

Glasgow 1802

THE

MUSICAL

A. 583. b.

REPOSITORY:

A

COLLECTION

OF FAVOURITE

SCOTCH, ENGLISH, AND IRISH

SONGS,

SET TO MUSIC.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY ALEX. ADAM,

FOR A. CARRICK, BOOKSELLER, SALTMARKET.

1799.

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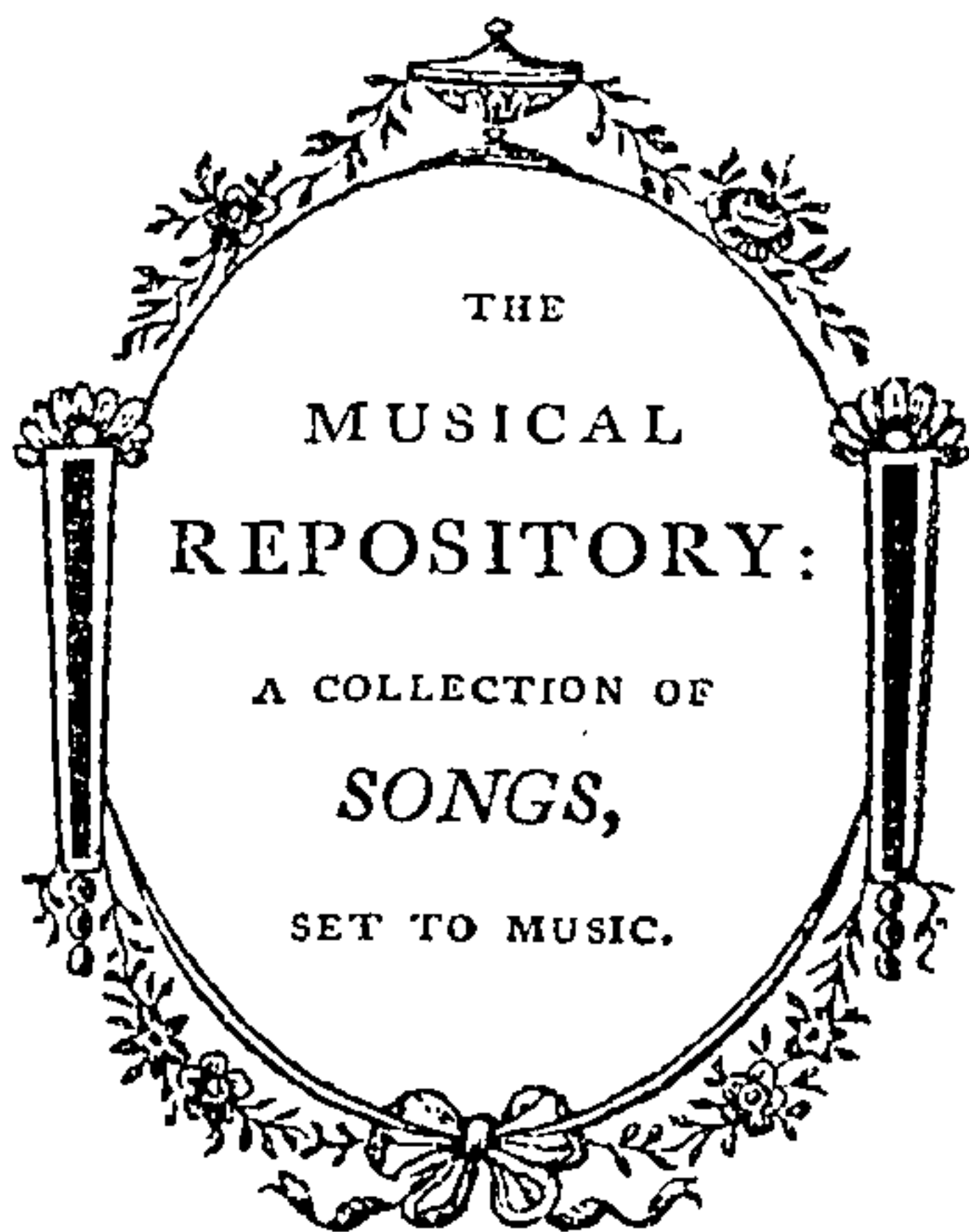
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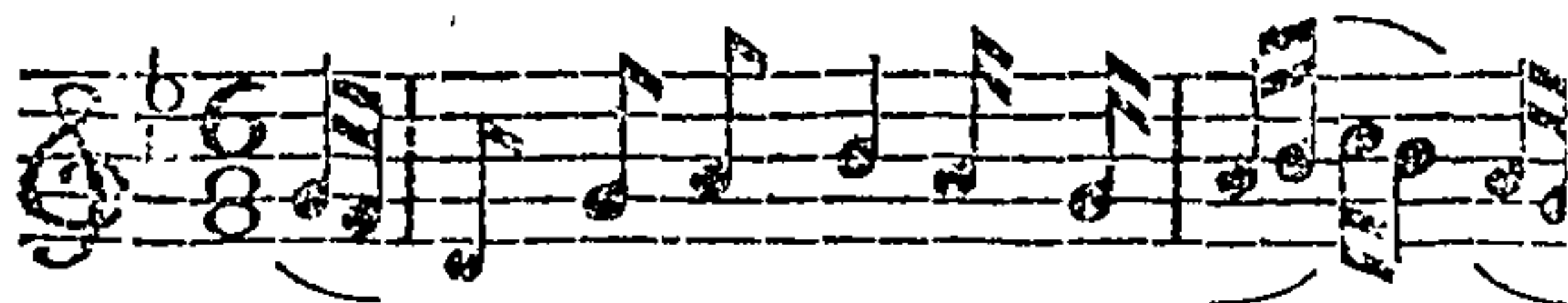
THE
MUSICAL REPOSITORY.



SONG I.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

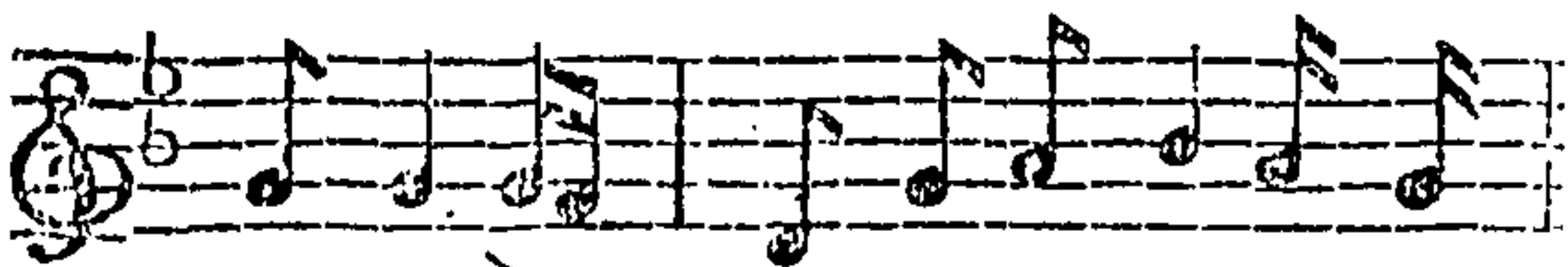
Moderate.



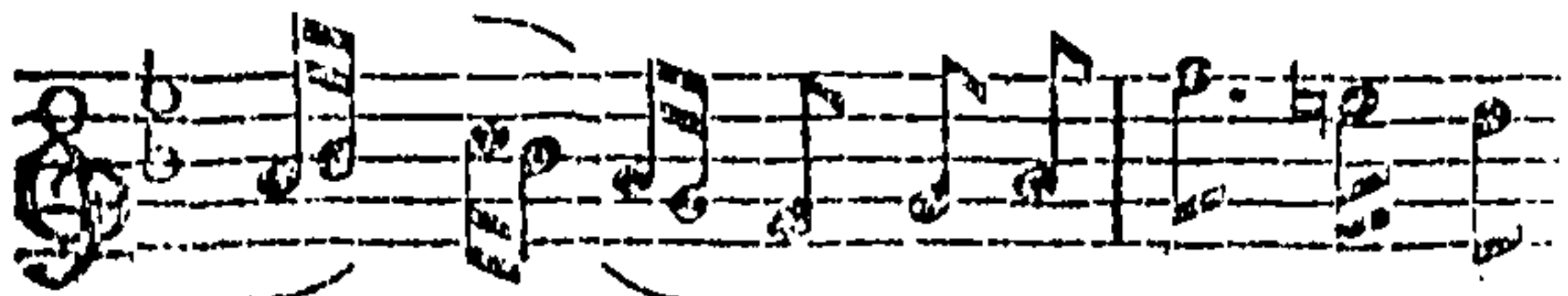
A-lone to the banks of the dark roll - ing



Danube, Fair A-de-laid hied when the battle



was o'er; O whi - ther, she cried, hast thou



wan - der'd, my lov - er, Or here dost thou

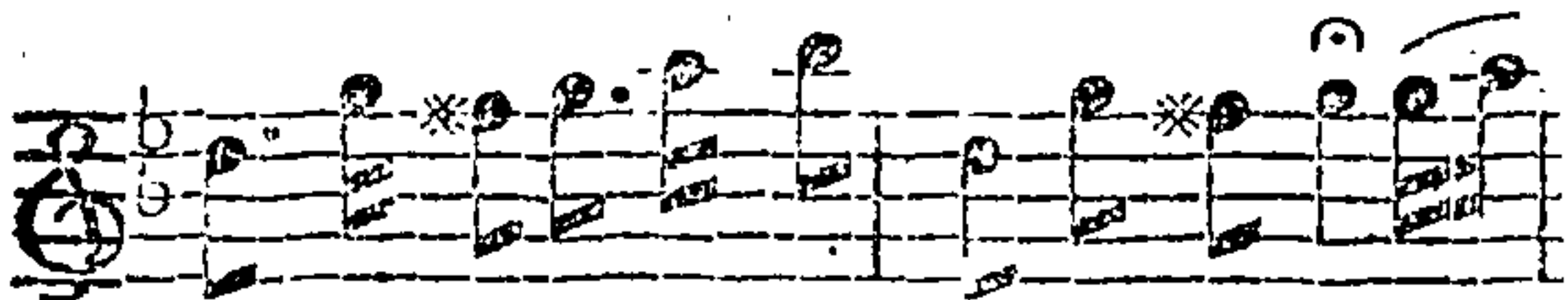




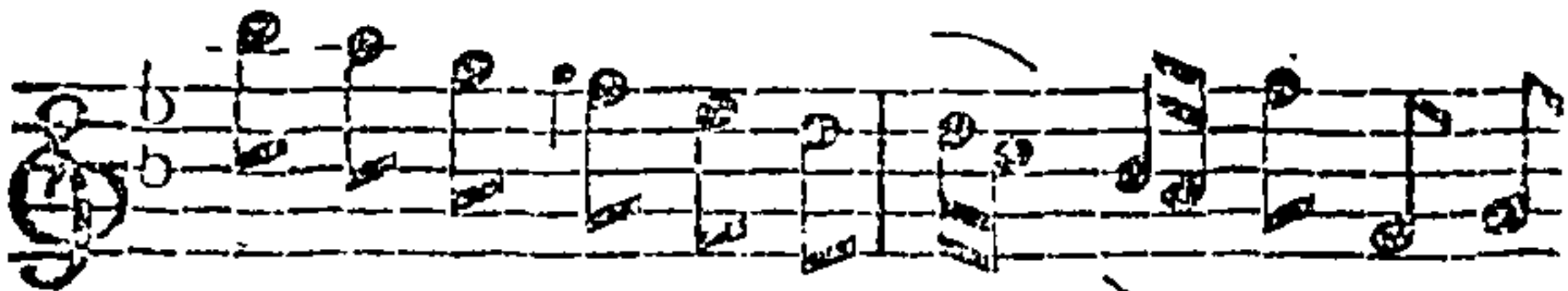
welter and bleed on the shore? What



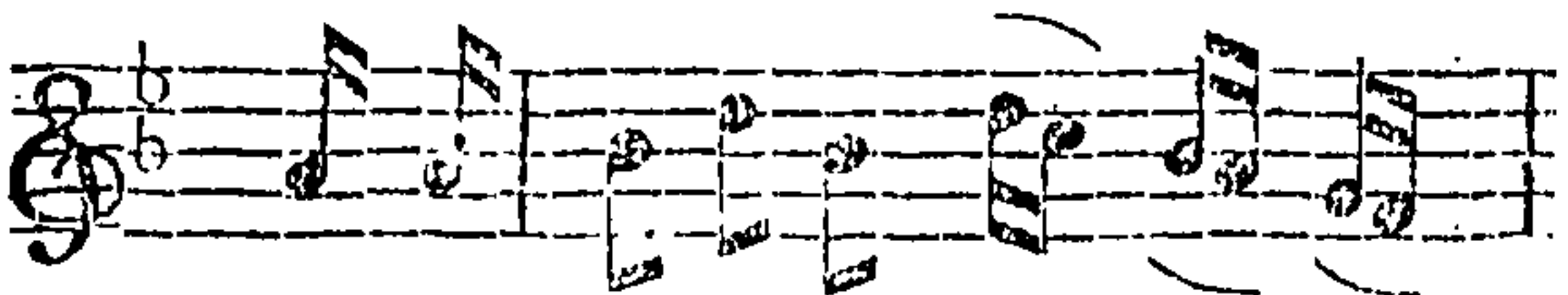
voice did I hear! 'twas my Henry that figh'd, All



mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd a-far, When



bleeding a-lone on the heath she de-f-cried,



By the light of the moon, her poor



wound-ed buffar.

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war ;
How smit was poor Adelaid's heart at the sight !
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war !
" Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,
'To cheer the lone heart of your wounded hussar."

" Thou shalt live !" she replied, " heaven's mercy relieving,
Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn ;"
" Ah ! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
No light of the morn shall to Henry return ;
Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar—"
His falt'ring tongue scarcely murmur'd adieu,
When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded hussar.

SONG II.

To the foregoing Tune.

BE hush'd the loud breeze, and soft roll the rough billow
That curls its rude head o'er my sweet Billy's grave;
No peace ere shall gladden the heart of his Anna,
Her hope is entombed in the Texel's proud wave.
On the coast of Mynheer, with his broad pendant flying,
Tho' Duncan his ensign of triumph could rear,
Britannia shall weep when her warriors are dying,
And the eyes of her fair be bedew'd with a tear.

No more my fond bosom, with rapture reclining,
My Billy shall tell of the laurels he won;
How midst the wide carnage he thought of his Anna,
And ne'er was the man that would flinch from his gun.
No danger he fear'd when the foe was assailing,
Nor minded the storm, nor the cannon's loud roar,
In hopes soon at home to be moor'd with his Anna,
And sigh in her arms when the battle was o'er.

The day dawns with joy when the heart feels no sorrow,
But heart-soothing sleep flies the pillow of care,
On the hopeless eye dawns no happy to-morrow,
It rises in sadness to set in despair.
Yet a few other suns, and the conflict is over,
'This poor aching trembler to beat will give o'er,
In the cold arms of death I'll rest with my lover.
When the fate of the battle shall part us no more.

SONG III.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

Slow.



Up amang yon clifffy rocks, Sweetly rings the



rising e-cho, To the maid that tends the goats,



Lilting 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 tine



Till he's fairly marry'd to me. Drive away, ye



drone, Time, An' bring about our bridal day.

" Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
 " Aften does he blaw the whistle,
 " In a strain fae fastly sweet,
 " Lammies, list'ning, dare nae bleat.
 " He's as fleet's the mountain roc,
 " 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 ring;
 " 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 IV.

THOU SOFT FLOWING AVON.

Larghetto.



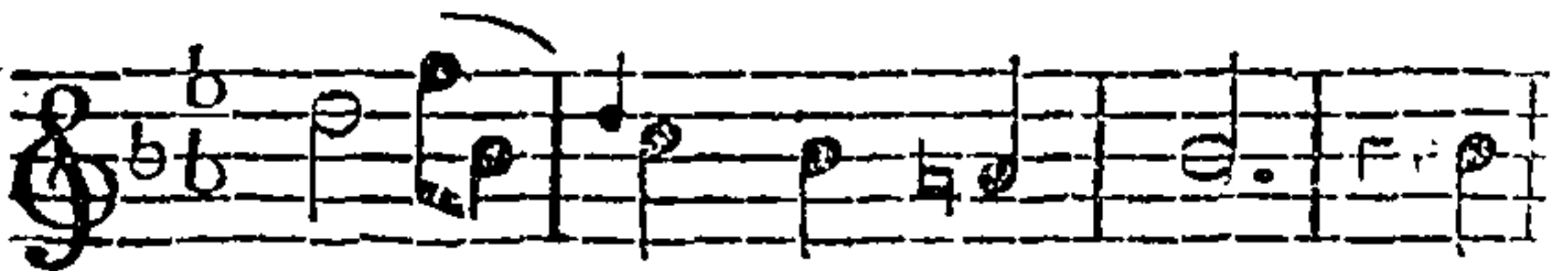
Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver



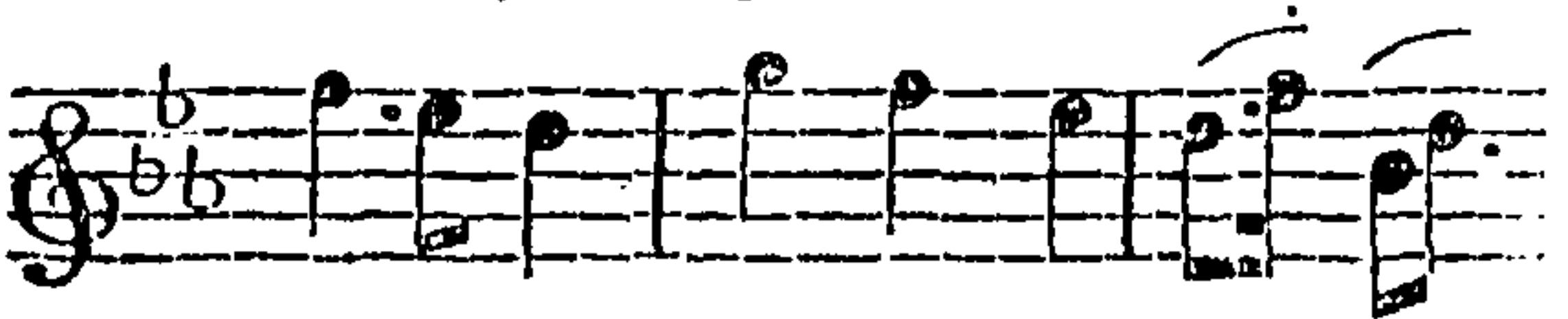
stream, Of things more than mortal thy



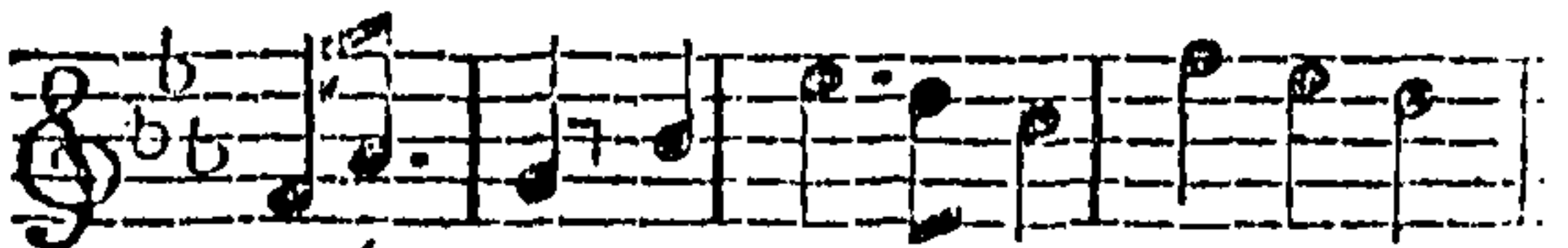
Shakespeare would dream, would dream, would



dream, thy Shakespeare would dream. The



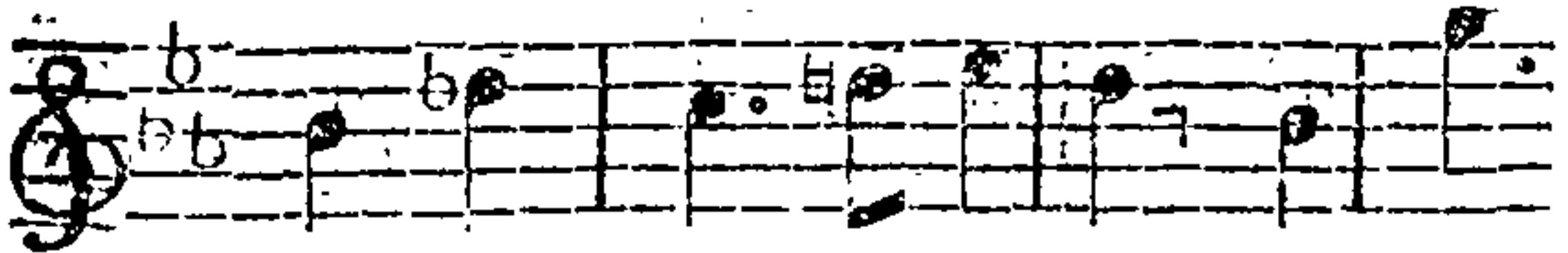
fairies, by moon-light, dance round his



green bed; For hallow'd the turf is which



pil-low'd his head: The fairies, by moon-



light, dance round his green bed; For hal-



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

The love-stricken maiden, the soft sighing 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!

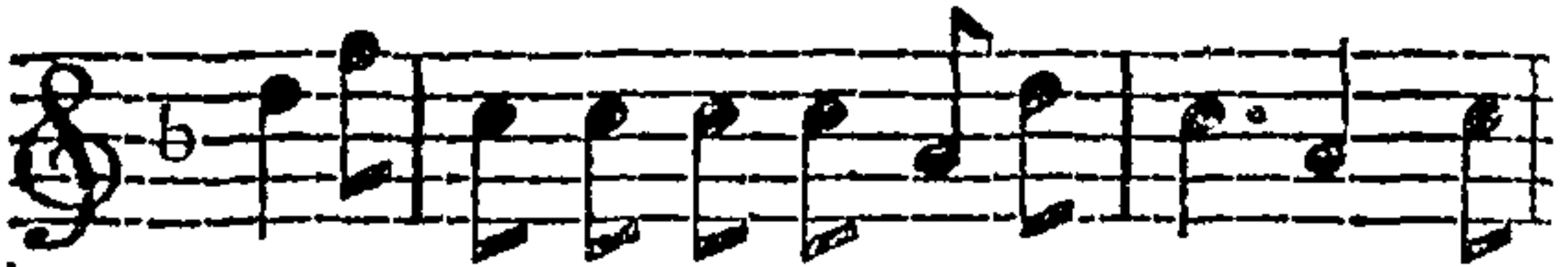
SONG V.

THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND.

Allegretto.



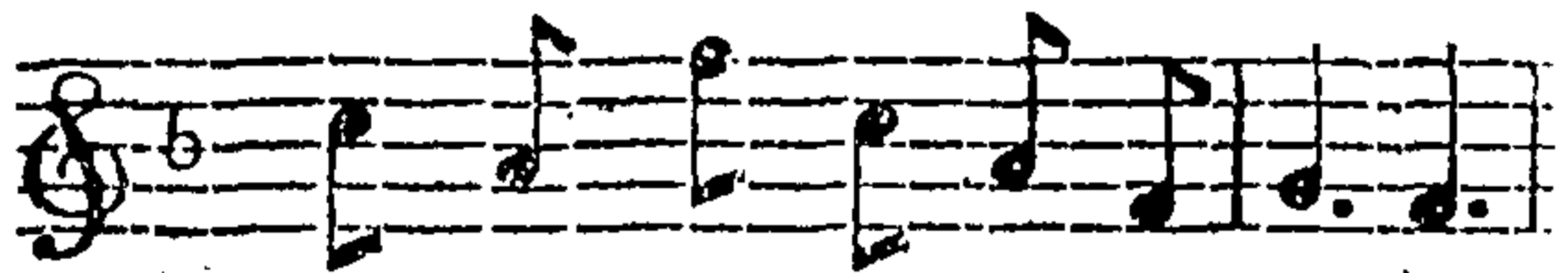
Daddy Neptune one day to Freedom did



say, If e-ver I liv'd upon dry land, The



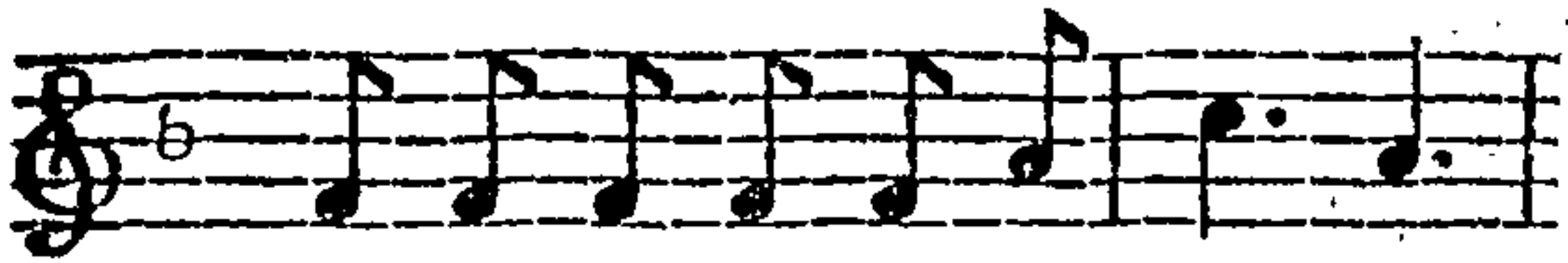
spot I shou'd hit on would be little Britain, Says



Free-dom, Why that's my own isl-and.



Oh! what a snug lit-tle isl-and, A



right lit - tle tight lit - tle isl - and;



All the globe round, none can be found So



happy as this lit - tle island.

Julius Cesar the Roman, who yielded to no man,
 Came by water, he couldn't come by land;
 And Dane, Pict, and Saxon their homes turn'd their backs on,
 And all for the sake of our island.

Oh what a snug little island,
 They'd all have a touch at the island;
 Some were shot dead,—some of them fled,
 And some staid to live in the island.

Then a very great war-man, call'd Billy the Norman,
 Cried, D—n it, I never liked my land,
 It wou'd be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
 And live on yon beautiful island.

Says he, 'Tis a snug little island,
 Shan't us go visit the island;
 Hop, skip, and jump,—there he was plump,
 And he kick'd up a dust in the island.

Yet party deceit help'd the Normans to beat,
 Of traitors they managed to buy land;
 By Dane, Saxon, or Pict we ne'er had been lick'd,
 Had they stuck to the king of the island.
 Poor Harold the king of the island,
 He lost both his life and his island;
 That's very true,—what could he do?
 Like a Briton he died for the island.

Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade a,
 Quite sure, if they ever came nigh land,
 They cou'dn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
 And take their full swing in the island.
 Oh the poor queen and the island,
 'The drones came to plunder the island;
 But snug in her hive—the queen was alive,
 And buz was the word at the island.

The proud puff'd up cakes thought to make ducks and drake
 Of our wealth, but they scarcely could spy land,
 E'er Drake had the luck to make their pride duck,
 And sloop to the lads of the island.
 Huzza! for the lads of the island,
 'The good wooden walls of the island;
 Devil or Don,—let 'em come on,
 But how would they come off at the island?

I don't wonder much that the French and the Dutch
 Have since been oft tempted to try land,
 And I wonder much less they have met no success,
 For why should we give up our island?

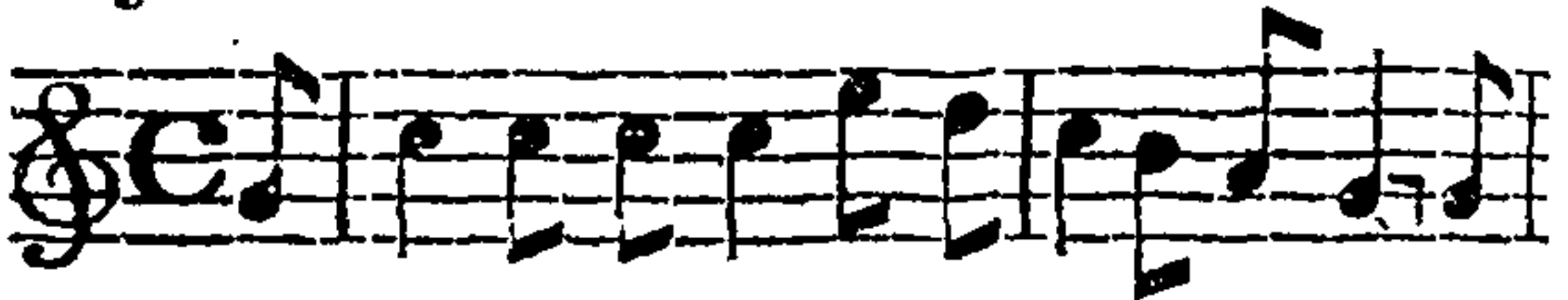
Oh 'tis a wonderful island!
All of 'em long for the island;
Hold a bit there, (let 'em)—take fire and air,
But we'll have the sea and the island.

Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune,
In each saying, This shall be my land,
Shou'd the army of England, or all they cou'd bring, land,
We'd show 'em some play for the island;
We'd fight for our right to the island,
We'd give 'em enough of the island;
Frenchmen shou'd just—bite at our dust,
But not a bit more of the island.

SONG VI.

HEARTS OF OAK.

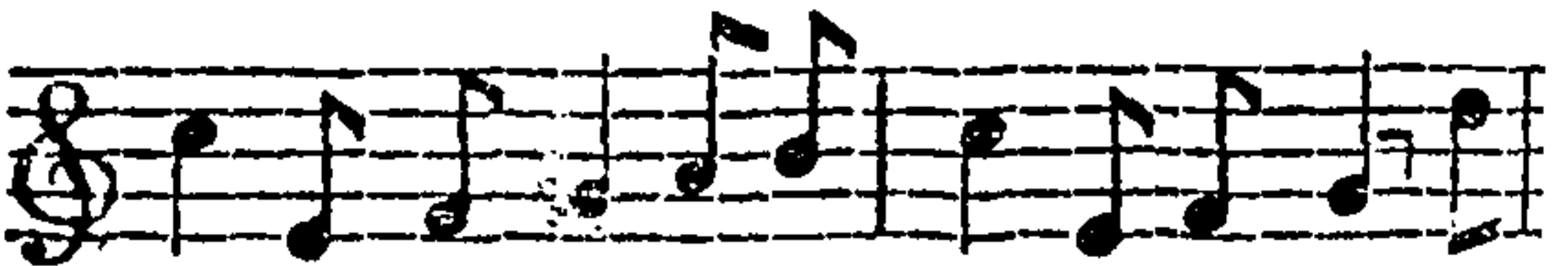
Allegro Moderato.



Come cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer, To



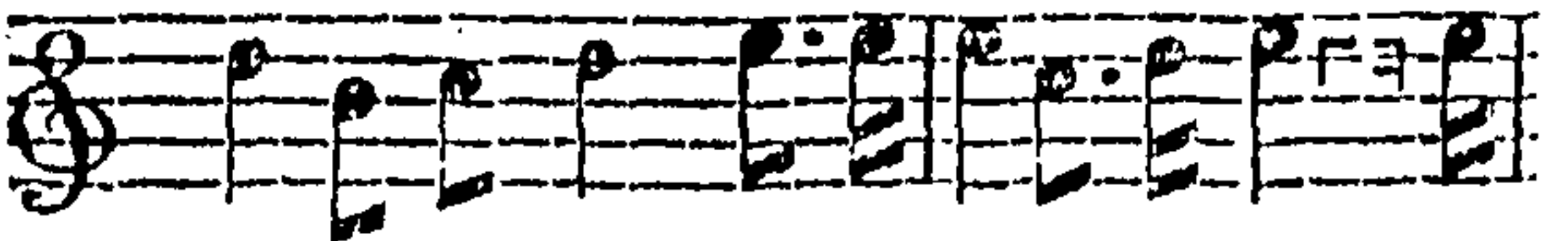
add something more to this wonderful year; To



honour we call you, not press you like slaves, For



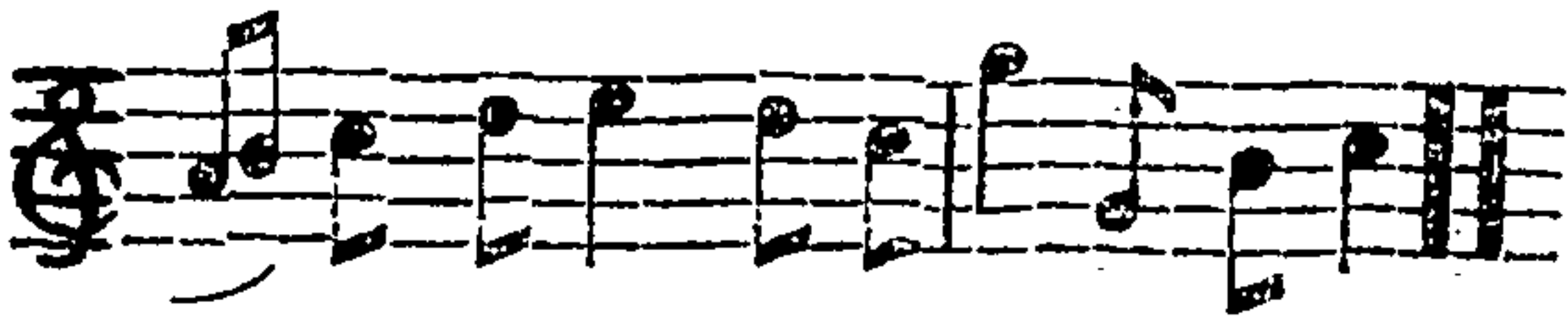
who are so free as we sons of the waves. Hearts of



oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men, We



al-ways are ready, Steady, boys, steady, We'll



fight and we'll conquer a-gain and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
 They never see us but they wish us away,
 If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
 For if they won't fight us we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us these terrible foes,
 They frighten our women, our children, and beaux,
 But shou'd their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Hearts of oak, &c.

We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,
 In spite of the devil and Brussels Gazette;
 Then cheer up my lads, with one heart let us sing,
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.

Hearts of oak, &c.

SONG VII.

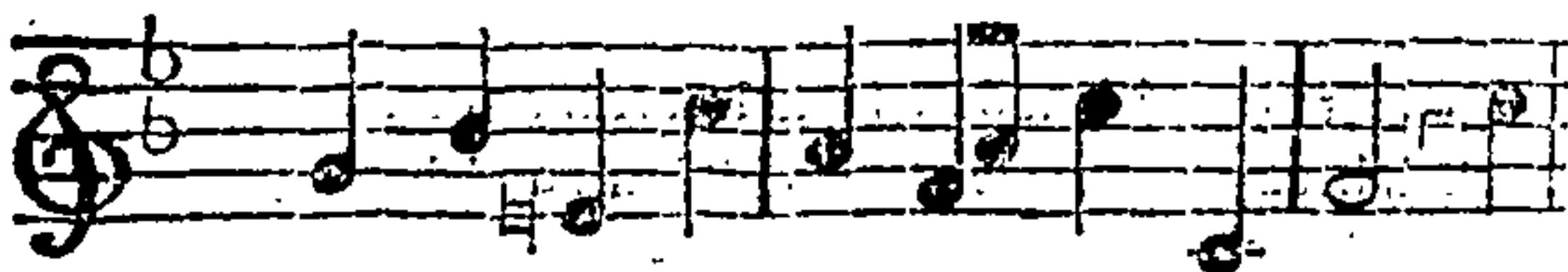
ON ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S VICTORY.



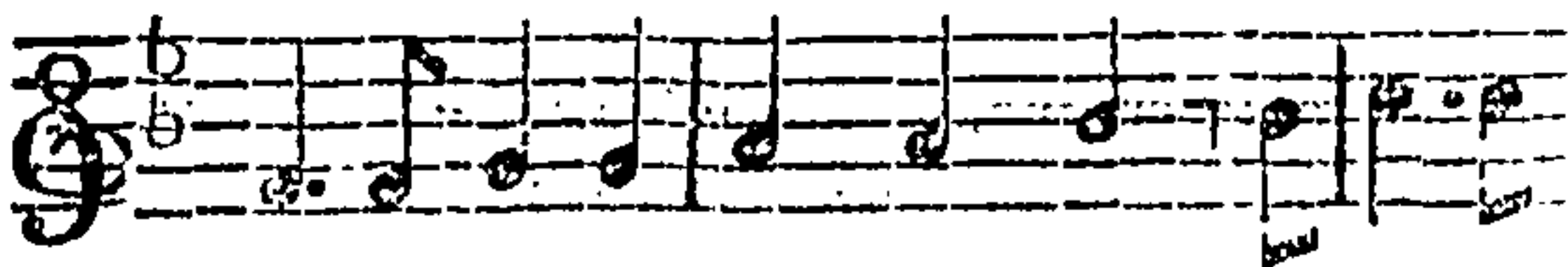
Enroll'd in our bright an-nals lives full



many a gallant name, But never British



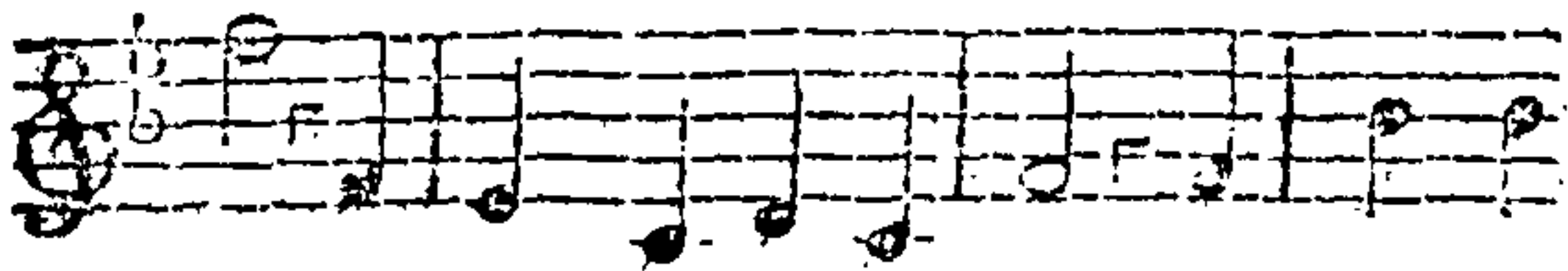
heart conceiv'd a prouder deed of fame, But



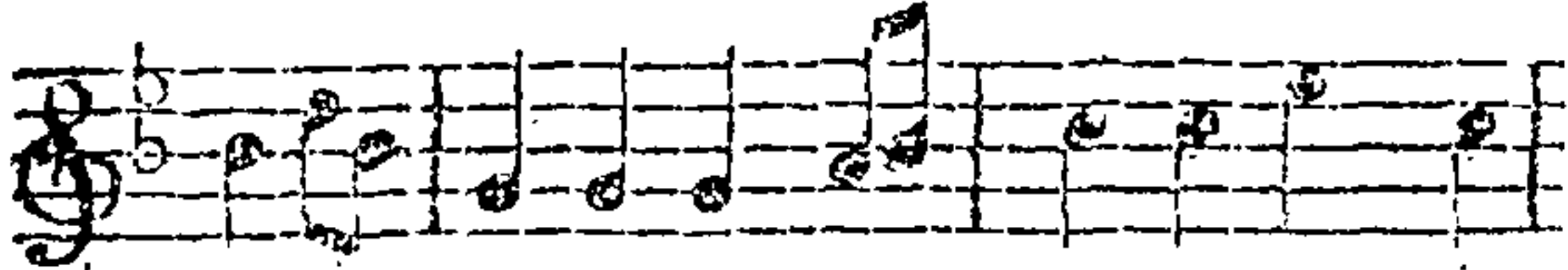
never British heart con-ceiv'd, But never



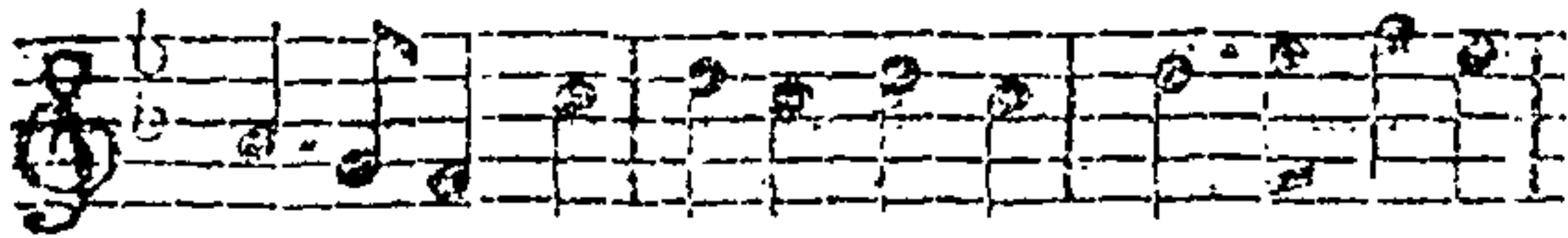
British heart con-ceiv'd a prouder deed of



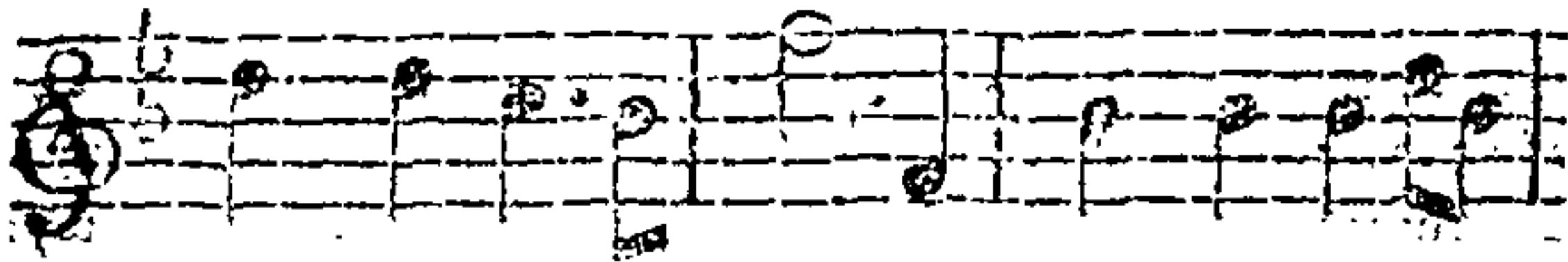
fame, A prouder deed of fame. To shield our



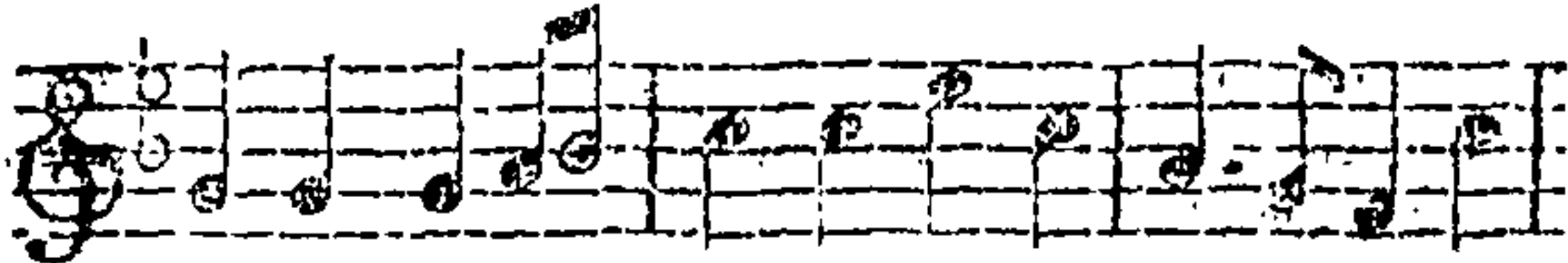
li - ber - ties and laws, to guard our sov'reign's



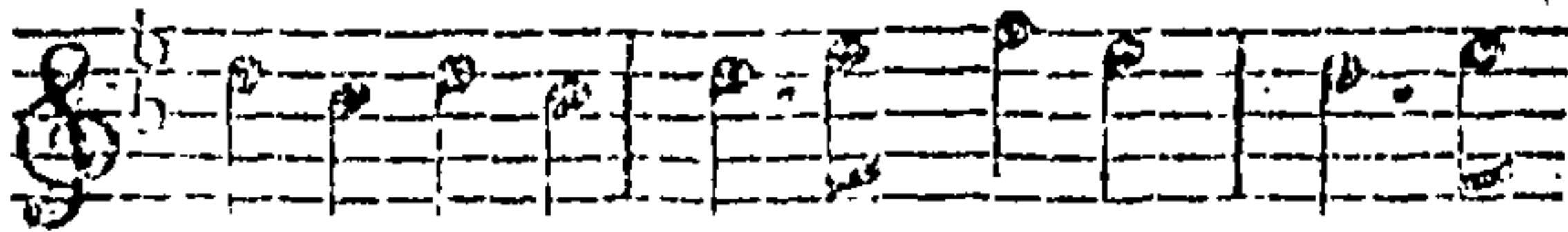
crown, 'Than noble Duncan's mighty arm at-



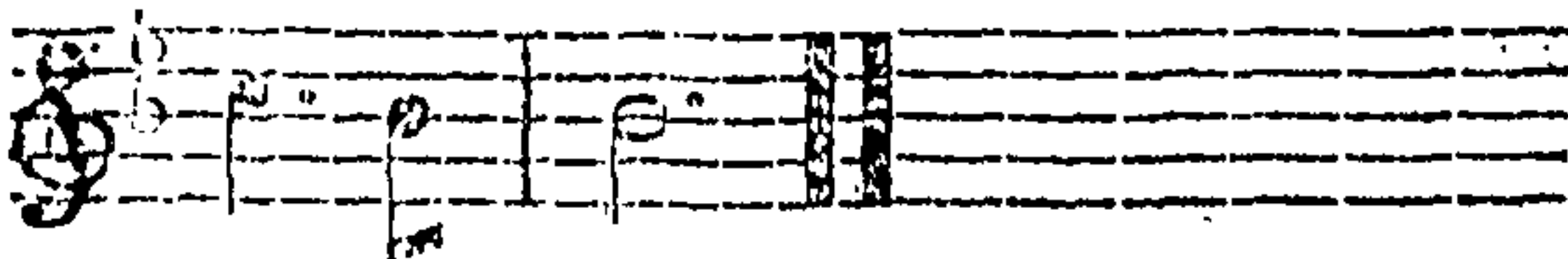
chiev'd off Camperdown. To shield our liber-



ties and laws, to guard our sov'reign's crown, Im-



mortal be the glorious deed at - chiev'd off



Cam - per - down.

D

October the eleventh it was, he spied the Dutch at nine,
 'The British signal flew to break their close embattled line;
 'Their line was broke, for all our tars, on that auspicious day,
 All bitter memory of the past had vowed to wipe away.

Their line was broke, &c.

At three o'clock nine mighty ships had struck their colours
 proud,
 And two brave admirals at his feet their vanquish'd flags had
 bow'd;

Our Duncan's towering colours stream'd all honour to the last
 For, in the battle's fiercest rage, he nail'd them to the mast.

Our Duncan's towering colours, &c.

'The victory was now complete; the cannon ceas'd to roar;
 'The scatter'd remnants of the foe slunk to their native shore;
 No power the pride of conquest had his heart to lead astray,
 He summon'd his triumphant crew, and this was heard to say

CHORUS.

“ Let every man now bend the knee, and here in solemn pray
 “ Give thanks to God, who in this fight has made our care
 his care.”

'Then on the deck, the noble field of that proud day's renown
 Brave Duncan with his crew devout before their God kne
 down,

And humbly bless'd his Providence, and hail'd his guard
 power,

Who valour, strength, and skill inspir'd in that dread batt
 hour.

And humbly bless'd; &c.

The captive Dutch this solemn scene survey'd with silent awe,
And rue'd the day when Holland join'd to France's impious
law,
And marked how virtue, courage, faith, unite to form this
land,
For victory, for fame and power, just rule, and high command,
And marked, &c.

The Venerable was the ship that bore his flag to fame,
Our veteran hero well becomes his gallant vessel's name;
Behold his locks! they speak the toil of many a stormy day;
For fifty years and more, my boys, has fighting been his way.

GRAND CHORUS.

Behold his locks! they speak the toil of many a stormy day,
For fifty years and more, my boys, has fighting been his way;
The Venerable was the ship that bore his flag to fame,
And venerable ever be our vet'ran Duncan's name!

SONG VII.

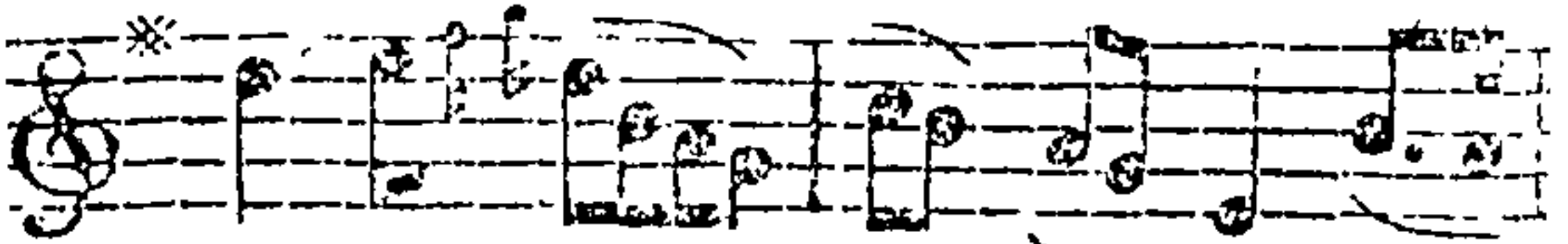
THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.



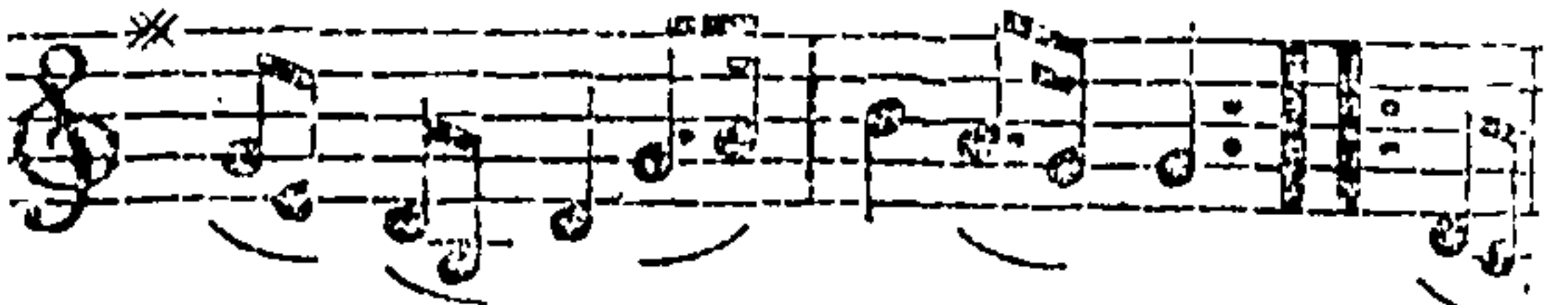
The smiling morn, the breath - ing spring



In - - vite the tuneful birds to sing, And



while they warble from each spray, Love



melts the u - - ni - - ver - - sal lay. Let



us, A - - man - - da, time - - - ly wife, Like



them improve the hour that flies, And



in soft raptures walle the day, a - - mong



the birks of In - - ver - may.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear,
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip thy verdant shade;
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Iuvermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs,
 Gambol and dance about their dams;
 The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice;
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of Iuvermay.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call:
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams;
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance:
 Let us as jovial be as they
 Among the birks of Invermay.

SONG IX.

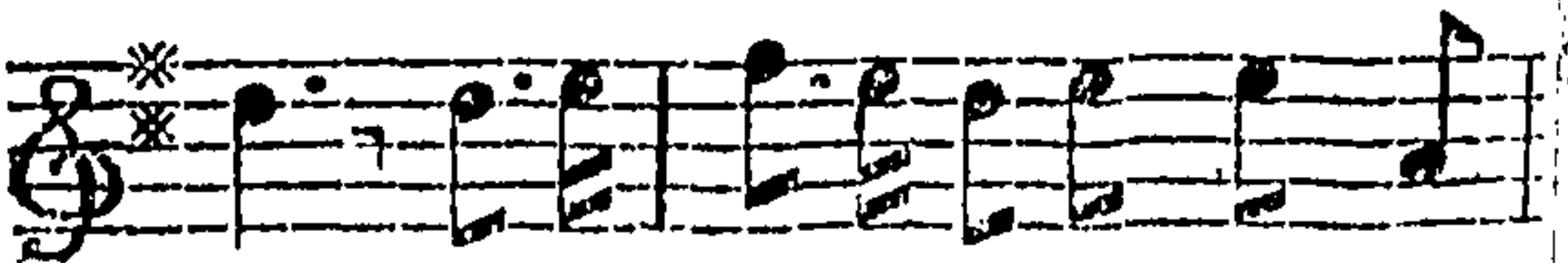
THE VICAR AND MOSES.



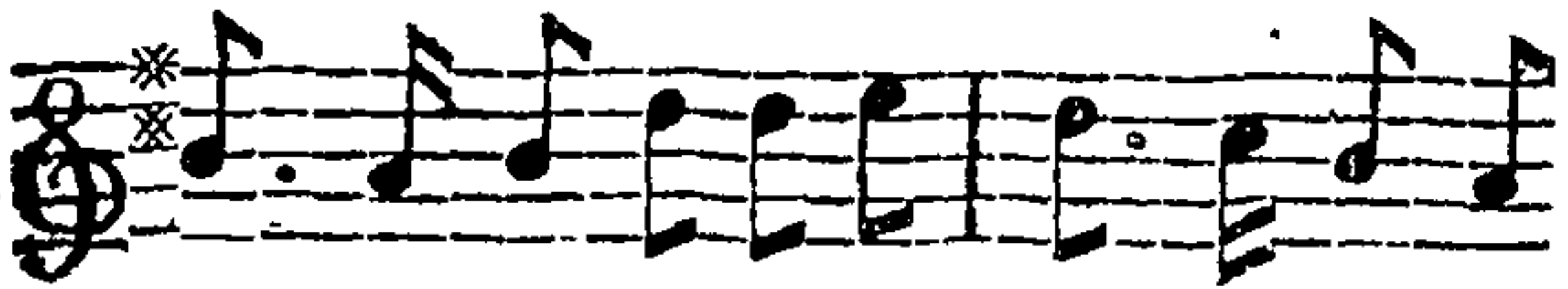
At the sign of the horse, old Spintext



of course, Each night took his pipe and his



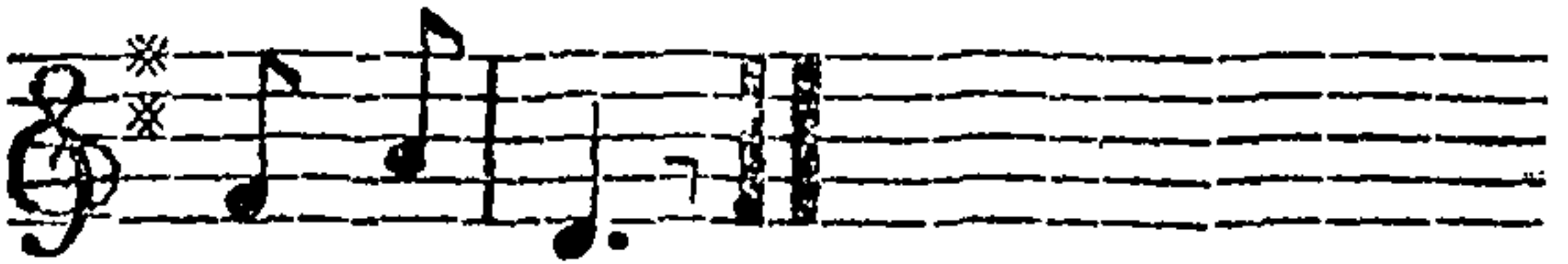
pot, O'er a jorum of nap - - py, quite



pleasant and happy, Was plac'd this ca-no-



nical sot, Tol de rol de rol ti



dol di dol.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
 With reverence due and submission;
 First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
 And bowing, preferr'd his petition.

I'm come, Sir, said he, to beg, look d'ye see,
 Of your reverend worship and glory,
 To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be,
 And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry?
 Why Lord, Sir, the corpse it does stay:
 You fool hold your peace, since miracles cease,
 A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses he smil'd, saying, Sir, a small child
 Cannot long delay your intentions

Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small
Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye hear,
I hate to be call'd from my liquor:
Come, Moses, the King, 'tis a scandalous thing,
Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, Sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
Besides there's a terrible shower;
Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,
I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,
That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger, that's plain,
But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on, Sir the clock has struck one,
Pray master look up at the hand;
Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press
A man for to go that can't stand.

At length hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
But cram'd his jaw with a quid;
Each tipt off a gill for fear they should chill,
And then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk hum'd a slave,
Whilst the surplice was wrapt round the priest;
Where so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
That the parish still talk of the jest.

Good people, let's pray, put the corpse t'other way,
 Or perchance I will over it stumble;
 'Tis best to take care, tho' the fages declare,
A mortuum caput can't tremble.

Woman that's born of a man, that's wrong, the leaf's torn;
 A man, that is born of a woman,
 Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a flow'r;
 You see, Moses, death spareth no man.

Here Moses do look, what a confounded book,
 Sure the letters are turn'd upside down,
 Such a scandalous print! sure the devil is in't,
 That this Basket should print for the Crown.

Prithee, Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
 And bury the corpse in my stead.

(Amen, Amen.)

Why, Moses, you're wrong pray hold still your tongue.
 You've taken the tail for the head,

O where's thy sting, Death! put the corpse in the earth,
 For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather:
 So the corpse was interr'd, without praying a word,
 And away they both stagger'd together,
 Singing 'To! de rol ti dol di dol.

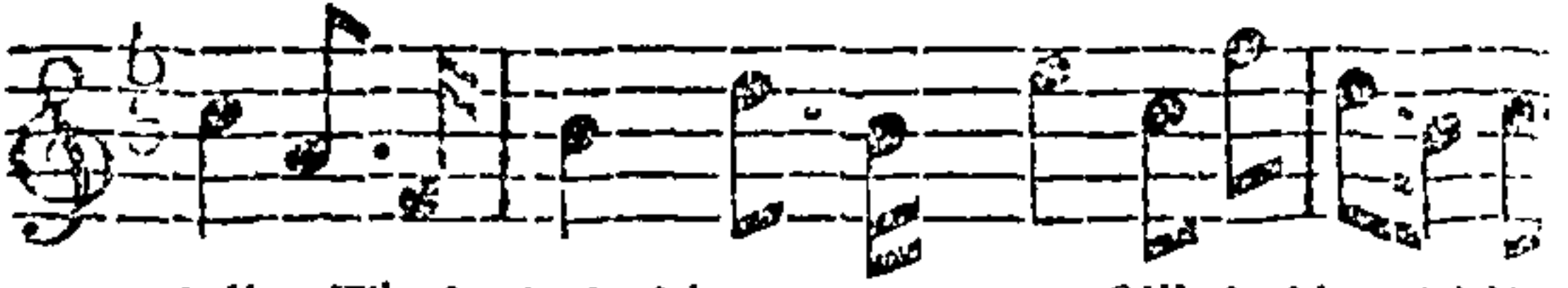
SONG X.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

Andantino.



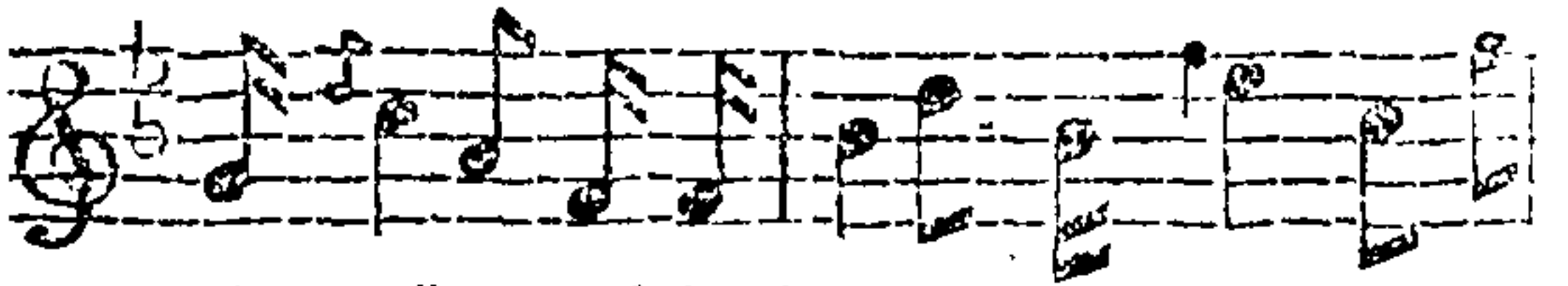
Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so



jolly, Tho' winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle



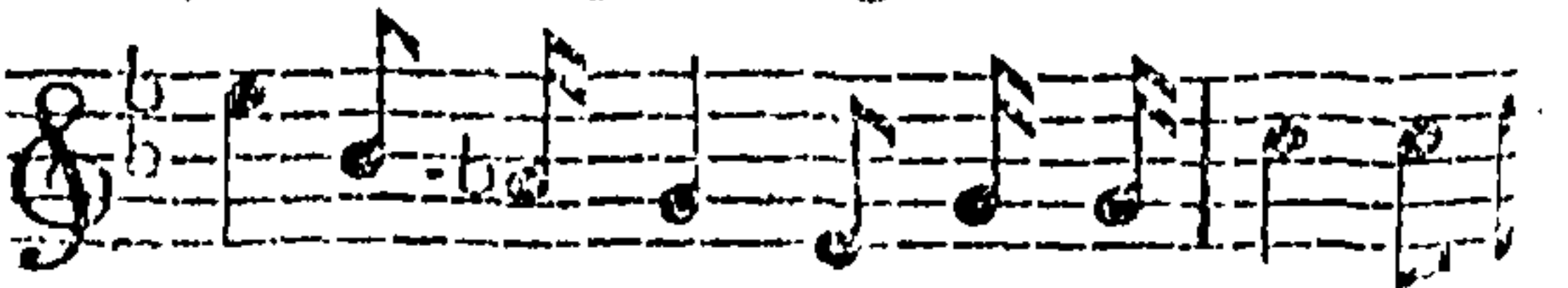
and sing, Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to



his Molly, And if honour gives greatness, was



great as a King. One night as we drove with the



reefs in the main-sail, And the feud came



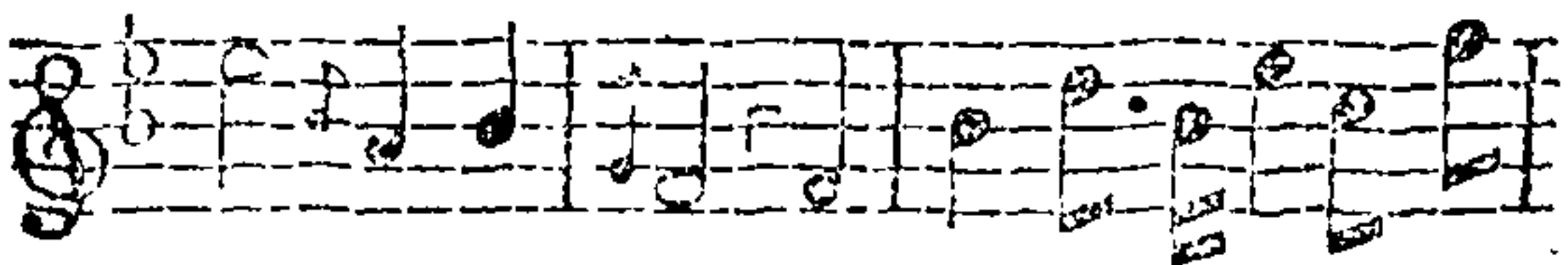
low'r-ing up-on a ice shore, Jack went up



a-lost for to haul the top gal'nt-sail, A



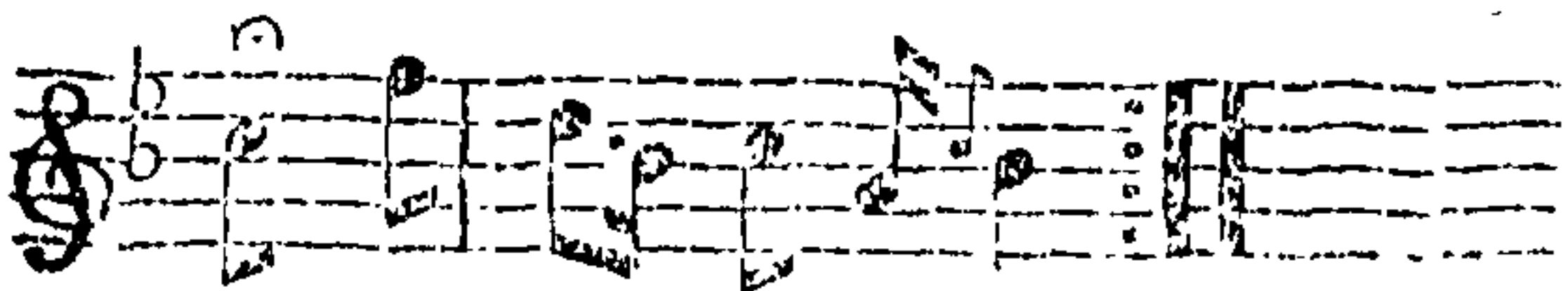
spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw him more, We



ne'er saw him more. But grieving's a folly, come



let us be jolly, If we've troubles at sea



boys, we've pleasures ashore.

Whiffing Tom still of mischief or fun in the middle,
 'Through life in all weathers at random would jog,
 He'd dance and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
 And swig with an air his allowance of grog:
 Long side of a Don in the Terrible frigate,
 As yard arm and yard arm we lay off the shore,
 In and out whiffing Tom did so caper and jig it,
 That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him more!
 But grieving's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly mesmate a brother,
 He was manly and honest, good natur'd and free,
 If ever one tar was more true than another,
 To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he:
 One day with the davit to heave the cadge anchor,
 Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy shore,
 He overboard tipt, when a shark and a spanker
 Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er saw him more!
 But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all lads? shall we be down hearted,
 'Because that mayhap we now take our last sup?
 Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
 .. And death in fast mooring will bring us all up.
 But 'tis always the way on't; one scarce finds a brother,
 Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,
 But by battle or storm, or some d—n'd thing or other,
 He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more.
 But grieving's a folly, &c.

SONG XI.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

Moderato.



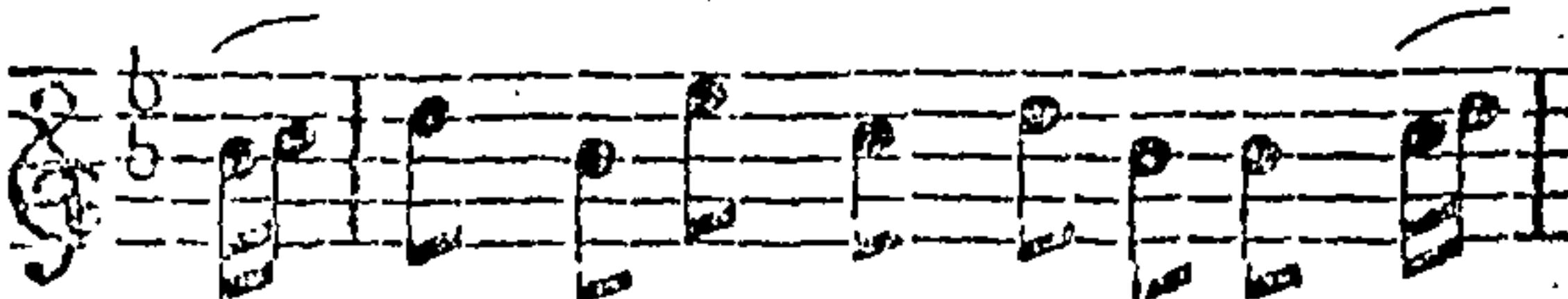
I met four chaps yon birks amang, Wi'



hanging lugs and faces lang, I speer'd at



niebour Bauldy Strang, What are they these we see?



Quoth he, "Ik cream-fac'd pawky chiel, Thinks



himself cunning as the deil, And here they



can' awa' to steal, Jenny's bawbee."

She bad the laird gae kaim his wig,
The foger not to strut sae big,
The lawyer not to be a prig,
The fool he cried, "Tee-hee.
"I ken'd that I could never fail,"
But she prinn'd the dish-clout to his tail,
And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnny cam', a lad o' sense,
Altho' he had na mony pence,
He took young Jenny to the spence,
Wi' her to crack a wee;
Now Johnny was a clever chiel,
And here his suit he press'd sae weel,
That Jenny's heart grew fast as jeel,
And she birl'd her bawbee.

SONG XII.

CRAZY JANE.

[The following was written in consequence of a Lady having in her walks, during a residence in the country, met a poor mad woman, known by the above appellation, at whose appearance the Lady was much alarmed.]

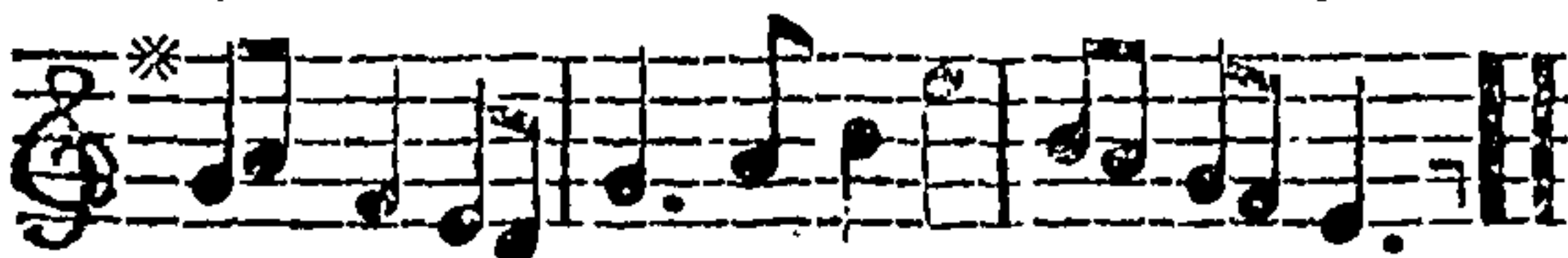
Tune—*Gin ye meet a bonny lassie.*



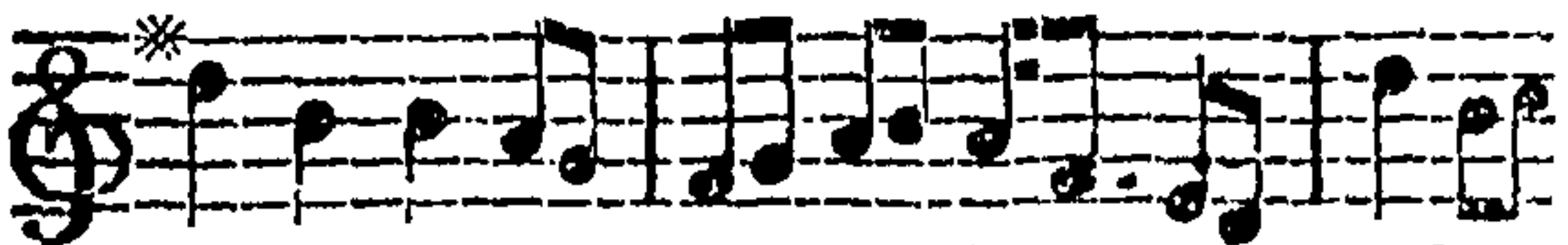
Why, fair maid, in ev'-ry feature, Are such



signs of fear express'd? Can a wand'ring, wretch-



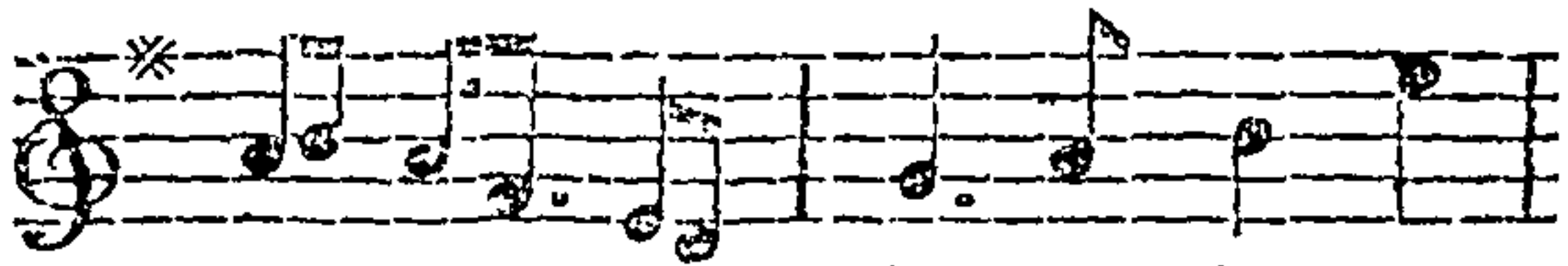
ed creature, With such terror fill thy breast?



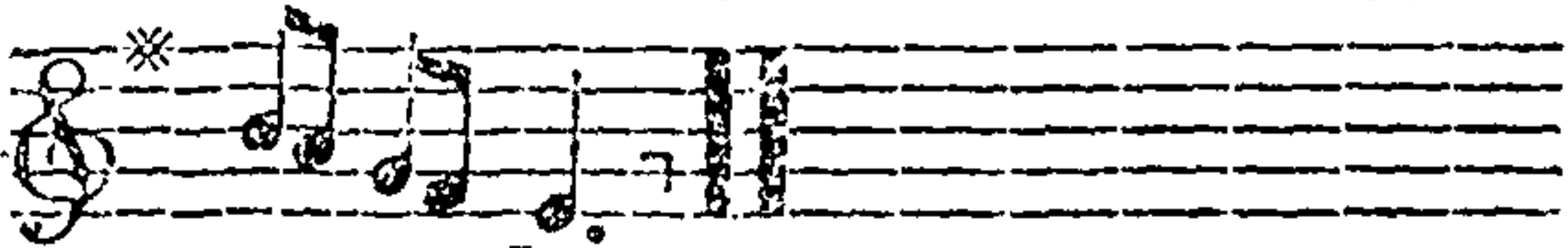
Do my frenzied looks a--larm thee? Trust me



sweet, thy fears are vain; Not for kingdoms would



I harm thee; Shun not then poor



cra - zy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?

Mark me, and avoid my woe;

When men flatter, sigh, and languish,

'Think them false—I found them so.

For I lov'd, oh so sincerely!

None could ever love again!

But the youth I lov'd so dearly,

Stole the wits of crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,

Which was doom'd to love but one;

He sigh'd—he vow'd—and I believ'd him,

He was false, and I undone. *

From that hour, has reason never

Held her empire o'er my brain;

Henry fled—with him for ever

Wled the wits of crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken hearted,

And with frenzied thoughts beset,

On that spot where once we parted,

On that spot where first we met,

Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,

Still I slowly pace the plain;

Whilst each passer-by, in pity,

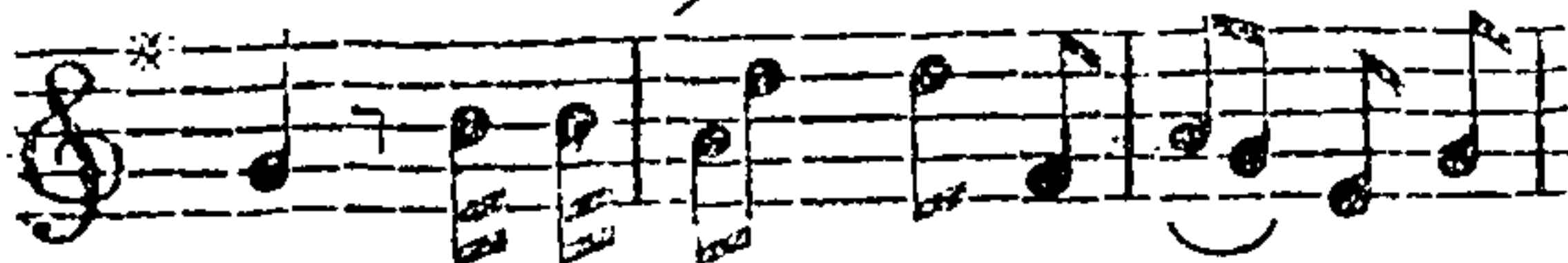
Cries, "God help thee, crazy Jane."

SONG XIII.

THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.



My mam is no more, and my dad in his



grave, Little or - phans are sis - - ter and



I, sad - - ly poor; In - - - du - - try our wealth,



and no dwell - - ing we have, But you



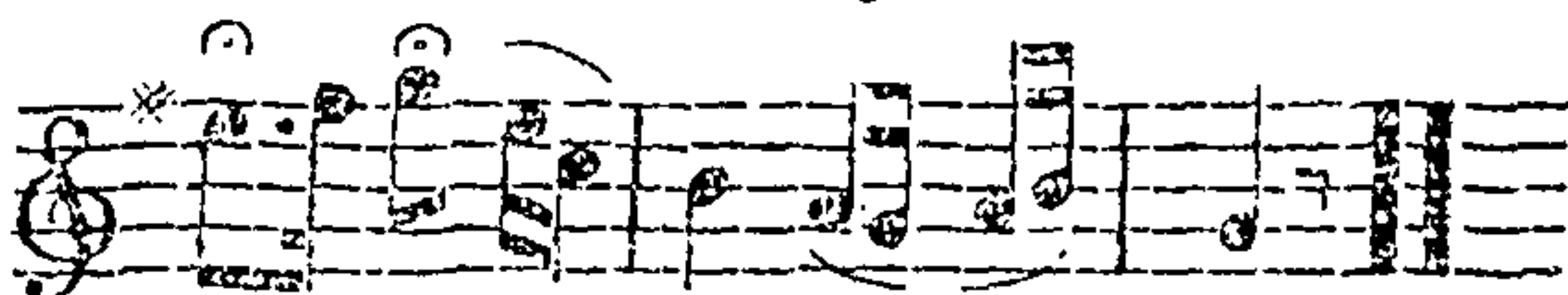
neat little cot - - tage that stands on the



moor. You neat lit - tle cot - tage, You



neat lit - - tle cottage, You neat lit - tle



cot - tage that stands on the moor.

The lark's early song does to labour invite ;

Contented, we just keep the wolf from the door ;

And, Phœbus retiring, trip home with delight,

To our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

You neat little cottage, &c.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens our cheer,

Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore ;

And heart-ease and health make a palace appear

Of our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

You neat little cottage, &c.

SONG XIV.

CELEBRATED DEATH-SONG OF THE CHEROKEE INDIAN.



The sun sets at night, and the stars shun
tr.



the day, But glory re-mains when their



lights fade a - - - - way: Be - - - gin, ye



tormentors, your threats are in vain, For the



son of Ak - - no - - meek shall ne - - - ver



com - - plain; For the son of Alknomook



will ne - ver complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low;
Why so slow?—Do you wait till I shrink from the pain?
No!—the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

No!—the son, &c.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the lance rises fast, they exult in my pain;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

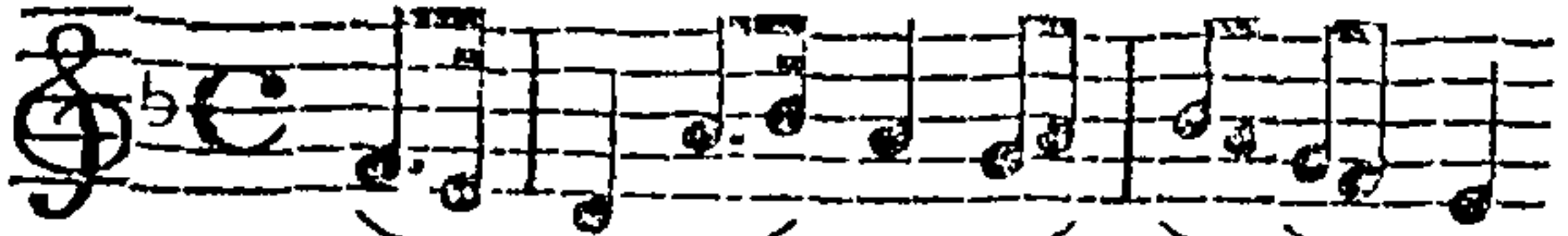
But the son, &c.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes as a friend, he relieves me from pain;
And the son of Alknomook has scorn'd to complain!

And the son, &c.

SONG XV.

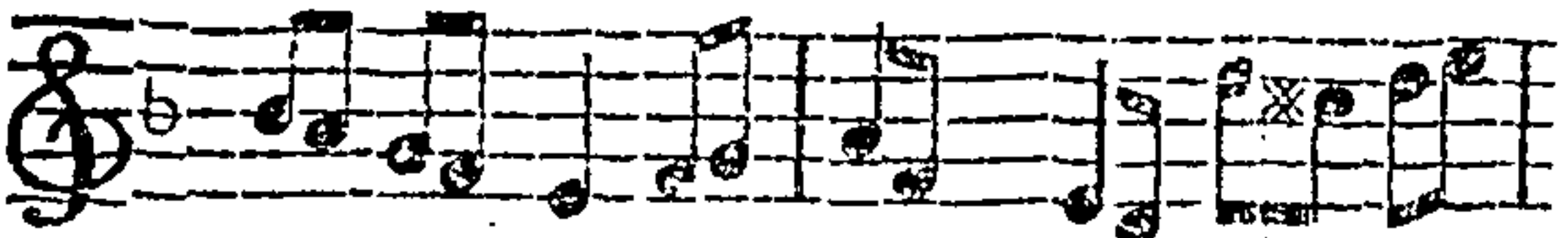
ROSLIN CASTLE.



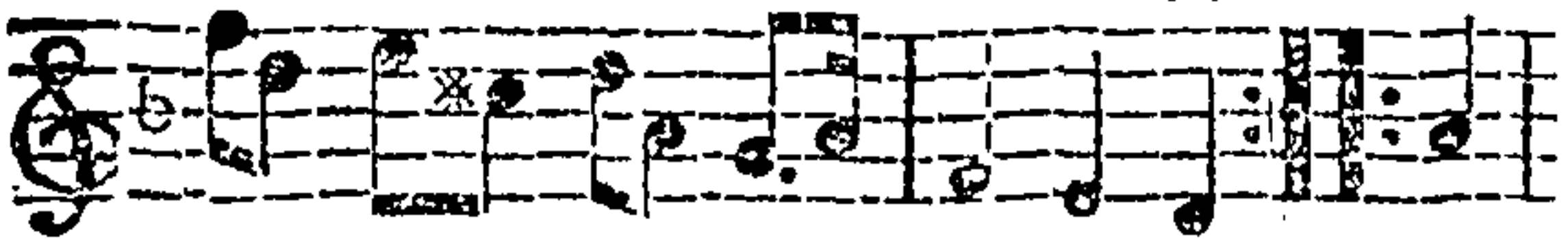
'Twas in that sea-son of the year,



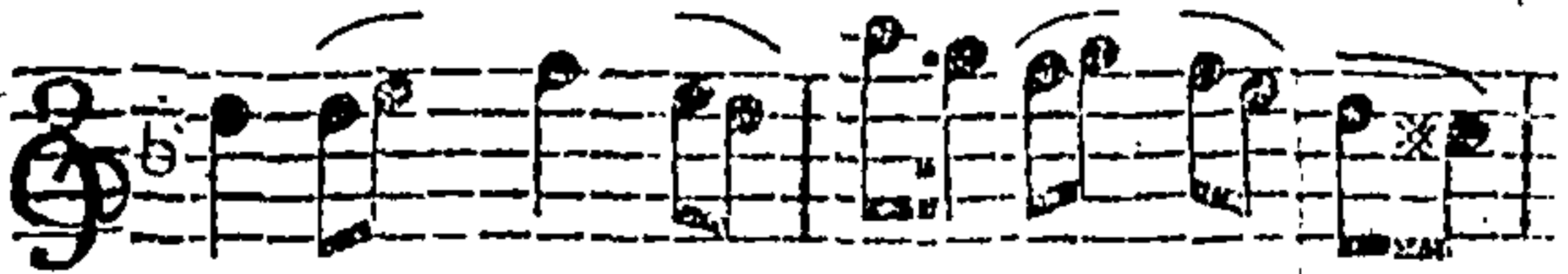
When all things gay and sweet appear, That



Co-lin, with the morn- - - ing rye, A-

rr.

rose and sung his ru-ral lay, Of



Nanny's charms the' shep-herd sing; The



hills and dales with Nan- - - - ny sung, While

Ros - - lin castle heard the swain, And
rr.
 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
 Whohail 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 song,
 And love inspires the melting throng.
 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 XVI.

To the foregoing Tune.

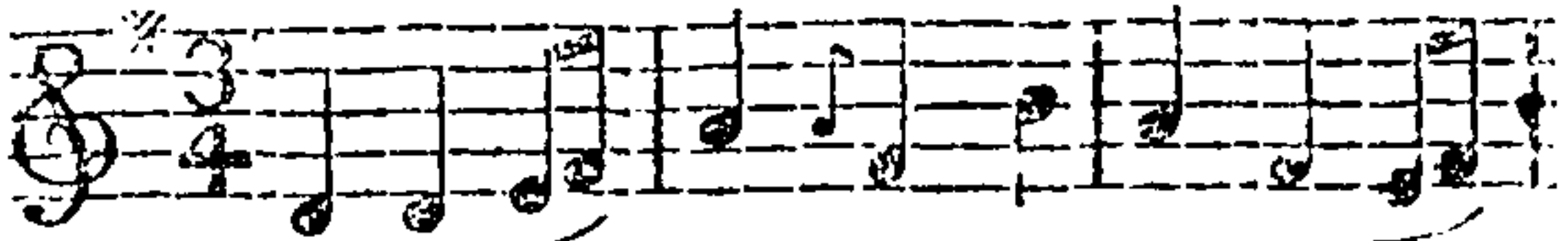
FROM Roslin Castle's echoing walls
 Resounds my shepherd's ardent calls;
 My Colin bids me come away,
 And love demands I should obey.
 His melting strain and tuneful lay
 So much the charms of love display,
 I yield,—nor longer can refrain
 To own my love, and bless my swain.

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.

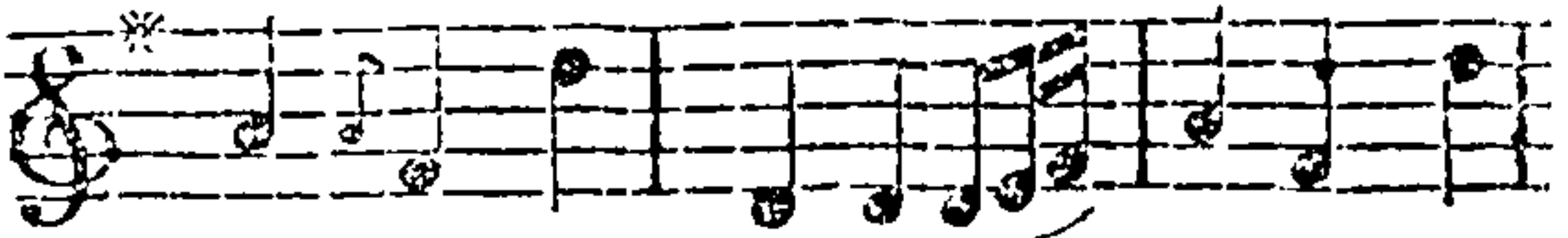
Ye vocal hills that catch the song,
 Repeating, as it flies along,
 To Colin's ear my strain convey,
 And say, I haste to come away.
 Ye zephyrs soft that fan the gale,
 Waft to my love the soothing tale;
 In whispers all my soul express,
 And tell, I haste his arms to bless.

SONG XVII.

DONNEL AND FLORA.



When mer-ry hearts were gay, Careless of



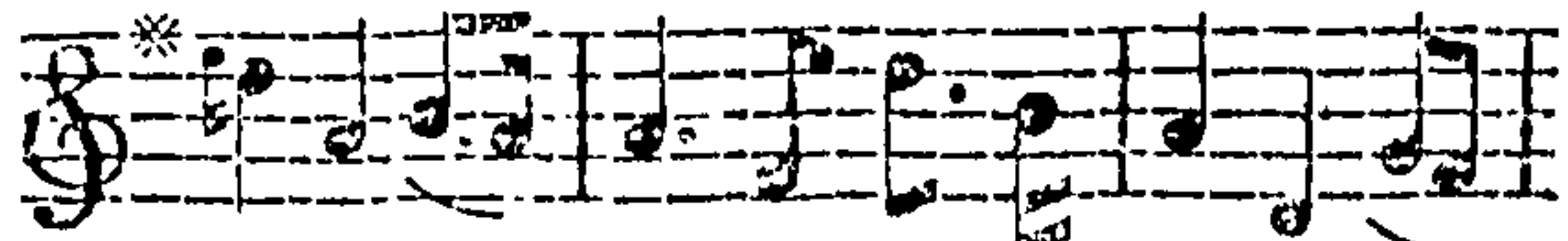
ought but play, Poor Flo--ra Ript a-way,



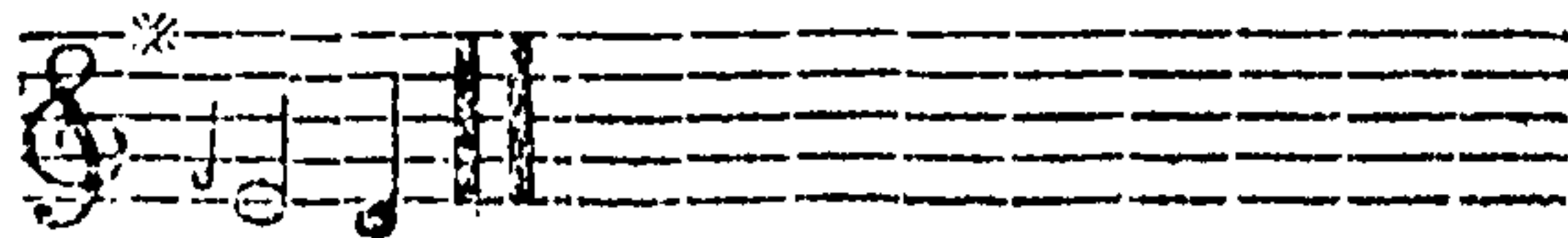
Sail'ning to Mo-ra: Loose flow'd her coal-



black hair, Quick heav'd her bosom bare, And



thus to the troubled air, She vented her



farrow.

" Loud howls the northern blast,
 " Bleak is the dreary waste;—
 " Haste then, O Donnel haste,
 " Haste to thy Flora.
 " Twice twelve long months are o'er,
 " Since in a foreign shore
 " You promis'd to fight no more,
 " But meet me in Mora.

" Where now is Donnel dear?"
 " Maids cry with taunting sneer,
 " Say, is he still sincere
 " To his lov'd Flora?"
 " Parents upbraid my moan,
 " Each heart is turn'd to stone—
 " Ah, Flora! thou'rt now alone,
 " Friendless in Mora!

" Come then, O come away,
 " Donnel no longer stay;
 " Where can my rover stray
 " From his dear Flora?
 " Ah sure he ne'er could be
 " False to his vows to me—
 " O heaven! is not yonder he
 " Bounding in Mora?"

" Never, O wretched fair,
 (Sigh'd the sad messenger)
 " Never shall Donnel mair
 " Meet his lov'd Flora.
 " Cold, cold, beyond the main,
 " Donnel thy love lies slain;
 " He sent me to soothe thy pain.
 " Weeping in Mora.

“ Well fought our gallant men,
 “ Headed by brave Burgoyne;
 “ Our heroes were thrice led on
 “ To British glory:
 “ But ah! tho’ our foes did flee,
 “ Sad was the loss to thee,
 “ While every fresh victory
 “ Drown’d us in sorrow.”

“ Here, take this trusty blade,”
 (Donnel expiring, said)
 “ Give it to you dear maid
 “ Weeping in Mora.
 “ Tell her, O Allan, tell,
 “ Donnel thus bravely fell,
 “ And that in his last farewell,
 “ He thought on his Flora.”

Mute stood the trembling fair,
 Speechless with wild despair,
 Then striking her bosom bare,
 Sigh’d out, “ Poor Flora!
 “ Oh Donnel! Oh welladay!”
 Was all the fond heart could say;
 At length the sound died away,
 Fleebly in Mora.

SONG XVIII.

SWEET LILLIES OF THE VALLEY.



O'er barren hills and flow'ry dales, O'er



seas and distant shores, With mer-ry song



and jo-cund tales, I've pass'd some pleasant



hours. Though wand'-ring thus, I



ne'er could find A girl like blith'ome



Sally, Who picks and culls, and cries a-



loud, Who picks and culls, and cries aloud,



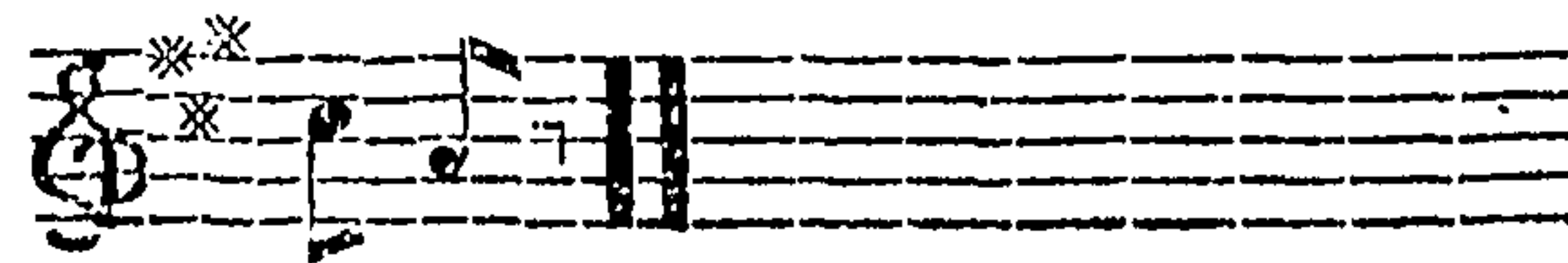
Sweet lil - - lies of the valley, Sweet



lil - - lies of the valley; Who picks and



culls, and cries aloud, Sweet lil - lies of the



val - ley.

From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,
From nesting of each tree,
I chose a soldier's life to lead,
So social, gay, and free :
Yet tho' the lasses love as well,
And often try to rally,
None pleases me like her that cries,
Sweet lillies of the valley.

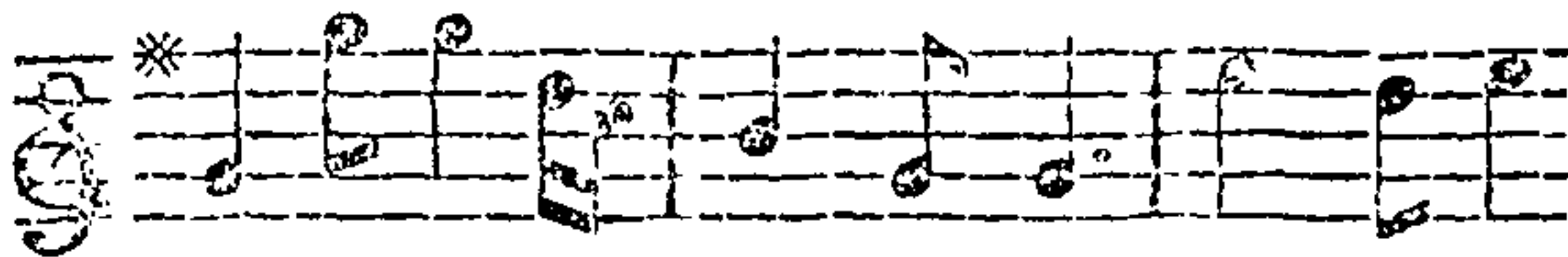
I'm now return'd (of late discharg'd)
To use my native toil,
From fighting in my country's cause,
To plough my country's soil ;
I care not which, with either pleas'd,
So I possess my Sally,
That little merry nymph that cries,
Sweet lillies of the valley.

SONG XIX.

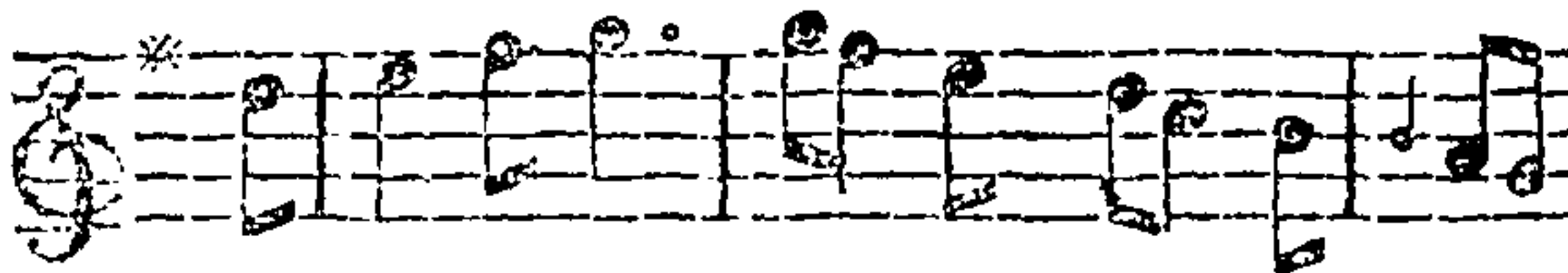
OLD ENGLAND O.



Huz - za! my boys, for Eng - land O, My



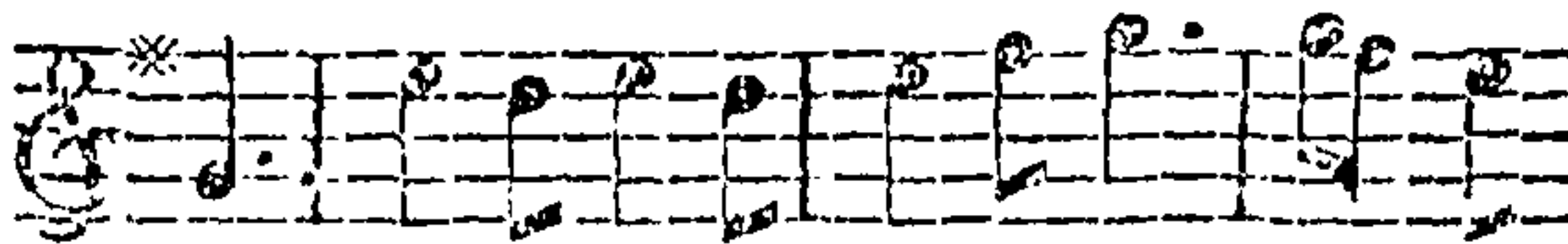
boys, huzza! for Eng - - land O; Fac - tion soon



shall prostrate lie, And the wreaths of vic -



tory shall a - - dorn the brow of Old England



O. Faction soon shall prostrate lie, And the



wreaths of vic - - - tory Shall a - - - dorn the



brow of Old England O.

Old Neptune's pride is England O,
 Old Neptune's pride is England O,
 'To her mild and equal reign,
 He resign'd the liquid main,
 And the queen of the seas is Old England O.
 To her mild, &c.

We dearly love Old England O,
 We dearly love Old England O;
 Let us then our rights maintain,
 And in steady faith remain,
 The loyal sons of Old England O.
 Let us then, &c.

For shame! ye sons of England O,
 Ye bastard sons of England O,
 To forge the trait'rous pike and lance,
 And court the smiles of mad'ning France,
 All intent on the ruin of England O.
 To forge, &c.

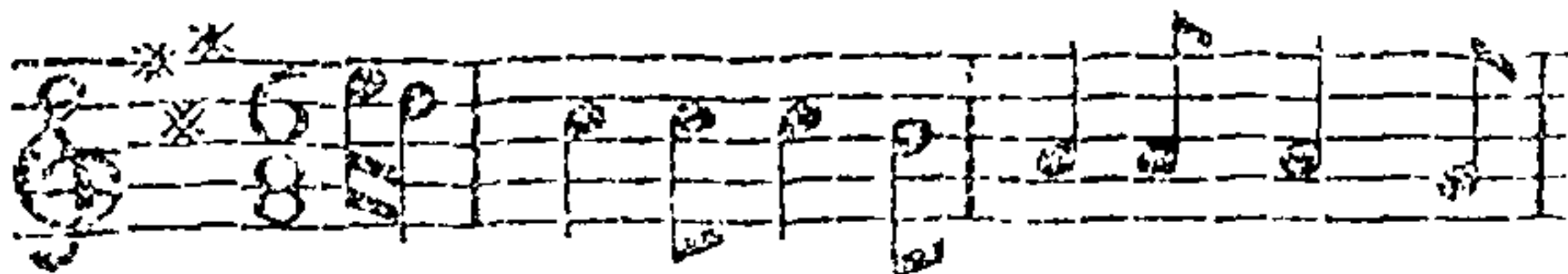
Reflect, ye sons of England O,
 Deluded sons of England O,
 Is not your peace and safety fled?
 Where doth freedom rest her head,
 But secure in the bosom of England O?
 Is not, &c.

'Then why fall out with England O?
Or why dispute with England O?
Is she not a parent kind?
Then give repentment to the wind,
And again be the friends of Old England O.
Is she not, &c.

Your glasses fill to England O,
A bumper charge to England O;
Long may she give the nations peace,
And may her empire never cease,
Nor French mobs be thought friends of Old England O.
Long may, &c.

SONG XX.

MONSIEUR NONG TONG PAW.



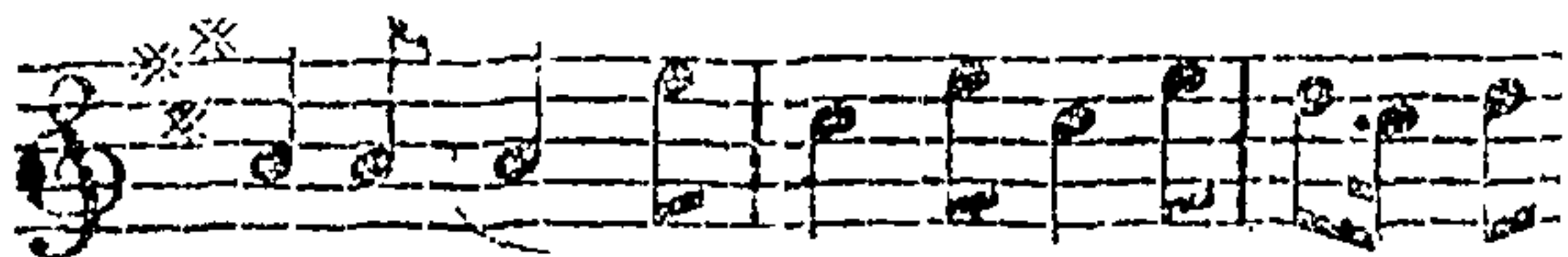
John Bull fer pasture took a prance, Some-



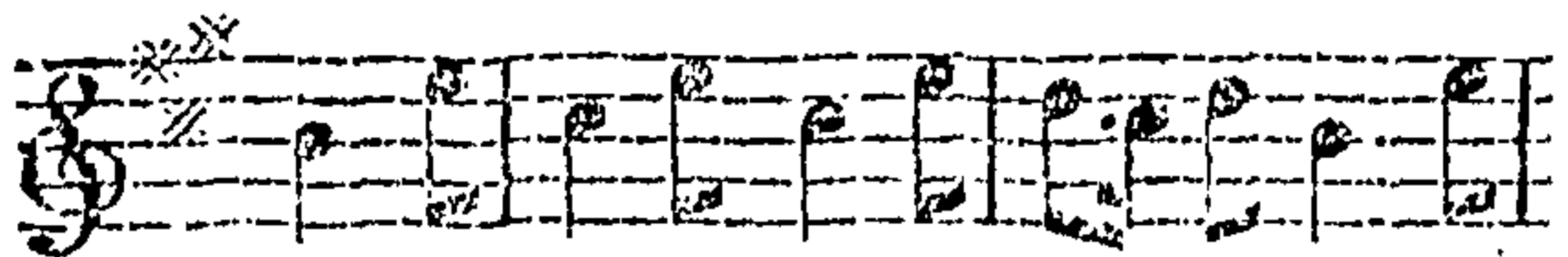
time a-go, to peep at France, To talk of



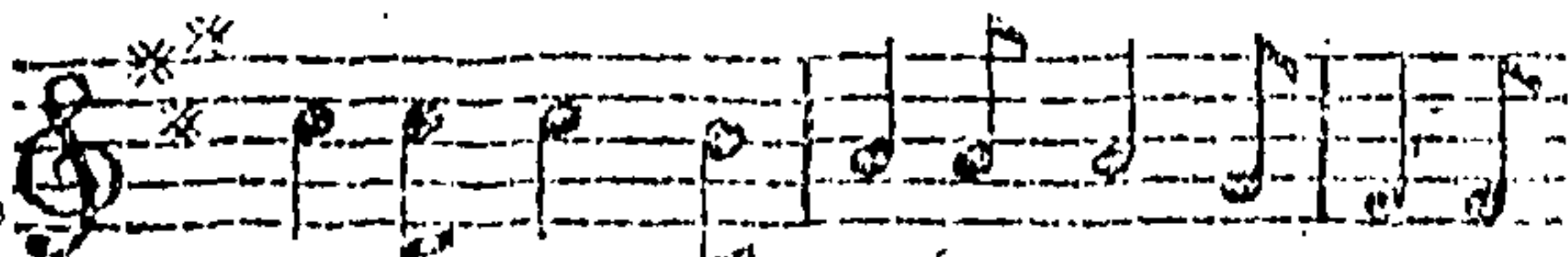
sci-ences and arts, And knowledge gain'd in



foreign parts; Monsieur obsequious heard him

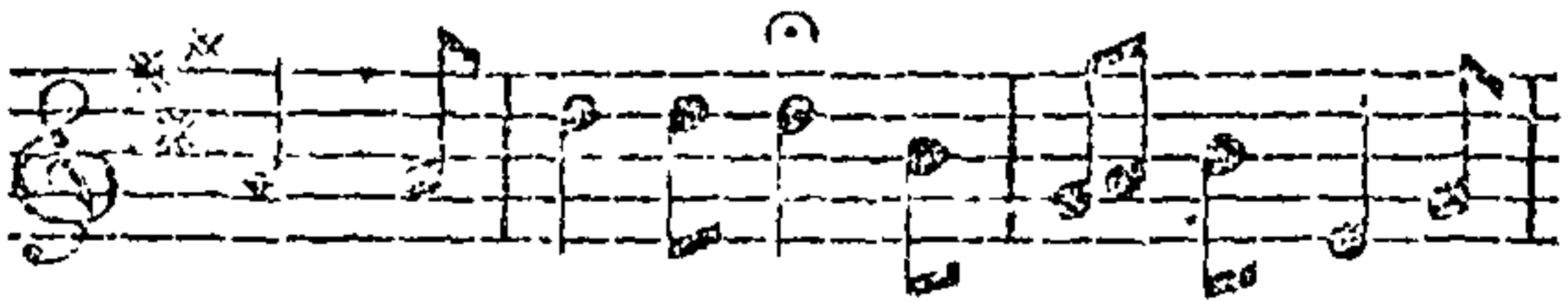


speak, And answer'd John in heathen Greek, To

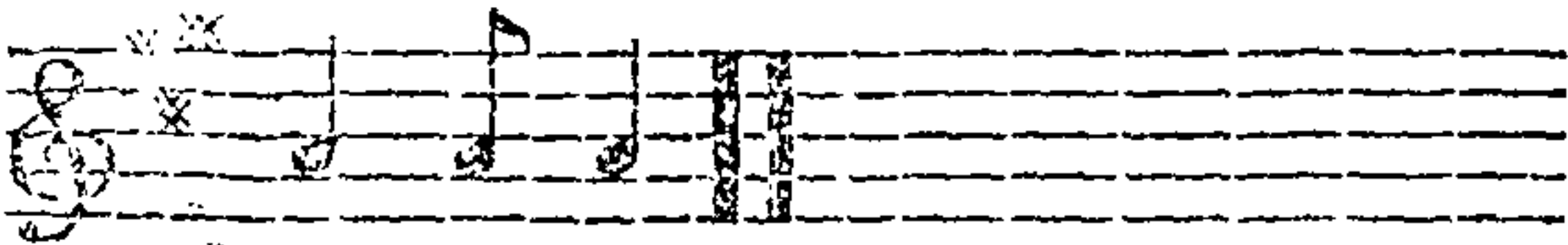


all be a'd' but all he saw, To all be





ask'd 'bout all he saw, "I was Monsieur Je-vous



n'entend pas.

John to the Palais Royal come,
 Its splendour almost struck him dumb;
 'T say, whose house is that there here?
 Ho! Je vous n'entends pas Monsieur.
 What Nong 'Tong Paw again? cries John,
 'This fellow is some mighty Don!
 No doubt h'as plenty for the maw,
 I'll breakfast with this Nong 'Tong Paw.

John saw Versailles from Marli's height,
 And cried, astonish'd at the sight,
 Whose fine estate is that there here?
 Stat! Je vous n'entends pas Monsieur.
 His? what the land and houses too?
 'The fellow's richer than a Jew!
 On every thing he lays his claw,
 I should like to dine with Nong 'Tong Paw.

Next tripping came a courtly fair;
 John cried, enchanted with her air,
 What lovely wench is that there here?
 Wench! Je vous n'entends pas Monsieur.
 What, he again? up on my life;
 A palace, lands, and then a wife;
 Sir Joshua might delight to draw;
 I should like to sup with Nong 'Tong Paw.

But hold, whose funerals that? cries John;
 Je vous n'entends pas: what! is he gone?
 Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save
 Poor Nong^a Tong Paw then from the grave:
 His race is run, his game is up,
 I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup,
 But since he chuses to withdraw,
 Good-night t'ye Mounseer Nong Tong Paw.

SONG XXI.

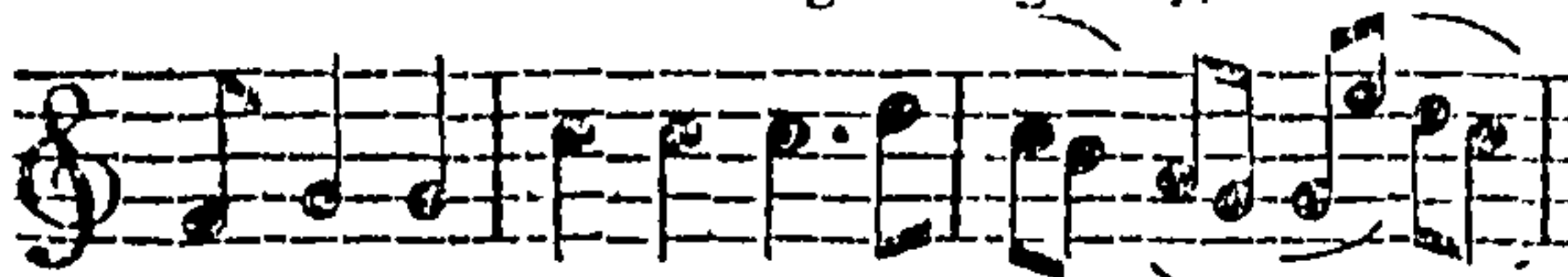
LASH'D TO THE HELM.

Andantino.

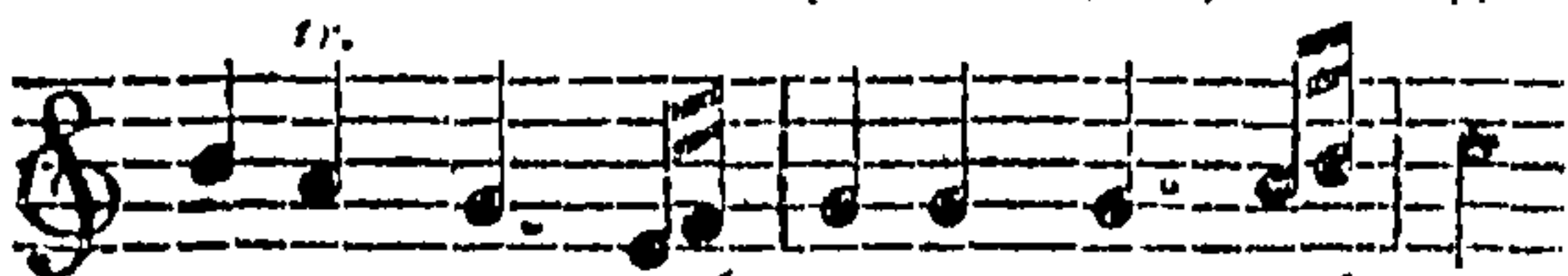
In storms, when clouds obscure the sky, And



thun-ders roll and light-nings fly, In midst



of all these dire alarms, I think, my Sal-ly,



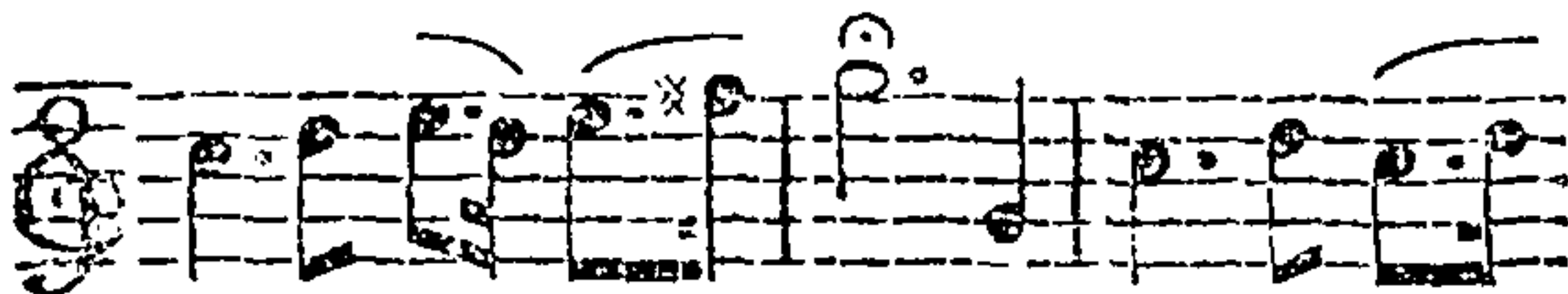
on thy charms. The troubled main, The wind



and rain, My ar - - dent pas - - sion prove



Lash'd to the helm, Shou'd seas o'erwhelm, I'd



think on thee, my love, I'd think on thee,



my love, I'd think on thee, my love



Lash'd to the helm, Shou'd seas o'erwhelm, I'd



think on thee my love.

When rocks appear on ev'ry side,
And art is vain the ship to guide,
In varied shapes when death appears,
'The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers:

The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
Lash'd to the helm,
Shou'd seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee my love.

But shou'd the gracious pow'rs be kind,
Dispel the gloom and still the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long-lost native shore;

No more the main
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve
I then with thee
Shou'd happy be,
And think on nought but love.

SONG XXII.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

Andantino.



'Twas past me - - - ri - - - dian, half past four,



By sig - - nal I from Nancy parted; At six



she lin - - - ger'd on the shore, With uplift



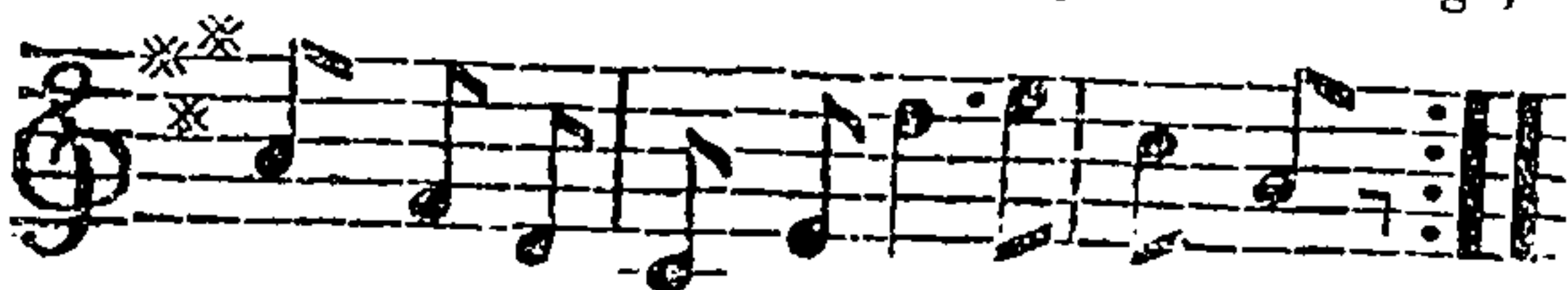
hands and broken hearted: At sev'n, while taught-



ning the fore-stay, I saw her faint, 'or else



'twas fancy; At eight we all got under weigh,



And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

'Twas night, and now eight bells had rung,
 When careless sailors ever cheery,
 On the mid-watch so cheerful sung,
 With tempers labours cannot weary.
 I, little to their mirth inclin'd,
 For tender wishes fill'd my fancy,
 And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,
 Look'd on the moon, and thought on Nancy.

And now arriv'd that jovial night,
 When ev'ry true bred tar carouses,
 Around the grog all hands delight,
 To toast their sweethearts and their spouses.
 Round went the song, the jest, the glee,
 And youthful thoughts fill every fancy,
 And when in turn it came to me,
 I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four;
 At six the elements in motion,
 Plung'd me, and three poor sailors more,
 Headlong into the foaming ocean;

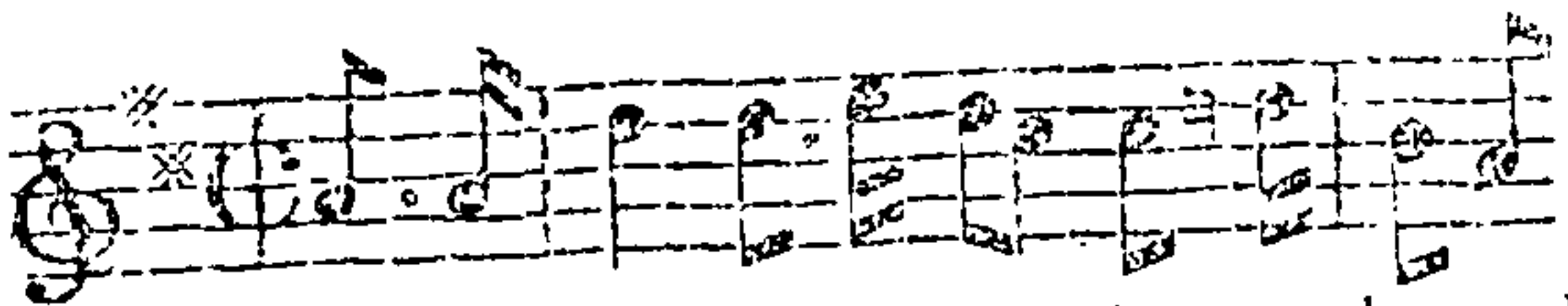
Poor wretches, they soon found their graves,
For me it may be only fancy,
But love seem'd to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarcely the foul hurricane was clear'd,
Scarcely winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle.
When a bold enemy appear'd,
And dauntless we prepar'd for battle.
And now, while some lov'd friend or wife
Like lightning rush'd on every fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a pray'r, and thought on Nancy,

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three, A. M. discover'd day,
And England's chalky cliffs together :
At seven, up channel how we bore!
While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy ;
At twelve, I gaily jump'd ashore,
And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.

SONG XXIII

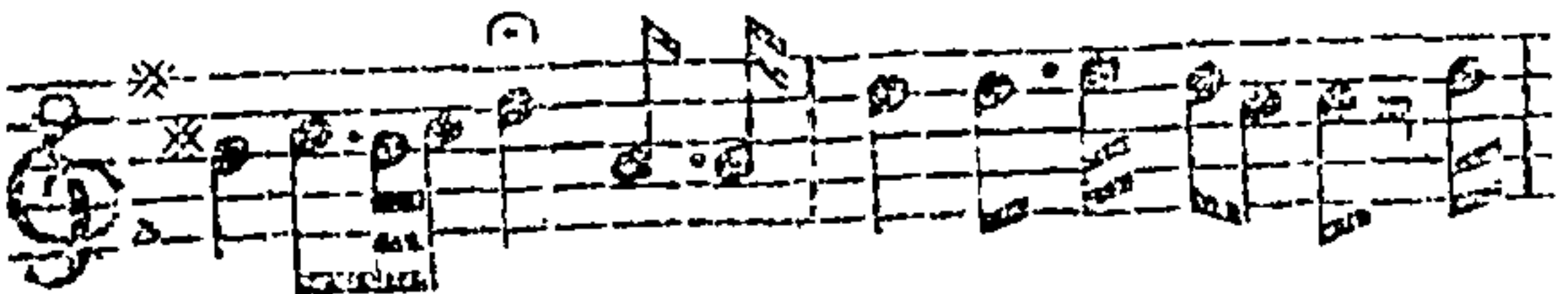
SAVOURNA DELISH.



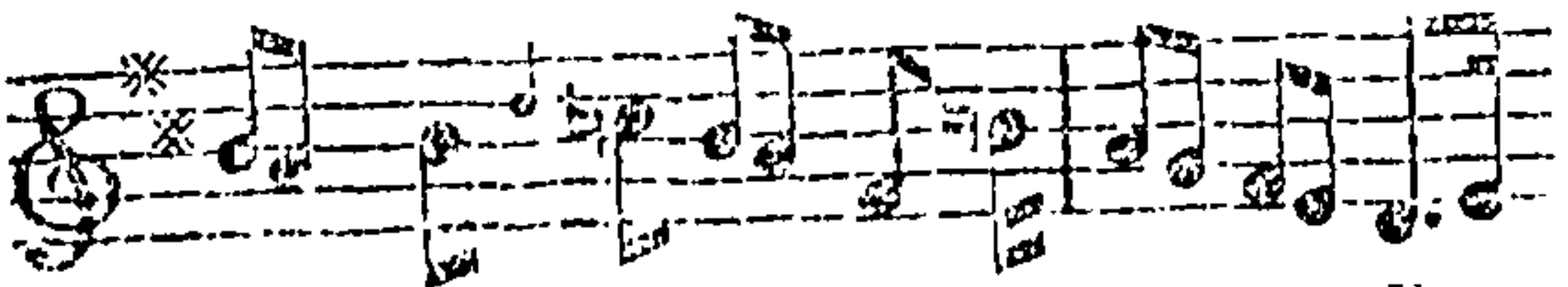
Oh! the moment was sad when my love and



I parted, Sa - vour - - na De - - lish



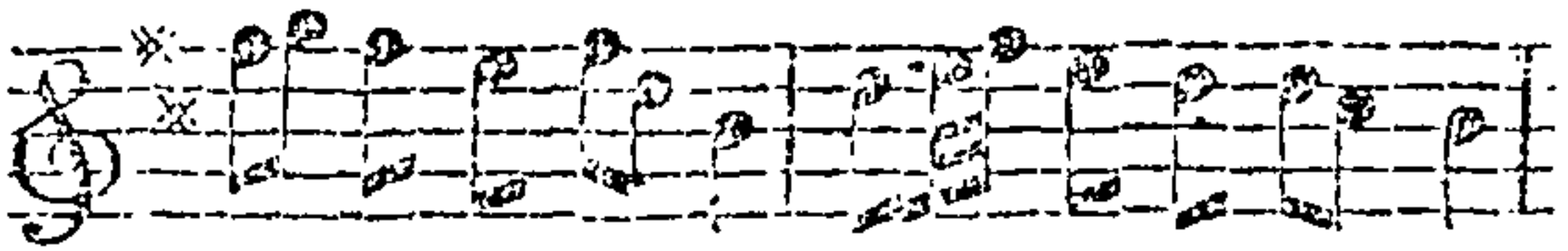
Shighan Oh! As I kiss'd off her tears, I was



nigh broken hearted, Sa - - - vour - na De -



lish Shighan Oh! Was was her cheek white



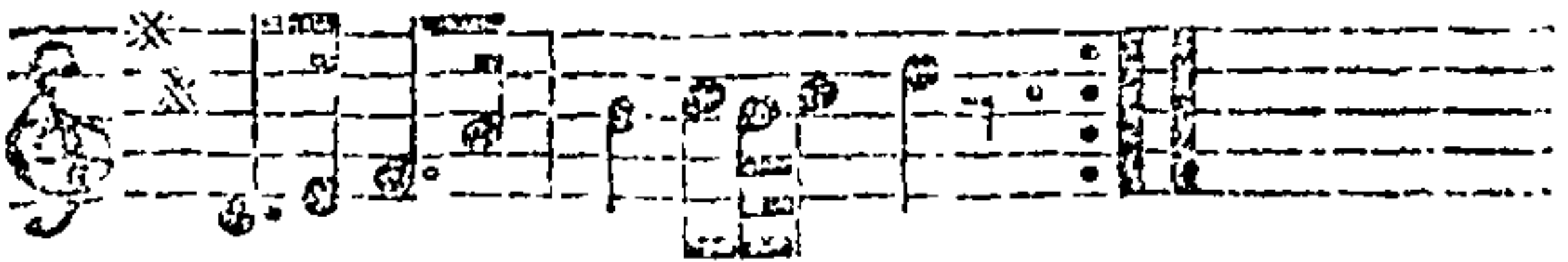
hung on my shoulder, Damp was her hand, no



marble was colder, I felt that I never



a - gain should be - hold her; Sa - vour - - na



De - - lish Shighan Oh.

When the word of command put our men into motion.

Savourna, &c.

I buck'd my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,

Savourna, &c.

Brisk were our troops, all rearing like thunder,
Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder,
My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder.

Savourna, &c.

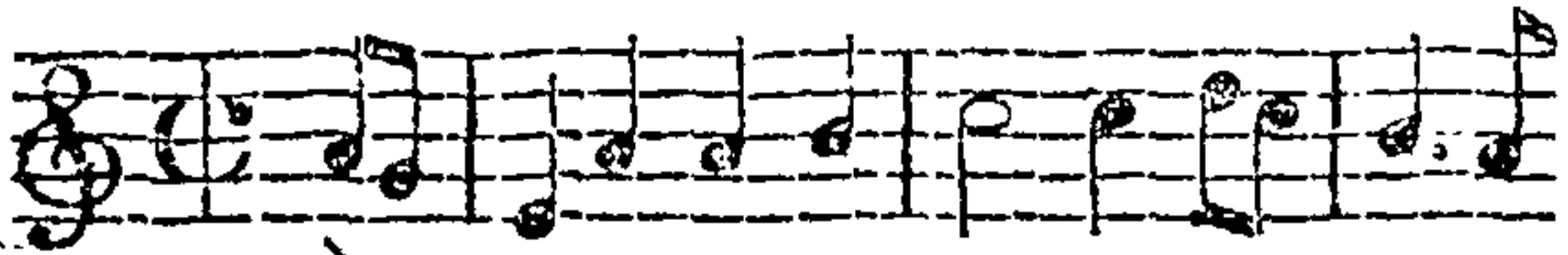
Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,
Savourna, &c.

All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you love,
Savourna, &c.

Peace was proclaim'd; escap'd from the slaughter,
Landed at home, my sweet girl, I sought her,
But sorrow, alas! to her cold grave had brought her.
Savourna, &c.

SONG XXIV.

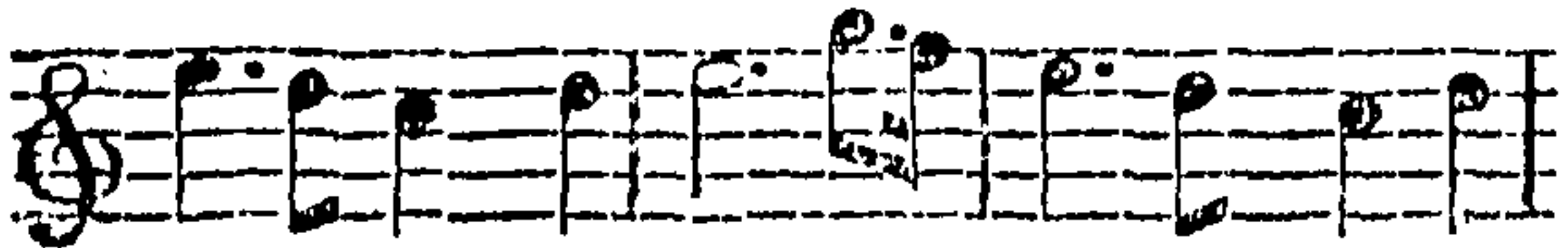
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE.



John Anderson my joe, John, when we were



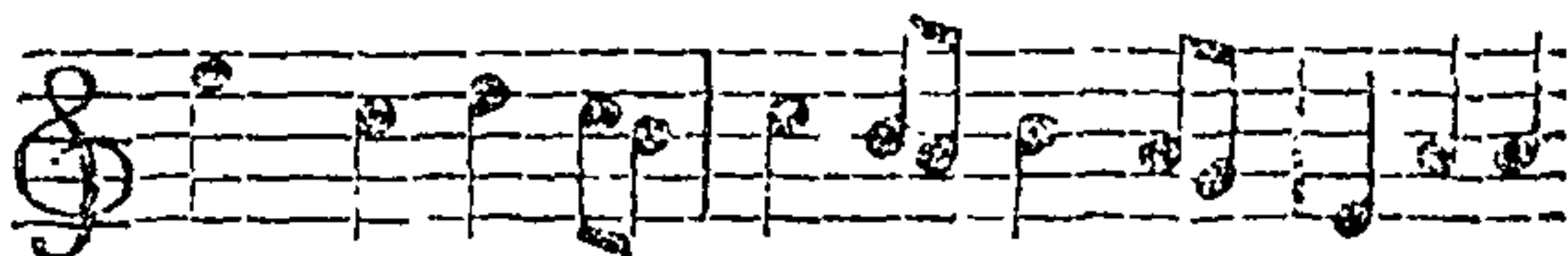
first acquaint, Your locks were like the raven, your



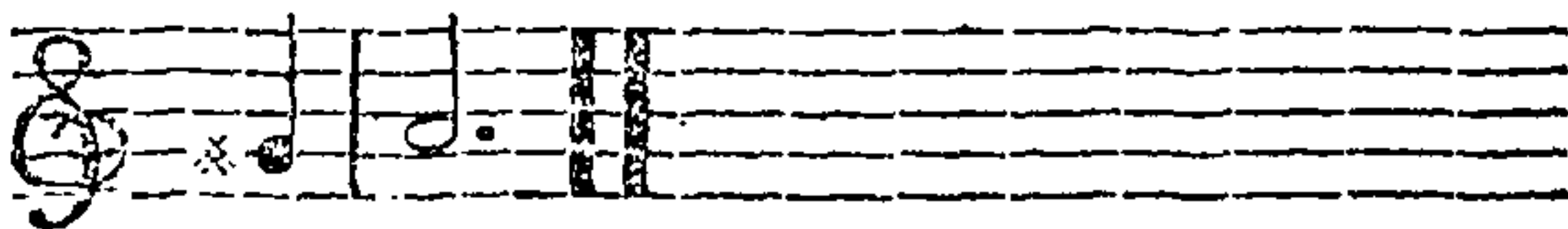
bony brow was bent; But now you're turned



bald, John, your locks are like the snow, Yet



blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson



my joe.

John Anderson my joe, John, ye were my first conceit,
 And ay at kirk and market I've kept you trim and neat;
 There's some folk say your failing, John, but I scarce believe
 it's so,
 For you're ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson
 my joe.

John Anderson my joe, John, we've seen our bairns' bairns,
 And yet, my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your arms,
 And sic are ye in mine, John, I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
 Tho' the days are gane that we hae seen, John Anderson
 my joe.

John Anderson my joe, John, our filler ne'er was rife,
 And yet we ne'er saw poverty sin' we were man and wife;
 We've ay haen bit and brat, John, great blessings here below,
 And that helps to keep peace at hame, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderson my joe, John, the world lo'es us baith,
 We ne'er spake ill o' neighbours, John, nor did them ony
 skaith,
 To live in peace and quietness was a' our care, ye know,
 And I'm sure they'll greet when we are dead, John Anderson
 my joe.

John Anderson my joe, John, frae year to year we've past,
 And soon that year maun come, John, will bring us to our
 last;
 But let na' that affright us, John, our hearts were ne'er our
 foe,
 While in innocent delight we liv'd, John Anderson, my joe.

John Anderson my joe, John, we clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
 Now we maun tetter down, John, but hand in hand we'll
 go,
 And we'll sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson my joe.

SONG XXV.

HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

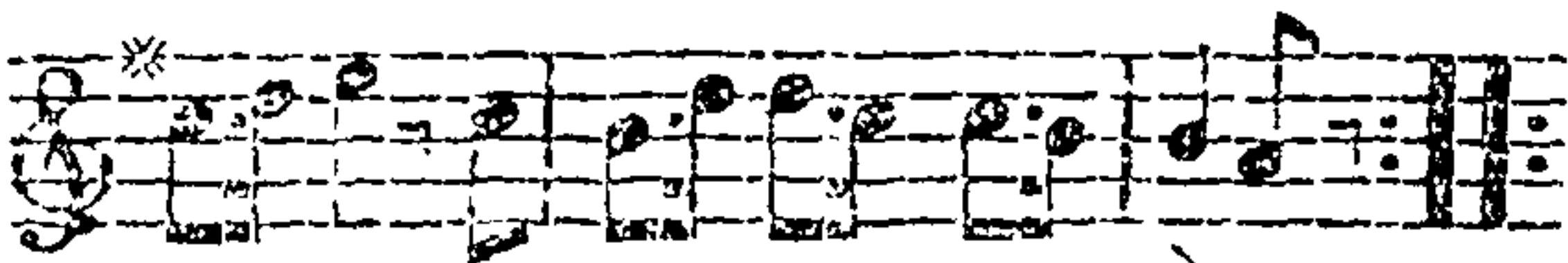
Moderato.



How sweet in the wood-lands, with



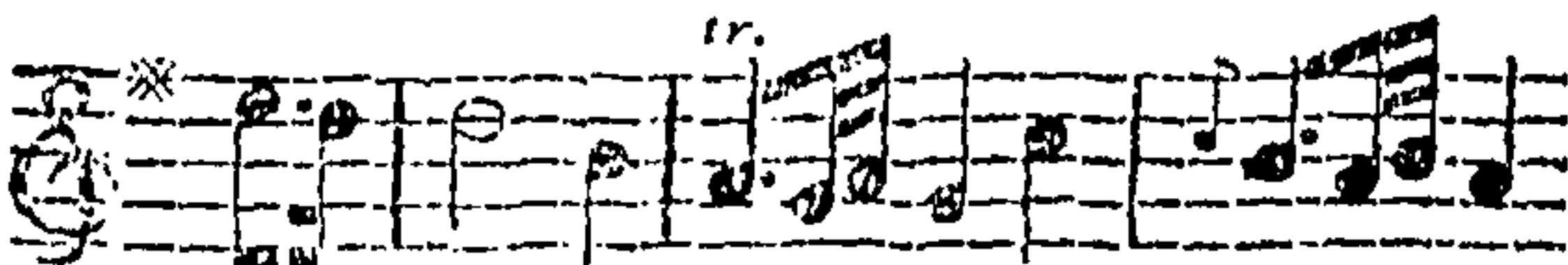
fleet hounds and horn, To waken shrill



e-cho, and taste the fresh morn;



But hard is the chace my fond heart must



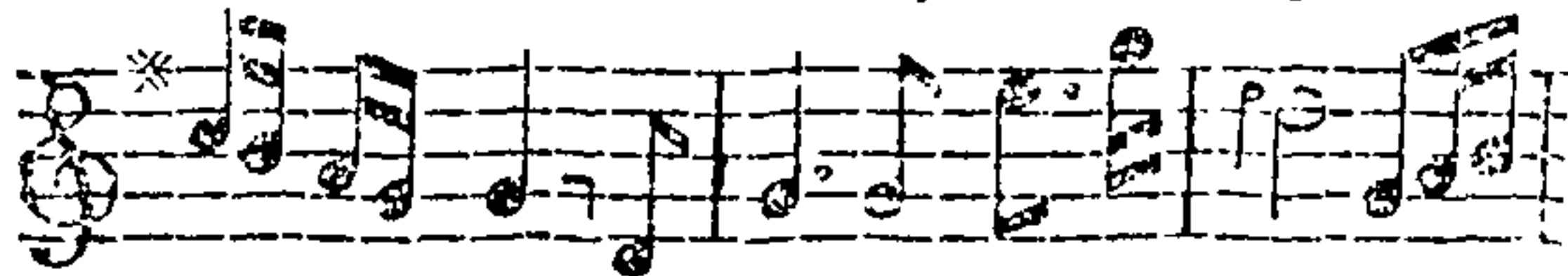
pursue, For Daph-ne, fair Daph--ne,

SONG XXVI.

LEANDER ON THE BAY.



Le - - ander on the bay Of Hellespont all



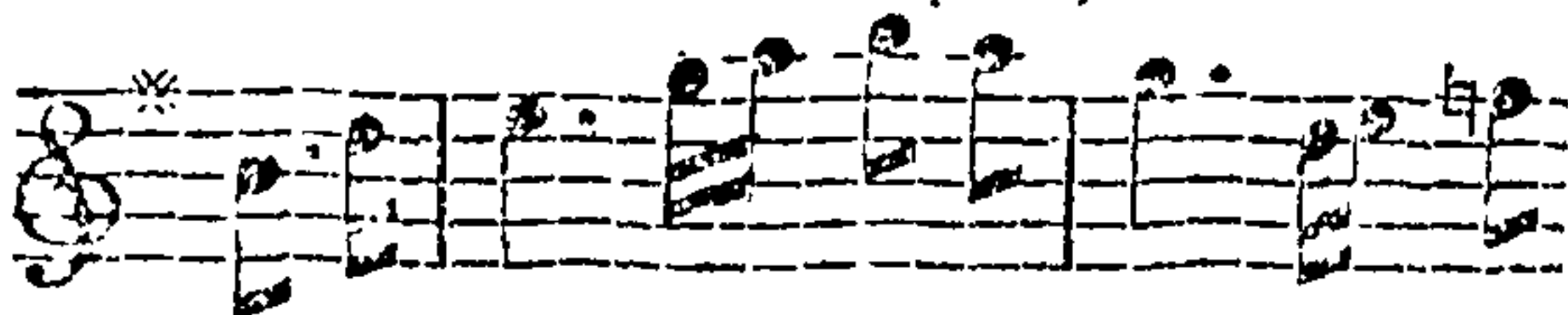
na - ked stood, Im - patient of de - lay, He



leapt in - to the fa - - tal flood: 'The raging



seas, Whom none can please, 'Gainst him their



malice show; The heavens lowt'd, The rain



down pour'd, And loud the winds did blow.

Then casting round his eyes,
 Thus of his fate he did complain:
 Ye cruel rocks and skies!
 Ye stormy winds, and angry main!
 What 'tis to miss
 The lover's bliss,
 Alas! ye do not know;
 Make me your wreck
 As I come back,
 But spare me as I go.

Lo! yonder stands the tower
 Where my beloved Hero lies,
 And this th' appointed hour
 Which sets to watch her longing eyes.
 To his fond suit
 The gods were mute;
 The billows answer, No;
 Up to the skies
 The surges rise,
 But sunk the youth as low.

Meanwhile the wishing maid,
 Divided 'twixt her care and love,
 Now does his stay upbraid;
 Now dreads he shou'd the passage prove;
 O fate! said she,
 Nor heaven nor thee
 Our vows shall e'er divide;
 I'd leap this wall,
 Could I but fall
 By my Leander's side.

At length the rising sun
Did to her sight reveal, too late,
That Hero was undone;
Not by Leander's fault, but fate:
Said she, I'll shew,
'Tho' we are two,
Our loves were ever one;
This proof I'll give.
I will not live,
Nor shall he die alone.

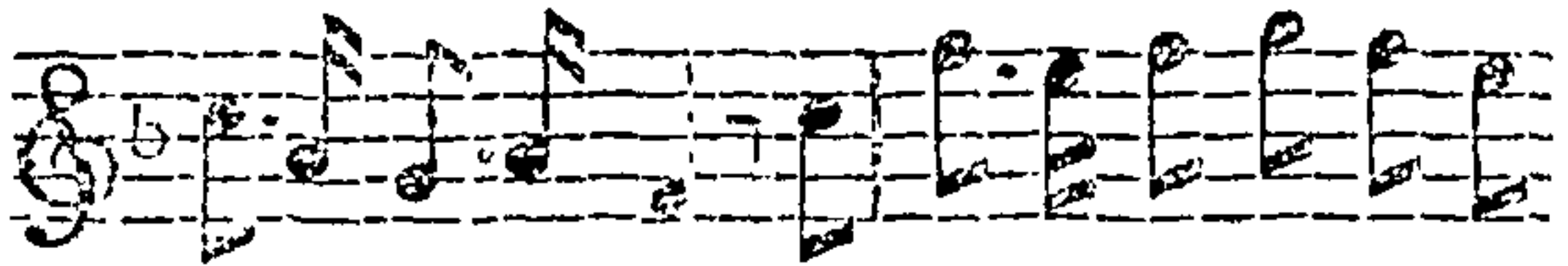
Down from the wall she leapt
Into the raging seas to him,
Courting each wave she met
To teach her weary'd arms to swim:
The sea gods wept,
Nor longer kept
Her from her lover's side;
When join'd at last,
She grasp'd him fast,
Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

SONG XXVII.

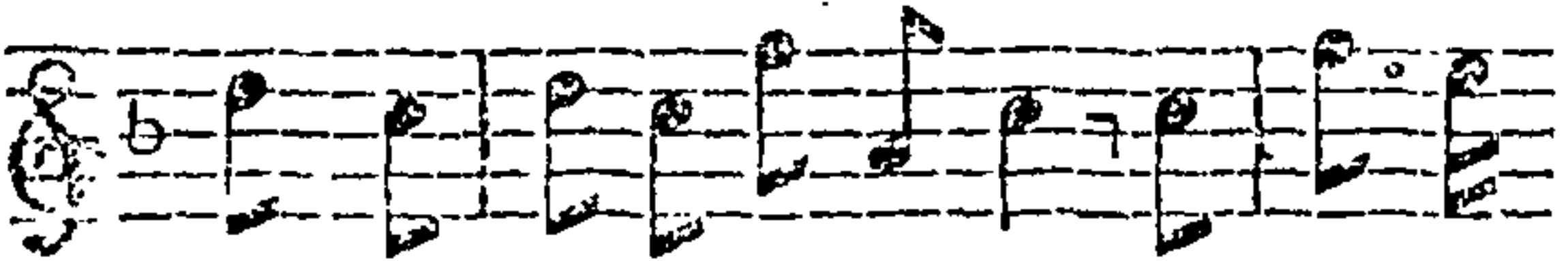
GRAMACHREE MOLLY.



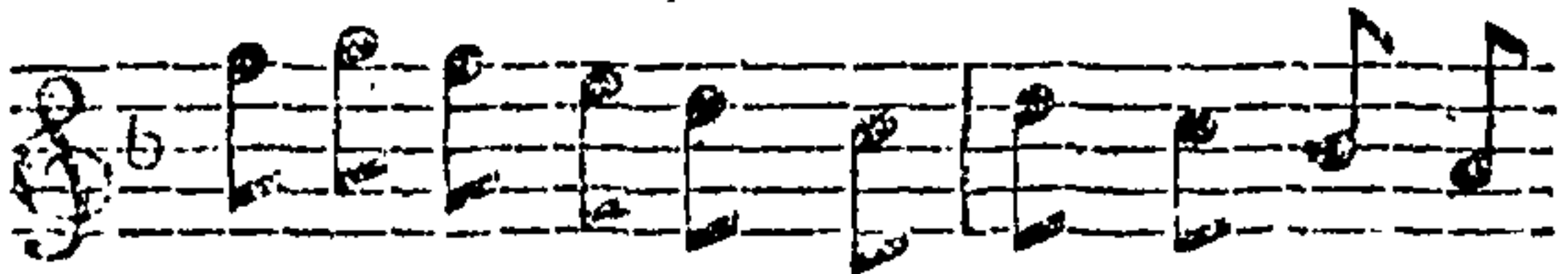
As down on Danu's banks I stray'd, One



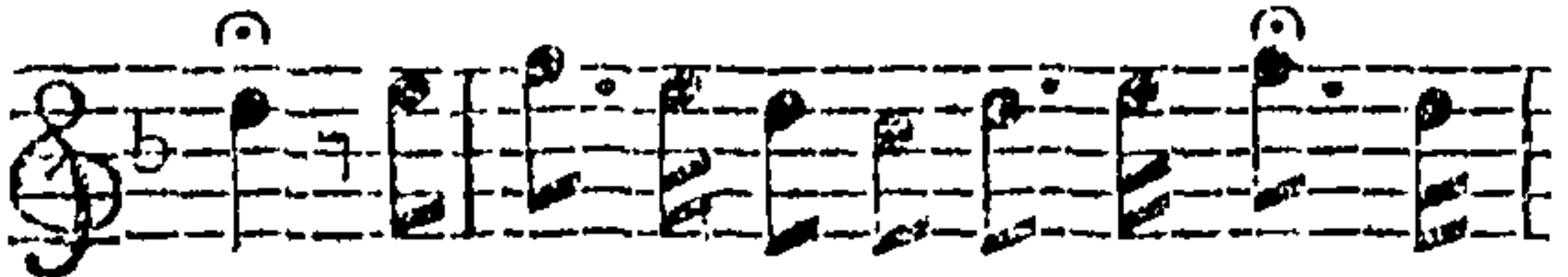
even-ing in May, 'The little birds, in blythest



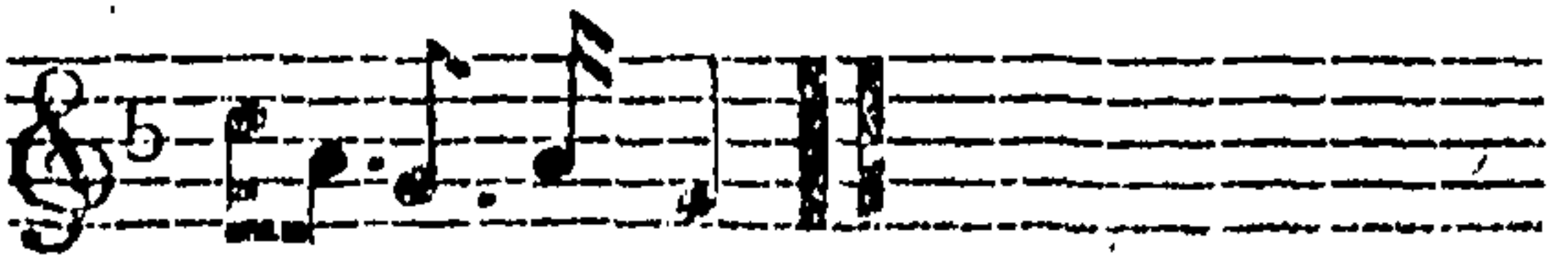
notes, Made vo-cal ev'ry spray: They sung their



little tales of love, 'They sung them o'er and



o'er; Ah Gramachree, ma Colleenouge, Ma



Mol-ly Alltore!

The daisy pied, and all the sweets.

The dawn of nature yields;
The primrose pale, the violet blue,
Lay scatter'd o'er the fields:
Such fragrance in the bosom lies
Of her whom I adore.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

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, heaven 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 XXVIII.

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 sing
 she :

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

Oh 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.

Oh 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, lillies, 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.

Oh 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.

Oh 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 XXIX.

THEN SAY, MY SWEET GIRL, CAN YOU LOVE ME?

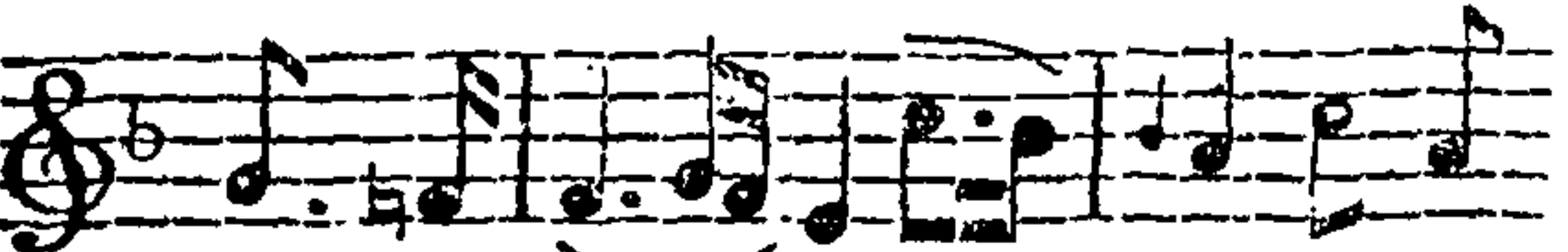
Andantino.



Dear Nan - cy I've sail'd the world



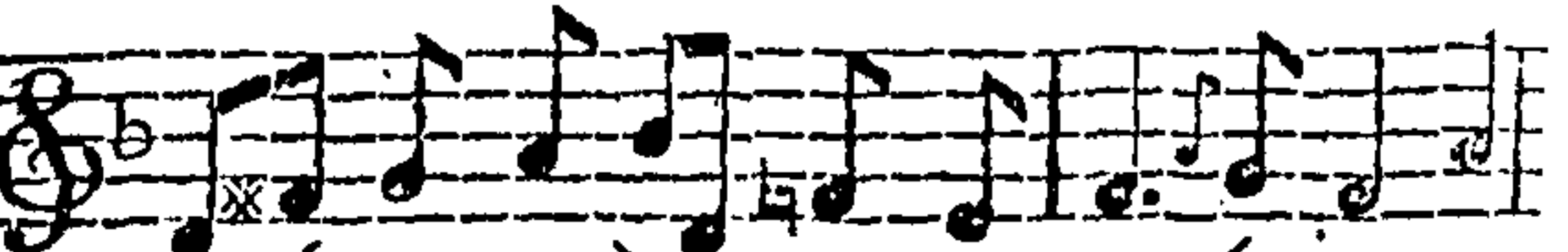
all a - - round, and fe - - ven long years



been a ro - - - ver, To make for my



charmer each shil - - ling a pound, But



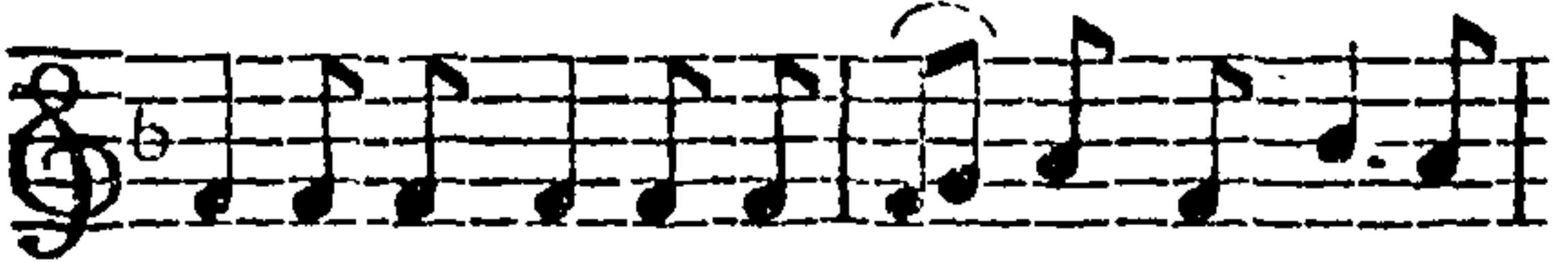
now my hard pe - - rils are o - - - - ver. I've



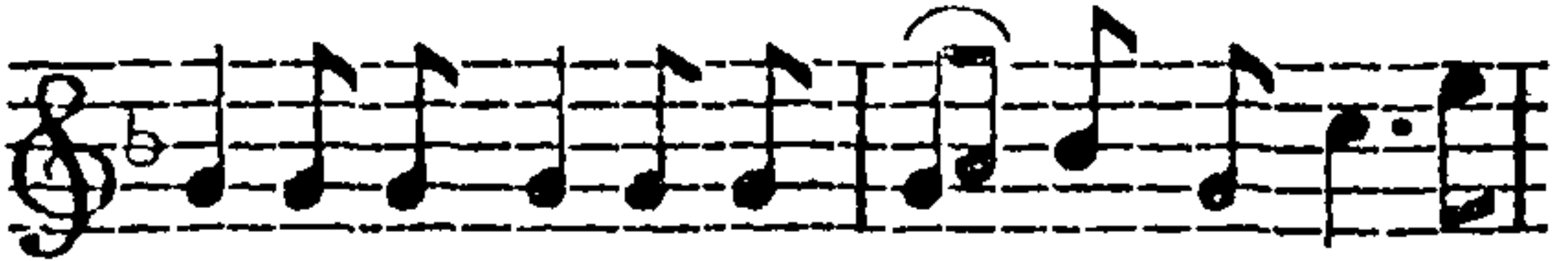
sav'd from my toils ma - ny hundreds in gold,



The comforts of life for to get, Have



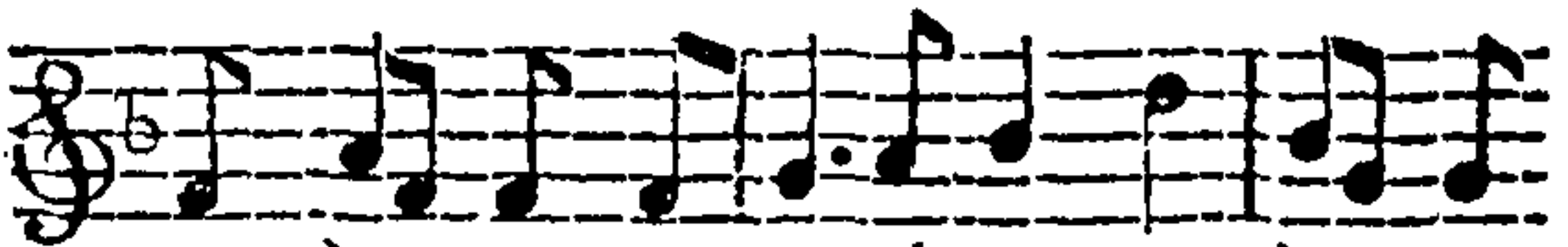
borne in each climate the heat and the cold, Have



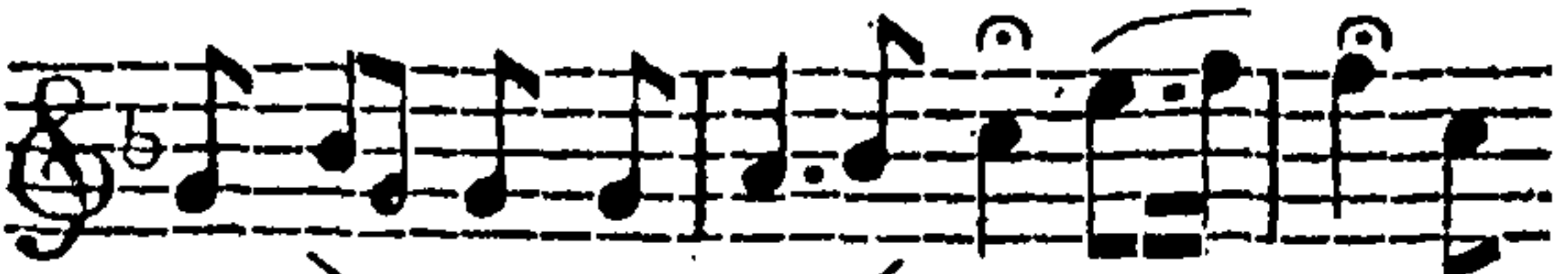
borne in each climate the heat and the cold, And



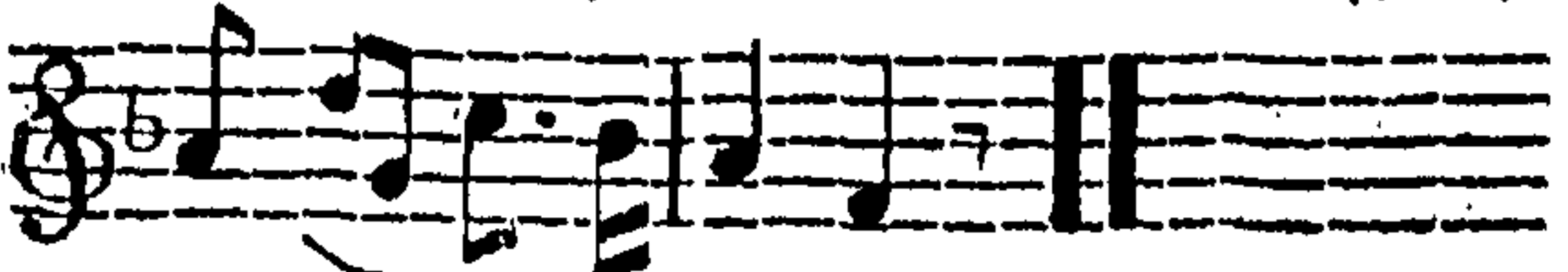
all for my pret - ty Bru - nette: Then say, my



sweet girl, can you love me? Then say, my



sweet girl, can you love me? Then say, my



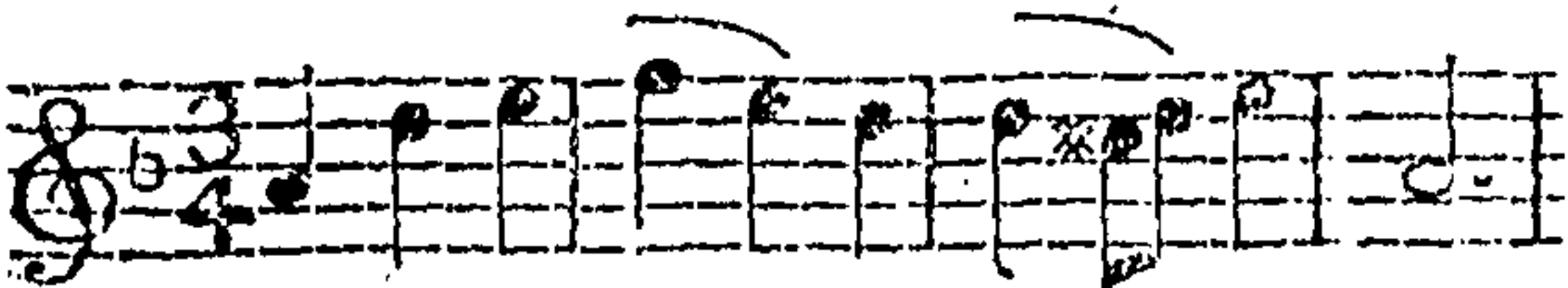
sweet girl, can you love me?

Tho' others may boast of more riches than mine,
 And rate my attractions e'en fewer;
 At their jeers and ill-nature I'll scorn to repine,
 Can they boast of a heart that is truer?
 Or, will they for thee plough the hazardous main,
 Brave the seasons both stormy and wet?
 If not, why I'll do it again and again,
 And all for my pretty Brunette.
 Then say, my sweet girl, &c.

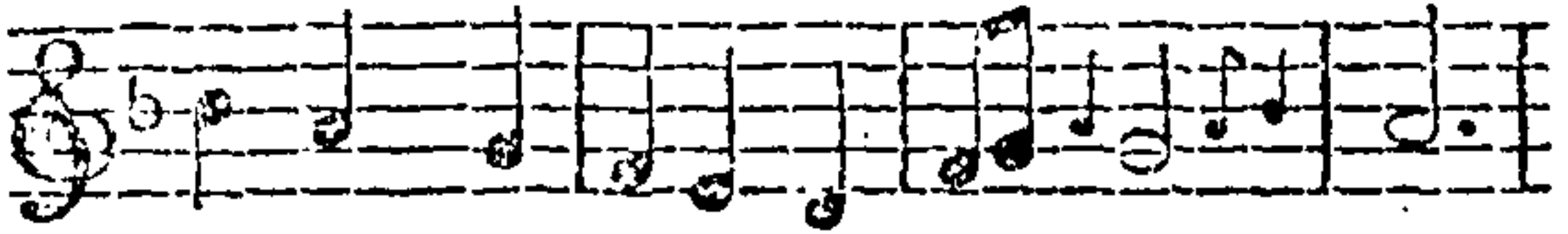
When order'd afar in pursuit of the foe,
 I sigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
 Which fain wou'd persuade me I might be laid low,
 And ah! never more see my Nancy:
 But hope, like an angel, soon banish'd the thought,
 And bade me such nonsense forget;
 I took the advice, and undauntedly fought,
 And all for my pretty Brunette.
 Then say, my sweet girl, &c.

SONG XXX.

BLACK EYED SUSAN.



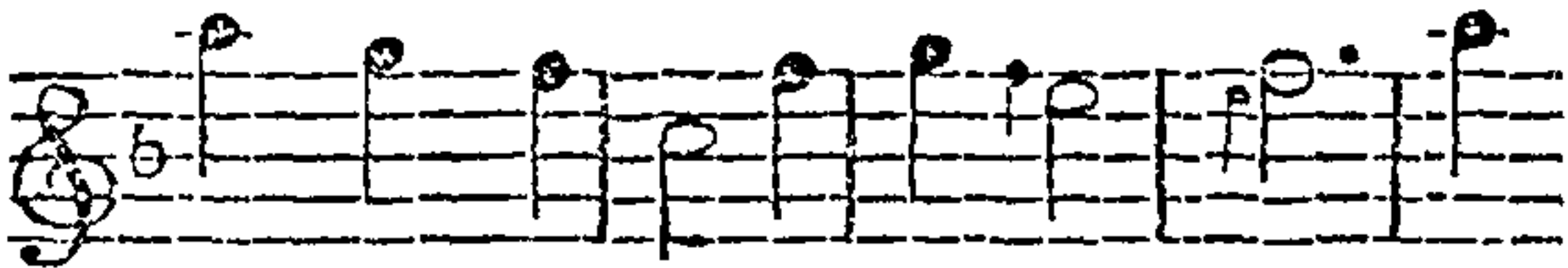
All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,



The streamers wa - - ving in the wind,



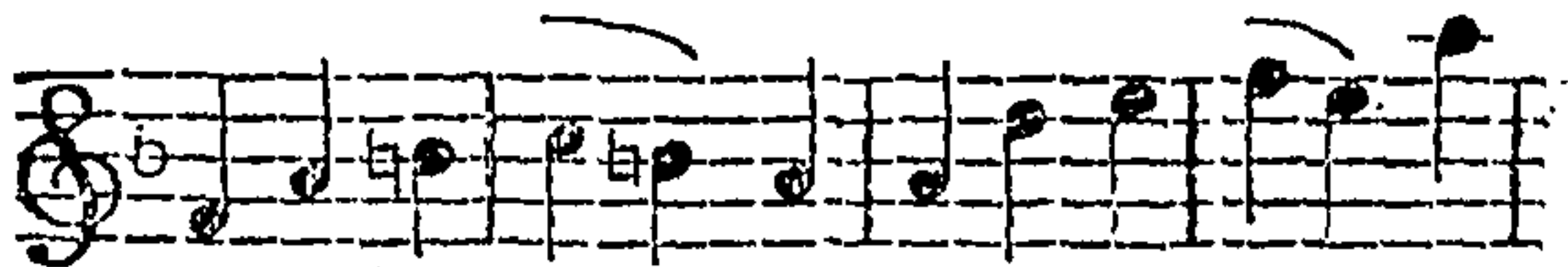
When black-ey'd Su - - san came on board;



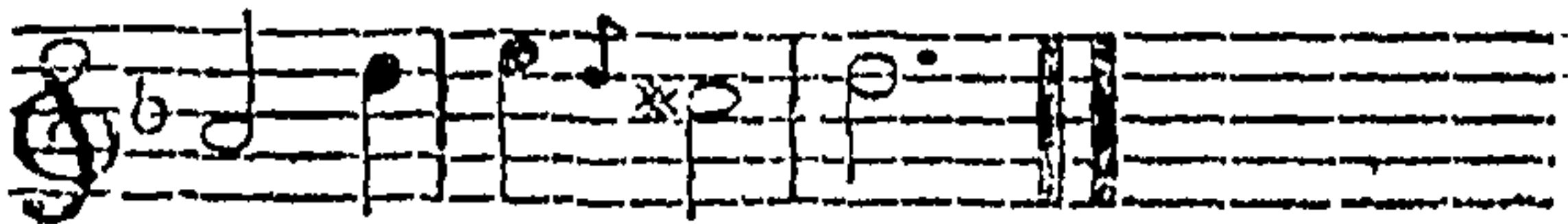
" Oh! where shall I my true love find? Tell



me, ye jo - - vial sui - - lors, tell me true,



If my sweet Wil - - liam, if my sweet Wil - liam



sails 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 slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And, quick as lightning, 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 cry he hear,
 And drops into her welcome 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 failors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find:
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath's in Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white:
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Sufan mourn ;
'Tho' 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 Sufan'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 XXXI.

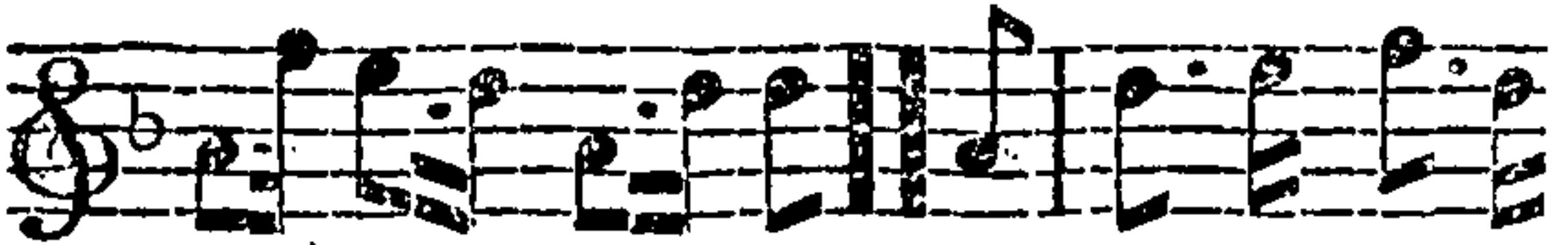
TAMMY'S COURTSHIP.



Oh where ha'e ye been a' day, my



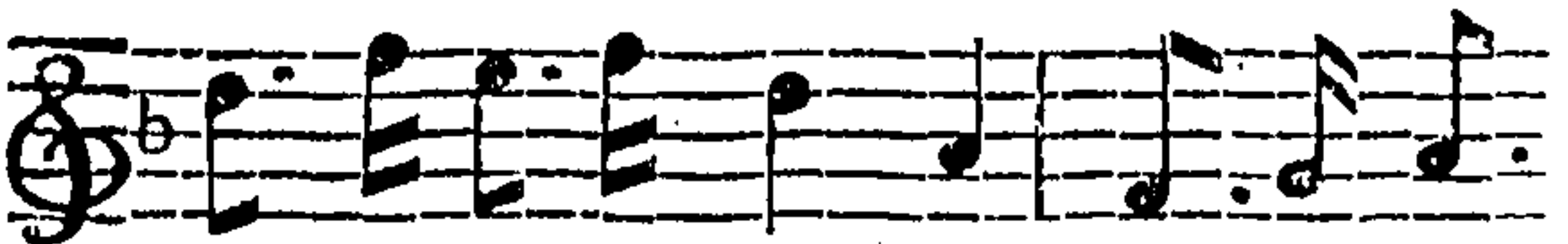
boy Tammy? Where ha'e ye been a' day,



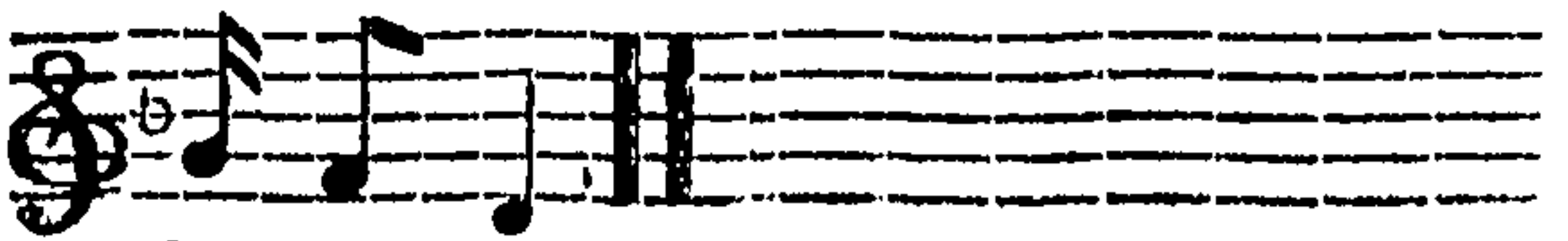
my boy Tam-my? I've been by burn and



flow'ry brae, Meadow green, and mountain grey,



Courting o' this young thing, just come frae



her Mammy

And where gat ye that young thing? my boy Tammy.
 And where gat ye that young thing? my boy Tammy.
 I gat her down in yonder how,
 Smiling on a broomy know,
 Herding a wee lamb and ewe for her poor Mammy.

What said ye to that young thing? my boy Tammy.
 What said ye to that young thing? my boy Tammy.
 I prais'd her een fae bonny blue,
 Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou';
 I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow, she said she'd tell her Mammy.

I held her to my beating breast; "My young, smiling Lammy,
 I held her to my beating breast; "My young, smiling Lammy,
 "I hae a house, it cost me dear,
 "I've walth o' plenishin' and gear,
 "Ye'fe get it a', war't ten times mair, gin ye will leave your
 "Mammy."

The smile gade aff her bonny face; "I manna leave my
 "Mammy;

The smile gade aff her bonny face; "I manna leave my
 "Mammy;

"She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claife,
 "She's been my comfort a' my days,
 "My father's death brought mony waes; I canna leave my
 "Mammy."

"We'll tak' her hame, and mak' her fain, my ain kind-
 "hearted Lammy;

"We'll tak' her hame, and mak' her fain, my ain kind-
 "hearted Lammy;

"We'll gi'e her meat; we'll gi'e her claife;

"We'll be her comfort a' her days;"

The wee thing gi'es her hand, and says, "There! gang and
 "ask my Mammy.

SONG XXXII.

ALLOA HOUSE.



The spring time re - turns, and clothes



the green plains, And Al-lo - a shines more



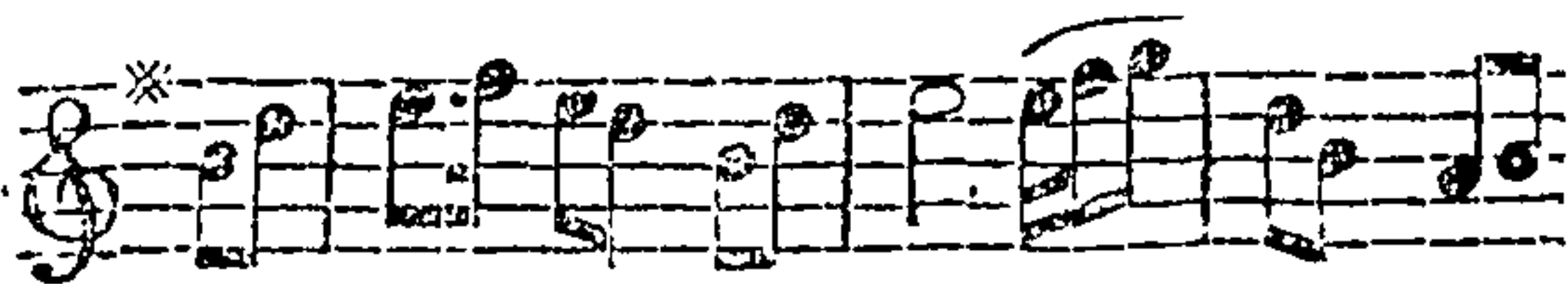
cheer - - ful and gay; The lark tunes his



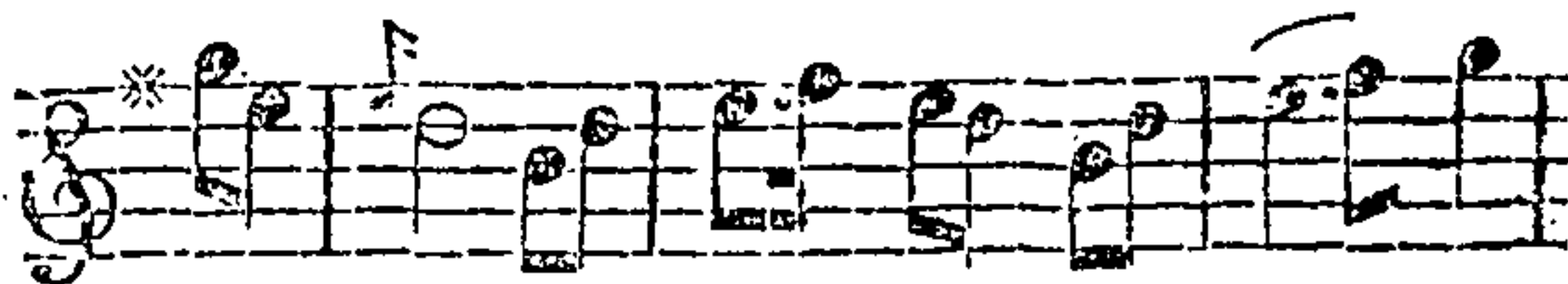
throat, and the neighbour - ing swains Sing



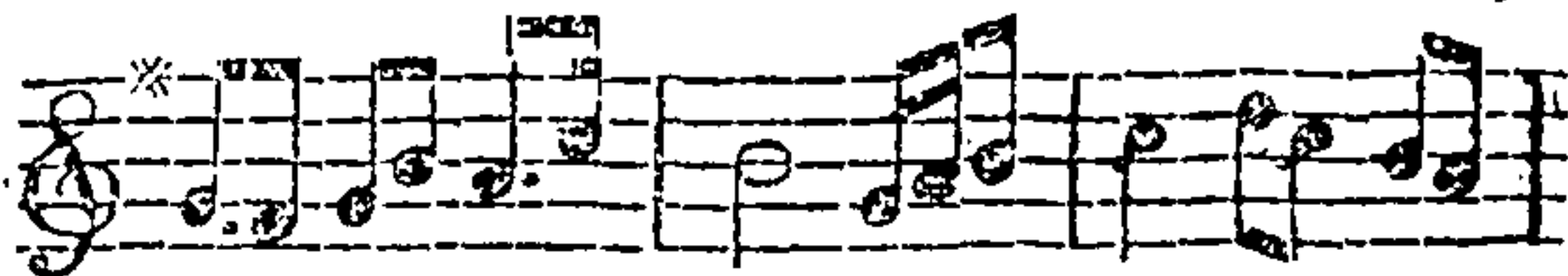
merrily round me where - e - - ver I stray;



Eut San - - dy no more re - - - turns to



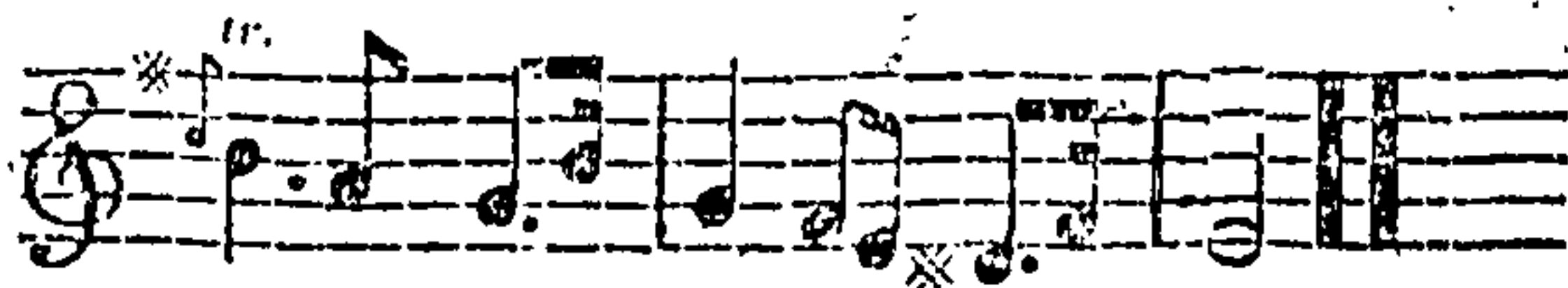
my view! No spring time me cheers, no



mu - sic can charm, He's gone, and I



fear me for e - - ver a - dieu! A - dieu, ev'ry



pleasure this bo - som can warm.

O Alloo house! how much art thou chang'd!
 How silent, how dull to me is each grove!
 Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
 Alas! where to please me my Sandy once strove!

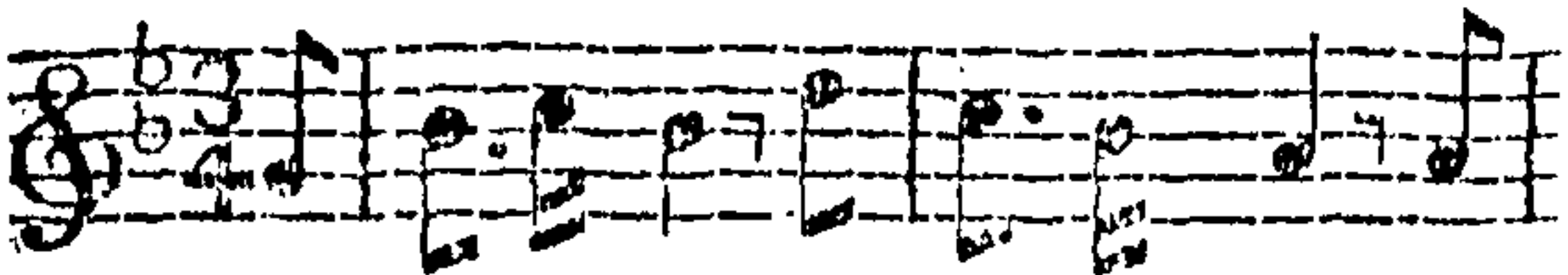
Here Sandy I heard the tales that you told;
 Here list'ned, too fond, whenever you sung;
 Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd cold?
 Or foolish, believ'd a false, flattering tongue?

So spoke the fair maid; when sorrow's keen pain,
 And shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress:
 For fate at that moment brought back her dear swain,
 Who heard, and, with rapture, his Nelly address:
 Nelly! my fair, I come; O my Love,
 No power shall thee tear again from my arms,
 And, Nelly! no more thy fond shepherd reprove,
 Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

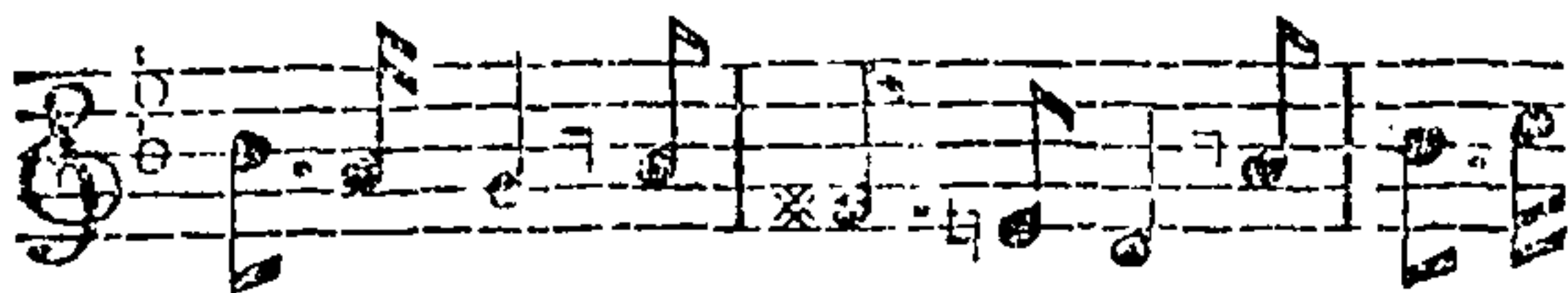
She heard; and new joy shot thro' her soft frame,
 And will you, my love! be true? she reply'd;
 And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same?
 Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?
 O Nelly! I live to find thee still kind;
 Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true;
 Then adieu to all sorrow! what soul is so blind
 As not to live happy for ever with you?

SONG XXXIII.

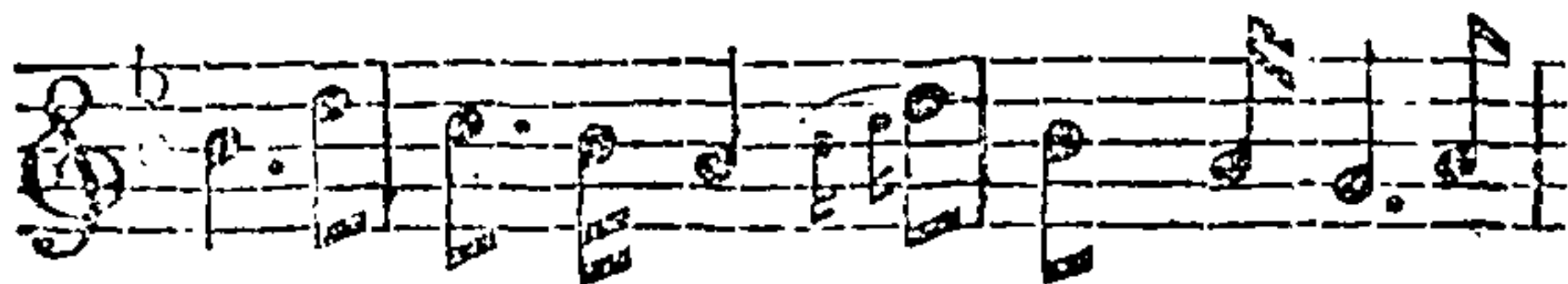
TAKE YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.



In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, And



frost and snaw on il - - - ka hill, And Boreas



wi' his blasts fac bauld, Was threat'ning a' our



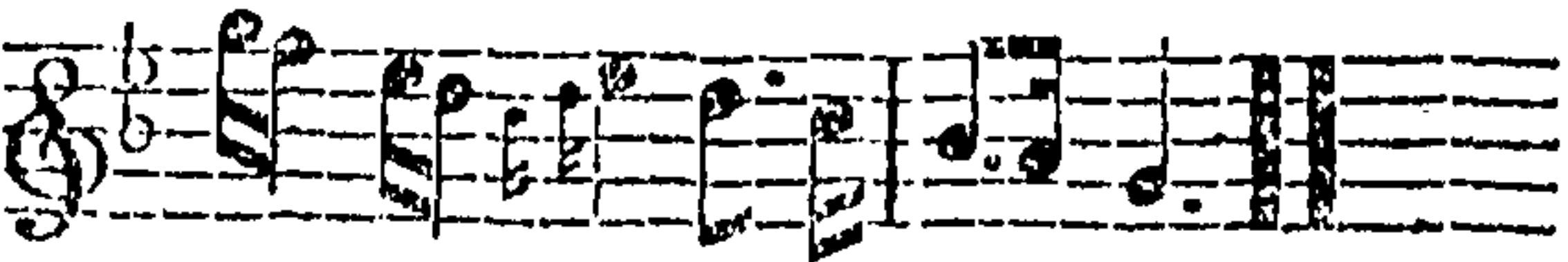
ky to kill; Then Bell my wife, who



lo'es nae strife, She said to me right haf-ti-



ly, Get up gudeman, save Crummy's life, And



tak' your auld cloak a-bout ye.

My Crummy is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a guid kine;
 Aft has she wet the bairns mou',
 And I am laith that she should tyme:
 Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
 The sun shines in the list sae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a guid 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 die;
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
 His trows they cost but half-a-crown;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and lown.
 He was the king that wore the crown,
 And thou'rt a 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 world 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 afe—
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 lassies 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, though I'm gademan.
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea:
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak' my auld cloak about me.

THE MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

SONG XXXIV.

FAREWELL, DEAR GLENOWEN.

Tune—*Tho' Leixlip is proud, &c.*



Farewell, dear Glen-ow-en! a-dieu to thy



mountains, Where oft I have wander'd to



welcome the day; Farewell to thy forests,



thy cry-stal-line fountains, Which stray thro'



the val-ley, and moan as they stray. O'er



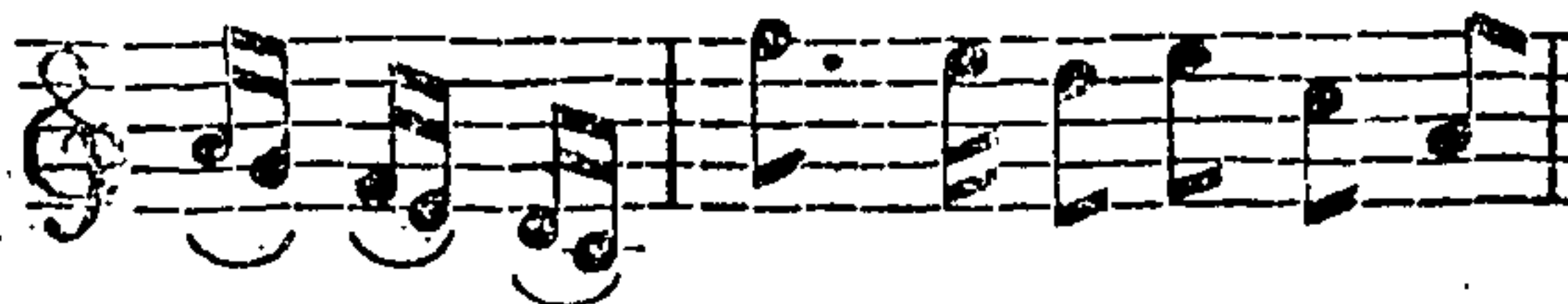
wide foamy waters I'm destin'd to travel, A



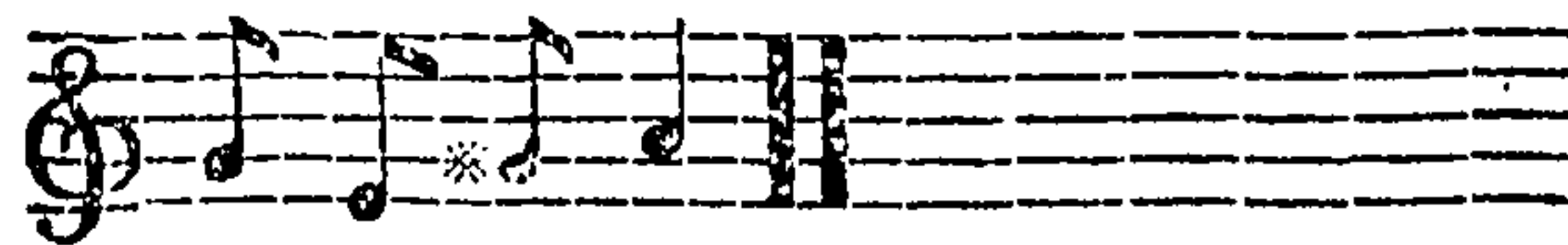
poor simple ex-ile, for-lorn and unknown; Yet



while the dark fates shall my for---tune un-



ra---vel, My thoughts, my affec-tions shall



still be thy own.

Thy cities, proud Gallia, thy wide-spreading treasures,
 Thy vallies, where Nature luxuriantly roves,
 May bid the heart, dancing to fancy's wild measures,
 Forget, for a moment, its own native groves:

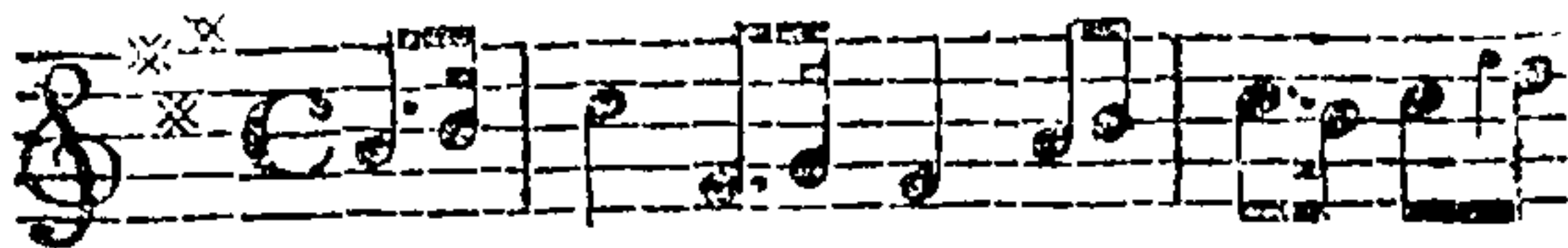
But where is the bosom that sighs not in sorrow,
 Estrang'd from dear objects, to wander alone,
 Still counting the moments, from morrow to morrow,
 A poor weary traveller, lost and unknown?

Sweet vistas of myrtle, and paths of gay roses,
 And hills deck'd with vineyards, and woodlands with shades
 Fresh banks of young vi'lets where fancy reposes,
 And courts gentle slumbers her visions to aid;
 The dark silent grotto, the soft-flowing fountains,
 Where Nature's own music slow murmurs along;
 The sun-beams that dance on the pine-cover'd mountains
 May waken to rapture their own native throng.

But thou, dear Glenowen! canst bring sweeter pleasure,
 All barren and bleak as thy summits appear;
 And tho' thou canst boast of no rich gaudy treasure,
 Still memory traces thy charms with a tear!
 The keen blasts may howl o'er thy vallies and mountains,
 And strip the rich verdure that mantles each tree;
 And Winter may bind, in cold fetters, thy fountains,
 And still thou art dear, O Glenowen! to me.

SONG XXXV.

MARY'S DREAM.



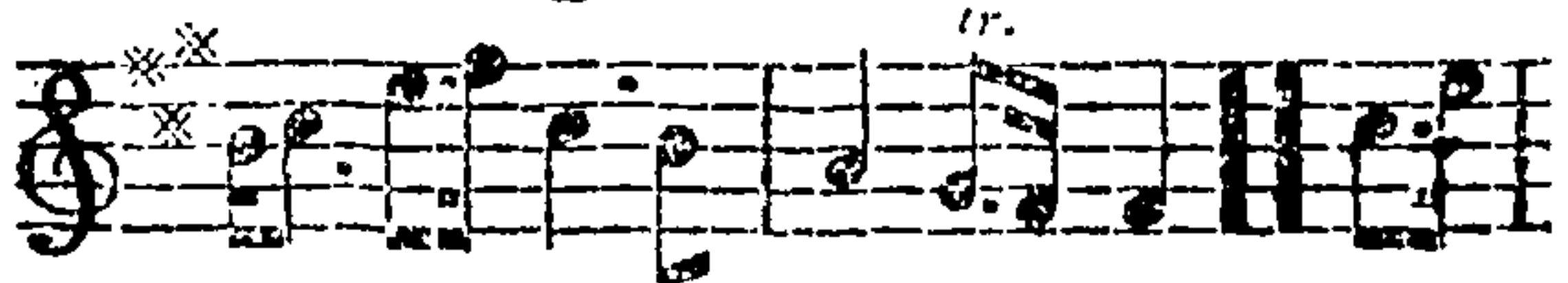
The moon had climb'd the high - - est



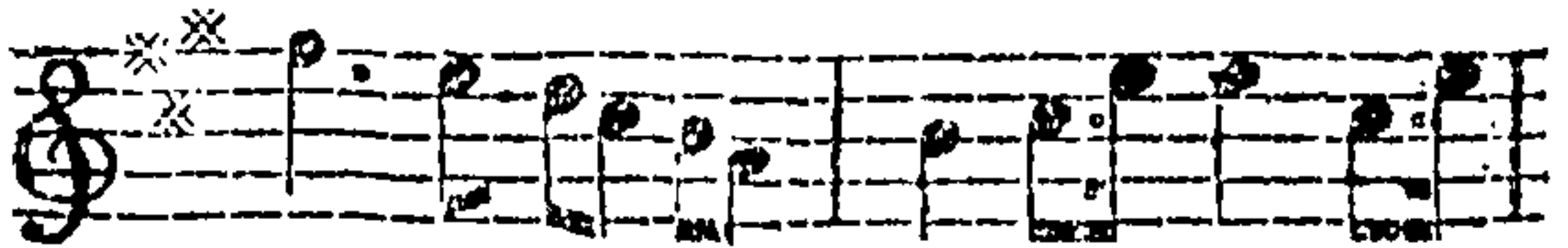
hill, Which ri - - ses o'er the source of Dee,



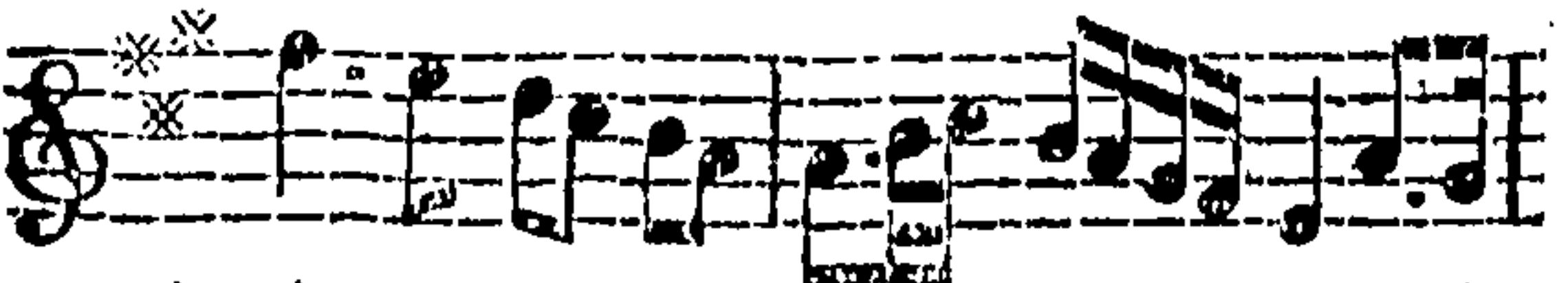
And from the east-ern sum - - mit shed Her



fil - - ver light on tow'rs and tree; When



Ma - ry laid her down to sleep, Her



thoughts on San - - dy far at sea, When



soft and low a voice was heard say,



Ma - - - ry weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd

Her head, to ask who there might be,

She saw young Sandy thiv'ring stand,

With visage pale and hollow eye :

“ O Mary dear, cold is my clay,

“ It lies beneath a stormy sea,

“ Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,

“ So Mary, weep no more for me.

“ Three stormy nights and stormy days

“ We toss'd upon the raging main ;

“ And long we strove our bark to save,

“ But all our striving was in vain :

“ Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,

“ My heart was fill'd with love for thee :

“ The storm is past, and I at rest,

“ So Mary, weep no more for me.

“ O maiden dear, thyself prepare,

“ We soon shall meet upon that shore,

“ Where love is free from doubt and care,

“ And thou and I shall part no more.”

Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see:
 But felt the passing spirit said,
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

SONG XXXVI.

THE SAILOR.

To the foregoing Tune.

OH, ye who sleep on beds of down,
 Who never feel the sting of woe,
 Whom Fortune greets with happiest smiles,
 Whose hours of varied pleasures flow;
 Absent yourselves from joy a while,
 And visit yonder troubled wave;
 There view with pain that fatal place;
 It is the common sailor's grave!

Surely to him a sigh, a tear,
 And some few tender thoughts are due;
 Think that he left the sweets of life,
 To fight—to bleed—to die for you;
 His wife, perhaps, (ah! wife no more!)
 Is listening to the hollow blast,
 While hope is whispering his return,
 Nor knows the hour of death is past!

Perhaps his little orphans too,
 While playing round their mother's knee,
 Have cried, "To-morrow he will come;"
 Oh ne'er will see that morrow see!

When they shall hear—"He comes no more!"

What bitter moments will they spend?

'Tis yours to soothe the widow's grief,
To be the helpless orphan's friend.

heedless of danger, to the scene

Of war the lowly hero came,

There fell unnotic'd, and unknown—

The world's a stranger to his name!

Stern not to think on one so poor;

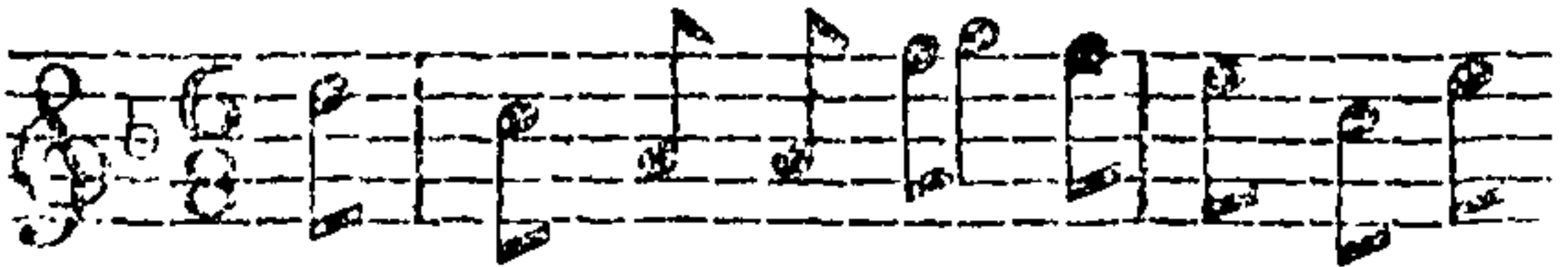
Worth oft adorns the humble mind;

On' in a common sailor's heart

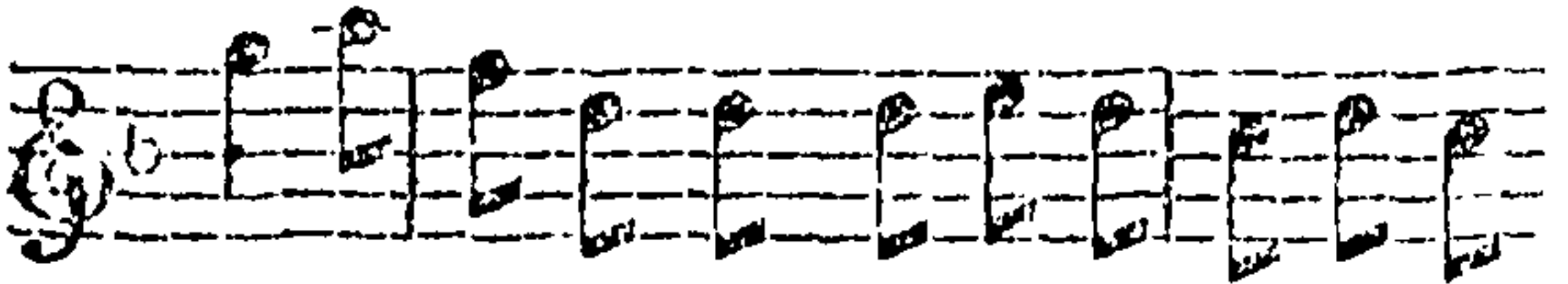
Dwell virtues of no common kind.

SONG XXXVII.

THE TANKARD OF ALE.



Not drunk, nor yet sober, but brother to



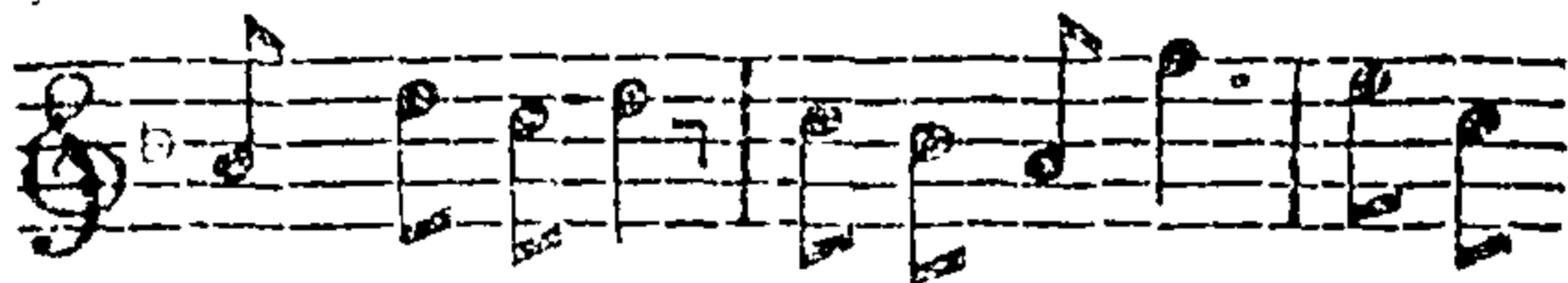
both, I met a young man up - on Aylefbery



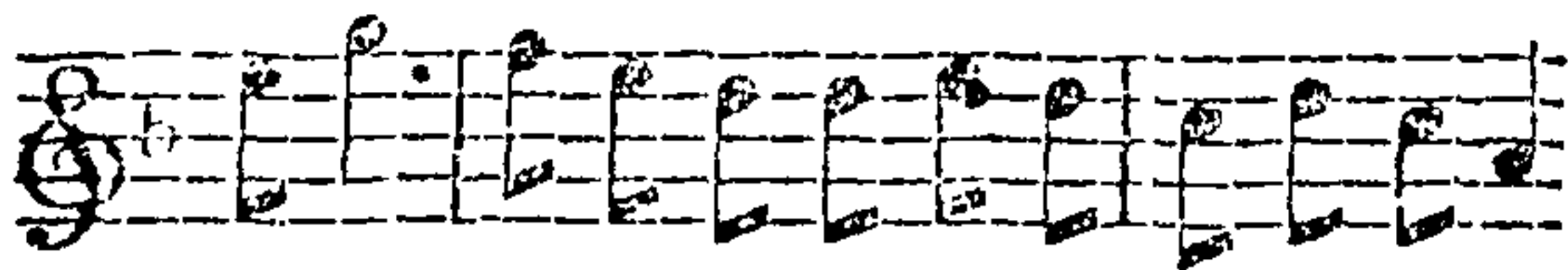
vale, I saw by his face that he was in



good case To come and take share of a



tank - ard of ale, la ral la la la ra



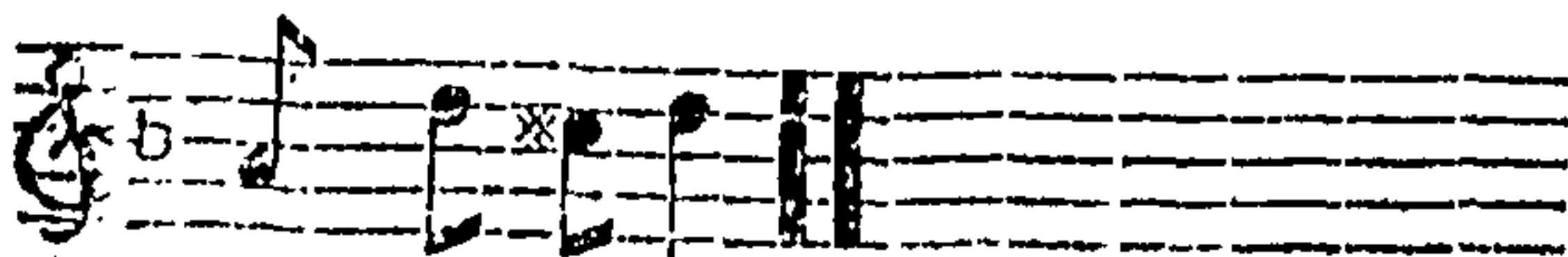
la la la ra la la ra la la ra la la



I saw by his face that he was in good



case To come and take share of a



tank - ard of ale.



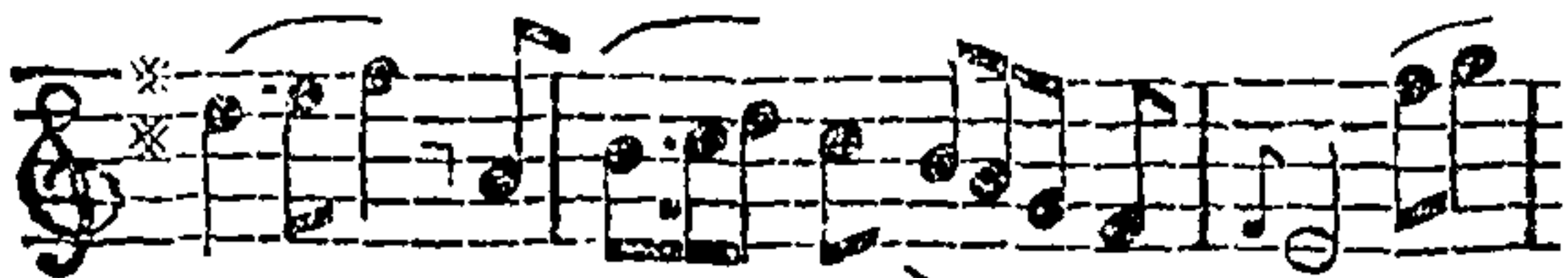
Lonny blyth and gay, In spite of



all my skill, hath stole my



heart a - way. When tedding of the



hay, Bare - - head - - ed on the green, Love



midst her locks did play, and wanton'd



in her een.

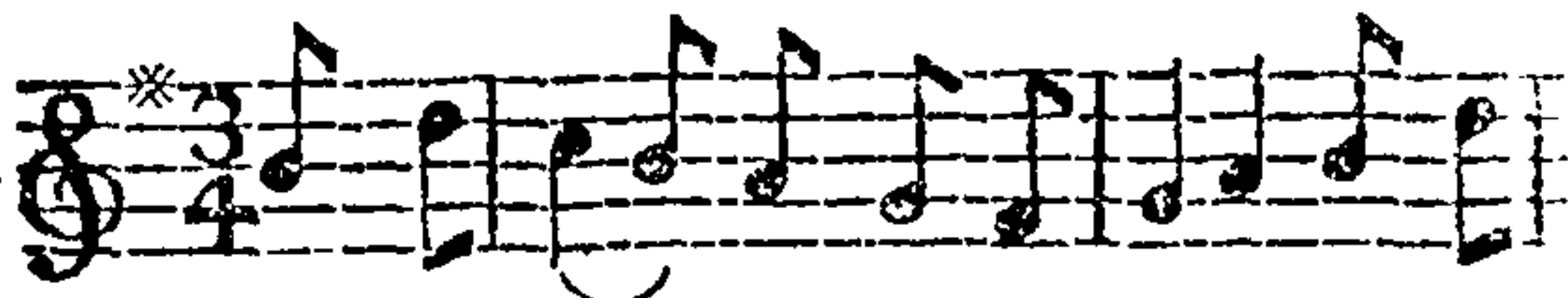
Her arms, white, round, and smooth;
 Breasts rising in their dawn;
 To age it would give youth,
 To press them with his hand.
 Through all my spirits ran
 An extacy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand,
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild.
 Her sweets she did impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd;
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd;
 I with'd her for my bride.

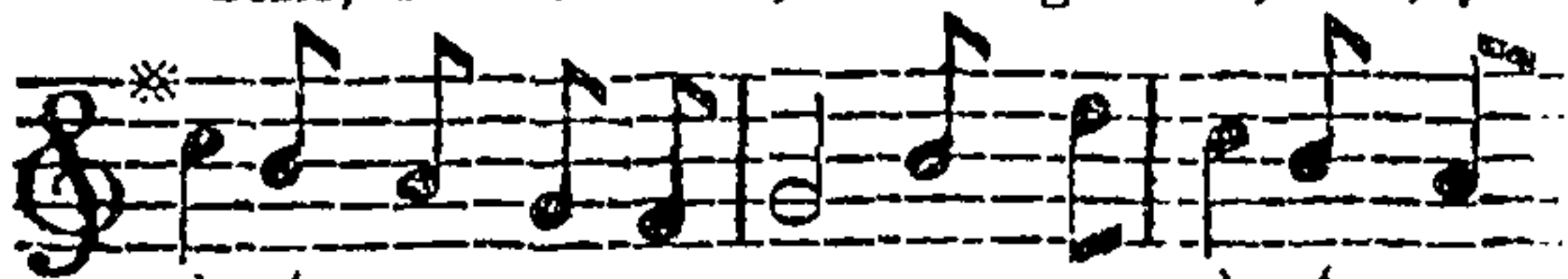
Oh! had I all that wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will;
 I'd promise, and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Peatie's mill,
 Should share the same with me.

SONG XXXIX.

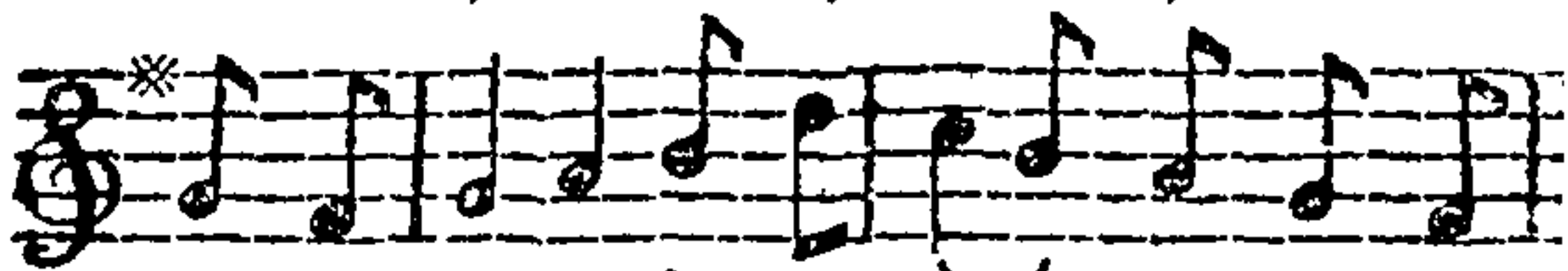
THE SEA-STORM.



Cease, rude Bo-reas, blust'ring railer, List, ye



lands-men, all to me, Mesmates, hear a



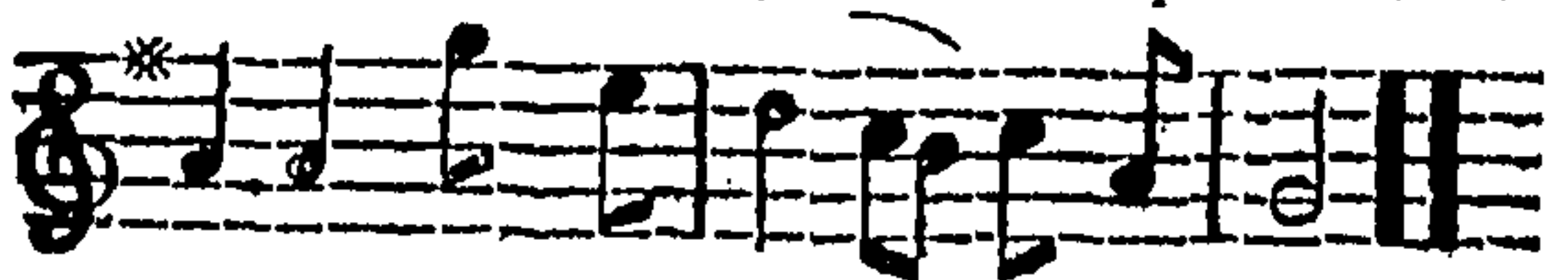
bro-ther failor Sing the dan-gers of the



sea; From bounding billows first in motion, When the



distant whirlwinds rise, To the tempest troubled



ocean, Where the seas contend with skies.

LIVELY.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—
 By topsail sheets and haulyards stand!
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling!
 "Down your stay-fails, hand, boys, hand!
 Now it freshens, set the braces;
 Quick the topsail sheets let go;
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces!
 Up your topsails nimbly clew!

SLOW.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
 Free from all but love's alarms,—
 Round us roar the tempest louder;
 Think what fear our mind enthrals:
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder;
 Now again the boatswain calls:

QUICK.

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys!
 See all clear to reef each course!
 Let the fore-sheets go; don't mind, boys,
 Though the weather should be worse.
 Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get;
 Reef the mizen; see all clear:
 Hand up! each preventer-brace set;
 Man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer!

SLOW.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!
 Peals on peals contending clash!
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring!
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash!

One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky!
 Diff'rent deaths at once surround us—
 Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

QUICK.

'The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck:
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out;
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces!
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold!
 Plumb the well, the leak increases;
 Four feet water's in the hold!

SLOW.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn;
 Alas! from hence there's no retreating;
 Alas! from hence there's no return.
 Still the leak is gaining on us;
 Both chain-pumps are choak'd below,
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
 For only that can save us now!

QUICK.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys;
 Let the guns o'er-board be thrown!
 To the pump come every hand, boys;
 See our mizen-mast is gone.
 'The leak we've found; it cannot pour fast:
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
 Up, and rig a jury fore-mast:
 She rights, she rights, boys! wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind Fortune spar'd our lives;
 Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts and our wives.
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it;
 Close to the lips a brimmer join,
 Where's the tempest now? who feels it?
 None! our danger's drown'd in wine!

SONG XL.

RULE, BRITANNIA.



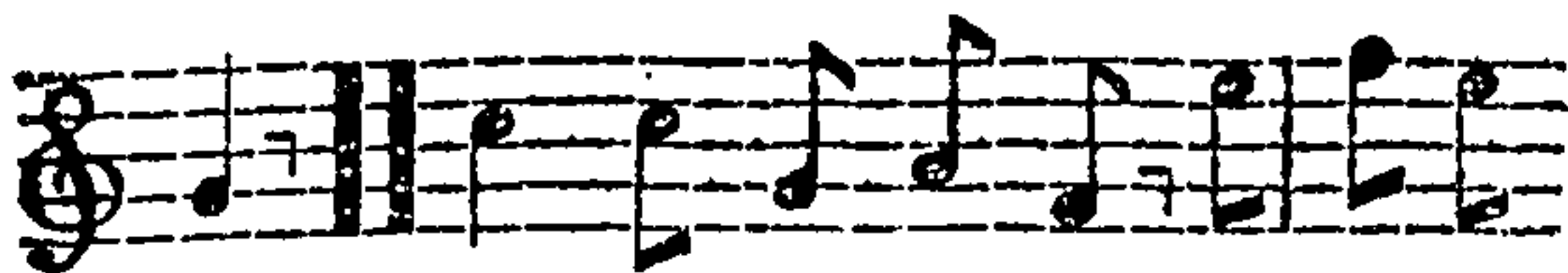
When Britain first, at Heav'n's com-



mand, A - rose - - - - - from out the a-



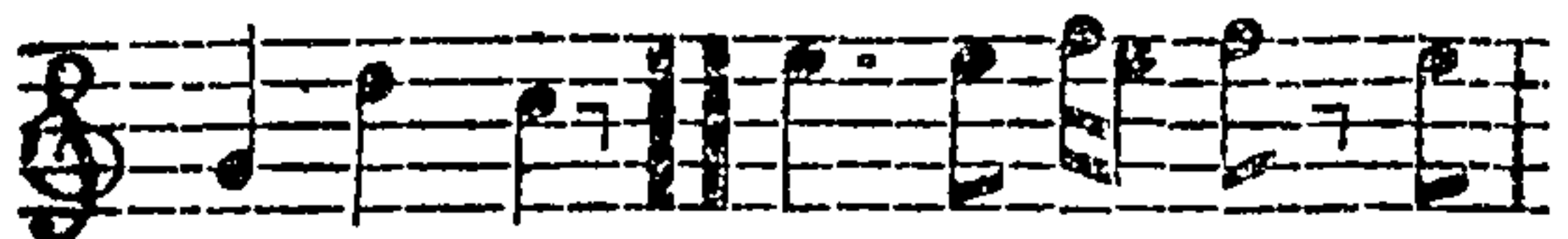
zure main, Arose from out the azure



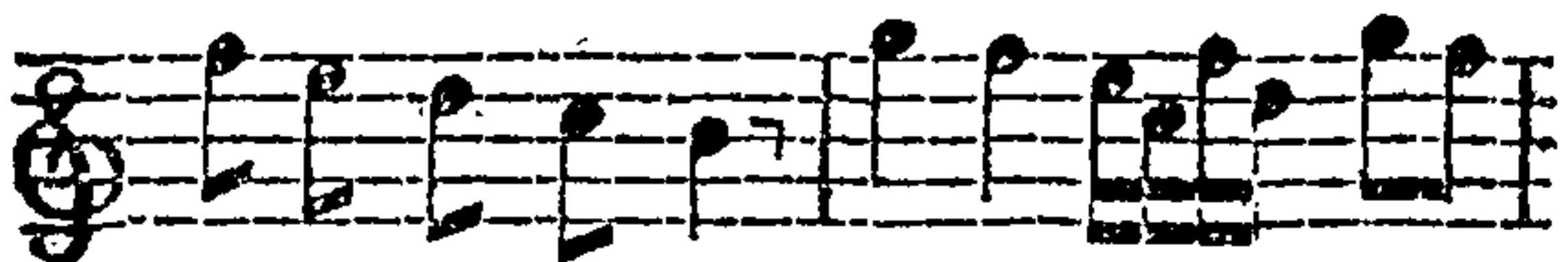
main, This was the charter, the charter



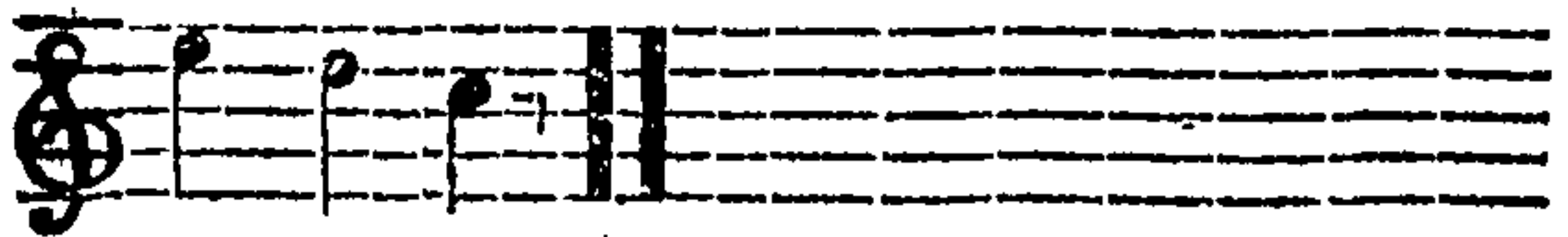
of the land, And guardian an - - - - - gels



fung this strain: Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri-



tannia, 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,
 Serves 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 woe 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.

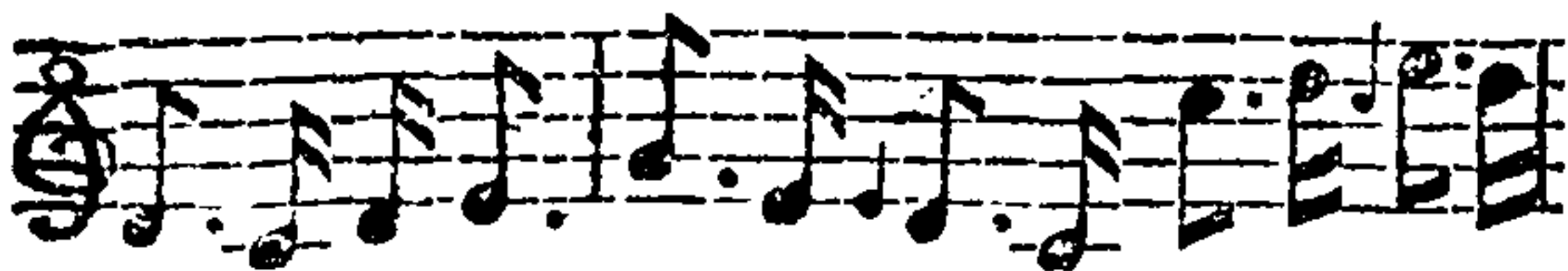
Rule, Britannia, &c.

SONG XII.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.



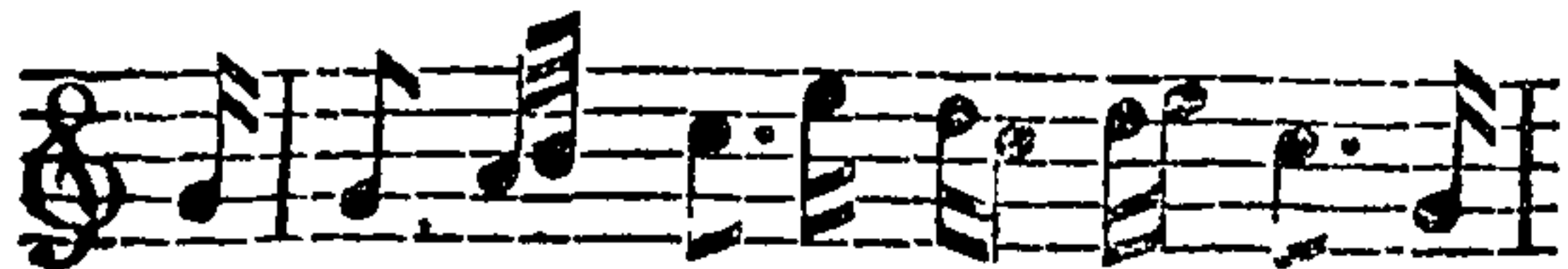
Roy's wife of Al-di-valloch, Roy's wife of



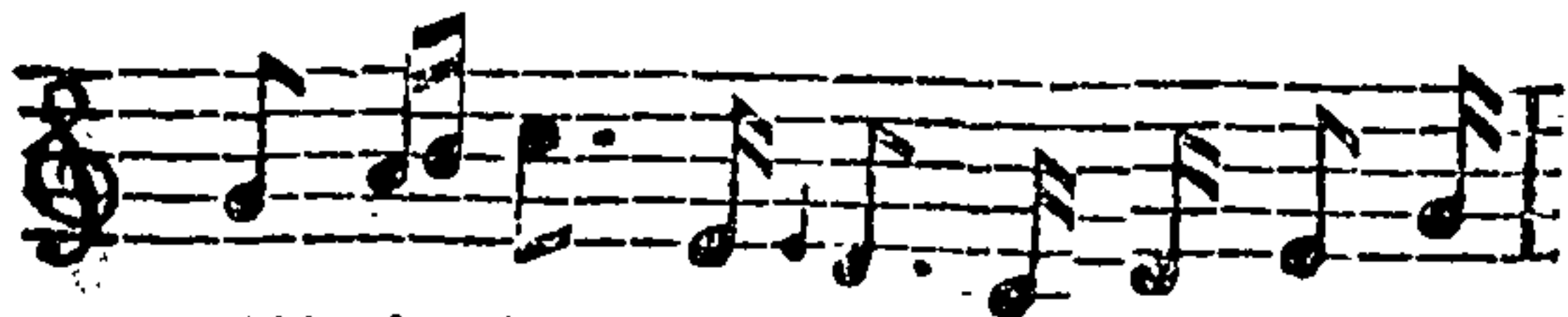
Al - - di - valloch, Wat ye how she cheated me, As



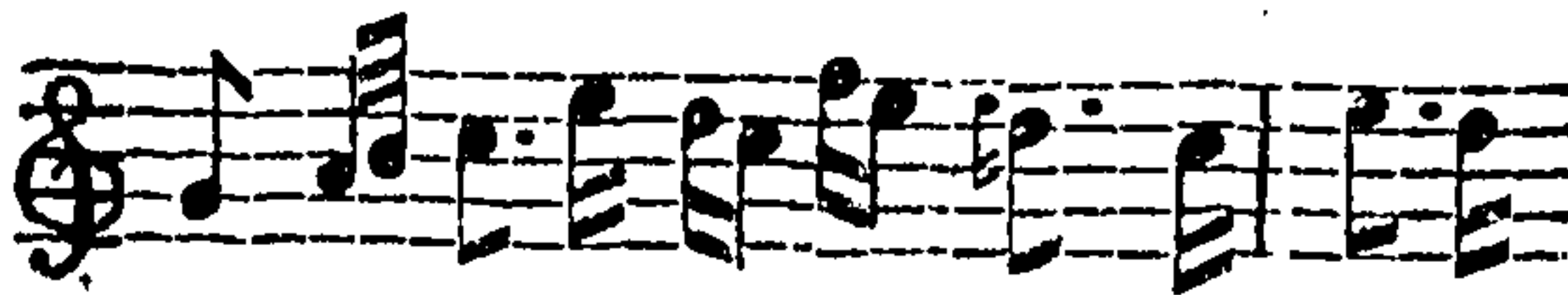
I came o'er the braes of Bal - - loch ?



She yow'd she swore she would be mine; She



said she loe'd me best of o - - ny; But



ah! the fause the sic - - kle quean, She's ta'en the



carle, and left her Johnnie.

Her hair's fae fair, her een's fae clear,
 Her wee bit mou's fae sweet and bonny,
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, &c.

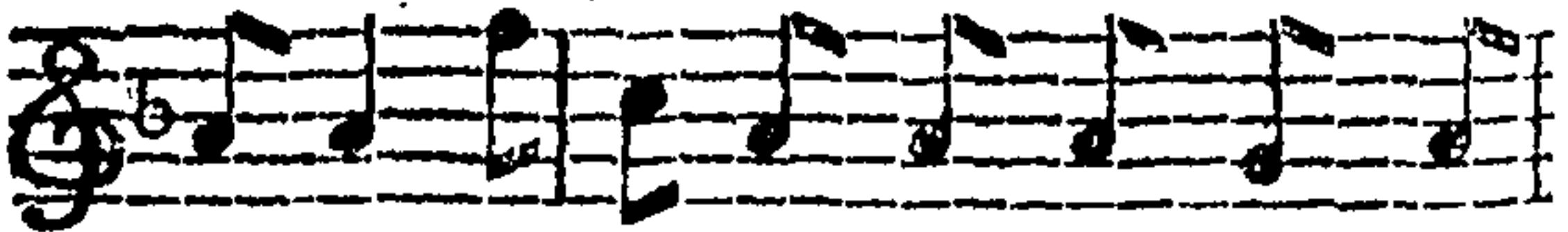
But O, she was the canty quean,
 And weel could dance the Highland walloch;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!
 Roy's wife, &c.

SONG XLII.

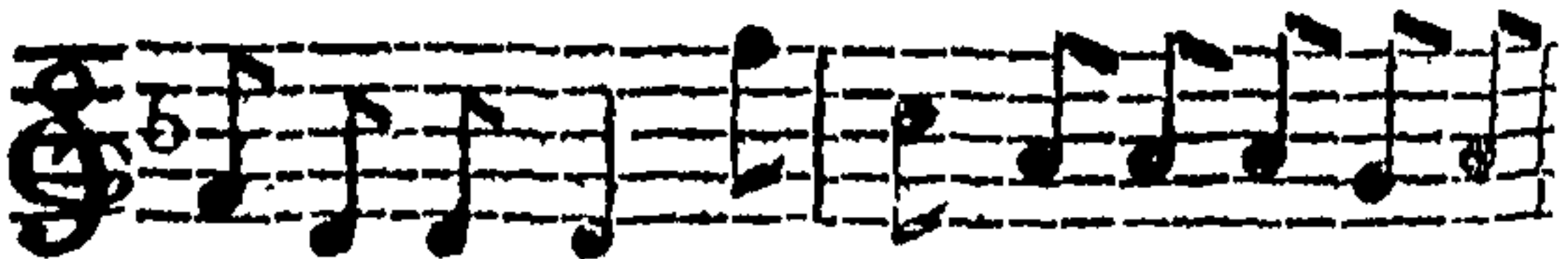
COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.



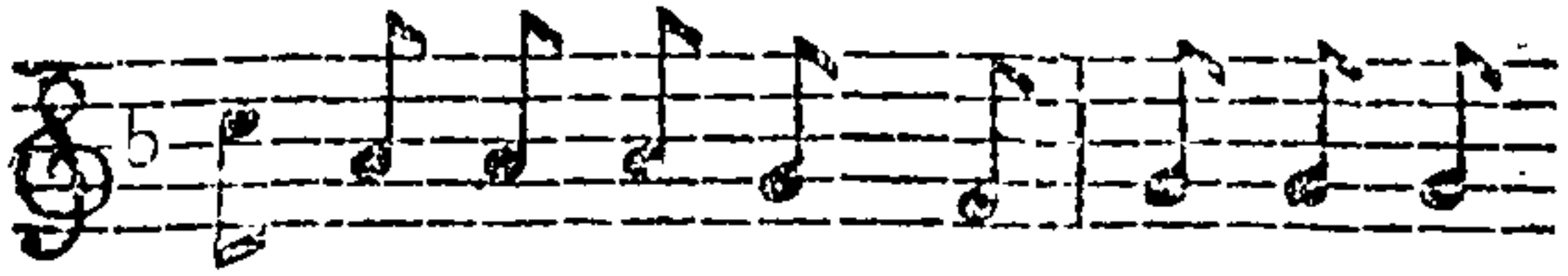
Come un - der my plaidy, the night's gaun



to fa', Come in frae the cauld blast, the



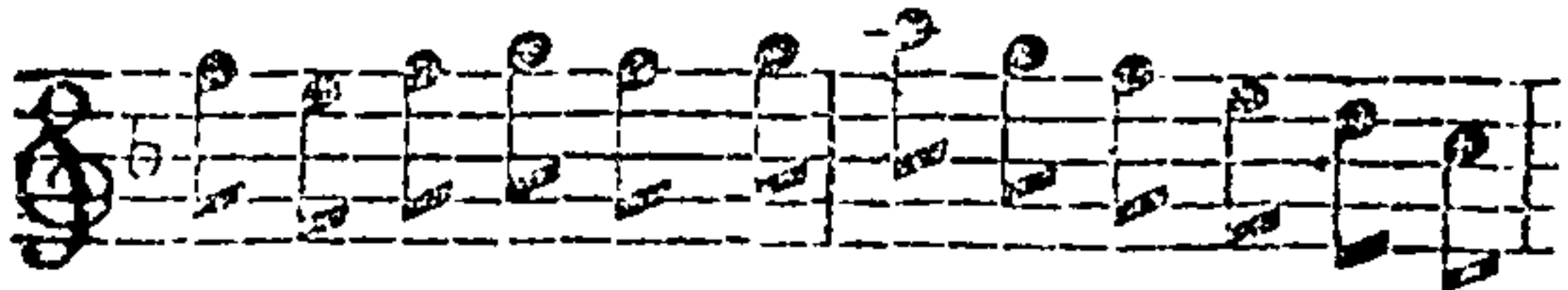
drift and the snaw; Come under my plaidy, and



lie down beside me, There's room in't, dear



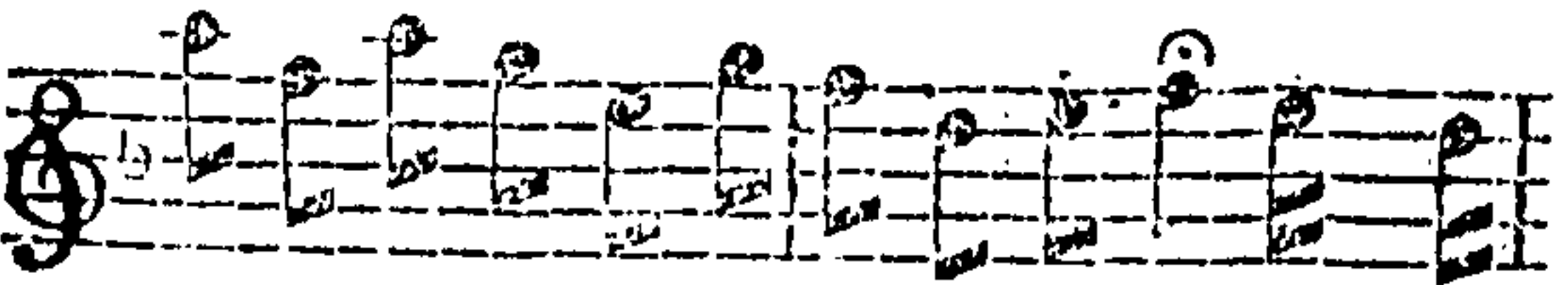
lassie! be - - lieve me, for twa. Come



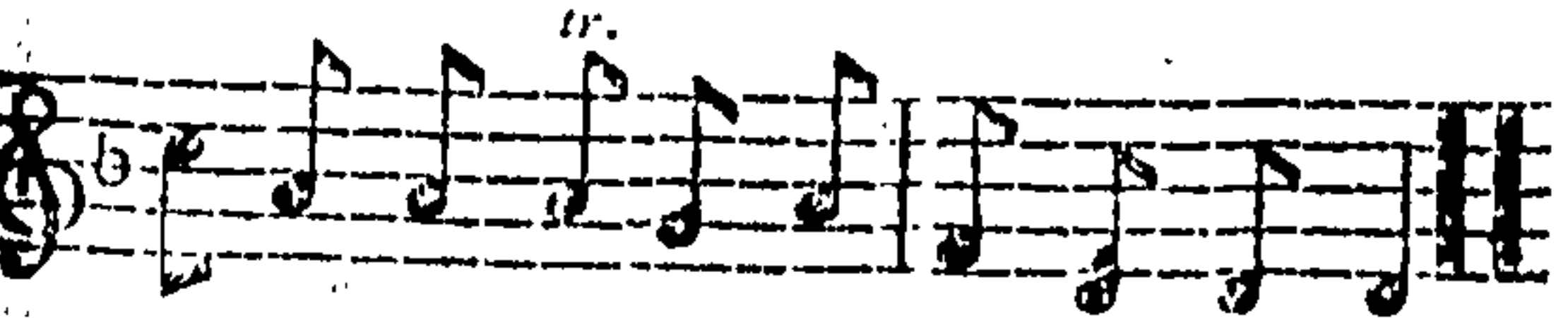
under my plaidy, and lie down beside me, I'll



hap ye frae 'ev'ry cauld blast that will blaw; O come



under my plaidy, and lie down beside me, There's



room in't, dear lassie! be - lieve me, for twa,

“ Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, gae 'wa!
 “ I fear na' the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw:
 “ Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll no lie beside ye;
 “ Ye might be my gutchard; auld Donald gae 'wa!
 “ I'm gaun to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny
 “ He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou braw!
 “ O there's nane dance fae lightly, fae gracefu', fae tight!
 “ His cheeks are like rofes, his brow's like the snaw.”

“ Dear Marion, let that see stick fast to the wa',
 “ Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava';
 “ The hale o' his pack he has now on his back;
 “ He's thretty, and I'm but threescore and twa.
 “ Be frank now and kindly: I'll busk you ay finely;
 “ At kirk or at market they'll nane gang fae braw;
 “ A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 “ And flunkies to 'tend ye as fast as ye ca'.”

“ My father ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
 “ Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;
 “ It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,
 “ But, wae's me! I ken he has naething ava!
 “ I ha'e little tocher; you've made a gude offer;
 “ I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but fina!
 “ Sae gi'e me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye,
 “ I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa!”

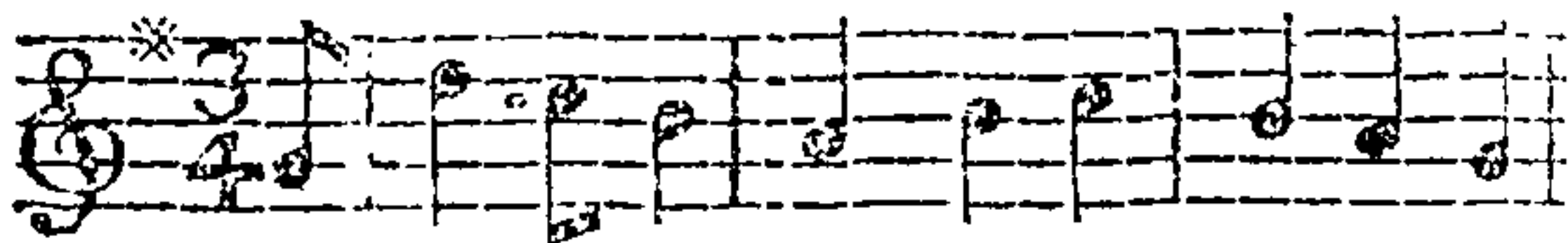
She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
 Whar Johnny was list'ning, and heard her tell a'
 The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack 'gainst his side, as if bursting in twa.

He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary,
And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw;
The howlet was screaming, while Johnny cried, "Women
" Wad marry Auld Nick, if he'd keep them ay braw."

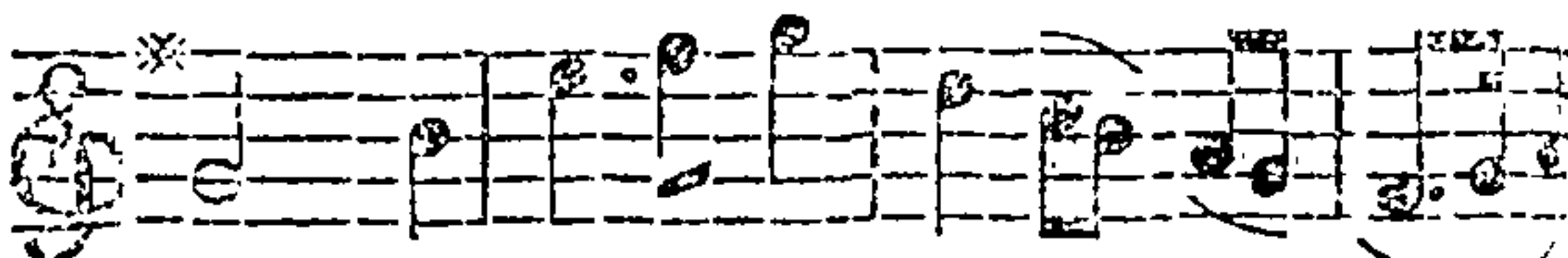
O the deil's in the lasses! they gang now fae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' four-score and twa;
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;
Plain luv is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!
But lo'e them I canna, nor marry I winna,
Wi' ony daft lassie! tho' fair as a queen;
Till love ha'e a share o't, the never a hair o't
Shall gang in my wallet at morning or e'en.

SONG XLIII.

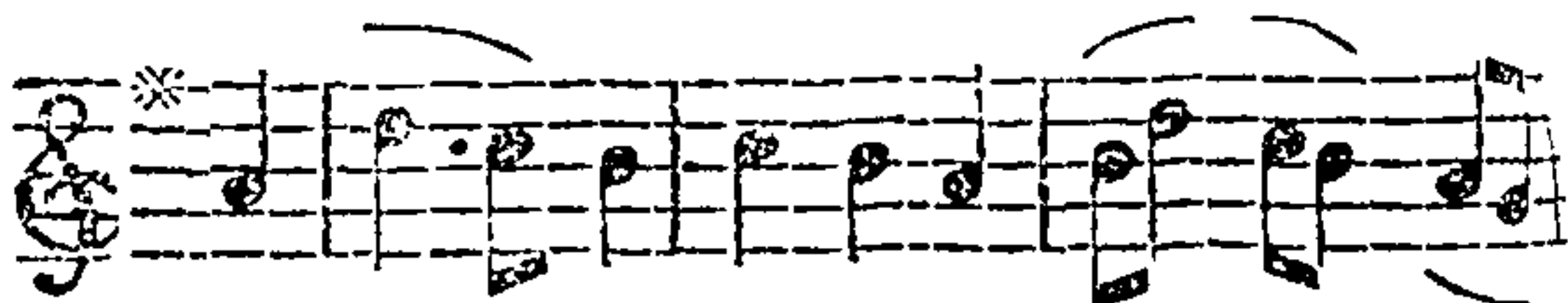
THE RAILERS.



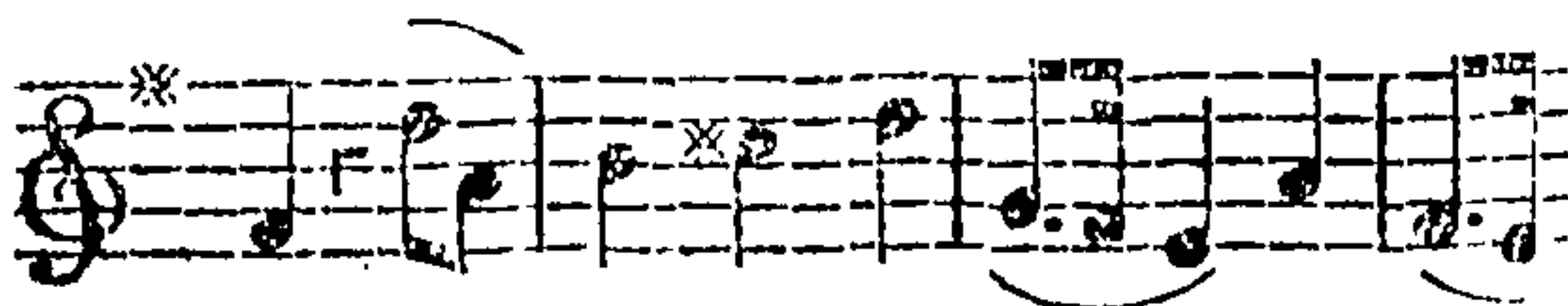
Behold on the brow the leaves play in the



breeze, While cattle calm feed in the vale,



The church spire ta-pering points thro' the



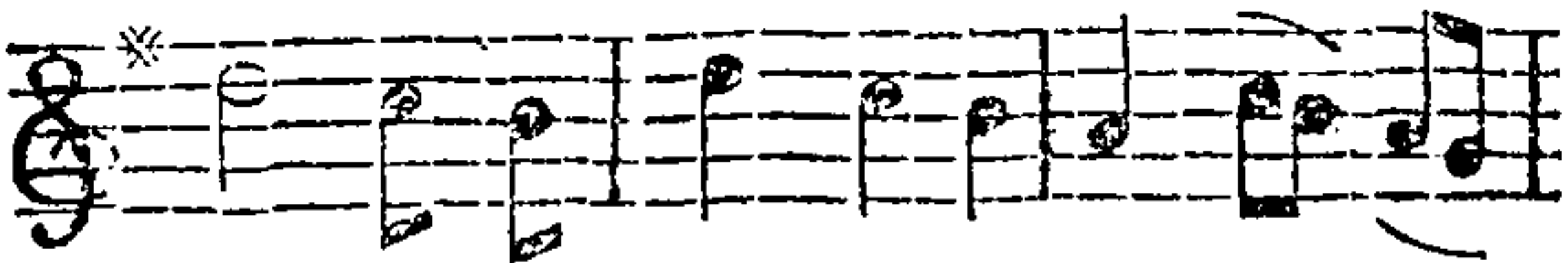
trees, As lord of the hill and the



dale. The playful colts skip af-ter dams to the



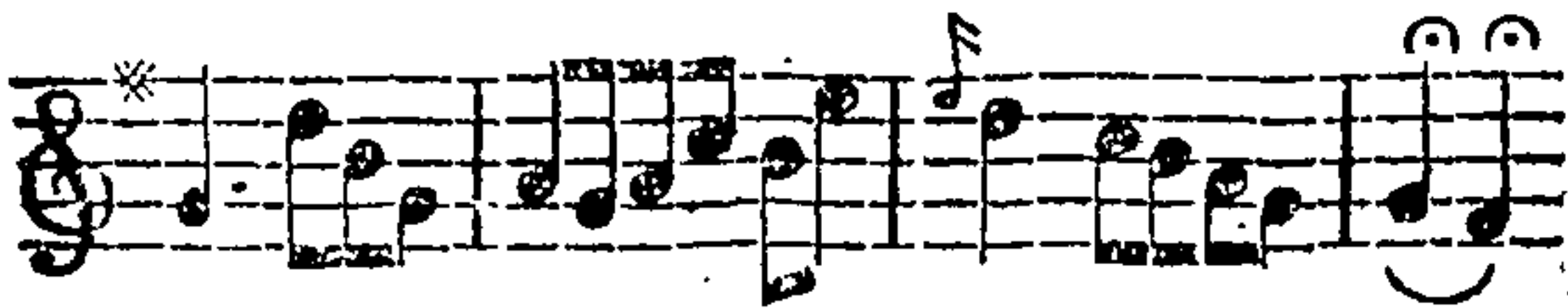
brook, The brook flow and si - lently glides; The



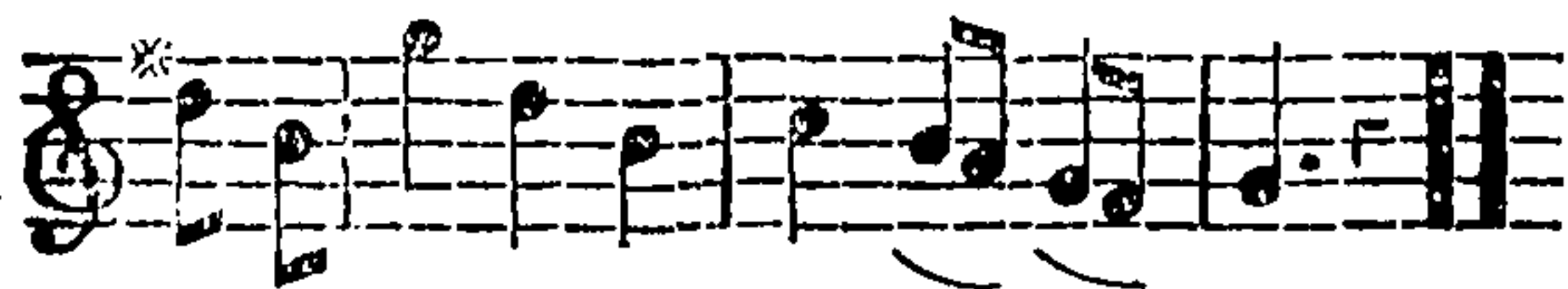
sur - face so smooth and so clear, If you



look it reflects the gay green on its



side



It reflects the gay green on its side.

In farm-yard, by his feather'd seraglio carefs'd,
 The king of the walk dares to crow;
 No nabob, nor Nimrod, enslaving the east,
 Such prowess with beauty can shew.

Beneath the still cow, Nancy presses the teat,
 Her face like the ruddy-fac'd morn;
 Loud strokes in the barn the strong threshers repeat,
 Or winnow for market the corn.

Industrious, their wives, at the doors of their cots,
 Sit spinning, dress'd cleanly, tho' coarse;
 To their babes, while unheeding the traveller trots,
 They shew the fine man and his horse.
 At the heels of the steed bark the base village whelps,
 Each puppy rude echo bestirs,
 But the horse, too high bred, bounds away from their yelps,
 Disregarding the clamour of curs.

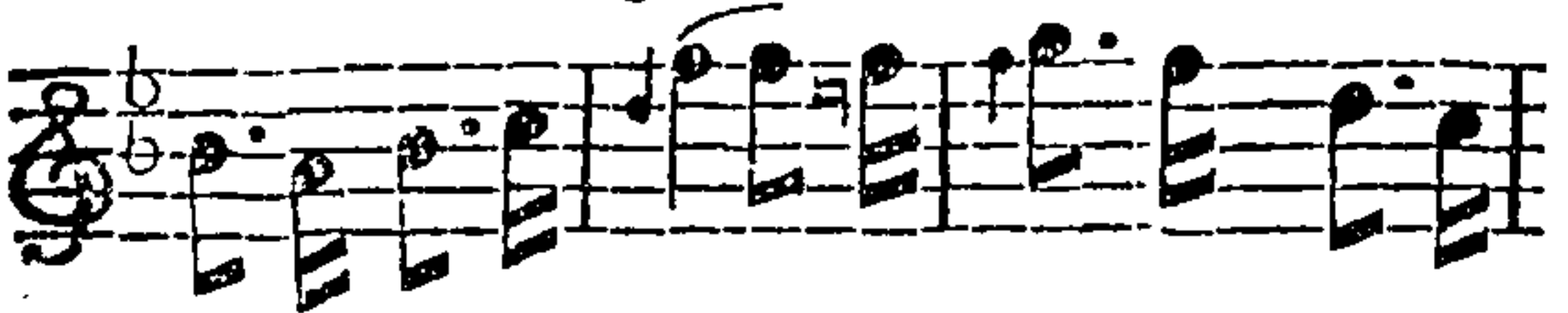
Illiberal RAILERS thus envy betray,
 When merit above them they view;
 But Genius disdains to turn out of his way,
 Or afford a reply to the crew.
 To contempt and despair, such insanes we commit;
 But to generous rivals a toast,—
 May rich men reward honest fellows of wit,—
 Here's a health to those dunces hate most.

SONG XLIV.

THE AUCTION MORALIZED.



That fleeting are our dearest joys, phi-



lo-sophers have taught, But who would think that



Auction-Halls were with such wisdom fraught?



At-tend a lit-tle to my song, and I'll



re-veal to thee, How fages all and



hamm'ring call so wond'reously a - - - gree.

Harmoniously mingling here, the works of ages lie;
 Here, Wit and Fancy's fairest flow'rs, and truths that never die
 Reposing in their letter'd tombs, the wits of Greece and Rome
Mementos give, that some may laugh, and others mourn the
 doom.

Here's Sophistry wire-woven, bound, and Piety in sheet,
 Hypocrisy, whose gilded case, the gazer's eye soon meets:
 Here stands the judge, with lifted arm, his justice to dispense
 But ne'er decides without a bribe—still tries their weight in
 pence.

Now throng the hall both great and small, of high and low
 degree,

And sage and savage cluster'd close, as buds are on a tree.
 Some come their empty heads to fill, some in the way of trade
 Others their libraries to store, their fortunes being made
 Some, from the plenteous show of weeds, a few sweet flow'rs
 to cull;

And some for learning, to reduce, the thickness of their law
 The "Book of Sports," with smiling face, the judge displays
 to view;

Now bid! he cries, how sweet in youth, when ev'ry thing
 is new!

The younkers bid, and faster bid, till ONCE! TWICE!
 THRICE!!! 'tis gone,

As quickly as the morning ray, which on us lately shone.

"Imagination's Pleasures" now, are open'd to their eyes,

And many bid, but going! gone!! they sink, no more to rise

Though Virgil and though Homer bring their heroes to their
 aid,

Yet, going! going! gone! at last they vanish in the shade.

Demosthenes and Cicero are next expos'd to sale,

And, who would not be eloquent? to bid you cannot fail

But orators and statesmen too can't stand the hammer's stroke,
For presto! gone! they fleet away, as does the passing joke.
To "Histories" of Nations all, both savage and refin'd,
"The Ruins of Empires" soon succeed, and blot them from
the mind.
"The World," at length, embellished with heads, and pressed
hot,
Is pompously exhibited, and styl'd a precious lot.
Now bid at once a hundred tongues, each other to outstrip;
A few draw back and meditate, lest they should make a slip.
Lo! tumult's all throughout the hall, till gone! at last they
hear;
The sound is like the cannon's roar, that thunders on the ear.

The above song may likewise be sung to the Tune of—
"There was a jolly miller once," &c.