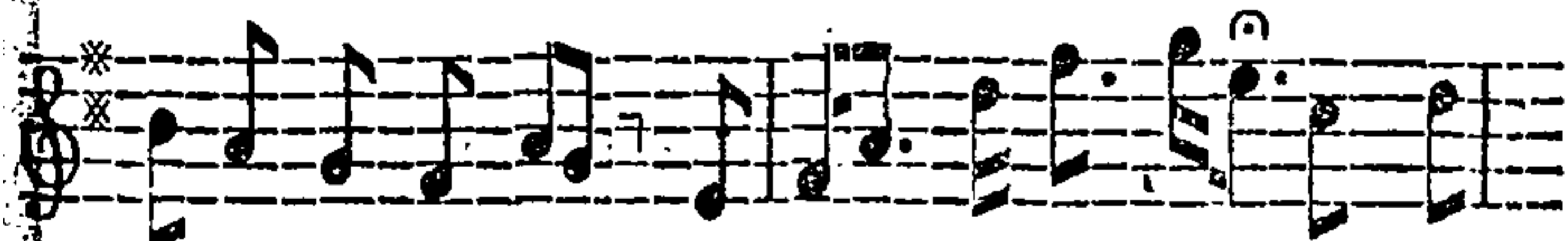
*for me. He had nae been gane but a year and a*



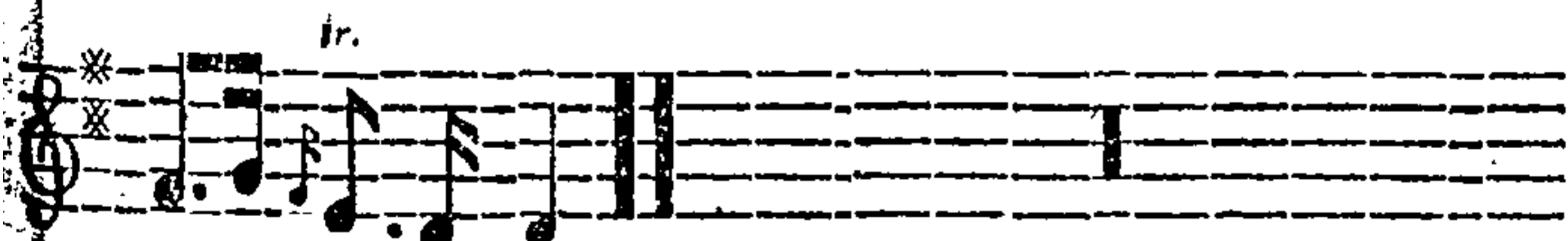
*day When my fu-ther brak his arm and our cow*



*was stoun a - way ; My mither she fell sick ; and*



*Jamie at the sea ; And auld Robin Gray came a-*



*court-ing to me.*

My father cou'dna work ; my mither cou'dna spin ;  
I toil'd day and night ; but their bread I cou'dna win :

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith ; and, wi' tears in his  
e'e,

Said, Jenny, for their fakes, O marry me !

My heart it said, Na ; and I look'd for Jamie back :  
But the wind it blew hard, and the ship it was a wrack ;  
The ship it was a wrack—why didna Jenny dee :  
O why was she spar'd to cry, Wae's me ?

My father urg'd me fair ; my mither didna speak ;  
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break :  
Sae I gae him my hand, but my heart was i' the sea ;  
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.  
I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
When, sitting sae mournfully ae night at the door,  
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he,  
'Till he said, I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

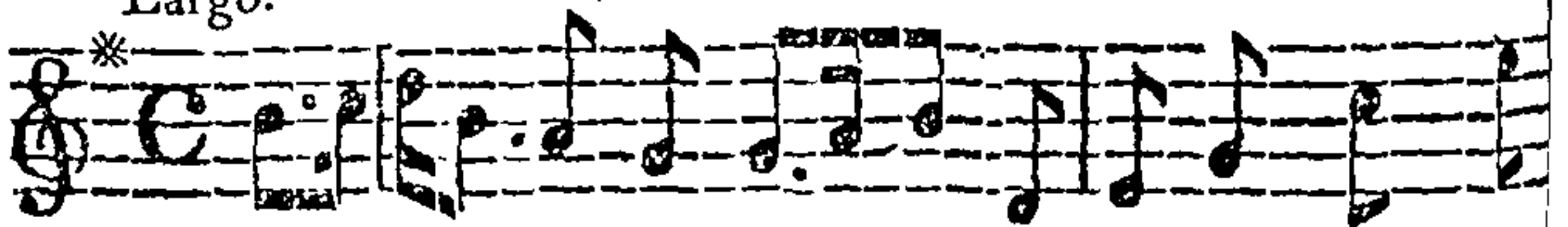
O fair did we greet, and little did we say ;  
We took but ae kifs, and we tore ourselves away.  
I wish that I were dead ; but I'm no like to dee :  
How lang shall I live to cry, O wae's me ?  
I gang like a ghaist, and I downa think to spin ;  
I darena think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin ;  
But I'll e'en do my best a gude wife to be ;  
For auld Robin Gray is ay kind to me.



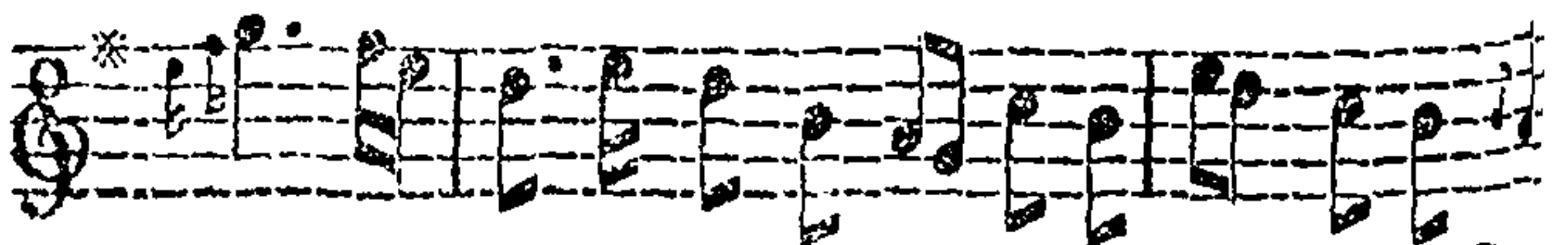
### SONG GXCIX.

#### THE DEATH OF AULD ROBIN GRAY.

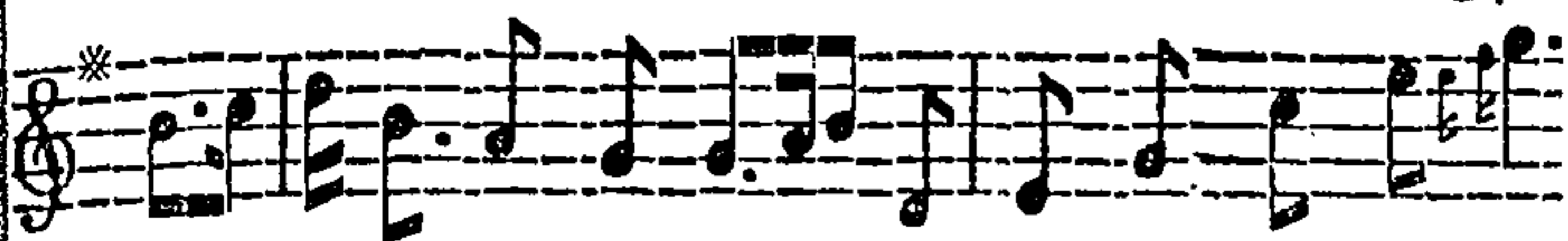
*Largo.*



*The summer was smiling, all nature round look'd*



*gay, When Jenny was attending on auld Robin Gray*



*For he was sick at heart, and had nae friend beside,*



*But only me, poor Jenny, who newly was his bride.*



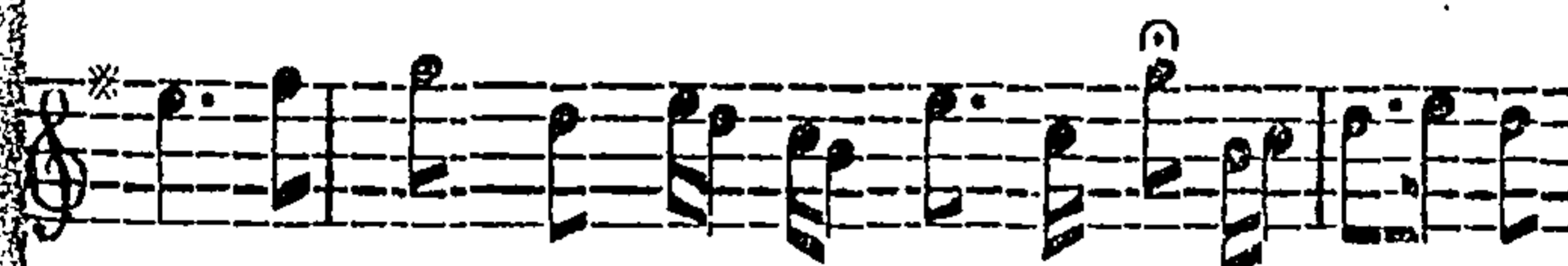
*Ah, Jenny, I shall dee, he cry'd, as sure as I had birth!*



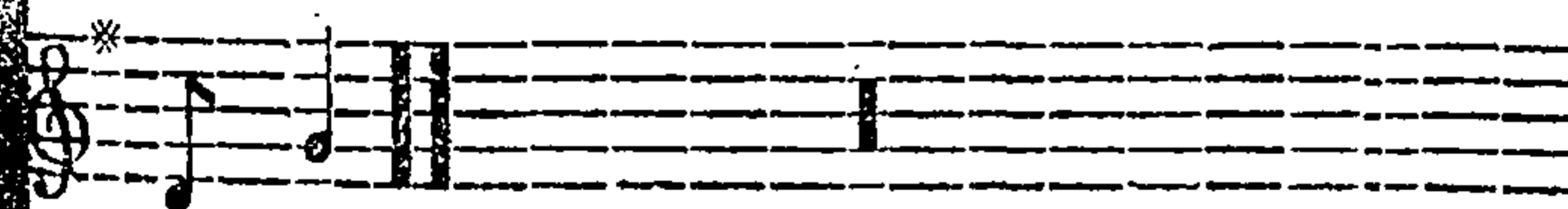
*Then see my poor auld banes, pray, laid in the earth;*



*And be a widow for my sake a twelvemonth and a*



*day, And I'll leave you whate'er belongs to auld Ro-*



*bin Gray.*

I laid poor Robin in the earth as decent as I could,  
 And shed a tear upon his grave ; for he was very good.  
 I took my rock all in my hand, and in my cot I sigh'd,  
 O wae's me ! what shall I do since poor auld Robin dy'd ?  
 Search ev'ry part throughout the land there's nane like  
     me forlorn,  
 I'm ready e'en to ban the day that ever I was born ;  
 For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth, ah ! he is gone away,  
 My father's dead, my mother's dead, and eke auld Ro-  
     bin Gray.

I rose up with the morning sun, and spun till setting day,  
 And one whole year of widowhood I mourn'd for Robin  
     Gray ;  
 I did the duty of a wife both kind and constant too ;  
 Let ev'ry one example take, and Jenny's plan pursue.  
 I thought that Jamie he was dead, or he to me was lost,  
 And all my fond and youthful love entirely was cross'd ;  
 I try'd to sing, I try'd to laugh, and pass the time away ;  
 For I had ne'er a friend alive since dy'd auld Robin Gray.

\* At length the merry bells rung round, I cou'dna guess  
     the cause ;  
 But Rodney was the man, they said, who gain'd so much  
     applause.  
 I doubted if the tale was true, till Jamie came to me  
 And show'd a purse of golden ore, and said it is for thee.  
 Auld Robin Gray, I find, is dead, and still your heart  
     is true ;  
 Then take me, Jenny, to your arms, and I will be so too :  
 Me's John shall join us at the kirk, and we'll be blithe  
     and gay,  
 I blush'd, consented, and reply'd, adieu to Robin Gray.

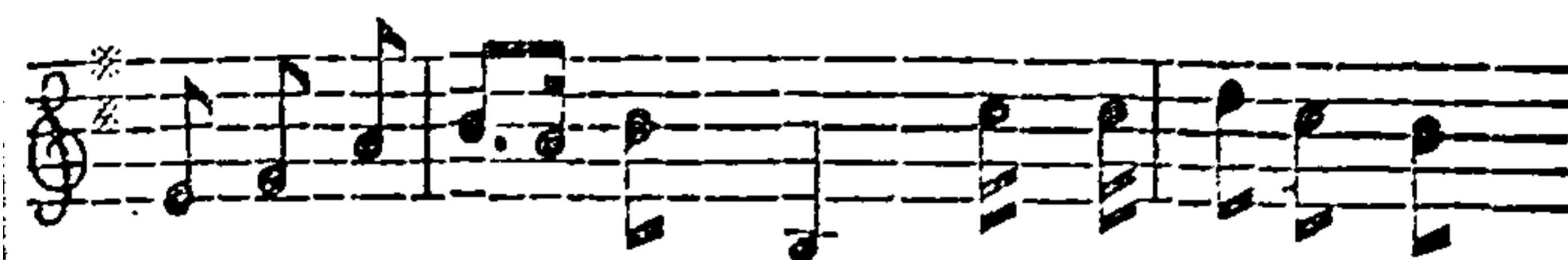
\* This verse to be sung quick.

## SONG CC.

## LOCK'D IN MY CHEST.



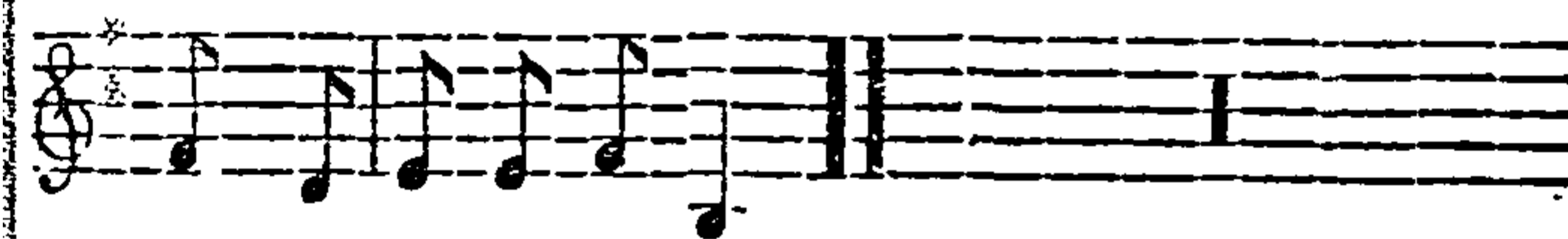
*Lock'd in my chest I've fifty pound, With four good*



*acres of meadow ground; For your bonny black*



*eye, sweet Laretta, I sigh; Marry me, my sweet lass,*



*you'll in plenty abound.*

I've two pack-horses, a jack-ass, and fow,  
 A barrow, a harrow, spade, flail, cart, and plough,  
 Ducks, turkies, geese, hens, fourteen sheep in my pens,  
 Heifer, calf, cat, and goat, and a fine milch-cow.

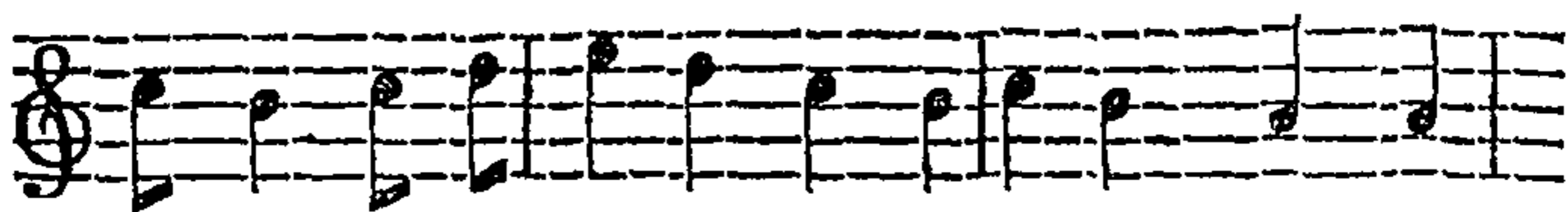
A kettle of brass, and a pot to stew,  
 A washing-tub, and a vat to brew,  
 A warming-pan bright, and a dog barks by night;  
 Say, will you marry me? and I'll marry you.

## SONG CCI.

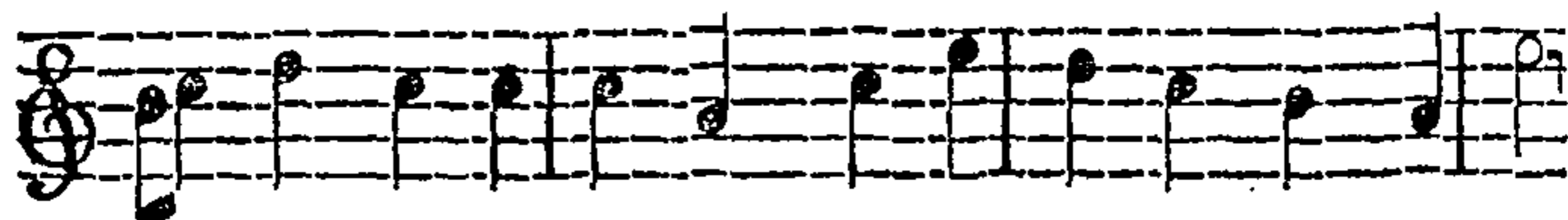
## I PREFER A FLOWING BOWL.



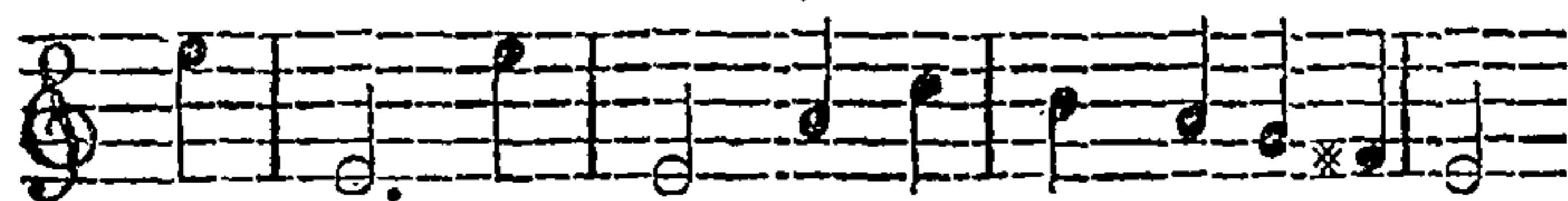
*Let the Sultan's wanton care Thousands of the sex*



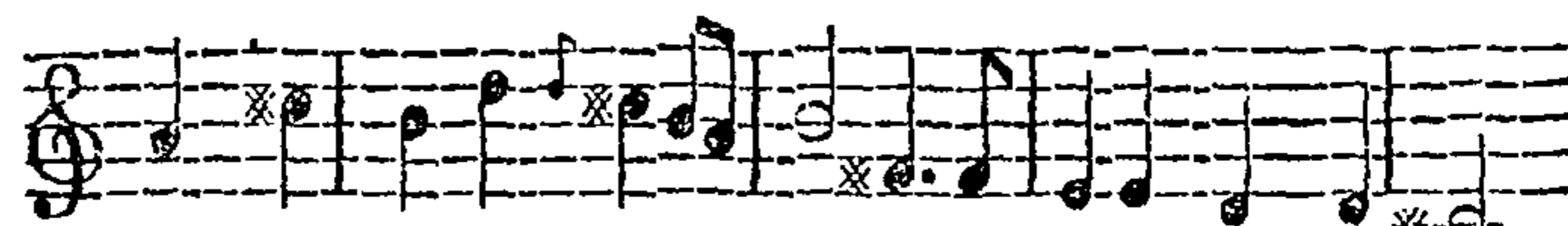
*prepare ; Gentle, pretty, frisking lasses, Young and*



*handsome as the Graces ; Let him kiss 'em one and all,*

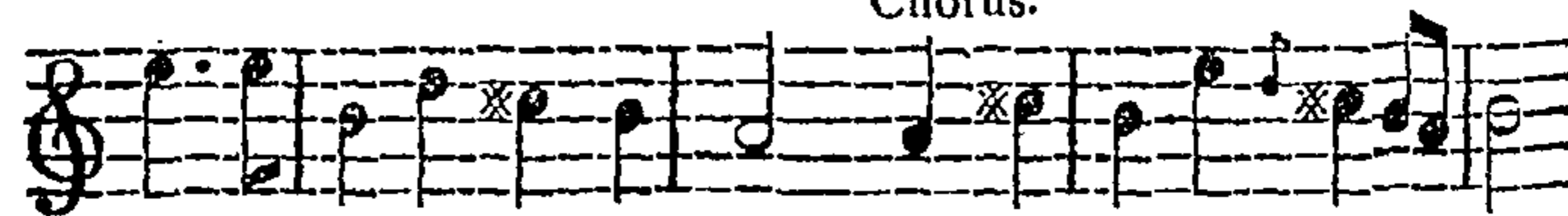


*What then ? what then ? this concerns not me at all ;*



*For, like ev'ry thirsty soul, I prefer a flowing bowl.*

## Chorus.



*I prefer a flowing bowl. For, like 'ev'ry thirsty soul,*



*I prefer a flowing bowl. I prefer a flowing bowl.*

Let the noble duke or peer  
Sell his thousand pounds a-year ;  
Let him quit his grafs and ftubble,  
He'll foon find that life's a bubble ;  
Let him rife, or let him fall,  
What then, &c.

Let the valiant foldier go  
Seeking dangers to and fro ;  
Let him, when the trumpets rattle,  
Brave the foremoft of the battle.  
Honour fears nor fword nor ball,  
What then, &c.



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CALLIOPE : OR THE

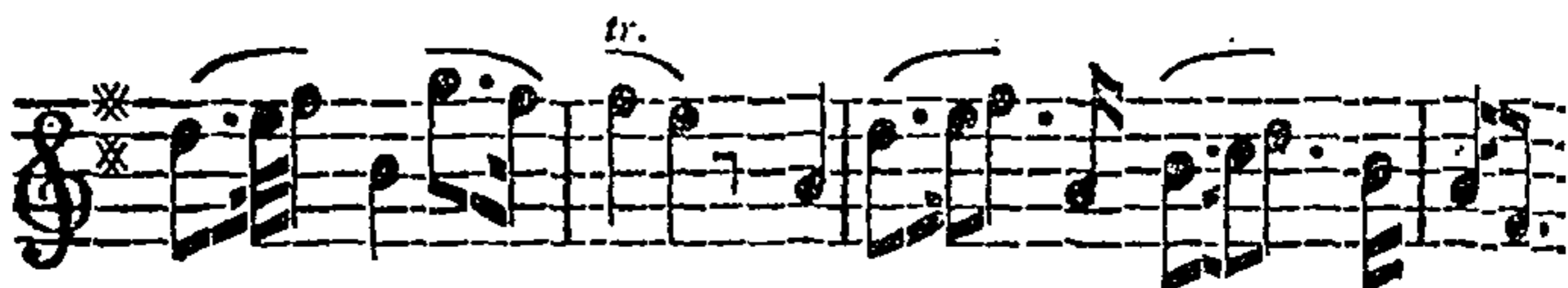
*G.H. Note lower on C*

SONG CCII.

TO THE GREENWOOD GANG WI' ME.



To speer my love, wi' glances fair, The wood-



land lad-die came ; He vow'd he wou'd be ay



sincere, And thus he spake his flame : The morn



is blithe, my bon - ny fair, As blithe as blithe can



be ; To the green wood gang, my lassie dear, To



the green wood gang wi' me. Gang wi' me,



*gang wi' me, To the green wood gang, my lassie*



*dear, To the green wood gang wi' me.*

The lad wi' love was so oppres'd  
 I wad na say him nay ;  
 My lips he kiss'd, my hand he press'd,  
 While tripping o'er the brae :  
 Dear lad, I cry'd, thou'rt trig and fair,  
 And blithe as blithe can be ;  
 To the green wood gang, my laddie dear,  
 To the green wood gang wi' me.

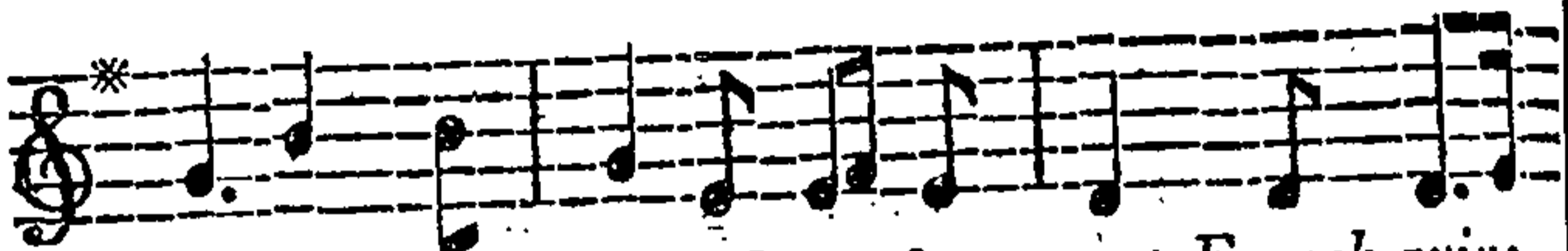
The bridal day is come to pass,  
 Sic joy was never seen ;  
 Now I am call'd the woodland lass,  
 The woodland laddie's queen :  
 I bless the morn so fresh and fair  
 I told my mind so free,  
 To the green wood gang, my laddie dear,  
 To the green wood gang wi' me.

## SONG CCIII.

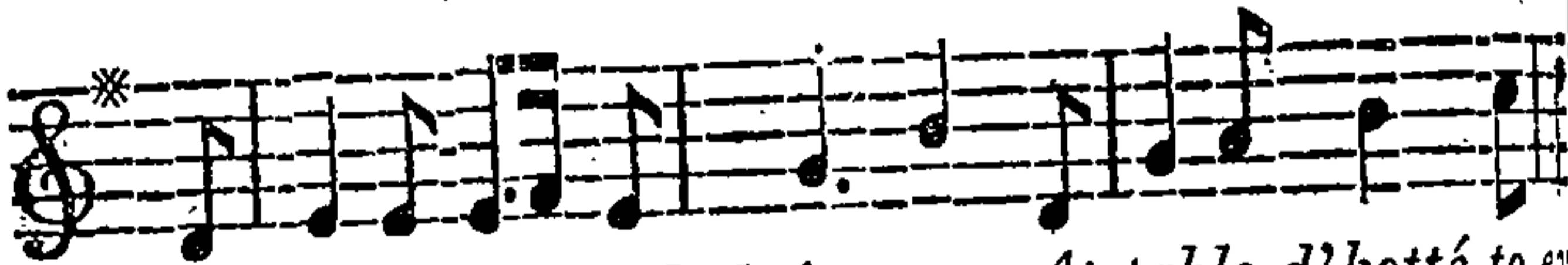
## THE BRITISH LION IS MY SIGN.



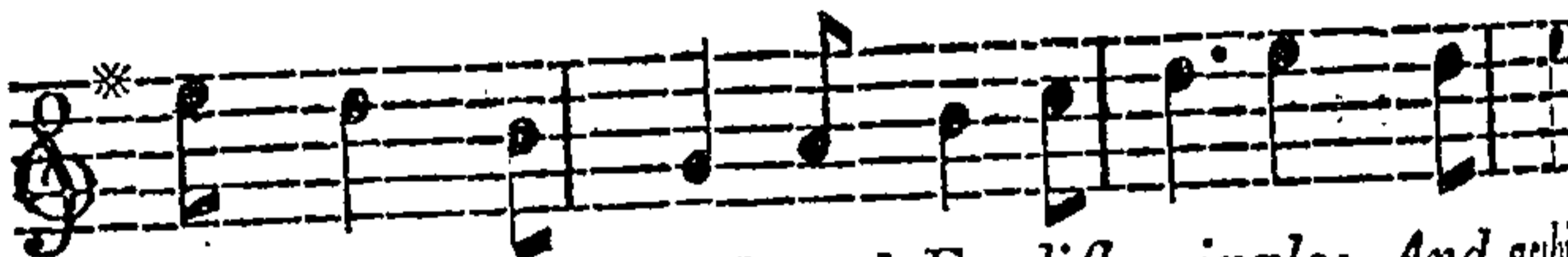
*The British li - on is my sign, A roaring trade I*



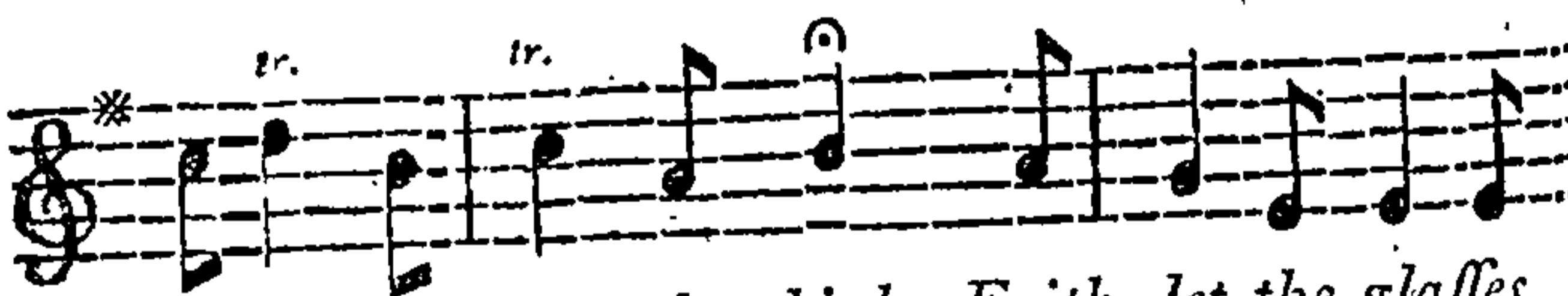
*drive on ; Right English u - sage, neat French wine,*



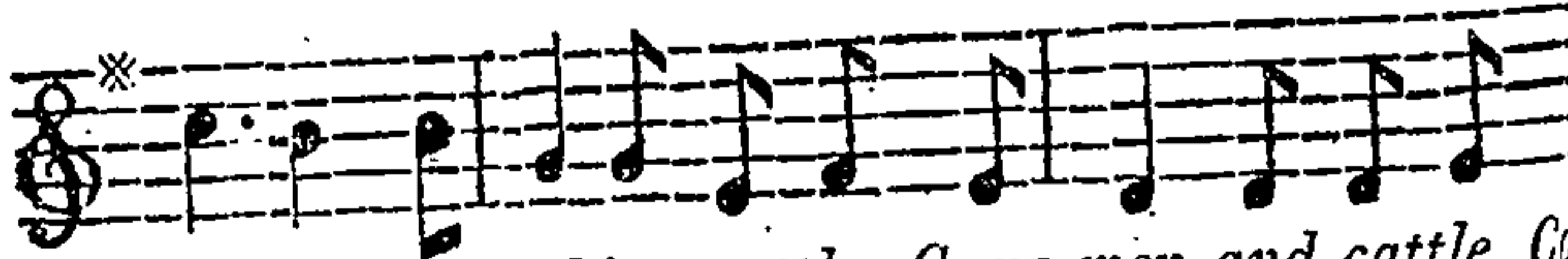
*A landla - dy must thrive on. At table d' botté to eat*



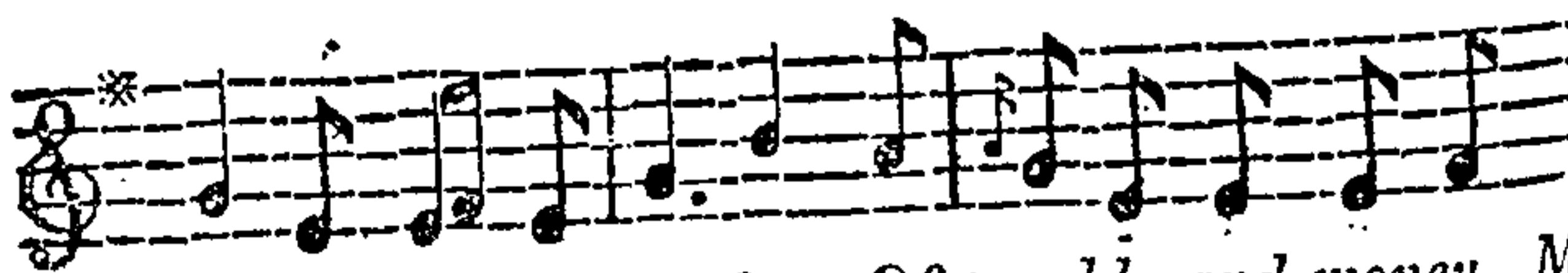
*and drink, Let French and English mingle; And while*



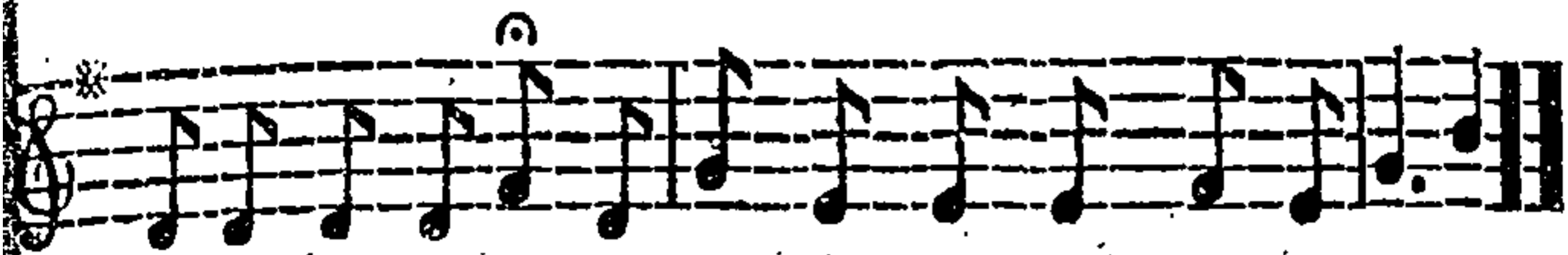
*to me they bring the chink, Faith, let the glasses*



*jingle. Your rhino rattle, Come men and cattle, Come*



*all to Mistress Casey; Of trouble and money, My*



*jewel, my honey, I warrant I'll make you all easy.*

When dress'd and seated in my bar;  
 Let squire or beau or belle come;  
 Let captains kiss me; if they dare;  
 'Tis, Sir, you're kindly welcome!  
 On shuffle, cog, and flip, I wink,  
 Let rooks and pigeons mingle;  
 And if to me they bring the chink,  
 Faith, let the glasses jingle.  
 Rhino rattle, &c.

Let love fly here on silken wings,  
 His tricks I still connive at;  
 The lover who would say soft things  
 Shall have a room in private.  
 On pleasure I am pleas'd to wink,  
 So lips in kisses mingle;  
 For while to me they bring the chink,  
 Faith, let the glasses jingle.  
 Your rhino rattle, &c.

## SONG CCIV.

## THE FROLICKSOME FELLOW.



*In London my life is a ring of delight ; In frolics*



*I keep up the day and the night ; I snooze at the*



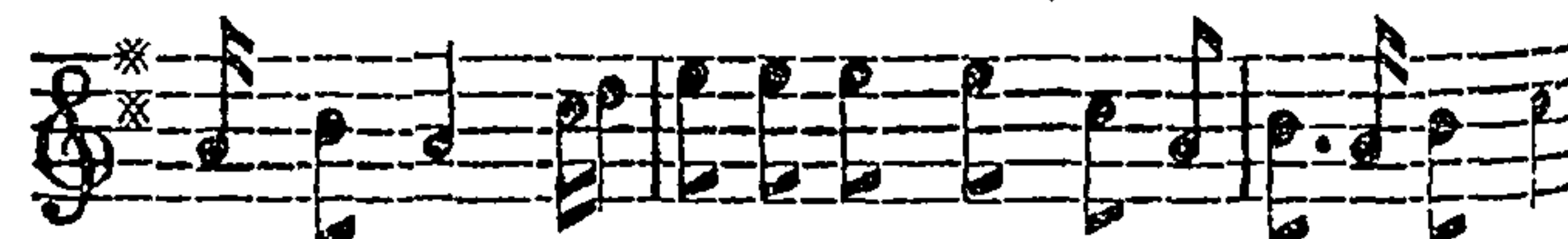
*Hummums till twelve, perhaps later ; I rattle the bell,*



*and I roar up the waiter : Your Honour, says he, an*



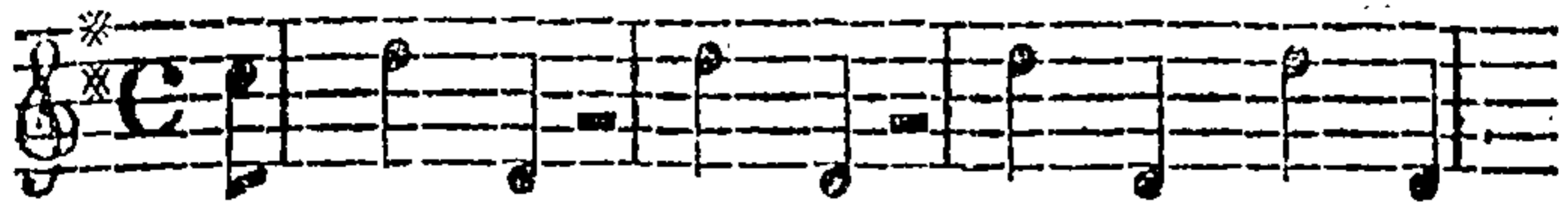
*he tips me a leg ; He brings me my tea ; but I swal*



*low an egg : For tea in a morning's a slop I renounce*



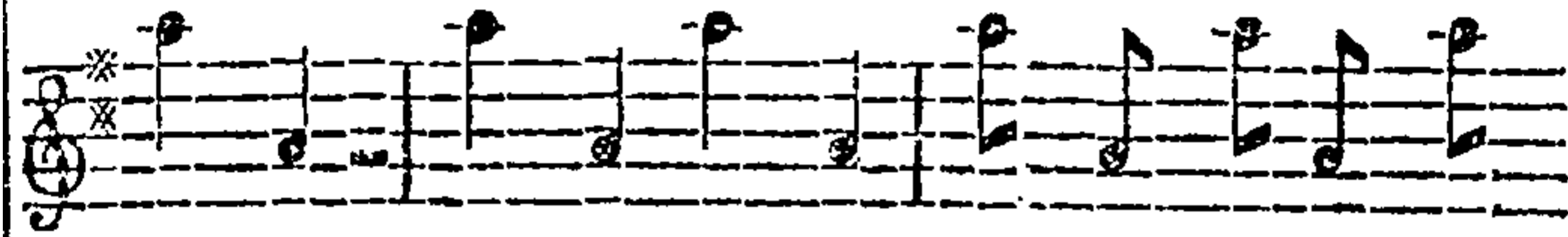
*So I down with a glass of the right cherry bounce.*



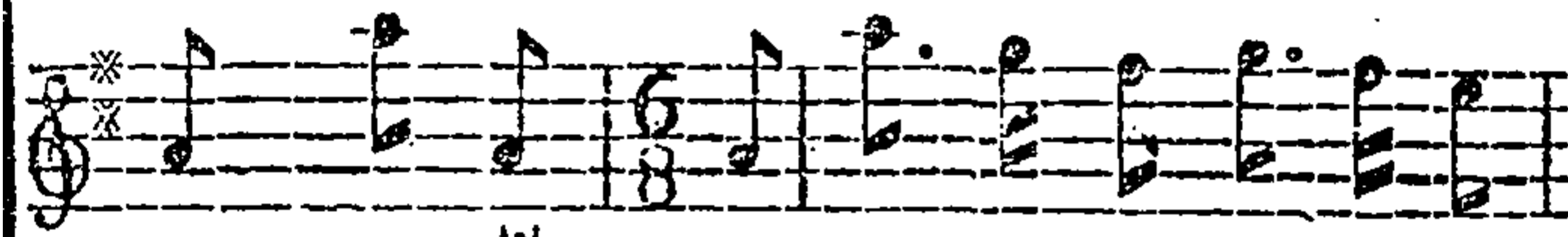
*With swearing, tearing, ranting, jaunting,*



*flashing, smashing, smacking, cracking, rumbling,*



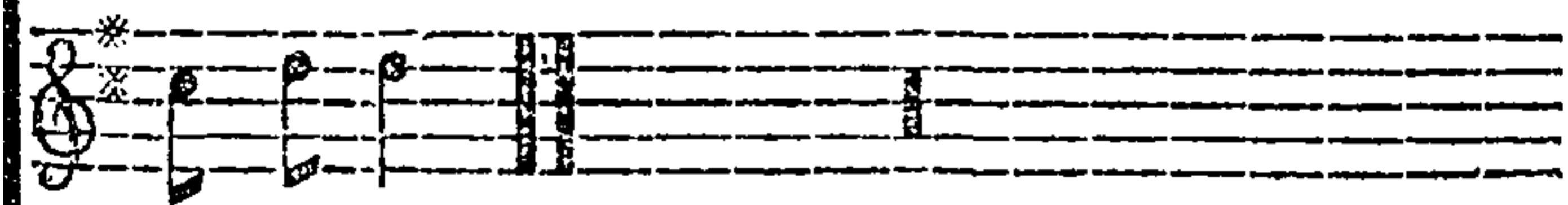
*tumbling, laughing, quaffing, smoaking, joking, swag-*



*g'ring, stagg'ring: So thoughtless, so knowing, so*



*green, and so mellow; This, this is the life of a frolick-*



*some fellowe.*

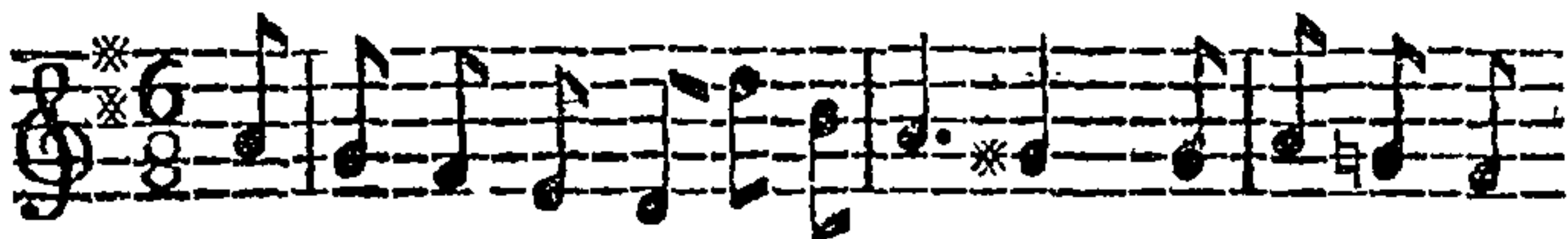
My phacton I mount, and the plebs they all stare;  
 I handle my reins, and my elbows I square;  
 My ponies so plump and as white as a lilly,  
 Through Pall-Mall I spank it, and up Piccadilly;  
 Till, losing a wheel, egad! down come I smack,  
 So at Knightsbridge I throw myself into a hack;  
 At Tatterfal's fling a leg over my nag;  
 Thus visit for dinner, then drefs in a bag.  
 With swearing, &c.

I roll round the garden, and call at the Rose ;  
 And then at both playhouses pop in my nose :  
 I lounge in the lobby, laugh, swear, slide, and swagger ;  
 Talk loud, take my money, and out again stagger :  
 I meet at the Shakespear a good-natur'd soul ;  
 Then down to our club at St James's I roll :  
 The joys of the night are a thousand at play ;  
 And thus at the finish begin the next day :  
 With swearing, &c.



## SONG CCV.

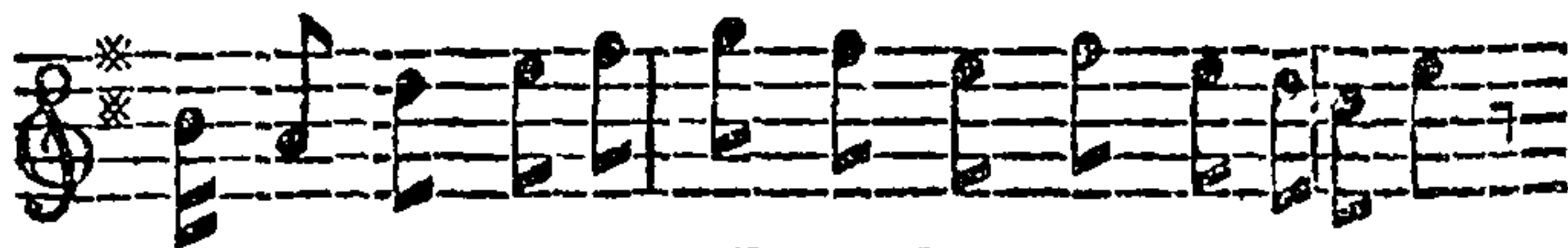
## NO HURRY I'M IN TO BE MARRY'D.



*No hurry I'm in to be marry'd : But if it's the*



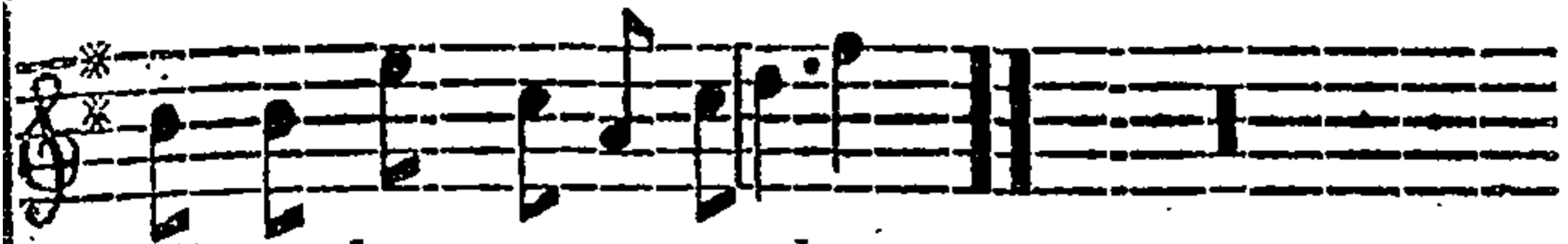
*will of my brother, I'd much rather stay ; But, since*



*in the way, I as well may have you as another.*



*I'd much rather stay ; Yet, since in the way, I as*



*well may have you as another.*

A strange custom this to be marry'd,  
Tho' follow'd by father and mother,  
The grave and the gay ;  
But, since in the way,  
I as well may have you as another.

A prude, tho' she long to be marry'd,  
Endeavours her wishes to smother.  
I'd give you her nay ;  
But, since in the way,  
I as well may have you as another.



## SONG CCVI.

## KILKENNY IS A HANDSOME PLACE.

*Kil-ken - ny is a handsome place As a - ny town*

*in Shamrockshire ; There first I saw my Femmy's face,*

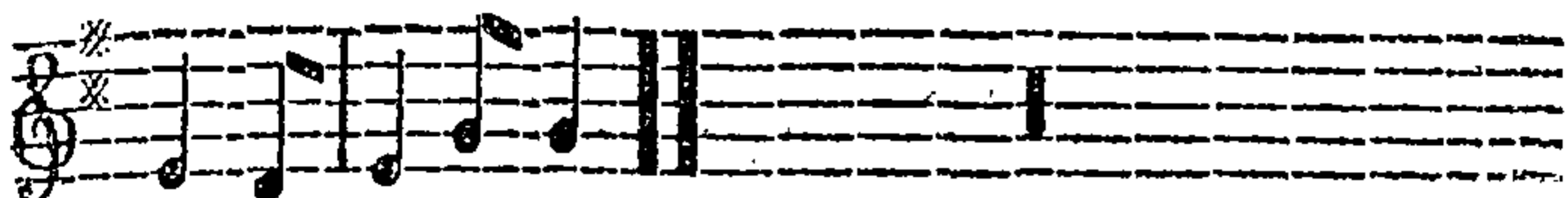
*There Femmy first beheld his dear. My love be*

*was a bashful boy, And I a simple girl to see ;*

Allegro.

*Yet I was Femmy's only joy, And Femmy was the*

*lad for me. Yet I was Femmy's only joy, And Femmy*



*was the lad for me.*

But Dublin city bore the bell,  
 In streets, and squares, and houses fine ;  
 Oh, here young Dick his love cou'd tell,  
 And there I told young Dicky mine :  
 For Dick he was a roving blade,  
 And I was hearty, bold, and free ;  
 He lov'd, and I his love repaid ;  
 Then Dicky was the lad for me.

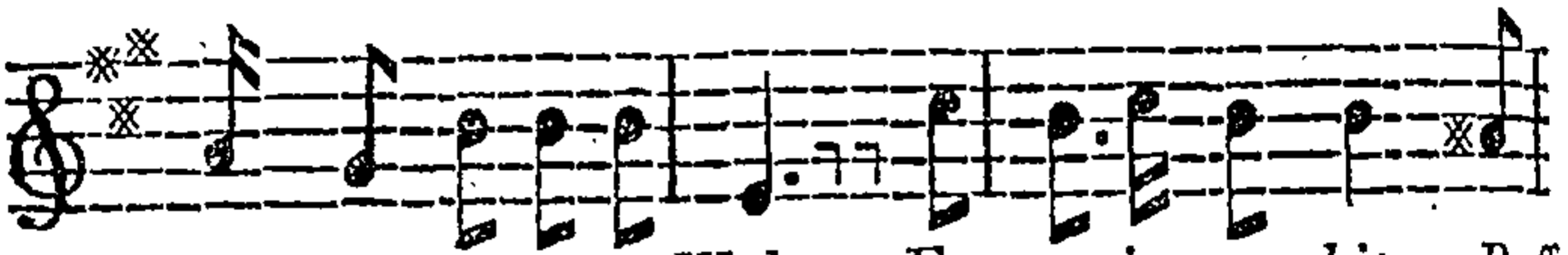
When Dover strand my happy lot,  
 And William there my love did crown,  
 Young Dick and Jemmy I forgot,  
 Kilkenny fair, and Dublin town :  
 For William was a gentle youth,  
 Too bashful nor too bold was he ;  
 He said he lov'd, and told me truth,  
 And William was the lad for me.

## SONG CCVII.

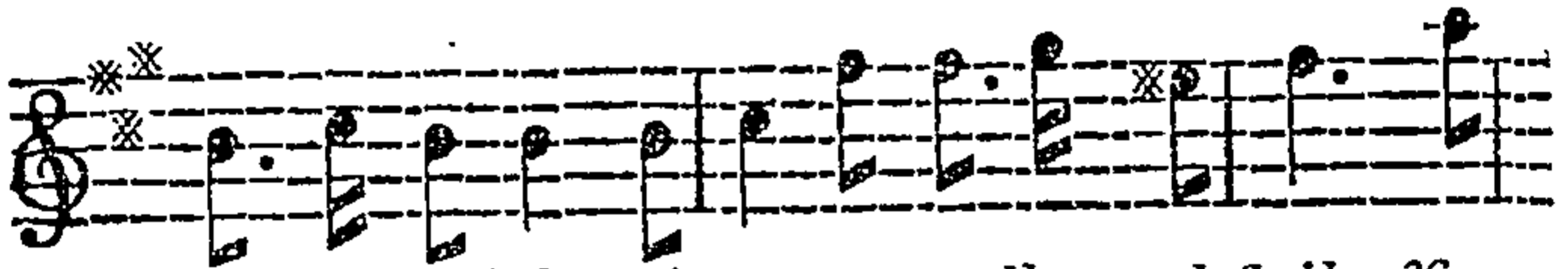
TOL, LOL, DE ROL, LOL.



*Tol, lol, de rol, lol, My tolly, my tol, With me*



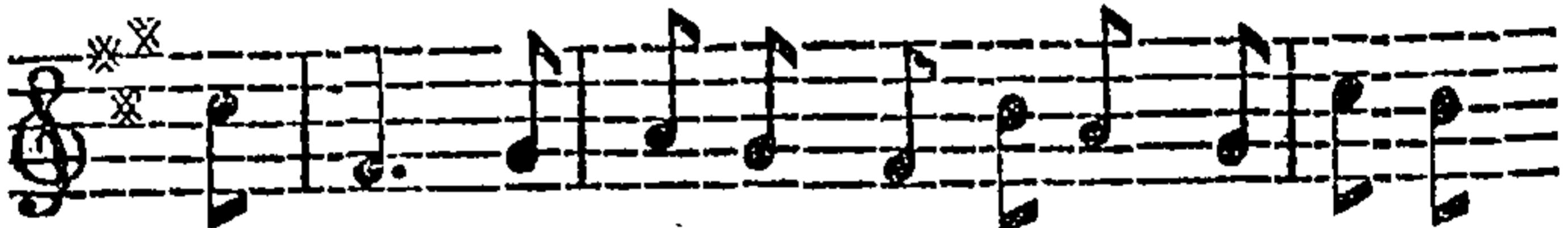
*when you canter to Wales : For petticoat white, Buff*



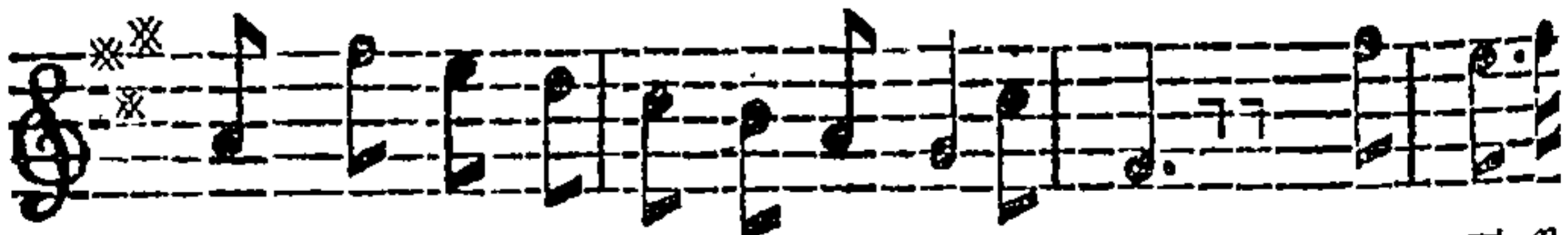
*breeches so tight, Away go needles and flails. Young*



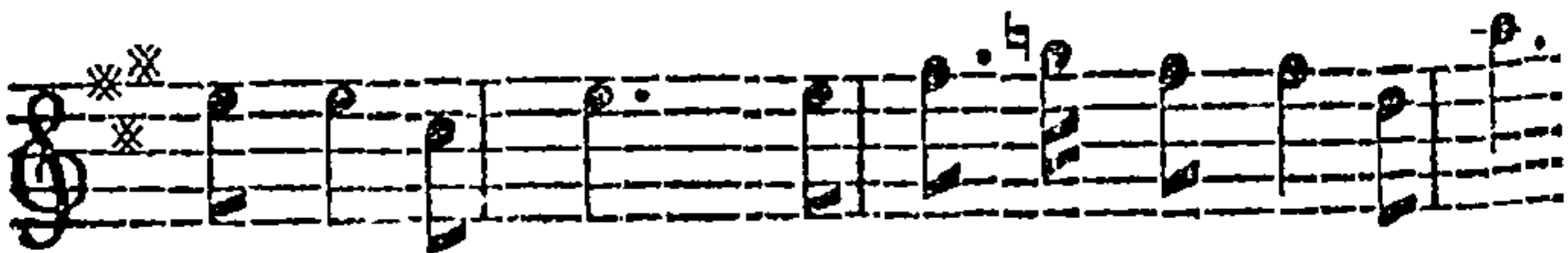
*Taffy throws by hur wheels ; Then Winney kicks up*



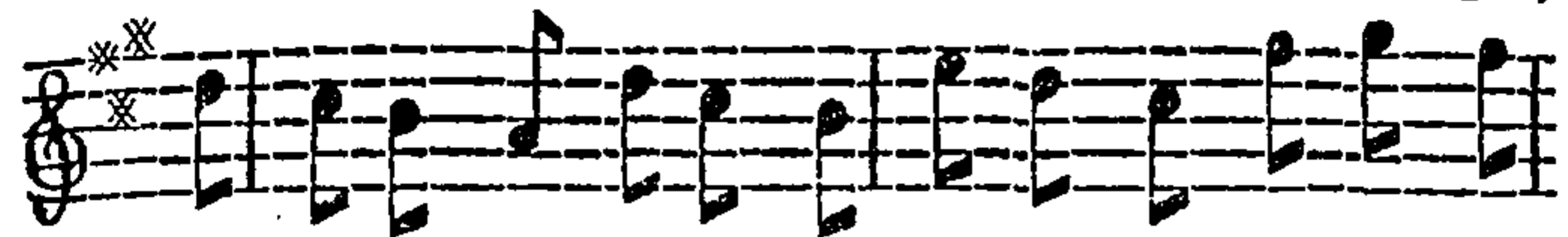
*her heels ; With follow, and halloo, and waddle,*



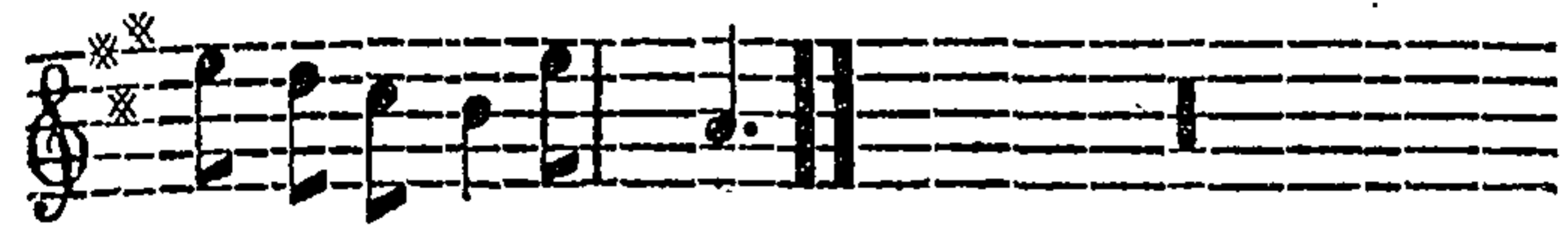
*and straddle, So merry to see us come. Young Taffy*



*throws by hur wheels ; Then Winney kicks up her heels ;*



*With fiddle, and diddle, and giggle, and niggles, They*



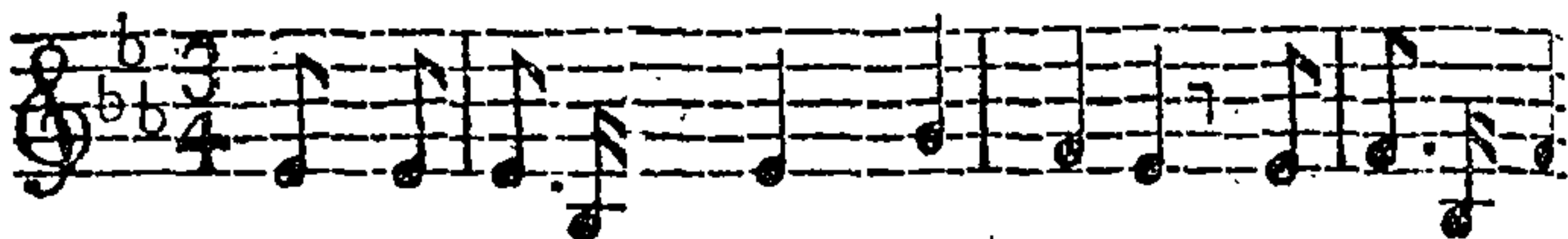
*give us a welcome home.*

The joy so great,  
 So noble we treat,  
 An oxen is roasted whole !  
 And tho' on the lawn  
 The spigot is drawn  
 For punch, you may swim in the bowl.  
 We give the ladies a ball,  
 We foot it away in the hall,  
 With follow, &c.

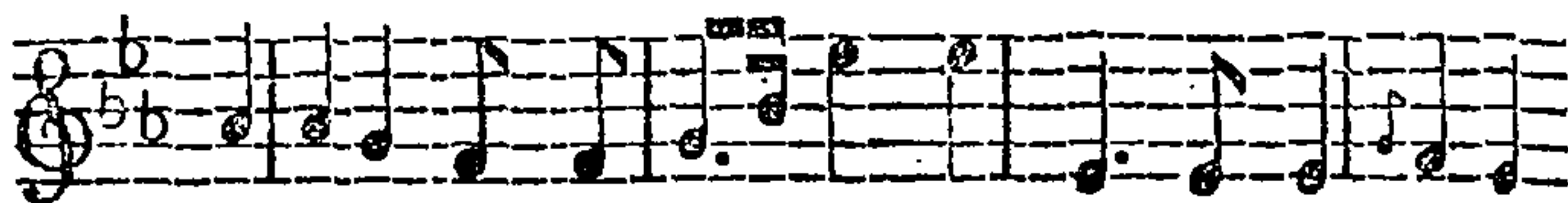
Miss Howel so nice,  
 And Lady ap Rice,  
 And cousin Sir Evan ap Lloyd ;  
 Parson Montgomery,  
 Counsellor Flummery,  
 Ap Morgan, ap Williams, ap Floyd ;  
 O, when the stocking is thrown,  
 And lovee and I alone,  
 Then follow, &c.

## SONG CCVIII.

## THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.



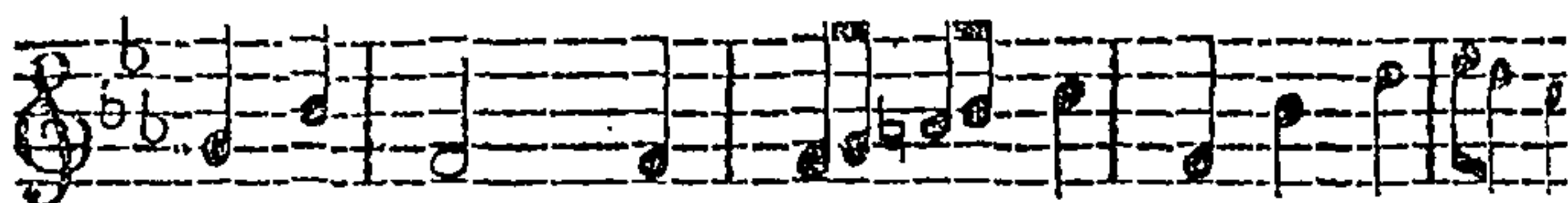
*See the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are*



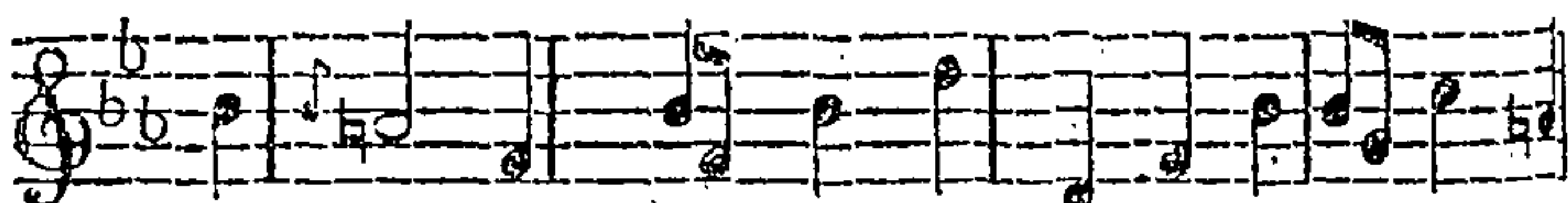
*begun ; The con - fu - sion, but hear, I bet you, Sir!*



*Done ! done ! Ten thousand strange murmurs resound*



*far and near, Lords, hawkers, and jockies, assail the*



*tir'd ear ; Lords, hawkers, and jockies, assail the tir'd*



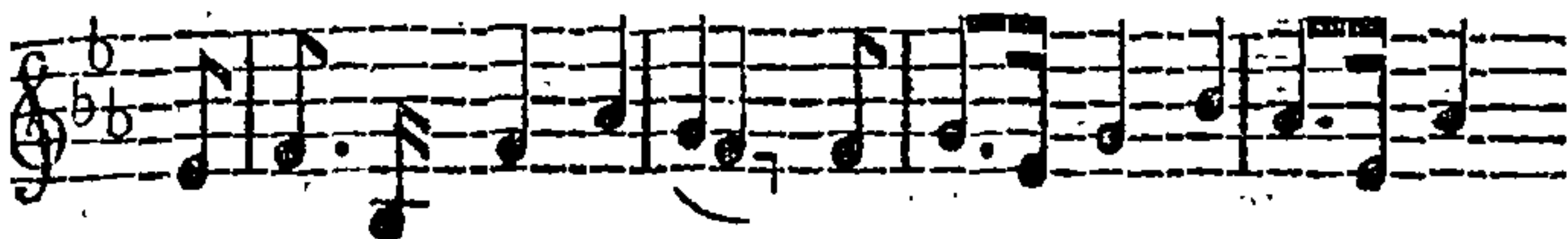
*ear. While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting*



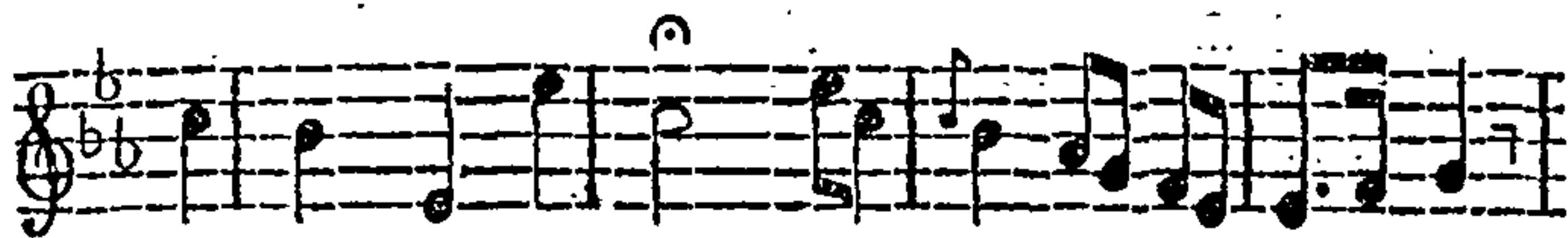
*his crest, Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head*



*touching his breast ; Scarcely snuff - ing the air, he's*



*so proud and e - late, The high-mettled ra - cer*



*first starts for the plate ; The high-mettled ra - cer,*



*The high-mettled racer, first starts for the plate.*

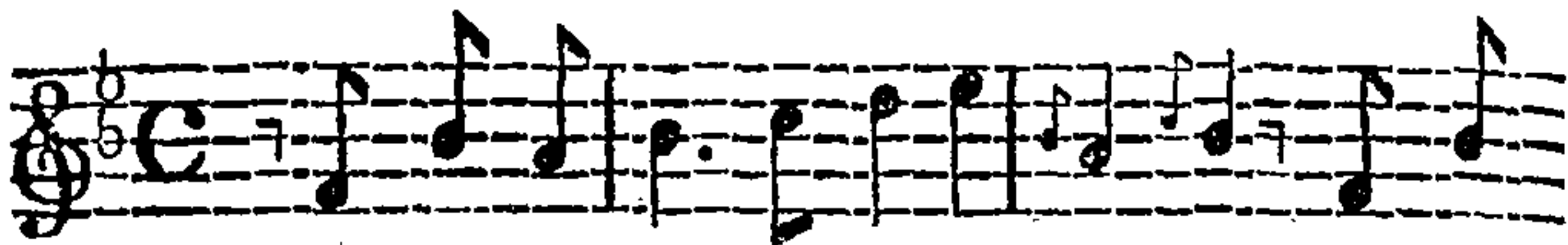
Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,  
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd ; but yet with some  
blood :

While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,  
Tell his dam won this sweep, his fire that race ;  
And what matches he won to the hostlers count o'er,  
As they loiter their time at some hedge alehouse door :  
While the harness fore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,  
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,  
Bow'd down by degrees he bends on to his fate ;  
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,  
Or draws sand till the sand of his hour-glass stands still :  
And now cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view  
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew ;  
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,  
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

## SONG CCIX.

JACK RATLIN WAS THE ABLEST SEAMAN.



*Jack Ratlin was the ablest seaman, None like*



*him could hand, reef, and steer : No dang'rous toil*



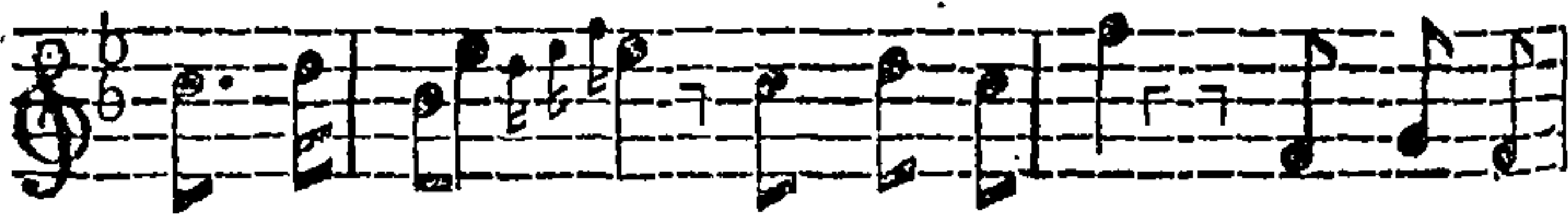
*but he'd encounter with skill and in contempt of*



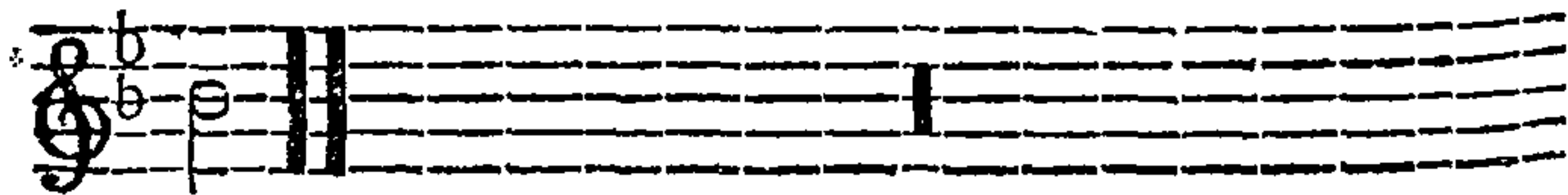
*fear. In fight a li-on; the battle end-ed, Meek as*



*the bleating lamb he'd prove : Thus Jack had manners,*



*courage, me - - rit, Yet did he figh, and all for*



*love.*

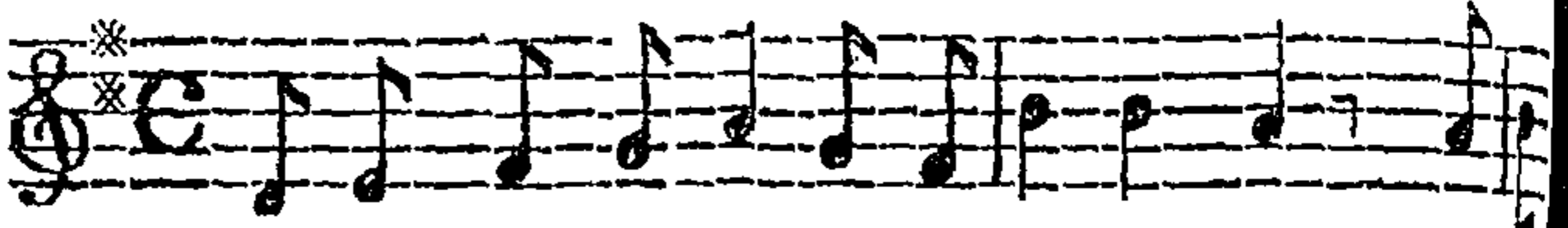
The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,  
For none of these had Jack's regard :  
He, while his messmates were carousing,  
High sitting on the pendant yard,  
Wou'd think upon his fair one's beauties,  
Swore never from such charms to rove ;  
That truly he'd adore them living,  
And dying sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded  
Once more to view their native land,  
Amongst the rest, brought Jack some tidings,  
Wou'd it had been his love's fair hand !  
Oh fate ! her death defac'd the letter ;  
Instant his pulse forgot to move ;  
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,  
He heav'd a sigh—and dy'd for love.

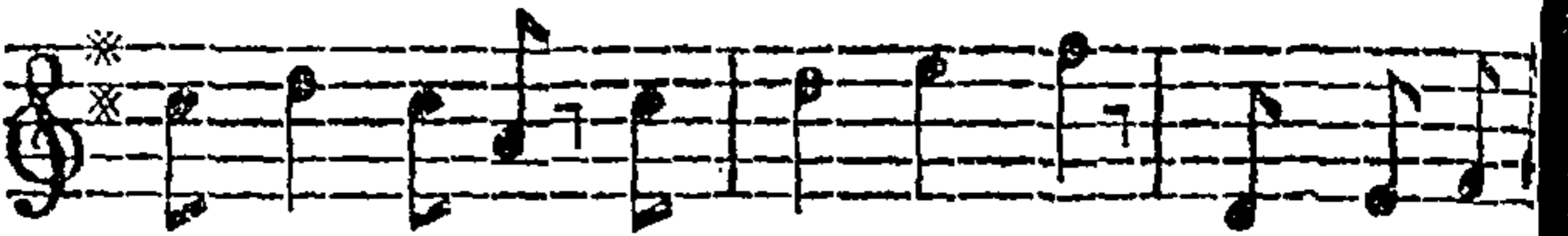


## SONG CCX.

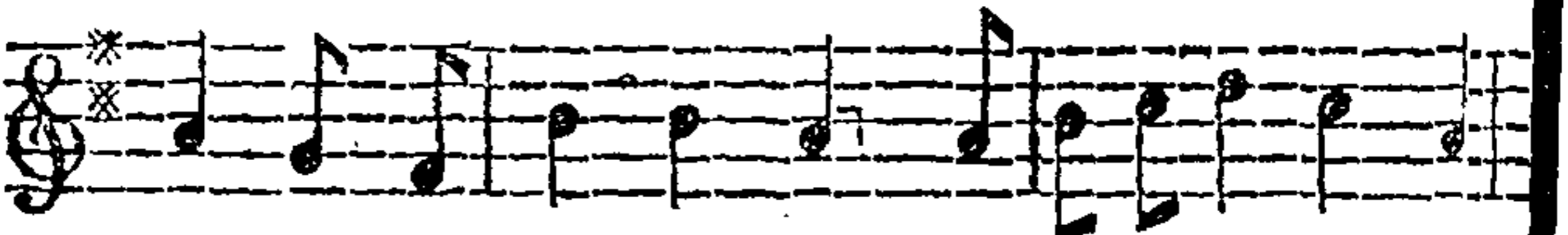
## TWIGGLE AND A FRIZ.



*London town is just like a barber's shop ; But, by*



*the Lord Harry, 'tis wond'rous big ! There the painter*



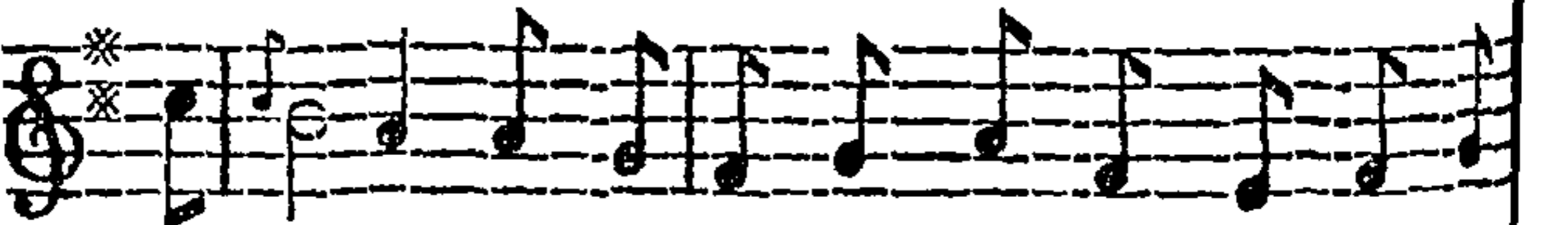
*doll, and the powder'd fop, And many a blockhead*



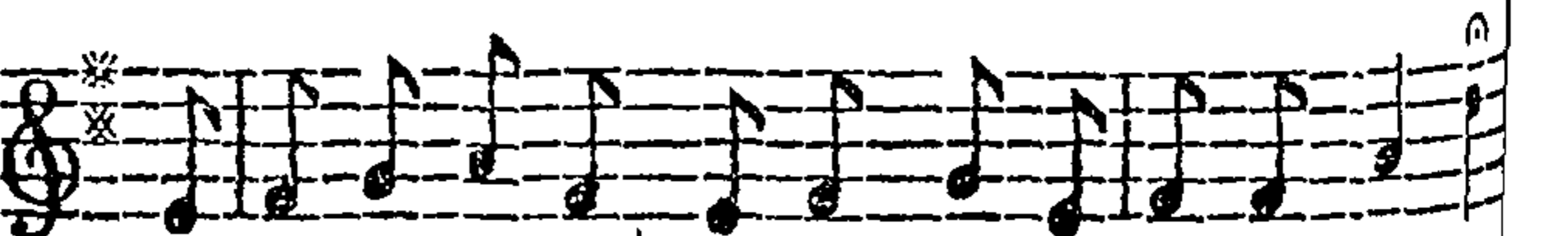
*wears a wig. And I tickled each phiz With a twig*



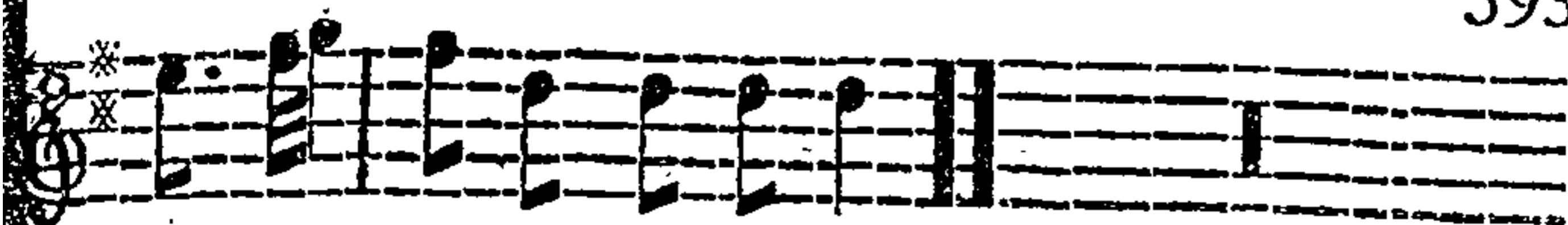
*gle and a friz ; With a twiggle, twiggle, twiggle, and*



*a frizzle, With a twiggle, twiggle, twiggle, And*



*a frizzle, frizzle, frizzle : And I tickled each phiz*



*With a twiggle and a friz.*

A captain of horse I went for to shave ;  
 O, damme ! says he, with a martial frown ;  
 I pois'd my razor like a barber brave ;  
 I took him by the nose ; but he knock'd me down ;  
 But I tickled, &c.

next went to dress up a fine gallant miss ;  
 Down the lady fits and her bosom bares ;  
 Cupid or the devil made me seize a kiss ;  
 But ere my iron cool'd I was kick'd down stairs.  
 But I tickled, &c.

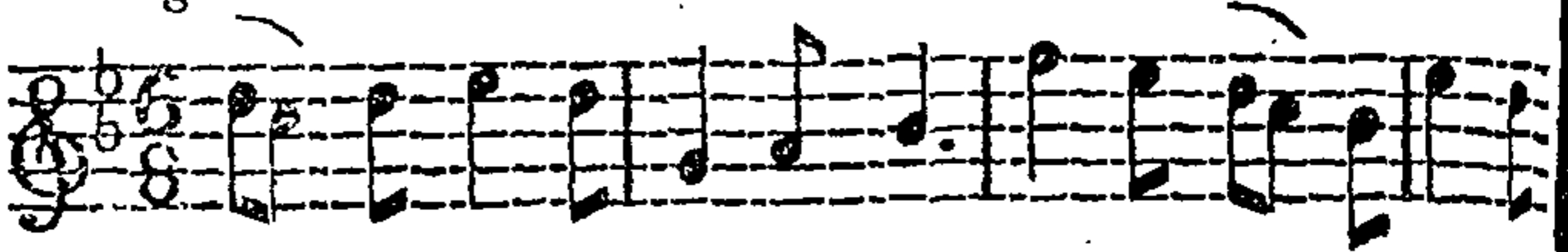
went to dress a lawyer, O rare sport !  
 Who had a false oath that day for to swear.  
 By my skill fore trouble I spar'd the court ;  
 For my iron burnt Six-and-eight-pence's ear.  
 So I tickled, &c.

went for to dress up an old maid's hair,  
 Wrinkl'd and bald as a scalded pig ;  
 As she led the dance down with a swimming air,  
 The poor old lady dropp'd her wig.  
 So I tickled, &c.

## SONG CCXI.

WHAT CARE I FOR WHOM SHE BE?

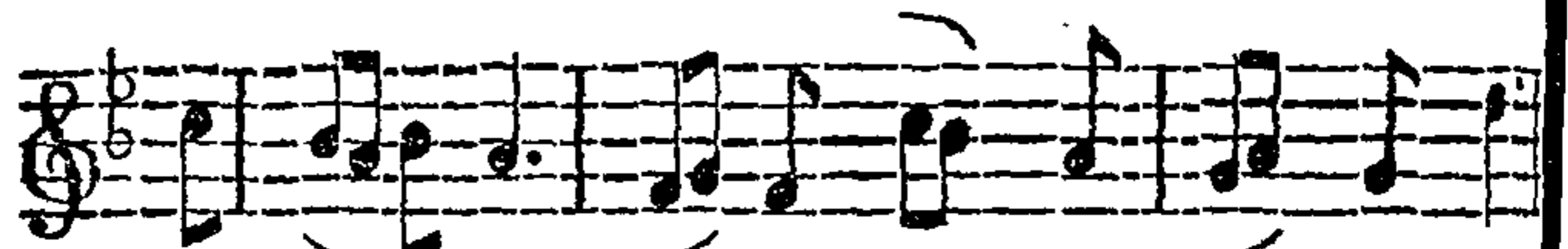
Allegretto.



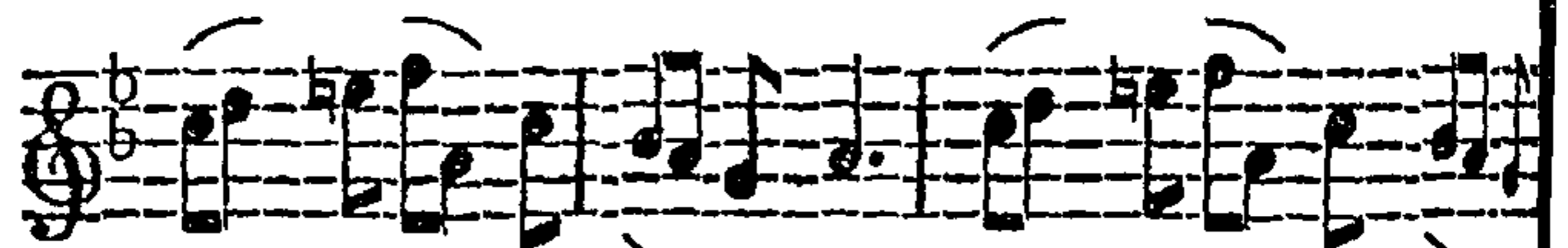
*Shall I, wasting in despair, Die because a woman's*



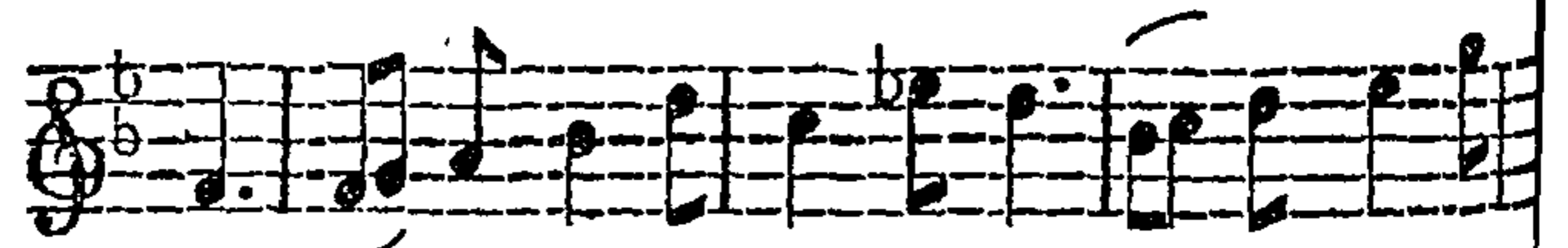
*fair? Shall my cheeks look pale with care, 'Cause ano-*



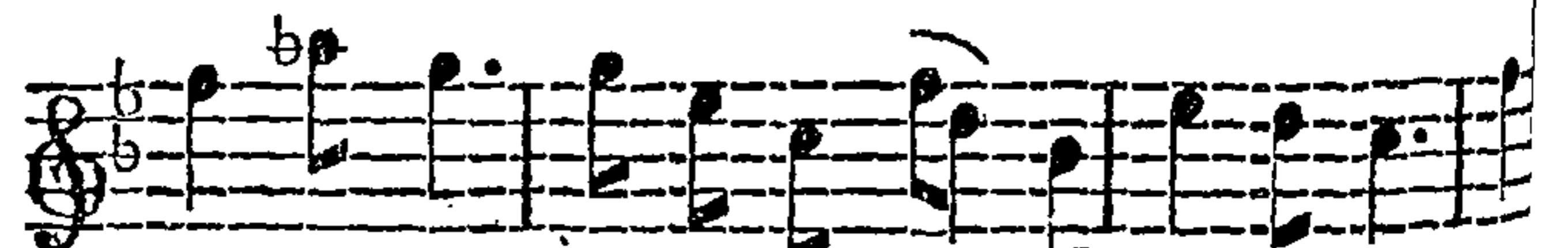
*ther's ro-sy are? Shall my cheeks look pale with care,*



*'Cause a-nother's ro-sy are? 'Cause a-nother's ro-sy*



*are? Be she fairer than the day, Or the flow'ry*



*meads in May; Yet, if she think not well of me, What*



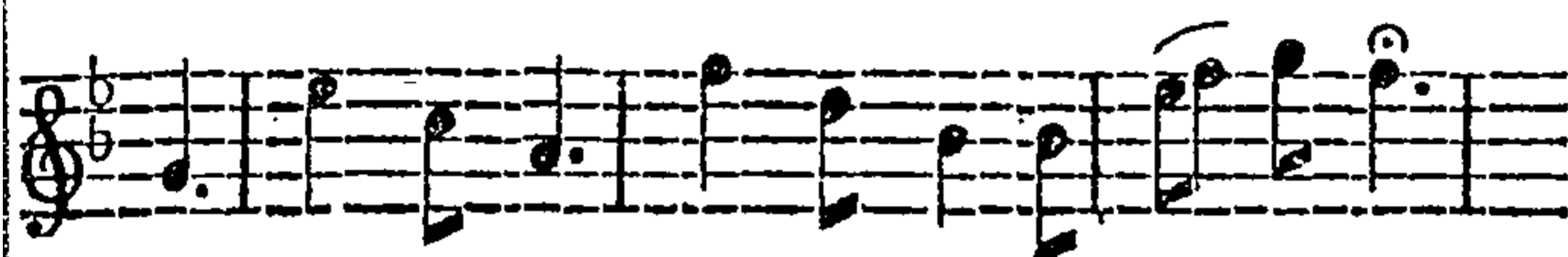
*care I how fair she be? Be she fairer than the day,*



*Or the flow'ry meads in May; Yet, if she think not*



*well of me, What care I how fair she be? What care*



*I? What care I? What care I how fair she be?*



*But if she think not well of me, What care I how*



*fair she be? What care I how fair she be?*

Shall a woman's goodness move  
 Me to perish for her love?  
 Or, her worthy merits known,  
 Make me quite forget my own?  
 Be she with that goodness blest  
 As may merit name the best;  
 Yet if she be not such to me,  
 What care I how good she be?

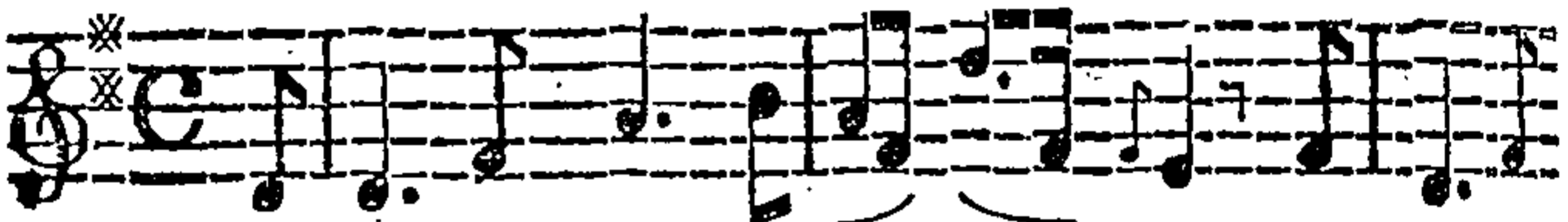
Be she good, or kind, or fair,  
 I will never more despair;

If she love me, this believe,  
 I will die 'ere she shall grieve ;  
 If she slight me when I woo,  
 I will scorn and let her go.  
 So if she be not fit for me,  
 What care I for whom she be ?



## SONG CCXII.

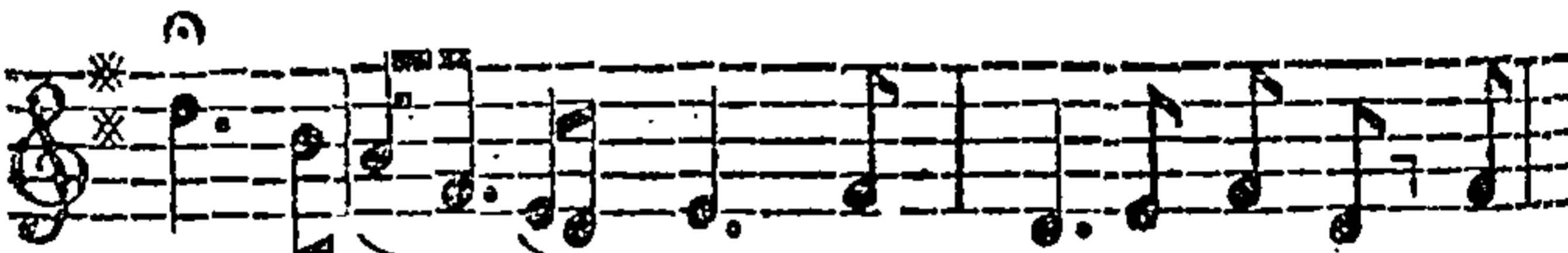
## THE FAITHFUL LOVER.



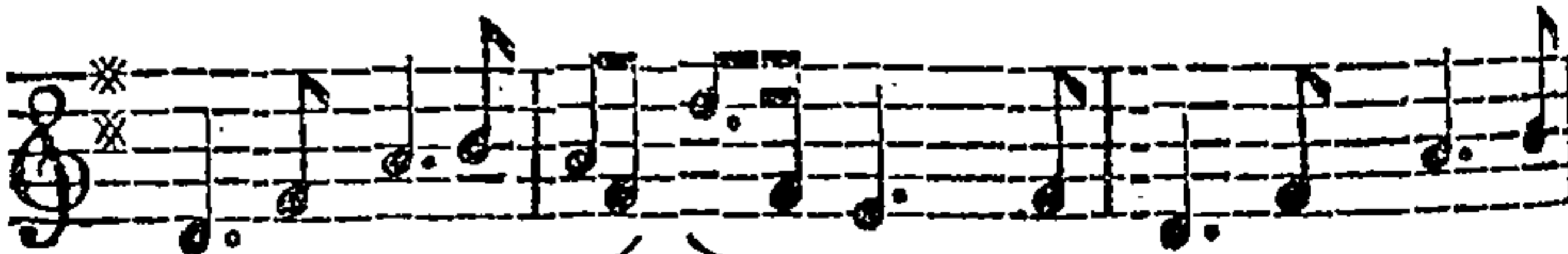
*Alas, my heart! a-las, my heart! On Anna*



*cold my love is placed: For her I sigh, I burn, I*



*die, A flame so strong nought can deface it. For*



*Anna fair is all my care; For her I'd range the*



*world o-ver, If she, inclin'd, wou'd prove more*



*kind, And pi - - ty me, her faithful lover.*

My friend and pot I've quite forgot,  
 My drefs, nay more, my golden treasure ;  
 With hands o'erlaid I walk the shade ;  
 In folitude is all my treasure.

Chor. For Anna fair, &c.

Her shape fo neat, in all complete,  
 And lover, fure, fhe ne'er had truer ;  
 Since love her heart with pangs can't fmart,  
 Let gratitude at laft fubdue her.

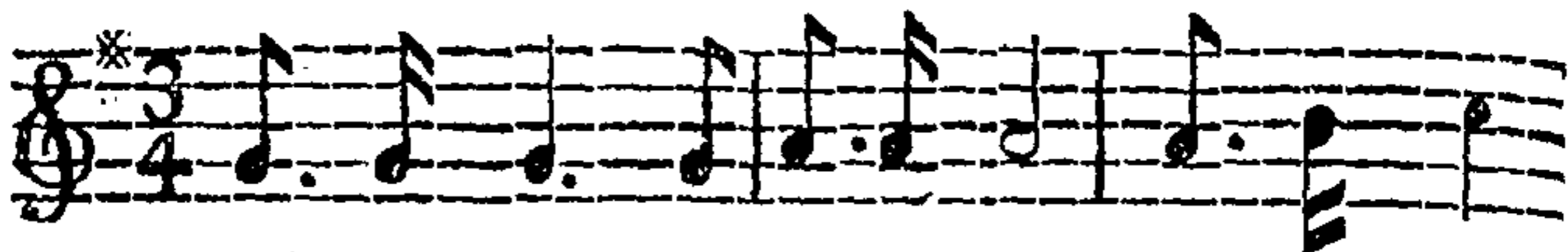
Chor. For Anna fair, &c.

What tho' I've rang'd, and mind oft chang'd,  
 And many a dazzling beauty prais'd ;  
 Now nought my love from her can move,  
 'Tis here, and ne'er can be eras'd.

Chor. For Anna fair, &c.

## SONG CCXIII.

## BAGATELLE'S SO CLEVER.



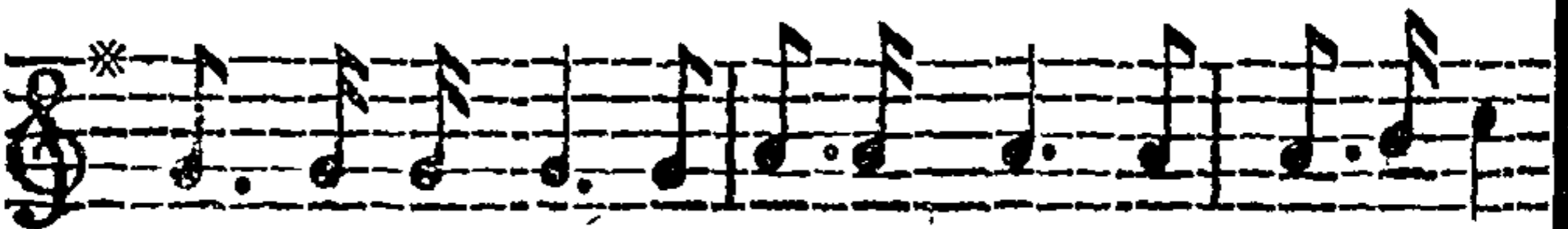
*Ab, ma chere, My pretty dear! Ma charmante*



*Miss Norah; Oh, I'll sigh and press her, I will ever*



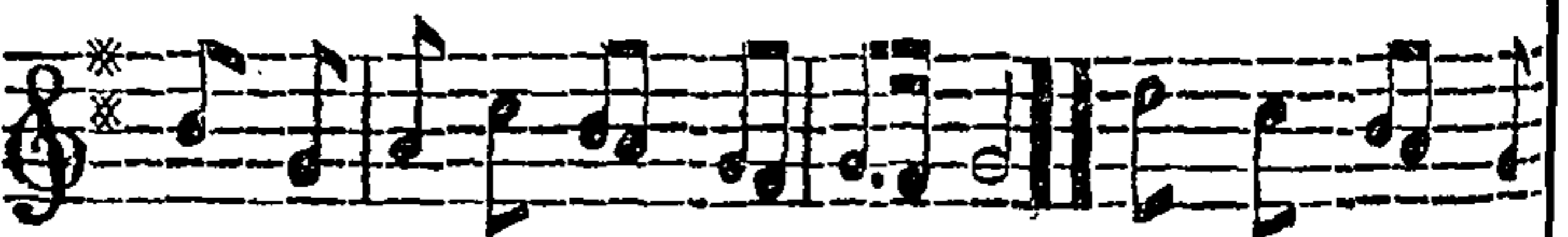
*bless her, Cuddle and caress her, Till she cry en-co-ra;*



*Spite of the fate, She is my mate, Nous danserons*



*to - ge-dre; Ve can never tire, Frenchman is all*



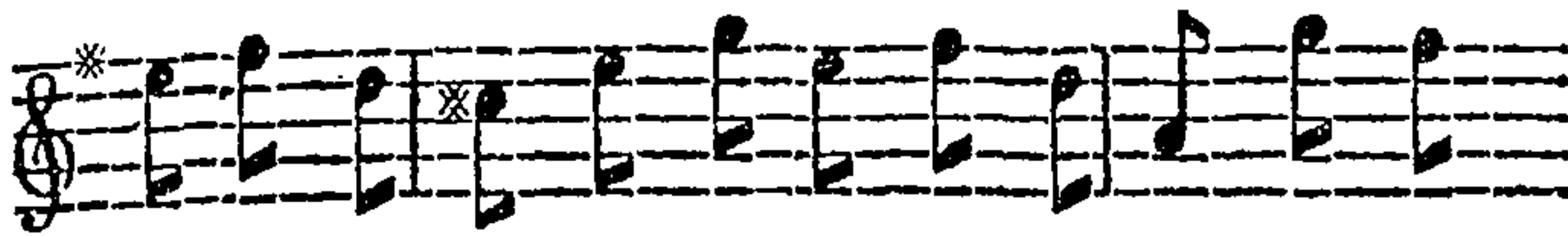
*fire! O Bagatelle's so cle-ver! How le beaumonde*



*vill stare! Pour voir de happy pair! Promenez,*



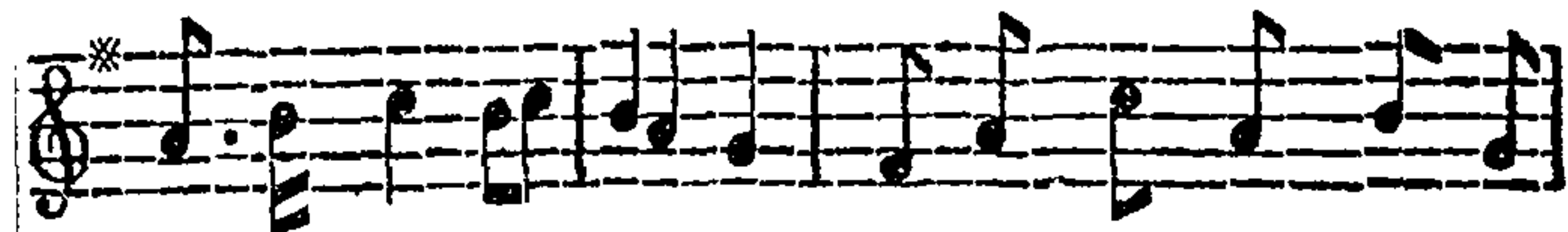
*si ne-gligée, Like de little turtle dove ; Always bill-*



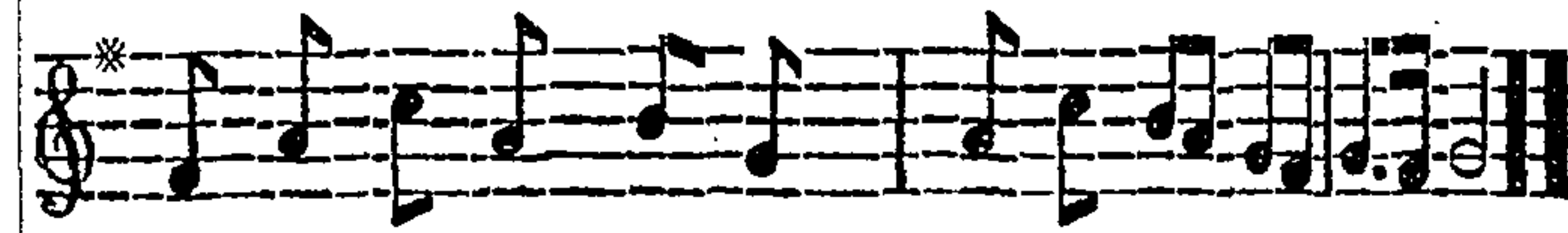
*ing, cooing, Like two pussys mewwing, Purring out*



*dere tale of love. O dear me ! How ver pretty*



*Ven ve come to - ge - dre ! All de night and day, Sir,*



*Ve vill kifs and play, Sir, Ob Bagatelle's so cle-ver !*

Vat grand blifs  
 To toy and kifs  
 Vid my dear Miss Norah !  
 O she be so pretty,  
 And so very vitty,  
 It wou'd be much pity  
 Not to cry encora !  
 Oh, mon Dieu !  
 Oh, sacre bleu !  
 Nous baisérons for ever ;  
 Love can never tire,  
 Nought can quench his fire,  
 Oh, Bagatelle's so clever !

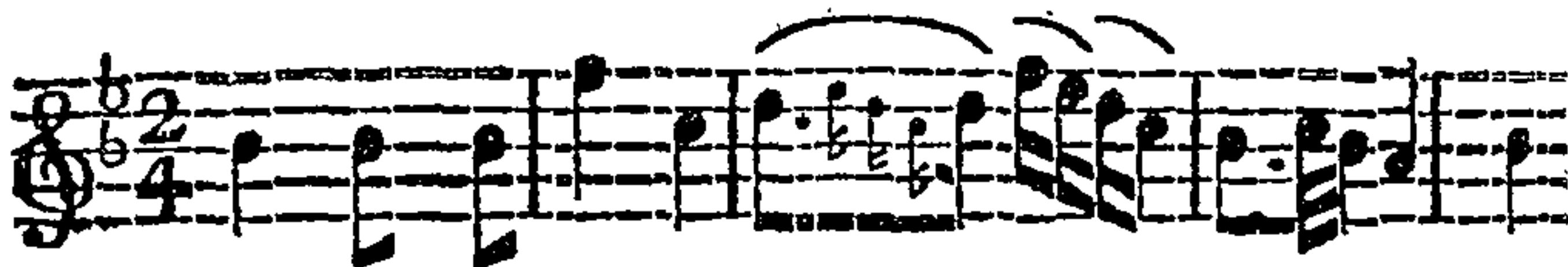


Ven ve go to de play,  
 Habillez so fine and gay,  
 Si bien jantée,  
 Oh tout a fait,  
 In our air no embarras ;  
 Like de grande nobleffe  
 Ve fal be careffe,  
 It vil make grand coup d' eclat,  
 How I wish  
 Vid pretty Mifs  
 To tie de knot for ever !  
 I fal live in clover  
 Ven it is all over,  
 Oh, Bagatelle's so clever !



## SONG CCXIV.

## MA CHERE AMIE.



*Ma chere amie, my charm - - ing fair, Whose*



*smiles can banish ev' - ry care ; In kind compassion*



*smile on me, Whose on - - ly care is love of*



*thee. Ma chere a - mie ; Ma chere a - mie ;*



*Ma chere a - mie ; Ma chere a - - mie.*

Under sweet friendship's sacred name  
 My bosom caught the tender flame.  
 May friendship in thy bosom be  
 Converted into love for me !

*Ma chere amie, &c.*

Together rear'd, together grown,  
 O let us now unite in one !  
 Let pity soften thy decree !  
 I droop, dear maid ; I die for thee !

*Ma chere amie, &c.*

## SONG CCXV.

## HOW SWEET'S THE LOVE,



*When first I ken'd young Sandy's face, He sung*



*and look'd wi' sic a grace; He sung and look'd*



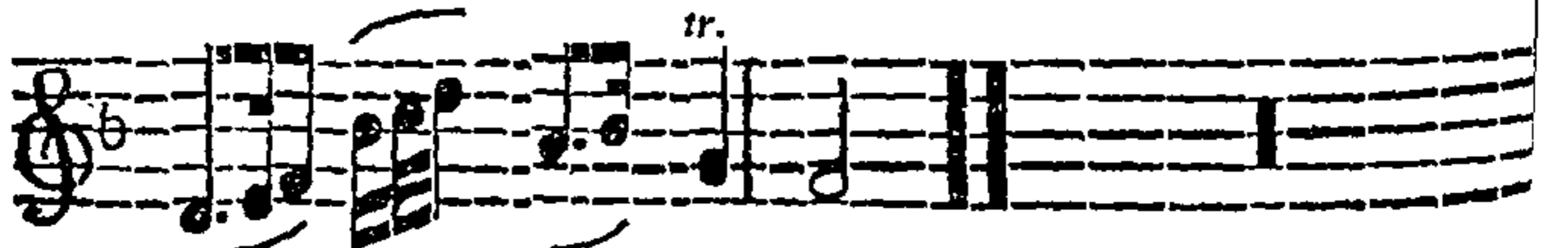
*wi' sic a grace; He stole my heart, but did na*



*care; The lad he lo'ed a lass more fair: And*



*oft I sung o'er brae and burn, How sweet's the*



*love that meets return.*

He lo'ed a lass wi' fickle mind,  
 Was sometimes cauld and sometimes kind ;  
 Which made the love-fick laddie rue ;  
 For she was cauld when he was true :  
 He mourn'd and fung, o'er brae and burn,  
 How sweet's the love that meets return !

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,  
 Where lilacks with sweet cowslips join'd,  
 To make a garland for her hair ;  
 But she refus'd a gift so fair.  
 This scorn, he cry'd, can ne'er be borne ;  
 But sweet's the love that meets return.

Just then he met my tell-tale een,  
 And love so true is soonest seen :  
 Dear lass, said he, my heart is thine ;  
 For thy soft wishes are like mine :  
 Now Jenny, in her turn, may mourn,  
 How sweet's the love that meets return !

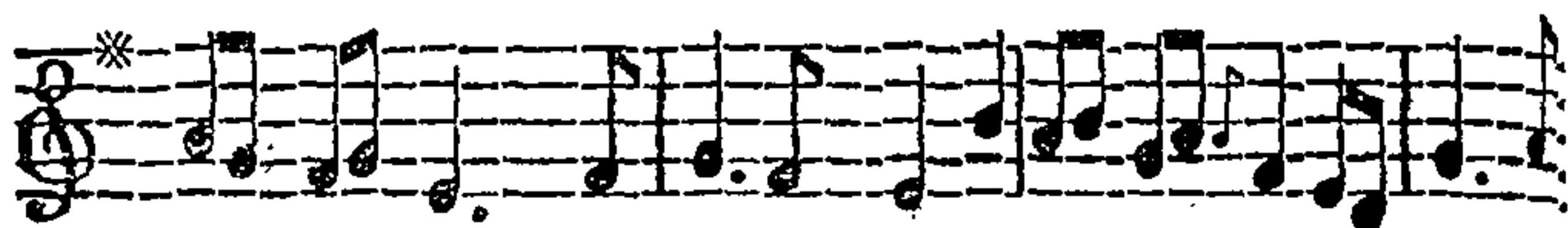
My answer was both frank and kind ;  
 I lo'ed the lad, and tell'd my mind :  
 To kirk we went wi' hearty glee ;  
 And wha sae blest as he and me !  
 Now blithe we sing, o'er brae and burn,  
 How sweet's the love that meets return !

## SONG CCXVI.

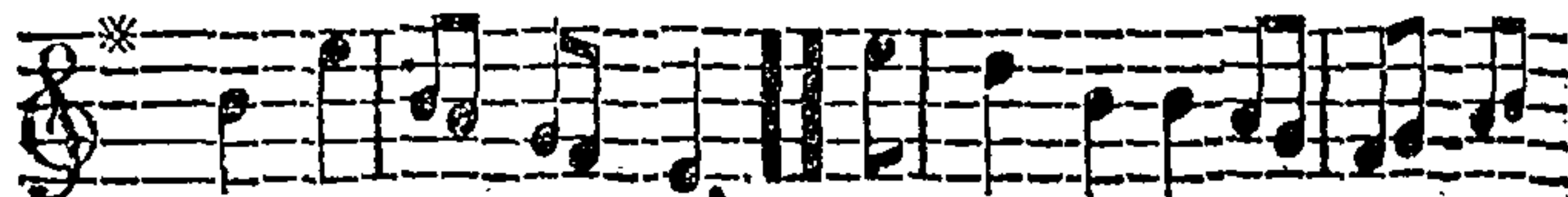
FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.



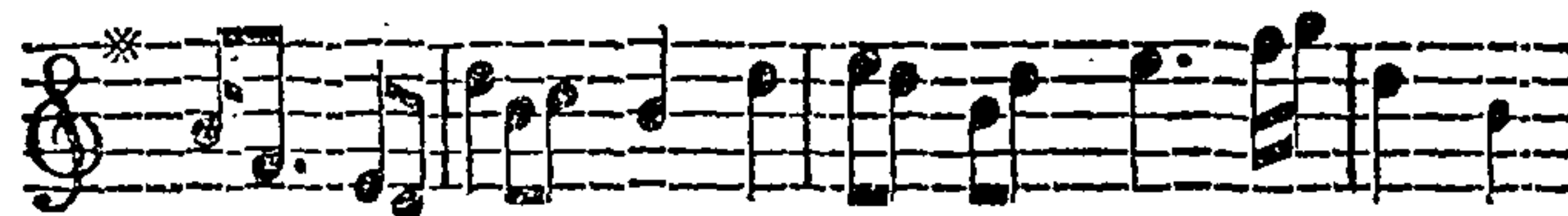
*And gin ye meet a bon - ny lassie Gie'er a kifs and*



*let her gae ; But if ye meet a dir - ty hussy, Fy gar*



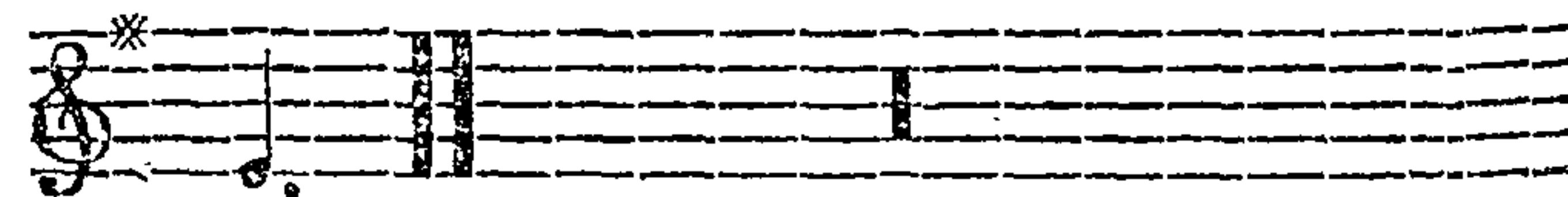
*rub her o'er wi' strae. Be sure ye dinna quit the*



*grip of ilka joy when ye are young, Before auld*



*age your vi - tals nip, And lay you twafald o'er a*



*rung.*

Sweet youth's a blithe and heartsome time ;  
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,  
 Gae pu' the gowan in it's prime  
 Before it wither and decay.

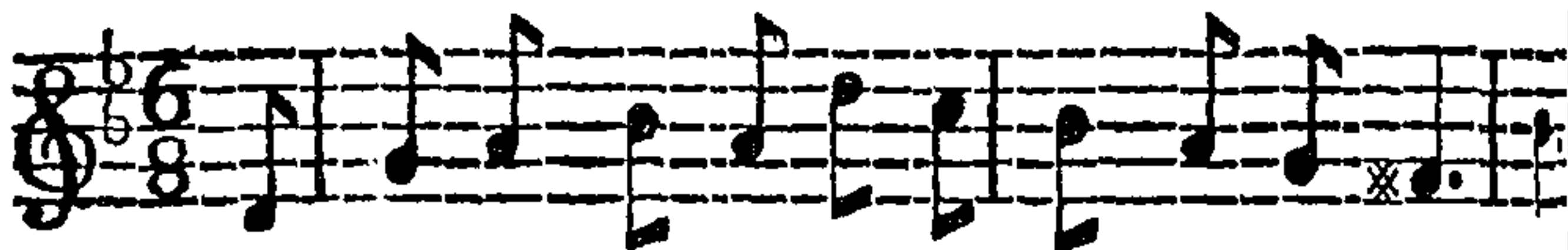


When maidens, innocently young,  
 Say aften what they never mean,  
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,  
 But tent the language of their een :  
 If these agree, and she persist  
 To answer a' your love with hate,  
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,  
 And let her sigh when its too late.

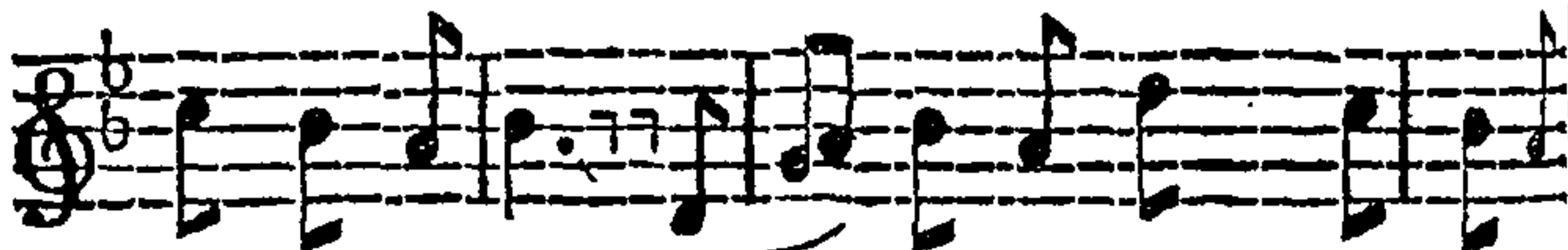


## SONG CCXVIII.

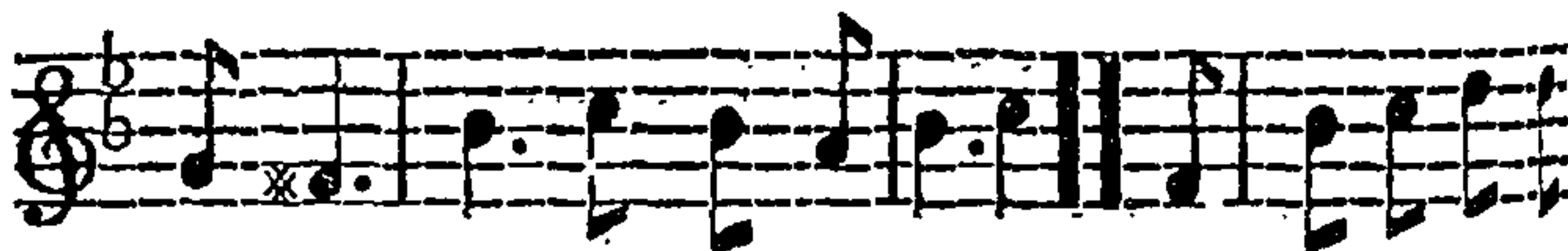
## WHAT WOMAN CAN DO.



*What woman can do I have try'd to be free ; Yet,*



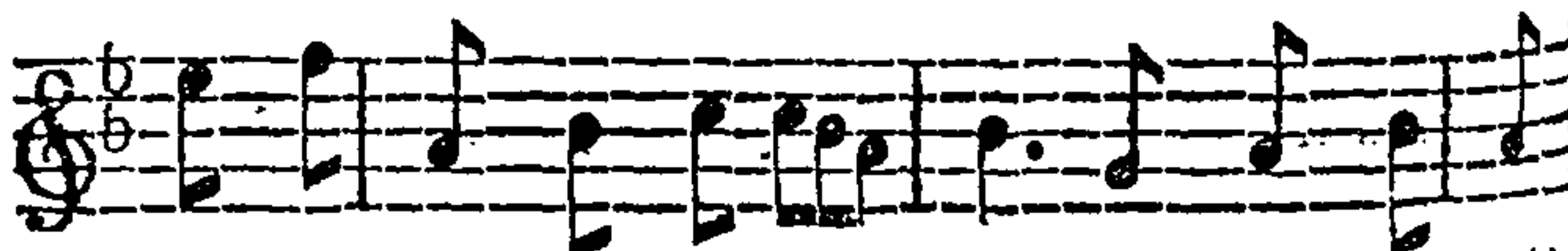
*do what I can, I find I love him ; And, tho' he*



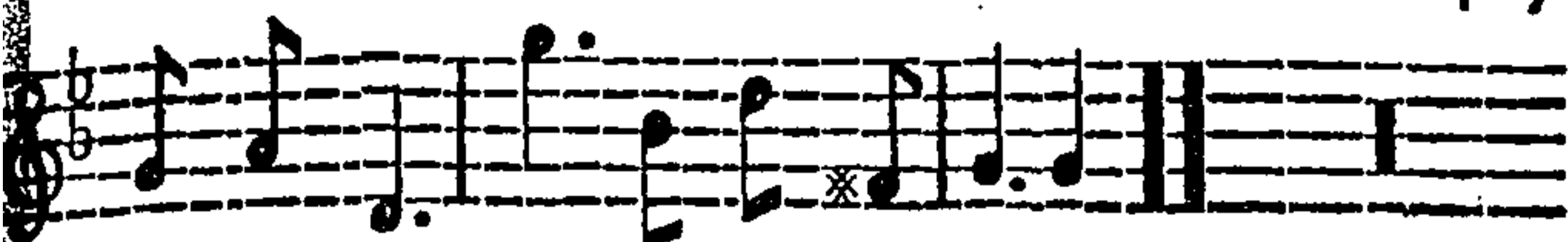
*flies me, Still, still he's the man. They tell me at once*



*he to twenty will swear : When vows are so sweet,*



*who the falsehood can fear ? So, when you have said*



*all you can, Still, still he's the man.*

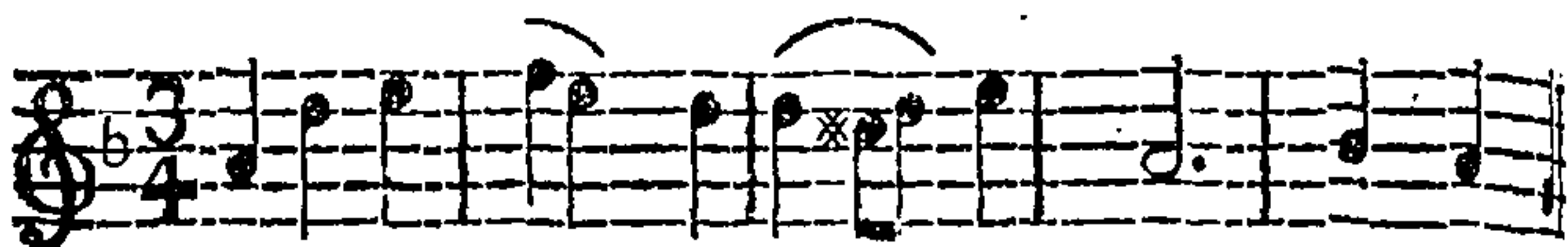
I caught him once making love to a maid,  
 When to him I ran;  
 He turn'd and he kiss'd me, then who could upbraid  
 So civil a man?  
 The next day I found to a third he was kind,  
 I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind;  
 So, let me do what I can,  
 Still, still he's the man.

All the world bids me beware of his art:  
 I do what I can;  
 But he has taken such hold of my heart  
 I doubt he's the man.  
 So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind,  
 He may have his faults, but if none I can find,  
 Who can do more than they can?  
 He still is the man.



## SONG CCXIX.

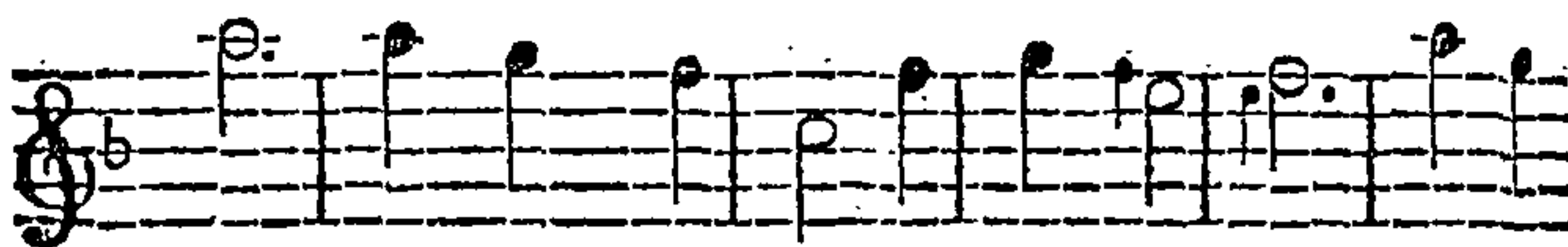
## ALL IN THE DOWNS.



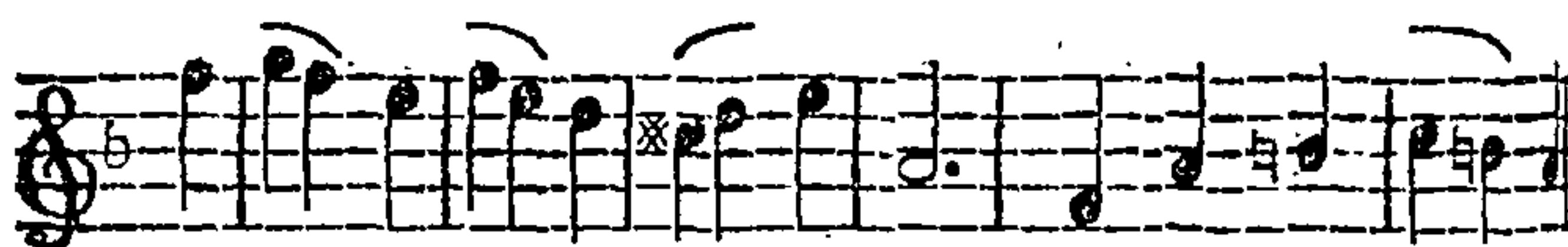
*All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The streamen*



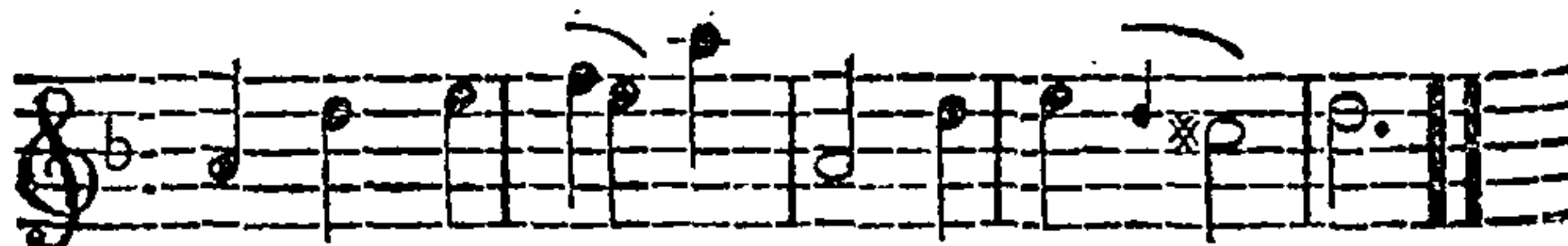
*waving in the wind, When black-ey'd Susan came on*



*board, Oh, where shall I my true-love find? Tell me,*



*ye jo-vial sailors, tell me true, Does my sweet Wil-liam,*



*Does my sweet William sail among your crew?*

William, who high upon the yard  
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,  
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below:  
 The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,  
 And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,  
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,  
 And drops at once into her nest.

The noblest captain in the British fleet  
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
 My vows shall ever true remain!  
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,  
 We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be  
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say  
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;  
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,  
 In ev'ry port a mistress find.

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so;  
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,  
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;  
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;  
 Thy skin is ivory so white.

Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view  
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue:

Though battle calls me from thy arms,  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
 Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,  
 William shall to his dear return.

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
 The sails their swelling bosom spread;

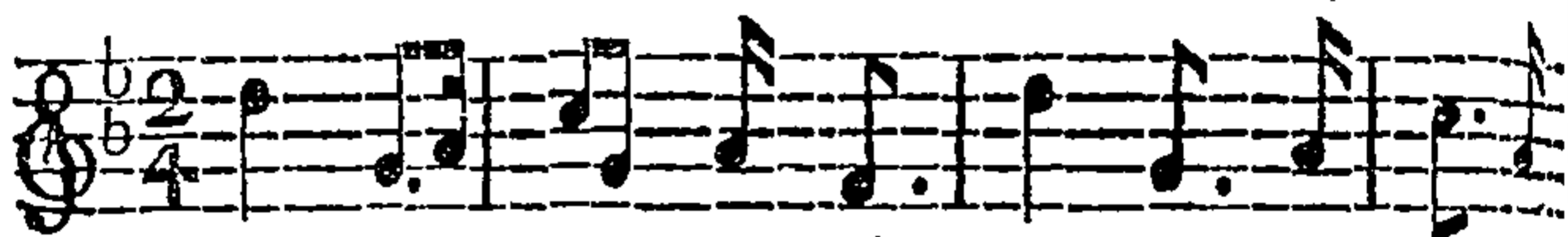
No longer must she stay aboard :

They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head,  
Her leas'ning boat unwilling rows to land :  
Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.



## SONG CCXX.

### ANDRO' WI' HIS CUTTY GUN.



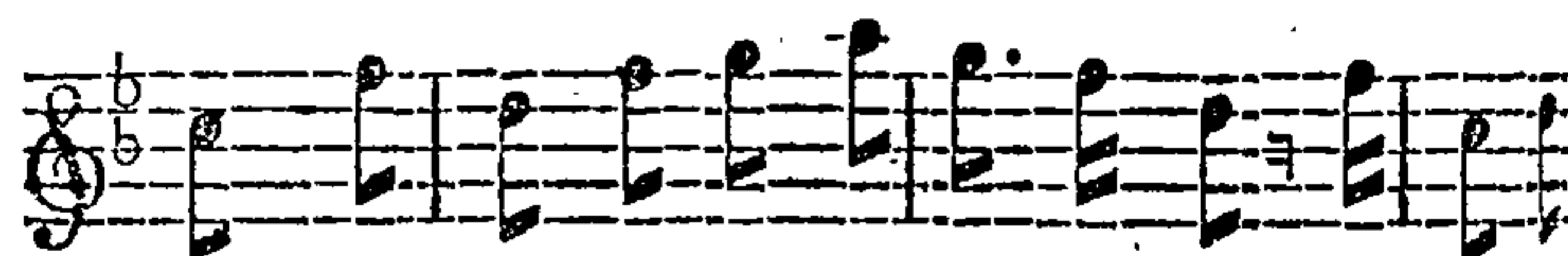
*Blyth, blyth, blyth was she, Blyth was she butt and*



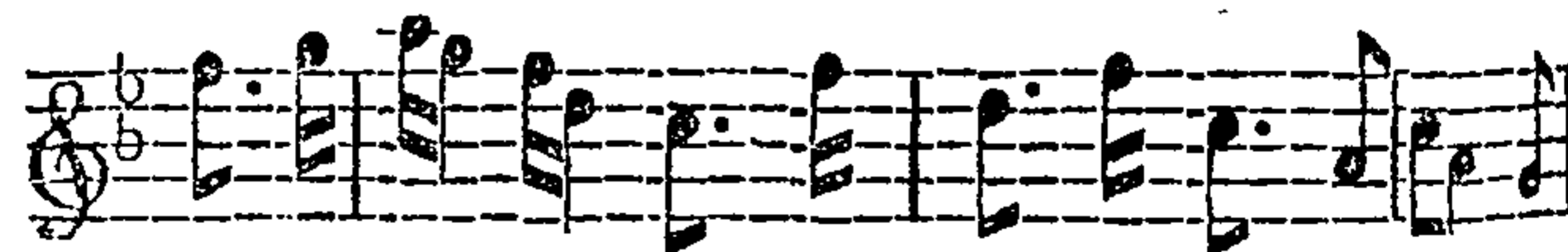
*ben ; And weel she loo'd a Harwick gill, And leugh*



*to see a tappet hen. She took me in and set me*



*down, And hecht to keep me lawing free ; But, cummin'*



*carlin' that she was, She gar'd me birlie my barwee.*

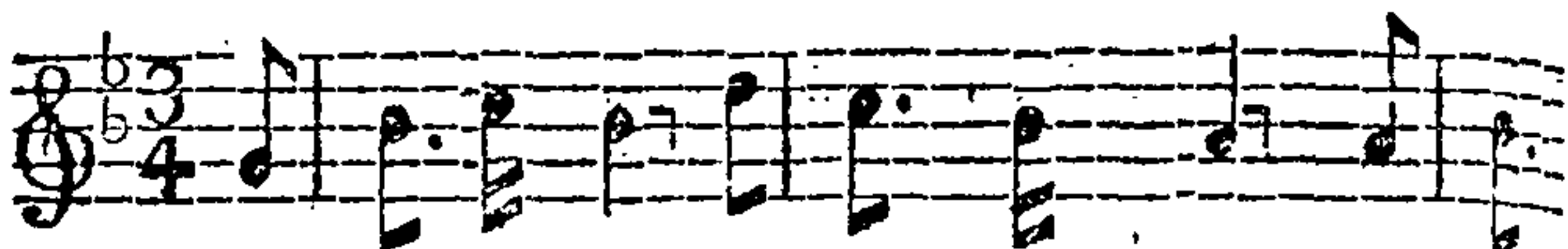
We loo'd the liquor weel enough,  
 But, wae's my heart! my cash was done  
 Before that I had quench'd my drouth,  
 And laith I was to pawn my shoon.  
 When we had three times toom'd our stoup,  
 And the neist chappin new begun,  
 In started, to heeze up our hope,  
 Young Andro wi' his cutty gun.  
 Blyth, blyth, &c.

The carlin brought her kebbuck ben,  
 With girdle-cakes weel toasted brown;  
 Weel does the canny kimmer ken  
 They gar the scuds gae glibber down.  
 We ca'd the bicker aft about,  
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bum;  
 And ay the clearest drinker out  
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.  
 Blyth, blyth, &c.

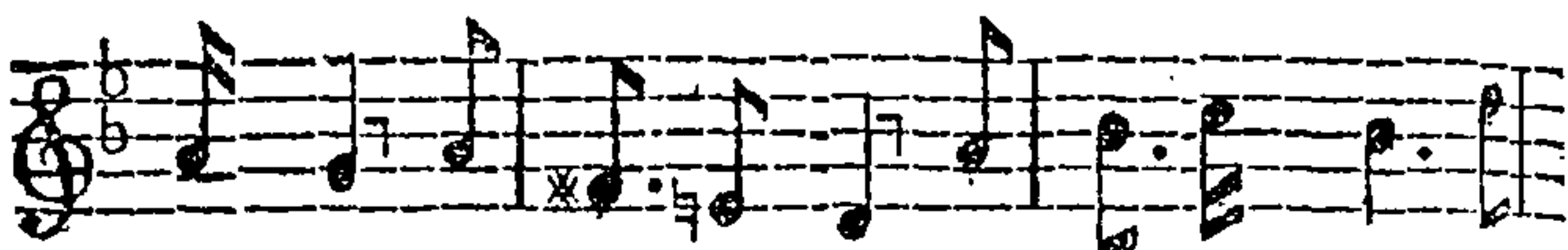
He did like ony mavis fang;  
 And, as I in his oxter fat,  
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,  
 And mony a fappy kifs I gat.  
 I hae been east, I hae been west,  
 I hae been far ayont the sun;  
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw  
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.  
 Blyth, blyth, &c.

## SONG CCXXI.

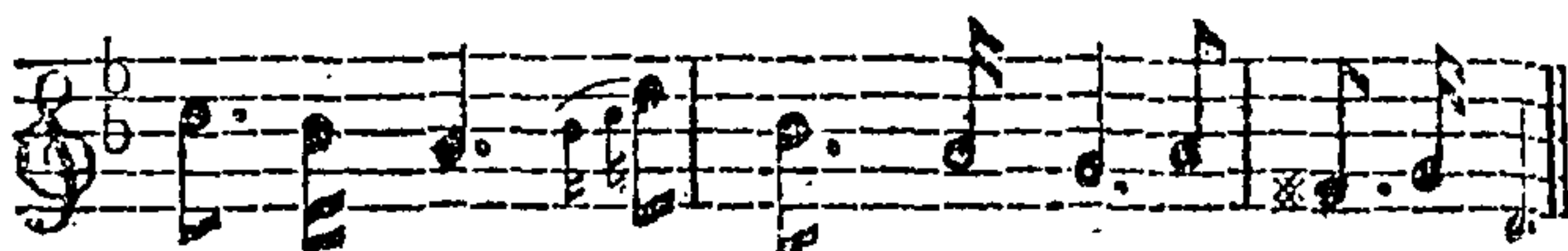
TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.



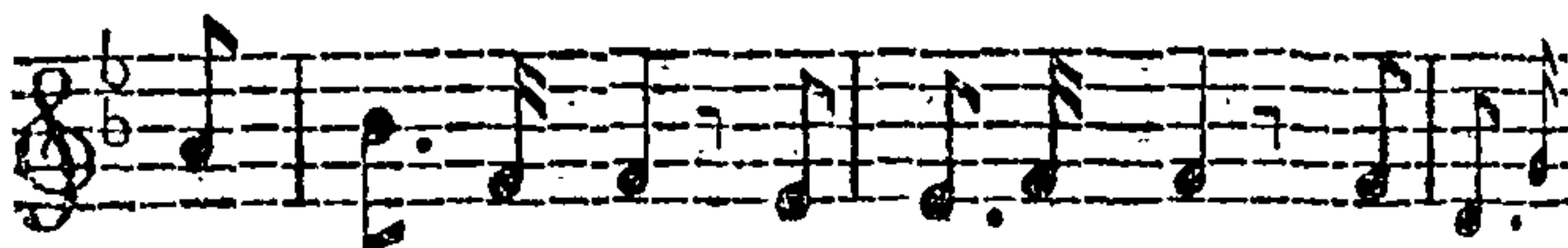
*In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost*



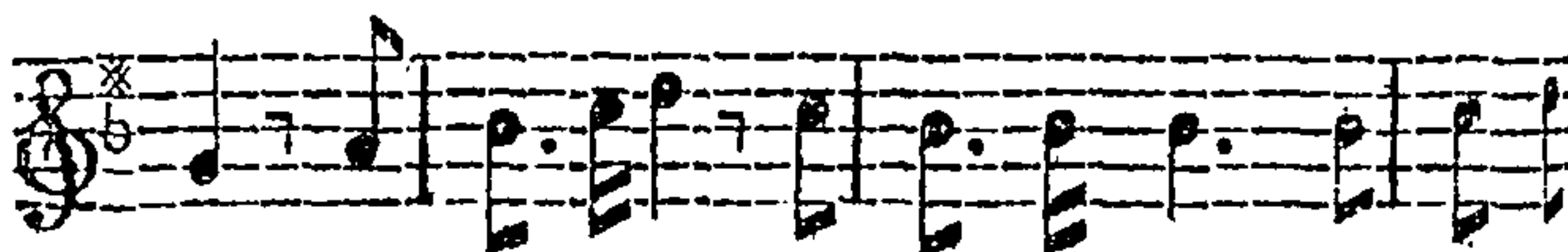
*and snaw on il - ka hill; And Boreas, with his*



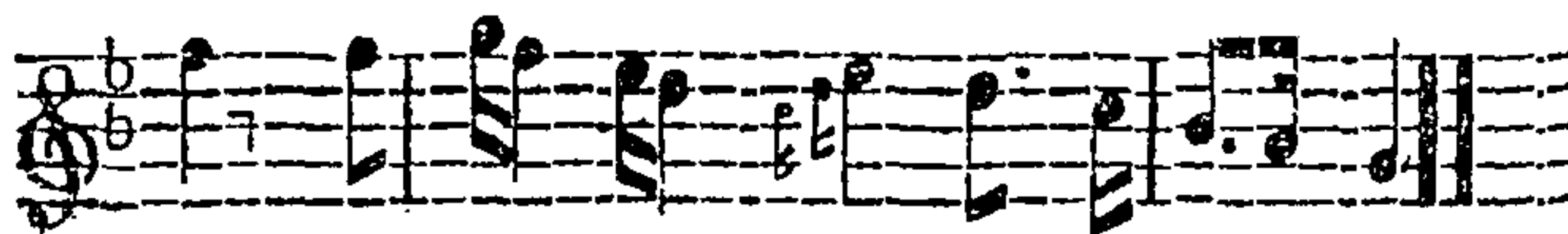
*blasts sue bauld, Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill:*



*Then Bell my wife, wha lo'es nae strife, She said to*



*me right ha-sti-ly, Get up, gudeman, save Crummy's*



*life, And tak' your auld cloak a - bout ye.*

My Crummy is a useful cow,

And she is come of a good kyne;

Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',

And I am laith that she should tyne;

Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,  
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie ;  
 Sloth never made a gracious end,  
 Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak  
 When it was fitting for my wear ;  
 But now its scanty worth a groat,  
 For I have worn't this thirty year.  
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,  
 We little ken the day we'll dee ;  
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn  
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,  
 His trews they cost but half-a-crown ;  
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,  
 And ca'd the tailor thief and lown.  
 He was the king that wore a crown,  
 And thou the man of laigh degree,  
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,  
 Sae tak' thy auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,  
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;  
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,  
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.  
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
 As they are girded gallantly ?  
 While I sit hurklen in the ase,  
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty years  
 Since we did ane anither ken ;  
 And we have had between us twa  
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten :

Now they are women grown and men,  
 I wish and pray well may they be !  
 And if you prove a good husband,  
 E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife she lo'es nae strife ;  
 But she wad guide me if she can :  
 And, to maintain an easy life,  
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman.  
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,  
 Unless ye give her a' the plea ;  
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,  
 And tak' my auld cloak about me.



## SONG CCXXII.

## HOOLY AND FAIRLY.



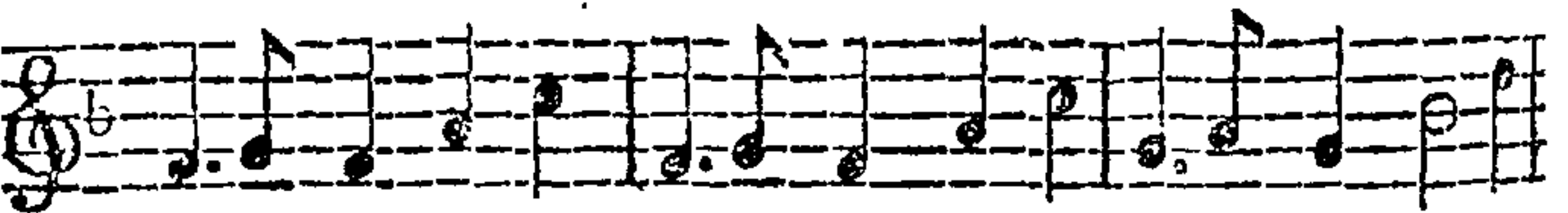
*Oh, what had I a - do for to marry? My wife she*



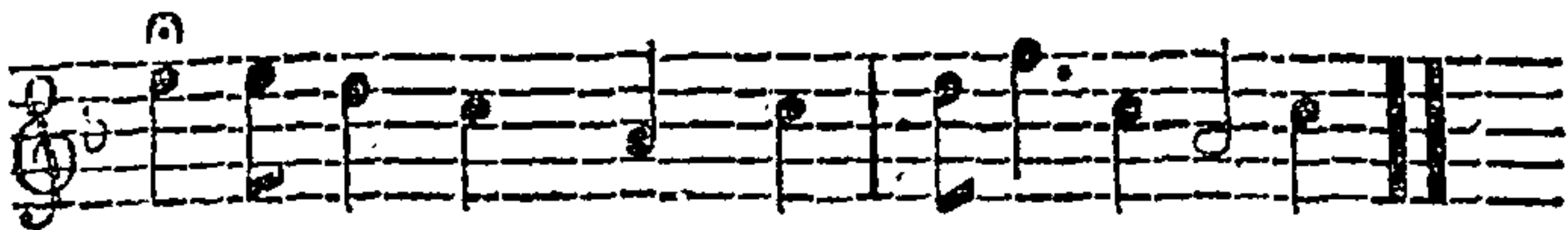
*drinks naething but sack and ca-na-ry ; I to her friends*



*complain'd right airly, O gin my wife wou'd drink*



*hooly and fairly ! Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly ;*



*O gin my wife wou'd drink booly and fairly!*

First she drank Crummie, and syne she drank Garie,  
Now she has drunken my bonny gray marie  
That carried me thro' the dub and the larie.

O gin my wife, &c.

If she'd drink but her ain things I wad na much care;  
She drinks my claiths I canna weel spare;  
To the kirk and the market I gang fu' barely.

O gin my wife, &c.

If there's ony filler she maun keep the purse;  
If I seek but a bawbee she'll scald and she'll curse;  
She gangs like a queen, I scrimpet and sparely.

O gin my wife, &c.

I never was given to wrangling nor strife,  
Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life;  
E'er it come to a war I am ay for a parley.

O gin my wife, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow;  
But when she sits down she fills hersel fou';  
And when she is fou' she's unco camsterie.

O gin my wife, &c.

She rins out to the cawsey, she roars and she rants;  
Has nae dread o' her nibours, nor minds the house wants;  
But sings some fool-sang, Cock up your heart, Charlie.

O gin my wife, &c.

And when she comes hame she lays on the lads,  
She ca's the lasses baith limmers and jades,  
And I my ainsel an auld cuckold carlie.

O gin my wife, &c.

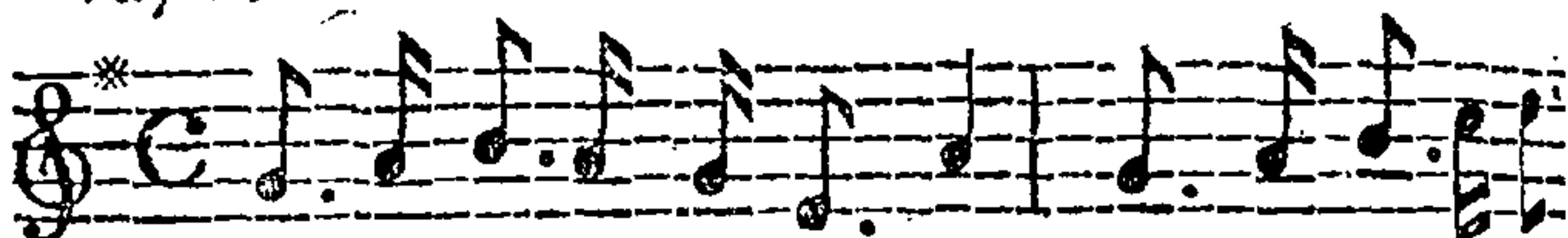


*includes the 1st & 2nd parts of the song as it is sung at the annual meeting of the Bannockburn*

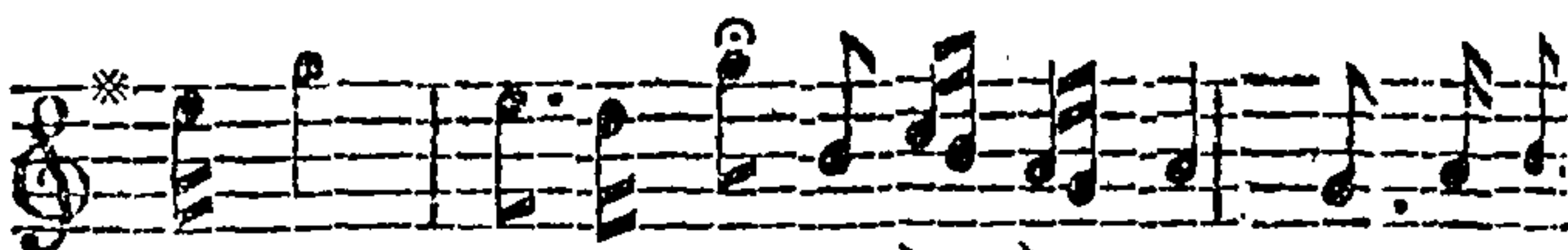
## SONG CCXXIII.

LEWIS GORDON.

Very Slow.



*O send Lewis Gordon hame, And the lad I win-*



*na name; Tho' his back be at the wa', Here's to him*

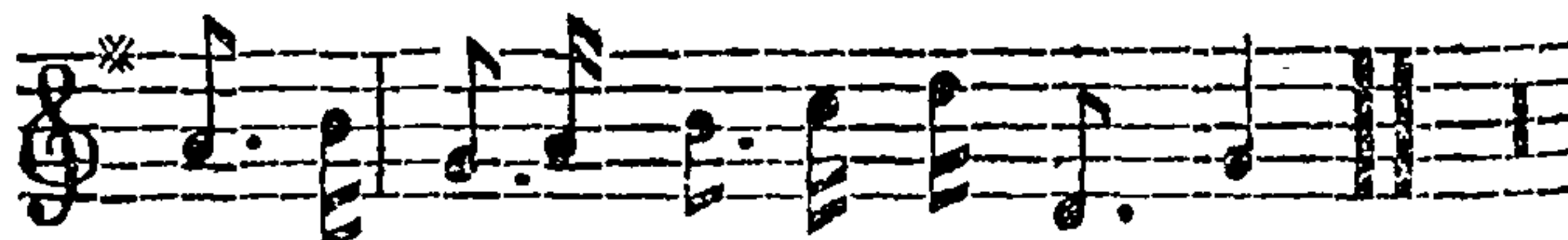
Chorus.



*that's far awa. Oh, bon, my Highland man! Oh, my*



*bonny Highland man! Weel wou'd I my true love*



*ken Amang ten thousand Highland men.*

O to see his tartan trews,  
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,  
Philibeg aboon his knee!  
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.

The princely youth that I do mean  
 Is fitted for to be a king :  
 On his breast he wears a star :  
 You'd take him for the god of war.

Oh, to see this princely one  
 Seated on his father's throne !  
 Disasters a' wou'd disappear :  
 Then begins the jub'lee here !



SONG CCXXIV.

*Tune Gramachree, page 259.*

**H**AD I a heart for falsehood fram'd, I ne'er could  
 injure you ;  
 For, tho' your tongue no promise claim'd, your charms  
 wou'd make me true :  
 To you no soul shall bear deceit, no stranger offer wrong ;  
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and lovers in the  
 young.

But when they learn that you have blefs'd another with  
 your heart,  
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest, and act a brother's  
 part :  
 Then, lady, dread not their deceit, nor fear to suffer  
 wrong ;  
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and brothers in  
 the young.

## SONG CCXXV.

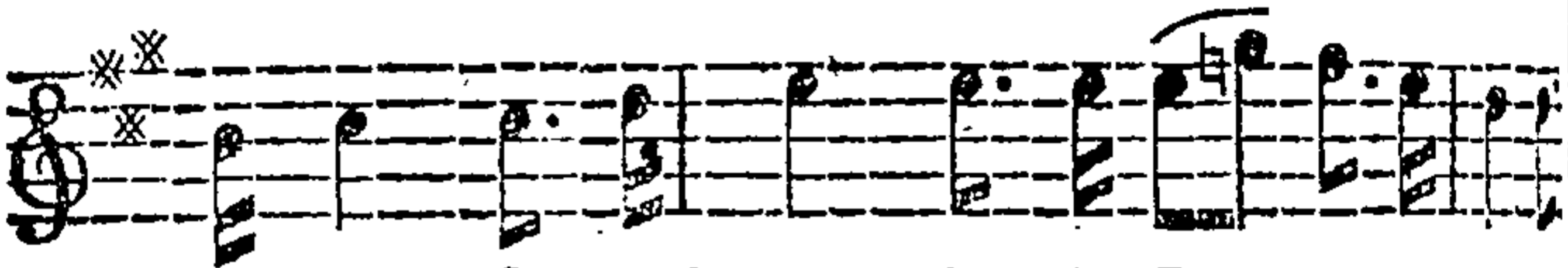
## HIGHLAND MARCH.



*In the garb of old Gaul and the fire of oli-*



*Rome, From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia*



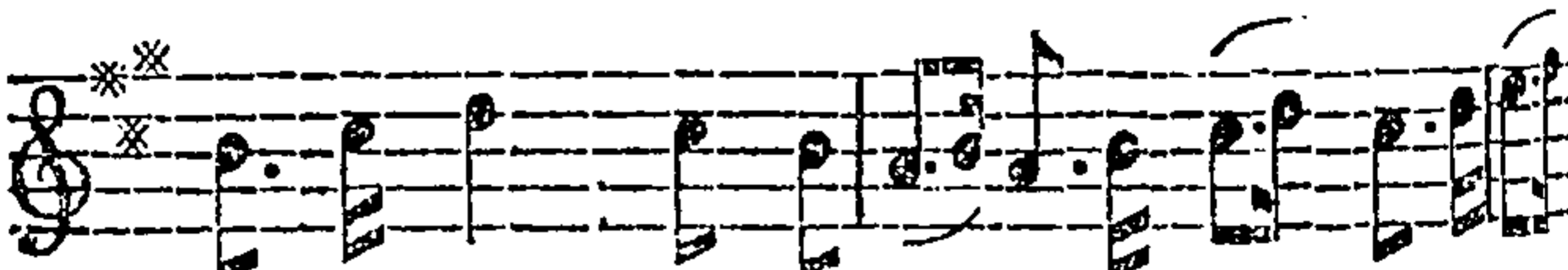
*we come : On those mountains the Romans attempted*



*to reign ; But our ancestors fought, and they fought*



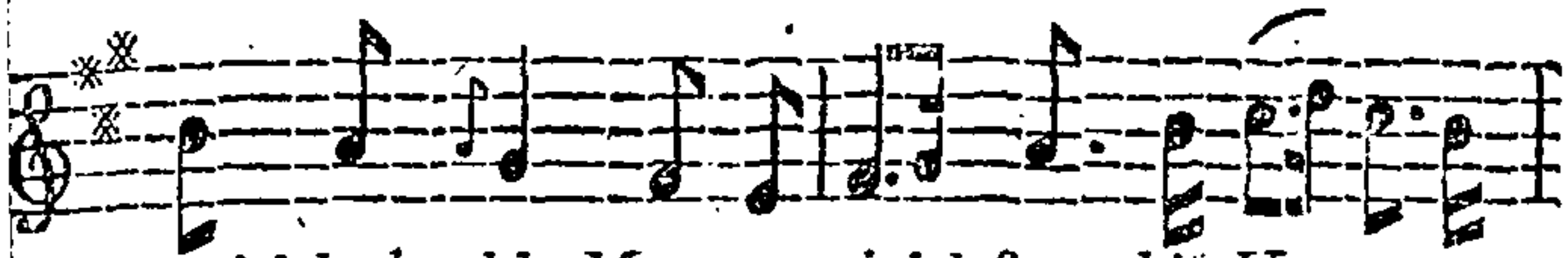
*not in vain. Tho' no ci - ty nor court of our gar-*



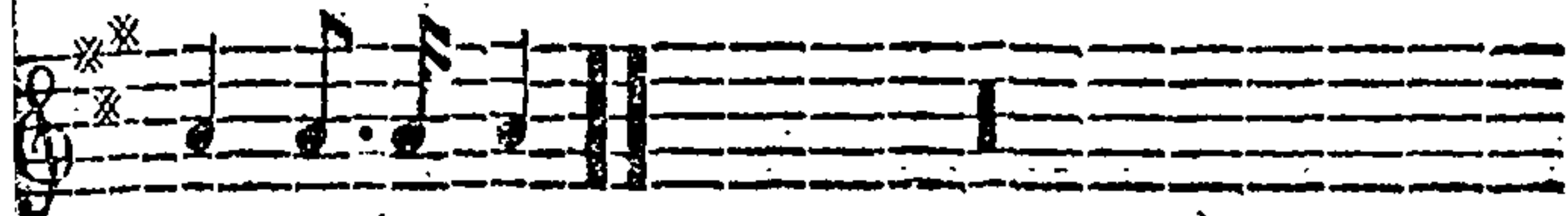
*ment approve, 'Twas presented by Mars, at a se-*



*nate, to Jove ; And, when Pallas observ'd at a ball*



'twou'd look odd, Mars receiv'd from his Ve-nus a



smile and a nod.

No intemperate tables our finews unbrace ;  
 Nor French faith nor French foppery our country dis-  
 grace :  
 Still the hoarse-founding pipe breathes the true martial  
 strain,  
 And our hearts still the true Scottish valour retain.  
 Twas with anguish and woe that, of late, we beheld  
 Rebel forces rush down from the hills to the field ;  
 For our hearts are devoted to George and the laws ;  
 And we'll fight, like true Britons, in liberty's cause.

But still, at a distance from Britain's lov'd shore,  
 May her foes, in confusion, her mercy implore !  
 May her coasts ne'er with foreign invasions be spread !  
 Nor detested rebellion again raise its head !  
 May the fury of party and faction long cease !  
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase !  
 And, in Scotia's cold climate, may each of us find  
 That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove  
 kind !

## SONG CCXXVI.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**I**N the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,  
 From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come;  
 Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain;  
 But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.  
 Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,  
 That, like our ancestors of old, we stand by freedom's  
 cause;  
 We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and  
 applause,  
 And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our  
 our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace;  
 No luxurious tables enervate our race;  
 Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain;  
 So do we the old Scottish valour retain.  
 Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,  
 Are swift as the roe which the hind doth assail:  
 As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear;  
 Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.  
 Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,  
 So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;  
 We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,  
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.  
 Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,  
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;  
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,  
 Their courage did fail, and they su'd for a truce.  
 Such our love, &c.

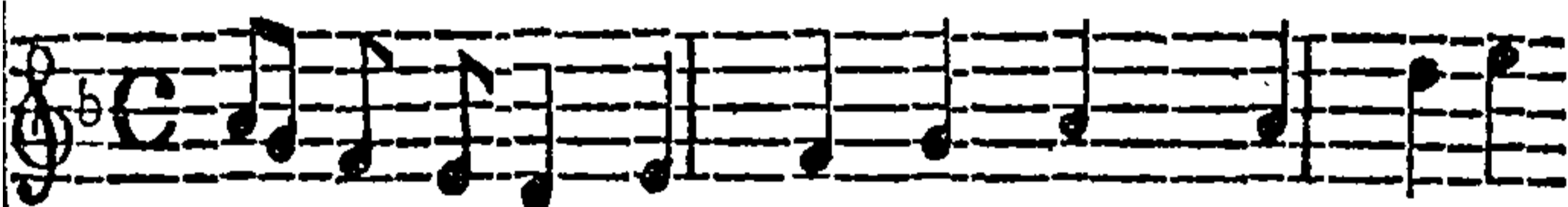
In our realm may the fury of faction long cease !  
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase !  
 And, in Scotia's cold climate, may each of us find  
 That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove  
 kind !

Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,  
 And teach our late posterity to fight in freedom's cause ;  
 That they, like our ancestors bold, for honour and ap-  
 plause,  
 May defy the French and Spaniards to alter our laws.

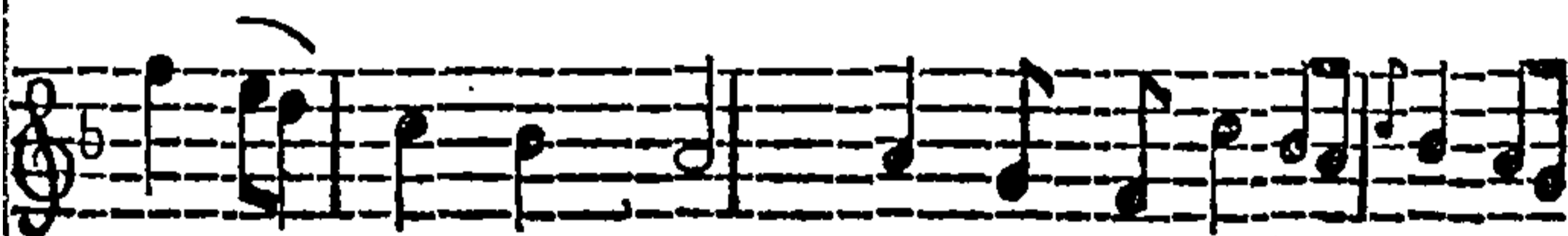


SONG CCXXV.

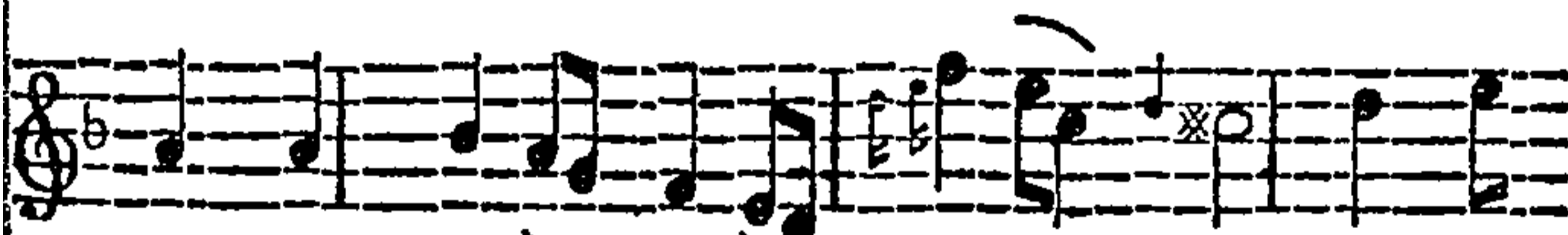
WHAT IS'T TO US.



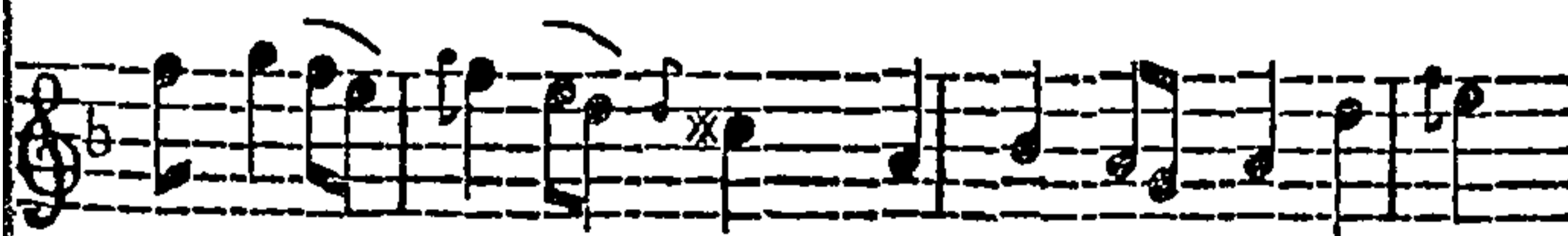
*What is't to us who guides the state? Who's out of*



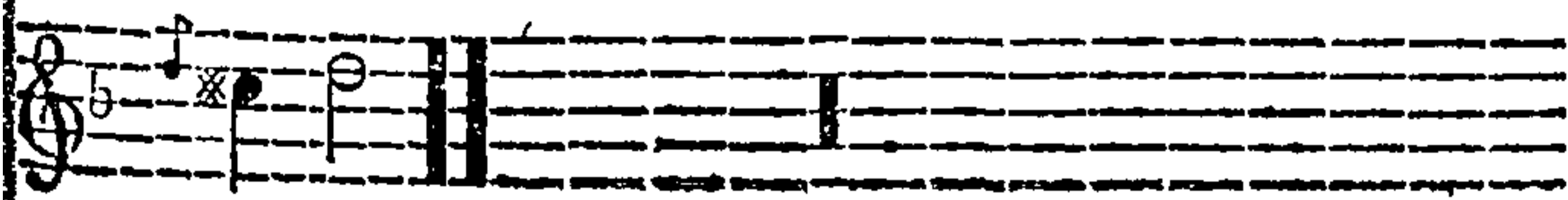
*favour? or who's great? Who are the mi-ni-sters or*



*spies? Who votes for places? or who buys? Who are*



*the mini-sters or spies? Who votes for places? or*



*who buys?*

The world will still be rul'd by knaves,  
And fools contending to be slaves ;  
Small things, my friend, serve to support  
Life, troublesome at best and short.

Our youth runs back, occasion flies,  
Grey hairs come on, and pleasure dies :  
Who would the present blessing lose  
For empire which he cannot use ?

Kind providence has us supply'd  
With what to others is deny'd ;  
Virtue, which teaches to condemn  
And scorn ill actions and ill men.

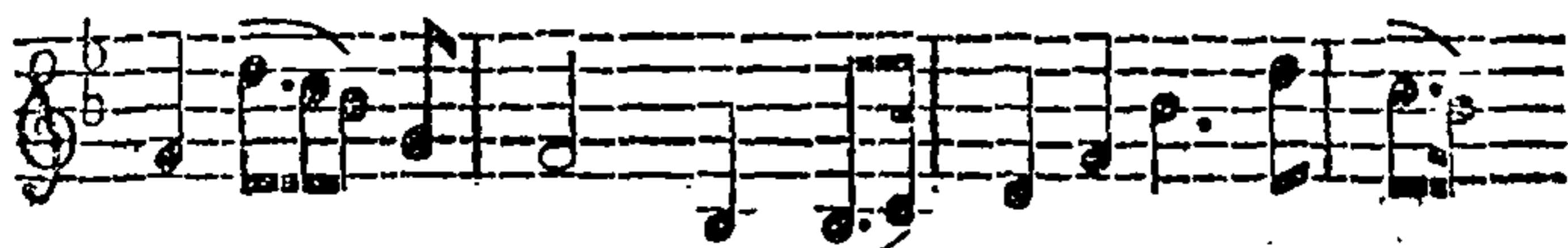
Beneath this lime-tree's fragrant shade,  
On beds of flow'rs supinely laid,  
Let's then all other cares remove,  
And drink and sing to those we love.

## SONG CCXXVI.

## BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.



*Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev' - - ry swain, I'll tell*



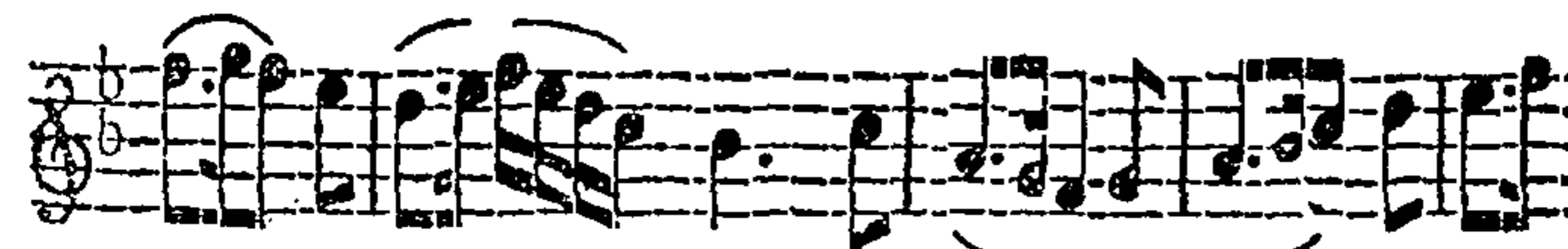
*how Peg-gy grieves me; Tho' thus I languish and*



*com-plain, Alas! she ne'er believes me. My*



*vows and sighs, like si - lent air, Un - heed - ed,*



*ne - ver move her, The bon - ny bush a-boon*



*Tra-quair Was where I first did love her.*



That day she smil'd and made me glad ;  
No maid seem'd ever kinder :  
I thought myself the luckiest lad  
So sweetly there to find her.  
I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame  
In words that I thought tender ;  
If more there pass'd I'm not to blame ;  
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,  
The fields we then frequented ;  
If e'er we meet she shows disdain,  
She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,  
Its sweets I'll ay remember ;  
But now her frowns make it decay ;  
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs who hear my strains,  
Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?  
Oh, make her partner in my pains !  
And let her smiles relieve me !  
If not, my love will turn despair ;  
My passion no more tender ;  
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair ;  
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

## SONG CCXXVII.

## ROSLIN CASTLE.



*'Twas in that season of the year When all things*



*gay and sweet appear, That Co-lin, with the morn-*



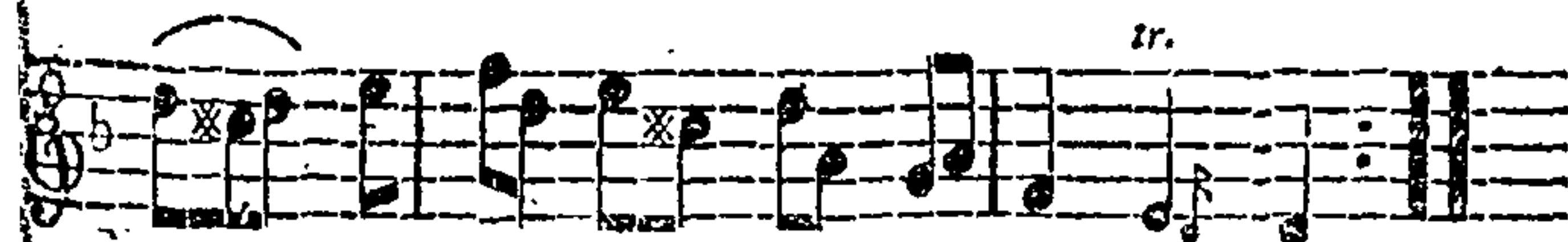
*ing ray, A - rose and sung his ru - ral lay. Of*



*Nanny's charms the shepherd sung, The hills and dales*



*with Nan - ny rung, While Roslin castle heard the*



*swain, And e - cho'd back the cheerful strain.*

Awake, sweet muse ! the breathing spring  
 With rapture warms ; awake and sing !  
 Awake and join the vocal throng  
 Who hail the morning with a song !  
 To Nanny raise the cheerful lay ;  
 O, bid her haste and come away ;  
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love ! on ev'ry spray  
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay !  
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,  
 And love inspires the melting song.  
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise :  
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes ;  
 And love my rising bosom warms,  
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love ! thy Colin's lay  
 With rapture calls ; O come away !  
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine  
 Around that modest brow of thine !  
 O hither haste, and with thee bring  
 That beauty blooming like the spring !  
 Those graces that divinely shine !  
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.



### SONG CCXXVIII.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**F**ROM Roslin castle's echoing walls  
 Resounds my shepherd's ardent calls ;  
 My Colin bids me come away,  
 And love demands I should obey.

His melting strain and tuneful lay  
 So much the charms of love display,  
 I yield—nor longer can refrain  
 To own my love, and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal  
 The painful pleasing flame I feel ;  
 My soul retorts the am'rous strain,  
 And echoes back in love again.  
 Where lurks my songster ? from what grove  
 Does Colin pour his notes of love ?  
 O bring me to the happy bow'r  
 Where mutual love may bliss secure !

Ye vocal hills that catch the song,  
 Repeating, as it flies along,  
 To Colin's ear my strain convey,  
 And say, I haste to come away.  
 Ye zephyrs soft that fan the gale,  
 Waft to my love the soothing tale ;  
 In whispers all my soul express,  
 And tell, I haste his arms to bless.



## SONG CCXXIX.

*Tune, From the East breaks the Morn, page 230.*

**L**ET gay ones and great  
 Make the most of their fate ;  
 From pleasure to pleasure they run :  
 Well, who cares a jot ?  
 I envy them not  
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise air  
 To the field I repair,  
 With spirits unclouded and light :  
 The bliffes I find  
 No stings leave behind,  
 But health and diversion unite.



## SONG CCXXX.

## TODLEN HAME.



*When I have a saxpence under my thumb, Then I'll*



*get credit in il-ka town; But ay when I'm poor they*

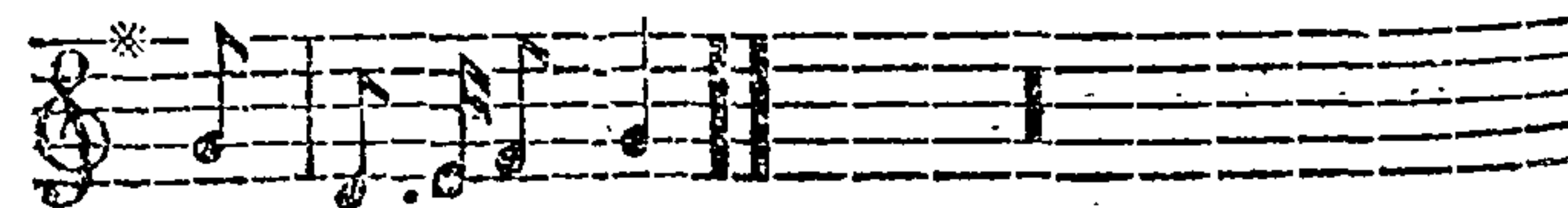


*bid me gae by, O po-ver-ty parts good com - pa - ny.*

Chorus.



*To-dlen hame, To-dlen hame, O cou'dna my love*



*come to - dlen hame,*

Fair fa' the goodwife, and fend her good fale!  
 She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale;  
 Syne if that her tippony chance to be sma'  
 We'll tak' a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,  
 As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep  
 And twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet;  
 And ay when we waken'd we drank them dry:  
 What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?

Todlen butt and todlen ben,  
 Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

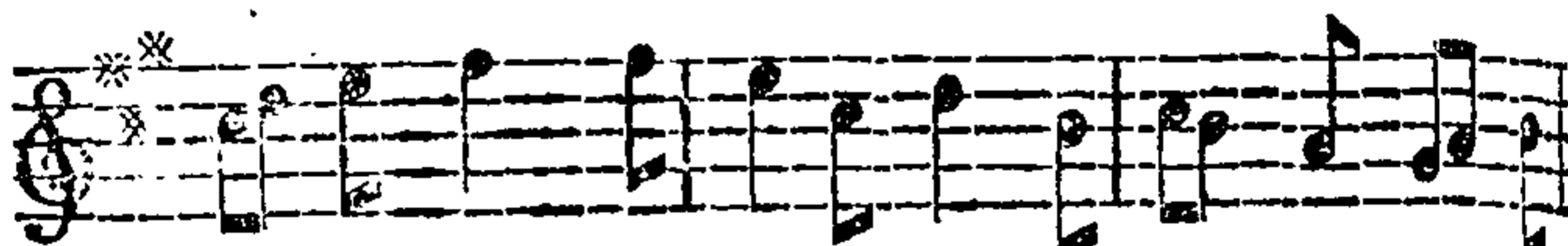
Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,  
 Ye're ay fae good-humour'd when weeting your mou';  
 When sober, fae four ye'll fight with a flee,  
 That 'tis a blithe fight to the bairns and me

When todlen hame, todlen hame,  
 When round as a neep you come todlen hame,

CALLIOPE : OR THE  
SONG CCXXXI.  
OLD SLY HODGE.



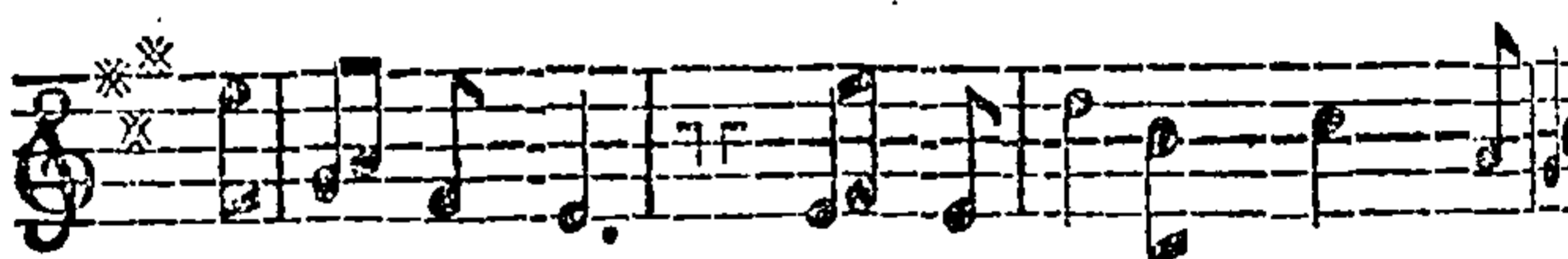
*Curtis was old Hodge's wife ; For virtue none was*



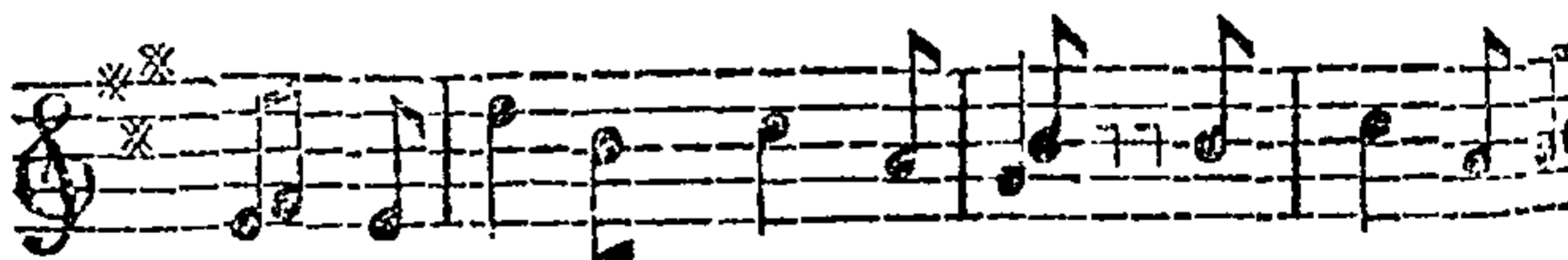
*e - ver such : She led so pure, so chaste a life, She*



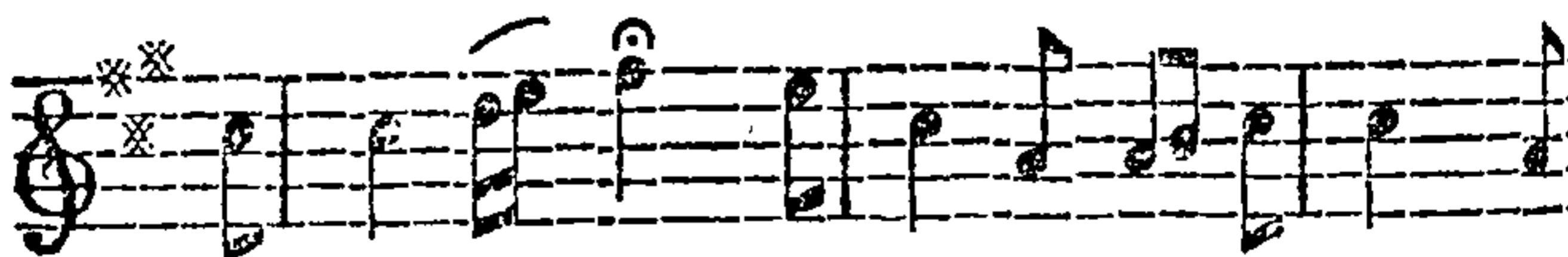
*led so pure, so chaste a life, Hodge said it was vir-*



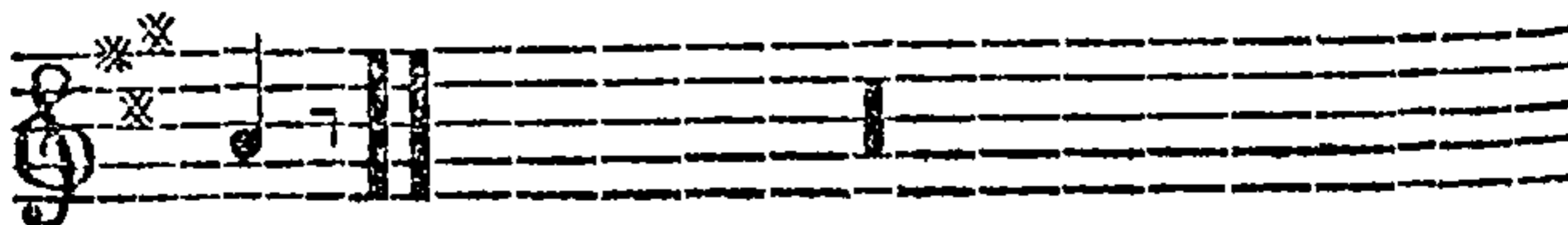
*tue o - ver much : For, says sly old Hodge, says he,*



*For, says old sly Hodge, says he, Great talkers do*



*the least, d'ye see, Great talkers do the least, d'ye*



*see.*

Curtis swore, if men were rude,  
 She'd pull their eyes out, tear their hair;  
 My dear, says Hodge, you're wond'rous good,  
 My dear, &c.

However, let us nothing swear:  
 For, says fly old Hodge, &c.

One night she dream'd a drunken fool  
 Be rude, in spite of her, wou'd fain;  
 She makes no more than with joint stool,  
 She makes no more, &c.

Fell on her husband might and main.  
 Still says fly old Hodge, &c.

By that time she had broke his nose  
 Hodge made a shift to wake his wife;  
 O Hodge, says she, judge by these blows,  
 Dear Hodge, &c.

I prize my virtue as my life.  
 But, says fly old Hodge, &c.

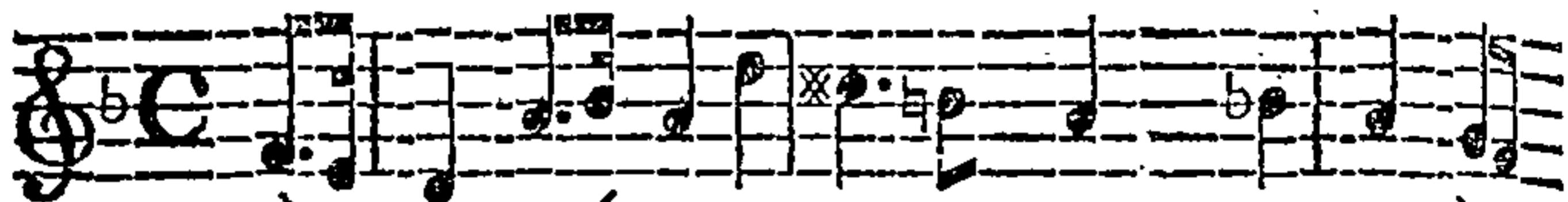
I dream'd a rude man on me fell;  
 However, I his project marr'd.  
 Dear wife, says Hodge, 'tis mighty well,  
 Dear wife, says Hodge, &c.

But next time don't hit quite so hard:  
 For, says old fly Hodge, &c.



## SONG CCXXXII.

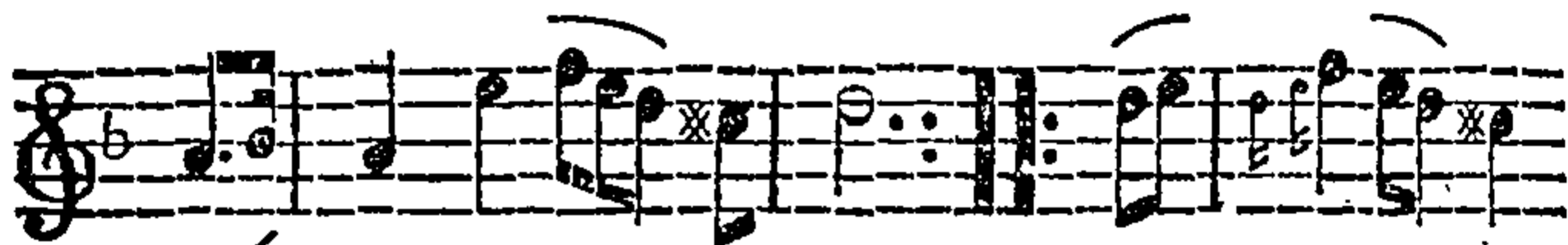
## SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.



*The night her silent fa-ble wore, And gloomy*



*were the skies ; Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more*



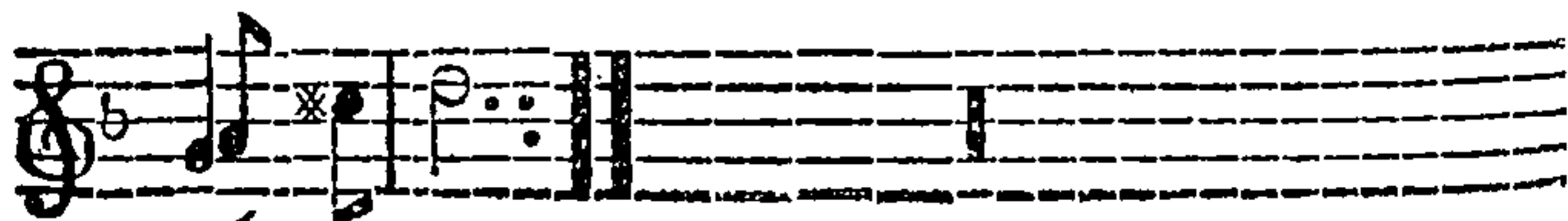
*than those in Nel-ly's eyes. When to her fa-*



*ther's door I came, Where I had of-ten been,*



*I begg'd my fair, my love-ly dame, To rise and*



*let me in.*

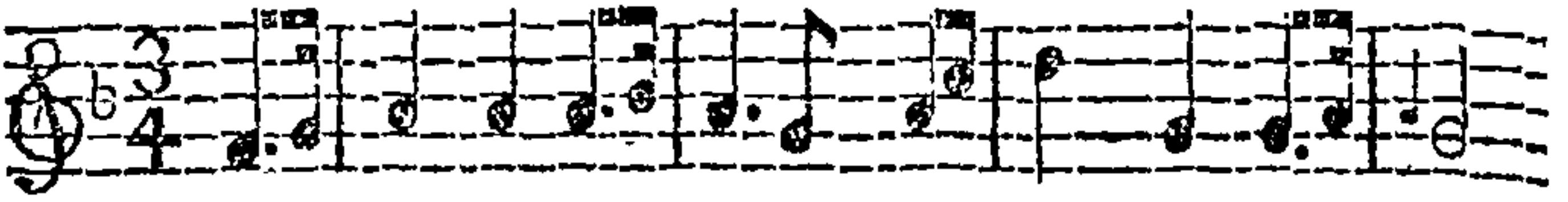
But she, with accents all divine,  
Did my fond suit reprove ;  
And while she chid my rash design,  
She but inflam'd my love.  
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,  
While her bright eyes did roll :  
But virtue only had the pow'r  
To charm my very soul.

Then who wou'd cruelly deceive;  
Or from such beauty part ?  
I lov'd her so; I could not leave  
The charmer of my heart.  
My eager fondness I obey'd,  
Resolv'd she should be mine,  
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd  
My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love;  
Transporting is my joy :  
No greater blessing can I prove;  
So blest'd a man am I :  
For beauty may a while retain  
The conquer'd flutt'ring heart ;  
But virtue only is the chain  
Holds never to depart.

## SONG CCXXXIII.

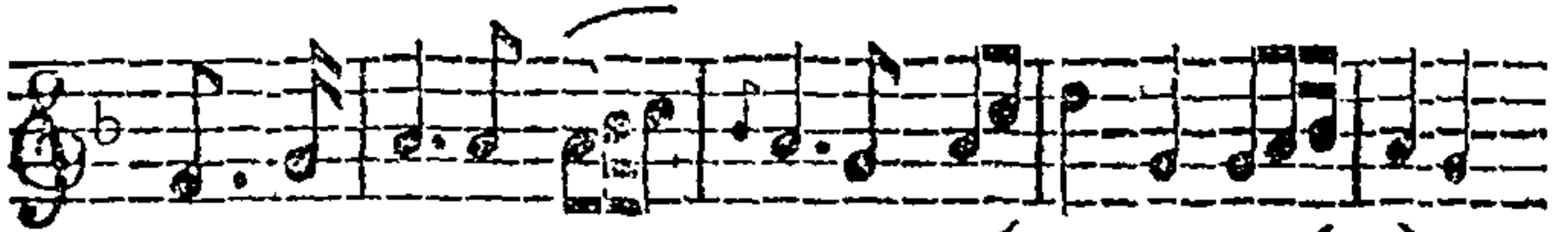
## LOCHABER NO MORE.



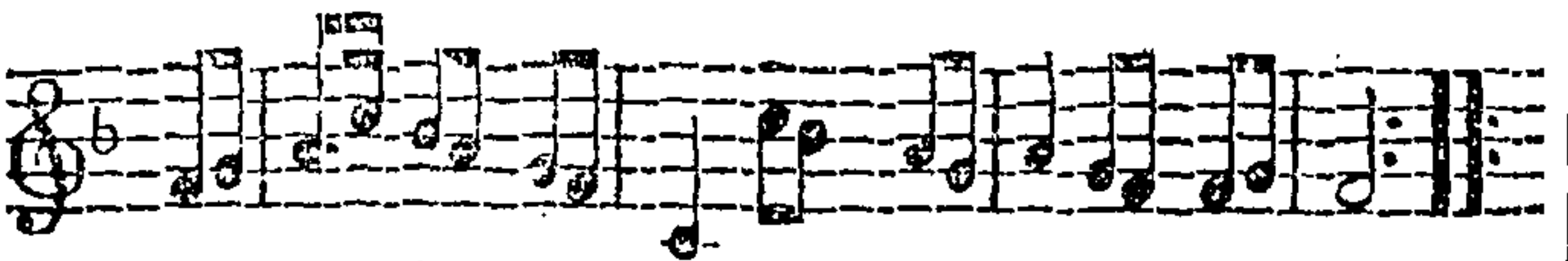
*Farewell to Lochaber! and farewell my Jean!*



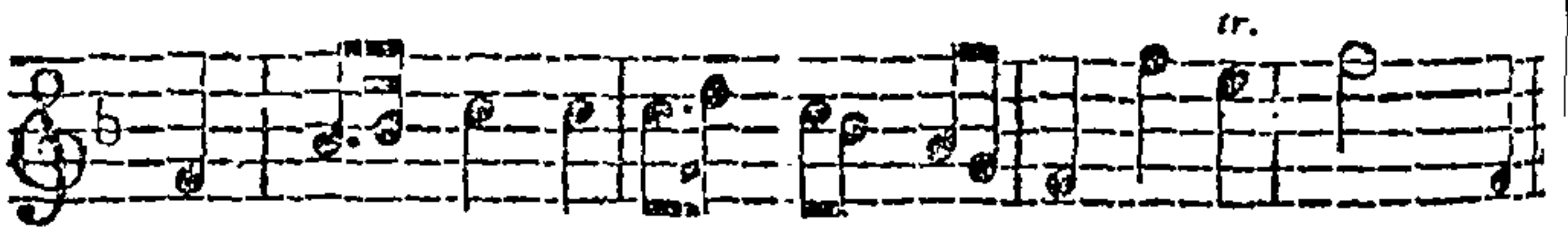
*Where heartsome with thee I have many days been:*



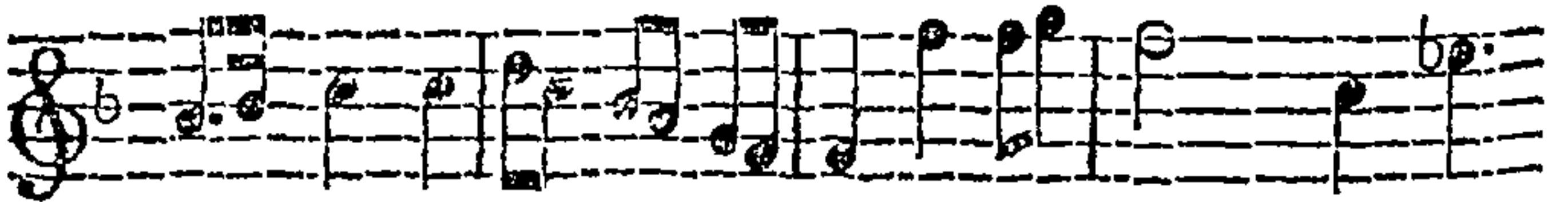
*For, Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,*



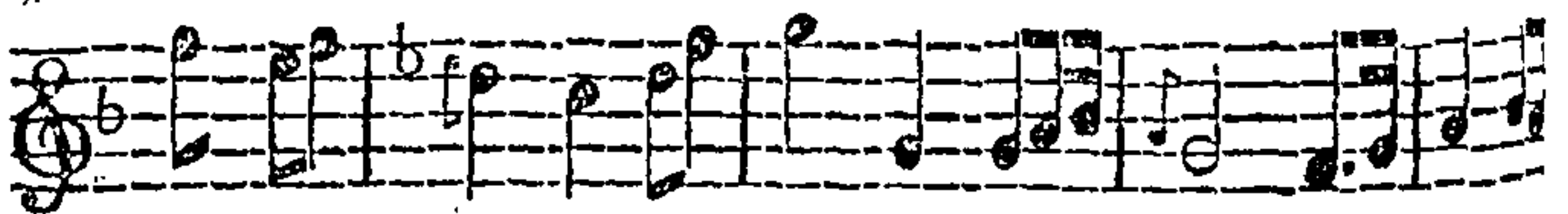
*We'll may-be re-turn to Loch-a-ber no more.*



*These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear, And*



*no for the dangers attending on weir; Tho' bore*



*on rough seas to a far bloo-dy shore, May-be to*



*return to Lochaber no more.*

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,  
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind:  
 Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,  
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.  
 To leave thee behind me my heart is fair pain'd;  
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd:  
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;  
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

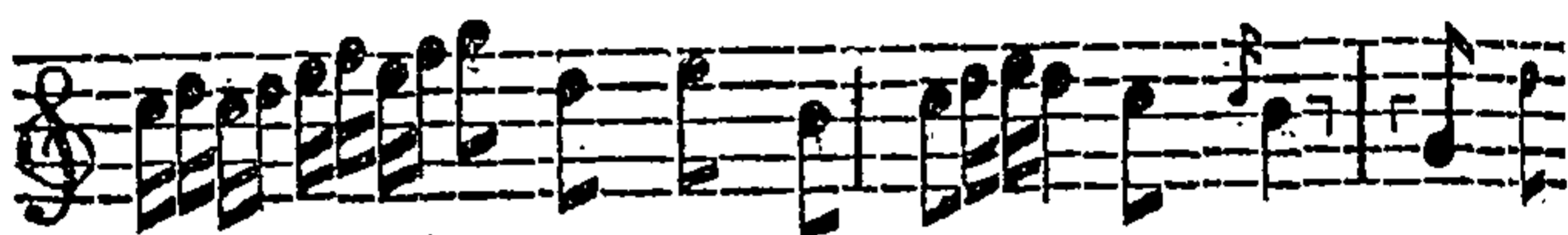
Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;  
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?  
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.  
 I gae, then, my las, to win honour and fame;  
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,  
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

## SONG CCXXXIV.

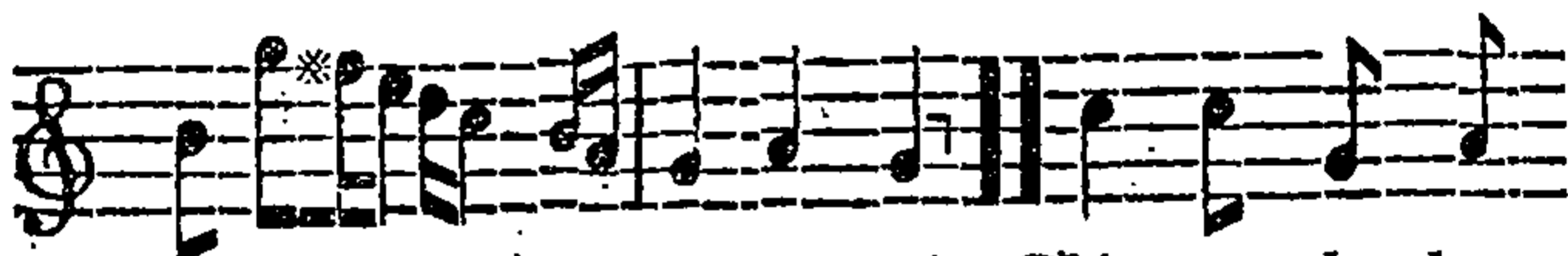
## RULE, BRITANNIA.



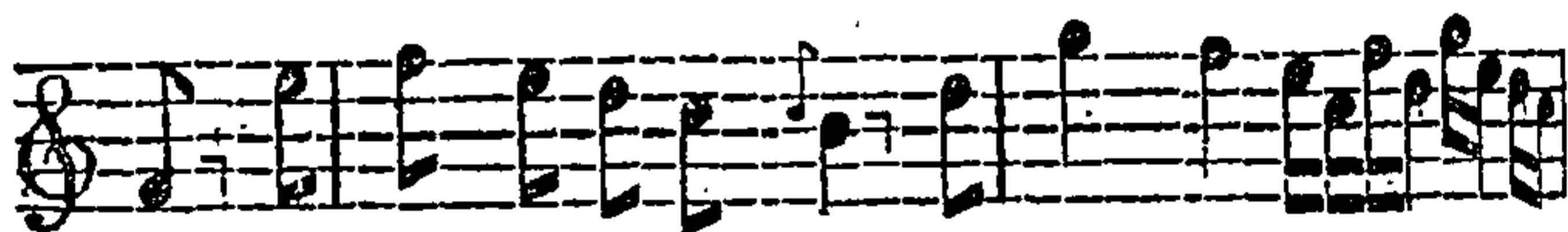
*When Britain, first, at Heav'n's command, A-*



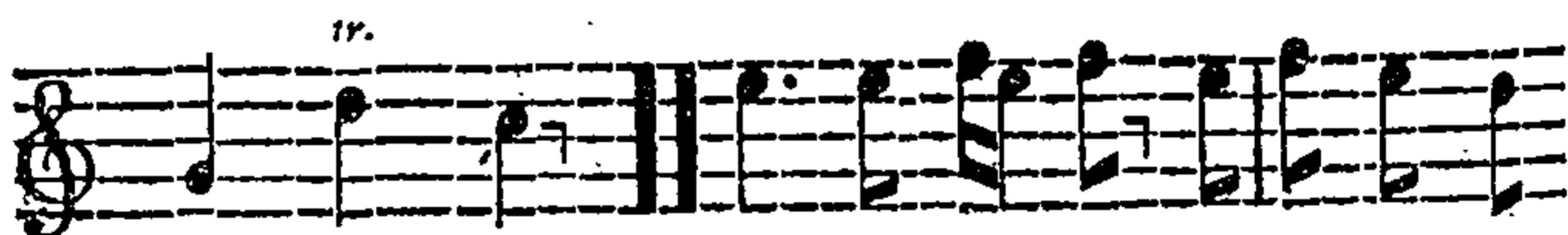
*rose - - - from out the a - - zure main, Arose*



*from out the azure main, This was the char-*



*ter, the charter of the land, And guardian an - - gels*



*sung this strain : Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule*



*the waves, Britons ne - - - ver shall be slaves.*

The nations not so blest as thee  
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall ;  
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall ;  
 Whilst thou shalt flourish—shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.  
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful, from each foreign stroke ;  
 More dreadful, from each foreign stroke ;  
 As the loud blast that—loud blast that tears the skies,  
 Serve but to root the native oak.  
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame :  
 All their attempts to bend thee down,  
 All their attempts to bend thee down,  
 Will but arouse thy—arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
 But work their wo and thy renown.  
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;  
 And thine shall be the—shall be the subject main ;  
 And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.  
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair :  
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair :  
 Blest isle! with matchless—with matchless beauty crown'd,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

## SONG CCXXXV.

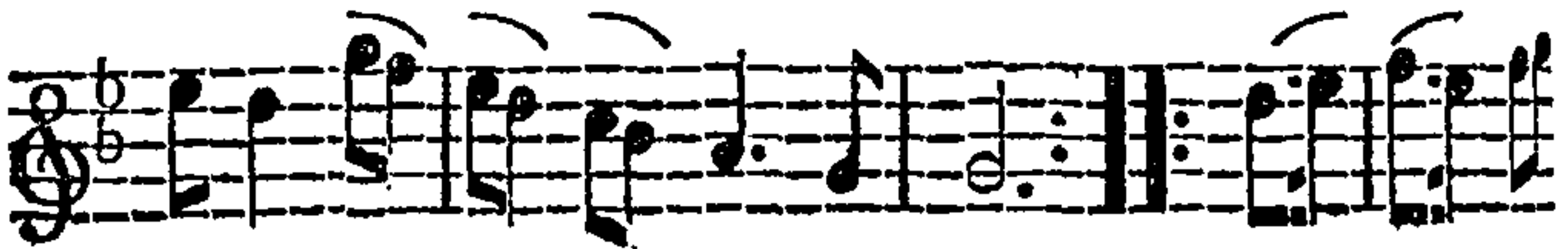
## AH, CHLORIS!



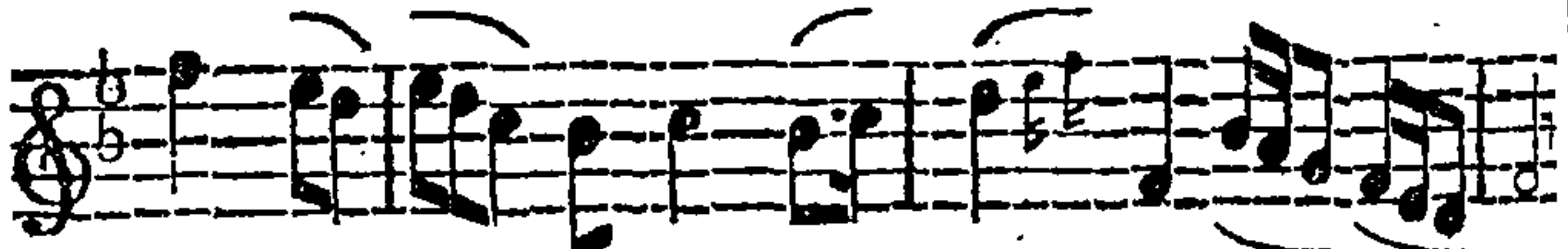
*Ah, Chloris! cou'd I now but sit As un-*



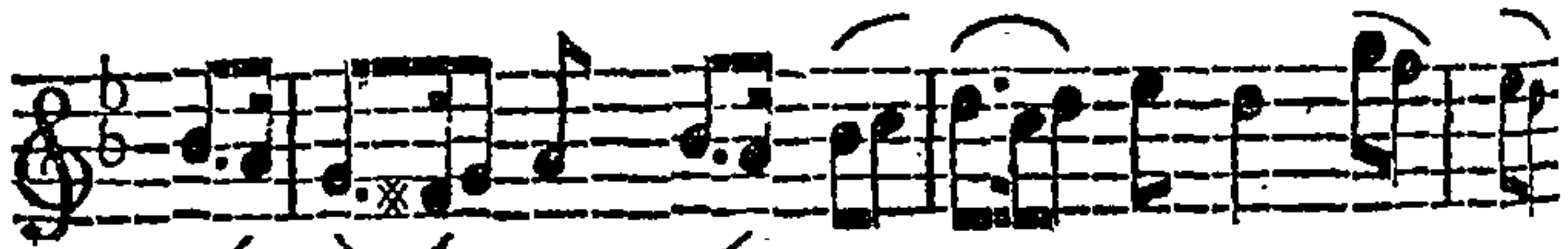
*concern'd as when Your in - - - fant beau-ty cou'd*



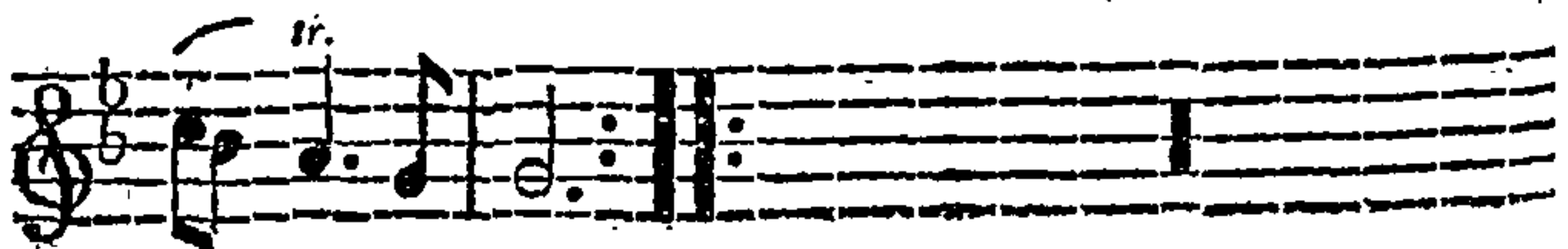
*beget No hap-pi-ness nor pain. When I this*



*dawning did admire, And prais'd the co - ming day,*



*I lit - - - tle thought that ri - sing fire Wou'd take*



*my rest away.*







We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright ;  
 Says he, my sweetest Nell, O ;  
 I'll kiss you here by this good light ;  
 Lord, what a charming fellow !  
 You rogue, says I, you've stopp'd my breath ;  
 Ye bells ring out my knell, O ;  
 Again I'd die so sweet a death  
 With such a charming fellow.



## SONG CCXXXVIII.

*Tune, Cease, rude Boreas, page 30.*

**W**ELCOME, welcome, brother debtor,  
 To this poor but merry place ;  
 Where no bailiff, dun, or fetter,  
 Dare to shew a frightful face.  
 But, kind Sir, as you're a stranger,  
 Down your garnish you must lay ;  
 Or your coat will be in danger :  
 You must either strip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement  
 From your children or your wife :  
 Wisdom lies in true resignation,  
 Through the various scenes of life,  
 Scorn to show the least resentment,  
 Though beneath the frowns of fate ;  
 Knaves and beggars find contentment ;  
 Fears and cares attend the great.

Though our creditors are spiteful,  
 And restrain our bodies here ;  
 Use will make a jail delightful,  
 Since there's nothing else to fear.

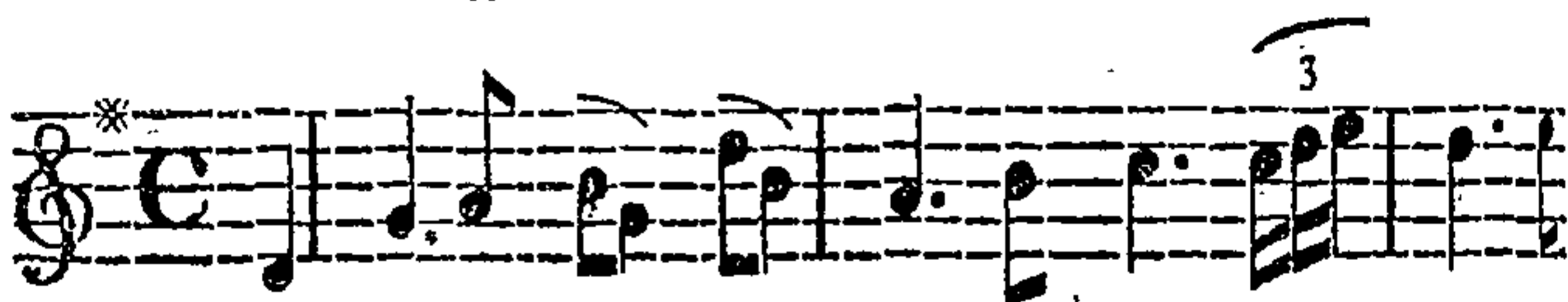
Every island's but a prison,  
 Strongly guarded by the sea:  
 Kings and princes, for that reason,  
 Pris'ners are as well as we.

What was't made great Alexander  
 Weep at his unfriendly fate?  
 'Twas because he could not wander  
 Beyond the world's strong prison-gate.  
 The world itself is strongly bounded  
 By the heavens and stars above:  
 Why should we then be confounded,  
 Since there's nothing free but love?



## SONG CCXXXIX.

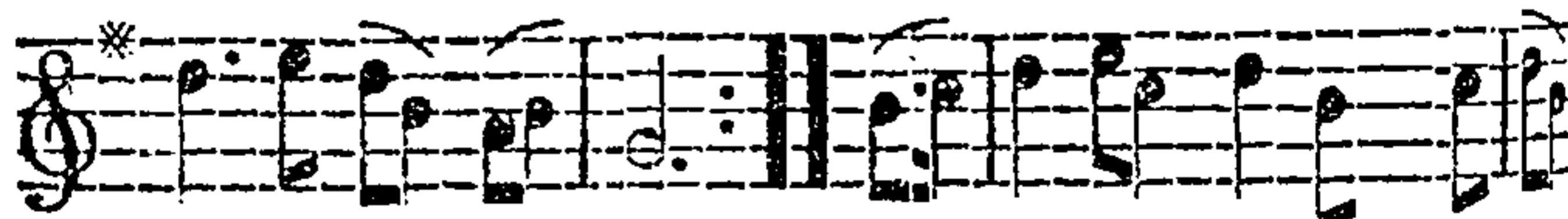
## BELIEVE MY SIGHS.



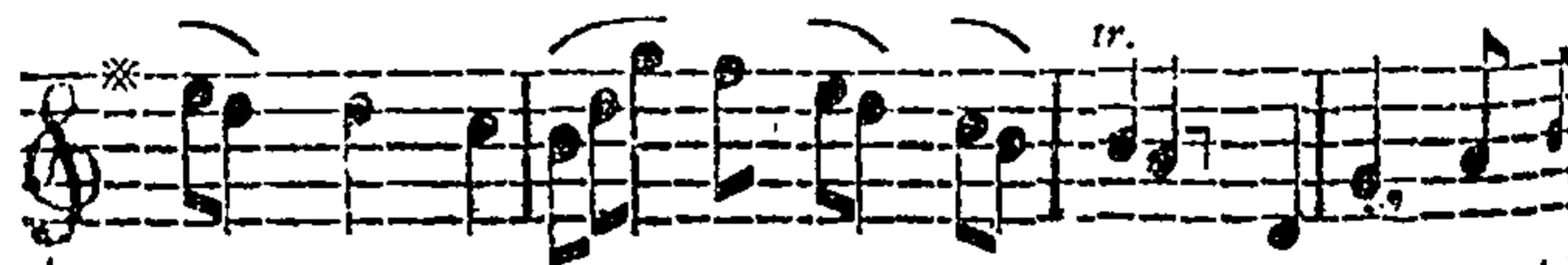
*Believe my sighs, my tears, my dear, Be - lieve a*



*heart you've won; Believe my vows to you sincere, Or,*

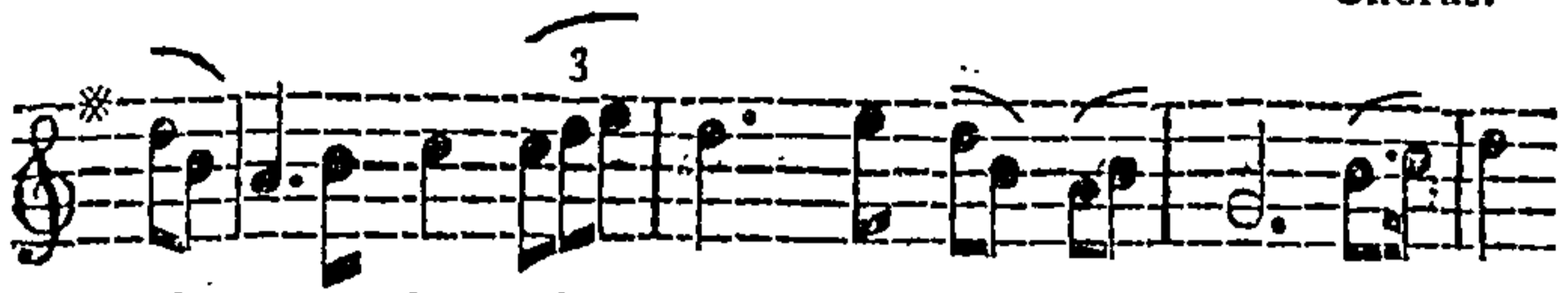


*Jenny, I'm undone. You say I'm fickle, and apt*



*to change At ev' - ry face that's new: Of all the girls*

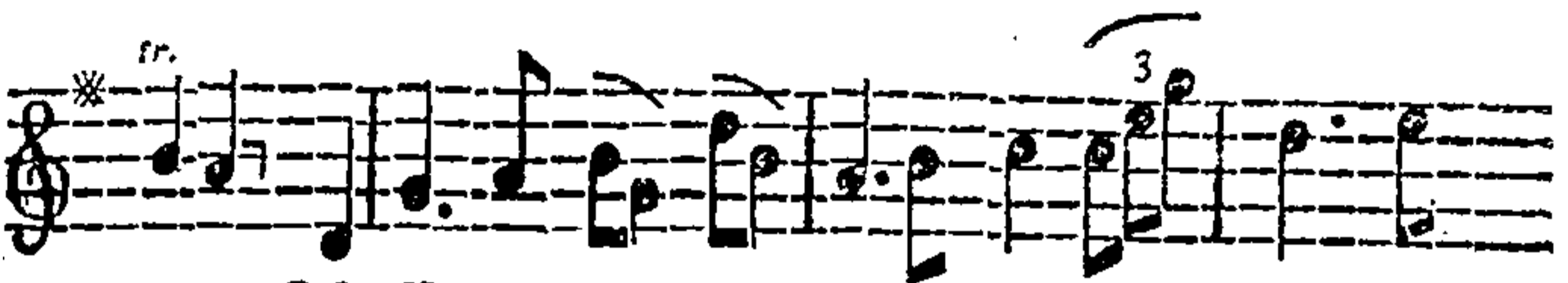
## Chorus.



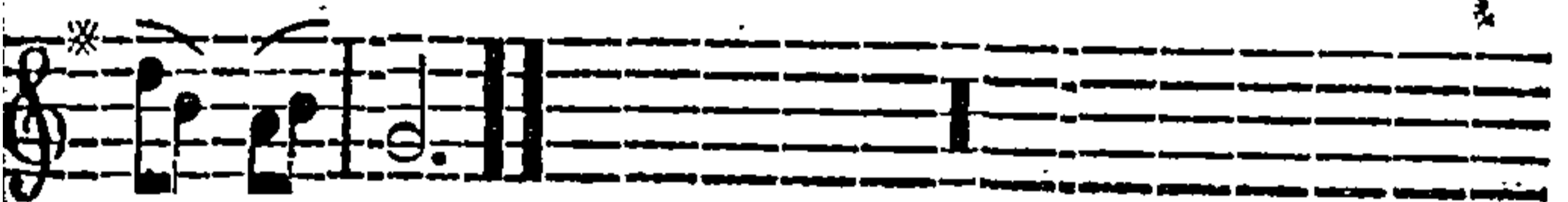
*I e-ver saw, I ne'er lov'd one like you. I ne'er*



*lov'd one like you, my dear, I ne'er lov'd one like*



*you; Of all the girls I e-ver saw, I ne'er lov'd*

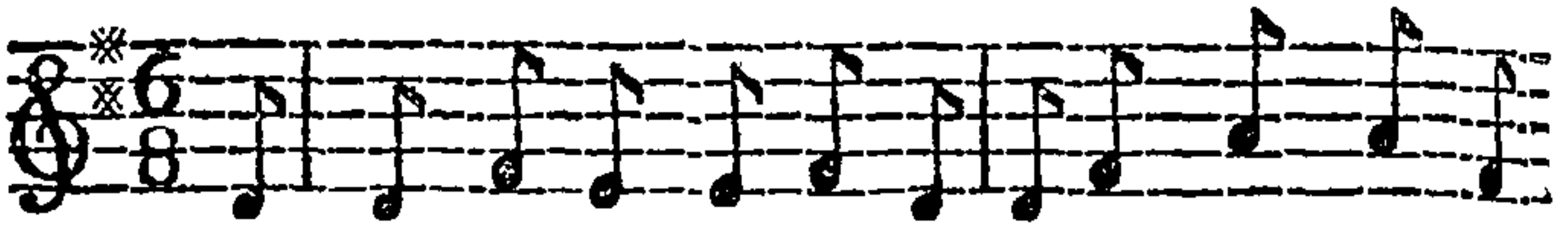


*one like you.*

My heart was like a lump of ice  
 Till warm'd by your bright eye;  
 And then it kindled in a trice  
 A flame that ne'er can die.  
 Then take and try me, you shall find  
 That I've a heart that's true;  
 Of all the girls I ever saw,  
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.  
 I ne'er lov'd, &c.

## SONG CCXL.

## WHAT POSIES AND ROSES.



*Such beauties in view I can never praise too high,*



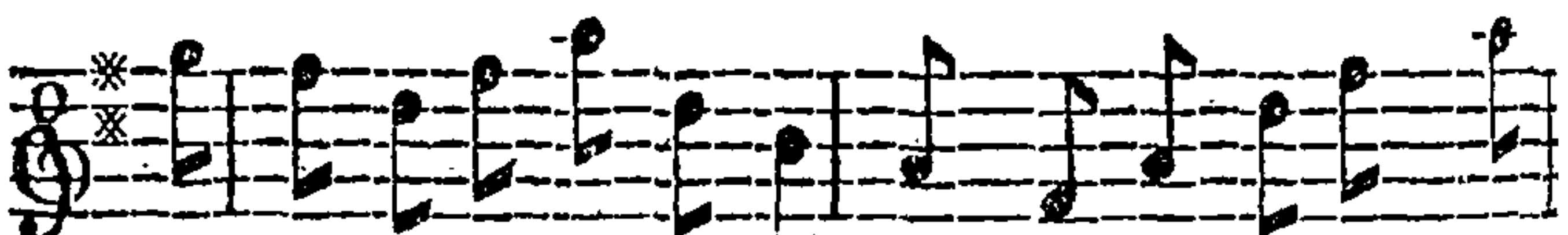
*Not Pallas's blue eye is brighter than thine ; Nor fount*



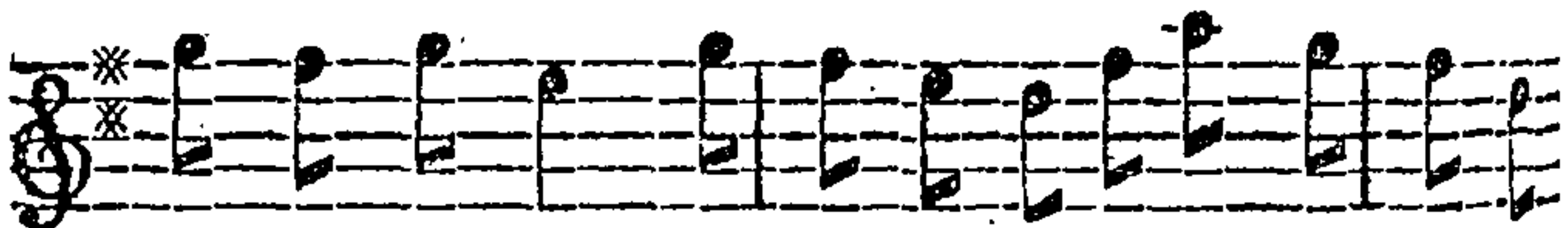
*of Susannah, Nor gold of fair Danaë, Nor moon of*



*Di-a-na so clearly can shine. Not beard of Si-le-nus,*



*Nor tresses of Venus, I swear by quæ genus, With*

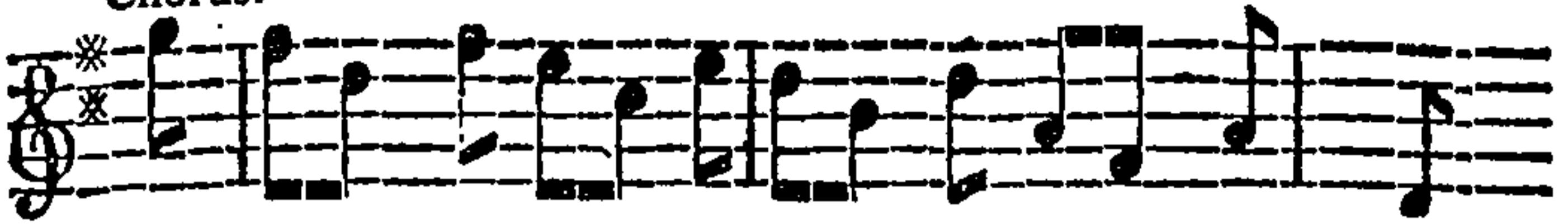


*yours can compare ; Not hermes caduces, Nor flower*



*deluces, Nor all the nine muses, To me are so fair.*

## Chorus.



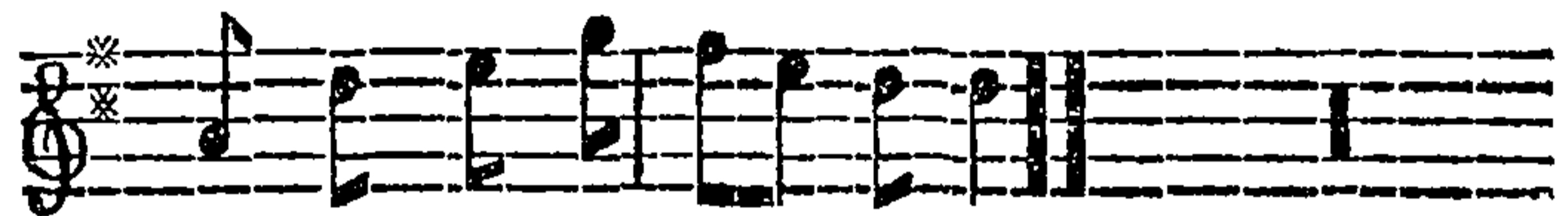
*What posies and roses To noses discloses, Your breath*



*all so sweet, Your breath all so sweet ; To the tip of*



*your lip, As they trip, The bees lip, Honey sip, Like*



*choice sip, And their bybla forget.*

When girls like you pass us

I saddle Pegasus,

And ride up Parnassus

To Helicon's stream.

Even that is a puddle

Where others may muddle ;

My nose let me fuddle

In bowls of your cream !

Old Jove the great Hector

May tipple his nectar ;

Of gods the director

And thunder above :

I'd quaff off a full can,

As Bacchus or Vulcan,

Or Jove, the old bull, can,

To her that I love.

What posies, &c.

## SONG CCXLI.

*Tune, The Dusky Night, page 250.*

**W**HILE grave divines preach up dull rules,  
 And moral wits refine,  
 The precepts taught in human schools,  
 The precepts taught in human schools,  
 We friars hold divine,  
 We friars hold divine.  
 Here's a health to Father Paul,  
 A health to Father Paul ;  
 For flowing bowls inspire the souls  
 Of jolly friars all.

When in the convent we're all met,  
 We laugh, we joke, we sing ;  
 Affairs divine we soon forget,  
 Affairs divine we soon forget,  
 Since Father Paul's our king,  
 Since Father Paul's our king.  
 Here's a health, &c.

Our beads and crosses we hold divine ;  
 We pray with fervent zeal  
 To rosy Bacchus god of wine,  
 To rosy Bacchus god of wine,  
 Who does each joy reveal,  
 Who does each joy reveal.  
 Here's a health, &c.

Here's absolution you'll receive,  
 You blue-ey'd nuns so fair ;  
 And benediction we will give,  
 And benediction we will give ;  
 So banish all your cares,  
 So banish all your cares.  
 Here's a health, &c.

So fill your bumpers, sons of mirth,  
 Let Friars be the toast ;  
 Long may they all exist on earth !  
 Long may they all exist on earth !  
 And nuns their order boast,  
 And nuns their order boast.  
 Here's a health, &c.



## SONG CCXLII.

*Tune, You the Point may Carry, page 208.*

**I**'M in love with twenty,  
 I'm in love with twenty,  
 And could adore as many more ;  
 There's nothing like a plenty.  
 Variety is charming,  
 Variety is charming ;  
 A constancy is not for me ;  
 So ladies take your warning.

For a man in one love,  
 For a man in one love,  
 He looks as poor as any boor,  
 For a man in one love,  
 Variety, &c.

Girls grown old and ugly,  
 Girls grown old and ugly,  
 They can't inspire the same desire  
 As when they're young and smugly.  
 Variety, &c.

'Tis not the grand regalia,  
 'Tis not the grand regalia  
 Of eastern kings that poets sings ;  
 But O the sweet seraglio !  
 Variety, &c.



## SONG CCXLIII.

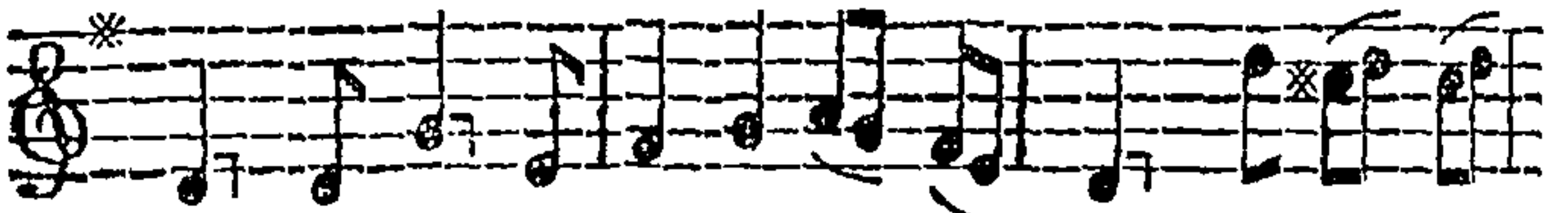
## THE WAND'RING SAILOR.



*The wand'ring sailor ploughs the main, A com-pe-*



*tence in life to gain ; Undaunted braves the stor-my*



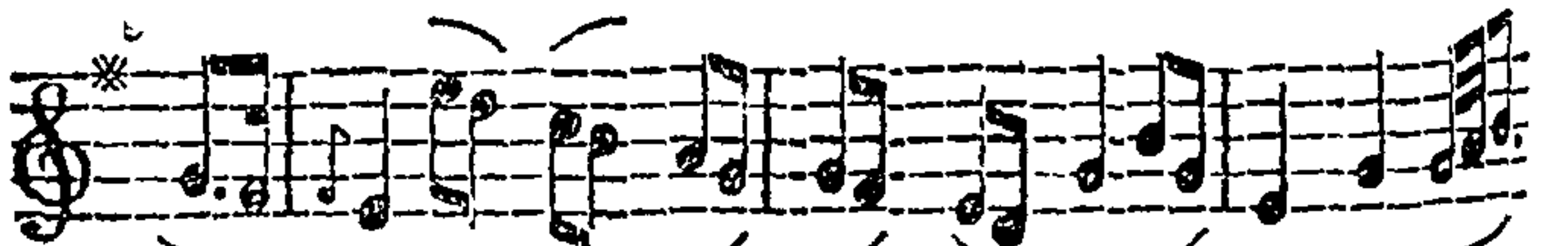
*seas, To find at last content and ease ; To find at*



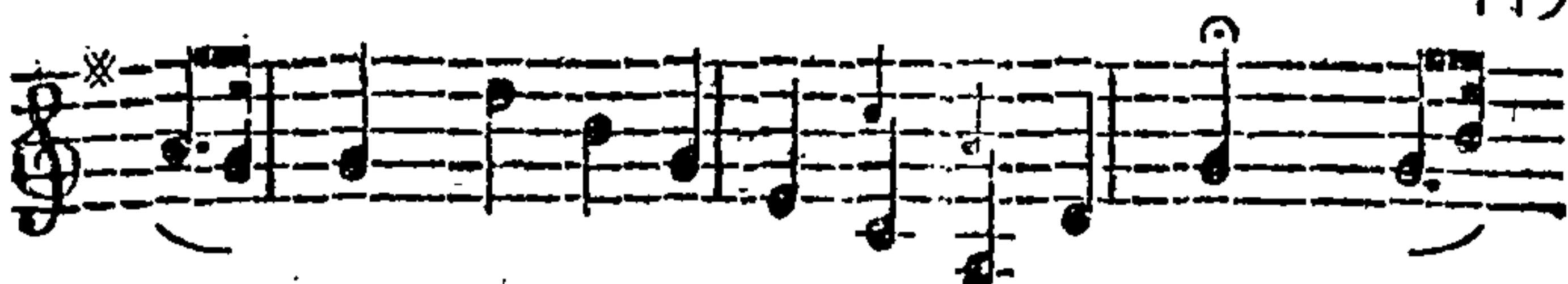
*last content and ease : In hopes, when toil and dan-*



*ger's o'er, To an-chor on his native shore ; In hopes,*



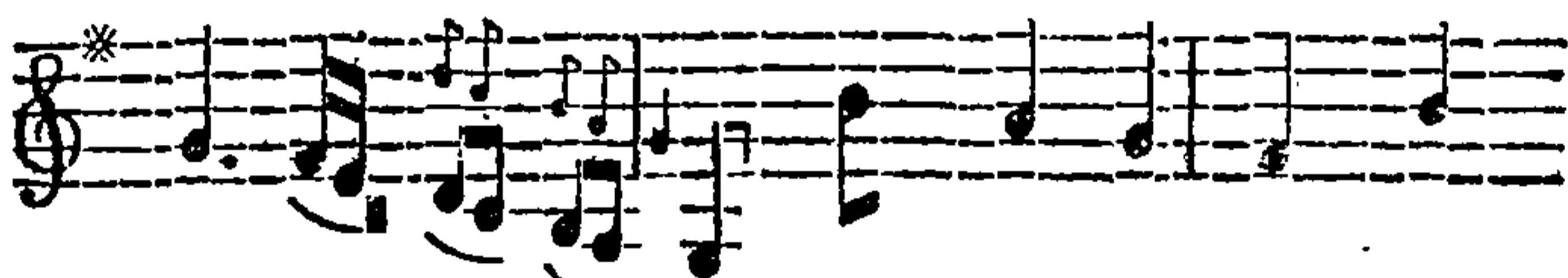
*when toil and danger's o'er, To anchor on his na-*



*tive shore ; To anchor on his native shore. When*



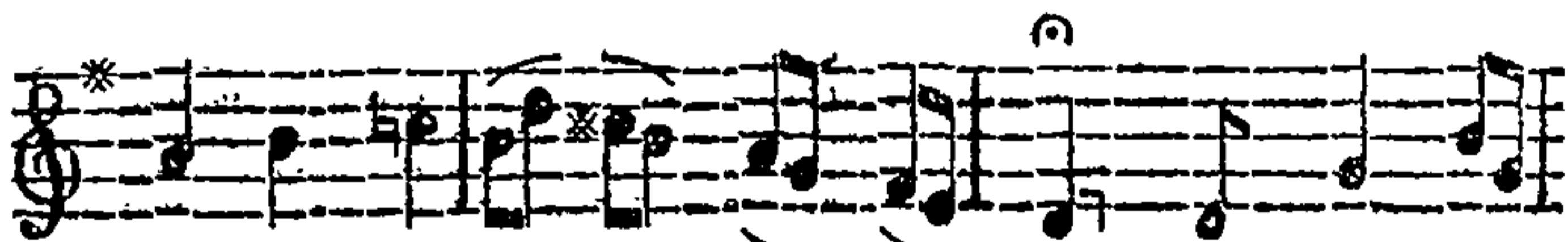
*winds blow hard, and mountains roll, And thunders*



*shake from pole to pole ; Tho' dreadful waves sur-*



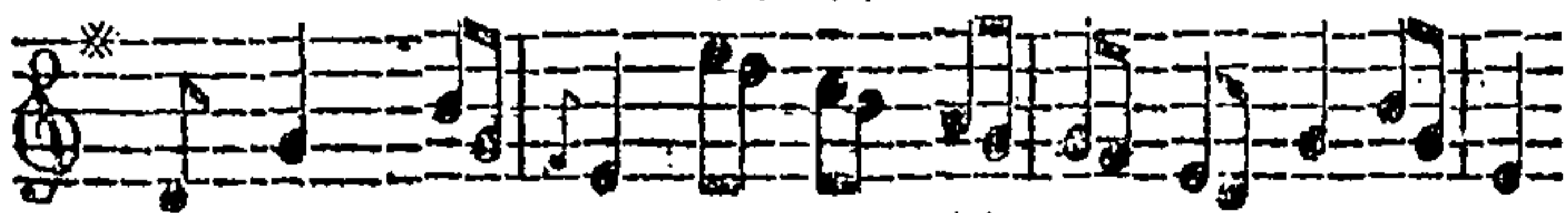
*rounding foam, Still flatt'ring fan-cy wafts him home ;*



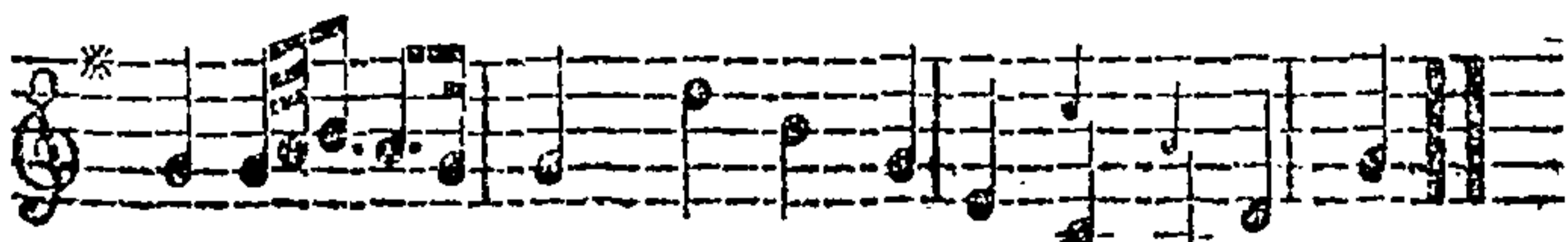
*Still flatt'ring fan - cy wafts him home ; In hopes, when*



*toil and danger's o'er, To anchor on his native shore ;*



*In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er, To anchor on*



*his na - tive shore ; To anchor on his native shore.*

\* When round the bowl the jovial crew  
 The early scenes of youth renew,  
 Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,  
 This is the universal toast :  
 This is the universal toast :

May we, when toil and danger's o'er,  
 Cast anchor on our native shore !

May we, when toil and danger's o'er,  
 Cast anchor on our native shore !

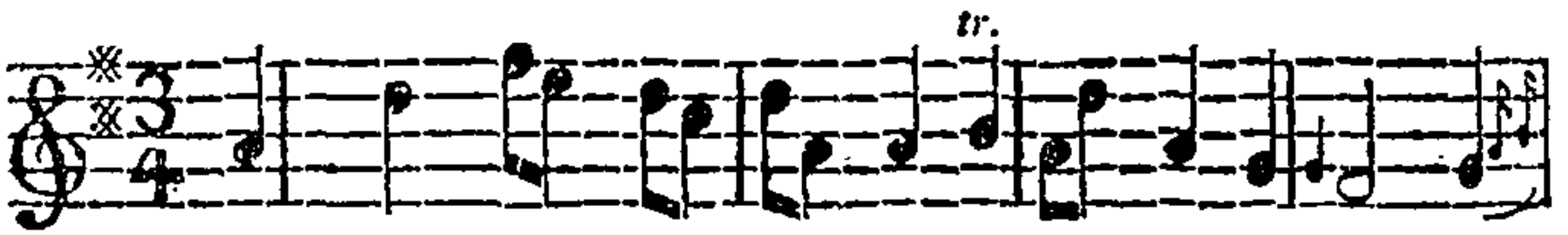
Cast anchor on our native shore !

\* These words to be sung to the first part of the tune.



## SONG CCXLIV.

### ON FRIENDSHIP.



*The world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit, And*



*friendship's a jewel we sel-dom can meet. How strange*



*does it seem that in searching a-round, That source*



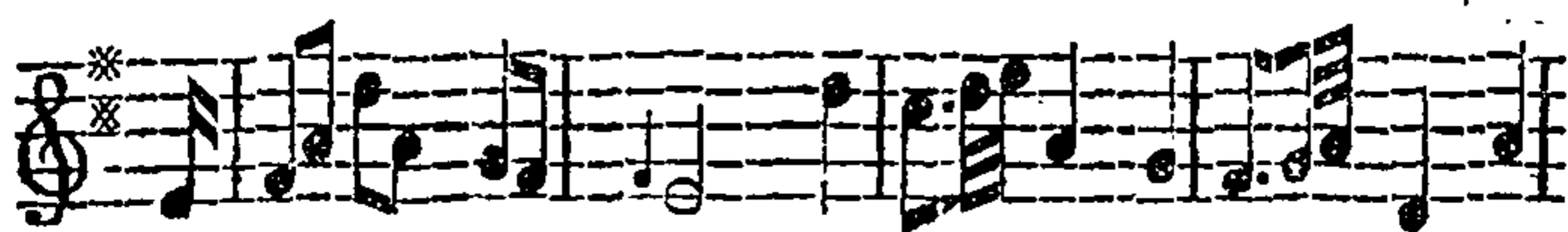
*of con-tent is so rare to be found! O friendship!*



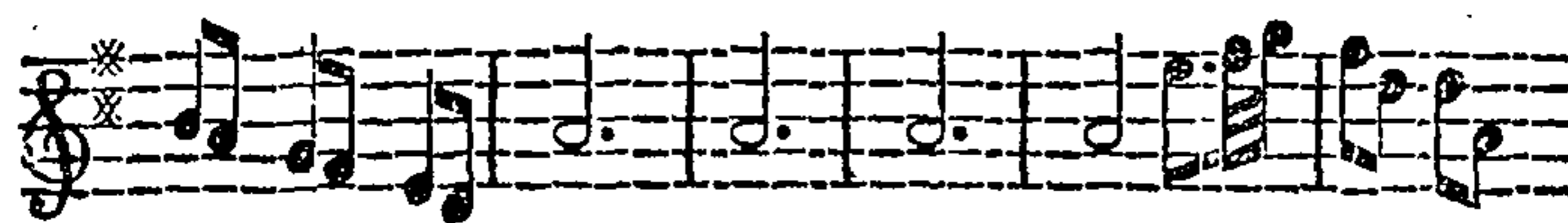
*thou balm and rich sweet'ner of life, Kind parent of*



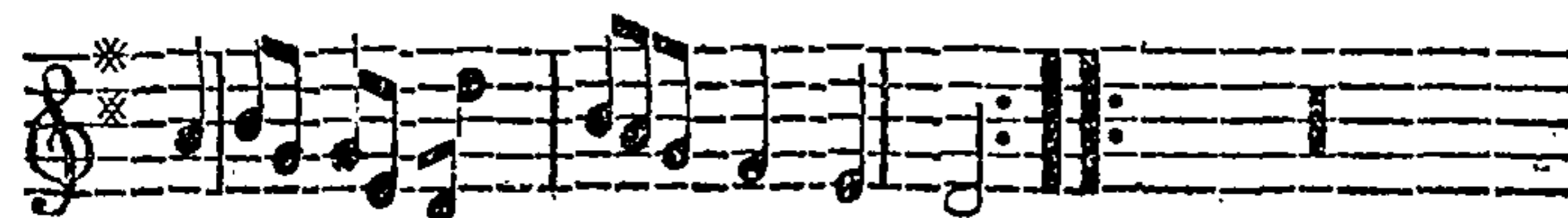
*ease, and composer of strife; Without thee, alas! what*



*are rich-es and pow'r, But emp - ty de - lu - sion, the*



*joys of an hour - - - - - But empty*

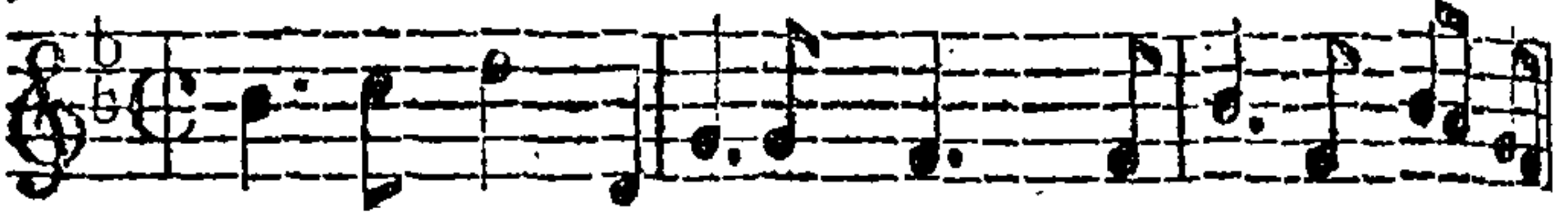


*de-lu-sion, the joys of an hour.*

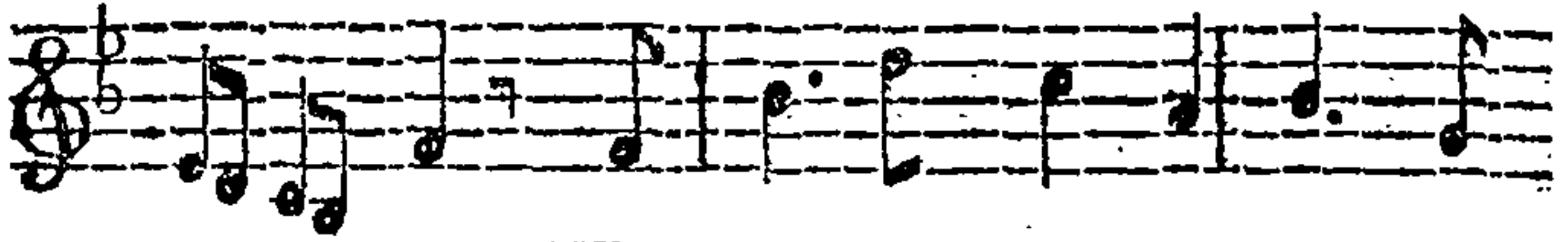
How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend  
 On whom we may always with safety depend;  
 Our joys, when extended, will always increase,  
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.  
 When fortune is smiling what crowds will appear  
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;  
 Yet change but the prospect and point out distress,  
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

SONG CCXLV,  
IN PRAISE OF ALE.

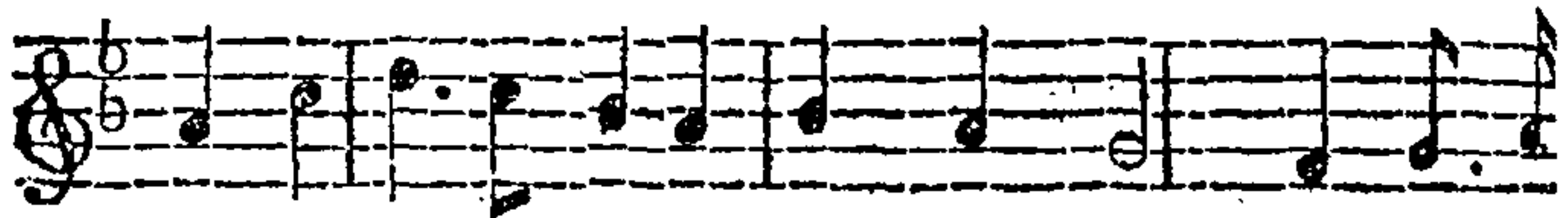
Moderato.



*When the chill Si-roc-co blows, And winter tells a*



*bea-vy tale ; When pies and daws and rooks and*



*crows Sit cursing of the frosts and snows, Then give me*



*ale, Then give me ale, Then give me ale.*

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,  
Such as will make Grimalkin prate,  
Bids valour burgeon in tall men,  
Quickens the poets wit and pen,  
Despises fate.

Ale, that the absent battle fights,  
And forms the march of Swedish drum,  
Disputes with princes, laws, and rights,  
What's done and past tells mortal wights,  
And what's to come.

Ale, that the plowman's heart upkeeps,  
And equals it to tyrants thrones,  
That wipes the eye that over-weeps,  
And lulls in sweet and dainty sleeps,  
The o'er wearied bones.

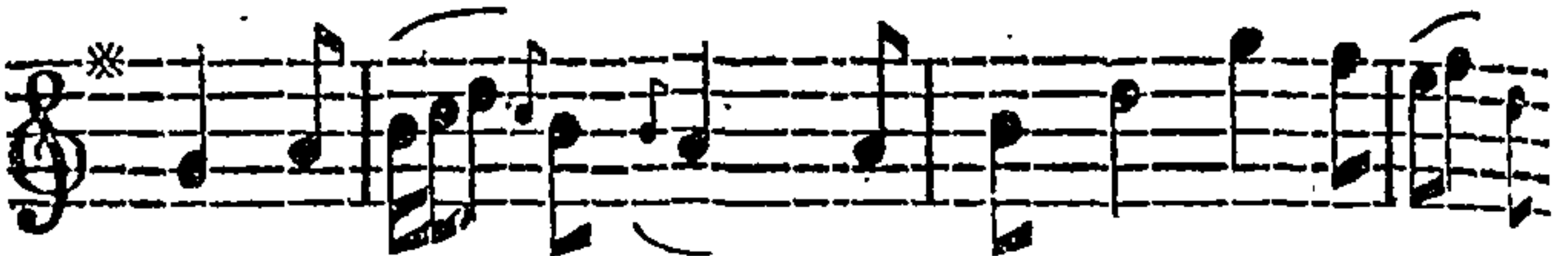
Grandchild of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter,  
Wine's emulous neighbour, if but stale,  
Ennobling all the nymphs of water,  
And filling each man's heart with laughter,  
Oh, give me ale !

## SONG CCXLVI.

## THE CUCKOW SONG.



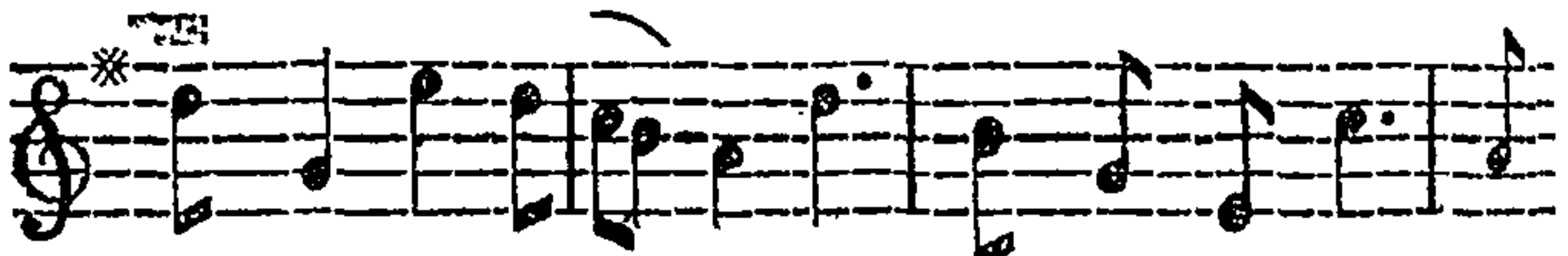
*When daisies pied, and violets blue, And la - dy-*



*smocks all sil - ver white, And cuckow-buds of yellow*



*bue, Do paint the meadows with delight ; The*



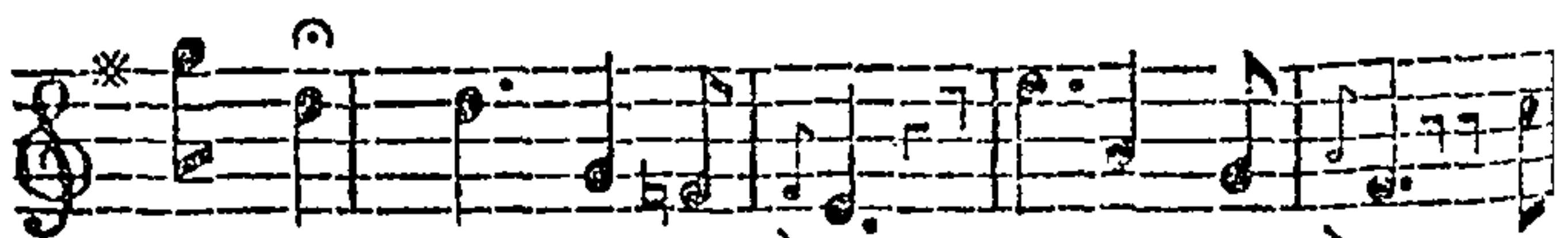
*cuckow then, on ev'ry tree, Mocks marry'd men, Mocks*



*marry'd men, Mocks marry'd men ; for thus sings he :*



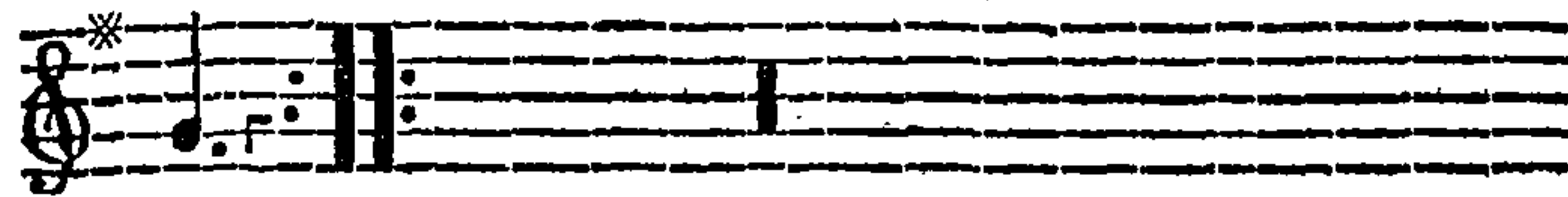
*Cuckow, cuckow, cuckow, cuckow, cuckow,*



*cuckow ; O word of fear ! O word of fear ! Un-*



*pleasing to a marry'd ear ; Unpleasing to a marry'd*



*ear.*

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
 And merry larks are ploughmens clocks,  
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,  
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
 The cuckow then, on every tree,  
 Mocks married men ; for thus sings he :  
 Cuckow, cuckow ;—O word of fear !  
 Unpleasing to a married ear.



## SONG CCXLVII.

## THE OLD MAN'S WISH.

*Tune, The Matron's Wish, page 58.*

**I**F I live to grow old, as I find I go down,  
 Let this be my fate: in a fair country town,  
 Let me have a warm house with a stone at my gate,  
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.  
 May I govern my passions with an absolute sway;  
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,  
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,  
 With the ocean at distance on which I may look;  
 With a green spacious plain, without hedge or stile,  
 And an easy pad nag to ride out a mile.  
 May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and one or two more  
 Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before;  
 With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'son nor teal,  
 And clean, though coarse, linen at every meal.  
 May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, and stout humming liquor,  
 And remnants of Latin to puzzle the vicar;  
 With a hidden reserve of good Burgundy wine,  
 To drink the king's health as oft as we dine.  
 May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day!  
 And, when I am dead, may the better sort say,  
 In the morning when sober, in the ev'ning when mellow,  
 He is gone, and has left not behind him his fellow!  
 For he govern'd his passions with an absolute sway;  
 And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,  
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

## SONG CCXLVIII.

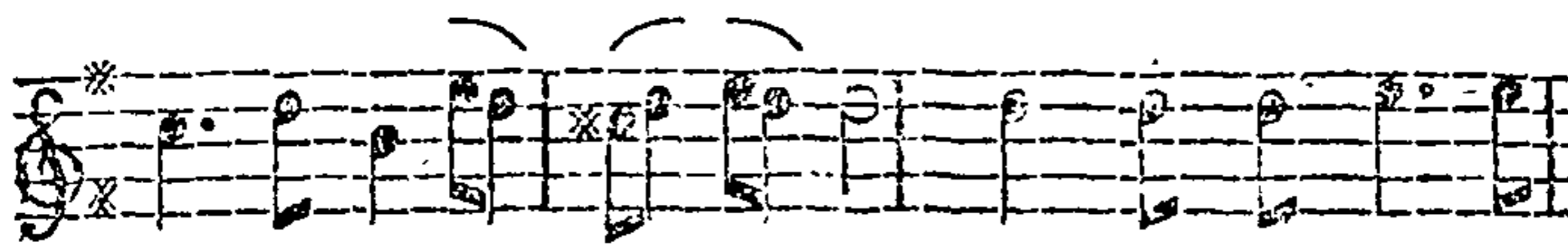
MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.



*My mind to me a kingdom is ; Such perfect joy*



*therein I find, As far ex-cels all earthly blifs That*



*God or Nature hath assign'd. Tho' much I want that*



*most would have, Yet still my mind forbids to crave.*

Content I live, this is my stay ;  
 I seek no more than may suffice :  
 I press to bear no haughty sway ;  
 Look what I lack my mind supplies.  
 Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,  
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,  
 And hasty climbers soonest fall :  
 I see that such as sit aloft  
 Mishap doth threaten most of all,

These get with toil, and keep with fear :  
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,  
No force to win a victory,  
No wily wit to falve a fore,  
No shape to win a lover's eye ;  
To none of these I yield as thrall ;  
For why ? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave ;  
I little have, yet seek no more :  
They are but poor, though much they have ;  
And I am rich with little store :  
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;  
They lack, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss ;  
I grudge not at another's gain :  
No worldly wave my mind can toss ;  
I brook that is another's bane :  
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend ;  
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease ;  
My conscience clear my chief defence ;  
I never seek by bribes to please,  
Nor by desert to give offence :  
Thus do I live, thus will I die :  
Would all did so as well as I !

I joy not in no earthly bliss ;  
I weigh not Crefus' wealth a straw :  
For care, I care not what it is ;  
I fear not Fortune's fatal law.  
My mind is such as may not move  
For beauty bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will ;  
 I wander not to seek for more ;  
 I like the plain, I climb no hill ;  
 In greatest storms I sit on shore,  
 And laugh at them that toil in vain  
 To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill ;  
 I feign not love where most I hate ;  
 I break no sleep to win my will ;  
 I wait not at the mighty's gate ;  
 I scorn no poor, I fear no rich ;  
 I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like ne loath ;  
 Extremes are counted worst of all ;  
 The golden mean betwixt them both  
 Doth surest fit, and fears no fall.  
 This is my choice : for why ? I find  
 No wealth is like a quiet mind.

## SONG CCXLIX.

## DE'IL TAK' THE WAR.



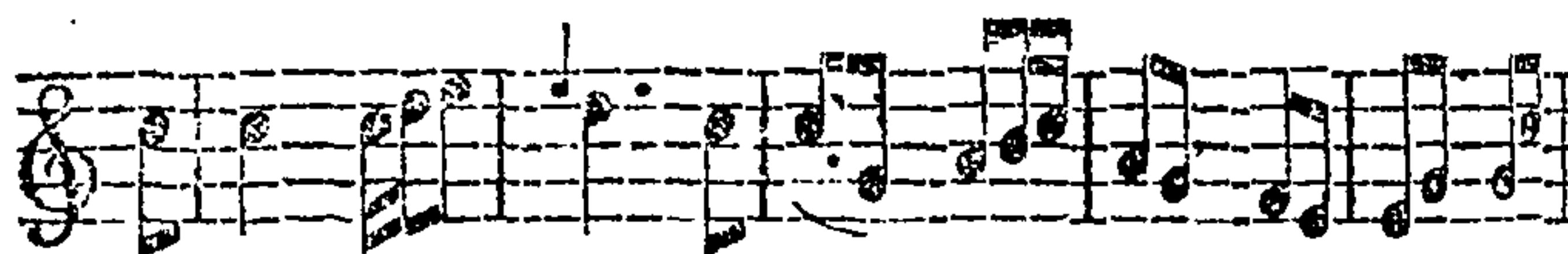
*De'il tak' the war, that hurry'd Wil-ly frae me, Who*



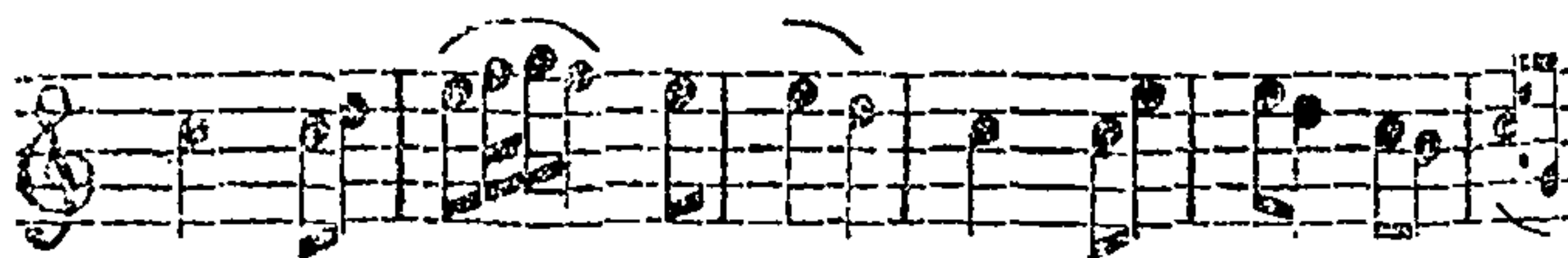
*to love me just had sworn ; They made him captain,*



*sure to un - do me, Wae is me, he'll ne'er re - turn.*



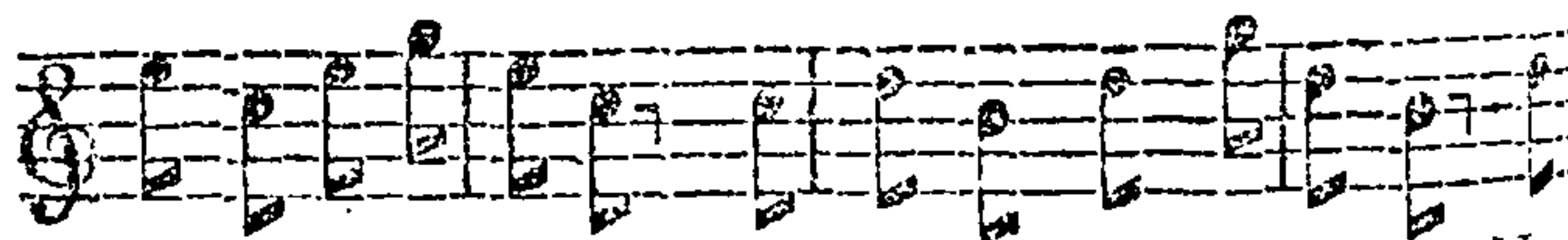
*A thou - sand loons a - broad will fight him, He from*



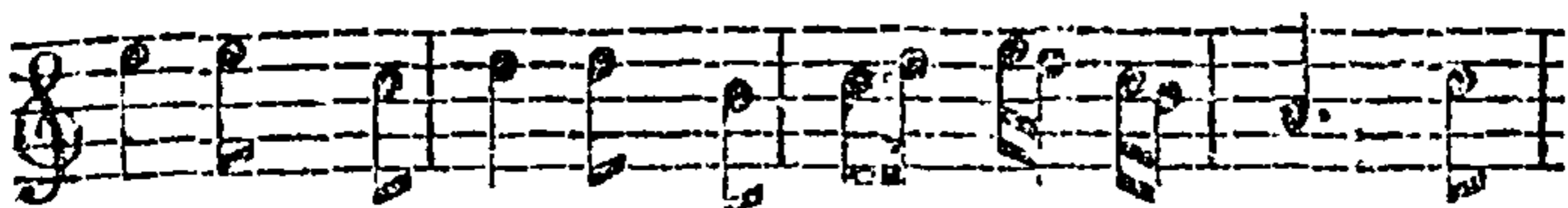
*thousands ne'er will run ; Day and night I did*



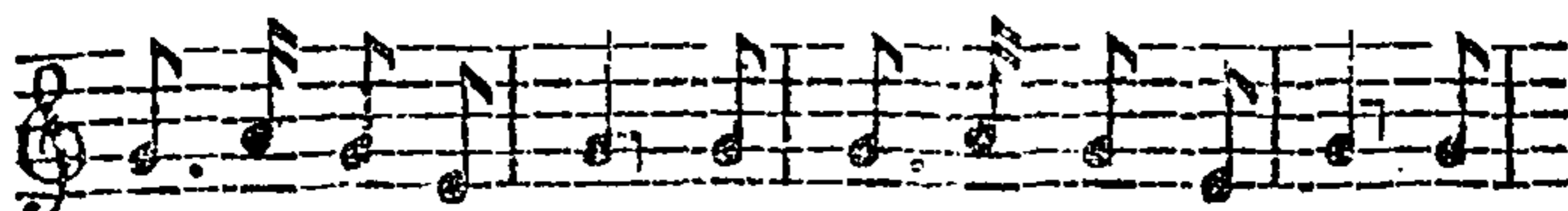
*in - vite him To stay safe from sword or gun. I*



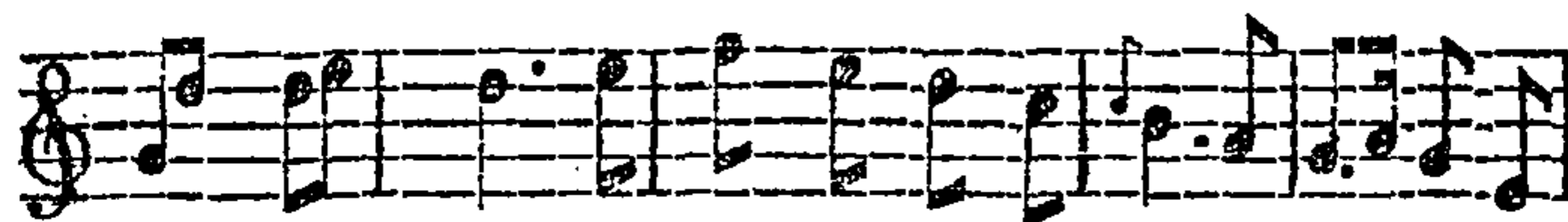
*us'd alluring graces, With muckle kind embraces, Now*



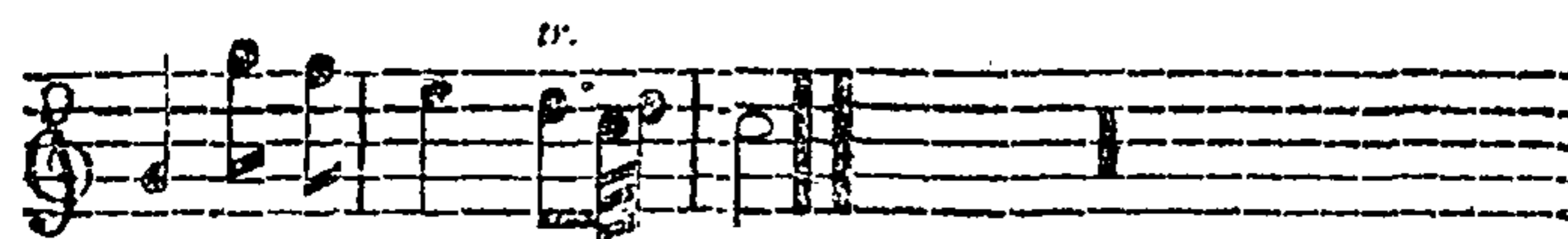
*fighting, Now crying, Then tears dropping fall; And*



*had he my soft arms Preferr'd to war's alarms, My*



*love grown mad, Without the man of Gad, I fear in my*



*fit I had grant - ed all.*

I wash'd and patch'd, to make me look provoking;  
 Snares that they told me would catch the men;  
 And on my head a huge commode fat poking,  
 Which made me shew as tall again:  
 For a new gown, too, I paid muckle money,  
 Which with golden flow'rs did shine;  
 My love well might think me gay and bonny,  
 No Scots lads was e'er so fine.

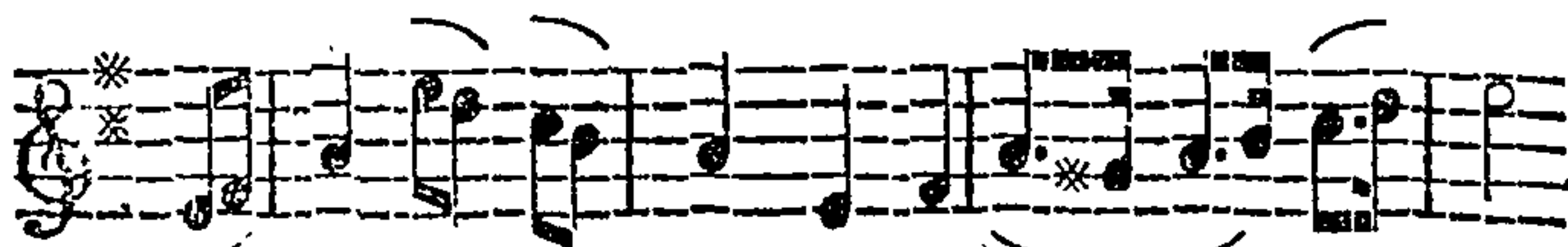
My petticoat I spotted,  
 Fringe, too, with thread I knotted,  
 Lace shoes, and silk hose garter'd o'er the knee;  
 But oh, the fatal thought!  
 To Billy these are nought;  
 Who rode to towns, and rifled with dragoons,  
 When he, silly loon, might have plunder'd me.

## SONG CCL.

## AMYNTA.



*My sheep I've forsaken, and left my sheep-hook,*



*And all the gay haunts of my youth I've for - sook ;*



*No more for A - myn - ta fresh garlands I wove :*



*For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of*



*love. O what had my youth with ambition to*



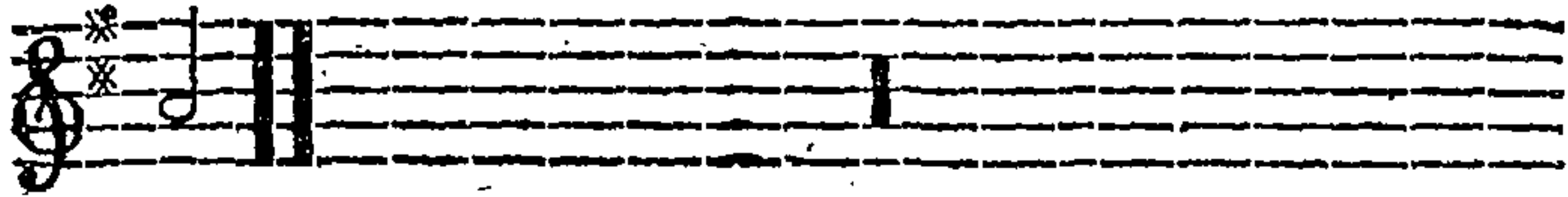
*do ? Why left I A - myn - ta ? Why broke I my cow ?*



*O give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook re-*



*store, And I'll wander from love and Amynta no*



*more.*

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,  
 And bid the wide ocean secure me of love ;  
 O fool ! to imagine that ought can subdue  
 A love so well founded, a passion so true.

O what had my youth, &c.

Alas, 'tis too late at thy fate to repine !  
 Poor shepherd ! Amynta no more can be thine :  
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain ;  
 The moments neglected return not again.

O what had my youth, &c.

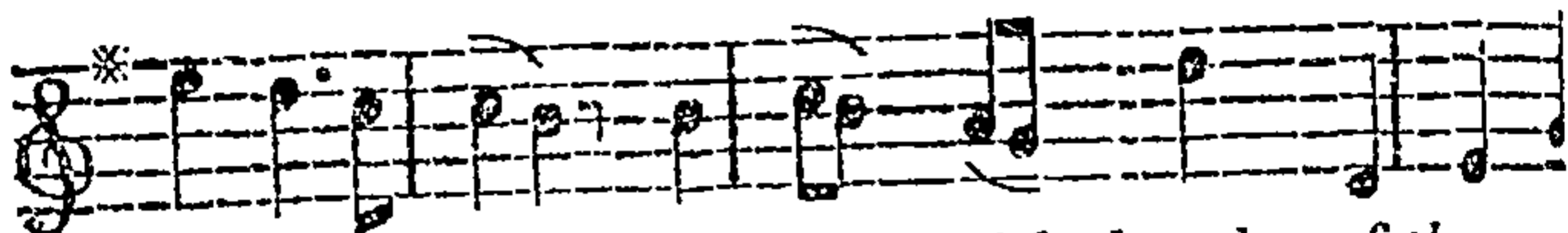


## SONG CCLI.

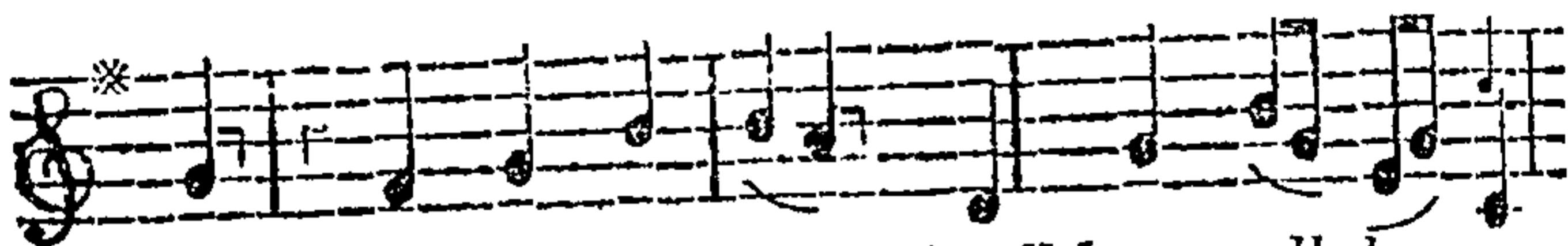
## BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.



*Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear the main-*



*mast by the board, My heart, with thoughts of thee, my*



*dear, and love well stor'd, Shall brave all danger,*



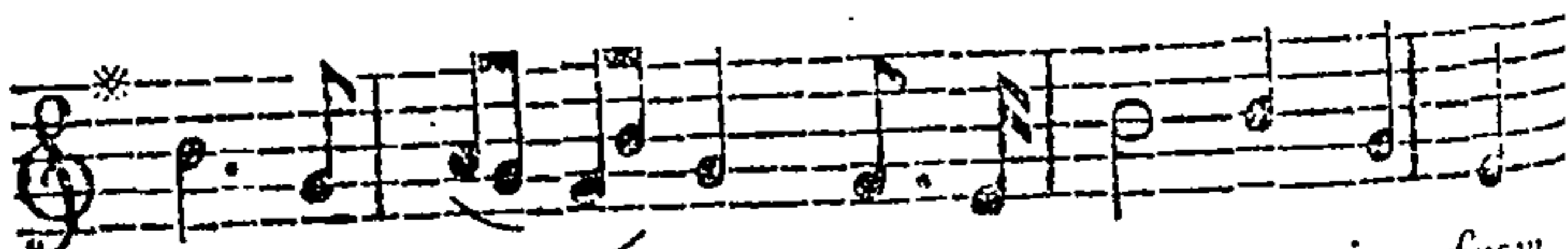
*Scorn all fear, The roaring winds, the raging sea, In*



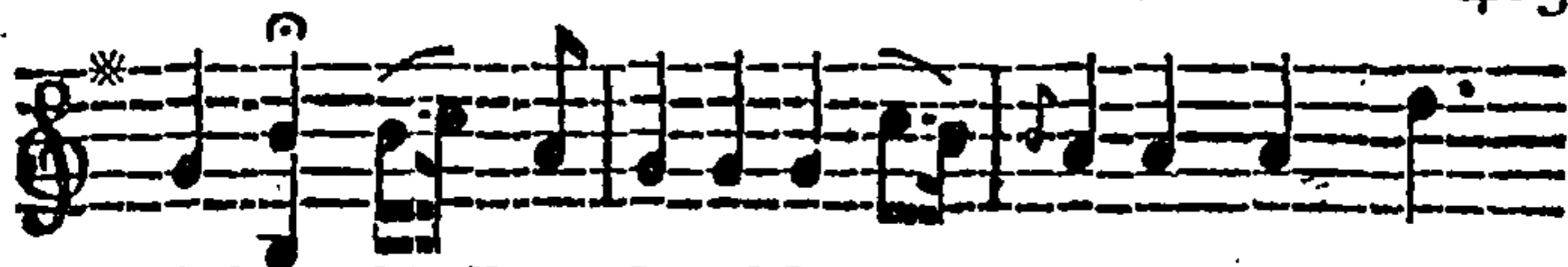
*hopes on shore To be once more Safe moor'd with thee.*



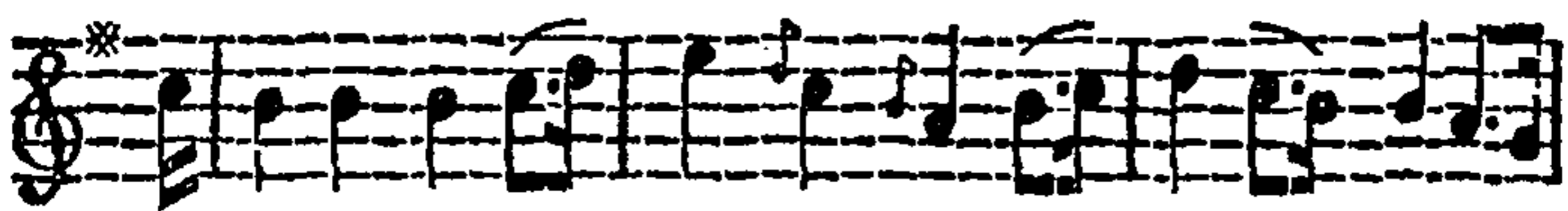
*A-loft while mountains high we go, The whistling*



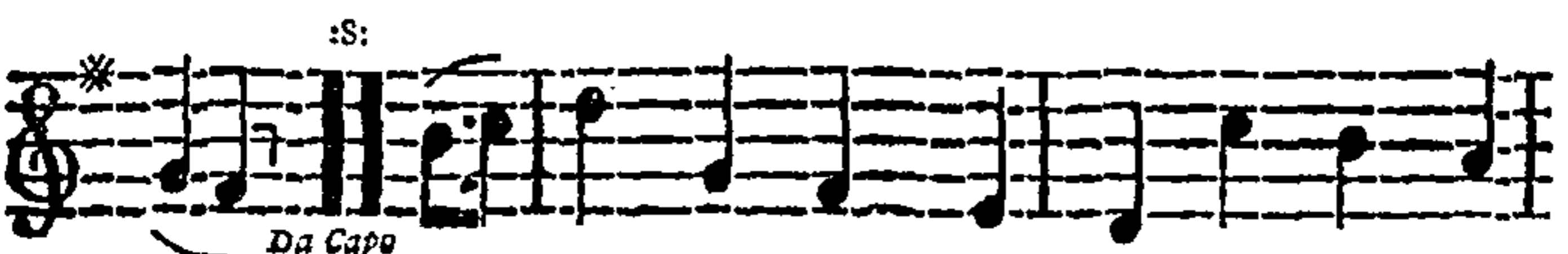
*winds that scud a-long, And the surge roaring from*



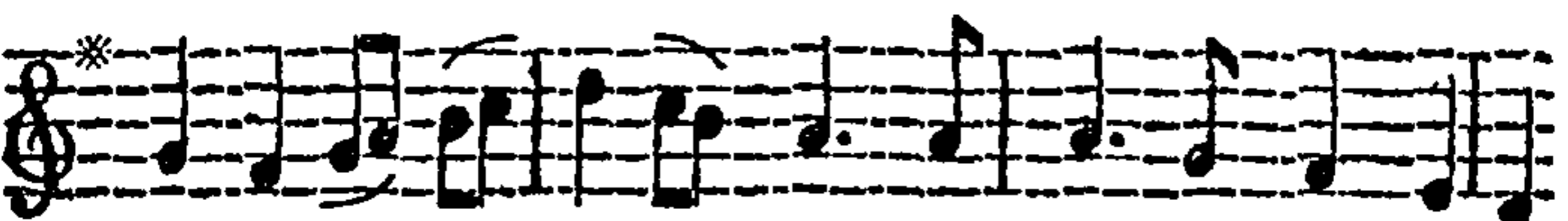
*below, Shall my signal be to think on thee, Shall*



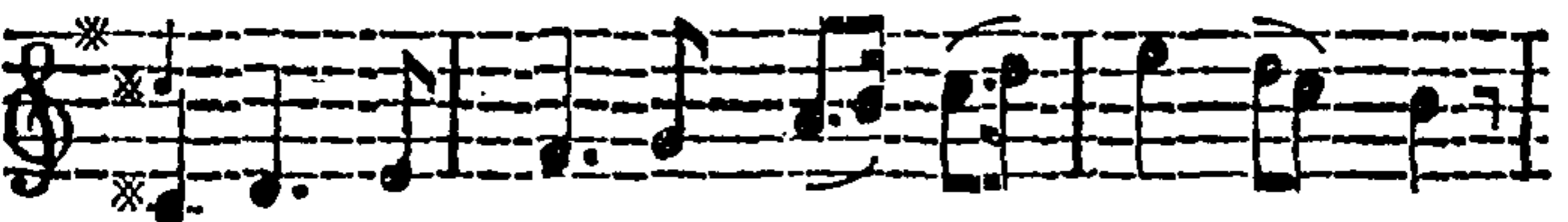
*my signal be to think on thee; And this shall be my*



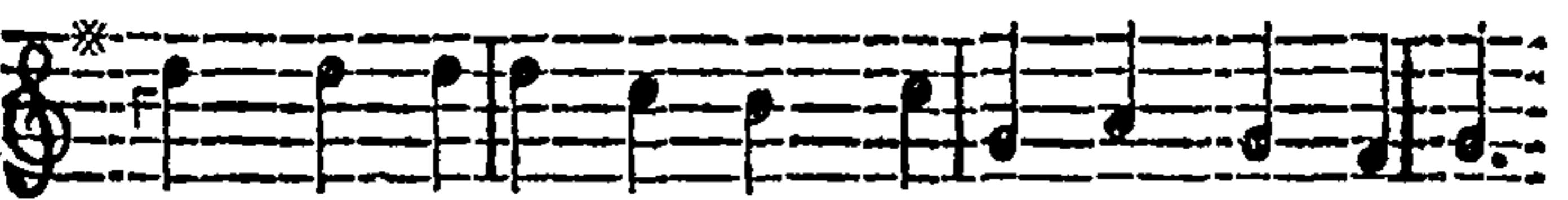
*song: And on that night when all the crew the*



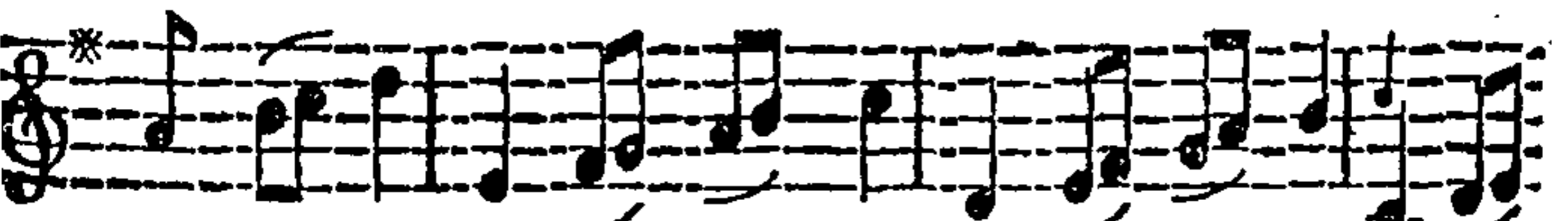
*mem'ry of their former lives O'er flowing canns of flip*



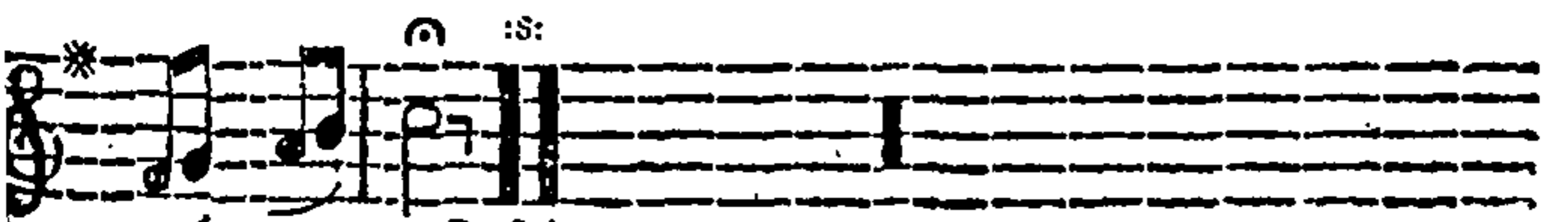
*renew, and drink their sweethearts and their wives,*



*I'll heave a sigh, I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;*



*And as the ship rolls thro' the sea The burden of my*



*song shall be:*

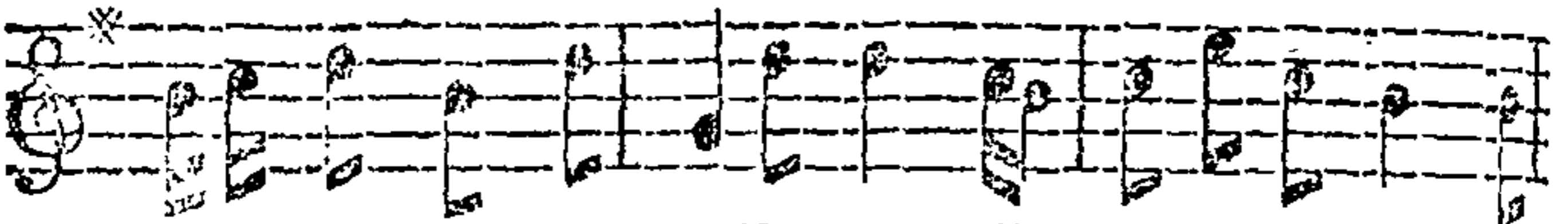
## SONG CCLII.

## WE'RE GAILY YET.

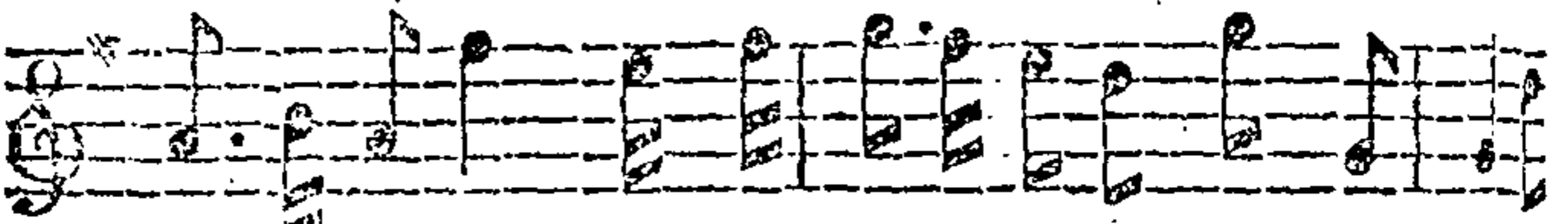
Moderato.



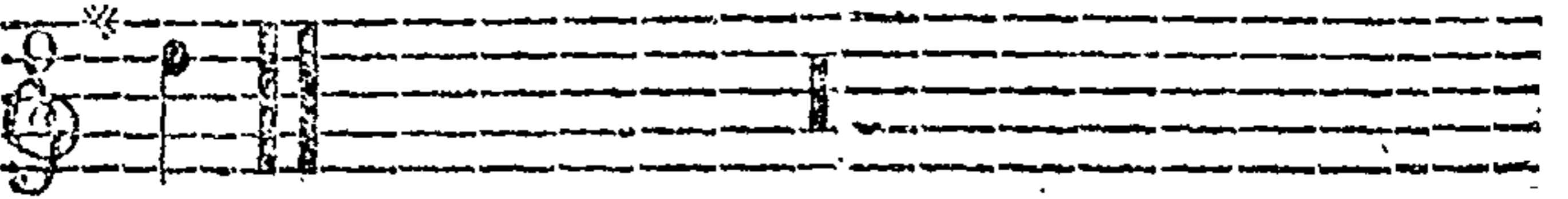
*We're gaily yet, And we're gaily yet, And we're no*



*very fu' but we're gaily yet ; Then sit ye a while and*



*tipple a bit ; For we're no very fu' but we're gaily*

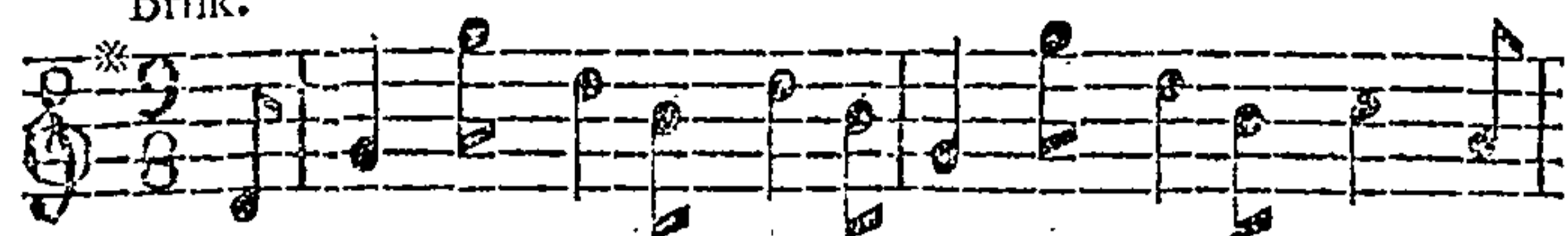


*yet.*

There was a lad and they ca'd him Dick,  
 He ga'e me a kifs and I bit his lip ;  
 And down in the garden he shew'd me a trick ;  
 And we're no very fu' but we're gaily yet.  
 And we're gaily yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad ;  
 There were three lasses, and them they had ;  
 Three trees in the orchard are newly sprung ;  
 And we's a' get gear enough, we're but young.  
 And we're gaily yet, &c.

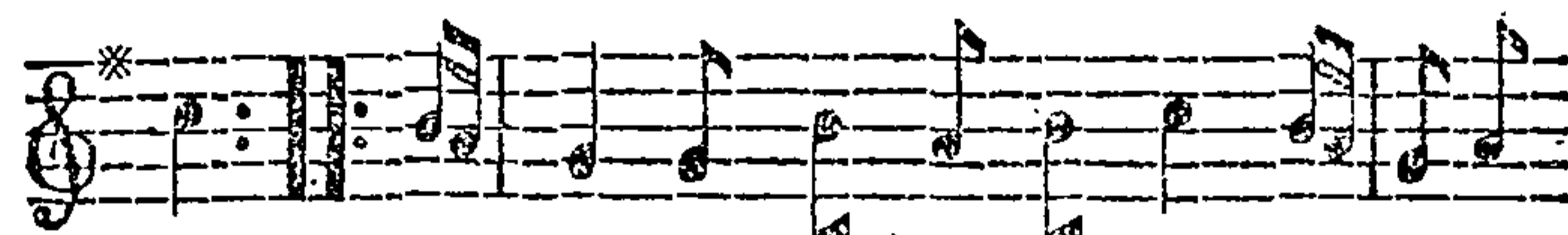
Brisk.



*Then up wi't Ailey, Ailey, Up wi't Ailey now ; Then*



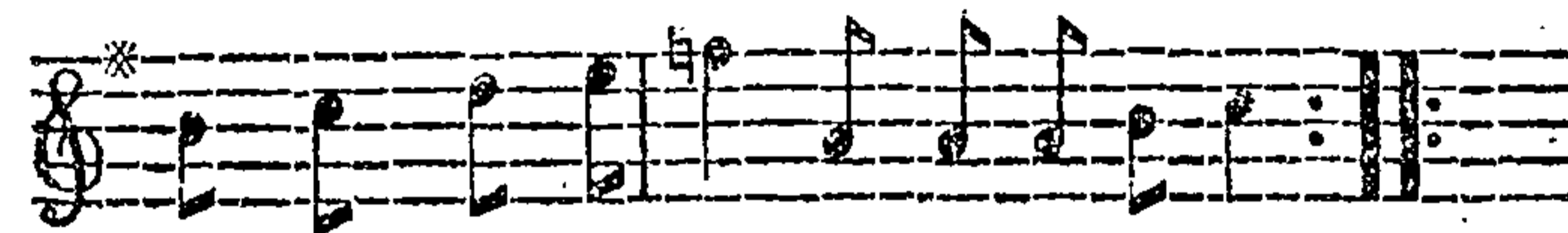
*up wi't Ailey, quo' cummer, We s a' get roaring*



*fu'. And one was kifs'd in the barn ; A-no-ther*



*was kifs'd on the green ; And the t'other behind the*



*pease-stack, Till the mow flew up to her een. Then up  
wi't Ailey, &c.*

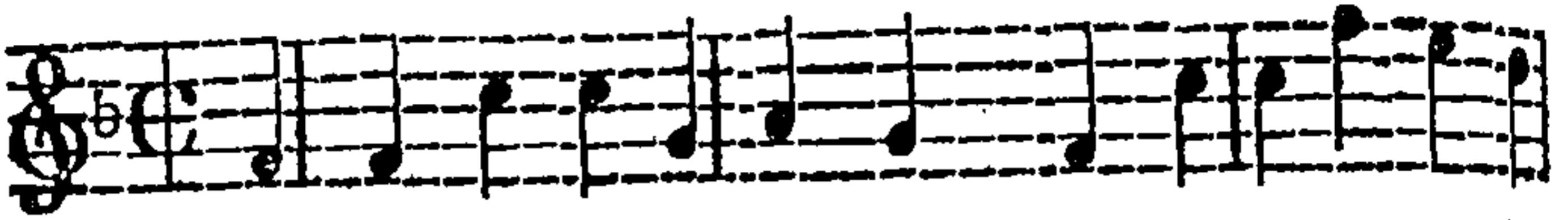
Now fye, John Thomson, rin,  
Gin ever ye ran in your life ;  
De'il get ye, but hie, my dear Jock,  
There's a man got to bed with your wife.  
Then up wi't Ailey, &c.

Then away John Thomson ran,  
And I trow he ran with speed ;  
But before he had run his length  
The false loon had done the deed.

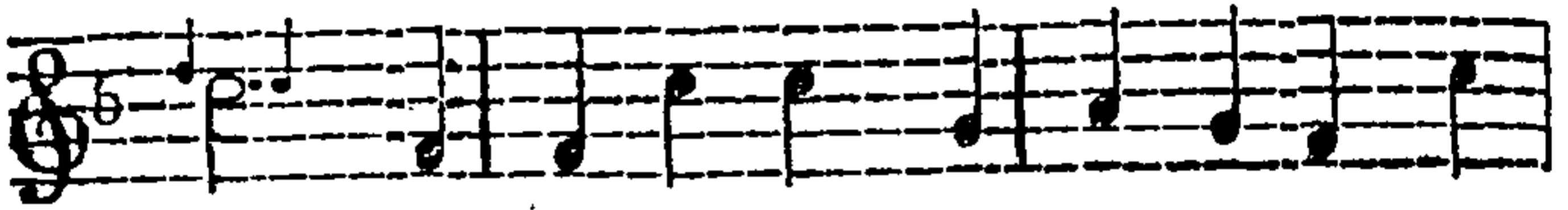
Then up wi't, Ailey, &c.  
(End with the first verse, We're gaily yet, &c.)

## SONG CCLIII.

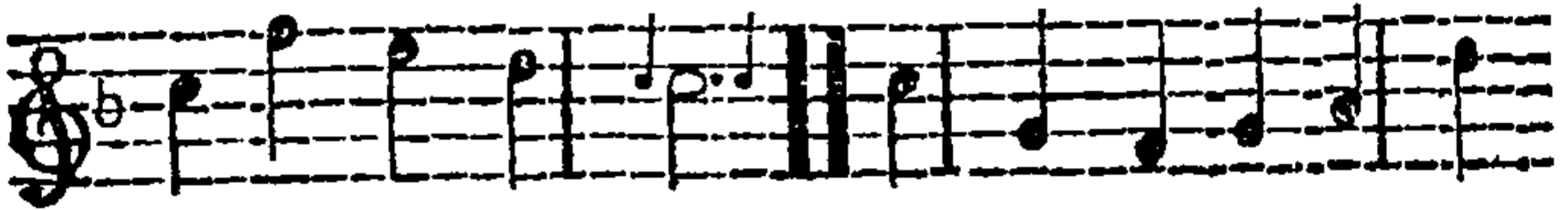
## GAY BACCHUS.



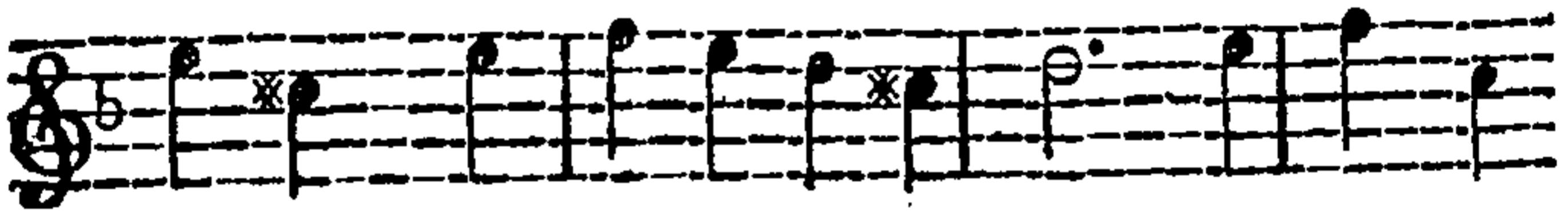
*Gay Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine, A noble meal be-*



*spoke us; And for the guests that were to dine Brought*



*Comus, Love, and Jocus. The god near Cupid drew*



*his chair; Near Comus Jocus plac'd; Thus wine makes*



*love forget its care, And mirth exalts a feast.*

The more to please the spritely god,  
 Each sweet engaging grace  
 Put on some clothes to come abroad,  
 And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at ev'ry glass  
 A lady of the sky;  
 While Bacchus swore he'd drink the las',  
 And had it bumper high.

Fat Comus tofs'd his brimmer o'er,  
And always got the most ;  
Jocus took care to fill him more  
Whene'er he mis'd the toast.

They call'd, and drank at every touch,  
Then fill'd and drank again ;  
And if the gods can take too much,  
'Tis said they did so then.

Free jests run all the table round,  
And with the wine conspire  
(While they by fly reflection wound)  
To set their heads on fire.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung,  
By reck'ning his deceits ;  
And Cupid mock'd his stamm'ring tongue,  
With all his stagg'ring gaits.

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,  
And tales without a jest ;  
While Comus call'd his witty plays  
But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds ;  
And, had I Homer's pen,  
I'd sing ye how they drank like gods,  
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray the Graces fly,  
Who made them soon agree ;  
And had the Furies selves been nigh,  
They still were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,  
And gave him back his bow ;  
But kept some dart to stir the cup  
Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,  
And gaily wore the prize ;  
And thrice, in mirth, he push'd him down,  
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid sought the myrtle grove  
Where Venus did recline,  
And beauty close embracing love,  
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus, loudly cursing wit,  
Roll'd off to some retreat,  
Where boon companions gravely sit  
In fat unwieldy state.

Bacchus and Jocus, still behind,  
For one fresh glass prepare ;  
They kiss, and are exceeding kind,  
And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear  
This our instructive song ;  
For though such friendships may be dear,  
They can't continue long.

## SONG CCLIV.

## FROM THE COURT TO THE COTTAGE.



*From the court to the cottage con-vey me away ;*



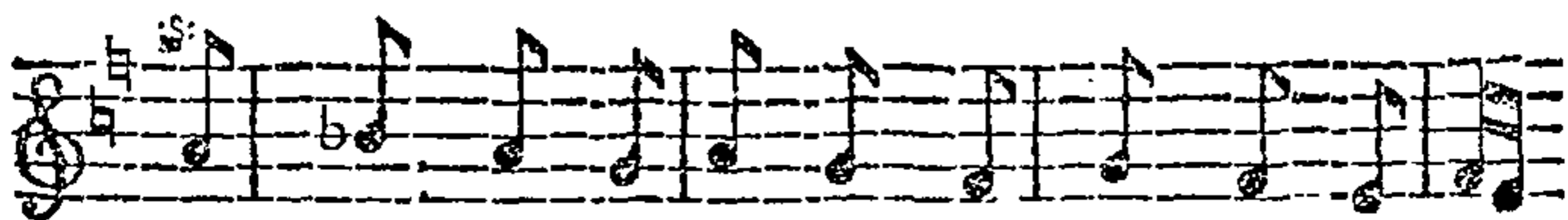
*For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay :*



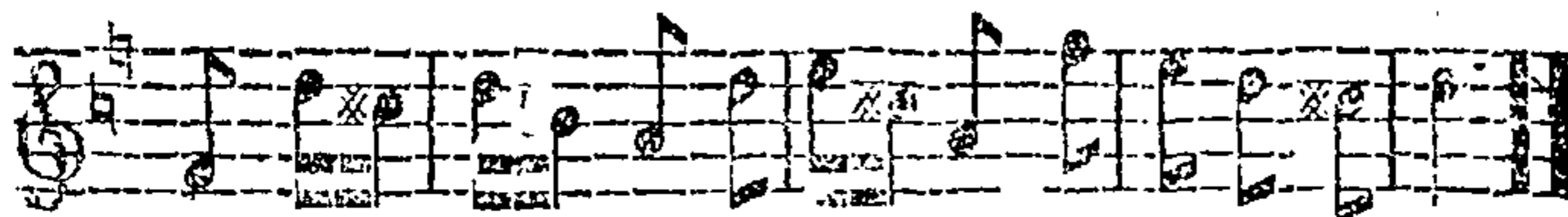
*From the court to the cottage con-vey me away ;*



*For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay :*



*Where pride without measure, and pomp without plea-*



*sure, Make life in a cir-cle of hurry decay.*



Far remote and retir'd from the noise of the town,  
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain ruffet gown ;  
    My friends shall be few,  
    But well chosen and true ;  
And sweet recreation our evening shall crown.

With a rural repast, a rich banquet for me,  
On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree ;  
    The river's clear brink  
    Shall afford me my drink,  
And Temp'rance my friendly physician shall be.

Ever calm and serene, with contentment still bless'd,  
Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow depress'd,  
    I'll neither invoke,  
    Or repine at Death's stroke,  
But retire from the world as I would to my rest.

F I N I S.