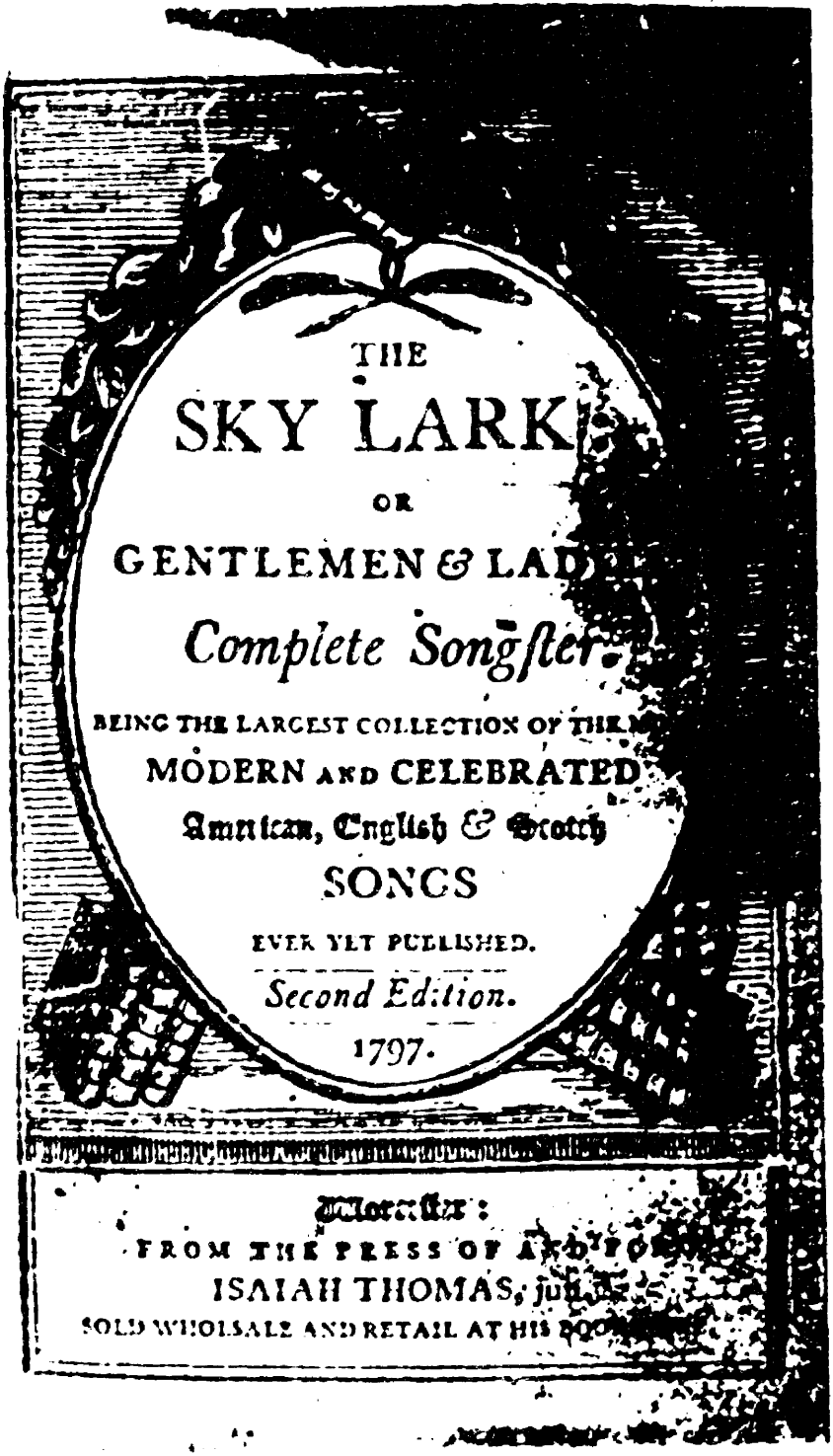
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THE

# SKY LARK;

OR

## GENTLEMEN & LADIES

## *Complete Songster.*

BEING THE LARGEST COLLECTION OF THE MOST

MODERN AND CELEBRATED

American, English & Scotch

SONGS

EVER YET PUBLISHED.

*Second Edition.*

1797.

Worcester:

FROM THE PRESS OF ANDREW BROWN AND

ISAIAH THOMAS, junr.

SOLD WHOLSALE AND RETAIL AT HIS BOOK-STORE.

EDITOR's

# PREFACE.

THE *favourable reception with which the* First EDITION *of this work has been received, by an indulgent and enlightened* PUBLIC, *has enabled the Editor,* (far beyond his most sanguine expectations) *thus early to come forward with a* Second, *much enlarged and improved—in this* Edition *he has spared no pains, nor expense, to render it worthy of the* Public Patronage.....*How far he has succeeded, he shall leave to their candid inspection. It is with no small degree of satisfaction, that he finds himself indulged with so suitable an opportunity of tendering his acknowledgments to a few friends, who have politely transmited him the most* valuable part of this Collection, *and in particular, he dedicates the tribute of* Gratitude *to* Mr. WILLIAMSON, *late of the* Haymarket Theatre, Boston, *for the friendly and interested part he has taken, in order to render the work of the greatest merit of any extant; should it be received as such, and the purchaser, after an ingenuous examination, remain satisfied with his bargain, the* Editor *will feel an inward satisfaction, which none, but grateful hearts can entertain.*

ISAIAH THOMAS, JUN.

Worcester, October, 1797.

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## SONG I.

ON the green ſedgy banks of the ſweet winding Tay,
As blithe as the woodlark that carols in May—
I paſt the gay moments with joy and delight,
For peace cheer'd the morn and content crown'd the night:
Till love taught young hope, my youth to deceive,
What we wiſh to be true love bids us believe.—

Wherever I wander o'er hill, dale, or grove,
Young Sandy will follow with ſweet tales of love;
Enraptur'd he vow'd with a kiſs and a ſigh,
If Jemmy proves cruel, 'Alas! I muſt die!
A youth ſo engaging, with eaſe might deceive,
What we wiſh to be true, love bids us believe.

He ſtole my fond heart then he left me to mourn,
For peace and contentment which ne'er can return;
From the clown to the beau, the ſex are all art,
They complain of the wound but we feel the ſmart;
We join in the fraud, and ourſelves we deceive,
What we wiſh to be true, love bids us believe.

## SONG II.

SHEPHERDS I have loſt my love,
Have you ſeen my Anna?
Pride of every ſhady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna.

I for her my home forſook,
Near yon miſty mountain,
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Green wood, ſhade and fountain.

Never ſhall I ſee them more,
Until her returning;

All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladneſs chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown!
Shepherds tell me whither!
Ah! woe me, perhaps ſhe's gone
Forever and forever.

## SONG III.

THE duſky night rides down the ſky,
And uſhers in the morn,
The hounds all join in jovial cry,
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.

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 we will go, &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 ſound retort,
And muſic fills the ſky.
*When a hunting, &c.*

At laſt his ſtrength to faintneſs worn,
Poor Reynard ceaſes flight;

When 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 IV.

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 V.

'TWAS on the morn of ſweet May day,
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to ſing and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows rare:
Young Jockey early in the dawn,
Aroſe, and tript it o'er the lawn;
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockey to the fair.
*For Jenny had vow'd away to run, &c.*

The cheerful pariſh bells had rung,
With eager ſteps he trudg'd along,
With flow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which ſhepherds us'd to wear:
He tapt the window—Haſte, my dear,
Jenny impatient, cri'd Who's there?
'Tis I, my love, and no one near;
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
With Jockey to the fair.

My dad and mamma's faſt aſleep,
My brother's up, and with the theep;
And will you ſtill your promiſe keep,
Which I have heard you ſwear?
And will you ever conſtant prove?
I will by all the powers of love,
And ne'er deceive my charming dove:
Diſpel theſe doubts, and haſte my love,
With Jockey to the fair.

Behold the ring, the ſhepherd cri'd
Will Jenny be my charming bride?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there.
Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He would be conſtant, would be true:
His word was pledg'd—away ſhe flew,

With cowslips, tipt with balmy dew,
With Jockey to the fair.

In raptures meet the joyful throng,
Their gay companions blithe and young;
Each join the dance, each join the song,
And hail the happy pair:
In turns there's none so fond as they,
They blefs'd the kind, propitious day;
The smiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny ran away,
With Jockey to the fair.

## SONG VI.

WILLIAM.

I'VE kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,
And chang'd them as oft d'ye see.
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me.

PHOEBE.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And call'd me the fairest she;
But of all the gay youths that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

WILLIAM.

Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
Her face like the bicsom in May,
Her teeth are as white as the new thorn flock,
Her breath like the new made hay.

PHOEBE.

He's tall and he's straight as the poplar tree,
His cheeks are as fresh as a rose;

He looks like a ſquire of high degree
When dreſt in his ſunday clothes.

## SONG VII.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears:
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me my heart, if this be love:

When e'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear;
No other wit but her's approve;
Tell me my heart, if this be love?

If ſhe ſome other ſwain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondeſt friend,
His inſtant enemy I prove;
Tell me my heart, if this be love?

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that plea[ſ]e before,
The cleareſt ſpring, the ſhadieſt grove;
Tell me my heart, if this be love?

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her net ſhe ſpread for ev'ry ſwain,
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove:
Tell me my heart, if this be love?

## SONG VIII.

ADIEU! ye verdant lawns and bow'rs,
Adieu, my peace is o'er;
Adieu, ye ſweeteſt ſhrubs and flow'rs,
Since Delia breathes no more.

Adieu ye hills, adieu ye vales,
Adieu ye ſtreams and floods:

Adieu ſweet echo's plaintive tales,
Adieu ye meads and woods.

Adieu ye flocks, ye fleecy care,
Adieu yon pleaſing plain!
Adieu thou beauteous blooming fair
We ne'er ſhall meet again.

## SONG IX.

WHY heaves my fond boſom, ah! What can it mean?
Why flutters my heart which was once ſo ſerene?
Why this ſighing and trembling when Daphne is near,
Or why when ſhe's abſent, this ſorrow and fear?
*Why this ſighing and trembling, &c.*

Methinks! forever with wonder could trace,
The thouſand ſoft charms that embelliſh thy face:
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find;
With thy face I am charm'd, but enſlav'd by thy mind.
*Each moment, &c.*

Untainted with folly, unſullied by pride,
Where native good humour and virtue reſide:
Pray heaven that virtue thy ſoul may ſupply
With compaſſion for him, who without thee muſt die.
*Pray heaven, &c.*

## SONG X.

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 such goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That makes 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 liquors 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 a benefit flows,
That I 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 joys 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 had left me—to get an estate or a lord;

But my bumper, 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 XI.

A BEAUTEOUS Starling late I ſaw,
On lovely Sylvia's hand;
To check its flight, around its leg,
She ties a ſilken band.

In vain it flutters to be gone;
Confinement is its lot:
In vain it ſtrives to break the band,
But can't untie the knot.

"Ceaſe, ceaſe, *fearful*, here you ſhall feed
"And in my boſom reſt,"
No bird that ever wing'd the air,
Was half ſo much careſt.

"If from my hand you ſhould eſcape,
"You may perchance be ſhot;
"Then ceaſe to peck, 'tis all in vain;
"You can't untie the knot."

The bird contented grows at length,
While Sylvia ſtrokes his plumes,
Erects his little creſt, and, ſoon,
His former notes reſumes.

From what he'd heard the fair one ſay,
Theſe words by rote he got,
And oft repeated, every day,
*You can't untie the knot.*

## SKY LARK.

One evening youthful Damon ſat,
With Sylvia by his ſide;
Reward my love, at laſt, ſaid he,
Tomorrow be my BRIDE.

Her bluſhes in his favour roſe,
Yet ſhe conſented not;
For ere ſhe ſpoke, the Starling cried,
*You can't untie the knot.*

## SONG XII.

O'ER the vine covered hills and gay regions of FRANCE,
See the Day Star of LIBERTY riſe—
Through the clouds of detraction unwearied advance,
And hold its new courſe through the ſkies.

An effulgence ſo mild, with a luſtre ſo bright,
All Europe with wonder ſurveys;
And from deſerts of darkneſs and dungeons of night,
Contend for a ſhare of the blaze.

Let BURKE, like a bat, from his ſplendor retire,
A ſplendor too ſtrong for his eyes—
Let pedants and fools his effuſions admire,
Entrap'd in his cobwebs like flies.

Shall frenzy and ſophiſtry hope to prevail
Where REASON oppoſes her weight—
When the welfare of millions is hung in the ſcale,
And the balance yet trembles with fate?

Or who 'midſt the horrors of night would abide,
That could taſte the pure breezes of morn?
Or who, that has drank of the cryſtaline tide,
To the feculent flood would return?

When the boſom of beauty the throbing heart meets,
Ah! who can the tranſport decline?
Or who, that has taſted of LIBERTY's ſweets,
The prize, but with life, would reſign?

But 'its o'er!—and high heav'n the deciſion approves—
Oppreſſion has ſtruggled in vain—
To the hell ſhe has form'd ſuperſtition removes,
And tyranny bites its own chain.

In the records of TIME a new era unfolds—
All nature exults in its birth!
Its creation begins!—the CREATOR beholds;
And gives a new charter to earth!

O catch its high import, ye winds as ye blow!
O bear it ye waves as ye roll!
From regions that feel the Sun's vertical glow
To the fartheſt extremes of the pole!

Equal Rights, equal Laws to all nations around—
Peace and friendſhip their precepts impart—
And wherever the footſteps of Man ſhall be found,
May he bind the decree to his heart.

## SONG XIII.

TRUST not *man* for he'll deceive you;
Treach'ry is his ſole intent;
Firſt he'll *court* you, then he'll *leave* you,
Poor deluded! to lament.

Form'd by nature to undo us,
They eſcape our utmoſt heed;
Oh! how *humble* when they *woo* us,
But how *proud*, when they *ſucceed*;

So the *Bird* when once deluded,
By the fowler's artful snare;
Pines out life, in cage secluded;—
Fair ones, while you're young, beware!

## SONG XIV.

PARODY, on the above.

*Written by a Young Lady.*

TRUST not *Woman* she'll beguile you,
All her smiles are form'd by art;
First she'll *flatter* then *exile* you,
Sighing with a broken heart!

Form'd by nature to pursue us,
They outstrip the fleetest men;—
Ah! how sweet they bill and coo us,
But how *proud* they triumph then!

So the FISH the *bait* admiring,
On the *angler's* fatal snare,
Gasps out life, in pangs expiring!—
LOVERS, of the *book*, beware!

## SONG XV.

THE rose that weeps with morning dew,
And glitters in the sunny ray,
Its tears and smiles resembles you,
When love breaks sorrow's cloud away.

The dew that bends the blushing flower,
Enrich the scent—renew the glow;
So love's sweet tears exalt his pow'r,
So bliss more brightly shines by wo!

## SONG XVI.

WHEN I had ſcarcely told ſixteen,
My flatt'ring tell tale glaſs
Told me there ſeldom could be ſeen
A blither, bonnier laſs.

Full twenty lovers round me bow'd;
But high my head I carried,
And with a ſcornful air, I vow'd,
I never would be married.

Young Harry, warmly, urg'd his ſuit,
And talk'd of wealth in ſtore;
While Jemmy thought to ſtrike me mute,
And told his conqueſts o'er.

Each youth a diff'rent air aſſay'd,
And ſtill their arts I parried;
Believe me, Sirs, I laughing ſaid,
I never would be married.

Then five revolving ſummers paſt,
While I the tyrant play'd,
Ah! then I feard 'twould be, at laſt,
My fate to die a maid:

Of all the lovers in my train,
There was but one that tarried;
I thought 'twas time to change my ſtrain,
And we this morn were married.

## SONG XVII.

AS on yon village lawn I ſtray'd,
One morning in the ſpring,
Around the lambs all ſportive play'd,
The birds did blithſome ſing:

Upon a bank where willows grew,
I tun'd my oaten reed,
How much I'm chang'd ſince firſt I knew
Sweet Molly of the mead!
*Sweet Molly, &c.*

No ſhepherd was ſo blithe as I,
No youth was e'er ſo bleſt;
In rapture ſweet the time did fly,
For love then warm'd my breaſt:
To pleaſe her was my ſole employ,
To her I tun'd my reed,
And morn and eve my only joy
Was Molly of the mead.
*Sweet Molly, &c.*

Soon as the ſun reſplendent roſe,
One morn I took my way,
And eager ſought ſome flagrant flow'r,
To make her look more gay:
Right well ſhe ſaw my tender pain,
And ſoon my fate decreed;
And now I live the happieſt ſwain,
With Molly of the mead.
*Sweet Molly, &c.*

## SONG XVIII.

THE morning dew that wets the roſe,
Its blooming tints more lovely ſhews;
So on my Mary's face appears
The pearly luſtre of her tears,
When others' woes ſhe weeps to ſee;
But ah! ſhe never thinks of me!

When round the youths in tranſport gaze,
And Love forbids the pow'r to praiſe,
While ſhe with artleſs mein beguiles,
And ſweetly wounds with fatal ſmiles,

Her triumpth ſtill I'm fond to ſee,
Although ſhe never thinks of me.

Then go, fair hope, forever go;
Here will I nouriſh deareſt woe:
For ſorrow's ſelf can ſweets impart,
Sweet ev'ry pang that rends the heart;
And ſweet to die 'twill ſurely be,
For her who never thinks of me.

## SONG XIX.

WHEN firſt on the plain I began to appear,
And the ſhepherds to ogle and ſigh,
They call'd me their dear, their delight and their joy;
But I heed no ſuch nonſenſe, not I.

Not all their fine words, their flatt'ry and love,
Tho' they ſwore, if I frown'd, they ſhould die,
Could bring me to like, to love or approve;
For I heed no ſuch nonſenſe, not I.

But now in my turn, I'm in love too, I find;
Tho' believe I for grief ſhould not die,
Were Jemmy as falſe as the wav'ring wind;
Oh! I heed no ſuch nonſenſe, not I.

I think the lad likes me and he may prove true;
And if ſo, I will love till I die;
But if he proves fickle, then I'll prove ſo too!
Oh! I'll die for no ſhepherd, not I.

## SONG XX.

DEAR is my little native vale:
The ring dove builds and warbles there;
Cloſe by my cot ſhe tells her tale
To ev'ry paſſing villager.

The ſquirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And ſhells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
To charm the fairy footed hours,
With my lov'd lute's romantic ſound;
Or crowns of living laurels weave,
For thoſe that win the race at eve;

The ſhepherd's horn at break of day,
The mimic dance in twilight glade;
The ruſtic glee, the roundelay,
Sung in the ſilent woodland's ſhade;
Theſe ſimple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

*Dear is my, &c.*

## SONG XXI.

COME, ſailors, be filling the can;
The wind is beginning to blow;
We've time to drink round to a man,
And then to weigh anchor muſt go.

What thouſands repair to the ſtrand,
To give us a cheering adieu!
'Tis plain they believe on the land,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

When on the mainſtopmaſt yard,
The ſailor is ſwing to and fro,
Let the tempeſt blow ever ſo hard,
He whiſtles defiance to woe.

The gale can but laſt for a while,
Is always the boaſt of the crew;
And then, they reflect with a ſmile,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

The battle tremendous appears,
When blood ſtains the face of the main:
Though thunder reſounds in his ears,
The ſailor's a ſtranger to pain:

The thought with what rapture and pride
Each girl will her hero review,
'Tis this makes him danger deride:
We conquer dear girls, but for you.

## SONG XXII.

*A favourite* SONG *and* DUETT.

COULD you to battle march away,
And leave me here complaining,
I'm ſure 'twould break my heart to ſtay,
When you are gone campaigning:
Ah! non, non, non. pauvre Madelon
Would never quit her rover;
Ah! non, non, non, pauvre Madelon
Would go with you all the world over.

LA GLORIE.

Cheer, cheer, my love, you ſhall not grieve,
A ſoldier true you'll find me;
I could not have the heart to leave
My little girl behind me:
Ah! non, non, non, pauvre Madelon
Shall never quit her rover;
Ah! non, non, non, pauvre Madelon
Shall go with me all the world over,

And can you to the battle go,
To women's fears a ſtranger?

MADELON.

No fears my breaſt will ever know,
But when my love's in danger:

Ah! non, non, non, pauvre Madelon
Will never quit her rover;
Ah! non, non, non, pauvre Madelon
Will go with you all the world over.

## SONG XXIII.

WHEN the ſummer ſmiling bids the hills
With noontide fervours glow,
I lead my flocks beſide the rills,
Which cheer the vale below:
Then elated with joy to the ſhade I repair,
For I'm ſure the dear youth that I love will be there.

And when ſoft muſic o'er the plains
Proclaims the rural dance,
And bluſhing nymphs, and ardent ſwains,
In eager haſte advance.
Then elated with joy to the dance I repair,
For I'm ſure the dear youth that I love will be there.

Whene'er the cottagers appear
Upon the village green,
To celebrate the wake or fair,
And hail the charming ſcene.
Then elated with joy to the green I repair,
For I'm ſure the dear youth that I love will be there.

## SONG XXIV.

WERE I oblig'd to beg my bread,
And had not where to lay my head,
I'd creep where yonder herds are fed,
And ſteal a look at *Somebody*,
My own dear *Somebody*, my conſtant *Somebody*;
I'd creep where yonder herds are fed,
And ſteal a look at *Somebody*.

When I'm laid low, and am at reſt,
And may be number'd with the bleſt,
Oh! may thy artleſs feeling breaſt
Throb with regard for *Somebody!*
Ah! will you drop one pitying tear,
And ſigh for the loſt *Somebody!*

But ſhould I ever live to ſee
That form ſo much ador'd by me,
Then thou'it reward my conſtancy,
And I'll be bleſt with *Somebody*;
Then ſhall my tears be dried by thee,
And I be bleſt with *Somebody*.

## SONG XXV.

SPANKING Jack was ſo comely, ſo pleaſant, ſo jolly,
Though 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 two reefs in the main-ſail,
And the ſcud came on low'ring upon a lee ſhore,
Jack went up aloft for to hand the top ga'nt ſail.
A ſpray waſh'd him off, and we ne'er ſaw him more.
But grieving's a folly; come, let us be jolly;
If we've troubles on ſea, boys, we've pleaſures aſhore.

Whiſſling 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, whiffling 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 meſſmate 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 tailor was he.
One day with the David to heave the kedge 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, [more.
Fond as pitch, honeſt, hearty, and true to the:
But by battle, or ſtorm, or ſome damn'd thing or other, [more.
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er ſee him
*But grieving's a folly, &c.*

## SONG XXVI.

BY a murmuring ſtream a fair ſhepherdeſs lay,
So kind, O ye nymphs, I oft times heard her ſay,
Tell *Strephon* I die, if he paſſes this way,
That *Love was the cauſe of my mourning.*

Falſe ſhepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms, [arms;
To deceive me, for *Strephon's* cold heart never
Or bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his arms!
O Strephon, *the cauſe of my mourning.*

But firſt, ſaid ſhe, let me go down to the ſhades below,
Ere ye let *Strephon* know that I lov'd him ſo;
Then on my pale cheek no bluſhes will ſhow
*That Love was the cauſe of my mourning.*

Her eyes were ſcarce cloſed when *Strephon* came by, [nigh,
He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping, and ſoftly drew
But finding her breathleſs, Oh heav'ns! he did cry,
*Ah!* Chloris, *the cauſe of my mourning.*

Reſtore me my *Chloris*, ye nymphs uſe your art:
They ſighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourſelf ſhot the dart,
That wounded the tender young ſhepherdeſs's heart,
*And kill'd the poor* Chloris *with mourning.*

Ah then is *Chloris* dead,
Wounded by me? he ſaid;
I'll follow thee, chaſte maid,
Down to the ſilent ſhade:
Then on her cold ſnowy breaſt leaning his head,
*Expir'd the poor* Strephon *with mourning.*

## SONG XXVII.

GUARDIAN angels, now protect me,
Send to me the ſwain I love;
Cupid, with thy bow direct me,
Help me, all ye powers above.
Bear him my ſighs, ye gentle breezes,
Tell him, I love and I deſpair;
Tell him, for him I grieve,
Say 'tis for him I live;
O may the ſhepherd be ſincere!

Thro' the ſhady groves I'll wander,
Silent as the bird of night;
Near the brink of yonder fountain

First I eander bleſt my ſight.
Witneſs, ye groves and falls of water,
Echoes repeat the vows he ſwore;
Can he forget me,
Will he neglect me,
Shall I never ſee him more!

Does he love and yet forſake me,
To admire a nymph more fair?
If 'tis ſo I'll wear the willow,
And eſteem the happy pair.
Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
Ne'er more the cares of life purſue:
The lark and philomel
Only ſhall hear me tell
What makes me bid the world adieu.

## SONG XXVIII.

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 though he all duſty and whiter'd does go,
The more he is powder'd, the more like a beau:
A clown in his dreſs may be honeſter far,
Than a courtier who ſtrats in his garter and ſtar.
*Than a courtier, &c.*

Tho' 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.
Was it then a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He boldly, without ſcruple, from other men's ſacks:
His right noble example he brags,
He borrows as freely from other men's bags.
*Who borrows, &c.*

Or ſhou'd he endeavour to heap an eſtate;
In this too he mimicks the tools of the ſtate,
Whoſe aim is alone their coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring griſt to his mill,
He eats, when he's hungry, and 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 who would be a king?
*If ſo happy &c.*

## SONG XXIX.

A COBLER 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 cobler quite through to 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 cobler 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 fleer,
Which put the poor cobler quite into deſpair.
*Derry down, &c.*

He took up his AWL that he had in the world,
And to make away with himſelf he reſolv'd;
He pierc'd through his body, inſtead of the SOLE;
So the cobler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.
*Derry down, &c.*

And now, in good will, I adviſe as a friend,
All coblers take notice of this cobler'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 XXX.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in ſtore,
Will ſtill deſire to grow richer,
Give me but health, I aſk no more,
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.
*My friend ſo rare, my girl ſo fair,*
*With ſuch, what mortal can be richer;*
*Give me but theſe, a fig for care,*
*With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher.*

From morning ſun I'd never grieve,
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that, when I came home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
*My friend ſo rare, &c.*

Tho' fortune ever ſhuns my door,
I know not what can thus bewitch her;
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher,
*My friend ſo rare, &c.*

## SONG XXXI.

BUSY, curious, thirſty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I:
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldſt thou ſip and ſip it up.
Make the moſt of life you may,
Life is ſhort, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Haſtening quick to their decline:
Thine's a ſummer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threeſcore;
Threeſcore ſummers, when they're gone,
Will appear as ſhort as one.

## SONG XXXII.

ADIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine;
And as your dazzled eye balls roll,
Diſcern him ſtruggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope ſo wholly flown,
Not yet is thought ſo tedious grown,
But limpid ſtream and ſhady tree
Retain, as yet, ſome ſweets for me.

And ſee, through yonder ſilent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove:
With pride her footſteps I purſue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The ſole confuſion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inſpire;
I ſcorn the madneſs you approve,
And value reaſon next to love.

## SONG XXXIII.

I ENVY not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and ſtate:
Give me but innocence and health,
I aſk not to be great.

I in this ſweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings.
For ſceptres to a virtuous mind,
Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plough
With brighter luſtre ſhone,
Than guilty Cæſar e'er could ſhow,
Though ſeated on a throne.

Tumultuous days, and reſtleſs nights,
Ambition ever knows,
A ſtranger to the calm delights
Of ſtudy and repoſe.

Then free from envy, care and ſtriſe,
Keep me, ye powers divine!
And pleas'd, when ye demand my life,
May I that life reſign!

## SONG XXXIV.

THE ſpring was advancing, and birds were beginning
To ſing on the boughs o'er each purling brook;
On the early green herbage at leiſure reclining,
I was careleſsly viewing the banks of Kentucke.
Hail ſtranger to ſong! hail deep channel'd river,
Thy prominent cliffs ſhall be famous forever,
Thy high ſwelling floods henceforward ſhall never,
Obſcurely roll down thro' the banks of Kentucke.

Diſguſted with idle, romantic pretenſions,
The populous city I lonely forſook;
Delighting in nature with fond apprehenſions,
I eagerly came to the banks of Kentucke.
O, never did art ſo much beauty diſcover,
To reward the long ſearch of its moſt raptur'd lover,
As nature's luxuriant fancy ſpreads over
The gay fertile ſoil on the banks of Kentucke.

Here genius ſhall rove with an endleſs deſire,
Improvements to make without learning or book:
While virtue and truth ſhall forever conſpire,
To bleſs thoſe that dwell on the banks of Kentucke.
Here, far from tyrannical power remov'd,
The ſpirit of freedom ſhall hap'ly be prov'd
The patriot ſhall by his country be lov'd;
And live without guile on the banks of Kentucke.

Here bigotry never ſhall raiſe its foul banner,
The baſis of joy thro' all ages it ſhook;
The young and the aged in more happy manner
Than thoſe ſhall improve on the banks of Kentucke.
In honeſt induſtry their time ſtill employing,
With heart cheering mirth all their meetings enjoying,
With the bleſſings of friendſhip, and love never cloying,
All ranks ſhall unite on the banks of Kentucke.

Rich plenty and health, with [illegible] all gay, gay,
Invite and allure us with promiſing look;
Never more to regret other rivers ſo long flowing,
Not ſuch as glide down thro' the banks of Kentucke.
Pale ſickneſs doth paſs thro' the land as a ſtranger,
No dreadful diſtemper here frightens the ranger,
As he paſſes thro' canebrakes and waters no danger
Expecting to meet on the banks of Kentucke.

## SONG XXXV.

I ENVY not the mighty great,
Thoſe powerful rulers of the ſtate,
Who ſettle nations as they pleaſe,
And govern at the expenſe of eaſe.

Far happier the ſhepherd, ſwain,
Who daily drudges on the plain,
And nightly in ſome humble ſhed
On ruſhy pillows lays his head.

No curs'd ambition breaks his reſt;
No factious wars divide his breaſt;
His flock, his pipe, and artleſs fair,
Are all his hope and all his care.

## SONG XXXVI.

IN good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high churchman I was,
And ſo I got preferment;
To teach my flock I never miſs'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And thoſe are damn'd that do reſiſt,
Or touch the Lord's annointed.
*And this is law I do maintain*
*Until my dying 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,
And 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 moderate men look'd big, Sir;
I turn'd a cat in pan once more,
And then became a Whig, Sir;
And ſo preferment I procur'd
By 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, by my faith and loyalty,
I never more will falter;

But George my lawful King ſhall be,
Until the times do alter.
*And this is law, &c.*

## SONG XXXVII.

CEASE, rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railer!
Liſt, ye landſmen, all to me;
Meſſmates, hear a brother ſailor
Sing the dangers 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.

Hark! the boatſwain hoarſely bawling—
By topſail ſheets and haulyards ſtand!
Down top gallants, quick be hauling!
Down your ſtay ſails, 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!

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 roars the tempeſt louder;
Think what fears our minds enthral!
Harder yet, it yet blows harder!
Now, again, the boatſwain calls:

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;

# SKY LARK.

Hands up—each preventer brace ſet,
Man the fore yards; cheer, lads, cheer!

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!
Different deaths at once furround us!
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremoſt's gone! cries ev'ry 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!

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

O'er the lee beam is the land, boys;
Let the guns o'er board be thrown:
To the pump come ev'ry 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! we're ſafe once more.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Fortune's 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 th' lips a brimmer join.
Where's the tempeſt now? who feels it?
None! our danger's drown'd in wine!

## SONG XXXVIII.

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 find 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.

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

## SONG XXXIX.

BANISH ſorrow grief and folly,
Thoughts unbend the wrinkling brow;
Hence dull cares and melancholy,
Wine and mirth unite us now.
Bacchus opens all his treaſure,
Comus brings us wit and ſong;
Follow, follow, follow, follow pleaſure,
And let's join the jovial ſong.

## SKY LARK

Life is ſhort, its but a ſeaſon;
Time is ever on the wing;
Let's the preſent moment ſeize on,
Who knows what the reſt may bring?
All my time I now will meaſure,
All dull care I now deſpiſe,
Follow, follow, follow, follow pleaſure,
To be happy's to be wiſe.

Wherefore ſhould we thus perplex us,
Why ſhould we not merry be;
Since there's nothing here to vex us;
Drinking ſets our hearts all free.
Let's have drinking without meaſure,
Let's have mirth what time we have;
Follow, follow, follow, follow pleaſure,
There's no drinking in the grave.

## SONG XL.

I DELIA's beauties would diſcloſe,
More blooming than the bluſhing roſe,
And ſweeter than the ſpring:
She faireſt is of all the fair,
To ev'ry grove I'll this declare,
Of Beauty's queen I ſing.

Aid then my ſong each ſmiling muſe,
Your melody you can't refuſe,
To celebrate her charms:
Inſpire to praiſe in pureſt rhime,
Her—whoſe mild beauties are divine,
And all my breaſt alarms.

Steal ſilent by ye murm'ring ſtreams,
Let echo ſwell the tender themes,
The themes her praiſe rehearſe;
Her praiſe ſhall ever employ my breath,
And nought but all devouring death
Shall end the pleaſing verſe.

To paint the luſtre of her eyes,
An azure ſtolen from the ſkies,
Would need a Sappho's tongue:
Her ſhape, her tuneful voice, that thrills
And all the ſoul with rapture fills,
Theſe muſt remain unſung.

Her gentle ſympathetic heart,
Fond to aſſuage affliction's ſmart,
Can drop the cryſtal tear;
Like gracious Heav'n, ſhe wears a ſmile,
That would the fierceſt pains beguile,
And ſoften rigid care.

Good ſenſe and virtue, hand in hand,
The graces all, a genial band,
Upon her ſteps attend:
From charms ſo ſtriking to the ſight,
So pregnant with ſincere delight,
What can the heart defend?

Her modeſt worth, no wily art,
Engaged my captivated heart
To cheriſh fond deſires;
'Twas beauty taught me to admire,
But virtue's bloom that did inſpire
Theſe firm undying fires.

Supremely bleſt in Delia's love,
From her embrace I'd ne'er remove,
Nor e'er inconſtant ſtray;
But ſpending life in tranquil eaſe,
Make it my ſtudy how to pleaſe,
And blitheſome paſs each day.

Could we our joys and ſorrows ſhare,
Double each bliſs, diſſolve each care,
'Twould ſure tranſporting prove:
Together glide the ſea of life,
Avoid ambition baniſh ſtrife,
And ſeek immortal love.

## SONG XLI.

HYLA's the ſweeteſt maid on earth,
No one could charm me ſo;
The tear proclaims her heav'nly birth,
She weeps for others' woe.

No gem, that glads the gaudy fair,
And ſparkles to the ſight,
Can with that cryſtal drop compare,
Productive of delight.

Compaſſion hail! enchanting pow'r
To ſoften care thou'rt giv'n:
Sweet ſoother of the ſadden'd hour,
Bleſt attribute of heav'n.

Fond Nature, with a kind intent
To chear the drooping ſoul,
This ſweet, amongſt the dregs, has ſent
Of life's diſtaſteful bowl.

Offspring of univerſal love,
Spark of etherial fire,
Thy melting ardours, hearts improve,
And gen'rous thoughts inſpire.

My paſſions let thy influence bind
To emulate my fair,
For ſoft and pleaſing pains attend
The ſympathetic tear!

## SONG XLII.

THE fields were green, the hills were gay
And birds were ſinging on each ſpray,
When Colin met me, in the grove,
And told me tender tales of love.

Was ever ſwain ſo blythe as he,
So kind ſo faithful, and ſo free?
In ſpite of all my friends can ſay,
Young Colin ſtole my heart away.

Whene'er he trips the mead along,
He ſweetly joins the woodlark's ſong;
And when he dances on the green,
There's none ſo blythe as Colin ſeen:
If he's but by, I nothing fear,
For I alone am all his care;
Then 'ſpite of all my friends can ſay,
He's ſtole my tender heart away.

My mother chides, whene'er I roam,
And ſeems ſurpriz'd I quit my home:
But ſhe'd not wonder that I rove,
Did ſhe but feel how much I love;
Full well I know the generous ſwain
Will never give my boſom pain;
Then 'ſpite of all my friends could ſay,
He's ſtole my tender heart away.

## SONG XLIII.

SAY, little fooliſh, fluttering thing,
Whither, ah! whither would you wing
Your airy flight?
Stay here, and ſing
Your miſtreſs to delight:
No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you ſhall not go,
Where, you wanton, you couldn't be
Half ſo happy as with me.

## SONG XLIV.

In a mouldering cave, where the wretched retreat,
Britannia ſat waſted with care;

She wept for her *Wolfe*, then exclaim'd againſt fate,
And gave herſelf up to deſpair:
The walls of her cell were inſculptur'd around
With the exploits of her favourite ſon,
And even the duſt as it lay on the ground,
Was engrav'd with the deeds he had done.

The Sire of the gods, from his chryſtalline throne,
Beheld this diſconſolate dame,
And mov'd with her fate, he ſent Mercury down,
And theſe were the tidings that came.
Britannia forbear, not a ſigh, nor a tear,
For thy Wolfe ſo deſervedly lov'd,
Your grief ſhall be chang'd into triumphs of joy,
For thy Wolfe is not dead but remov'd.

The ſons of the earth, the proud giants of old,
Have broke from their darkſome abodes,
And ſuch is the news as in heav'n it is told,
They are marching to war with the gods;
A council was held in the chamber of Jove,
Where they came to this final decree,
That Wolfe ſhould be call'd to the armies above,
And the charge was entruſted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with theſe orders I flew;
He beg'd for a moment's delay,
He cry'd, Oh! forbear. let me victory hear,
And then thy commands I'll obey;
With a dark'ning film I encompaſs'd his eyes,
And convey'd him away in an urn;
Leſt the fondneſs he bore for his own native ſhore
Should perſuade him again to return.

## SONG XLV.

FRIENDSHIP to every willing mind
Opens a heavenly treaſure;
There may the ſons of ſorrow find
Sources of real pleaſure.

See what employments men purſue,
Then you will own my words are true,
Friendſhip alone unfolds to view
Sources of real pleaſure.

Poor are the joys which fools eſteem,
Fading and tranſitory;
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
Or a deluſive ſtory:
Luxury leaves a ſting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind:
Only in Friendſhip can we find
Pleaſure and ſolid glory.

Beauty, with all its gaudy ſhows,
Is but a painted bubble;
Short is the triumph wit beſtows,
Full of deceit and trouble;
Fame, like a ſhadow, flies away,
Titles and dignities decay:
Nothing but Friendſhip can diſplay
Joys that are free from trouble.

Learning, (that boaſted glittering thing)
Scarcely is worth poſſeſſing;
Riches, forever on the wing,
Cannot be call'd a bleſſing:
Senſual pleaſures ſwell deſire,
Juſt as the fuel feeds the fire:
Friendſhip can real bliſs inſpire,
Bliſs that is worth poſſeſſing.

Happy the man who has a friend
Form'd by the God of nature;
Well may he feel and recommend
Friendſhip for his Creator.
Then as our hands in Friendſhip join,
So let our ſocial powers combine,
Rul'd by a paſſion moſt divine,
Friendſhip with our Creator.

## SONG XLVI.

SAYS PLATO, Why ſhould man be vain?
Since born naus Heav'n has made him great!
Why looketh he with inſolent diſdain
On thoſe unbleſs'd with wealth and ſtate!
Can ſplendid robes or beds of down,
Or coſtly gems that deck the fair?
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health, or eaſe the brow of care?

The ſceptred king, the burthen'd ſlave,
The humble and the haughty die:
The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt without diſtinction lie.
Go, ſearch the tombs where monarchs reſt,
Who once the greateſt rules bore:
The wealth and glory they poſſeſt,
And all their honours are no more.

So glides the meteor through the ſky,
And ſpreads along a gilded train:
But, when its ſhort liv'd beauties die,
Diſſolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial ſouls,
Let Friendſhip reign while here we ſtay,
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
When Jove commands we muſt obey.

## SONG XLVII.

FROM the man that I love, though my heart I diſguiſe,
I will freely deſcribe the wretch I deſpiſe;
And if he has ſenſe but to balance a ſtraw,
He will ſure take the hint from the picture I draw.
*And if he has ſenſe, &c.*

A wit without ſenſe, without fury a beau ;
Like a parrot he chatters, and ſtruts like a crow ;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon ;
In courage a hind, in conceit a gaſcon.
*A peacock, &c.*

As a vulture rapacious, in falſhood a fox ;
Inconſtant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;
As a tyger ferocious, perverſe as a hog ;
In miſchief an ape, and in fawning a dog.
*As a tyger, &c.*

In a word, to ſum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather :
Yet if he has ſenſe but to balance a ſtraw,
He will ſure take a hint from the picture I draw !
*Yet if he, &c.*

## SONG XLVIII.

HER ſheep had in cluſters crept cloſe to a grove,
To hide from the heat of the day ;
And Phillis herſelf, in a woodbine alcove,
Among the ſweet violets lay ;
A young lambkin, it ſeems, had been ſtol'n from its dam,
('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot ;)
That Corydon might, as he ſearch'd for his lamb,
Arrive at the critical ſpot.

As through the green hedge for his lambkin he peeps ;
He ſaw the fair nymph with ſurprize ;
Ye gods, if ſo killing, he cry'd, while ſhe ſleeps,
I'm loſt if ſhe opens her eyes ;
To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
I'll homeward my lambkin to trace,
But in vain honeſt Corydon ſtrove to depart,
For love held him faſt to the place.

Ceaſe, ceaſe, pretty birds, what a chirping you keep,
I think you too loud on the ſprav;
Don't you ſee, fooliſh lark, that the charmer's aſleep,
You'll wake her as ſure as 'tis day.
How dare that fond butterfly touch the ſweet maid,
Her cheeks he miſtakes for the roſe,
I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid,
My boldneſs would break her repoſe.

Then Phillis look'd up with a languiſhing ſmile,
Kind ſhepherd, ſaid ſhe, you miſtake;
I laid myſelf down for to reſt me awhile,
But truſt me I've long been awake.
The ſhepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
He plac'd himſelf down by her ſide;
And manag'd the matter I cannot tell how,
But yeſterday made her his bride.

## SONG XLIX.

YE virgins attend,
Believe me your friend,
And with prudence adhere to my plan:
Ne'er let it be ſaid,
There goes an old maid,
But get married as faſt as you can.

As ſoon as you find
Your hearts are inclin'd,
To beat quick at the ſight of a man;
Then chooſe out a youth
With honour and truth,
And get married as faſt as you can.

For age, like a cloud,
Your charms ſoon will ſhroud,
And this whimſical life's but a ſpan;
Then maids, make your hay,
While Sol darts his ray,
And get married as faſt as you can.

The treacherous rake
Will artfully take,
Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan,
But baffle their ſnare,
Make virtue your care,
And get married as faſt as you can.

And when Hymen's bands,
Have join'd both your hands,
The bright flame ſtill continue to fan;
Ne'er harbour the ſtings
That jealouſy brings,
But be conſtant, and bleſt while you can.

## SONG L.

HOW ſtands the glaſs around?
For ſhame, ye take no care, my boys.
How ſtands the glaſs around?
Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpets ſound;
The colours they are flying, boys.
To fight, kill, or wound,
May we ſtill be found,
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, ſoldiers, why,
Should we be melancholly, boys?
Why, ſoldiers, why,
Whoſe bus'neſs 'tis to die!
What ſighing, fie!
Drown fear, drink on, be jolly boys,
'Tis he, you or I!
Cold, hot, wet or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And ſcorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,—
I mean not to upbraid ye, boys—

'Tis but in vain
For ſoldiers to complain.
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

## SONG LI.

FROM the brook and the willow forſaking the plain,
Eloiſa came mournfully telling her pain;
On her trembling hand ſhe reclin'd her ſad head,
Nor preſt her pale cheek, for the colour was fled:
Her languid eyes rais'd after many a groan,
And thus ſhe began in a faltering tone.

Soft zephyrs and willow, kind brook, lend your aid,
Regard the complaint of an unhappy maid;
If the man whom I love ſhould here chance to rove,
In murm'ring ſounds let the brook thus reprove:
The maid by perſuaſion and you, led aſtray,
Came to relate her ſad ſtory, one day.

For you ev'ry ſhepherd ſhe us'd with diſdain,
And pitch'd upon you for her favourite ſwain;
But when her fond heart you poſſeſs'd, you forbore
The reſpect ſhe had always commanded before;
For the ſake of the nymph whom you did enſnare,
Add a tear to this brook, and a ſigh to this tear.

## SONG LII.

BENEATH a green grove, a lovely young ſwain,
One ev'ning reclin'd, to diſcover her pain,

So ſad, yet ſo ſweetly he warbled his woe,
The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to
flow. [plain
Rude winds with compaſſion could hear him com-
Yet Chloe leſs gentle, was deaf to his ſtrain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew!
When Chloe's bright charms firſt flush'd in my view;
Thoſe eyes then with pleaſure the dawn could ſur-
vey, [they:
Nor ſmil'd the fair morning more cheerful than
Now ſcenes of diſtreſs pleaſe only my ſight,
I'm tortur'd in pleaſure, and languiſh in light.

Then changes in vain for relief I purſue,
All elſe but conſpire my griefs to renew;
From ſunſhine to zephyrs, and ſhades we repair,
To ſunſhine we fly from too piercing an air:
But love's ardent fever burns always the ſame,
No winter can cool it, no ſummer inflame.

But ſee the pale moon all clouded retire,
The breezes grow dull, not Strephon's deſire!
I fly from the danger of tempeſt and wind,
Yet nourith the madneſs that preys on the mind;
Ah wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
To lengthen its moments, but lengthen deſpair!

## SONG LIII.

AS paſſing by a ſhady grove,
I heard a Linnet ſing,
Whoſe ſweetly plaintive voice of love,
Proclaim'd the chearful ſpring.
His pretty accents ſeem'd to flow,
As if he knew no pain,
His downy throat he tun'd ſo ſweet,
It echo'd o'er the plain.

Ah! happy warbler, (I reply'd)
Contented thus to be;
'Tis only harmony and love,
Can be compar'd to thee.
Thus perch'd upon the ſpray you ſtand,
The monarch of the ſhade,
And even ſip ambroſial ſweets,
That glow from ev'ry glade.

Did man poſſeſs but half thy bliſs,
How joyful might he be!
But man was never form'd for this,
'Tis only joy for thee.
Then farewell, pretty bird, (I ſaid)
Purſue thy plaintive tale,
And let thy tuneful accents ſpread
All o'er the fragrant vale.

## SONG LIV.

As bringing home, the other day,
Two Linnets I had tak'n,
The little warblers ſeem'd to pray
For liberty again:
Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
I ſung acroſs the mead;
In vain they tun'd their pleaſing throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

As paſſing through the verdant grove,
Near which my cottage ſtood,
I thought I ſaw the queen of love,
When Clora's charms I view'd;
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I preſs her ſtay,
To hear my tender tale;
But all in vain—ſhe fled away,
Nor would my ſighs prevail.

Soon thro' the wound, which love had mad
Came pity to my breaſt;

And thus I (as compaſſion bade)
The feather'd pair addreſs'd:
"Ye little warblers, chearful be,
Remember not ye flew;
For I who thought myſelf ſo free,
Am far more caught than you."

## SONG LV.

O NIGHTINGALE! beſt poet of the grove!
That plaintive ſtrain can ne'er belong to thee,
Bleſt in full poſſeſſion of thy love,
O! lend that ſtrain, ſweet nightingale to me.
*O! lend that ſtrain, &c.*

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn a wretched fate;
I love a maid who all my boſom charms;
Yet loſe my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms!
*Inhuman, &c.*

You happy birds, by nature's ſimple laws,
Lead your calm lives ſuſtain'd by nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws?
And love and ſong are all your pleaſing care.
*And love, &c.*

But we, vain ſlaves of intereſt and of pride,
Dare not be bleſt, leſt envious tongues ſhould blame:
And here in vain I languiſh for my bride!
O mourn with me, ſweet birds, my hapleſs flame!
*O mourn, &c.*

## SONG LVI.

FAREWELL ye Green fields and ſweet groves,
Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart,
Where nightingales warble their loves,

And nature is dreſs'd without art.
No pleaſure they now can afford,
No muſic can lull me to reſt,
Since Phillis prove falſe to her word,
Young Strephon can never be bleſt.

Oft times by the ſide of a ſpring,
Where roſes and lilies appear,
Gay Phillis of Strephon would ſing;
For Strephon was all ſhe held dear.
So ſoon as ſhe found by my eyes,
The paſſion that glow'd in my breaſt,
She then, to my grief and ſurpriſe,
Prov'd all ſhe had ſaid was a jeſt.

Too late to my ſorrow I find,
The beauties alone that will laſt,
Are thoſe that are found in the mind,
Which envy or time cannot blaſt.
Beware, then beware how you truſt
Coquettes, who to love make pretence:
For Phillis to me had been juſt,
Had nature but bleſt her with ſenſe.

## SONG LVII.

AS Colinet and Phoebe ſat
Beneath a poplar grove,
The gentle youth with fondeſt truth,
Was telling tales of love:
Dear blooming maid the ſhepherd ſaid,
My tender vows believe,
Thoſe downcaſt eyes and artleſs ſighs
Can ne'er my faith deceive.

Tho' ſome there are, from fair to fair,
Delight in wilds to rove,
Such change from me thou ne'er canſt fear:
Thy charms ſecure my love.
Then Phoebe now approve my vow,

By truth and fondneſs preſt ;
A ſmile aſſume, to grace thy bloom,
And make thy ſhepherd bleſt.

A bluſh o'er ſpread her cheeks with red,
And half ſhe turn'd aſide,
With pleaſing woos her boſom roſe,
And thus the maid reply'd
" Dear gentle youth, I know thy truth,
And all thy arts to pleaſe ;
But ah ! is this the time for bliſs,
And themes ſo ſoft as theſe ?

While all around we hear no ſound,
But war's terrific ſtrain,
The drum commands our armed bands,
And chides the tardy ſwain :
Our country's call arouſes all,
Who dare be brave and free,
My love ſhall crown the youth alone :
Who ſaves himſelf and me."

'Tis done, he cry'd, from thy dear ſide,
Now quickly I'll be gone,
From love will I to freedom fly,
A ſlave to thee alone :
And when I come with laurels home,
And all that freemen crave,
To crown my love, thy ſmiles ſhall prove
The fair reward the brave.

## SONG LVIII.

THO' youth and beauty grace the fair,
With ev'ry winning charm ;
The grateful look and killing air,
That doth my botom warm.
Yet theſe are worthleſs things, and vain,
Where kindneſs has no part ;

'Tis ſympathy excites the flame,
Yet warms the tender heart.

Fair Chloe once I much admir'd,
And try'd her heart to move,
With pleaſing hopes my breaſt was fir'd;
I hop'd to win her love.
But ah! the frowning of the fair,
Perplex'd my anxious mind:
Vex'd with diſdain I left her there,
And ſought a maid more kind.

Fair Polly next my paſſions mov'd,
A mind both young and gay:
I gaz'd a while, and gazing lov'd:
And thus to her did ſay:
"Do not with killing frowns diſdain,
The youth whoſe honeſt heart
Beats high with love, in hopes to gain
Thoſe charms which cauſe the ſmart.

Tho' all the beauties crown thy face,
That Venus e'er poſſeſs'd;
Tho' each ſoft charm and winning grace,
Lies ſparkling in thy breaſt,
Yet theſe muſt fade and ſoon decay,
And yield to waſting time;
Then learn their worth, while freſh and gay,
And blooming in their prime."

Thus at her feet I ſigh'd a while,
Her cruel heart to move:
But could not gain that tender ſmile,
Which ſoothes the pangs of love.
Since pity's baniſh'd from their hearts,
My troubles here ſhall end;
I'll grieve no more, while I poſſeſs
A true celeſtial friend.

True love divine no frowns poſſeſs,
Nor angry paſſions hold;

Here I'll retire to ſeek redreſs,
For my bewilder'd ſoul.
Away ye fair, your beauty's duſt!
I'll have no charms from you,
No charms ſhall e'er poſſeſs my breaſt,
But what's divine and true.

## SONG LIX.

WELL met, jolly fellows, well met;
By this bowl you're all welcome I ſwear;
See where on the table 'tis ſet,
And deſign'd for the grave of our care.
From this ſocial convention,
'Twill drive all contention,
Save only who longeſt can drink;
Then fill up your glaſſes
And drink to your laſſes,
The headach take him that ſhall ſhrink.

Do but look at this glaſs! here boys, hand it around;
Why it ſparkles like Phillis's eyes;
But 'tis better by far, boys, for when her eyes wound,
This balm to the wound will ſupply;
Then a fig for this thinking:
Fill, fill, and be drinking:
Let us drown all our cares and our ſorrow:
Come, the toaſt, boys, the toaſt!
There's no time to be loſt,
For our cares will return with tomorrow

## SONG LX.

I DREAMT I ſaw a piteous ſight,
Young Cupid weeping lay,
Until his pretty ſtars of light,
Had wept themſelves away.

## SKY LARK.

Methought I aſk'd him why he wept,
Mere pity led me on:
He deeply ſigh'd and then reply'd,
Alas! I am undone.

As I beneath yon myrtle lay,
Cloſe by Diana's ſprings,
Amintor ſtole my bow away,
And pinion'd both my wings.

Alas! ſaid I, where's then thy bow,
Wherewith he wounded me?
Thou art a god, and ſuch a blow,
Could come from none but thee.

But if thou wilt revenged be
On that ambitious ſwain,
I'll ſet thy wings at liberty,
And thou ſhalt fly again:

And all the ſervice on my part
That I require of thee,
Is that you'd wound Amintor's heart,
And make him die for me.

The ſilken fetters I unti'd,
And the gay wings diſplay'd
He mounting gently fann'd and cry'd
Adieu, fond fooliſh maid!

At that I bluſh'd and angry grew,
I ſhould the god believe;
But waking found my dream too true,
Alas I was a ſlave.

## SONG LXI.

O'ER deſert plains and ruſhy meers
And withet'd heaths I rove,
Where tree, nor ſpire, nor cot appears,

I paſs to meet my love;
But tho' my paths were damaſk'd o'er
With beauties e'er ſo fine,
My lufty thoughts would fly before
To fix on thee alone.
*O'er deſert plains, &c.*

No fair crown'd hills could give delight,
No palace pleaſe my eye;
No pyramid's aerial height,
Where mould'ring monarchs lie.
*O'er deſert plains, &c.*

Unmov'd ſhould eaſtern kings advance,
Could I the pageant ſee,
Splendor might catch one ſcornful glance,
Nor ſteal one glance from thee.
*O'er deſert plains and ruſhy meers, &c.*

## SONG LXII.

I SIGH and lament me in vain,
These walls can but echo my moan;
Alas! it increaſes my pain,
When I think on the days that are gone.
Through the grate of my priſon I ſee,
The birds as they wanton in air:
My heart, how it pants to be free,
My looks they are wild with deſpair!

Above, though oppreſt with my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes;
Though fortune has alter'd my ſtate,
She ne'er can ſubdue me to thoſe.
Falſe women! In all ages to come,
Thy malice deteſted ſhall be;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some hearts ſhall ſtill ſorrow for me.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and diſmay,
With ſilence and ſolitude dwell;
How comfortleſs paſſes the day!
How ſad tolls the evening bell!
The owls from the battlements cry;
Hollow winds ſeem to murmur around:
O Mary! prepare thee to die!
My blood it runs cold at the ſound!

## SONG LXIII.

LOVELY nymph now ceaſe to languiſh,
Yield not thus thy mind to woe;
Look behind the cloud of anguiſh,
Chearing beams of comfort blow.
*Chearing beams, &c.*

Let enliv'ning hope elate thee,
Hope that points to fairer ſkies;
Think the tranſient ills that wait thee,
Are but bleſſings in diſguiſe.
*Are but, &c.*

Be not by diſtreſs dejected:
Shrink not from affliction's hand:
Falſhood is from truth detected,
By the kind enchantreſs' wand.
*By the kind, &c.*

Sage inſtructreſs, ſhe ſhall train thee:
Steady virtue teach thy heart:
Sharp, but ſhort liv'd, pains await thee:
Endleſs bleſſings to impart.
*Endleſs bleſſings, &c.*

## SONG LXIV.

THE ſhape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair!

I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek and ivory arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win:
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within—

A face, where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But ah! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view,
With every image of delight,
With graces ever new!

Of pow'r to charm the greatest woe,
The wildest rage controul;
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And rapture through the soul.

Their power but faintly to express,
All language must despair;
But go, behold Arpasia's face,
And read it perfect there.

## SONG LXV.

HOW blest has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines, as often we ſtray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleaſing their ſport is, the wanton ones ſee,
And borrow their looks from my Jeſſe and me.

To try her ſweet temper, ſometimes am I ſeen
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green;
Tho' painful my abſence, my doubts ſhe beguiles,
And meets me at night with complyance and ſmiles.

What though on her cheeks the roſe loſes its hue,
Her wit and good humour bloom all the year through;
Time, ſtill as he flies, adds increaſe to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he ſteals from her youth.

Ye ſhepherds ſo gay, who make love to enſnare,
And cheat with falſe vows the too credulous fair;
In ſearch of true pleaſure how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you muſt find it at home.

## SONG LXVI.

YE fair married dames, who ſo often deplore,
That a lover once bleſt, is a lover no more;
Attend to my counſel, nor bluſh to be taught,
That prudence muſt cheriſh what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek and the glance of your eye,
Your roſes and lilies may make the men ſigh:
But roſes, and lilies, and ſighs paſs away,
And paſſion will die, as your beauties decay.

Uſe the man that you wed, like your fav'rite guittar,
Tho' muſic in both they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and ſoft from a delicate touch,
Not harſhed too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at com-
mand;
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your
will.

Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
mind;
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of LOVE.

## SONG LXVII.

IN FOUR PARTS--ON ABSENCE, HOPE, SOLITUDE AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

### ABSENCE. I.

YE shepherds, so chearful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam—
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to mourn and to sigh,
Your tokens of the change that ye find;
None, once, was so watchful as I;
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What 'tis, to admire and to love,
And leave her we love and admire.
All night forth my flock in the morn,
Mid the damps of each evening repel;
And I am fainting and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

# SKY LARK.

Since Phyllis vouchſaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I loſe both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before:
But now they are paſs'd; and I ſigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But, why do I languiſh in vain?
Why wander thus penſively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the ſmiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown!
Alas! where with her I have ſtray'd,
I could wander with pleaſure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguiſh I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be ſo—
'Twas with pain that ſhe ſaw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I ſlowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly diſcern;
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
I thought that ſhe bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To viſit ſome far diſtant ſhrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my ſolace wherever I go.

## HOPE. II.

MY banks they are furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottos are ſhaded with trees;
And my hills are white over with ſhee-

I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my mountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet briar twines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hastened and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow;
How the nightingales warble their loves,
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert, so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear;
She will say, 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

## SKY LARK.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold,
How that Pity was due to a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of Love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and, whatever ſhe ſays,
Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon ſighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains, and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade!
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
If aught, in her abſence, could pleaſe.

But where does my Phyllida ſtray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may, perhaps, be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

## SOLICITUDE. II.

WHY will you my paſſion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I ſhew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
With her wit ſhe engages the free;
With her modeſty pleaſes the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleaſing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the ſwain,
That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe.

When ſhe ſings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and liſten the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown
—But I cannot allow her to ſmile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
Oh! how, with one trivial glance,
Might ſhe ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dreſſes his hair,
And his crook is beſtudded around;
And his pipe—oh may Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the ſound.

'Tis his with mock paſſion to glow;
'Tis his in ſmooth tales to unfold,
"How her face is as bright as the ſnow,
"And her boſom, be ſure, is as cold;
"How the nightingales labour the ſtrain,
"With the notes of his charmer to vie;
"How they vary their accents in vain,
"Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he ſtrays,
And pillages every ſweet;
Then, ſuiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
"O Phyllis," he whiſpers, "more fair,
"More ſweet than the Jeſſamine's flow'r!
"What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
"What is eglantine after a ſhow'r?

"Then the lily no longer is white;
"Then the roſe is depriv'd of its bloom;
"Then the violets die with deſpight,
"And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the ſoft numbers along,
And he fancies no ſhepherd his peer:
Yet I never ſhould envy the ſong,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy deſpiſe;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they ſhine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart,
Is a ſtranger to Paridel's tongue;
——Yet may ſhe beware of his art,
Or ſure I muſt envy the ſong.

## DISAPPOINTMENT. IV.

YE ſhepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my ſheep:
They have nothing to do but to ſtray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my paſſion begun;
She ſmil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithleſs—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo complete would be ſought
By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inſpire:
It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs, and I am undone;
Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain,
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repoſe.

Yet time may diminiſh the pain:
The flow'r, and the ſhrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure, in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The ſweets of a dew ſprinkled roſe,
The ſound of a murmuring ſtream,
The peace which from ſolitude flows,
Henceforth ſhall be Corydon's theme.
High tranſports are ſhown to the ſight,
But we are not to find them our own:
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight,
As I with my Phil'is had known.

O ye woods, ſpread your branches apace!
To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chace;
I would vaniſh from every eye.
Yet my reed ſhall reſound thro' the grove
With the ſame ſad complaint it begun;
How the ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithleſs, and I am undone!

## SONG LXVIII.

MY temples with cluſters of grapes I'll entwine:
And barter all joys for a goblet of wine;
In ſearch of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But ſtop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet, Why this reſolve to relinquiſh the fair?
'Tis folly with ſpirits like mine to deſpair;
For, What mighty charms can be found in a glaſs,
If not fill'd to the health of ſome favourite laſs?

'Tis woman whoſe charms ev'ry rapture impart,
And lend a new ſpring to the pulſe of the heart:
The miſer himſelf ſo ſupreme is her ſway
Grows cur'ous to love, and reſigns her his key.

At the ſound of her voice, ſorrow lifts up her head,
And poverty liſtens, well pleas'd from her ſhed;
While age, in an ecſtaſy, hobbling along,
Beats time, with his crutch, to the tune of her ſong.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard;
The largeſt and deepeſt that ſtands on his board;
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair;
'Tis the toaſt of a lover, and pledge me who dare

## SONG LXIX.

GO! tuneful bird, that glads the ſkies,
To Daphne's window ſpeed thy way,
And there on trembling pinions riſe,
And there thy vocal art diſplay:
And if ſhe deign thy notes to hear,
And if ſhe praiſe thy matin ſong,
Tell her the ſound that ſoothes her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her in livelier plumes array'd,
The birds from India's groves may ſhine,
But aſk the lovely, partial maid,
What are his notes, compar'd with thine?
Then bid her treat yon witleſs beau,
And all his flaunting race with ſcorn,
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who ſings her praiſe, but ſings forlorn.

## SONG LXX.

TO hear a ſweet Goldfinch's ſonnet,
This morning I put on my bonnet:
But ſcarce in the meadow, pies on it,
When the Captain appears in my view.
I felt an odd ſort of ſenſation,
My heart beat an odd palpitation,
I bluſh'd like a pink of carnation,
When ſays he, "My dear, how do you do?"

The devil ſure, ſays I, here has popp'd him;
I try'd to ſlip by, but I ſtopt him;
So, my very beſt court'ſy I dropt him:
With an air, then he bobs off his hat.
He ſeem'd with my perſon enchanted:
He ſqueez'd my hand; how my heart panted!
He aſk'd for a kiſs, and I granted:
And, pray now, what harm was in that?

Says I, Sir, for what do you take me?
He ſaid, a fine lady he'd make me,
No, dem him, he'd never forſake me;
And then, on his knee he flap'd down.
His handkerchief ſmelt ſo ſweetly;
His white ſ[illegible] he ſhew'd ſo completely;
He ma[illegible] matter ſo neatly,
I ne'er can be kiſs'd by a clown.

## SONG LXXI.

WHY ſhould our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's ſilken chain
A plague of iron prove?
BENDISH, 'tis ſtrange, the charm that binds
Millions of hands, ſhould leave their minds
At ſuch a looſe from love.

In vain I ſought the wond'rous cauſe,
Rang'd the wide field of nature's laws,
And urg'd the ſchools in vain;
Then deep in thought within my breaſt
My ſoul retir'd, and ſlumber dreſs'd
A bright inſtructive ſcene.

O'er the broad lands, and croſs the tide,
On Fancy's airy horſe I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
Till on the banks of Ganges' flood,
In a tall, ancient grove I ſtood
For ſacred uſe deſign'd.

# SKY LARK.

Hard by, a venerable prieſt,
Ris'n with his God, the ſun, from reſt,
Awoke his morning ſong.
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring ſtream,
The birth of ſouls was all his theme,
And half divine his tongue.

" He ſang th' eternal rolling flame,
" That vital mats, that, ſtill the ſame,
" Does all our minds compoſe :
" But ſhap'd in twice ten thouſand frames ;
" Hence diff'ring ſouls, of diff'ring names,
" And jarring tempers, roſe.

" The mighty power, that form'd the mind,
" One mould for ev'ry two deſign'd,
" And bleſs'd the new born pair :
" *This be a match for this* : (he ſaid)
" Then down he ſent the ſouls he made,
" To ſeek them bodies here.

" But parting from their warm abode,
" They loſt their fellow's on the road,
" And never join'd their hands :
" Ah cruel chance, and croſſing fates !
" Our eaſtern ſouls have dropt their mates,
" On Europe's barbarous lands.

" Happy the youth that finds the bride,
" Whoſe birth is to his own ally'd,
" The ſweeteſt joy of life !
" But oh ! the crowds of wretched ſouls,
" Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
" And chain'd t' eternal ſtrife !"

Thus ſang the wond'rous Indian bard,
My ſoul with vaſt attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow ;
" Sure then, (I cry'd) might I but ſee
" That gentle nymph that twin'd with me
" I may be happy too.

" Some courteous angel, tell me where,
" What diſtant lands this unknown fair,
" Or diſtant ſeas detain?
" Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
" I'd fly, to meet and mingle ſouls,
" And wear the joyful chain.

## SONG LXXII.

I THAT once was a ploughman, a ſailor am now,
No lark that's aloft in the ſky,
Ever flutter'd its wings to give ſpeed to the plough,
Was ſo gay and ſo careleſs as I.
But my friend was a *Carſindo* on board a King's ſhip,
And he *axed* me to go to ſea for a trip;
And he talk'd of ſuch things,
As if ſailors were Kings;
And ſo teazing did keep,
That I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep:
Where ſo ſweetly the horn,
Call'd me up in the morn,
Ere I truſted to the *Carſindo* or the inconſtant wind,
That tempted me to go, and leave my dear behind.

I didn't much like to be on board a ſhip,
When in danger, there's no door to creep out;
I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and ſlip,
But I didn't like rocking about.
By and by came a hurricane, I didn't like that,
Next a battle that many a ſailor laid flat;
Ah! Why did I roam,
When ſo happy at home?
I could ſow, and could reap,
Yet I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep.

*Where ſo ſweetly the horn, &c.*

At length safe I landed, and in a whole skin,
Nor did I make any long stay,
Ere I found by a friend who I *axed* for my kin,
Father dead, and my wife run away,
Ah! who but thyself, cry'd I, hast thou to blame.
Wives looking their husbands oft lose a good name
Ah! Why did I roam,
When so happy at home?
I could sow, and could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, and went ploughing the deep.

*Where so sweetly the horn, &c.*

Why if that be the case said this very same friend,
And you be'nt no more minded to roam;
Cry a flake by your fist, all your cares at an end,
Dad's alive and your wife's safe at home:
Stark staring with joy, I leap'd out of my skin,
Buss'd my Wife, Mother, Sister, and all of my kin.
Ah! cried I, let them roam,
Who want a good home;
I am well, so I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough, to go plougning the deep:
*Once more shall the horn, call me up in the morn,* &c.

## SONG LXXIII.

'TWAS early on a holiday,
A harmless shepherd chose to stray;
And wand'ring near a crystal brook,
He sat him down to hear its nook:
Thus said the shepherd, free from care,
If I this gudgeon could ensnare
Or any of the scaly fry,
I'd envy none below the sky.

His sport was harmless as his mind;
Upon his hand his head reclin'd,

And liſt'ning to the woodlark's note,
He watch'd the motion of its float,
It ſcarce obtain'd a ſingle ſwim,
Ere Cupid round the ſwain did ſkim,
With feather'd wings extended wide,
And ſettled by the ſhepherd's ſide.

The ſwain had heard of bows and darts,
And Cupid's ſnare, that tortur'd hearts,
Became uneaſy at the ſight,
But artfully conceal'd his fright.
"O! pray thee, Cupid! tell, I pray,
What brought thee here ſo ſoon to day?"
"In truth, ſaid he, in ſports like thine,
I hither come to waſte my time."

"If this be true, my pretty boy,
Then leave with me this glitt'ring toy:
I mean the arrow in thy hand;
Then equally we'll ſhare our ſtand."
"Shepherd, I'll give thee any thing:
Here take it, with my bow and ſtring."
The ſwain ſecure his cheek did ſtroke,
And ſlily Cupid's arrow broke.

But, lo! an angel's voice he heard,
When ſoon an angel's form appear'd,
With eyes ſo bright, as poets ſay,
(Should Phœbus ſleep) might rule the day.
The ſhepherd liſten'd to her ſong;
In truth, I fear, he gaz'd too long;
For, as her eyes their beams withdrew,
Her winning looks the ſhepherd flew.

At firſt, he felt th' uncommon ſmart,
And fear'd the boy had ſent a dart;
Then faintly turning, "child," ſaid he,
"This fatal arrow came from thee."
"Shepherd, I ſay, its no ſuch thing:
You had it with my bow and ſtring.

But now, I guess, for whom you smart;
The nymph you saw has pierc'd your heart.

## SONG LXXIV.

HOW imperfect is expression,
Some emotions to impart,
When we mean a soft confession,
And yet seek to hide the heart.
When our bosoms all complying,
With enraptur'd tumults swell,
And beat, what broken, falt'ring, dying,
Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confusion, 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 deceive me!
Once my soul's strong feelings view!
Love has nought more fond, believe me,
Friendship nothing half so true,
From you, I am wild, despairing:
With you, speechless, as I touch,
This is all that bears declaring,
And, perhaps, declares too much.

## SONG LXXV.

FOR various purpose serves the fan,
As thus a decent blind,
Between the sticks to peep at man.
Nor yet betray our mind.
Each action has a meaning plain,

Reſentment's in the ſnap;
A flirt expreſſes ſtrong diſdain,
Conſent a gentle tap.

All paſſions will the fan diſcloſe,
All modes of female art,
And to advantage ſweetly ſhews
The hand if not the heart,
'Tis folly's ſceptre, firſt deſign'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

## SONG LXXVI.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring
Invite the tuneful birds to ſing:
And while they warble from each lay
Love melts the univerſal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,
Like them improve each hour that flies,
And in ſoft raptures ſpend the day
Among the birks of Invermay.

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 the verdant ſhade:
Our taſte of pleaſures then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters are no more;
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The laverocks now with linnets ſing,
The rocks around with echoes ring;
The mavis and the blackbirds vie,
To tuneful ſtrains to glad the ſky.
The woods now wear their ſummer ſuite;
To mirth all nature now invites:

Let us be blithſome then and gay,
Among the birks of Invermay.

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 Invermay.

Hark! how the waters as they fall,
Loudly, my love, to gladneſs call!
The wanton waves ſport in the beams,
The 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 LXXVII.

LET ſchoolmaſters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonſenſe, and learning:
Good liquor, I ſtoutly maintain,
Gives *Genius* a better diſcerning.
Let them brag of their Heatheniſh Gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians:
Their Quis, and their Quæs, and their Quods,
They're all but a parcel of pigeons.
*Torroddle, torroddle, torrol.*

When Methodiſt preachers come down,
A preaching that drinking is ſinful,
I'll wager the ratcals a crown,
They always preach beſt with a ſkinful.
But when you come down with your peace,
For a ſlice of their ſcurvy religion,

I'll leave it to all men of ſenſe,
But you, my good friend, are the Pigeon.
*Torroddle, torroddle torroddle.*

Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever,
Our hearts and our liquors are ſtout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons forever.
Let ſome cry up woodcock or hare,
Your buttards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the birds of the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
*Torroddle, torroddle, torroddle.*

## SONG LXXVIII.

AH! faſhion, wherefore doſt thou ſtill
The female breaſt with anger fill,
And teach ſuch cruel arts?
'Tis thou that bid'ſt the fair conceal
Their glowing charms beneath a veil,
To tantalize our hearts.
O baniſh the bonnet, or draw up the veil,
Crown with ſimplicity each American fair;
No longer their ſmiles and their dimples conceal.
But let us behold them e'n juſt as they are.

Ah! faſhion, 'tis thy ruthleſs pow'r,
That midſt the grove, and in the bow'r,
Of damps ecſtatic bliſs:
For when the nectar we ſhould ſip,
The cobweb flutters on the lip,
And blunts the amorous kiſs.
*O baniſh the bonnet, &c.*

Oh! faſhion, bid the curtain riſe,
That we may feaſt our longing eyes
With dimples and with ſmiles;
Then ev'ry youth ſhall bleſs the ſway,

And to thy precepts homage pay,
Dear goddeſs of our iſles.
*O baniſh the bonnet, &c.*

## SONG LXXIX.

SEE ruddy Aurora begins to appear,
And chaces from hence the dull night;
The huntſmen are up, and the hounds 'gin to cheer:
Ye gods, what a glorious ſight!
Yoicks, Jowler and Sweetlips! hark forward, away!
Tantara, we'll hail the ſweet morn.
To join in ſuch paſtimes no longer delay,
But follow the ſound of the horn.

The fox is unearth'd and the chace is begun;
Purſuing is each hound and ſteed;
He doubles, and tries by his cunning to ſhun
His fate, and now ſkims o'er the mead;
There cloſely purſu'd, by the river he aims
To eſcape to the other ſide lawn;
But alas! he's o'erta'n; and the huntſman proclaims
His death by the ſound of the horn.

Then while all your coxcombs and ſweet ſcented beaux,
Who delight in the noiſe of the town,
Hunt faſhion and folly, and ſuch fooliſh ſhows,
In purſuit of which oft they are thrown;
Like them where ſuch ſtupid dull paſtimes abound,
So idly to waſte time we ſcorn,
But purſue rofy health, whilſt with horſes and hounds
We follow the ſound of the horn.

## SONG LXXX.

WHEN duty call'd I fail'd away,
Still to myself and country true;
And nothing could my heart dismay,
But parting from my charming Sue.

With grief her tender heart was press'd,
And scarcely could I bid adieu:
Her sorrows fill'd my constant heart,
For dear I love my charming Sue.

I kiss'd away the falling tear,
And vow'd I ever would be true;
Then bid her hope and banish fear,
To pacify my charming Sue:

She sigh'd, and wept, and sigh'd again,
But I was forc'd to bid adieu;
Yet, while I sail'd upon the main,
I thought upon my charming Sue.

The whistling winds began to blow,
And dreadful rocks appear'd in view,
Now up aloft, now down below,
Yet still I thought on charming Sue.

For three long years upon the main,
Each toil and danger I went through,
At length, quite tight, return'd again,
I came, and found my charming Sue.

Constant my lovely girl I found;
To me she faithful was, and true;
And having sail'd the world around,
I'm safe in port with charming Sue:

Straight we, to church we crept away
Attended by the jolly crew;

And I am bound to bleſs the day
I ſaw my lovely, charming Sue.

## SONG LXXXI.

WHAT is a poet, Sir? you, Sir? No, Sir?
'Tis this, Sir, I'd have you to know—
Conſtantly writing, Sir,
And his nails biting, Sir,
Oh, he's a wond'rous fellow!

Now in the garret, Sir—high, Sir—high, Sir!
Now in the cellar below;
Xanthine and vapour, Sir—
Pen, ink and paper, Sir,
Oh, he's a wond'rous fellow!

His pockets to fill, Sir—ſtill, Sir—ſtill, Sir—
His noddle he empties—O ho!
Scribbling and ſcrawling, Sir,
Starting and bawling, Sir,
Oh, he's a wond'rous fellow!

## SONG LXXXII.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a girl that will ſociably ſet on my knee,
And a cellar that's plentiful ſtor'd?
*My brave boys, &c.*

My vault door is open'd, deſcend ev'ry gueſt,
Tap that caſk; ay, that wine we will try;
'Tis as ſweet as the lips of your love to the taſte,
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

In a piece of flit hoop I my candl have ſtuck,
I'll light us each bottle to hand;

The foot of my glaſs for the purpoſe I broke,
For I hate that a bumper ſhould ſtand.

Aſtride on a butt, as a butt ſhould be ſtrod,
I ſit my companions among,
Like grape bleſſing Bacchus, the good fellow's god,
And a ſentiment give, or a ſong.

We are dry where we ſit, though the oozing drops ſeem
The moiſt walls with wet pearls to emboſs,
From the arch mouldy cobwebs in Gothic taſte ſtream,
Like ſtucco work cut out of moſs.

My cellar's my camp, my ſoldiers my flaſks,
All gloriouſly rang'd in review;
When I caſt my eyes round, I conſider my caſks
As kingdoms I've yet to ſubdue.

I charge glaſs in hand, and my empire maintain,
No antient more patriot like bled;
Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,
And myſelf for my becks I'll drink dead.

Sound that pipe—'tis in tune, and thoſe bins are well fill'd,
View the heap of Champagne in your rear;
Yon bottles are Burgundy, ſee how they're pil'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier.

'Tis my will, when I die not a tear ſhall be ſhed,
No *Hic jacet* be grav'd on my ſtone;
But pour o'er my coffin a bottle of red,
And write, that *His drinking is done*.

## SONG LXXXIII.

DEAR heart! what a terrible life am I led!
A dog has a better that's ſhelter'd and fed;

Night and day 'tis the ſame,
My pain is dere pame;
Me wiſh to de Lord me was dead.
Whate'er's to be done,
Poor Blacky muſt run;
Mango here, Mango dere,
Mango every where.
Above or below,
Sirrah, come, ſirrah, go;
Do ſo, and do ſo,
Oh! Oh!
Me wiſh to de Lord me was dead.

## SONG LXXXIV.

YE fair, poſſeſs'd of ev'ry charm,
To captivate the will;
Whoſe ſmiles can rage itſelf diſarm,
Whoſe frowns at once can kill.
Say, Will you deign the verſe to hear,
Where flatt'ry bears no part;
An honeſt verſe, that flows ſincere,
And candid from the heart?

Great is your pow'r; but, greater yet
Mankind it might engage:
If, as ye all can make a net,
Ye all could make a cage.
Each nymph a thouſand hearts may take;
For who's to beauty blind?
But to what end a priſoner make,
Unleſs you've ſtrength to bind?

Attend the counſel often told,
Too often told in vain,
Learn that beſt art, the art to hold,
And break the lover's chain.
Coquettes to little purpoſe win,
Who hate again as faſt:

Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
'Tis ſweetneſs makes it laſt.

## SONG LXXXV.

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
Sing, and love, and laugh with me:
Cupid is my theme of ſtory;
'Tis his godſhip's fame and glory.
How all yield unto his law!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

O'er the grave, and o'er the gay,
Cupid takes his ſhare of play:
He makes heroes quit their glory;
He's the god moſt fam'd in ſtory;
Bending them unto his law!
*Ha! ha! &c.*

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
Without pity—piercing hearts:
Cupid triumphs over paſſions,
Not regarding modes or faſhions.
Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law!
*Ha! ha! &c.*

Some may think theſe lines not true;
But they're facts—'twixt me and you:
Then, ye maids and men, be wary
How you meet before you marry.
Cupid's will is ſolely law.
*Ha! ha! &c.*

## SONG LXXXVI.

THE laſt time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me;
[illegible] What ſighs do I endure,
[illegible] mind me?

Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd
The beaming day enſuing,
I met, betimes, my lovely maid
In it retreat for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtely ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd time away,
Till night ſpread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the ſkies,
Ev'n kings, when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal ſteel may wound me;
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſurround me;
Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,
Shall make my cares at diſtance move,
In proſpect of ſuch bliſſes.

In all my ſoul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since ſhe excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love ſhall centre:
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
The waves the Alps ſhall cover,
On Greenland's ice ſhall roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She ſhall a lover find me,
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's ſacred bands ſhall chain
My heart to her fair boſom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

## SONG LXXXVII.

WHEN I was a young one, What girl was like me?
So wanton so airy, and brisk as a bee;
I tattled, I rambled, 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, dress'd out in my silks 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 peevish, he'd quarrel for straws;
And jealous—though truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me—but let me alone;
Read Pue a tongue—and I paid him his own:
Ye wives take the hint; and when spouse is untow'rd,
Stand firm to your 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!
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 sitting mum chance;
I still love a tune, though unable to dance;
And, books of devotion laid by on the shelf,
I teach that to others, I once did myself.

## SONG LXXXVIII.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses,
Noble deeds are done by wine;
Scorn the nymph, and all her graces,
Who'd for love or beauty pine?

Look within the bowl that's flowing,
And a thouſand charms you'll find,
More than Phillis has, tho' going
In a moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking,
Drank about at council board;
He ſubdu'd the world by drinking
More than by his conqu'ring ſword.

## SONG LXXXIX.

DEAR Chloe, while the buſy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy and the proud
In folly's maze advance;
Though ſingularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll ſtep aſide,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noiſy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling ſtranger near,
To ſpoil our heart felt joys.

If ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſts this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to beſtow,
From our own ſelves our joys muſt flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of reſt was Noah's Dove bereft,
When with impatient wings ſhe left
That ſafe retreat, the Ark;
Giving her vain excurſions o'er,
The diſappointed bird once more,
Explor'd the ſacred bark.

Though fools ſpurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By ſweet experience know,
That marriage rightly underſtood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradiſe below.

Our babes ſhall richeſt comforts bring,
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a ſpring,
Whence pleaſures ever riſe;
We'll form their minds, with ſtudious care,
To all that's manly, good and fair,
And train them for the ſkies.

While they our wiſeſt hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, ſupport our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondeſt loves repay,
And recompence our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot;
Monarchs! we envy not your ſtate,
We look with pity on the great,
And bleſs our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may ſuffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has ſent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For tho' our ſtock be very ſmall,
'Tis Providence to enjoy it all,
If we poſſeſs the preſent hour.

To be reſign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n;
Dear Chloe, this is wiſdom's part,
This is that incenſe of the heart,
Whoſe fragrance ſmells to heav'n.

We'll aſk no long protracted treat.
(Since Winter's life is ſeldom ſweet;)
But when our feaſt is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll ariſe,
Nor grudge our ſons with envious eyes;
The relics of our ſtore.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go,
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe,
With cautious ſteps we'll tread;
Quit its vain ſcenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conſcience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts ceaſe,
Like a kind angel, whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of death.

## SONG XC.

WHEN bluſhes dy'd the cheeks of morn,
And dew drops glitten'd on the thorn;
When ſky larks tun'd their carols ſweet,
To hail the god of light and heat;
Philander, from his downy bed,
To fair Liſetta's chamber ſped,
Crying, Awake! ſweet love of mine,
I'm come to be thy Valentine.

Soft love that balmy ſleep denies,
Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,
Which, that a kiſs ſhe might obtain,
She artfully had clos'd again.
He ſunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,
Like Phœbus into Thetis lap,
And ſoon forgot that his deſign
Was but to be her Valentine.

She ſtarting cry'd, "I am undone;
Philander, charming youth, begone!
For this time, to your vows ſincere,
Make virtue, not yourſelf, appear;
No ſleep has clos'd theſe watchful eyes
Forgive the ſimple, fond diſguiſe:
To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,
And be, my faithful Valentine."

The ſelfiſh paſſion ſudden fled—
Fair honour govern'd in its ſtead;
And both agreed, ere ſetting ſun,
To join two virtuous hearts in one.
Their beauteous offspring ſoon did prove
The ſweet effects of mutual love,
And, from that hour to life's decline,
She bleſs'd the day of Valentine.

## SONG XCI.

MUSIC, how pow'rful is thy charm!
That can the fierceſt rage diſarm,
Calm paſſion in a human breaſt,
And lull ev'n jealouſy to reſt;
With amorous thoughts the ſoul inſpire,
Or kindle up a warlike fire.
*So great is muſic's pow'r!*

Amphion, with his tuneful lyre,
Could rocks remove, and ſtones inſpire,
Command [illegible]

And lofty buildings touch the ſkies;
While ſtones, obedient to his call,
Harmonious mov'd, and form'd a wall.

Arion, from his veſſel caſt,
In ſafety o'er the ſeas he paſt,
For, mounted like the ocean's god,
Upon a dolphin's back he rode,
Whilſt ſhoals of fiſhes flock'd around,
Well pleas'd drank in the charming ſound.

Sad Orpheus, through hell's dreary coaſt,
Was ſeeking for his conſort loſt,
His muſic drew the ghoſts along,
And furies liſten'd to his ſong;
His ſong could Charon's rage diſarm,
And Pluto and his conſort charm.

Inflam'd by muſic ſoldiers fight,
Inſpir'd by muſic poets write;
Muſic can heal the lover's wounds,
And calm fierce rage by gentle ſounds;
Philoſophy attempts in vain,
What muſic can with eaſe attain.
*So great is muſic's pow'r.*

## SONG XCII.

GALLANTS attend, and hear a friend,
Trill forth harmonious ditty:
Strange things I'll tell, which late befel
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets ſay,
But when the ſun was riſing,
A ſoldier ſtood, on log of wood,
And ſaw a ſight ſurpriſing.

As in a maze, he ſtood to gaze,
The truth can't be deni'd, ſir,

He ſpy'd a ſcore—of kegs or more,
Come floating down the tide, ſir.

A ſailor too, in jerkin blue,
The ſtrange appearance viewing,
Firſt damn'd his eyes, in great ſurpriſe,
Then ſaid—ſome miſchief's brewing.

These Kegs now hold the rebels bold,
Pack'd up like pickled herring:
And theyr'e come down t'attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying.

The ſoldier flew, the ſailor too,
And, fear'd almoſt to death, ſir,
Wore out their ſhoes, to ſpread the news,
And ran till out of breath, ſir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Moſt frantic ſcenes were acted;
And ſome ran here, and ſome ran there
Like men almoſt diſtracted.

Some fire cry'd which ſome deny'd
But ſaid the earth had quaked:
And girls and boys, with hideous noiſe,
Ran through the town half naked.

Sir William he, ſnug as a flea,
Lay all this time a ſnoring,
Nor dreamt of harm, as he lay warm
In bed with Mrs. L——g.

Now in affright, he ſtarts upright,
Awak'd by ſuch a clatter:
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
"For God's ſake what's the matter?"

At his bed ſide, he then eſpy'd
Sir Erskine at command, &c.

Upon one foot he had one boot,
And t'other in his hand, sir.

Arise! Arise! Sir Erskine cries.
The rebels—more's the pity—
Without a boat are all on float,
And rang'd before the city.

The motly crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, Sir,
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden Kegs,
Come driving down the tide, Sir.

Therefore prepare for bloody war;
These Kegs must all be routed:
Or surely we despis'd shall be;
And British courage doubted.

The royal band now ready stand,
All rang'd in dread array, Sir,
With stomach stout, to see it out,
And make a bloody day, Sir

The cannons roar, from shore to shore:
The small arms make a rattle:
Since wars began, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel vales, the rebel dales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills, and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter:
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay,
'Mongst folks above the water.

The Kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,

Could not oppoſe their pow'rful foes,
The conq'ring Britiſh troops, ſir.

From morn to night theſe men of mi[illegible]
Diſplay'd amazing courage;
And when the ſun was fairly down,
Retir'd to ſup their porridge.

An hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, ſir,
It is moſt true, would be too low
Their valour to record, ſir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Upon theſe wicked KEGS, ſir;
That years to come if they get home,
They'll make their boaſts and brags, ſir.

## SONG XCIII.

LOOK, dear Ma'am, I'm quite the thing,
Natibus hey, tipity ho.
In my ſhoe I wear a ſtring,
Plaidy my Tartan ho:
Cards and dice I've monſtrous luck;
Tho' no drake, yet keep a duck;
Tho' no Nimrod, yet I'm a buck.
Lantherum ſwaſh kickee.

I've a purſe well ſtock'd with — braſs,
Chinckily hee, chinckily ho;
I've good eyes, yet cock my glaſs,
Stare about ſquintum ho.
In two boots I boldly walk,
Piſtol, ſword, I never baulk,
Meet my man and bravely talk,
Peppilus, pop, coupee.

Sometimes I mount a ſmart cockade,
Puppydum hey, ſtruttledom ho,

From Hyde Park to the parade,
Cockmacary kee:
And I paſs a centry box,
[illegible]iers reſt their bright firelocks,
[illegible] about his muſquet knocks,
Rattledum dap to me.

In the mall miſs gives her card,
Caſhady me, kiſſady ſhe,
Set before the palace yard,
Leggerum lounge a row:
Prettieſt things I ſoftly ſay,
When I'm ask'd our chairs to pay,
Yes, ſays I, and walk away.
Penny bus, farthing ho.

## SONG XCIV.

HOW bright are the joys of the table;
I mean, when the cloth is remov'd:
Our hearts are faſt held by a cable,
While round the decanter is ſhov'd.
The ladies all riſe to retire,
We ſtand up, and look very grave,
A bumper:—Then draw round the fire,
Determined like ſouls to behave.

My ſervant, he knows I'm a toper,
Clean glaſſes of wine a recruit,
He brings in a ſix bottle cooper,
And places it cloſe to my foot.
I gingerly take up a bottle,
The ſaw duſt I puff from his coat,
The cork out, he ſings in the throttle,
But ſweeter than Mara his note.

What gentleman coffee now chuſes?
The compliment come from the fair,
No gentleman coffee refuſes,
But not a man ſtirs from his chair;

Tho' Frenchmen may do ſo, I bar it,
With Britiſh politeneſs, I think,
While Monſieur we thank for his claret,
He never ſhall teach us to drink.

Gay Hebe now ſhows in Apollo,
A ſtruggle 'twixt claret and wit,
For Bacchus inſiſts he ſhall ſwallow
Six bumpers before he may ſit:
Ye fair, why ſo ill ſhould we treat you,
Go part ere the bottle is won!
At ſupper Apollo ſhall meet you,
And ſhow you what Bacchus has done,

## SONG XCV.

IN choice of a huſband we widows are nice,
I'd not have a man who'd grow old in a trice,
Not a bear, or a monkey, a clown, or a fop,
But one that could buſtle and ſtir in my ſhop.

A log I'll avoid, when I'm chooſing my lad,
And a ſtork that might gabble up all that I had:
Such ſuiters I've had, Sir, but off they might hop,
I want one that can buſtle and ſtir in my ſhop.

The lad in my eye, is the man to my mind,
So handſome, ſo young, ſo polite, and ſo kind,
With ſuch a good ſoul to the altar I'd pop,
He's the man that can buſtle and ſtir in my ſhop.

## SONG XCVI.

WHILE ſome do love full bowls of quaff,
Some like a dog and gun, O!
But I, a cheerful, hearty laugh;
Give me a bit of fun, O!

For I'll ſmile and jeſt, and do my beſt,
While life's hour glaſs doth run, O!

And while I can, tho' an old man,
I'll have a bit of fun, O!

I lik'd a laſs both briſk and gay,
And after her did run, O!
Then whiſper'd ſomething in her ear,
For I lov'd a bit of fun, O!

So ripe for ſport and bliſs was ſhe,
I thought the buſineſs done, O!
But when I feign would happy be,
Says ſhe, you're making fun, O!

So with laugh, and joke, and mirth, and ſong,
At length her heart I won O!
And then to church we went along,
And at night we had ſome fun O!

## SONG XCVII.

FRUIT of Aurora's tears, fair roſe,
On whoſe ſoft leaves fond Zephyrs play,
Oh! queen of flow'rs, thy buds diſcloſe,
And give thy fragrance to the day;
Unveil thy tranſient charms:--ah, no!
A little be thy bloom delay'd,
Since the ſame hour that bids thee blow
Shall ſee thee droop thy languid head.

But go! and on Themira's breaſt
Find, happy flow'r, thy throne and tomb;
While, jealous of a fate ſo bleſt,
How ſhall I envy thee thy doom!
Should ſome rude hand approach thee there,
Guard the ſweet ſhrine thou wilt adorn;
Ah! puniſh thoſe who rudely dare,
And for my rivals keep thy thorn.

Love ſhall himſelf thy boughs compoſe,
And bid thy wanton leaves divide;
He'll ſhew thee how, my lovely roſe,
To deck her boſom, not to hide:
And thou ſhalt tell the cruel maid
How frail are Youth and Beauty's charms,
And teach her, ere her own ſhall fade,
To give them to her lover's arms.

## SONG XCVII.

DOES Pity give, tho' Fate denies,
And to my wounds her balm impart!
O ſpeak! with thoſe expreſſive eyes;
Let one low ſigh eſcape thine heart.

The gazing croud ſhall never gueſs
What anxious, watchful love can ſee;
Nor know what thoſe ſoft looks expreſs,
Nor dream that ſigh is meant for me.

Ah! words are uſeleſs, words are vain,
Thy gen'rous ſympathy to prove;
And well, that ſigh, thoſe looks explain,
That Clara mourns my hapleſs love.

## SONG XCVIII.

AS the Mole's ſilent ſtream crept penſive along,
And the winds murmur'd, ſolemn, the willows among,
On the green turf, complaining, a ſwain lay reclin'd,
And wept to the river and ſigh'd to the wind.

In vain, he cry'd, Nature has waken'd the ſpring,
In vain blooms the vi'let, the nightingales ſing;
To a heart full of ſorrow no beauties appear,
Each zephyr's a ſigh, and each dewdrop's a tear.

In vain my SOPHIA has graces to move
The faireſt to envy, the wiſeſt to love;
Her preſence no longer gives joy to my eye,
Since without her to live is more pain than to die.

Oh! that Slumber his pinions would over me ſpread,
And paint but her image in dreams in her ſtead;
The beautiful viſion would ſoften my pain,
But ſleep's a relief I ſolicit in vain.

The wretch thus like me, his heart wounded with care,
Is deluded by hope, and undone by deſpair;
His pains, ever working, deny him repoſe,
And the moments but vary to vary his woes.

## SONG XCIX.

THOU dear ſeducer of my heart,
Fond cauſe of ev'ry ſtruggling ſigh,
No more can I conceal Love's ſmart,
No more reſtrain the ardent eye.

What though this tongue did never move,
To tell thee all its maſter's pain;
Mine eyes, my looks have ſpoke my love—
ELVINA, ſhall they ſpeak in vain?

For, ſtill, imagination warm,
Preſents thee at the noontide beam,
And ſleep gives back thy angel form,
To claſp thee in the midnight dream.

ELVINA, though no ſplendid ſtore
I boaſt, a venal heart to move,
Yet, charmer, I am far from poor—
For I am more than rich in love!

Pulſe of my beating heart Shall all
My gay, ſeducing, hopes be fled?—

Unheeded, wilt thou ſee me fall?—
Without a tear, behold me dead?

I'll make a cradle of this breaſt.
Thy image all its child ſhall be;
My throbbing heart ſhall rock to reſt
The cares that waſte my life and me!

## SONG C.

OH! how could I venture to love one like thee?
Or you not deſpiſe a poor Conqueſt like me!
On Titles and Ribbands you look'd with diſdain,
And knew I was nothing—yet pitied my pain.

You ſaid, when they teaz'd you with nonſenſe and dreſs,
When real's the paſſion—the vanity's leſs;—
You ſaw thro' my ſilence which others deſpiſe,
And while beaux were trifling, read love in my eyes.

In vain would I praiſe you, or ſtrive to reveal,
Too nice for expreſſion, what only we feel;
In all that you do—in each look, in each mien,
The Graces in waiting, adorn you, unſeen.

When I ſee you, I love you—and, hearing, adore—
I wonder, and think you a woman no more;
'Till mad with admiring, I cannot refrain,
And kiſſing thoſe lips—you grow woman again.

With thee in my boſom, How can I deſpair?
I'll gaze on thy beauty - and look away care;
I'll aſk thy advice, when with trouble oppreſs'd,
Which never diſpleaſes, but always is bleſt.

In all that I write, I'll thy judgment require,
Thy taſte ſhall correct, what thy love did inſpire;
I'll kiſs and careſs thee, till youth is no more,
And live on thy friendſhip, when paſſion is o'er.

## SONG CI.

WHEN firſt, upon your tender cheek,
I ſaw the morn of beauty break,
With mild and chearing beam,
I bow'd before your infant ſhrine,
The earlieſt ſighs you had were mine,
And you my darling theme.

I ſaw you, in that op'ning morn,
For Beauty's boundleſs empire born,
And firſt confeſs'd your ſway;
And ere your thoughts, devoid of art,
Could learn the value of a heart,
I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of ev'ry grace,
And gaz'd upon that angel face,
While yet 'twas ſafe to gaze;
And fondly bleſt each riſing charm,
Nor thought ſuch innocence could harm
The peace of future days.

But now, deſpotic, o'er the plains
The awful noon of beauty reigns,
And kneeling crowds adore;
Theſe charms ariſe too fiercely bright,
Danger and death attend the ſight,
And I muſt hope no more.

Thus, to the riſing God of day,
Their [illegible]ly vows the Perſians pay,
And bleſs the ſpreading fire;
Whoſe glowing chariot, mounting ſoon,
Pours on their heads the burning noon,
They ſicken and expire.

## SONG CII.

LONG time I ſerv'd young Roſalind,
But when her pow'r ſhe knew;
The little tyrant grew unkind,
And I my love withdrew.

Now anger all my boſom ſway'd,
Pride fortify'd my ſoul;
I ſwore—but from her ambuſcade,
The little wheedler ſtole.

I view'd her face, I paus'd a while,
I heard and was reprov'd;
She coax'd me to her with a ſmile,
I kiſs'd her, and I lov'd.

When beauteous Roſalind commands,
How weak th' eſſays of men!
She frown'd, I broke Love's ſilken bands,
She ſmil'd, I lov'd again.

But yet, ye fair, be not inclin'd,
Like her your pow'r to prove;
Few nymphs can charm like Roſalind,
Few ſwains like me can love.

## SONG CIII.

LET eloquence boaſt of her pow'r to perſuade,
Her lightnings that flaſh, and her thunders that roll,
But the converſe of lovers requires not her aid,
'Tis the language of looks that ſpeaks home to the ſoul.

Let harmony, vain of her influence, boaſt
How hearts to exalt, to depreſs, to entrance:

But let EYES meet in concert, her magic is loſt,
And the muſic of ſpheres is ſubdu'd by a glance.

Let poets from heav'n their ſweet numbers derive,
Let Lyttleton's ſtrains be ſtill prais'd by the throng;
But the EYES of the poet's fair theme, when alive,
Would, truſt me, have look'd, what had vanquiſh'd the ſong.

Look on then, bleſt pair, look unſpeakable things,
Nor renounce the beſt gift that to lovers is giv'n;
A Linley and Bach may make concerts for kings
Two pair of fond EYES are a concert for heav'n!

## SONG CIV.

FROM yonder copſe yet poor in ſhade,
And faintly clad with green;
Why burſt ſuch notes to cheer the glade,
And praiſe the ſeaſon's queen.

Each breeze, each flow'r that glads the ſenſe,
To us new raptures bring;
But do theſe warblers learn from hence,
To hail the coming SPRING.

Ah! no, they little mark the flow'r,
They little heed the breeze;
Nor early beam nor genial ſhow'r,
Can call ſuch ſtrains as theſe:

But with their annual paſſion mov'd,
'Tis Love that bids 'em ſing;
And ſtill to love and be belov'd,
Is all they feel of SPRING.

Shall I then life's chill winter fear,
Whoſe bliſs no ſeaſons bound;

Shall I who love throughout the year,
One hour in grief be found.

A life of love is endleſs May;
Fortune, I brave thy ſting;
For though thou ſhould'ſt o'ercaſt my day,
Each night will ſtill be SPRING.

## SONG CV.

AS you mean to ſet ſail for the land of delight,
And in wedlock's ſoft hammock to ſwing ev'ry night;
If you hope that your voyage ſucceſsful ſhould prove,
Fill your ſails with affection, your cabbin with love.
*Fill your ſails, &c.*

Let your heart like the mainmaſt be ever upright,
And the union you boaſt like our tackle be tight,
Of the ſhoals of indifference be ſure to keep clear,
And the quickſands of jealouſy never come near.
*And the quickſands, &c.*

If huſbands e'er hope to lead peaceable lives,
They muſt reckon themſelves, give the helm to their wives,
For the evener we go boys, the better we ſail,
And on ſhipboard the head is ſtill rul'd by the tail.
*And on ſhipboard, &c.*

Then liſt to your pilot my boys and be wiſe,
If my precepts you ſcorn, and my maxims deſpiſe,
A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,
And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.
*And a hundred, &c.*

## SONG CVI.

POOR JACK—As Sung at the *Hay Market Theatre*, Boſton, by Mr. WILLIAMSON.

GO, patter to lubbers and ſwabs, d'ye ſee,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight water boat, and good ſea room give me,
And t'ent to a little I'll ſtrike.

Though the tempeſt top gallant maſts ſmack ſmooth ſhould ſmite,
And ſhiver each ſplinter of wood, [thing tight
Clear the wreck, ſtow the yards, and bowſe every
And under reef'd foreſail we'll ſcud.

Avaſt, nor don't think me a milk ſop ſo ſoft,
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they ſay there's a Providence ſits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard our good chaplain palaver one day,
About ſouls, heaven, mercy and ſuch;
And, my timbers, what lingo he'd coil and belay!
Why, 'twas juſt all as one as High Dutch.

But he ſaid how a ſparrow can't founder, d'ye ſee,
Without orders that comes down below,
And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow;

For ſays he, do you mind me, let ſtorms e'er ſo oft
Take the top ſails of ſailors aback:
There's a ſweet little cherub that ſits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I ſaid to our Poll, (for, d'ye ſee, ſhe would cry,)
When laſt we weigh'd anchor for ſea,
What argufies ſniv'ling, and piping your eye?
Why, what a damn'd fool you muſt be!

Can't you ſee the world's wide, and there's room for us all
Both for ſeamen and lubbers aſhore; [us all

And if to Old Davy I ſhould go, friend Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more.

What then? all's a hazard—come, don't be ſo ſoft;
Perhaps I may laughing come back?
For, d'ye ſee, there's a cherub ſits ſmiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a ſailor ſhould be ev'ry inch
All as one as a piece of his ſhip;
And with her brave the world, without off'ring to
From the moment the anchor's atrip. [flinch

As for me, in all weathers, all times, ſides and ends,
Nought's a trouble my duty elates;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rino's my friends;
And, as for my life, 'tis the State's.

E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me ſo ſoft
As with grief to be taken aback;
That ſame little cherub that ſits up aloft,
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

## SONG CVII.

YE gents, give ear to me, I pray,
I am a barking barber,
The beſt accommodation have,
Keen razors and hot lather.
Pray walk into my noted ſhop,
I ſhave as clean as any;
And when I've done it to your mind,
Will charge you but a penny.
*Bow, wow, wow,*
*I am a barking barber,*
*Bow wow, wow.*

Ye ragged pates, your hair I'll crop,
And dreſs it vaſtly pretty;

Or if your blocks are bare, walk in,
I warrant I can fit ye,
With bag or queue, or long pig tail,
Or bushy wig, or grizzled,
So well bepowder'd, clean, and white,
And eke so nicely frizzled.
*Bow, wow, &c.*

My shop, well furnish'd out with blocks,
Becomes an exhibition,
Of heads of ev'ry age and kind,
And every condition:
A lawyer's head without a quirk,
Without chicane, a proctor's;
A lady's head without a tongue,
Without a nostrum doctor's.
*Bow, wow, &c.*

A poet's head without a rhyme,
A wit's too without punning;
Without a crotchet fid'ler's head,
A jockey's without cunning;
A cuckold's head devoid of horns,
His wife's without invention;
A barber's head without his brains,
And others I could mention.
*Bow, wow, &c.*

And let none of the wicked wits
Despise my occupation,
The greater always shave the less,
In ev'ry rank and station:
The rich will ever shave the poor,
The MINISTER, an't please ye,
Well lathers you with promises,
Then shaves you mighty easy.
*Bow, wow, &c.*

And shavers clean I trow there are
Of every profession;

But pardon now, my cuſtomers,
This whimſical digreſſion;
And walk into my noted ſhop,
I ſhave as clean as any;
And when I've done it to your mind,
Will charge you but a penny.
*Bow, wow, &c.*

## SONG CVIII.

WHAT's a valiant hero?
Beat the drum,
He'll come—*Row de dow, &c.*

Nothing does he fear, O!
Riſks his life,
While the fife — — —
*Twittle, twittle, twero;*
*Row de dow, de dow,*
*Twittle, twittle, twero;*

Havock ſplits his ear, O!
Groans abound,
Trumpets ſound;
*Ran tan, tan ta, rero,*
*Twittle, twittle, twero.*

Then the ſcars he'll bear O!
Muſquets roar,
Small ſhot pour;
*Rat a tat, too, tero,*
*Pop, pop, pop,*
*Twittle, twittle, twero.*

What brings up the rear, O!
In comes Death,
Stops his breath,
Good bye, valiant hero!
*Twittle, twittle, rat a tat;*
*Pop, pop, pop; Row de dow, &c.*

## SONG CIX.

WHAT a charming thing's a battle!
Trumpets ſounding, drums a beating;
Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle;
Ev'ry heart with joy elating:
With what pleaſure we are ſpying,
From the front, and from the rear,
Round us in the ſmoky air,
Heads and limbs, and bullets flying!
Then the groans of ſoldiers dying,
Juſt like ſparrows, as it were,
At each pop
Hundreds drop,
While the muſkets prittle prattle;
Kill'd and wounded
Lie confounded;
What a charming thing's a battle!

But the pleaſant joke of all,
Is when to cloſe attack we fall,
Like mad bulls each other butting,
Shooting, ſtabbing, maiming, cutting;
Horſe and foot,
All go to't;
Kill's the word, both men and cattle;
Then to plunder:
Blood and thunder,
What a charming thing's a battle.

## SONG CX.

LORD! What care I for mam or dad?
Why let them ſcold and bellow:
For while I live I'll love my lad,
He's ſuch a charming fellow.

The laſt fair day, on yonder green,
The youth he danc'd ſo well O!

So ſpruce a lad was never ſeen,
As my ſweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come
The lad was ſomewhat mellow,
Says he, my dear, I'll ſee you home—
I thank'd the charming fellow!

We trudg'd along the moon ſhone bright,
Says he, my ſweeteſt Nello!
I'll kiſs you here by this good light,
Lord what a charming fellow!

You rogue, ſays I, you've ſtop't my breath
Ye bells ring out my knell O!
Again I'd die ſo ſweet a death
With ſuch a charming fellow.

## SONG CXI.

A SAILOR's life's a life of woe,
He works now late, now early
Now up and down, now to and fro,
What then? he takes it cheerly.
Bleſs'd with a ſmiling can of grog,
If duty call,
Stand, riſe or fall,
To fate's laſt verge he'll jog;
The cadge to weigh,
The ſheets belay,
He does it with a wiſh;
To heave the lead,
Or to cat head
The pond'rous anchor fiſh.
For while the grog goes round,
All ſenſe of danger's drown'd,
We deſpiſe it to a man:
*We ſing a little, and laugh a little,*
*And work a little, and ſwear a little,*
*And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,*
*And ſwig the flowing can.*

If howling winds and roaring ſeas,
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the ſtorm, our hearts at eaſe,
For Jack's to fear a ſtranger.
Bleſs'd with the ſmiling grog we fly
Where now below
We headlong go,
Now riſe on mountains high;
Spite of the gale,
We hand the ſail,
Or take the needful reef;
Or man the deck.
Or clear ſome wreck,
To give the ſhip relief:
Though perils threat around,
All ſenſe of danger drown'd
We deſpiſe it to a man:
*We ſing a little, &c.*

But yet think not our caſe is hard,
Though ſtorms at ſea thus treat us!
For coming home, (a ſweet reward!)
With ſmiles our ſweethearts greet us.
Now too the friendly grog we quaff,
Our am'rous toaſt,
Her we love moſt,
And gaily ſing and laugh;
The ſails we furl,
Then for each girl,
The petticoat diſplay;
The deck we clear,
Then three times cheer,
As we their charms ſurvey:
And then the grog goes round,
All ſenſe of danger drown'd,
We deſpiſe it to a man.
*We ſing a little, &c.*

## SONG CXII.

NO care beyond the morrow!
In heat or cold, in wet or dry,
I never grumbled, no, not I,
My wife, 'tis true, loves words a few,
*My wife, &c.*
What then? I let her prate;
*What then? &c.*

For ſometimes ſmooth, and ſometimes rough,
I found myſelf ſtill rich enough,
In the joys of an humble ſtate.
*For ſometimes ſmooth, &c.*

But when with law I craz'd my head,
I loſt both peace and pleaſure—
Long ſays to hear,
To ſearch and ſwear,
And plague beyond all meaſure.

One grievance brought another on,
My debts increaſe, my flock is gone;
My wife, ſhe ſays,
Our means 'twill raiſe,
What then? 'tis idle prate.
*For ſometimes ſmooth, &c.*

## SONG CXIII.

The HOBBIES—Written and Sung by Mr. WILLIAMSON at the *Hay Market Theatre*, Boſton, with Univerſal Applauſe.

ATTENTION pray give, while of Hobbies I ſing;
For each has his hobby, from cobler to king:
On ſome fav'rite hobby we all get aſtride,
And when we're once mounted full gallop we ride.
All on hobbies, All on hobbies, All on hobies,
Gee up, gee O.

Some hobbies are reſtive and hard for to govern,
E'en juſt like our wives, they're ſo curſedly ſtubborn;
The hobbies of Scolds are their huſbands to teaze,
And the hobbies of Lawyers are plenty of fees.
*All on hobbies, &c.*

The Beaux, thoſe ſweet gentlemen's hobbies, good lack!
Is to wear great large poultices ty'd round the neck;
And they think in the ton and the tippey they're dreſt,
If they've breeches that reach from the ancles to cheſt.
*All on hobbies, &c.*

The hobbies of Sailors when ſafe moor'd in port,
With their wives and their ſweethearts to toy and to ſport,
When our navy's completed, their hobby ſhall be
To ſhew the whole world that America's free.
*All on hobbies, &c.*

The hobbies of Soldiers, in time of great wars,
Are breaches and battles, with blood wounds and ſcars;
But in peace you'll obſerve that quite diff'rent their trade is—
The hobbies of Soldiers in peace, are the ladies.
*All on hobbies, &c.*

The Ladies, ſweet creatures, yes, they now and then
Get aſtride of their hobbies, ay, juſt like the men;
With ſmiles and with ſimpers beguile us with eaſe,
And we gallop, trot, amble, e'en, juſt as they pleaſe.
*All on hobbies, &c.*

The American's hobby has long ſince been known;
No tyrant or king ſhall from them have a throne:
Their States are united, and let it be ſaid
Their hobby is WASHINGTON, Peace, and Free Trade.
*All on hobbies, &c.*

## SONG CXIV.

I THOUGHT our quarrels ended,
And ſet my heart at eaſe,
'Tis ſtrange you're thus offended;
You take delight to teize;
Yes, yes, you take delight to teize.
Dear Sir, decide the ſtrife,
Betwixt your child and wife;
Alas! the grief I feel,
I dare not to reveal.
I know that you believe,
For Frederic's loſs I grieve,
Pſho! pſho! pſho! pſho! very well, as you pleaſe,
Very well, very well, think as you pleaſe.

In vain, I'm always ſtriving,
To make our diff'rence ceaſe,
If you're diſputes contriving,
And will not live in peace;
No, no, you will not live in peace:
I'm vex'd, dear Sir, for you;
But ſay, What can I do?
To none I can complain.
*I know that you believe, &c.*

## SONG CXV.

THREE years a ſailor's life I led,
And plough'd the roaring ſea!
For, Why her foes ſhould England dread,
Whilſt all her ſons are free?
From France to Spain I earn'd my bread;
I thought it fair, d'ye ſee?
And if a ſhot had ta'en my head,
Why, there was an end of me.

A medicine ſure for grief and care,
I ſteer'd my courſe to find;

Thenceforth an eaſy ſail to bear,
And run before the wind.
Their conj'ring ſkill let doctors boaſt,
And noſtrums of their ſhop,
Where'er we ſearch, from coaſt to coaſt,
There's none like the golden drop.

For gold we ſail the world around,
And dare the tempeſt's rage,
For when the ſparklers once are found,
They ev'ry ill aſſuage.
'Twixt Jew and chriſtian not a fig
Of difference here we find,
The Jew no loathing has to pig,
If 'tis of the guinea kind.

## SONG CXVI.

OUR immortal poet's page
Says that all the world's a ſtage,
And that men, with all their airs,
Are nothing more than players:
Each uſing ſkill and art,
In his turn to tap his part.
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.
Enter here,
Exit there,
Stand in view,
Mind your cue.
High down, ho down, derry, derry down,
All to fill up this farcial ſcene, O.

Firſt the infant in the lap,
Mewling, pewling with its pap,
Like a chicken that we truſs,
Is ſwaddled by its nurſe,
Who to pleaſe the puppet tries,
As it giggles, and it cries.
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.

Huſh abye,
Wipe an eye,
Kiſſe pretty,
Suck a tetty.
*High down, he down, &c.*

Then the pretty babe of grace,
With his ſhining morning face,
And ſatchel on his back,
To ſchool, alas! muſt pack;
But like a ſnail he creeps,
And for bloody Monday weeps.
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.
Book miſlaid,
Truant play'd,
Rod in pickle,
Rump to tickle,
*High down, he down, &c.*

Then the lover next appears,
Sous'd over head and ears,
Like a lobſter on the fire,
Sighing ready to expire;
With a deep hole in his heart,
Through which you may drive a cart,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.
Beauty ſpurns him;
Paſſion burns him,
Like a wizard,
Gutts and gizzard.
*High down, he down, &c.*

Then the ſoldier, ripe for plunder,
Breathing ſlaughter, blood and thunder,
Like a cat among the mice,
Kicks a duſt up in a trice;
And talks of ſhatter'd brains,
Scatter'd limbs and ſtreaming veins.
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.
Fight and fly,
Run and die,

Pop and pelter,
Helter, ſkelter.
*High down, he down, &c.*

Then the juſtice in his chair,
With broad and vacant ſtare;
His wig of formal cut,
And belly like a butt;
Well lined with turtle haſh,
Callipee and callipaſh.
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.
Baud and trull,
Pimp or cull,
At his nod,
Go to quod,
*High down, he down, &c.*

Then the ſlipper'd pantaloon,
In life's dull afternoon,
With ſpectacles on noſe;
Shrunk ſhank in youthful hoſe:
His voice once big and round,
Now whiſtling in the ſound:
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.
Body bent,
Vigour ſpent,
Shaking noddle,
Widdle, waddle,
*High down, he down, &c.*

At laſt to end the play,
Second childhood leads the way,
And like ſheep that's got the rot,
All our ſenſes go to pot.
So death amongſt us pops,
And down the curtain drops.
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.
Then the coffin,
We move off in,
While the bell
Tolls the knell,

Of high, and low, down into the cold ground,
All to finiſh this farcical ſcene, O.

## SONG CXVII.

NANCY or the SAILOR's JOURNAL—Sung by Mr. WILLIAMSON, at the *Hay Market Theatre*, Boſton, with Univerſal Applauſe.

'TWAS paſt meridian, half paſt four,
By ſignal I from Nancy parted;
At ſix, ſhe linger'd on the ſhore,
With uplift hands, and broken hearted.
At ſev'n, while taughtening the fore ſtay,
I ſaw her faint, or elſe 'twas fancy;
At eight, we all got under way,
And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
While careleſs ſailors, ever cheery,
On the mid watch ſo jovial ſung,
With tempers labour cannot weary.
I little to their mirth inclin'd,
While tender thoughts ruſh'd on my fancy,
And my warm ſighs increas'd the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arriv'd that jovial night,
When every true bred tar carouſes;
When, o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toaſt their ſweethearts and their ſpouſes.
Round went the cap[illegible] jeſt, the glee,
While tender wiſhes fill'd each fancy,
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heav'd 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 within 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.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
Scarce 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 light'ning, ruſh'd on every fancy,
To Providence I truſted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought of Nancy.

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

## SONG CXVIII.

ARABELLA—As Sung at the *Hay Market Theatre*, Boſton, by Mr. WILLIAMSON.

SAY, Have you ſeen my Arabell?
The Caledonian maid,
Or heard the youths of Scotland tell,
Where Arabell has ſtray'd?
The damſel is of angel mien,
With ſad and downcaſt eyes;
The Shepherds call her, ſorrow's queen,
So penſively ſhe ſighs.

But why her ſighs ſo ſadly ſwell,
Or why her tears ſo flow;

In vain, they preſs the lovely girl,
The innate cauſe to know.
E're reaſon fram'd her tender mind,
The virgin learn'd to love,
Compaſſion taught her to be kind,
Deceit ſhe was above.

And had not War's terrific voice,
Forbid the mutual bands,
E're now, had Sandy been her choice,
And Hymen join'd our hands:
But, ſince the ſword of War is ſheath'd,
And peace reſumes her charms,
My every joy is now bequeath'd
To Arabella's arms.

## SONG CXIX.

ELLEN, or the RICHMOND PRIMROSE GIRL.—As Sung by Mr. WILLIAMSON, at the *May Market Theatre*, Boſton.

NEAR Bow'ry Richmond, Thames' ſide,
Dwelt Ellen when her father died;
One ſnowy night he loſt his way,
And never more beheld the day:
Two infant boys, around their mother clung,
And kindred grief the heart of Ellen wrung.

Upon the earth her eyes ſhe threw,
Where flowerets wild before her grew;
Thoſe gifts, by bounteous Nature ſpread,
She gather'd to procure them bread:
And through the hollow ſounding ſtreets,
By ſome reliev'd, but jeer'd by many,
Her cry each morning ſhe repeats,
Primroſes, Primroſes, two bunches a penny.

Her penſive way I've ſeen her keep,
With anxious ſtep, from door to door,

And oft, I've turn'd aſide to weep,
And mourn'd that fortune made me poor;
E're early light adorns the ſky,
She roves the heath, or valley, Jenny,
And towards proud London haſtes, to cry
Primroſes, Primroſes, two bunches a penny.

## SONG CXX.

The TOKEN—As Sung by the Same.

THE breeze was freſh, the ſhip in ſtays,
Each breaker huſh'd, the ſhore a haze,
When Jack, no more on duty call'd,
His true Love's Tokens over haul'd:
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender motto writ—ſo fair;
Upon his Bacco Box he views,
Nancy, the Poets love the muſe—
"If you loves I, as I loves you,
"No pair ſo happy as we two."

The ſtorm that, like a ſhapeleſs wreck,
Had ſtrew'd with rigging all the deck;
That jaws for ſharks had given a feaſt,
And left the ſhip a hull, had ceas'd;
When Jack, as with his meſſmates dear,
He ſhar'd the grog, their hearts to cheer,
Took from his Bacco Box a quid,
And ſpell'd for comfort on the lid,
*If you loves I, &c.*

The battle, that with horror grim,
Had madly raviſh'd life and limb,
Had ſcuppers drench'd with human gore
And widow'd many a wife, was o'er,
When Jack, to his companions dear,
Firſt gave the tribute of a tear;
Then has the Bacco Box he held
Reſtor'd his comfort, while he ſpell'd
*If you loves I, &c.*

The voyage, that had been long and hard,
But that had yielded full reward;
Had brought each ſailor to his friend
Happy and rich, was at an end:
When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the ſhore:
He then the Bacco Box diſplay'd,
And cry'd and ſeiz'd the lovely maid,
*If you loves I, &c.*

## SONG CXXI.

FARTHING RUSH LIGHT—Sung by Mr. BATES, at the *Federal Street Theatre, Boſton.*

SIR Solomon Simons, when he did wed,
Bluſh'd black as a crow;—his fair lady did bluſh light:
The clock ſtruck twelve, they were both tuck'd in bed;
In the chimney—a ruſh light,
A little Farthing Ruſh Light.

Sir Solomon gave his lady a nudge——
Cries he, "Lady Simons, there's vaſtly too much light;"
"Then, Sir Solomon," ſays ſhe, "to get up you can't grudge,
And blow out the ruſh light,
The little Farthing Ruſh Light,
Fal, lal, lal, lal, la.
And blow out the Ruſh Light."

Sir Solomon then, out of bed pops his toes,
And vaſtly he ſwore, and very much did curſe light;
And then, to the chimney, Sir Solomon he goes,
And he puff'd at the ruſh light,
The little Farthing Ruſh light;

But poor Sir Solomon
Cou'd'nt blow out the Ruſh Light.

Lady Simon got out, in her night cap, ſo neat,
And over the carpet ſhe did bruſh light;
And there ſhe found Sir Solomon, in a heat,
Puffing at the Ruſh Light;
The little Farthing Ruſh Light.
But neither of the two
Could blow out the Ruſh Light.

Sir Solomon and Lady, their breath quite gone,
Rang the bells, in a rage, determin'd to cruſh light.
Half aſleep, in his ſhirt, then up came John,
And he puff'd at the Ruſh Light,
The little Farthing Ruſh Light,
But none of the family
Could blow out the Ruſh Light.

Cook, coachmen and maids, very near all in buff,
Came, and ſwore, in their lives, they never met with ſuch light;
And each of the family, by turns, had a puff
At the little Farthing Ruſh Light.
The curſt Farthing Ruſh Light,
But all that they could do
Could'nt blow out the Ruſh Light.

The watchman at laſt, went by crying—one!
Here watchman come up, on you we might on worſe light;
Then up came the watchman, the buſineſs it was done,
For he turn'd down the Ruſh Light,
The little Farthing Ruſh Light;
So the buſineſs was done,
For he turn'd down the Ruſh Light.

## SONG CXXII.

THIS world is a ſtage,
On which mankind engage,
And each acts his part in a throng;
But all is confuſion,
Mere folly's deluſion,
And nothing on earth but a Song.

The Parſon, ſo grave,
Says your ſouls he can ſave,
And teach the right way from the wrong;
After piouſly teaching,
And long winded preaching,
He fobs off his flock with a Song.

The Lawyer he ſcribbles
In quirks and in quibbles,
And moves his meliſluous tongue;
'Twixt demur and vacation,
He'll raiſe expectation,
And ſink your eſtate to a Song.

The Doctor he fills
You with bolus and pills,
In aſſurance that you ſhall live long;
But, believe me, 'tis true,
He's guineas in view,
And his recipes are nought but a Song.

The Surgeon, ſo bold,
His lancet doth hold,
And ſlaſhes your body along;
Small wounds he enlarges,
To fill up his charges,
His art, like the reſt, is a Song.

The Merchant is bent
On his fifty per cent,

To whom Ledger and Journal belong;
'Compts current in trading
And long bills of lading;
His balance will end in a Song.

The Printer, diſcerning
'Twixt ignorance and learning
The diff'rence that truly belongs;
Yet, ſure, it is ſaid,
That his logical head,
Is turn'd by a ſtateſman or Song.

The Schoolmaſter rages,
For want of more wages,
And hurries his ſcholars along;
He teaches them morals,
And whips thoſe that quarrels,
And ſilence all day is his Song.

The Farmer he brags
Of what crops he ſhall have,
Provided the ſeaſon holds long;
But if drought come on,
The Planter ſits mum,
And his crops may be bought for a Song.

The Soldier he prattles
Of ſieges and battles,
And actions he ne'er was among;
His preferment and merit,
Are like to his ſpirit,
And nothing on earth but a Song.

With powder and lace,
And a feminine face,
The fop he goes ſtrutting along;
Juſt arriv'd from his travels,
Yet nothing unravels,
But juſt like a dance or a Song.

The ſurly old Prude,
Complains you are rude,

Tho' for bliſs ſhe ſo ſecretly longs;
But. take her aſide,
And you'll manange her pride,
And her virtue bring down to a Song.

The ſilly Coquette,
Is all in a pet,
In the morning her toilet goes wrong;
All day long ſhe paſſes,
Conſulting her glaſſes,
And at night dies away like a ſong.

I've often been told,
The Women will ſcold,
Their good natur'd huſbands among;
They'll work and they'll fret,
And they'll ſcold, and they'll ſweat,
And at night die away like a Song.

Then let us be jolly,
Drive hence melancholy,
While we are good fellows among;
Let's fill up our glaſſes,
Take life as it paſſes,
And each merry ſoul ſing a Song.

## SONG CXXIII.

RAIL no more, ye learned aſſes,
'Gainſt the joys the bowl ſupplies;
Sound its depth, and fill your glaſſes;
Wiſdom at the bottom lies.
Fill them higher ſtill and higher,
Shallow draughts perplex the brain;
Sipping quenches all our fire,
Bumpers light it up again.
*Sipping quenches, &c.*

Draw the ſcene for Wit and Pleaſure;
Enter Jollity and Joy;

We for thinking have no leiſure,
Manly mirth is our employ.
Since in life there's nothing certain,
We'll the preſent hour engage;
And, when Death ſhall drop the curtain,
With applauſe we'll quit the ſtage.
*And when Death, &c.*

## SONG CXXIV.

FOR England when with favouring gales,
Our gallant ſhip up channel ſteer'd;
And ſcudding under eaſy ſail,
The high blue weſtern land appear'd.
To heave the lead, the ſeaman ſprung,
And to the pilot cheerly ſung;
By the deep nine.

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well known object kept in view;
An abby tow'r, an harbour fort,
Or bacon to the veſſel true.
While oft the lead the ſeaman ſprung,
And to the pilot cheerly ſung,
By the mark ſeven.

And as the much-lov'd ſhore was near,
With tranſport we beheld the roof,
Where dwelt a friend, a partner dear,
Of faith and love, a matchleſs proof.
The lead once more the Seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly ſung,
Quarter leſs five.

## SONG CXXV.

YE ſons of France awake to glory,
Hark! [illegible], what myriads bid you riſe!
Your children, wives, and grandſires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.

Shall hateful tyrants, miſchief brooding,
With hirling hoſts, a ruffian band,
Affright and deſolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging ſword unſheath,
March on! march on! all hearts reſolv'd
On Victory or Death.

Now the dang'rous ſtorm is low'ring,
Which treach'rous kings confederate raiſe;
The dogs of war let looſe are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.
And ſhall we baſely view the ruin,
While lawleſs foe, with guilty pride,
Spreads deſolation far and wide.
With crimes and blood his hands embruing?
*To arms, to arms, ye brave! &c.*

With luxury and pride ſurrounded,
The vile inſatiate deſpots dare.
Their thirſt of power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beaſts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their ſlaves adore,
But man is man, and who is more?
Then ſhall they longer laſh and goad us?
*To arms, to arms, ye brave! &c.*

O LIBERTY! can man reſign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble ſpirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That falſehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our ſword and ſhield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
*To arms, to arms, ye brave! &c.*

## SONG CXXVI.

I AM a jolly gay pedlar,
Come here to ſell my ware;
Yet tho' in all things I'm a meddler,
I meddle moſt with the fair,
When I ſhow my ribbands to miſſes,
Tho' copper and ſilver I gain;
Yet better I'm pleas'd with the bliſſes,
That I cannot now explain.
*I am a jolly gay pedlar, &c.*

Fools ſay that this life is but ſorrow,
And ſeem diſinclin'd to be gay;
But why ſhou'd we think of to morrow,
When we may be happy to day,
I rove round the world for my pleaſure,
Reſolv'd to take nothing amiſs;
And think my exiſtence a treaſure,
When bleſt with the cup and the kiſs.

They ſurely are thick headed aſſes,
Who know that youth's gone in a crack,
Yet will not enjoy, as it paſſes,
The ſeaſon that never comes back.
Let time jog on ſlower or quicker,
Or whether we're ſilly, or wiſe;
We ſhall not be the worſe for good liquor,
Or the ſmiles of a girl with black eyes.

## SONG CXXVII.

FRESH and ſtrong the breeze is blowing,
As yon ſhip at anchor rides:
Sullen waves inceſſant flowing,
Rudely daſh againſt its ſides.

So my heart its courſe impeded,
Beats in my diſturbed breaſt;

Doubts, like waves, by waves ſucceeded,
Riſe, and ſtill deny its reſt.

## SONG CXXVIII.

THE ſweet briar grows in the merry green wood,
Where the muſk roſe diffuſes its perfume ſo free;
But the blight often ſiezes both bloſſom and bud,
While the mildew flies over the *Mulberry Tree.*

In the nurſery rear'd like the young tender vine,
[redacted]*kind* of all orders, and ev'ry degree,
[redacted]rawl on the ground, then ſpring up like the pine,
[redacted] ſome branch and bear fruit, like the *Mul-*
*berry tree.*

To the fair tree of knowledge ſome twine like a twig,
While ſome ſappy ſprouts with their fruit diſagree;
For which we from *birch* now and then pluck a twig,
Which is not [redacted] ſo ſweet as the *Mulberry Tree.*

The vaſt tree of life we all eagerly climb,
[redacted]nd impatiently pant at its high top to be,
[redacted] nine out of ten are lopp'd of in their prime,
And they drop like dead leaves from the *Mul-*
*berry tree.*

Some live by the *leaf*, and ſome by the *bough*,
As the *ſong*, or the *dance*, their vocation may be,
And ſome live and thrive, tho' we know no more how,
Than the dew that flies over the *Mulberry Tree.*

But like weeping willows we hang down the head,
When poor wither'd elder we're deſtin'd to be,
And we're minded no more than mere dogs when
we're dead,
Or the dew that flies over the *Mulberry Tree.*

For like *lignum vitæ* we hearts of oak wear,
Or the *cedar* that keeps from the cankerworm free,

While the vinejuice we drain to diſſolve ev'ry care,
Like the dew that flies over the *Mulberry Tree*,

## SONG CXXIX.

HARK, ſoft laſs, the trumpet ſounds,
'Tis honour's call to war:
Nor love I leave, perhaps for wounds,
And beauty for a ſcar.
But ah! ſuppreſs that riſing ſigh,
And check that falling tear,
Leſt ſoft diſtreſs, from lovely eyes,
Create a newborn fear.

My life to fame devoted was,
Before my Fair I knew,
And if I now deſert her cauſe,
Can I be worthy you.
But 'tis not fame alone in
Tho' fame my boſom
My Country's violated r
Impel my ſoul to arms.

The cautious Mamma th'other day,
Cries, Sally, mind me, do;
They ſay, young Damon comes this way,
And I fear he comes to woo.
They ſay, he's gay and thought a rake;
So, never welcome make him,
And thus I get, ſcolding, for his ſake,
And I wiſh the duce might take him.

'Tis true, he caught me in the grove,
And gently ſqueez'd my hand;
He ſigh'd, and told more tales of love
Than I could underſtand.
Yet, Who would have thought that we were ſeen?
And of ſuch tricks I'll break him,
And if he don't tell me what he means,
The duce ſure ought to take him.

Sometimes I feel my boſom glow
With warmth I never knew;
If this be love that haunts me ſo,
What can poor Sally do?
I'm ſure for pipe, for dance, or ſong,
Againſt each ſwain I'll ſtake him;
But if he dont tell me what he means,
The duce ſure ought to take him.

They ſay, from wedlock ſprings delight,
Then let him tell his mind,
I've no objection to unite,
With one ſo fair and kind.
Mamma, apt to after prize,
To diſoblige her, I'm loth,
However, I'll wed, then all the cry
Will be, the duce may take them both.

## SONG CXXX.

Some take delight in dreſs,
And ſome, at cards take pleaſure;
While others place their happineſs,
In heaping hoards of treaſure.

In private, ſome delight to kiſs,
Their hidden charms unfolding;
But all miſtake the ſovereign bliſs,
There's no ſuch joy as ſcolding

The inſtant that I ope my eyes,
Adieu all day to ſilence;
Before my neighbours they can riſe,
My clack is heard a mile hence.

When at the board I take my feaſt,
'Tis one continual riot;
I eat and ſcold, I ſcold and eat,
My clack is never quiet.

Let it be fowl, or fleſh, or fiſh,
Though of my own providing;
I ſtill find fault with every diſh,
Each ſervant daily chiding.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
I ever am complaining;
Too raw, too roaſt, too young, too old,
Each gueſt at table paining:

And, when at night I go to bed,
I ſurely fall a weeping,
For then I loſe my chief delight,
How can I ſcold when ſleeping?

But this my pain doth mitigate,
And ſoon diſpenſes ſorrow,
Although to night it be too late,
I'll pay it off to morrow.

## SONG

WHEN on thy boſom I recline,
Enraptur'd, ſtill do call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life.
I glory in the ſacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools deſpiſe,
Of huſband and of wife.

One mutual flame inſpires our bliſs,
The tender look, the melting kiſs,
E'en years have not deſtroy'd.
Some ſweet ſenſation ever new,
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,
That Love can ne'er be cloy'd.

If cares ariſe, and cares will come,
Thy boſom is my ſafeſt home;
Oh, lull me there to reſt.

And if there's ought diſturbs my fair,
I bid her ſigh out all her care
And loſe them in my breaſt.

Have I a wiſh, 'tis all for thee,
Haſt thou a wiſh, 'tis all for me.
So ſoft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze
Well pleas'd to ſee our happy days,
Still bid us, live and love.

## SONG CXXXII.

Delia, ſee the fatal hours, farewell my ſoul's delight,
Oh! how can wretched Damon live thus baniſh'd
To my [illegible] rival joys, ſupply the loſs of
Ah! w[illegible]ou, my dear, will e'er re-

Alone thro' unfrequented wilds, with penſive ſteps I rove,
I aſk the rocks, I aſk the ſtreams, where dwells my abſent love
The ſilent eve, the roſy morn, my conſtant ſearches ſee,
*Ah! who can tell, &c.*

Thus while my reſtleſs, wand'ring thoughts, purſue their ſoft repoſe,
Unwearied, may they trace the paths where'er my Delia goes;
Forever Damon ſhall be there, attendant ſtill on thee.
*Ah! who can tell, &c.*

Oft I review thoſe ſmiling ſcenes, each favour'd brook and tree,

Where once I paſs'd thoſe happy hours, thoſe hours I paſs'd with thee:
What painful, fond memorials riſe, at every thing I ſee;
*Ah! who can tell, &c.*

Let every rival votariſt ſoon their ſoft addreſs remove,
Nor trace thee in thy new abode; to tempt thy ſoul to love:
Yet, who can tell what ſighing crouds, their tender homage pay;
*Ah! who can tell, &c.*

Think, Delia think, how deep a wound ſweetly pointed dart,
Thy dear remembrance left behind, has pierc'd a hapleſs heart,
Think on the fatal ſad adieu, that [illegible] me from thee;
*[illegible]ell, &c.*

How can I ſpeak the laſt farewell, what cares diſtreſs my mind,
How can I go to realms of bliſs, and leave my love behind.
When angels wing me to the ſkies, I'd fain return to thee,
*Ah! who can tell, &c.*

## SONG CXXXIII.

I'M plagu'd with my friends and my neighbours to boot,
To know what religion my conſcience would ſuit;
If I never am ſav'd, I'll ſpeak as I think,
I'll wiſh mankind better, and take a good drink.

Some call me a Quaker, ſome ſay I'm a Jew,
That I do the laws of Mahomet purſue;

But if I've good liquor, I'll fill to the brink,
I'll wiſh mankind better, and take a good drink,

I've read the opinion of wiſe men and fools,
In claſſical authors, who taught in the ſchools;
And philoſophy teaches me freely to think,
To wiſh mankind better, and take a good drink.

The good Church of England I like very well,
And I believe a good Prophet will ne'er go to Hell,
But the principal duty for mankind, I think,
Is charity for all men, and take a good drink.

I hope that the Diſſenters may all be forgiven,
Wesley, Coleman and Whitfield, perhaps, go to Heav'n;
But many poor ſouls to the bottom will ſink,
For the want of good reaſon, as well as good drink.

Perhaps ſome may call me a bold Libertine,
But let them a moment incline;
Their eyes will be open'd, with me they'll all think
They'll be jovial and free, and take a good drink.

So here's the opinion of honeſt de Mott,
Who loves to enjoy both his friend and his pot;
O'er a cup of good liquor, he ne'er ſleeps a wink,
But is jovial and free, and takes a good drink.

## SONG CXXXIV.

CHEAR up, gluttons, fill your bellies,
Gormandize whole pounds of meat;
Never piddle o'er your jellies,
But ſubſtantial viands eat.

Ev'ry waiſtcoat quick unbutton,
See the enemies advance!
Charge the turkey, beef and mutton,
Point the culinary lance.

Brandiſh, boys, your knives and forks all,
As you would in war the ſpear;
Bloat your paunches like a foot ball,
Eat in greaſe from ear to ear.

Still let us abhor the motto,
"*Pauco Veſco*" damping words!
But good roaſt beef piping hot, O!
Spread in plenty o'er our boards.

See the ſurloin richly ſmoaking,
Mark the gravy how it ſprings!
Malcontents, forbear your croaking,
By the gods, we feaſt like kings!

Come, dexterity exert now,
Deep inciſions make with ſpeed!
Wipe your chops, look quite alert now,
Whilſt on ſuch ſtrong fare we feed.

Lord! how hot the battle rages!
Conqueſt deſolates the plain:
What? our appetite aſſuages!
Let us drink—and eat again.

From the ſtore houſe—briſk and mellow,
See the ſtout *old orchard* fly—
Through the ſpacious hall we'll bellow,
"Here's ſucceſs to Liberty."

Whilſt we're gorging without meaſure,
Hear our greaſy chairman cry—
Eating is ſublimeſt pleaſure.
"Whilſt we eat—we'll never die!"

## SONG CXXXV.

WHEN Lubin firſt, with cunning care,
Attempted Phebe to enſnare,

In language ſweet,
His tongue ſo fleet,
Diſplay'd her beauties fine and pat;
She ſhook her head,
And coyly ſaid,
I know a Trick worth two of that!

Come, let me preſs thee in my arms,
And let us taſte of love's beſt charms,
He cry'd again,
But all in vain,
She ſternly ſaid, I'll tell you what,
'Tis baſe in you,
'Twill never do,
I know a Trick worth two of that!

But, lovely Phebe, be not coy,
My life, my love, my hope, my joy,
For at the Fair,
I'll treat thee there,
I'll buy my Phebe gay a hat;
Ah, Lubin, now
You're ſafe, I vow,
I know a Trick worth two of that.

No, by the god of love, I ſwear,
'Tis you alone my heart ſhall ſhare,
My ardent love
You now may prove;
No longer here in dalliance chat—
No, no, young man,
That's not my plan,
I know a Trick worth two of that!

Should I conſent to your embrace,
'Twould be an endleſs vile diſgrace,
Beſides, you know
It happens ſo
That nine months hence, there comes a brat;
And when that's o'er,
Would you adore?
You know a Trick worth two of that!

Then ceaſe to tempt a harmleſs maid,
Who ne'er from virtue's precepts ſtray'd;
Your treat is mean,
Your arts are ſeen,
So take your anſwer plain and flat,
I'll ne'er deſcend
To ſuch an end,
I know a Trick worth two of that!

Come then, my Phebe, come and prove
The blameleſs joys of virtuous love;
To church repair,
I'll meet thee there
Before the parſon, grave and fat—
O then, ſaid ſhe,
I will agree,
THIS TRICK will be worth two of *THAT.*

## SONG CXXXVI.

The following ODE was ſung by Mr. REA, before the CHARITABLE FIRE SOCIETY—With great applauſe.

WHEN firſt the Sun o'er Ocean glow'd,
And earth unveil'd her virgin breaſt;
Supreme mid Nature's vaſt abode,
Was heard the ALMIGHTY's dread beheſt:
Riſe, COLUMBIA, brave and free;
Poize the Globe, and bound the Sea!

In darkneſs wrapp'd, with fetters chain'd,
Will ages grope, debas'd and blind;—
With blood the human *hand* be ſtain'd—
With tyrant power, the human *mind.*
*Riſe, Columbia, &c.*

But, lo, acroſs th' atlantic floods,
The Star directed pilgrim ſails!
See! fell'd by *Commerce*, float thy woods;
And cloath'd by *Ceres*, wave thy vales!
*Riſe, Columbia, &c.*

In vain ſhall thrones, in arms combin'd,
The ſacred Rights, I gave, oppoſe;
In thee, th' aſylum of mankind,
Shall welcome nations find repoſe.
*Riſe, Columbia, &c.*

Nor yet, though ſkill'd, delight in arms;
*Peace*, and her offspring *Arts*, be thine;
The face of FREEDOM ſcarce has charms,
When on her cheeks no *dimples* ſhine.
*Riſe, Columbia, &c.*

While Fame for thee her wreath entwines,
To BLESS—thy nobler triumph prove;
And tho' the *Eagle* haunts thy pines,
Beneath thy willows ſhield the *Dove*.
*Riſe, Columbia, &c.*

When bolts the FLAME, or whelms the *wave*,
Be thine to rule the wayward hour;
Bid DEATH unbar the watery grave,
"And VULCAN yield to NEPTUNE's power."
*Riſe, Columbia, &c.*

Rever'd in arms, in peace humane—
No ſhore, nor realm, ſhall bound thy ſway;
While all the *Virtues* own thy reign,
And ſubject *elements* obey!
Riſe, COLUMBIA, brave and free,
*Bleſs* the globe, and rule the ſea!

## SONG CXXXVII.

COME, Peace of mind, delightful gueſt
Return, and make thy downy neſt
Once more in this ſad heart:
Nor riches I, nor pow'r purſue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view,
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From av'rice and ambition free,
And pleaſure's fatal wiles;
For whom, alas! doſt thou prepare
The ſweets that I was wont to ſhare,
The banquet of thy ſmiles.

The great, the gay, Shall they partake
The heav'n alone that thou canſt make?
And wilt thou quit the ſtream
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
That grove and the ſequeſter'd ſhed,
To be a gueſt with them?

For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,
For thee I gladly ſacrific'd
Whate'er I lov'd before;
And ſhall I ſee thee ſtart away,
And helpleſs, hopeleſs, hear thee ſay—
"Farewell, we meet no more."

## SONG CXXXVIII.

A SWEET ſcented Beau, and a ſimp'ring young Cit,
An artful Attorney, a Rake, and a Wit,
Set out on the chace in purſuit of her heart,
Whilſt Chloe diſdainfully laugh'd at their art;
And rouz'd by the hounds to meet the ſweet morn,
Tantivy, ſhe follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit ſwore by his fancy, the Beau by his face,
The Lawyer with quibble ſet out on the chace,
The Cit with exactneſs made up his account,
The Rake told his conqueſts, how vaſt the amount!
She laugh'd at their follies, and, blithe as the morn,
Tantivy, ſhe follow'd the echoing horn.

Their clamorous noiſe rouz'd a jolly young ſwain;
Hark forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd over the plain:
He diſtanc'd the Wit, the Cit and the Beau,
And won the fair nymph with hollo! hillio!
Now together they ſing a ſweet hymn to the morn;
Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn.

## SONG CXXXIX.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving to the wind,
When black ey'd Suſan came on board:
Oh! where ſhall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet William 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 glides ſwiftly through 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 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 landſmen 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 wherefo'er I go.

If to far India's coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in di'monds bright;
Thy breath is Africk'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 leſs'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! ſhe cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

## SONG CXL.

AS croſs the field, the other morn,
I tripp'd ſo blithe and gay,
The 'ſquire, with his dog and gun,
By chance came by that way.
Whither ſo faſt, ſweet maid? he cry'd,
And caught me round the waiſt:
Pray ſtop awhile—Dear Sir, ſaid I,
I can't, for I'm in haſte.

You muſt not go as yet, cried he,
For I have much to ſay;

Come, ſit you down, and let us chat
Upon this new mown hay.—
I've lov'd you long, and oft have wiſh'd
Thoſe ruby lips to taſte;
I'll have a kiſs—Well, then, ſaid I,
Be quick, for I'm in haſte.

Juſt as I ſpoke, I ſaw young Hodge
Come through a neighb'ring gate;
He caught my hand, and cry'd, Dear girl,
I fear I've made you wait;
But here's the ring, come let's to church,
The joys of love to taſte—
I left the 'ſquire. and, laughing, cry'd,
You ſee, Sir, I'm in haſte.

## SONG CXLI.

COME, ye ſportſmen ſo brave, who delight in the field,
Where the bud barren mountain freſh raptures can yield;
Let the health breathing chace rouſe the ſoul with delight,
With the jolly god Bacchus be jovial at night.
See the high mettled ſteeds, where ſnorting they fly,
While ſtaunch the dogs cover the ground in full cry!

How can ye, my boys, from ſuch ſports now refrain,
When the horn's cheerful ſound calls ye forth to the plain?
Poor Puſſey ſhe flies, and ſeems danger to ſcorn,
She redoubles her ſpeed, as ſhe bounds o'er the lawn.

*See the high, &c.*

She has cunningly cheated the ſcent of the hounds;
Through hedge rows ſhe creeps, and ſculks o'er the downs:
Bruſh them in, my bold hearts! ſhe ſits panting for breath!
The victim is ſeiz'd—Hark! the horn ſounds her death.

*See the high, &c.*

## SONG CXLII.

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 drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl.
In boozing about, 'twas his praiſe to excel,
And amongſt jolly topers he bore off the bell.
He bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog days he ſat at his eaſe,
In a 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 CXLIII.

DEAR Yanko ſay, and truly ſay,
All mankind, one and t'other,

Negro, Mulatto, and Malay,
Through all de world be broder.
In black, in yellow, what diſgrace;
That ſcandal ſo he uſe 'em?
For dere no virtue in de face;
De virtue in de boſom.
*Dear Yanko ſay, &c.*

What harm dere in a ſhape or make?
What harm in ugly feature?
Whatever colour, form he take,
The heart make human creature.
Then black and copper both be friend:
No colour he bring beauty;
For beauty, Yanko ſay, attend
On him who do him duty.
*Dear Yanko ſay, &c.*

## SONG CXLIV.

DID you ſee a ſhepherd, ye nymphs, paſs this way,
Crown'd with myrtle, and all the gay verdure of May?
'Tis my ſhepherd; Oh, bring him once more to my eyes;
From his Lucy, in ſearch of new pleaſures, he flies.
All the day, how I travell'd, and toil'd o'er the plains,
In purſuit of a rebel, that's ſcarce worth the pains!

Take care, maids, take care, when he flatters and ſwears,
How you truſt your own eyes, or believe your own ears;
Like the roſe bud in June, ev'ry hand he'll invite,
But wound the kind heart, like the thorn out of ſight;

And truſt me, whoe'er my falſe ſhepherd detains,
She'll find him a conqueſt that's ſcarce worth her pains.

Three months at my feet did he languiſh and ſigh,
Ere he gain'd a kind look, or a tender reply;
Love, honour, and truth, were the themes that he ſung,
And he vow'd that his ſoul was akin to his tongue.
Too ſoon I believ'd, and reply'd to his ſtrains,
And gave him too frankly my heart for his pains.

The trifle once gain'd, like a boy at his play,
Soon the wanton grew weary, and flung it away;
Now cloy'd with my love, from my arms he does fly,
In ſearch of another as ſilly as I:
But, truſt me, whoe'er my falſe ſhepherd detains,
She'll find him a conqueſt that's ſcarce worth her pains.

Beware, all ye nymphs, how you ſoothe the fond flame,
And believe, in good time, all the ſex are the ſame;
Like Strephon, from beauty to beauty they range;
Like him, they will flatter, diſſemble, and change,
And, do all we can, ſtill this maxim remains,
That a man, when we've got him is ſcarce worth the pains.

## SONG CXLV.

DIOGENES, ſurly and proud,
Who ſnarl'd at the Macedon youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Becauſe in good wine there is truth;
But growing as poor as a Job,
And unable to purchaſe a flaſk,

He choſe for his manſion a tub,
And liv'd by the ſcent of the caſk,
And liv'd by the ſcent of the caſk.

Heraclitus would never deny
A bumper to cheriſh his heart;
And, when he was maudlin, would cry,
Becauſe he had empty'd his quart:
Though ſome were ſo fooliſh to think
He wept at men's folly and vice,
'Twas only his cuſtom to drink
Till the liquor ran out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple, and cheriſh his ſoul;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a jolly full bowl,
While his cellar with wine was well ſtor'd,
His liquor he'd merrily quaff;
And, when he was drunk as a lord,
At thoſe that were ſober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too, like the reſt,
Believ'd there was wiſdom in wine;
And knew that a cup of the beſt
Made reaſon the brighter to ſhine:
With wine he repleniſh'd his veins,
And made his philoſophy reel;
Then fanci'd the world, as his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Ariſtotle, that maſter of arts,
Had been a dunce without wine;
For what we aſcribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine:
His belly, ſome authors agree,
Was as big as a watering trough;
He therefore leap'd into the ſea,
Becauſe he'd have liquor enough.

When Pyrrho had taken a glaſs,
He ſaw that no object appear'd

Exactly the ſame as it was
Before he had liquor'd his beard;
For things running round in his drink,
While ſober he motionleſs found,
Occaſion'd the ſceptic to think
There was nothing of truth to be found.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
Who wiſely to virtue was prone;
But, had it not been for good wine,
His merit had never been known.
By wine we are generous made;
It furniſhes fancy with wings;
Without it, we ne'er ſhould have had
Philoſophers, poets, or kings.

## SONG CXLVI.

DISTRESS me with theſe tears no more:
One kiſs, my girl, and then adieu;
The laſt boat deſtin'd for the ſhore,
Waits, deareſt girl, alone for you.
Soon, ſoon, before the light winds borne,
Shall I be ſever'd from your ſight;
You left the lonely hours to mourn,
And weep through many a ſtormy night.

When far along the reſtleſs deep,
In trim array, the ſhip ſhall ſteer,
Your form Remembrance ſtill ſhall keep,
Your worth Affection ſtill revere;
And with the diſtance from your eyes,
My love for you ſhall be increas'd;
As to the pole the needle lies,
And fartheſt off ſtill varies leaſt.

While round the bowl the jovial crew
Shall ſing of triumphs on the main,
My thoughts ſhall fondly turn to you,
Of you alone ſhall be my ſtrain;

And when we've bow'd the leaguing foe,
Revengeful of our country's wrong,
Returning home, my heart ſhall ſhew,
No fiction grac'd my artleſs ſong.

## SONG CXLVII.

FOR me my fair a wreath has wove,
Where rival flow'rs in union meet;
As oft ſhe kiſs'd this gift of love,
Her breath gave ſweetneſs to the ſweet.

A bee, within a damaſk roſe,
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to ſip;
But leſſer ſweets the thief foregoes,
And fixes on Louiſa's lip.

There, taſting all the bloom of ſpring,
Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May;
Th' ungrateful ſpoiler left his ſting,
And with the honey fled away.

## SONG CXLVIII.

FICKLE bliſs, fantaſtic treaſure,
Love, how ſoon thy joys are paſt!
Since we ſoon muſt loſe the pleaſure,
Oh, 'twere better ne'er to taſte.
*Fickle bliſs, &c.*

Cruel thoughts, that pain, yet pleaſe me,
Ah, no more my reſt deſtroy;
Shew me ſtill, if you would eaſe me,
Love's deceit, but not its joy.
*Fickle bliſs, &c.*

Gods! what kind, yet cruel powers
Force my will to rack my mind!

Ah, too long we wait for flowers,
Soon, too ſoon to fade deſign'd.
*Fickle bliſs, &c.*

## SONG CXLIX.

HEAR me, gallant ſailor hear me:
While your country has a foe,
He is mine too, never fear me;
I may weep, but you ſhall go.

Though the flow'ry ſeaſon woos you
To the peaceful ſports of May,
And Love ſighs ſo long to loſe you,
Love to glory muſt give way.

Can Columbia's ſons e'er fail her,
While her daughters are ſo true?
Your ſoft courage muſt avail her,
We love honour loving you.

War and danger now invite us:
Blow, ye winds auſpicious blow;
Ev'ry gale will moſt delight us,
That can waft us to the foe.

## SONG CL.

HER mouth with a ſmile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half open to view;
Is the bud of the roſe,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
Than the flow'r ſcented heath,
At the dawning of day:

The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the bloſſoms of May.

## SONG CLI.

I BE one of they ſailors who thinks 'tis no lie,
That for every wherefore of life there's a why;
That, be Fortune's ſtrange weather, a calm or a ſquall,
Our births good or bad, are chalk'd out for us all;
That the ſtays and the braces of life will be found
To be ſome of 'em rotten, and ſome of 'em ſound;
That the good we ſhould cheriſh, the bad never ſeek,
For Death will too ſoon bring each anchor a peak.

When, aſtride on the yard, the top liſts they let go,
And I com'd, like a ſhot, plump among them below;
Why, I cotch'd at a halliard, and jump'd upon deck,
And ſo broke my fall, to ſave breaking my neck:
Juſt like your Phi loſophers, for all their jaw,
Who, leſs than a rope, gladly catch at a ſtraw:
Thus the good we ſhould cheriſh, the bad never ſeek,
For Death will too ſoon bring each anchor a peak.

Why now that there cruiſe that we made off the Banks,
Where I pepper'd the foe, and got ſhot for my thanks;
What then? ſhe ſoon ſtruck; and though laid up on ſhore,
And laid up to refit, I had ſhiners galore.
At length, live and looking, I tri'd the falſe main,
And, to get more prize money, got ſhot at again;
Thus the good we ſhould cheriſh, the bad never ſeek,
For Death will too ſoon bring each anchor a peak.

Then juſt as it comes, take the bad with the good,
One man's ſpoon's made of ſilver, another's of wood;
What's poiſon for one man's another man's balm;
Some are ſafe in a ſtorm, and ſome loſt in a calm;
Some are rolling in riches ſome not worth a ſous;
To day we eat beef, and tomorow lobs ſouſe;
Thus the good we ſhould cheriſh, the bad never ſeek.
For Death will too ſoon bring each anchor a peak.

## SONG CLII.

I'LL ſing of my love all night and all day;
He's ever good natur'd, and frolic. and gay;
His voice is as ſweet as the nightingale's lay,
And well on the bagpipe my Shepherd can play:
And a bonny young lad is my Jockey.

He ſays that he loves me, I'm witty, and fair,
And praiſes my eyes, my lips, and my hair:
Roſe, violet, nor lily, with me can compare,
If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty, I ſwear:
*And bonny, &c.*

He kneel'd at my feet, and. with many a ſigh,
He cry'd, O! my dear, will you never comply?
If you mean to deſtroy me, why, do it; I'll die.
I trembled all over, and anſwer'd, Not I:
*And a bonny, &c.*

Around the tall May pole he dances ſo neat;
And ſonnets of love the dear boy can repeat:
He's conſtant, he's valiant, he's wiſe, and diſcreet;
His looks are ſo kind, and his kiſſes ſo ſweet:
*And a bonny, &c.*

At eve, when the ſun ſeeks repoſe in the weſt,
And May's tuneful choriſts all ſkim to their neſt,

When I meet on the green the dear boy I love beſt,
My heart is juſt ready to burſt from my breaſt:
*Such a bonny, &c.*

But ſee, how the meadows are moiſten'd with dew,
Come, come, my dear Shepherd, I wait but for you;
We live for each other, both conſtant and true,
And taſte the ſoft raptures no monarch e'er knew.
*And a bonny, &c.*

## SONG CLIII.

I SEEK my Shepherd, gone aſtray;
He left our cot the other day.
Tell me, ye gentle nymphs and ſwains,
Paſs'd the dear rebel through your plains?
Oh! whither, whither muſt I roam,
To find, and charm the wand'rer home?

Sports he upon the ſheaven green,
Or joys he in the mountain ſcene?
Leads he his flocks along the mead,
Or does he ſeek the cooler ſhade?
Oh! teach a wretched nymph the way
To find her lover gone aſtray.

To paint, ye maids, my truant ſwain—
A manly ſoftneſs crowns his mien;
Adonis was not half ſo fair;
And, when he talks, 'tis heav'n to hear!
But, Oh! the ſoothing poiſon ſhun:
To liſten, is to be undone.

He'll ſwear no time ſhall quench his flame;
To me the perjur'd ſwore the ſame.
Too fondly loving, to be wiſe,
Who gave my heart an eaſy prize;
And, when he tun'd his Syren voice,
I liſten'd, and was undone by choice.

But, fated, now he ſhuns the kiſs
He counted once his greateſt bliſs;
Whilſt I with fiercer paſſions burn,
And pant, and die for his return.
Oh! whither, whither ſhall I rove,
Again to find my ſtraying love?

## SONG CLIV.

I WAS, d'ye ſee, a Waterman,
As tight and ſpruce as any,
'Twixt Richmond town,
And Horſley down,
I earn'd on honeſt penny:

None could of Fortune's favours brag,
More than could lucky I;
My cot was ſnug, well fill'd my cag,
My grunter in the ſtye.
With wherry tight,
And boſom light,
I cheerfully did row;
And, to complete this princely life,
Sure never man had friend and wife
Like my Poll, and my partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like theſe a while,
Folks far and near careſs'd me,
Till, woe is me,
So lubberly,
The preſs gang came, and preſs'd me.

How could I all theſe pleaſures leave?
How with my wherry part?
I never ſo took on to grieve;
It wrung my very heart.
But when on board
They gave the word,
To foreign parts to go,
I rued the moment I was born,
That ever I ſhould thus be torn
From my Poll and my partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully,
While on the billows rolling;
And night or day,
Could find my way,
Blindfold, to the main top bowling.
Thus, all the dangers of the main,
Quicksands, and gales of wind,
I brav'd, in hopes to taste again
The joys I left behind.
In climes afar,
The hottest war
Pour'd broadsides on the foe,
In hopes these perils to relate
As by my side attentive sate
My Poll, and my partner Joe.

At last it pleas'd his Majesty
To give peace to the nation;
And honest hearts,
From foreign parts,
Came home for consolation.
Like lightning—for I felt new life,
Now safe from all alarms—
I rush'd, and found my friend and wife
Lock'd in each other's arms!
Yet, fancy not
I bore my lot
Tame, like a lubber:—No;
For, seeing I was finely trick'd,
Plump to the devil I fairly kick'd
My Poll, and my partner Joe.

## SONG CLV.

IF life is a bubble, and breaks with a blast,
You must toss off your wine, if you'd wish it to last:
For this bubble may well be destroy'd with a puff,
If it is not kept floating in liquor enough.

If life is a flow'r, as philoſophers ſay,
'Tis a very good hint, underſtood the right way;
For, if life is a flow'r, any blockhead can tell,
If you'd have it look freſh, you muſt moiſten it well.

This life is more than a journey, 'tis ſaid,
Where the roads, for the moſt part, are confoundedly bad; own,
Then, let wine be our ſpur, and each trav'ler will
That, whatever the roads, we jog merrily on.

This world to a theatre liken'd has been,
Where each man around has a part in the ſcene:
'Tis our part to get drunk; and 'tis matter of fact.
That the more you all drink, boys, the better you'll act.

## SONG CLVI.

LAST Valentine's day, when bright Phœbus ſhone clear,
(I had not been hunting for more than a year)
Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho.
I mounted Black Sloven, o'er the road made him bound, [ſweetly ſound.
For I heard the hounds challenge, and the horns
*Tally ho, &c.*

Hallow, into covert, old Antony cries;
No ſooner he ſpoke, but the fox, Sir, he ſpies.
*Tally ho, &c.*
This being the ſignal, he then crack'd his whip;
Tally ho, was the word, and away they did leap.
*Tally ho, &c.*

Then up rides Dick Dawſon, who car'd not a pin;
He ſprang at the drain, but his horſe tumbled in.
*Tally ho, &c.*
And as he crept out, why he ſpi'd the old Ren,
With his tongue hanging out, ſtealing home to his den. *Tally ho, &c.*

Our hounds and our horſes were always as good
As ever broke covert, or daſh'd through the wood.
*Tally ho, &c.*
Old Reynard runs hard, but muſt certainly die.
Have at you, old Tony, Dick Dawſon did cry.
*Tally ho, &c.*

The hounds they had run twenty miles, now, or more;
Old Anthony fretted, he curs'd too, and ſwore.
*Tally ho, &c.*
But Reynard, being ſpent, ſoon muſt give up the ghoſt,
Which will heighten our joys when we come to each toaſt.
*Tally ho, &c.*

The day's ſport being over, the horns we will ſound,
To the jolly fox hunters let echoes reſound. *Tally ho, &c.*
So, fill up your glaſſes, and cheerfully drink,
To the honeſt true ſportſman who never will ſhrink. *Tally ho, &c.*

## SONG CLVII.

LONE bird of eve, whoſe liquid throat
Delights my ſilent way,
Who cheereſt with a farewell note
The beam of parting day!

The wretch who wanders near the thorn,
Amidſt the gath'ring bloom,
Purſues with ſighs a path forlorn,
To weep at Cynthia's tomb.

Come, minſtrel of the twilight hour,
And mourn with me, the maid:
Thy tend'reſt ſong of ſorrow pour,
To ſoothe the gentleſt ſhade.

So, when thy voice in death ſhall ceaſe,
To leave that lonely tree,
May redbreaſts pour the ſong of peace,
Of ſweeteſt peace, to thee!

## SONG CLVIII.

LOVELY Nymph, aſſuage my anguiſh;
At your feet, a tender Swain
Prays you will not let him languiſh:
One kind look would eaſe his pain.
Did you know the lad that courts you,
He not long need ſue in vain;
Prince of ſong, of dance, of ſports, you
Scarce will meet his like again.

## SONG CLIX.

NO wonder, no wonder, I'm now ſeen to grieve,
Who was wont to be lively and ſmart;
Nor can any my ſorrow relieve,
But Patty, the girl of my heart.

Her abſence I'll ne'er ceaſe to mourn,
Nor my pangs of diſtreſs to impart
To the world, till I gain a return
Of Patty, the girl of my heart.

With an anxious impatience I burn:
And ſooner with life would I part,
Than wait in ſuſpence the return
Of Patty, the girl of my heart.

But ſhe haſtes, and forbids me to mourn;
Nay, ſhe tells me ſhe'll ne'er again part;
And I now bleſs the happy return
Of Patty, the girl of my heart.

## SONG CLX.

NOW we're free from college rules,
From common place-book reaſon,
From trifling ſyllogiſtic ſchools,
And ſyſtems out of ſeaſon.
Never more we'll have defin'd
If matter thinks or thinks not:
All the matter we ſhall mind,
Is he who drinks or drinks not.

Metaphyſically to trace
The mind or ſoul abſtracted,
Or prove infinity of ſpace,
By cauſe on cauſe effected:
Better ſouls we can't become,
By immaterial thinking;
And, as to ſpace, we want no room,
But room enough to drink in.

*Plenum*, *vacuum*, *minus*, *plus*,
Are learned words, and rare too;
Thoſe terms our tutors may diſcuſs,
And thoſe who pleaſe may hear too:
A *plenum* in our wine we ſhew,
With *plus* and *plus* behind, Sir;
But, when our caſh is *minus*, low,
A *vacuum* ſoon we find, Sir.

Copernicus, that learned ſage,
Dane Tycho's error proving,
Declares, in I can't tell what page,
The earth round Sol is moving;
But which goes round, what's that to us?
Each is perhaps a notion;
With earth and ſun we make no fuſs,
But mind the bottle's motion.

Great Galileo ill was us'd
By ſuperſtitious fury;
Antipodeans were abus'd
By ignoramus jury:
But feet to feet we dare atteſt,
Nor fear a treatment ſcurvy;
For when we're dunk, *probatum eſt*,
We're tumbling topſy turvy.

Newton talk'd of lights and ſhades,
And diff'rent colours knew, Sir;
But don't let us diſturb our heads
With any more than two, Sir:
White and red our glaſſes boaſt,
Reflection and refraction;
Yet after him we'll name our toaſt,
The centre of attraction.

On that theſis we'll declaim,
With *ſtratum ſuper ſtratum*;
There's mighty magic in the name,
'Tis nature's *poſtulatum*:
Wine in nature's next to love,
Then wiſely let us blend 'em;
Firſt, though phyſically prove,
*Nunc tempus eſt bibendum.*

## SONG CLXI.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and bare,
As wearied and wilder'd I roam,
A gentle young ſhepherdeſs ſees my deſpair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.
*And leads me, &c.*

Yellow ſheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green ruſhes were ſtrew'd on the floor;

Her caſements ſweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the ſod ſeat at her door.
*And deck'd, &c.*

We ſat ourſelves down to a cooling repaſt,
Freſh fruits—and ſhe cull'd me the beſt;
Whilſt, thrown from my guard, by ſome glances ſhe caſt,
Love ſtily ſtole into my breaſt.
*Love ſtily, &c.*

I told my ſoft wiſhes—ſhe ſweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
I have rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd;
Yet, take me, fond ſhepherd—I'm thine.
*Yet, take me, &c.*

Her air was ſo modeſt, her aſpect ſo meek,
So ſimple, though ſweet were her charms,
I kiſs'd the ripe roſes that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
*And lock'd, &c.*

Now jocund, together, we tend a few ſheep;
And if, on the banks by a ſtream,
Reclin'd on her boſom, I ſink into ſleep,
Her image ſtill ſoftens my dream.
*Her image, &c.*

Together, we range o'er the ſlow riſing hills,
Delighted with paſtoral views,
Or reſt on the rock whence the ſtreamlet diſtils,
And mark out new themes for my muſe.
*And mark out, &c.*

To pomp, or proud titles, ſhe ne'er could aſpire;
The damſel's of humble deſcent;
The cottager, Peace, is well known for her ſire;
The ſhepherds have nam'd her Content.
*The ſhepherds, &c.*

## SONG CLXII.

O TELL me, ye gentle nymphs and ſwains,
Paſs'd my dear Damon o'er your plains?
O cheer with hope my lonely way:
I ſeek my love that's gone aſtray.
Leads he his flock along the mead,
Or does he ſeek the cooler ſhade?
O teach a hapleſs maid the way
To find her ſhepherd gone aſtray.

Obſerve, ye fair, the truant ſwain:
A manly ſoftneſs crowns his mien;
Adonis was not half ſo fair;
And when he ſings, 'tis heav'n to hear.
*Leads he his flock, &c.*

Ye nymphs, the ſweets of freedom prize,
And ſhun the witchcraft of his eyes;
Fly from his charms, nor ſtay too long
To hear his ſoft enchanting ſong.
*Leads he his flock, &c.*

## SONG CLXIII.

OLD Homer! but with him what have we to do?
What are Grecians or Trojans to me or to you?
Such heatheniſh heroes no more I'll invoke:
Choice Spirits, aſſiſt me: Attend, Hearts of Oak.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Sweet Peace, belov'd handmaid of ſcience and art,
Unanimity, take your petitioner's part;
Accept of my ſong: 'Tis the beſt I can do—
But firſt, may it pleaſe you, my ſervice to you!
*Derry down, &c.*

Perhaps, my addreſs you may premature think,
Becauſe I have mention'd no toaſt as I drink;
There are many fine toaſts; but the beſt of 'em all,
Is the toaſt of the times; that is—Liberty Hall.
*Derry down, &c.*

That fine Britiſh building, by Alfred was fram'd:
Its grand corner ſtone Magna Charta is nam'd;
Independency came at Integrity's call,
And form'd the front pillars of Liberty Hall.
*Derry down, &c.*

This manor our forefathers bought with their blood, [deeds good;
And their ſons, and their ſon's ſons, have prov'd the
By that title we live, with that title we'll fall,
For life is not life out of Liberty Hall.
*Derry down, &c.*

Ir mantle of honour, each ſtar ſpangled fold,
Playing bright in the ſunſhine, the burniſh of gold;
Truth beams on her breaſt; ſee, at Loyalty's call,
The genius of England in Liberty Hall!
*Derry down, &c.*

Ye ſweet ſmelling courtlings of ribband and lace,
The ſpaniels of Power, and Bounty's diſgrace,
So ſubtile, ſo ſervile, ſo paſſive ye fall;
'Twas paſſive obedience loſt Liberty Hall!
*Derry down, &c.*

But when Revolution had ſettled the crown,
And natural Reaſon knock'd Tyranny down.
No frowns, cloth'd with terror, appear to appall;
The doors were thrown open of Liberty Hall!
*Derry down, &c.*

Columbia triumphant, her ſhips ſweep the ſea;
Her ſtandard is Juſtice; her watch word, Be free!

Our chief is our glory—Americans all!
God bleſs him, and bleſs us, in Liberty Hall!
*Derry down, &c.*

*Oh! Vere is des All?*—Monſieur wants to know.
'Tis neither at Marli, Verſailles, Fontainbleau:
'Tis a palace of no mortal architect's art:
For Liberty Hall is a Columbian's heart!
*Derry down, &c.*

## SONG CLXIV.

ROUSE, rouſe, jolly ſportſmen, the hounds are all out,
The chace is begun, I declare.
Come up, and to horſe, let us follow the rout,
And join in the chace of the hare.
Hark! hark! don't you hear they are now in the dale?
The horn, how melodious it ſounds!
Poor Puſs, in a fright, how ſhe ſtrives to prevail,
And fly from the cry of the hounds!
*And fly, &c.*

Though up to the hills and the mountains ſhe ſcales
Whoſe top ſeems to join to the ſky;
We mount in the air like a kite in a gale,
And follow the hounds in full cry;
Though into the copſe there for refuge ſhe flies,
We kill her, it's twenty the odds:
While echo ſurrounds us with hooting and cries,
We ſeem to converſe with the gods.
*We ſeem, &c.*

Our freedom with conſcience is never alarm'd,
We are ſtrangers to envy and ſtrife;
When bleſt with a wife, we return to her arms,
Sport ſweetens the conjugal life.

Our days paſs away in a ſcene of delight,
Which kings and their courtiers ne'er taſte;
In pleaſures of love we revel all night,
Next morning return to the chace.
*Next morning, &c.*

## SONG CLXV.

SEE, beneath yon bow'r of roſes,
Sweetly ſleeps the heav'nly maid;
'Tis my gentle love repoſes;
Softly tread the ſacred ſhade.

Mark the loves that play around her,
Mark my Ella's graceful mien;
See the wood nymphs all ſurround her,
Hailing Ella Beauty's Queen!

Flutt'ring Cupids round deſcending,
Soft expand their ſilken wings;
From the zephyr's breath deſcending
Ev'ry ſweet that round her ſprings.

Sportive Fancy, hear my prayer—
Gently from thy airy throne,
Whiſper to the ſleeping fair,
Edwin lives for her alone.

## SONG CLXVI.

STILL the lark finds repoſe
In the full waving corn;
And the bee on the roſe,
Though ſurrounded with thorn.
Never robb'd of their eaſe,
They are thoughtleſs and free;
But no more gentle peace
Shall e'er harbour with me.
*Still the lark finds repoſe, &c.*

Still in ſearch of delight,
Ev'ry pleaſure they prove,
Ne'er tormented by pride,
Or the ſlights of fond love.
*Still the lark finds repoſe, &c.*

## SONG CLXVII.

SWEET, ſweet Robinette, all the ſhepherds declare,
They never yet ſaw ſo enchanting a fair;
The ſwains all admire her: No mortal as yet
Has e'er ſeen a girl like my ſweet Robinette.

Her eyes, they would melt you; her cheeks, they diſcloſe
The beautiful tint of the pale bluſhing roſe,
The nymphs, full of envy, do nothing but fret,
To ſee all the ſwains ſigh for ſweet Robinette.

All nature ſeems pleas'd, as ſhe trips it along;
Her ſmiles make the lark ſwell his rapturous ſong.
The ſhepherds their cares and their labour forget,
To gaze on the charms of my ſweet Robinette.

So gentle her manners, they ſoften the ſage;
She's the May day of youth, and the ſummer of age:
I love her, adore her—I'll venter a bet,
You ne'er ſaw a girl like my ſweet Robinette.

## SONG CLXVIII.

TELL me, lovely ſhepherd, where,
Thou feed'ſt, at noon, thy fleecy care;
Direct me to the ſweet retreat,
That guards thee from the mid day heat:
Leſt by the flocks I lonely ſtray,
Without a guide, and loſe my way.

Where reſts, at noon, thy bleating care,
Gentle ſhepherd, tell me where?

## SONG CLXIX.

THE ſun from the eaſt tips the mountains with gold,
And the meadows all ſpangled with dew drops behold.
Hark! the lark's early matin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's cheerful ſummons rebukes our delay.
With the ſports of the field there's no pleaſure can vie,
While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his ſport,
And the ſlave of the State hunt the ſmiles of the Court;
No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence ſtill gives a zeſt to our joy.
*With the ſports, &c.*

Mankind are all hunters in various degree:
The prieſt hunts a living, the lawyer a fee;
The doctor, a patient; the courtier, a place;
Though often, like us, they're ſlung out with diſgrace.
*With the ſports, &c.*

The cit hunts a plumb, while the ſoldier hunts fame;
The poet, a dinner; the patriot a name;
And the artful coquette, though ſhe ſeems to refuſe,
Yet, in ſpite of her airs, ſhe her lover purſues.
*While the ſports, &c.*

Let the bold and the buſy hunt glory and wealth;
All the bleſſing we aſk, is the bleſſing of health,

With hounds and with horns through the woodlands to roam,
And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.
*With the ſports, &c.*

## SONG CLXX.

THE wand'ring ſailor ploughs the main,
A competence in life to gain,
Undaunted, braves the ſtormy ſeas,
To find at laſt content and eaſe,
To find at laſt content and eaſe:
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 native ſhore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
And thunders ſhake from pole to pole,
Though dreadful waves ſurrounding foam,
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home,
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home:
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native ſhore;
*In hopes, &c.*

When round the bowl the jovial crew
The early ſcenes of life renew,
Though 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, &c.*

## SONG CLXXI.

'TWAS in that ſeaſon of the year
When all things gay and ſweet appear,

That Colin, with the morning ray,
Aroſe, and ſung his rural lay.
Of Nanny's charms the ſhepherd ſung:
The hills and dales with Nanny rung;
Whilſt Roſline Caſtle heard the ſwain,
And echoed 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:
Oh! bid her haſte, and come away;
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the morn!

Oh, 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.

Oh, come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls; Oh, come away!
Come, while the Muſe this wreath ſhall twine
Around that modeſt brow of thine!
Oh, 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 CLXXII.

THE May day of life is for pleaſure,
For ſinging, and dancing, and ſhow;
Then, why will you waſte ſuch a treaſure,
In ſighing, and crying Heigh ho!

Let's copy the bird in the meadows;
By hers tune your pipe, when 'tis low;
Fly round, and coquette it as ſhe does,
And never ſit crying Heigh ho!

Though, when in the arms of a lover
It ſometimes may happen, I know,
That, ere all our toying is over,
We cannot help crying Heigh ho!

In age, every one a new part takes;
I find, to my ſorrow, 'tis ſo;
When old, you may cry till your heart aches,
But no one will mind you, Heigh ho!

## SONG CLXXIII.

THE moon had clim'd the higheſt hill
That riſes o'er the ſource of Dee,
And from the eaſtern ſummit ſhed
Her ſilver light on tow'r and tree.
When Mary laid her down to ſleep—
Her thoughts on Sandy, far at ſea;
Then, ſoft and low, a voice was heard
Say, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to aſk who there might be,
And ſaw young Sandy ſhiv'ring ſtand,
With pallid cheek, and hollow eye!
"Oh! 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.

E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love of thee.
The ſtorm is paſt, and I at reſt;
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Oh! 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 ſoft the paſſing ſpirit ſaid,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

## SONG CLXXIV.

THERE was once, it was ſaid, when, is out of my head,
And where too; yet true is my tale,
That a round belly'd vicar, bepimpled with liquor,
Could ſtick to no text like good ale.
Tol de rol, de rol, lol lol lol lol.

He one night 'gan to doſe; for, under the roſe,
The parſon was then *non ſe ipſe*:
*Non ſe ipſe!*—you'll ſay, What's that to the lay?
In plain Engliſh, the parſon was tipſy.

His clerk ſtepping in, with a band bobbing chin,
As ſolemn and ſtupid as may be;
The vicar he gap'd; the clerk hemm'd and ſcrap'd,
Saying, Pleaſe, Sir, to bury a baby.

Now our author ſuppoſes, the clerk's name was Moſes,
He look'd, like his maſter, ſo roſy;
Who blink'd with one eye, with his wig all awry,
And hiccup'd—Pray how is it Moſy?

A child, Sir, is carry'd, by you to be bury'd.—
Bury me, Moſes! no, that won't do.—
Lord, Sir! ſaid the clerk, you are all in the dark;
'Tis a chil'd to be bury'd, not you.

Well, Moſes, don't hurry; the infant we'll bury.—
But, maſter, the corpſe cannot ſtay.—
Well, can't it? but why? for once, then, we'll try
If a corpſe, Moſes, can run away.

But Moſes reply'd:—Sir, the pariſh will chide,
For keeping them out in cold weather.—
Then Moſes, quoth he, go and tell them, from me,
I'll bury them warm all together.

But, Sir, it rains hard; pray have ſome regard.—
Regard, Moſes! that makes me ſtay:
For no corpſe, young or old, in rain can catch cold;
But, faith, Moſes, you and I may.

Moſes begg'd he'd be gone, ſaying, Sir, the rain's done;
Pleaſe to riſe, and I'll lend you my hand.—
Oh! 'tis hard, quoth the vicar, to leave thus my liquor,
And go, where I'm ſure I can't ſtand.

Then the parſon ſore troubled, to the churchyard he hobbled,
Lamenting the length of the way;
For, Moſes, quoth he, were I a biſhop, d'ye ſee,
I neither need walk, preach, nor pray.

When he came to the grave, ſays he—Moſes, a ſtave.
Lord! where's my tobacco box hid?
I declare this faſt walking prevents me from talking;
So, Moſes, pray give me a quid.

Then he open'd the book, and in't ſeem'd to look:
But o'er the page only he ſquinted: —
Says he, Moſes, I'm vex'd, for I can't find the text.
The book is ſo damnably printed.

Good people, let's pray. Life's, alas! but a day;
Nay, ſometimes 'tis over at noon;
Man is but a flower, cut down in an hour:
'Tis ſtrong ale, Moſy, does it ſo ſoon.

Woman of a man born—no, that's wrong, the leaf's torn?
Upon woman the natural ſwell is;
The world would grow wild, were men got with child:
Moſes, you and I might have big bellies!

Neighbours, mind what I ſay, when 'tis night 'tis not day,
Though in former times ſaints could work wonders;
For, cut off your head, in a trice, it is ſaid,
They'd replace it without any blunders.

Come, let us go forth; put the child in the earth;
Duſt to duſt, Moſes, duſt is away;
For Moſes, I truſt, we all ſhould be duſt,
If we were not to moiſten our clay.

So one pot, and then—the clerk ſaid, Amen.—
And thus we have carried the farce on.
The taſte of the times will reliſh our rhimes,
When the ridicule runs on a parſon.

Then, Satire, deteſt Immorality's jeſt,
Each profane or immodeſt expreſſion;
But we'll not be rude, but drink, as we ſhould,
To the good folks of ev'ry profeſſion.

## SONG CLXXV.

THOUGH prudence may preſs me
And duty diſtreſs me,
Againſt inclination, ah! what can they do?
No longer a rover,
His follies are over:—
My heart, my fond heart, ſays my Henry is true.

The bee, thus as changing,
From ſweet to ſweet ranging,
A roſe ſhould he light on, ne'er wiſhes to ſtay,
With raptures poſſeſſing,
In one, ev'ry bleſſing,
Till, torn from her boſom, he flies far away.

## SONG CLXXVI.

TO Anacreon in Heav'n, where he ſat in full glee,
A few ſons of Harmony ſent a petition,
That he their inſpirer and patron would be;
When this anſwer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian:—
"Voice, fiddle, and flute
No longer be mute:
I'll lend you my name, and inſpire you to boot;
And, beſides, I'll inſtruct you, like me, to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine!"

The news through Olympus immediately flew;
When Old Thunder pretended to give himſelf airs—
"If theſe mortals are ſuffer'd their ſcheme to purſue,
The devil a goddeſs will ſtay above ſtairs.
Hark! already they cry,
In tranſports of joy,

Away to the ſons of Anacreon we'll fly;
And there, with good fellows, we'll learn to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The yellow hair'd god, and his nine fuſty maids,
From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee;
Idalia will boaſt but of tenantleſs ſhades,
And the biforked hill a mere deſert will be!
My thunder, no fear on't,
Shall ſoon do its errand;
And, dam'me! I'll ſwinge the ring leaders, I warrant;
I'll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to 'twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Apollo roſe up, and ſaid, "Prythee, ne'er quarrel,
Good King of the Gods, with my vot'ries below:
Your thunder is uſeleſs"—then, ſhewing his laurel;
Cry'd, "*Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know!
Then over each head
My laurels I'll ſpread:
So, my ſons from your crackers no miſchief ſhall dread;
Whilſt ſnug in their club room they jovially 'twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up, with his riſible phiz,
And ſwore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join—
The tide of full harmony ſtill ſhall be his,
But the ſong, and the catch, and the laugh ſhall be mine.
Then, Jove, be not jealous
Of theſe honeſt fellows."—
Cry'd Jove, "we relent ſince the truth you now tell us;
And ſwear by Old Styx, that they long ſhall entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye ſons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand;
Preſerve unanimity, friendſhip, and love!

'Tis yours to ſupport what's ſo happily plan'd;
You've the ſanction of Gods, and the *ſmile* of Jove!
While thus we agree,
Our toaſt let it be,
May our club flouriſh happy, united, and free!
And long may the ſons of Anacreon entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

## SONG CLXXVII.

TO fair Fidele's glaſſy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds ſhall bring
Each op'ning ſweet of earlieſt bloom,
And riſle all the breathing ſpring.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear,
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove,
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And tender virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their mighty crew,
But female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And deck thy grave with pearly dew.

The red breaſt oft, at ev'ning hours,
Shall kindly lend its little aid,
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempeſts ſhake the ſylvan cell,
Or 'midſt the chace upon the plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell!

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore;
For thee the tear be daily ſhed;
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's ſelf is dead!

## SONG CLXXVIII.

'TWAS I learnt a pretty ſong in France,
And I brought it o'er the ſea by chance;
And then in Wapping I did dance:
Oh, the like was never ſeen!
For I made the muſic loud for to play,
All for to paſs the dull hours away;
And, when I had nothing left for to ſay,
Then I ſung, Fal de ral, Tit,
Tit fal de ral, Tit fal de ray,
Then we ſung, Fal de ral Tit.

As I was walking down Thames ſtreet,
A ſhip mate of mine I chanc'd for to meet;
And I was reſolved him for to treat
With a can of grog, gillio!
A can of grog they brought us ſtrait,
All for to pleaſure my ſhip mate,
And ſatisfaction give him ſtrait:
*And I ſung, &c.*

The Maccaronies next came in,
All dreſs'd ſo neat, and look'd ſo trim,
And thinking for to ſtrike me dumb.
Some were ſhort, and ſome were tall,
But 'tis very well known that I trick'd them all,
For I ſous'd their heads againſt the wall:
*Then I ſung, &c.*

The landlord, then, aloud did ſay,
As how he wiſh'd I'd go away;
And, if I 'tempted for to ſtay,
As how he'd take the law..
Lord d—me! ſays I, you may do your worſt,
For I've not ſcarcely quench'd my thirſt.
All this I ſaid, and nothing worſe:
*Then I ſung, &c.*

It's when I've croſs'd the raging main,
And be come back to Old England again,
Of grog I'll drink galore;
With a pretty girl for to ſit by my ſide,
And for her coſtly robes I'll provide;
So that ſhe ſhall be ſatisfied:
*Then I'll ſing, &c.*

## SONG CLXXIX.

'TWAS near a thicket's calm retreat,
Under a poplar tree,
Maria choſe her wretched ſeat,
To mourn her ſorrows free.
Her lovely form was ſweet to view
As dawn at op'ning day;
But, ah! ſhe mourn'd her love not true,
And wept her cares away!

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
In murmurs ſmooth, along;
Her pipe, which once ſhe tun'd moſt ſweet,
Had now forgot its ſong.
No more to charm the vale ſhe tries,
For grief has fill'd her breaſt;
Thoſe joys which once ſhe us'd to prize —
But love has robb'd her reſt.

Poor hapleſs maid! who can behold
Thy ſorrows ſo ſevere,
And hear thy love lorn ſtory told,
Without a falling tear?
Maria, luckleſs maid! adieu!
Thy ſorrows ſoon muſt ceaſe;
For Heav'n will take a maid ſo true
To everlaſting peace!

## SONG CLXXX.

WELCOME, welcome, brother debtor,
To this poor but merry place,
Where no bailiff, dun, or ſetter,
Dare to ſhew his 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 refinement,
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 gaol 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 it 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 heav'ns and ſtars above:
Why ſhould we then be confounded,
Since there's nothing free but love?

## SONG CLXXXI.

WHAT ſport can compare
To the hunting of the hare?
In the morning, in fair and pleaſant weather,
With our horſes, and our hounds,
We will ſcour o'er the grounds,
And Tantara, Huzza, brave boys, we will follow.

When poor Puſs doth riſe,
Then away from us ſhe flies,
And we give her a thundering hollow;
With our horſes and our hounds
We will pull her courage down,
And Tantara, Huzza, brave boys, we will follow.

When poor Puſs is kill'd,
We retire from the field,
To be merry, boys, and drink away all ſorrow;
We have nothing more to fear,
But to drown old father Care,
And to baniſh, Huzza, all his wants till to-morrow.

## SONG CLXXXII.

WHEN my money was gone, that I gain'd in the wars,
And the world it did frown at my fate,
What matter'd my zeal, or my honoured ſcars,
When Indifference ſtood at each gate?

That face that would ſmile when my purſe was well lin'd,
Shews a different aſpect to me;
And, when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hied me again to the ſea.

I thought 'twas unjuſt for to pine at my lot.
Or to bear with cold looks on the ſhore;
I pack'd up my trifling remnants I'd got;
And a trifle, alas! was my ſtore.

A handkerchief held all the treaſure I had,
Which over my ſhoulder I threw;—
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather ſad,
To join with ſome jolly ſhip's crew.

The ſea was leſs troubled by far than my mind;
And, when the wide main I ſurvey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And Fortune a ſlippery jade.

I ſwear, if once more I can take her in tow,
I'll let the ungrateful world ſee
That the turbulent winds, and the billows, could ſhow
More kindneſs than they did to me.

## SONG CLXXXIII.

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid watch is come,
And chilling miſts hang o'er the darken'd main,
Then ſailors think of their far diſtant home,
And of thoſe friends they ne'er may ſee again:
But when the fight's begun,
Each ſerving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er my mind,
We think, but ſhould the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Their hearts to hear,
That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a miſtreſs kind
Have left on ſhore, ſome pretty girl, and true,
Who many a night doth liſten to the wind,
And ſighs to think how it may fare with you;

Oh! when the fight's begun,
Each ſerving at his gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
Think only, ſhould the day be won,
How 'twill chear
Her heart to hear,
That her own true ſailor he was one.

## SONG CLXXXIV.

WHEN the roſy morn appearing,
Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
Bees, on banks of thyme diſporting,
Sip the ſweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,
Carol ſweet the lively ſtrain;
They forſake their leafy dwelling,
To ſecure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner
Take the ſcatter'd ears that fall!
Nature, all her children viewing,
Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

## SONG CLXXXV.

WHILE high the foaming ſurges riſe,
And pointed rocks appear,
Loud thunders rattle in the ſkies,
Yet ſailors muſt not fear.
In ſtorms, in wind,
Their duty mind;
Aloft, below,
They cheerful go,
To reef, or ſteer, as 'tis deſign'd;
No fears or ſtrangers fill the mind.

The ſignal for the line is made,
The haughty foe's in ſight,
The bloody flag aloft diſplay'd,
And fierce the dreadful fight.
Each minds his gun,
No dangers ſhun;
Aloft, below,
They cheerful go;
Though thunders roar, yet ſtill we find,
No fears alarm the ſailor's mind.

The ſtorm is huſh'd, the battle's o'er,
The ſky is clear again;
We toſs the can to thoſe on ſhore,
While we are on the main.
To Poll and Sue,
Sincere and true,
The grog goes round,
With pleaſure crown'd.
In war or peace, alike you'll find,
That honour fills the ſailor's mind.

## SONG CLXXXVI.

WHITHER, my love, ah! whither art thou gone?
Let not thy abſence cloud this happy dawn.
Say—By thy heart can falſehood e'er be known?
Ah! no, no; I judge it by my own.
The heart he gave, with ſo much care,
Which treaſur'd in my breaſt I wear,
Still for his maſter beats alone;
I'm ſure the ſelfiſh thing's his own.

## SONG CLXXXVII.

WIDE through the azure blue, and bright,
Serenely floats the Lamp of Night;

The waves forgetting how to roar,
The citron groves wave down no more;
Each breeze, ſuſpended, ſeems to ſay,
Now, Leline, for thy Roundelay.

My Delia's lips are clos'd in reſt;
Ah! was her pillar but my breaſt!
Go, dreams, one gentle word impart,
In whiſpers place me near her heart;
While at her window I will lay,
And ſoothe her with my Roundelay.

But ſee! a paler, ſofter ſhade!
The glimm'ring ſtars retiring fade!
Sleep on, lov'd Fair, nor ever feel
The cares which forms like thine reveal.
Adieu! the morn is on his way,
And ſilences my Roundelay.

## SONG CLXXXVIII.

WITH a cheerful old friend, and a merry old ſong,
And a tankard of porter, I could ſit the night long,
And laugh at the follies of thoſe that repine,
Though I muſt drink porter, while they can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, be he ever ſo great;
Nor ſcorn I the wretch for his lowly eſtate;
But what I abhor, and deem as a curſe,
Is meanneſs of ſpirit, not poorneſs of purſe.

Then let us, companions be cheerful and gay,
And cheerfully ſpend life's remainder away;
Upheld by a friend, our foes we'll deſpiſe,
For, the more we are envy'd, the higher we riſe.

## SONG CLXXXIX.

YE ſluggards, who murder your lifetime in ſleep,
Awake, and purſue the fleet hare; [reap,
From life, ſay, what joy, ſay, what pleaſure you
That e'er could with hunting compare.
When Phœbus begins to enliven the morn,
The huntſman attended by hounds,
Rejoices and glows at the ſound of the horn,
Whilſt woods the ſweet echo reſound.

The courtier, the lawyer, the prieſt have a view,
Nay ev'ry oppreſſion the ſame;
But ſportſmen, ye mortals, no pleaſure purſue,
But ſuch as accrue from the game
While drunkards are pleas'd in the joys of the cup,
And turn into day ev'ry night,
At the break of each morn the huntſman is up,
And bounds o'er the lawns with delight.

Then quickly, my lads, to the foreſt repair,
O'er hills, dales, and valleys let's fly;
For who can, ye gods, feel a moment of care,
When each joy will another ſupply?
Thus each morning, each day, in raptures, we paſs,
And deſire no comfort to ſhare,
But at night to refreſh with the bottle and glaſs,
And feed on the ſpoil of the hare.

## SONG CXC.

LORD! what a fuſs my mother made,
When Colin came this way,
Becauſe he caught me in his arms,
And kiſs'd me t'other day!

She ſcolded me both day and night,
And was in ſuch a taking!
But if ſhe thinks I'll not have him,
I'm ſure ſhe is miſtaken.

I told her, Colin lov'd me well,
And meant not to deceive me;
And ſaid, that from my preſent need
He quickly would relieve me.
But mother ſaid, he was a wag,
Who'd fet my heart a aching;
And if I thought he'd marry me,
I ſurely was miſtaken.

I knew 'twas falſe, but thought it beſt
To feign that I believ'd her;
And ſo, by playing cunningly,
Completely have deceiv'd her:
And we've agreed, to morrow morn,
Before ſhe thinks of waking,
To tie the knot, that ſoon will ſhew
How much ſhe is miſtaken!

## SONG CXCI.

YE ſportſmen, draw near, and ye ſportſwomen too,
Who delight in the joys of the field,
Mankind, though they blame, are all eager as you,
And no one the conteſt will yield.
His lordſhip, his worſhip, his honour, his grace,
A hunting continually go;
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With Hark forward, huzza, Tally ho.

The lawyer will riſe with the firſt of the morn,
To hunt for a mortgage or deed;
The huſband gets up at the ſound of the horn,
And rides to the commons full ſpeed;

The patriot is thrown in purſuit of his game;
The poet too often lies low,
Who, mounted on Pegaſus, hiſs after fame,
With Hark forward, huzza, Tally ho.

While fearleſs o'er hills and o'er woodlands we ſweep,
Though prudes on our paſtime may frown,
How oft do they Decency's bounds overleap,
And the fences of Virtue break down!
Thus public, or private, for penſion, for place,
For amuſement, for paſſion, for ſhow,
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With Hark forward, huzza, Tally ho.

## SONG CXCII.

YOU may talk of a brogue, and of Ireland (ſweet nation)
Of Bulls and of Howls, and Paſtyer comme ca:
But mon Dieu is no more to the French bodera-tion,
Than bin de Bourdeaux like to ſweet Uſquebaugh.
If I go back again, blood and ouns how I'll wrig-gle,
And congee and caper, and make the folks ſtare,
And inſtead of potatoes how Shelah will giggle,
When I cries, Mam hynd me that ſweet Pomme de Fare,
With the petit Chanſon, Ça ira, Malbrook, Mer-mington, and their dans votre Lit—
By the pow'rs they're all nonſenſe, and bodder, a-grak! to our diddero bubbero, whack Lan-golee.

Oh, mon jolly light Shelagh! ah, how could I ſcorn her?
When I loved her ſo dearly, ma foi, hubbaboo!
And go round the globe, ay, from corner to cor-ner,
For ſoup maigre, la dance, and for frogſand [virtu.

And then to forſake Magnifique Tipperara.
For pauvre Verſailles, and its capering throng;
And eat fricaſſees only fit for a fairy,
Inſtead of ſubſtantial beef nore de mutton.
*With their petit Chanſon, &c.*

Oh! I kiſſed a griſette who hallow'd out me ſi donie,
And yet I comfort'd her all night and all day;
To be ſure, I was not her ſweet Irish Cupidon,
Her petit mignon, and mi lor Anglais:
But when ſhe found out ſans ſix ſous was poor Pat, Sir,
It was allez, miſerable diable John Bull,
So I e'en gave this blarneying Frenchified cat, Sir,
Of good wholeſome Shillilagh, a complete ſtomach full.
*With their petit Chanſon, &c.*

## SONG CXCIII.

LITTLE inſect that on high,
On a ſpire of ſpining graſs,
Tipſy with the morning dew,
Free from care thy life doth paſs.
*Free from care, &c.*

Say, mayſt thou companion ſole,
Pleaſe the lonely mover's ear,
And no treach'rous winding ſnake,
Glide beneath, to work thee fear.
*Glide beneath, &c.*

As in chirping plaintive notes,
Thou the haſty ſun doth chide,
And with murm'ring muſick charm,
Summer charming to abide.
*Summer charming, &c.*

If a pleaſant day arrive,
Soon a pleaſant day is gone;

While we reach to ſeize our joys
Swift the winged bliſs is flown.
*Swift the winged, &c.*

Pain and ſorrow dwell with us,
Pleaſure ſcarce a moment reigns;
Thou thyſelf find'ſt ſummer ſhort,
But the winter long remains.
*But the winter, &c.*

## SONG CXCIV.

FOR tenderneſs form'd, in life's early day,
A parent's ſoft ſorrow to mine led the way;
The leſſon of pity I caught from her eye,
And ere words I could con, I ſpoke with a ſigh.

The nightingale plunder'd, the mate widow'd dove,
The warbling co[illegible] of the ſuffering grove;
The object ſtill ch[illegible], the ſympathy true,
To youth, as it ripe[illegible], gave ſentiments new.

Soft embers of paſſion ſtill felt in the glow,
A warmth of more pain, may this breaſt never know:
Or if too indulgent the bleſſings I claim,
Let a ſpark drop from reaſon, that wakens the flame.

## SONG CXCV.

A SHAPE alone let others prize,
And features of the fair,
I look for ſpirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damaſk cheek, an iv'ry arm,
Shall ne'er my wiſhes win;

Give me an animating form,
That ſpeaks a mind within.

A ſoul where awful honour ſhines,
Where ſenſe and ſweetneſs move,
And angel innocence refines,
The tenderneſs of love.

With pow'r to heighten ev'ry joy,
The fierceſt rage control,
Diffuſing mildneſs o'er the brow,
And rapture thro' the ſoul.

Theſe all-powerful pow'rs of beauty's charms,
Without whoſe vital aid,
Unfiniſh'd all her beauty ſeems,
And all her roſes dead.

But how divine ſhines the form,
Where all theſe charms appear,
Then go behold my [illegible] face,
And read them perfect there.

## SONG CXCVI.

WHEN Alcides, the ſon of Olympian Jove,
Was call'd from the earth to the regions above,
The fetters grim Tyranny twiſt from his hand,
And with rapine and murder uſurp'd the command;
While Peace, lovely handmaid, was ſcar'd from the plains,
And Liberty, captive, ſat wailing in chains:
Her once gallant offspring lay bleeding around,
Nor on earth could a champion to ſave her be found.

*Her once gallant, &c.*

The Thunderer, mov'd with compaſſion, look'd down
On a world ſo accus'd, from his cryſtalline throne;
Then open'd the book, in whoſe myſtical page
Were enrolled the heroes of each future age;
Read of Brutus and Sidney, who dar'd to be free,
Of their virtues approv'd, and confirm'd the decree:
Then turn'd to the annals of that happy age,
When Waſhington's glories illumin'd the page.

"When Britannia ſhall ſtrive with tyrannical hand
To eſtabliſh her empire in each diſtant land,
A chief ſhall ariſe in Columbia's defence,
To whom the juſt Gods ſhall their favours diſpenſe,
Triumphant as Mars in the glorious field.
While Minerva ſhall lend him her wiſdom and ſhield,
And Liberty, free from her ſhackles, ſhall own
Great WASHINGTON's claim as her favourite SON."

## SONG CXCVIII.

LET every Pagan muſe be gone;
I ſeek no aid from Helicon;
The tuneful Nine cannot excel
My muſe, the romping roſy Nell.

Her locks auburne – her azure eyes
Are ſofter than the etherial ſkies:
But, oh! what daring pen can tell
The charms of romping roſy Nell?

Aurora hides her bluſhing face
When Nell appears, with heavenly grace!
And every nymph, of hill and dell,
Envies the romping roſy Nell.

## SKY LARK.

Not all Arabia's ſpicy coaſt,
Affords ſuch ſweets as Nell can boaſt.
Why pants my heart—I dare not tell—
I ſigh for romping roſy Nell!

## SONG CXCIX.

'TWAS the morning of May, and the yellow hair'd god
Juſt peep'd through the gates of the Eaſt,
When Corydon left his own rural abode,
And flew to his Delia in haſte:
Awake, love, he cry'd, my dear charmer, ariſe,
And join the gay throng on the green;
For the ſwains have agreed on this morn to ſurpriſe
My Delia, by chuſing her Queen.

She, ſmiling, came forth, pleaſure danc'd in her eyes,
While modeſty crimſon'd her cheek;
He raviſh'd a kiſs ah! how happy he cries,
Would my Delia permit me to ſpeak.
Or would ſhe conſent to repair to the brow,
Where yon village ſteeple is ſeen,
To be conſtant and faithful, I'd cheerfully vow,
And make her my heart's choſen Queen.

She could not refuſe; yet, aſham'd to comply,
Her eyes with ſoft tenderneſs ſhone;
Young Corydon ſeiz'd the ſoft moment with joy,
And Hymen ſoon render'd them one.
Then with heart light as air, and as innocence gay,
They join'd the gay throng on the green;
And Corydon bleſſes the morning of May,
When the ſhepherds choſe Delia their Queen.

## SONG CC.

FAIR Caroline was once my love,
And I was all to her;
My ſtate I thought e'en kings above,
While ſhe did me prefer.

To deck her in each coſtly gown,
I liſted in the war,
And bid adieu to Dartmouth town,
To try my fate afar.

I brav'd the hotteſt of the fight,
As was a ſoldier's due,
Convinc'd my country's cauſe was right,
And [redacted] a foe I ſlew.

At laſt kind Peace her olive wav'd,
And Dartmouth town I ſought,
And many a gem in plunder ſav'd,
To Caroline I brought.

But ſhe refus'd my hard got means,
And deem'd my viſit bold;
For love, the boaſt of happier ſcenes,
Was barter'd ſince for gold.

Adieu, falſe Caroline, adieu!
'Tis hard with life to part;
But harder ſtill to think that you
Should break a ſoldier's heart.

## SONG CCI.

IN Martindale, a village gay,
A damſel deigns to dwell,
Whoſe looks are like a ſummer's day,
Whoſe charms no tongue can tell.

Whene'er I meet her on my way
I tell my am'rous tale,
Then heave a figh, and ſoftly ſay,
" Sweet Maid of Martindale."

This nymph has numbers in her train,
From Hodge up to the ſquire;
A conqueſt make of ev'ry ſwain,
All gaze, and all admire:
Then where's the hope, alas! for me,
That I ſhould e'er prevail?
Yet while I breathe, I'll think of thee,
Sweet Maid of Martindale.

Should Fate propitious be my lot,
To call this charmer mine,
I'd live content in lowly cot,
And pompous thoughts reſign.
But if ſhe ſcorns each heartfelt figh,
And leaves me to bewail;
For thee, my fair, for thee I'll die,
Sweet Maid of Martindale.

## SONG CCII.

ON a rural village green,
Where the ruſtic ſports are ſeen;
When the lads and laſſes play,
At the cloſe of ſummer's day;
There young William chanc'd to ſee
Pretty Poll of Prebury.

If ſhe tript the turf along,
If ſhe warbled ſome ſoft ſong,
William ſeem'd to ſhew ſurpriſe
In his love enraptur'd eyes;
Said, how happy he could be
With ſweet Poll of Prebury.

Oft he fiddled near her side,
Afking her to be his bride;
She would turn her head away,
Telling him fhe'd nought to fay.
William cry'd, ah! turn to me,
Pretty Poll of Prefbury.

Bafhfully fhe rais'd her head,
And thefe words in pity faid:
"William, you're come too late,
To be Allen's is my fate."
"Cruel fate," (replied he)
Adieu, fweet Poll of Prefbury.

Thou wert once my hope and pride,
All the world was nought befide;
Now each hope is fled away,
Leaving me forlorn a prey,
To pine, languish, to think of thee,
My Pretty Poll of Prefbury.

## SONG CCIII.

FIRST VILLAGER.

DRIFTED fnow no more is feen,
Bluft'ring winter paffes by;
Merry fpring comes clad in green,
While woodlarks pour their melody:
I hear him!—hark!
The [illegible] lark
Calls [illegible] my native bay,
Flying [illegible].

SECOND VILLAGER.

When the golden fun appears
On the mountain's furly brow;
When his jolly beams he rears,
Darting joy; behold [illegible] now—

Then, then—oh hark!
The merry lark
Calls us to the new mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

THIRD VILLAGER.

When the village boy to field,
Tramps it with the buxom lafs;
Fain she would not seem to yield,
Yet gets her tumble on the grafs:
Then, then—oh hark!
The merry lark.
While they tumble in the hay,
Pipes alone his roundelay.

FOURTH VILLAGER.

What are honours? what's a court?
Calm content is worth them all;
Our honour lies in cudgel sport,
Yet gets her tumble on the grafs:
But then—oh hark!
The merry lark
Calls us to the new mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

## SONG. CCIV.

ONE fummer's eve, when Lunie's beam
Illumin'd hill and dale,
And gaily wanton'd on the ftream,
With zephyr's gentle [illegible]
What, all alone,
Cry'd Collin,
Take company—I
Indeed, Sir, no, not I.

O let me, faid the fmiling fwain,
Conduct you through the grove;
And then, in fond and moving ftrain,
Renew'd his tale of love.

He begg'd I'd name the happy day;
And hop'd the ſame was nigh;
Says I, ha' done—I cannot ſtay—
Indeed, ſays he—nor I.

We parted; but the teſty youth,
In female arts untaught,
Miſtook my meaning, for in truth,
I meant not as he thought.
Then threw me oft in Colin's way;
And ſmil'd when he came nigh;
Again he woo'd, could I ſay nay—
Why, no, indeed, not I.

## SONG CCV.

As through the grove, the other day,
I gang'd ſo blith and bonny;
Who ſhould I meet upon the way,
But my own true love Johnny!
With eager haſte,
He claſp'd my waiſt,
And kiſſes gave me plenty;
Though I deny'd,
And thus reply'd,
"Dear lad—I am not twenty."

What's that to me, the ſhepherd cry'd,
You're old enough to marry;
Then, come, dear laſs, and be my bride,
No longer let us tarry:
But let's begone,
O'er yonder lawn,
Where lads and laſſes plenty,
Are fill'd with joy,
And kiſs and toy,
Although they are not twenty.

I liſten'd to his ſoothing tale,
And gang'd wi' him ſo rarely;
With ſong and pipe he did prevail,

He won my wiſhes fairly:
O he's the lad,
That makes me glad,
With kiſſes ſweet and plenty;
So I declare,
By all that's fair,
I'll wed—though not quite twenty.

## SONG CCVI.

THE gentle ſwain, with graceful pride,
Her gloſſy plumage laves;
And, ſailing down the ſilver tide,
Divides the whiſp'ring waves.
The ſilver tide, that wand'ring flows,
Sweet to the bird muſt be;
But not ſo ſweet, blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit tree ſung;
And ſtill the pendent neſt ſhe view'd,
That held her callow young:
Though dear to her maternal heart
The genial brood muſt be;
They're not ſo dear, the thouſandth part,
As Delia is to me.

The roſes that my brow ſurround,
Were natives of the dale;
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their hue grew pale;
My vital blood would thus be froze,
If luckleſs torn from thee;
For what the root is to the roſe,
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new fall'n ſnow!
So white the beauteous pair,

The birds on Delia I'll beſtow,
They're like her boſom fair;
May they of our connubial love
A happy omen be!
Then ſuch fond bliſs as turtles prove,
Will Delia ſhare with me.

## SONG CCVII.

A LINNET's neſt, with anxious care,
Young Strephon one day found me;
When inſtantly the plunder'd pair,
With cries came flutt'ring round me:
And is it thus, cries I, unkind,
You'd raiſe compaſſion in me;
Hence, cruel, hence—unleſs you'd find
Some better way to win me.

Alas! if to give pain, cry'd he,
My love for you has wrought me,
I practiſe but that cruelty,
You have ſo often taught me.
If thus the linnet, and his mate,
Can raiſe compaſſion in you;
No more unkindneſs intimate,
But let your ſhepherd join you.

This ſaid, like lightning back ſhe flew,
The moſſy neſt reſtoring,
The linnets kept their young in view,
No more their loſs deploring:
Meanwhile this act, ſo ſweet, ſo kind,
Had rais'd affection in me;
And Strephon was well pleas'd to find
This certain way to win me.

## SONG CCVIII.

YOUNG Willy woo'd me long in vain,
In ev'ry place he met me,
Ah, do you love me, ſaid the ſwain,
How often muſt I aſk ye?

I hardly could my love deny,
For love him I did really;
Why no, you fooliſh ſwain, ſaid I,
How often muſt I tell ye?

Ah, muſt I then avoid your view,
Ah, muſt I always ſhun ye!
Then tell me, O my deareſt Sue,
How often muſt I aſk ye?

At length he aſk'd my hand, and cri'd,
Ah, deareſt, do you love me?
Why yes, ſaid I, and ſoftly ſigh'd,
How often muſt I tell ye?

## SONG CCIX.

'TWAS in the flow'ry month of May,
When Nature blooms on ev'ry ſpray,
And lambkins fondly ſport and play,
To grace the ſylvan ſcene;
That pretty miſs firſt form'd the plan,
To leave papa and chiding mam;
In chaiſe and four with dear footman,
To trip to Gretna Green.

The youth was form'd with ev'ry grace,
Tall, blooming, gay, with lovely face,
Sure ne'er before in worſted lace,
Was ſuch a charmer ſeen;

The night ſerene, the coaſt was clear,
When pretty Miſs with loving dear,
Set off with haſte, and full career,
To trip to Gretna Green.

The morning come, and plot is blown,
The cage is open and bird is flown,
But whither, is by no one known,
Lud, what a curious ſcene!
Mamma in fits, while ancient prig,
In fury tore his powder'd wig,
And with grim paſſion monſtrous big,
Sets off for Gretna Green.

Before old ſquare toes reaches near,
He meets the beau and lovely dear,
Returning back in full career,
From Hymen's flow'ry ſcene;
Stop thief, he cries;—the work is done,
My dear papa, we are coming home,
For we have taſted joys that come
From pleaſant Gretna Green.

## SONG CCX.

THE ſun ſets at night, and the ſtars ſhun the day.
But glory remains when their lights fade away;
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the ſon of Alkmonoak ſhall never 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 my pain?
No—the ſon of Alkmonoak ſhall never complain.

Remember the wood—where in ambuſh we lay,
And the ſcalps which we bore from your nation away:

When the flame riſes faſt! you'll exult in my pain;
But the ſon of Alkmonoak ſhall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghoſt ſhall rejoice in the fame of his ſon:
Death comes like a friend—he relieves me from pain;
And thy ſon, O Alkmonoak, has ſcorn'd to com-plain.

## SONG CCXI.

AT the ſound of the horn,
We riſe in the morn,
And waken the woods as we thunder along;
Yoix, yoix, Tally ho!
After Reynard we go,
While echo on echo redoubles the ſong.
We waken the woods as we thunder along,
Tally ho! tally ho!
After Reynard we go,
While echo on echo redoubles the ſong.

Not the ſteeds of the ſun
Our brave courſers outrun,
O'er the mound horſe and hound ſee us bound in full cry,
Like Phœbus we riſe,
To the heights of the ſkies,
And, careleſs of danger, five bars we defy.
*We waken the woods, &c.*

At eve, Sir, we ruſh,
And are cloſe to his bruſh;
Already he dies, ſee him panting for breath:
Each feat and defeat,
We renew and repeat,
Regardleſs of life, ſo we're in at the death.
*We waken the woods, &c.*

With a bottle at night,
We prolong the delight.
Much Trimbuſh we praiſe, and the deeds that were done;
And yoix, Tally ho!
The next morning we go
With Phœbus, to end as we mount with the ſun.
*We waken the woods, &c.*

## SONG CCXII.

BOLD chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And ſpangles deck the thorn,
The loving herds now quit the bawn,
The lark ſprings from the corn;
Dogs, ſportſmen round the window throng,
Fleet Ringwood leads the cry;
Riſe, the burden of their ſong,
This day a deer muſt die.
With a hey to chivy,
Hark forward, tantivy!

Poor ſtag! the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face,
The hunters pleaſure is no more,
His joys were in the chace.
Alike the ſportſmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
And quite content to run us down,
Then we in turn purſue,
With our hey ho chivy,
Hark forward, taintivy!

## SONG CCXIII.

THE ſun ſhone pale on mountain ſnow,
While morn unbarr'd her gate;
Wak'd by his beams, Maria roſe,
To mourn her hapleſs fate:

In piteous ſounds of deepeſt woe,
  Which echo'd through the vale;
Soft as the riſing bluſh of morn,
  Or zephyr's fragrant gale.

All night her ſhroud before her paſs,
  The owl cry'd, and raven too;
At eve Maria breath'd her laſt,
  And prov'd theſe omens true:
Her ſpirit's now in heaven repos'd,
  Which here ſad vigils kept;
Whoſe wounds on earth were never clos'd—
  Whoſe ſorrows never ſlept.

Yet ere I bid my laſt adieu,
  While in my clay cold bed,
Accept the tear of friendſhip true,
  Which o'er thy grave I ſhed;
While life remains, thy hapleſs love
  In mem'ry e'er ſhall live;
May'ſt thou in heav'n thoſe bleſſings prove
  Which earth could never give.

## SONG CCXIV.

THE ladies cannot but approve,
The kind affection of my love;
  Though I decry the frippery,
And I on the faſhion oft deſh move:
  In days of old, my granny told
How dreſt was ev'ry lad and laſs,
  And you ſhall know before I go,
Oh! what a beau my granny was.

  Then hey for fun, girls hither run,
  My granny was a wonder O!

My granny had but her own hair,
Which ſhe in comely mode did wear;
  But now with wool each loads her ſkull,

And frizzles it to make you ſtare.
With feathers high, as if to fly,
Each fair in charms would fain ſurpaſs;
But 'twas not ſo, long time ago,
When a great beau my granny was.
*Then hey, &c.*

My granny was both fare and plump,
And like a ſquirrel ſhe could jump;
With coral lips, and nat'ral hips,
But now the girls wear all cork rumps.
The plainted ruff look'd well enough,
Now pigeon craws they wear, alas!
Stuck out before, like the breaſt of a boar;
Oh! what a beau my granny was!
*Then hey, &c.*

## SONG CCXV.

WITH my jug in one hand, and my pipe in the other,
I drink to my neighbour and friend;
My cares in a whiff of tobacco I'll ſmother,
For life I know ſhortly muſt end.

While Ceres moſt kindly refills my brown jug,
With good ale, I will make myſelf mellow:
In my old wicker chair I will ſeat myſelf ſnug,
Like a jolly and true hearted fellow.

## SONG CCXVI.

AS my cow I was milking juſt now in the vale,
Young Alexis advanced and told a fond tale;
Such a tale, gentle maidens, believe what I ſay,
I with pleaſure could wait for to hear it all day!
I with pleaſure could wait,
I with pleaſure could wait,
I with pleaſure could wait for to hear it all day.

Hail Florella, he cry'd, now I'm happy I vow,
For to ſee you, believe me, I came from the plough.
Wilt thou have me, Florella, my deareſt, I ſay?
I with frowns ſoon reply'd, I'll not hear you to-day.

Pray, Alexis, I ſaid—for to try him I ſtrove,
Never come near me more, for I'm ſure you don't love;
Not deter'd by rough ſpeeches, nor all I could ſay,
Still he anſwer'd, with ſmiles, make me happy to day.

Now, with bluſhes I tell, I no longer ſay no,
But Alexis and I unto church ſoon will go;
Ye laſſes, then hear me, oh hear me I pray,
Never wait for to morrow, catch hold on the day.

## SONG CCXVII.

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Beſpoke the fair from whence ſhe ſprung,
With little rage inflam'd;
Inflam'd with rage and ſad reſtraint,
Which wiſe mamma ordain'd,
And ſorely vex'd to play the ſaint,
While wit and beauty reign'd.
While wit and beauty reign'd.
And ſorely vex'd to play the ſaint,
While wit and beauty reign'd.

Muſt lady Jenny friſk about,
And viſit with her couſins?
At balls muſt ſhe make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?
What has ſhe better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boaſt,
That all mankind for her ſhould die,
While I am ſcarce a toaſt?

While I am ſcarce a toaſt?
That all mankind for her ſhould die,
While I am ſcarce a toaſt?

Dear, dear mamma, for once let me,
Unchain'd my fortune try;
I'll have my Earl as well as ſhe,
Or know the reaſon why.
Fond love prevail'd, mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's deſire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And ſet the world on fire.
And ſet the world on fire.
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And ſet the world on fire.

## SONG CCXVIII.

COME ceaſe all your pother, about this or that;
All diſcord and envy let paſs:
The tatler who talks of he cannot tell what,
May juſtly be reckon'd an *aſs*, an *aſs*.

The beau who befrizzles and tortures his hair,
To heighten his delicate ſhape.
(While ever grimace is the end of his care)
Deſerves to be reckon'd an *ape*.

The cynical churl, who would fain be thought wiſe,
And doth conſtantly cavil and growl.
(Tho' this may be wiſdom in ſome people's eyes)
Deſerves to be reckon'd an *owl*.

The glutton who, greedy, forever would ſtuff
On all the fine diſhes in vogue,
Who, never content, would have more than enough,
Deſerves to be reckon'd a *hog*.

The clown, who, though clumſy, would active be
Or wonderous clever appear, [thought,

As the fable can ſhow—put him into a boat,
And he'll prove nothing elſe but a *bear*.

The merchant, who ventures o'er Afric' to roam,
In hazardous ſearch after luck—
Ne'er knows that his lady has galants at home,
Who dubs the poor cuckold a *duck*.

The innocent fool who believes he's ſecure,
In the middle of danger to ſleep,
Who dreads no deceit from the Foxes in pow'r,
Deſerves to be reckon'd a *ſheep*.

The goſſip, brim-full of an ill natur'd tale,
Runs over with awkward abuſe;—
Whilſt this cackling humour doth ever prevail,
She deſerves to be reckon'd a *gooſe*.

The rogue, who in plundering and filching replete
Th' unwary draws into a gulf,
Who lives but to murder, to rob, and to cheat,
May juſtly be reckon'd a *wolf*.

But he whom good ſenſe and good nature inſpire,
To do all the good that he can,
While juſtice and virtue are all his deſire,
May juſtly be reckon'd a *man*, a *man*.
May juſtly be reckon'd a *man*.

## SONG CCXIX.

ALL hands up aloft; ſwab the couch fore and aft;
For the punch clubbers ſtrait will be ſitting.
For fear the ſhip rool, fling off a full bowl;
For our honour let all things be fitting.
In an ocean of punch we to night will all ſail;
I'th' bowl we're in ſea room enough, we ne'er fear.
Here's to thee meſſmate.

Thanks, honeſt Tom. 'Tis a health to the King.
While the larboard man drinks, let the ſtarboard-man ſing.
With full double cups,
We'll liquor our chops,
And then we'll turn out,
With a who up! who! who!
But let's drink ere we go,
But let's drink ere we go.

The wind's veering aft, then looſe ev'ry ſail;
She'll bear all her top ſails a trip.
Heave the log from the poop; it blows a freſh gale;
And a juſt account on the board keep.
She runs the eight knots, and eight cups to my thinking; [drinking.
That's a cup for each knot muſt be fill'd for our Here's to thee ſkipper.
Thanks, honeſt John. 'Tis a health to the King,
Whilſt the one is a drinking, the other ſhall ſing.
*With full double cups, &c.*

The quartier muſt cun, whilſt the forremaſt man ſteers.
Here's a health to each port, where'er bound.
Who delays ('tis a bumper) ſhall be drubb'd at the geers;
The depth of each cup therefore ſound.
To our noble commander, to his honour and wealth;
May he drown and be damm'd, who refuſes the health.
Here's to thee, Harry.
Thanks. honeſt Will; old true penny ſtill.
Whilſt the one is a drinking the other ſhall fill.
*With full double cups, &c.*

What news on the deck, ho! It blows a mere
She lies a try under her mizen. [ſtorm.
Why? what though ſhe does? will it do any harm,
If a bumper more does us all reaſon;

The bowl muſt be fill'd, boys, in ſpite of the weather;
Yea, yea, boys! huzza, boys! let's howl all together.
Here's to thee, Peter.
Thanks, honeſt Joe; about let it go.
In the bowl ſtill a calm is, where'er the wind blow.
*With full double cups, &c.*

## SONG CCXX.

I HEARD much talk of Oxford town,
And fain I would go thither.
When ploughing and ſowing that was done,
It being gallant weather;
Father he did to't agree,
That Nell and I ſhould go:
But mother cry'd that we ſhould ride,
So we had dobbin too.

So I goes unto ſiſter Nell,
And bids her make her ready;
And put on all her Zundy cloſe,
As fine as any lady:
'Tis a gallant day; the morning's gay,
And likely to be fair;
Therefore make haſte, and ſoon be lac'd,
And I'll go bait the mare.

So up upon the mare we got,
And away we rid together;
And every body as we met,
We aſk'd how far 'twas thither.
Till at the laſt, when on the top
Of Chiſſeldon hill we riſs,
I ſomewhat ſpy'd, like ſteeples; and cry'd,
Zooks, Nell, look yonder 'tis.

So, when as nearer to't we came,
We ſee folks infant thick;
I heard a little baſtard zay,

Look, here comes country Dick.
Another baſtard call'd me Ralph;
And, How is't, honeſt Joan?
And Roger too; how's little Sue,
And all the folks at home.

So we rode on, and nothing ſaid;
But looked for an alehouſe;
At laſt we zee a hugeous ſign,
As big as any gallows;
It was two dogs: So in we rode,
And called for the hoſtler:
Out came a luſty fellow then,
I warrant he was a wroſtler.

Here take this horſe, and ſet'en up,
And ge'n a lock of hay;
For we be come to zee the town,
And tarry here all day.
Yes, Sir, he ſaid, and call'd the maid,
That ſtood within the entry:
She had us into a room as clean
As though we both been gentry.

So we zet down, and bid 'em fetch
A flaggon of their beer:
But when it come, Nell ſhook her head,
And zed 'twas plaguy dear.
Says ſhe to me, If long we ſtay,
'Twill make us go a begging;
For I am ſure it cannot be
So much as old Martin's flaggon.

So we got up, and away we went
To zee the gallant town;
And at the gate we met a man
With a pitiful ragged gown:
For, as for a ſlave, I do believe
That they wur both tore off;
And, inſtead of a hat, he wore a cap,
'Twas a trencher cover'd w' cloth.

And. as we were going along the town,
I thote I had found a knife;
I ſtooped down to pick it up,
But was ne'er ſo ſham'd in my life.
For the underſide was all be——t
With an arrant Chriſtian's t—d:
The boys fell a hollowing, An April fool!
But I zed never a word.

As we went through a narrow lane,
One catch'd faſt hold of ſiſter;
He'd parſon's cloſe, and he du'dn't know us;
But fain he would ha' kiſs'd her.
He was plaguy fine; but, to my mind,
He look'd much like a wencher:
I up wi' my ſtick, and ge'en a lick,
I b'leve I ſhit his trencher.

Then we went into a fine place;
And there we went to church:
I kneeled down to ſay my pray'rs,
And du'dn't think no hurt.
I'th' midſt o'th' pray'rs, juſt up the ſtairs,
Was bagpipes to my thinking;
And the folks below fell ſinging too,
As though they'd been a drinking.

I du'dn't like the doings there,
And zo I took my hat:
I du'dn't think they would ha' done ſo
In zich a place as that:
But Nell was for ſtaying, till they'd quite done playing,
Becauſe ſhe lik'd the tune;
For ſhe was ſure ſhe ne'er hid hear
Old Crunball play'd at home.

Then we went into a fine garden,
All up upon a hill:
And juſt below, a dial did grow,
Much like a waggon wheel:

But bigger by half, which made me laugh,
'Twas like a garden knot:
When the zun shone bright, it went as right
As our parson's clock.

Then we went out of that fine place,
And went into another,
Which was vorty times as fine
As any of the other.
Bless me, our John, quite all along
There's books pil'd up like mows;
Faith, Nell, I wish that mother was here,
If 'twas not for the cows.

And in the middle stood two things
As round as any ball;
They told 'twas the picture of
The world, the zea, and all:
And those that knew how to turn 'em right,
And how to turn 'em round,
Could tell us what it was a clock
In the world under ground.

And many more things they could tell,
That was almost as strange;
As when the sun should set and rise,
And when the moon should change.
I du'dn't care to stand so near,
When all these things I heard;
For I thote in my heart it was the black art,
And I was a little afraid.

The sun being low, then we begun
To think of going home;
But one thing more we zaw before
We got quite out of town:
We went apace; for, being in haste,
For fear of being benighted.
Two hugeous men stood strutting within,
And Nell and I was frighted.

Nell had a colour as red as a roſe,
And darſt not go no furder.
They had bloody weapons in their hands,
Stood ready there for murdur.
So we went back, and took our mare,
And away come troting home,
Wi' ſtories enough to tell father and mother,
And little ſiſter Joan.

## SONG CCXXI.

IN Charles the Second's merry days,
For wanton frolics noted,
A lover of cabals I was,
With wine like Bacchus floated.
I preach'd unto my crowded pews,
Wine was by God's command, Sir;
And damn'd was he who did refuſe
To drink while he could ſtand, Sir,
And this is law I will maintain
Unto my dying day, Sir:—
That, whatſoever king ſhall reign,
I'll drink a gallon a day, Sir.

When James the ſot aſſum'd the throne,
He ſtrove to ſtand alone, Sir;
But quickly got ſo drunk, that down
He tumbled from the throne, Sir.
One morning—crop ſick, pale, and queer,
By ſitting up with gay men—
He reel'd to Rome where prieſts ſevere
Deny the cup to laymen.
*And this is law, &c.*

Then Will, the tippling Dutchman ſav'd
Our liberties from ſinking;
We crown'd him king of cups, and crav'd
The privilege of thinking.
He drank your Holland gin, 'tis ſaid,
And held predeſtination:

Fool! not to know the tippling trade
Admits no trepidation!
*And this is law, &c.*

When brandy Nan became our queen,
'Twas all a drunken ſtory;
I ſat and drank from morn till e'en,
And ſo was thought a Tory.
Brim full of wine, all ſober folks
We damn'd, and moderation;
And for right Nants, we pawn'd to France
Our deareſt reputation.
And this is law, I will maintain,
For ever and for aye, Sir:
That, whether king or queen ſhall reign,
I'll drink a gallon a day, Sir.

King George the Firſt then fill'd the throne,
And took the reſolution
To drink all ſorts of liquors known,
To ſave the Conſtitution.
He drank ſucceſs in rare old rum,
Unto the State and Church, Sir,
Till with a doſe of Brunſwick mum,
He dropp'd from off the perch, Sir.
*And this is law, &c.*

King George the Second then aroſe,
A wiſe and valiant ſoul, Sir.
He lov'd his people, beat his foes,
And puſh'd about the bowl, Sir.
He drank his fill to Chatham Will,
To heroes, for he choſe 'em;
With us true Whigs he drank until
He ſlept in Abra'm's boſom.
*And this is law, &c.*

His preſent Majeſty that came,
Whom, Heaven long preſerve, Sir!
He glory'd in a Briton's name,
And ſwore he'd never ſwerve, Sir.

Though evil counſellors may think
His love from us to ſever,
Yet let us, royal Britons drink——
King George the Third forever!
And this is law I will maintain,
For ever and for aye, Sir;—
That, whatſoever king ſhall reign,
I'll drink both night and day, Sir.

## SONG CCXXII.

My mither ſhe makes ſic a din,
Becauſe young Patie woos me;
Yet on the lad I canna blin,
For well I ken he loos me;
Na fault in him I canna find,
He ſpeaks ſa kind and fairly;
'Tis he alone can pleaſe my mind,
For troth I loo him dearly.

Sa ſweetly on the pipe he plays,
And ſings ſa ſatt a ditty,
While round the ewes are ſeen to graze,
To ſcorn him were a pity.
To him I vow I'll be ſincere,
And ever ſpeak him fairly;
For in my heart I muſt declare,
In truth I loo him dearly.

My mither, and my daddy too,
May ſcold indeed, and teaze me;
Yet I've a right to chooſe my Joe,
The only one to pleaſe me:
To wed wi' him I am inclin'd,
To morrow morning early;
And then baith aw my kin and kind
Will ſee I loo him dearly.

## SONG CCXXIII.

THERE was a jolly miller liv'd on the river Dee. [ſo blithe as he.
He danc'd and he ſang from morn till night, no lark
And this the burthen of his ſong forever us'd to be:
I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

I live by my mill, God bleſs 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: [me.
I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for

When ſpring brings its merry career, oh! how his heart grows gay! [ter's ſad decay.
No ſummer's drought alarms his fears, nor win-
No foreſight mars the miller's joys, who's wont to ſing and ſay— [to day.
Let others toil from year to year, I live from day

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice and ſing: [on the wing.
The days of youth are made for glee, and time is
This ſong ſhall paſs from me to thee, along this jovial throng: [Waſhington!
Let hearts, and voice, and all agree—Long live great

## SONG CCXXIV.

WHEN once the gods, like us below,
To keep it up deſign'd,
Their goblets with freſh nectar flow,
Which makes them more divine.

Since drinking deifies the ſoul,
Let's puſh about the flowing bowl.
*Since drinking, &c.*

The glitt'ring ſtar, and ribband blue,
That deck the courtier's breaſt,
May hide a heart of blackeſt hue,
Though by a king careſs'd.
Let him in pride and ſplendour roll:
We're happier o'er a flowing bowl.
*A flowing bowl, &c.*

For liberty let patriots rave,
And damn the courtly crew;
Becauſe, like them, they want to have
The loaves and fiſhes too.
I care not who divides the cole,
So I can ſhare a flowing bowl.
*A flowing bowl, &c.*

Let Mansfield Lord Chief Juſtice be,
Sir Fletcher Speaker ſtill;
At home let Sandwich rule the ſea,
And North the Treaſury fill.
No place I want throughout the whole,
But one that's near a flowing bowl.
*A flowing bowl, &c.*

The ſon wants ſquare toes at old Nick,
And miſs is mad to wed;
The doctor wants us to be ſick;
The undertaker, dead.
All have their wants from pole to pole:
I want an ever flowing bowl.
*A flowing bowl, &c.*

## SONG CCXXV.

YE lads of true ſpirit, pay courtſhip to claret,
Releas'd from the troubled of thinking:

A fool long ago ſaid we could nothing know;
The fellow knew nothing of drinking.
To pore over Plato, or practiſe with Cato,
Diſpaſſionate 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 ſtairs 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 toſs up which party ſhall take us.
Away with ſuch cant—no preſcriptions we want,
But the nouriſhing noſtrum of Bacchus.

We jollity join in the practice of wine,
Whilſt 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 balſam of Bacchus.

What work is there made by the newſpaper trade,
Of this man's and t'other man's ſtation!
The inns 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 toaſt;
May graciouſly they undertake us!
No more we deſire—ſo drink and give fire,
A volley to Beauty and Bacchus!

## SONG CCXXVI.

YOU know that our ancient philoſophers hold,
There is nothing in beauty, or honour, or gold;
That bliſs in externals no mortal can find:
And in truth, my good friends, I am quite of their mind.

What makes a man happy I never can doubt;
'Tis ſomething within him, and nothing without.
This ſomething, they ſay, was the ſource of content;
And, whatever they call'd it, 'twas wine that they meant.

Without us, indeed, it is not worth a pin;
But, ye gods! how divine, if we get it within!
'Tis then of all bleſſings the flouriſhing root;
And, in ſpite of the world, we can gather the fruit.

When the bottle is wanting the ſoul is depreſs'd,
And beauty can kindle no flame in the breaſt:
But, with wine at our hearts, we are always in love;
We can ſing like the linnet, and bill like the dove.

The richeſt and greateſt are poor, and repine,
If with gold and with grandeur you give them no wine;
But, wine to the peaſant or ſlave if you bring,
He's as rich as a Jew, and as great as a King.

With wine at my heart I am happy and free;
Externals without it are nothing to me.
Come, fill; and this truth from a bumper you'll know:—
That wine, wine alone, is our bleſſing below.

## SONG CCXXVII.

LET a ſet of ſober aſſes
Rail againſt the joys of drinking,
While water, tea,
And milk, agree
To ſet cold brains a thinking.
Power and wealth,
Beauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd
Joys abound,
Pleaſure's found,
Only where the glaſs goes round.

The ancient ſects on happineſs
All differ'd in opinion;
But wiſer rules
Of modern ſchools
In wine fix her dominion.
*Power and wealth, &c.*

Wine gives the lover vigour,
Makes glow the cheek of beauty;
Makes poets write,
And ſoldiers fight,
And friendſhip do its duty.
*Power and wealth, &c.*

Wine was the only Helicon
Whence poets are long liv'd ſo;
'Twas no other main
Than briſk champaign,
Whence Venus was deriv'd, too.
*Power and wealth, &c.*

When Heaven in Pandora's box
All kind of ill had ſent us,
In a merry mood

A bottle of good
Was cork'd up to content us.
*Power and wealth, &c.*

All virtues wine is nurſe to,
Of ev'ry vice deſtroyer;
Gives dullards wit,
Makes juſt the cit,
Truth forces from the lawyer.
*Power and wealth, &c.*

Wine ſets our joys a flowing.
Our care and ſorrow drowning.
Who rails at the bowl,
Is a Turk in's ſoul,
And a Chriſtian ne'er ſhould own him.
*Power and wealth, &c.*

## SONG CCXXVIII.

SINCE there's ſo ſmall diff'rence 'twixt drowning and drinking,
We'll tipple, and pray too, like mariners ſinking.
While they drink ſalt water, we'll pledge 'em in wine,
And pay our devotion at Bacchus's ſhrine.
O Bacchus, great Bacchus, forever defend us.
And plentiful ſtore of good Burgundy ſend us!

From cens'ring the State, and what paſſes above,
From a ſurfeit of cabbage, from law ſuits, and love,
From meddling with ſwords, and ſuch dangerous things,
And handling of guns in defending of kings,
*O Bacchus, &c.*

From riding a jade that will ſtart at a feather,
From ending a journey with loſs of much leather,

From the folly of dying with grief or deſpair,
With our heads in the water, or heels in the air:
*O Bacchus, &c.*

From the uſurer's gripe, from the knaves who trepan,
That boldly pretend to do more than they can:
From the ſcolding of women, and bite of mad dogs,
And wandering over wild Iriſh bogs:
*O Bacchus, &c.*

From hunger and thirſt, empty bottles and glaſſes,
From thoſe whoſe religion conſiſts in grimaces,
From e'er being cheated by female decoys,
From humouring old men, and from reaſoning with boys:
*O Bacchus, &c.*

From thoſe little troubeſome inſects and flies,
That think themſelves pretty, or witty or wiſe—
From carrying a quartan, for mortification,
As long as a Ratiſbon conſultation—
O Bacchus, great Bacchus, forever defend us;
And plentiful ſtore of good Burgundy ſend us!

## SONG CCXXIX.

COME now all ye ſocial pow'rs,
Shed your influence o'er us;
Crown with joy our preſent hours,
Enliven thoſe before us;

Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring;
Joy ſhall quickly find us;
Sport and dance, and laugh and ſing,
And caſt dull care behind us.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
Source of generous paſſion;

Nor will we ever bow before
Thoſe idols, wealth, or faſhion.
*Bring the flaſk, &c.*

Why the plague ſhould we be ſad,
Whilſt on earth we moulder;
Rich or poor, or grave or mad,
We ev'ry day grow older.
*Bring the flaſk, &c.*

Friendſhip, oh! thy ſmiles divine,
Brighten ev'ry feature:
What but friendſhip, love and wine,
Can make us happy creatures?
*Bring the flaſk, &c.*

Since the time will ſteal away,
Spite of all our ſorrow,
Let's be blithe and gay to day,
And never mind to morrow.
Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring,
Joy ſhall quickly find us;
Sport and dance, and laugh and ſing,
And caſt dull care behind us.

## SONG CCXXX.

ONCE the Gods of the Greeks at an ambroſial feaſt,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,
Merry Momus among them appear'd as a gueſt,
Homer ſays the Celeſtials lov'd laughing.

This happen'd 'fore chaos was fix'd into form,
While nature diſorderly lay;
While elements adverſe engender'd the ſtorm,
And uproar embroil'd the loud fray.

On ev'ry Olympic the humourift droll'd
So none could his jokes diſapprove;

He ſung, repartee'd, and ſome odd ſtories told,
And at laſt thus began upon Jove:

Sire—Mark how your matter is heaving below,
Were it ſettled 'twould pleaſe all your court;
'Tis not wiſdom to let it lie uſeleſs, you know;
Pray people it, juſt for our ſport.

Jove nodded aſſent, all Olympus bow'd down,
At his Fiat creation took birth;
The cloud keeping Deity ſmil'd on his throne,
Then announe'd, the production was Earth.

To honour their Sov'reign each God gave a boon;
Apollo ſupplied it Light;
The Goddeſs of Childbed diſpatch'd us a Moon,
To ſilver the ſhadow of Night.

The Queen of ſoft wiſhes, ſoul Vulcan's fair bride,
Leer'd wanton on her Man of War;
Saying, as to theſe Earth folks, I'll give them a guide,
So ſhe ſparkled the morn and eve ſtar.

From her cloud, all in ſpirits, the Goddeſs up ſprung,
In ellipſis each planet advanc'd:
The Tune of the ſpheres the Nine Siſters ſung,
As round Terra Nova they danc'd.

E'en Jove himſelf could not inſenſible ſtand,
Bid Saturn his girdle faſt bind,
Th' Expounder of Fate graſp'd the Globe in his hand,
And laugh'd at thoſe Mites call'd Mankind.

From the hand of great Jove into Space it was hurl'd,
He was charm'd with the roll of the ball;
Bid his daughter Attraction take charge of the world,
And ſhe hung it up high in his hall.

Miſs, pleas'd with the preſent, review'd the Globe round,
Saw with rapture, hills, vallies and plains;
The ſelf balanc'd orb in an atmoſphere bound,
Prolific by ſuns, dews and rains.

With ſilver, gold, jewels, ſhe India endow'd,
France and Spain, ſhe taught vineyards to rear,
What was fit for each clime on each clime ſhe beſtow'd,
And Freedom ſhe found flouriſhed here.

The blue eye'd Celeſtial, Minerva, the wiſe,
Ineffably ſmil'd on the ſpot;
My dear, ſays plum'd Pallas, your laſt gift I prize,
But, excuſe me, one thing is forgot.

Licentiouſneſs Freedom's deſtruction may bring,
Unleſs Prudence prepare its defence;
The Goddeſs of Sapience bid Iris take wing,
And grant Columbia Common Senſe.

Four Cardinal Virtues ſhe left in this land,
As guardians to cheriſh the root;
The bloſſoms of Liberty gaily expand,
And Columbians feed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred, by a bounty ſo rare,
Oh preſerve it as pure as 'twas given;
We will while we've breath, nay we'll graſp it in death,
And return it untainted to heaven.

## SONG CCXXXI.

In hiſt'ries of Heathens, by which tutors train us,
The ſalt water Sov'reign is call'd Oceanus;
His ſpouſe was deliver'd, by man midwife Triton,
Of this ſea girt iſland, his favourite Britain.

The Naiads were Nurſes, old Trident declar'd,
To embelliſh his offspring no pains ſhould be ſpar'd;
By flying fiſh drawn to Olympus he drove,
And petition'd the Gods, that his ſuit they'd approve.

Quoth Jupiter, I'll make it *King* of the *Sea*;
Avaſt! reply'd Neptune, pray leave that to me:
I'll guard it with ſhoals, and I'll make their lads *Seamen*; [*men*.
Strong Hercules hollow'd out, I'll make 'em *Free*.

And what will you make? Venus whiſper'd to Mars; [Tars.
Why I'll make all ſoldiers that *Nep*._dont make
Momus ſmil'd, as that droll always merrily means,
He begg'd they'd go partners, and make 'em *Marines*.

Quoth Saturn, much time I'll allow 'em for thinking; [ing:
Buck Bacchus reply'd, no, allow it for drink-
But Mercury anſwer'd, a fig for your wine,
The art of time killing by cardplaying's mine.

By Styx, quoth Apollo—but, Hermes, you're bit;
'Gainſt gaming I'll ſend them an antidote—Wit:
In England, laugh'd Momus, Wit no one regards,
Save that ſort of wit that's in—playing of Cards.

Well, well, replies Phœbus, I'll mend their conditions, [cians.
I'll teach them to fiddle, and ſend them *Phyſi*-
'Mong Fiddlers, quoth Momus, *true Harmony's* ſcarce;
And as to your Doctorſhip—*Phyſic's a farce*.

Says Venus, I'll people this Iſland with Beauties,
And tempt Married men to be true to their duties.—

You to Married men's duty a friend! bawl'd out
Juno, [you know.
You're a ſtrumpet, you ſlut, and that I know and

Then turning to Jove, who look'd pale, ſhe be-
gan—
I'll ſpoil your Olympical gift giving plan:
Herſelf not conſulted, ſhe vow'd ſhe would wrong
us, [mong us.
Blew a Scold from her mouth, and ſent party a-

God Bacchus, to counterpoiſe Juno's raſh action,
Commanded Silenus to ſeize upon *Faction*;
Swift flitted the Fiend, the old Toper out ſped,
Whilſt Semele's ſon ſent a flaſk at his head.

The imp, by the blow, ſpeechleſs fell to the ground;
May wine thus forever foul *Faction* confound:
*Unanimity!* that, that's the Toaſt of our hearts,
Though no Party man here, *Here's to all men of*
*Parts.*

## SONG CCXXXII.

CUPID ſent on a meſſage one evening by *Venus*,
As ill luck would have it, was met by *Silenus*;
The big belly'd Sot aſk'd the Urchin to play,
And the ſilly lad gam'd all Love's weapons away.
*Derry down, &c.*

His Bow from the bubble the old Gambler drew,
And into a crutch headed ſtick turn'd the Yew:
The ſtring was tough catgut, *Si.* ſwore it was well,
A ſtrong line he wanted to ring his bar bell.

Love's arrows were cane, he divided the joints,
Pipe ſtoppers the ends made, and pick teeth the
points,

The feathers to brush down his tables were clev-
er;
And to a tobacco pouch turn'd the boy's quiver.

For pipe lighting matches he chose billetdoux,
And away, at each puff, went the sonnetteer's
vows;
His tinder was drawn from the brains of the jeal-
ous,
And long bottled sighs he preserv'd for his bel-
lows.

*Hermes* took the lad home, told the story to *Venus*,
She dash'd down her tea cup and flew to *Silenus*;
Then threaten'd her captain should kick the old
clown,
But he laugh'd, and he smoak'd, and he sung *derry down*.

She squeez'd his hard hand, and his filthy beard
stroak'd,
Nay kiss'd him, though with his tobacco fumes
choak'd;
Then begg'd the boy's arms, but *Si.* swore with a
frown,
He'd be damn'd if he'd give them for her *derry down*.

She whipt her doves' back, vastly piqued you may
guess,
In Synod Celestial demanded redress;
Jove laugh'd at the jest, and he vow'd, by his
crown,
When spouse rail'd hereafter, he'd sing—*derry down*.

* * * * *

MORAL.

Ye Husbands, too fond, who are Feminine fool'd,
And tamely by petticoat government rul'd.
Resist your wives' railings their shrill trebles drown,
By smoking and singing of—*down, derry down.*

## SONG CCXXXIII.

LET us laugh at the common diſtinctions of ſtate,
When merely from title, men hold themſelves great:
If merit wins honours, the wearer we praiſe,
But only the mean, homage heraldry's blaze.

If you are a lineal deſcendant from Adam,
Or ſpouſe can collateral claim from his Madam;
O'er acres of parchment, though pedigrees ſpread,
Boaſt not how you're born, Sir, but ſhew how you're bred.

You laurels diſplay, which your forefathers won,
We allow *they* did great things, but what have *you* done?
The cover, the ſtubble, your conqueſt proclaim,
And your country's preſerv'd—by the *laws of the game*.

Ye lords of large manors, your flatt'rers diſband,
What are ye but tenants for life to the land;
Your lakes, gardens, grots, temples, buſts, pictures, plate,
Are things of the inn, where in life's ſtage you ſtair.

Awhile you the labours of luxury bear,
'Till time tells you Out, to make room for your heir;
The ſame round of riot, he runs for his day,
His ſucceſſor's ſummons, ſends him the ſame way.

But He who exiſts in infinity's State,
Whoſe hand holds the ſun, and whoſe fiat is fate;
To ſome has ſent power, to others gives wealth,
And to us, who are humble, his beſt bleſſing—*Health*.

To the graces, we, nightly, a ſacrifice make,
Wit and humour, the chairs, as our toaſt maſters take;
By their ſocial converſe, our time we improve,
While tenderneſs lends us the daughters of love.

Jolly welcome attends hoſpitality's call,
Common ſenſe is our cat'rer in Liberty Hall;
For one diſh dreſs'd there, all court treats we reſign, [dine.
Keep your diſtance, ye Kings! INDEPENDENT we

## SONG CCXXXIV.

ONE evening *Good Humour* took *Wit* as his gueſt,
By *Friendſhip* invited to *Gratitude's* feaſt;
Their liquor was claret, and *Love* was their hoſt,
Laugh, ſong and droll ſentiment garniſh'd each toaſt.

While *Freedom* and *Fancy* enlarg'd the deſign,
And dainties were furniſh'd by *Love*, *Wit* and *Wine*;
Alarm'd, they all heard, at the door a loud knock,
A watchman, hoarſe bowling, *'Twas paſt twelve o'clock.*

They nimbly ran down, the diſturbing dog found,
And up ſtairs they brought, the impertinent bound,
When dragg'd to the light, how much were they pleas'd, [ſeiz'd.
To ſee 'twas the grey glutton *Time* they had

His glaſs as his lanthorn, his ſcythe as his pole,
And his ſingle lock dangled adown his ſmooth ſkull;
My friends, quoth he, panting, I thought it to knock,
And bid ye be gone, for 'tis *paſt twelve o'clock.*

Says the *Venom'd tooth'd ſavage*, on this advice fix;
Though *Nature* ſtrikes twelve, *Folly* ſtill points to ſix;
He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it,
So hurry'd him into a hogſhead of claret.

*Wit* obſerv'd it was right, while we're yet in our prime,
There is nothing like *claret* for killing of Time;
*Love* laughing, reply'd, I am pleas'd from my heart,
He can't come and put us in mind we muſt part.

This intruder, rude *Time*, though a tyrant long known,
By *Love*, *Wit* and *Wine*, can be only o'erthrown;
If hereafter he's wanted on any deſign,
He'll always be found in a hogſhead of wine.

Since *Time* is confin'd to our wine, let us think,
By this rule we are ſure of our *Time* when we drink;
Henceforth, let our glaſſes with bumpers be prim'd,
We're certain our drinking muſt now be *well tim'd*.

## SONG CCXXXV.

I'VE ſeen the ſmiling of fortune beguiling,
I've felt its favours, and found its decay:
Sweet was its bleſſing, kind its careſſing,
But now 'tis fled—fled far away!

I've ſeen the foreſt adorned the foremoſt,
With flowers of the faireſt, moſt pleaſant and gay,
Sae bonny their blooming, their ſcent the air perfuming;
But now they are withered and weeded away.

I've ſeen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempeſts ſtorming before the mid day;
I've ſeen Tweed's ſilver ſtreams ſhining in the ſunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

O! fickle Fortune, why this cruel ſporting?
O! why ſtill perplex us poor ſons of a day?
Nae mair your ſmiles can cheer me, nae mair your frowns can fear me,
For the flowers of the foreſt are wither'd away.

## SONG CCXXXVI.

AS Jamie Gay gang'd blith his way,
Along the banks of Tweed,
A bonny laſs as e'er was ſeen,
Came tripping o'er the mead;
The hearty ſwain, untaught to fain,
The bunom nymph ſurvey'd,
And full of glee, as lad could be,
Beſpoke the pretty maid:

Dear laſſie tell, why by thine ſell
Thou haſt'ly wand'reſt here;
My ewes, ſhe cry'd, are ſtraying wide,
Can'ſt tell me laddie where?
To-town I hye, he made reply,
Some meikle ſport to ſee;
But thou're ſo ſweet, ſo trim and neat,
I'll ſeek the ewes with thee.

She gave her hand, nor made a ſtand,
But lik'd the youth's intent;
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
Right merrily they went;
The birds ſang ſweet the pair to greet,
And flow'rs bloom'd all around;

And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the ſun had roſe to noon,
The zenith of his power,
When to a ſhade their ſteps they made,
To paſs the mid day hour.
The bonny lad row'd in his plaid;
The laſs, who ſcorn'd to frown:
She ſoon forgot the ewes ſhe ſought,
And he to gang to town.

## SONG CCXXXVII.

YE beauties, or ſuch as would beauties be fam'd,
Lay patches and waſhes and painting aſide,
Go burn all the glaſſes that ever were fram'd,
The gewgaws of faſhion, and knicknacks of pride.
A noſtrum to cull from the toilet of reaſon,
'Tis eaſy, 'tis cheap, and 'tis ever in ſeaſon,
When art has in vain her coſmeticks applied.

Good nature, believe me, is the ſmootheſt of varniſh,
Which ever bedimples the beautiful cheek;
No time nor no tint can its excellence tarniſh,
It holds good ſo long, and it lies on ſo ſleek:
'Tis more than the bluſh of the roſe in the morning,
All accident proof, and all ſcrutiny ſcorning;
'Tis eaſe to the witty, and wit to the weak.

'Tis ſurely the girdle that Venus was bound with,
The Graces, her handmaids, all proud put it on:
'Tis ſurely the radient Aurora is crown'd with,
Who, ſmiling, ariſes and waits on the ſun.
Oh! wear it, ye laſſes, on every occaſion,

'Tis the nobleſt reproof, 'tis the ſtrongeſt perſuaſion:
'Twill keep, nay, 'twill almoſt retrieve reputation:
And laſt, and look lovely, when beauty is gone.

## SONG CCXXXVIII.

MON chere amie, let not deſpair
Your boſom load with anxious care;
Whoſe heart ſo open, mind ſo free,
I'll think of him who thinks on me.
*Mon chere amie, &c.*

Charge not a tender virgin's flame
With rudeneſs to confeſs the ſame;
Oh, pardon all the faults you ſee,
Still think on her, who thinks on thee,
*Mon chere amie, &c.*

Then let us to the church incline,
On Hymen wait, our hands to join;
Forever after happy be,
I bleſt with you, and you with me.
*Mon chere amie, &c.*

## SONG CCXXXIX.

ADIEU, ye ſtreams that gently flowing,
Murmur through the flowery mead;
Vernal airs that ſoftly blowing,
Ruſtle through the leafy ſhade!

Adieu, ye birds, whoſe notes delighting,
Sweetly charm the rural ſcene;
Beauteous proſpects all inviting,
Fields and meadows deck'd with green:

I could quit you unrepining,
Not a tear ſhould bathe my eye,

Your enjoyments all reſigning,
Nor my boſom heave a ſigh.

But when cruel *fate* ordains me
From my lovely *fair* to part;
Oh, the ſeparation pains me!
Deeply wounds my aching heart.

Falſehood and deceit deſpiſing,
Oh, ſhe's fairer than the morn!
When bright Phœbus juſt ariſing,
Strews with pearl the dewy lawn.

But her mind in charms ſurpaſſes,
Spotleſs as the ſolar ray;
While a thouſand nameleſs graces
All around my fair one play.

When with her the ſweet enjoyment
Crowns the day with freſh delight;
To chat with her, the ſweet employment,
Gilds with joy the gloomy night.

But by *fate* compell'd to leave her,
From my Julia forc'd to part;
Oh! the cruel word, "*forever*,"
Wounds afreſh my bleeding heart!

## SONG CCXL.

SWEET nightingale! Queen of the ſpray,
Whoſe note is diſturb'd by our ſong;
Ah! ſtretch not thy pinions away,
Alarm'd at the numerous throng;
But try the ſweet warble again,
And challenge thy hearers ſo fine,
Though the muſes attend on their train,
To make ſuch a concert as thine.

## SONG CCXLI.

To fly, like bird, from grove to grove,
To wander like the bee,
To ſip on taſtes and ſweets of love,
Is not enough for me.
No flutt'ring paſſions wake my breaſt;
I wiſh the place to find,
Where fate may give me peace and reſt,
One ſhepherd to my mind.

To ev'ry youth I'll not be gay,
Nor try on all my power;
Nor future pleaſures throw away
In toyings for an hour.
I would not reign the general toaſt,
Be prais'd by all the town;
A thouſand tongues on me are loſt;
I'll hear but only one.

For which of all the flatt'ring train,
Who ſwarm at beauty's ſhrine,
When youth's gay charms are in the wane,
Will court their ſure decline?
Then fops and wits and beaux forbear,
Your arts will never do;
For ſome fond youth ſhall be my care,
Life's chequer'd ſeaſons through.

My little heart ſhall have a home,
A warm and ſhelter'd neſt:
No giddy flight ſhall make me roam,
From where I moſt am bleſt.
With love, and only that dear ſwain,
What tranquil joys I ſee!
Farewel, ye falſe, inconſtant train!
For one is all to me.

## SONG CCXLII.

IN Eden Grove there dwells a maid,
Adorn'd by every grace;
The pearls that deck the dewy ſhade,
Confeſs her fairer face.

The ſun has ſpots, the roſe has thorns,
And poiſons mix with love;
But every ſpotleſs charm adorns
The Laſs of Eden Grove.

The ſparkling, ſoft, cerulean eye;
Bright virtue's ſtarry zone;
The ſmile of ſpring's favonian ſky;
Theſe charms are all thy own.
*The ſun has ſpots, &c.*

The frozen veins of *age* have felt,
New *youth* in Eden Grove;
Thy ſmiles like Spring the froſt can melt,
And warm the heart with love.
*The ſun has ſpots, &c.*

The *monarch* quits his dazzling throne,
And ſeeks thy rural lot;
To find in theſe a richer *crown*,
A *palace* in a *cot*!
*The ſun has ſpots, &c.*

While toy enamour'd eyes admire
The gaudy bubble Faine;
Thy virtues brighter joys inſpire,
And ſofter honours claim.
*The ſun has ſpots, &c.*

Thy charms the nobleſt laurel prove,
The *hero's* meed outſhine;

And round the brow of faithful love,
Perennial garlands twine.
*The ſun has ſpots, &c.*

When Cupid all his darts has hurl'd,
From thee he draws ſupplies,
And Hymen's flambeau lights the world,
From thy reſplendent eyes.
*The ſun has ſpots, &c.*

To thee, ſweet nymph, the captive ſoul,
Pours forth its votive lay;
'Tis *bliſs* to *own* thy ſoft control;
'Tis *rapture* to *obey*.

The ſun has ſpots, the roſe has thorns,
And poiſons mix with love;
But every ſpotleſs charm adorns
The Laſs of Eden Grove.

## SONG CCXLIII.

BY a whirlwind methought I through Æther was hurl'd,
Electric 'mong ſpirits in air;
Upborn by the clouds, we look'd down on the world,
And odd exhibitions ſpy'd there.

England's Genius was there, bearing Monarchy's crown,
In proceſſion round Liberty Hall!
Faction ſeiz'd her rich robe, Public Spirit pull'd down,
And Folly broad grinn'd at the fall.

In weather houſe plac'd to denote foul and fair,
Two figures are veering about;
So pageants we ſaw, and we ſmil'd at their glare,
As they turn'd, with the times in and out.

The Methodiſts maſk'd with Hypocriſy's face,
Anathemas thunder'd aloud;
So Jack pudding joke, with diſtorted grimmace,
Benetting their gudgeons—the croud.

Wit and Humour were there, drove from Dignity's door,
That Stupidity's coach might have room:
Debauch we ſaw open Temptation's baſe ſtore,
And Diſeaſe taint Simplicity's bloom.

Stubborn Will againſt Prudence was waging a fight,
While Deſire oppos'd Duty ſtrong;
The Paſſions confeſs'd Reaſon's dictates were right,
Though themſelves ſtill reſolv'd to be wrong.

A wonderful troop towards Weſtminſter bore;
What wonders there are 'mong mankind?
In gilt chariots Lawyers paraded before,
On foot Juſtice follow'd behind.

Church Preferments we ſaw—but reſpect ſhall withſtand,
The abuſe that's pour'd forth on the cloth;
Stock Jobbers and Stateſmen we ſaw hand in hand,
And Pride ſtood at par between both.

*Cent per Cent* had laid ſiege to Integrity's head,
And Beauty was battering his heart;
Eaſt India ſucceſs ſtruck Humility dead,
And Title took Vanity's part.

Crafty Care and pale Uſury, two ſleepleſs hags,
Wealth o'erwhelm'd, yet untired with toil;
Their heir Diſſipation we ſaw at their bags,
With Flattery ſharing the ſpoil.

The myſt'ries of trade—but no longer I'll dwell,
On either the mighty or mean;
From an Emperor's court to a penitent's cell,
Life's all the ſame laughable ſcene.

'Tis a pitiful piece, like a farce in a fair,
Where ſhew, noiſe, and nonſenſe miſrule,
Where tinſel paradings, make ignorance ſtare,
Where he who acts beſt is the Fool.

## SONG CCLXIV.

COME care curing mirth
From Wit's bower forth,
Bring Humour, your brother, along,
Hoſpitality's here,
And Harmony near,
To chorus droll Sentiment's ſong.

In Comedy trim,
Joke, Geſture, and Whim,
With Trios will keep up the ball;
By order of Faſte
We open the feaſt
Of Friendſhip, in Liberty Hall.

Who'll Preſident be?
Unanimity; ſee
He's order'd to ſit as our hoſt;
My Lord Common Senſe,
With pains and expenſe,
Introduc'd him to give out the toaſt.

Though Scandal we hate,
Only good we hold great,
Nor any for title's ſake praiſe;
Unworthy that name,
No merit can claim,
But what genealogies raiſe.

In this Anno Dom. we
Would felicity ſee,
I'll demonſtrate how eaſy we could,

Change fault finding elves
To mending ourſelves,
Then things might ſoon be as they ſhould.

Some wives read their mates
Curtain lecture debates,
And wonder they're not underſtood;
The Huſband's perplex'd,
And the Lady is vex'd,
'Cauſe every thing's not as it ſhould.

If penſion, or place,
Is the gift of his Grace,
Refuſal would be over nice,
Plumb pudding on board,
And preſs'd by my Lord,
Who would not come in for a ſlice?

Corruption's the cry,
Oppoſition runs high,
Yet who can help laughing to ſee,
Though Faction's ſo big
Ambo Tory and Whig,
In one part both parties agree.

For the kingdom of man,
Diviſion's the plan,
By the laws of the Cyprian court,
The ladies muſt yield,
When our ſtandard we wield,
And what we advance they ſupport.

For a bumper I call—
Here's to the Sov'reign of *All*,
The ſpring from which all honour flows,
From thence we all came,
So we go to that fame,
Here's to it, and to it, *Here goes*.

## SONG CCXLV.

FOR ages on ages by Tyranny bound,
The Genius of Freedom in fetters was kept,
Truth, reaſon and virtue reclining around,
Nor wonder'd religion, why liberty ſlept.
The regions of day, whence that Sol wheels his car,
Were loſt to the ſplendours of life giving light:
And Europe herſelf, though ſhe beam'd as a ſtar,
Saw the portal of morn, oft clouded by night,
At length, from his chambers, near Schuylkill's domain,
Burſt forth on the world, in a moment of time,
The full ſun of truth in the perſon of Paine.
And inſtant he fir'd all the weſtern moſt clime.

The lightning that ſtream'd from his heav'n form'd eye,
As electrical fire ſoon melted each chain,
And bleſt Independence the fourth of July,
On aquiline pinions ſwift ſpread o'er the main.
Old Europe aſtoniſh'd was ſmote with diſmay,
Her tyrants turn'd pale as they read the decree:
While myriads of men who in ſlavery lay.
Exulting pronounc'd, "Let us dare to be free."
Here's a health to the morn—'tis mark'd as divine,
The nobleſt, the grandeſt of works is begun,
And *Paine* in the zenith of glory ſhall ſhine,
Till Nature's right hand aims a blow at the ſun.

## SONG CCXLVI.

I'LL ſing you a ſong, and I'll ſing all about it,
Or in tune, or out on't, you need not to doubt it;
My tune is Toll, toll, toll, loll, loll.

Stoccattos, Chromatics, Reſts, Crotchets and
Chords, [and thirds,
Deep Tenors, ſharp Trebles, with fifths, eighths
Are ſounds without ſenſe; common ſenſe come
before us,
So ſilence each ſol fa, let's Toll, toll, toll, chorus,
And nothing but Toll, toll, toll, toll, toll, toll.

If word gnawing critics grammatical bawl,
"*Unde derivatur, Sir, this Toll. toll, toll?*"
I anſwer, from Loll, loll, loll, loll. loll, loll,
*And, pray. what is Loll, loll, loll, perge,* quoth
pedant;
*Profecto*, continues he, *I never read on't:*
*What part of ſpeech are you, this Toll, loll loll*
*making?* [taking,"
"The only part, Sir, of the whole that's worth
*Toll, loll, loll, &c.*

The verb which love conjugates. Nature's the tu-
tor, [ter,
Both active and paſſive, but ſometimes ſtands neu-
*Toll, loll, loll, &c.*
When wantonly wiſh'd for, optative mood makes
it;
When promis'd in future, Hope happily takes it.
Of all Terminations reſpecting the Tenſes,
The preſent is always the beſt for the ſenſes.
*Toll, loll, loll, &c.*

But let us for once, though become ſomething ſe-
rious; [rious.
The Black Joke's a tune, that mayhap is myſte-
Who knows what is hid under Toll, loll, loll,
loll,
What is under, or in it, or what is about it,
Perhaps has a meaning perhaps is without it;
It may be thought wit, but that would be won-
der!
It may be a ſingle, or double Entendre.
*Toll loll, de roll, &c.*

If you have, or if you have not read Hiſt'ry,
If you are Freemaſon'd, and underſtand Myſt'ry,
*Toll, loll, loll, loll, loll, is Loll toll toll, toll, toll.*
If more may be made on't, I beg to know what,
It may be, or mayn't be, I can, or cannot;
For how be it, hereby, ſo be it, and ſo forth,
But good friends, excuſe me, indeed I muſt go forth.
*Toll, loll, &c.*

## SONG CCXLVII.

ON Maria's toilet there was lain
A beauteous baſe of rich porcelain,
'Twas fill'd with each ſweet flow'r that grows,
Mix'd with the reſt a damaſk roſe,
The faireſt of its kind;
Intent I view'd the charming ſight,
The various ſhades of colours bright;
(Surpaſſing far the ſparkling gem)
The op'ning bud, the moſſy ſtem,
Which on this flow'r we find.

Sudden the lovely roſe grew pale,
Its gloſſy dye began to fail;
The ſcene my boſom fill'd with care;
When turning round the nymph ſtood there,
Smiling like beauty's queen.
But ev'ry care was ſoon ſubdu'd,
When her unnumber'd charms I view'd;
Convinc'd the bloom of Maria's face,
Had made the envious flow'r give place.
And caus'd the effect I'd ſeen.

## SONG CCXLVIII.

HOW happy is the man,
Who has a quiet home;

Who loves to do what good he can,
And hates the demon, Rum.

Whose house contains enough,
For him and all his folks;
Whose wife abhors a box of snuff,
And very seldom smokes.

Whose wife knows how to spin,
And loves to use the needle;
Who keeps herself and husband clean,
But never lov'd a fiddle.

Whose wife is like a tree,
That's ever green and fair;
That ever in the bloom will be,
And yet will never bear.

Whose wife will wife in season,
Be weather hot or cold;
And always give sufficient reason,
If e'er she chance to scold.

This man, while others roam,
Among the sons of strife,
Is always happiest when at home,
In converse with his wife.

## SONG CCXLIX.

HOW blest is the bachelor's life,
Who constantly lives at his ease;
Never plagu'd by a proud scolding wife,
And no quarrelling children to teize.
He fears not the frowns of the fair,
He scorns the coquette with her art;
For love never fell to his share,
Its pains never tortur'd his heart.

But wedlock, oh, where are thy joys!
That man has perceiv'd in thy ſtate;
A ſcene of vexation and noiſe,
Which thouſands have reaſon to hate.
To me, how deteſted the cries
Of children round, aſking for bread;
Till I ſee the poor man advertiſe,
"That his wife has elop'd from his bed."

Yet ſingle, a man may have bliſs,
If he has but a grain of content;
Though once if he wed to a Miſs,
He will find it too late to repent.
In friendſhip, and freedom, and eaſe,
The Bachelor's life rolls away;
For friendſhip and freedom can pleaſe,
When beauty is gone to decay.

Tim Cruſty may tell of his pain,
That his years all unhappily roll;
That ſingle he lives but in vain;
I deſpiſe his complaints from my ſoul.
Poor Cruſty has whin'd for a bride,
His breeches and ſtockings to mend;
When his wants might as well be ſupply'd,
If he had but a maid or a friend.

But the wretch who has never a friend,
Should ſure never marry a maid;
For this would their wretchedneſs blend,
And their griefs be by ſorrow repaid.
Yea, children to add to the gloom,
For mark what ſome clergymen tell,
That infants receive their ſad doom
When they die to the dungeons of hell.

Avaunt! ſuperſtitions Divine,
If infants to miſery go;
You ne'er ſhall have children of mine;
To ſentence to regions of woe.
If man is accurſt from his birth,
And you ſcarce give him doctrines of peace,

Better ſend forth a ſword on this earth,
And bid population to ceaſe.

To me may no children be born,
Diſtreſs and misfortune to ſhare;
But let me relieve the forlorn,
And banish the sight of deſpair.
The children of ſorrow I cheer,
The beggar is often my gueſt;
They ſmile and ſuppreſs ev'ry tear,
Their gratitude ſweetens my reſt.

'Tis thus I diſpoſe of my wealth—
My houſe is an inn for the poor;
I live in contentment and health,
I am happy, I wish for no more.
While I live I will cherish content,
And love the old bachelor's life;
So never I'd need to repent,
Nor wish Betty Wrinkle my wife.

## SONG CCL.

THOUGH grandeur flies my humble roof,
Though wealth is not my ſhare,
Though lowly is my little cot,
Yet happineſs is there.

A tender wife, with mild control,
By ſympathy refin'd,
When rage the tumults of the breaſt,
Becalms my troubled mind.

Three pledges of our mutual love,
Kind Providence has given,
And competence to nurſe their hopes,
Is all we ask of Heaven.

Still from the little we enjoy,
A little we diſpenſe;

And watch the buddings of their mind
Juſt bloſſoming to ſenſe.

With arm entwin'd in arm we ſit,
And join their hands to pray;
And teach the accents of their tongue,
To hail the riſing day.

At eve again they kneel and bleſs
The hours, which now have paſt:
And hope their cherish'd virtues may
Prove happineſs at laſt.

Accept, Great Father of us all,
Accept their little prayers,
And grant the ſtrivings of our youth,
May crown our ſilver hairs.

Let thoſe, whoſe weak and infant limbs
With tenderneſs we guide,
Be props unto our age, when down
The ſteep of life we glide.

## SONG CCLI.

YE dear pretty ladies,
Who now in your gay days,
So merrily take your diverſion,
Sure there is no ſporting
Compar'd unto courting,
And having a little flirtation.
*And having, &c.*

What, though now you call,
An aſſembly or ball,
A pleaſant and ſweet recreation;
How ſoon would you treat it,
As dull and inſipid,
Had you not a little flirtation.
*Had you, &c.*

In church or in ſtreet,
Or wherever you meet,
The object of your inclination;
Oh! is it not pleaſure,
Beyond any meaſure,
To have a dear little flirtation?
*To have, &c.*

There's you, and there's you,
And there's you, madam too,
And there's you, in your fly ſituation,
Though you all look ſo ſhy,
Yet you cannot deny,
That you're fond of a little flirtation.
*That you, &c.*

## SONG CCLII.

AS muſing I ranged the meads all alone,
A beautiful creature was making her moan;
The tears they were falling full faſt from her eyes,
She pierced the air and my heart with her cries.

I gently requeſted the cauſe of her moan,
She told me, her ſweet Senecino was gone;
And in that ſad poſture ſhe ever would remain,
Unleſs her dear charmer return'd home again.

Perhaps it is ſome linnet, or blackbird, ſaid I,
Perhaps it is the lark that has ſoar'd in the ſky:
Come, dry up your tears, and abandon your grief,
I'll bring you another that ſhall give you relief.

It's no blackbird, nor linnet, nor ſky lark, ſaid ſhe,
But one that is fairer by far, than all three,
My ſweet Senecino, for whom I now cry,
Is ſweeter than all the gay ſongſters that fly.

Adieu to Prunella, Corinna, likewiſe,
Whom ſtars, and whom planets extol to the ſkies;

Adieu! to the Opera, farewell to the ball!
My charmer has gone, and a fig for you all.

## SONG CCLIII.

NOW, Joan, we are married—and now let me say,
Though both are in youth, yet that youth will decay;
In our journey through life, my dear Joan I suppose,
We shall oft meet a bramble, and sometimes a roſe.

When a cloud on this forehead ſhall darken my day,
Thy ſunſhine of ſweetneſs muſt ſmile it away;
And when the dull vapour ſhall dwell upon thine,
To chaſe it, the labour and triumph be mine.

Let us wiſh not for wealth to devour and conſume,
For luxury's but a ſhort road to the tomb:
Let us ſigh not for grandeur; for truſt me, my Joan,
The keeneſt of cares owe their birth to a throne.

Thou ſhalt milk our ONE cow; and, if fortune purſue,
In good time, with her bleſſing, my Joan may milk TWO:
I will till our ſmall field, whilſt thy prattle and ſong
Shall charm as I drive the bright ploughſhare along.

When finiſh'd the day, by the fire we'll regale,
And treat a good neighbour at eve with our ale;
For, Joan, who would wiſh for SELF ONLY to live?
One bleſſing of life, my dear girl, is to GIVE.

E'en the red breaſt and wren ſhall not ſeek us in vain,
Whilſt thou haſt a crumb, or thy Corin a grain;
Not only their ſongs will they pour from the grove,
But yield, by example, ſweet leſſons of love.

Though thy beauty muſt fade, yet thy youth I'll remember, [DECEMBER:
That thy MAY was my own, when thou ſheweſt
And when age to my HEAD ſhall his winter impart,
The ſummer of Love ſhall reſide in my HEART.

## SONG CCLIV.

WHEN Chloe try'd her virgin fires,
And firſt her ſhafts let fly;
She fill'd my breaſt with vague deſires—
I thought it was her eye.

When melting ſtrains fell from her mouth,
Which gods might wiſh to ſip;
When all was harmony and truth,
I thought it was her lip.

But when ſhe danc'd, ſuch air, ſuch grace,
What mortal could eſcape?
I look'd no longer to her face,
I ſwore it was her ſhape.

When ſeen by chance, her breaſt beſpake
The purity within;
Her ſnowy arm—her iv'ry neck—
'Twas then her lovely ſkin.

Nor eye, nor ſhape, nor neck, nor face,
My boſom did enthral:
—'Twas Senſe, I found, the happy grace,
That gave a charm to all.

## SONG CCLV.

A ROSE Tree in full bearing,
Had ſweet flowers fair to ſee,
One Roſe, beyond comparing,
For beauty attracted me.
Though eager once to win it,
Lovely, blooming, freſh and gay,
I find a canker in it;
And now I throw it far away.
*I find a canker in it, &c.*

How fine this morning early,
The ſun ſhining clear and bright,
So late I lov'd you dearly,
But now I've loſt each fond delight.
The clouds ſeem big with ſhowers,
Sunny beams no more are ſeen,
Farewell ye fleeting hours,
Since your falſe heart has chang'd the ſcene.
*Farewell ye, &c.*

## SONG CCLVI.

HOW happy were my days till now!
I ne'er did ſorrow feel;
With joy I roſe to milk my cow,
Or take my ſpinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I ſung,
Till he pretended love, and I
Believ'd his flattering tongue.

O the fool, the filly, filly fool,
That truſts what man may be!
I wiſh I was a maid again,
And in my own country.

## SONG CCLVII.

THE ſhepherd of fortune poſſeſt,
May ſcorn if he pleaſe my poor cot,
May think in his wealth to be bleſt,
But I never will envy his lot.

The pleaſures which riches impart,
Are fleeting, and feeble when known,
They never give peace to the heart,
It ſcorns to be happy alone.

That ſhepherd true happineſs knows,
Whoſe boſom by beauty is mov'd,
Who taſtes the pure pleaſure that flows,
From loving and being belov'd.

'Tis a joy of angelical birth,
And when to poor mortals 'tis giv'n,
It cheers their abode upon earth,
And ſweetens their journey to heav'n.

How briſkly my ſpirits would move!
What peace in my boſom would reign!
Were I bleſt with the nymph that I love,
Sweet Delia, the pride of the plain:

Ye ſhepherds, ſhe's fair as the light!
The critick no blemiſh can find;
And all the ſoft virtues unite,
And glow in her innocent mind.

Here accents are fitted to pleaſe,
Her manners engagingly free,
Her temper is ever at eaſe,
And calm as an angel's can be.

Yon lilly, which graces the field,
And throws its perfume to the gale,

In fairneſs and fragrance muſt yield,
To Delia the pride of the vale.

She's pleaſant as yonder cool rill,
To trav'lers who faint on the way;
She's ſweet as the roſe on the hill,
When it opens its boſom to day.

I aſk not for wealth or for pow'r;
Kind Heav'n, I theſe can reſign;
But haſten, oh! haſten the hour,
When *Delia* ſhall deign to be mine.

Oh! teach her to pity the pain
Of a heart, that if ſlighted muſt break;
Oh! teach her to love the fond ſwain,
That would lay down his life for her ſake.

Though poor, I will never repine,
Content that my Delia is true;
I'll preſs her fond boſom to mine,
And think myſelf rich as Peru.

With her I will ſtray through the grove,
And fondly I'll pour out my ſoul,
Indulge my effuſions of love,
And think myſelf bleſt to the full.

With flowers I'll crown her dear hair,
Then gaze on her beauties, and cry,
What nymph can with Delia compare!
What ſhepherd ſo happy as I.

Thus cheerful the moments ſhall roll,
Of all my fond wiſhes poſſeſt,
And peace ſhall deſcend on my ſoul,
And make it her favourite reſt:

Contentment my life ſhall prolong,
All trouble and ſorrow forget,
And time, as he hurries along,
Shall ſmile upon *Corydon's* cot.

## SONG CCLVIII.

LET meaner bards in rapt'rous ſtrain
Sing ev'ry charm of face and air;
On ev'ry verdant vale and plain,
Chaunt forth the triumphs of the fair:
With truth, with juſtice, I can tell,
Dear Peggy's ſtill the Nonpariel.

Others may boaſt, with her, the praiſe
Of melting eyes and ſnowy breaſt,
Where each ſoft grace luxuriant plays,
And wanton Cupids ſink to reſt;
But who can ſuch a mind reveal,
As Peggy, lovely Nonpariel?

Oh! witneſs each ſequeſter'd grove,
Witneſs each hill and dale around,
Good ſenſe, with beauty, wak'd my love,
Witneſs, you've heard each gladſome ſound;
Melliſluous ſounds that grateful trill
From Peggy, deareſt Nonpariel!

Such mental warmth, ſuch flames divine,
Nor time, nor with'ring age decays;
Still more reſplendent they ſhall ſhine,
"And flouriſh ſtill by length of days:"
The ſoul with admiration fill,
Of Peggy matchleſs Nonpariel.

Tell me, ye melting ſongſters, ſay,
If all your fond ideal themes,
Your vocal ſhell, ſmooth roundelay,
In all your wanton fabulous dreams,
Your fancy'd fairs can e'er excel
My Peggy, beauteous Nonpariel?

My Peggy's charms are laſting ſure,
Her virtues ſhall forever bloom,

Celeſtial copy!—ſtill endure,
And mock the wrinkle and the tomb.
And e'en when death theſe eyes ſhall veil,
Record my wond'rous Nonpariel.

## SONG CCLIX.

PUSH about the bowl, boys,
Here's no time for meaner joys;
Puſh about the bowl, boys,
Here's no time for thinking;
Let us with hearts and hands unite,
To do ourſelves the bumper's right,
The buſineſs of this happy night
Conſiſts alone in drinking.

Drain the flowing bowl, boys,
Wiſdom at the bottom lies;
Drain the flowing bowl, boys,
Drive away all ſorrow:
And thus away reflection rude,
All care was made for ſolitude,
And we'll be ſure ſhould vice intrude,
To bid her, Come to morrow.

He that balks a glaſs, boys,
Half his real bliſs deſtroys;
He that balks a glaſs, boys,
He's a ſorry fellow;
For wine with mirth will fill the knave,
And wine will make the coward brave,
And ev'ry poor, dejected ſlave
As free as he is mellow.

Give us each a laſs, boys,
One who moſt our minds employs;
Give us ſuch a laſs, boys,
Modeſt and complying;

One whoſe mind is fond of bliſs,
Who loves to *wed* to *woo* and *kiſs*,
And cannot ſee what harm it is
To ſave a ſwain from dying.

Here's to *noble ſelves*, boys,
Length of days and laſting joys;
Here's to *noble ſelves*, boys,
This toaſt will bear repeating:
When e'er we bid this houſe adieu,
We'll drink to all who's ſound and true;
So, Here's to you, to you, and you,
'Till our next happy meeting.

## SONG CCLX.

A COURTING I went to my love,
Who is ſweeter than roſes in May;
But when I came to her, by Jove,
The devil a word could I ſay:
I walk'd with her into the garden,
There fully intending to woo her!
But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
If of love I ſaid any thing to her.

I claſp'd her hand cloſe to my breaſt,
While my heart was as light as a feather;
Yet nothing I ſaid, I proteſt,
But—Madam, 'tis very fine weather.
To an arbor I did her attend,
She aſk'd me to come and ſit by her;
I crept to the furthermoſt end,
For I was afraid to go nigh her.

I aſk'd her, which way was the wind,
For I thought in ſome talk we muſt enter;
Why, Sir, (ſhe anſwer'd and grin'd)
Have you juſt ſent your wits for a venture?
Then I follow'd her into the houſe,
There I vow'd I my paſſion would try;

But there I was ſtill as a mouſe :—
Oh ! what a dull booby was I !

## SONG CCLXI.

I AM a blade both free and eaſy,
Not a vulgar country clown ;
I will do my beſt to pleaſe ye,
And my name is eaſy John.
Let the world go as it will
I am free and eaſy ſtill.
Free and eaſy,
Free and eaſy,
I am free and eaſy ſtill.

Ladies, view my perſon over,
If my leſſon right I con ;
Search Newcaſtle, London, Dover,
You'll not find an eaſier John.
*Let the world go, &c.*

Now a lady I could fancy,
Aye, but could ſhe fancy me ;
I would marry lovely Nancy,
She's ſo eaſy and ſo free.
*Let the world go, &c.*

Gentlemen, a brother greets ye,
Happy may you ever be ;
And whene'er a brother meets you,
May you eaſy be and free
*Let the world go, &c.*

Worthy friends, this bleſt occaſion
Fills my panting heart with glee ;
To poſſeſs your approbation,
Makes me happy, eaſy, free.
*Let the world go, &c.*

# SONG CCLXII.

On the BIRTH of our late PRESIDENT, GEORGE WASHINGTON.——By a Citizen of Virginia.

HAIL godlike *Waſhington!*
Fair Freedom's choſen ſon,
Born to command:
While this great globe ſhall roll,
Thy deeds from pole to pole,
Shall ſhake Columbia's ſoul
With virtuous praiſe.

CHORUS.

Millions unborn to ſave,
Freedom to worlds he gave,
Liberty's Chief!
Terrific God of War,
Seated in Victry's car,
Fame hails him from afar,
Virginia's boaſt.

Flowrets of bliſs adorn
The bright auſpicious morn,
Breathing delight.
Let the loud cannon roar,
Joyful, from ſhore to ſhore;
Phœbus did ne'er explore,
So happy a day:
*Millions unborn to ſave, &c.*

When Freedom's atmoſphere,
Clouded with gloomy care
Waſhington view'd:
He with heroic pride,
Stemm'd dire Oppreſſion's tide,
And made the world deride
Britain's diſgrace.
*Millions unborn to ſave, &c.*

When Howe with venal bands,
Delug'd our penſive lands,
Britain's weak rod!
Fabius by wiſe delays,
Liberty's cauſe to raiſe,
To his immortal praiſe,
Trenton ſubdu'd.
*Millions unborn to ſave, &c.*

Fayette, the juſt and good,
Spilt Gallia's noble blood
For the diſtreſs'd:
May this auſpicious day,
Gratitude's tribute pay,
And breath a joyous lay,
Sacred to him.
*Millions unborn to ſave, &c.*

Let us in rapture ſing,
Of Louis the patriot King,
Virtue's ſupport:
Who with unſhaken zeal,
Aided our common weal,
And fixed Friendſhip's ſeal
To the New World.
*Millions unborn to ſave, &c.*

See gallant Rochambeau!
Tyranny's deadly foe,
Liberty's ſhield:
Victory draws her ſword
To capture the warlike Lord,
Whom Parliament ador'd,
Britannia's pride.
*Millions unborn to ſave, &c.*

Now Albion's ſons are fled,
Liberty rears her head,
ſmiling in ſcorn.
May her great Hero's name,
Fill the loud trump of Fame,

And ages unborn proclaim,
Great Waſhington.
*Millions unborn to ſave, &c.*

Next in our theme ſhall be,
Prince of Philoſophy,
Franklin the Sage:
Who gave to light'ning laws,
Taught from effects the cauſe,
What fire etherial was:
Of Wiſdom the Chief.
*Millions unborn to ſave, &c.*

The goddeſs of Peace to come,
Lighting with downy plume
On Freedom's ſhrine:
She from fell Tyranny,
Wreſted fair Liberty,
And bid a world be free,
Through Waſhington.
*Millions unborn to ſave, &c.*

Commerce unfurls her ſails,
Wafted by gentle gales,
Over the deep:
And in her ſmiling train,
Brings in her pleaſing gain,
And from the wealthy main,
Hails Freedom's gifts.
*Millions unborn to ſave, &c.*

Ambition's ſtorm that blows,
Ruffles not his repoſe,
Bleſt in retreat:
Wiſdom perſuaſive flows,
Virtue refulgent glows,
In ſpeech and act he ſhews
Friendſhip and truth:
*Millions unborn to ſave, &c.*

Guardian of civil laws,
Saviour of Freedom's cauſe,
Waſhington ſtands:
May his light ſpirit fly,
And claim its native ſky,
Free from each earthly ſigh,
To HEAVEN aſcend.
*Millions unborn to ſave, &c.*

## SONG CCLXIII.

IN infancy our days were bleſt,
With peace and liberty;
Our gardens and our fields were dreſt
In ſweet ſimplicity!
No hoſtile foe had we to dread,
No enemy to fear;
But now, alas! thoſe joys are fled,
And danger doth appear.

Our ſeas with Britain's navy ſwarms,
Our trade and commerce droop;
Our cities rob'd and left forlorn;
Shall we to ſlavery ſtoop?
"Ah, no! ah, no! you ſhall be free,"
Liberty's goddeſs ſaid;
"Britannia's flag ſhall ſtrike to thee,
And droop its haughty head."

## SONG CCLXV.

I ONCE was a maiden as freſh as a roſe,
And as fickle as April weather;
I laid down without care, and I wak'd with repoſe,
With a heart as light as a feather.
*With a heart, &c.*

I work'd with the girls, and play'd with the men,
I always was romping or ſpinning;

And what if they whiſper'd, a kiſs, now and then,
I hope 'twas not very great ſinning.
*I hope, &c.*

I wedded a huſband as young as myſelf,
And for every frolic as willing;
Together we laugh'd when we had any pelf,
And we laugh'd when we had not a ſhilling.
*And we laugh'd, &c.*

He's gone to the wars—heav'n ſend him a prize,
For his pains he is welcome to ſpend it:
My example I know is more merry than wiſe,
Lord help me—I never ſhall mend it.
*Lord help me, &c.*

## SONG CCLXIV.

DEAR Kathleen, you, no doubt,
Find ſleep how very ſweet 'tis;
Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out;
You never dream how late 'tis.
This morning gay
I poſt away,
To have with you a bit of play:
On two legs rid
Along, to bid
Good morrow to your night cap.

Laſt night a little bowſy
With whiſky, ale, and cyder,
I aſk'd young Betty Blowzy,
To let me ſit beſide her:
Her anger roſe,
Red four as ſloes,
The little gipſy cock'd her noſe:
Yet here I've rid
Along, to bid
Good morrow to your night cap.

Beneath the honey ſuckle,
The daiſy and the violet
Compoſe ſo ſweet a truckle,
They'd tempt you ſure to ſpoil it,
Sweet Sal and Bell
I've pleas'd ſo well—
But hold, I muſt'nt kiſs and tell:
So here I've rid
Along, to bid
Good morrow to your night cap.

## SONG CCLXVI.

A FEW years ago, in the days of my Grannum,
(A worthy good woman as ever broke bread)
What lectures ſhe gave! in the morning began 'em,
Nor ceas'd till ſhe laid herſelf down on her bed;
She never declin'd what ſhe once undertook;
But twiſted,
Perſiſted,
Now flatter'd,
Now ſputter'd,
And always ſucceeded, by hook or by crook.

Said ſhe, Child, whatever your fate is hereafter,
If married, if ſingle, if old, or if young,
In madneſs, in ſadneſs, in tears, or in laughter,
But follow my maxims, you cannot do wrong:
Each paſſion, each temper, I always could brook;
When ſcolded,
I moulded,
When heated,
Retreated,
And manag'd my matters, by hook or by crook.

Enſnar'd by her counſels, I ventur'd to marry,
And fancy'd a wife, by my grandmother's rules,
Might be taught like a ſpaniel to fetch and to carry,
But ſoon found out that we both had been fools:

In vain, I ſhew'd madam the wonderful book;
I coax'd her,
I box'd her;
But truly,
Unruly,
Wives cannot be govern'd by hook or by crook.

## SONG CCLXVII.

[SEE SONG CLXXIV.]

AT the ſign of the horſe old Spintext of courſe,
Each night took his pipe and his pot,
O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleaſant and happy,
Was plac'd this canonical ſot.
*Tol derol, derol, tidol, didol.*

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

I'm come, Sir, ſays he, to beg, d'ye ſee,
Of your reverend worſhip and glory, ſbe,
To inter a poor baby, with as much ſpeed as may
And I'll walk with a 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, ſays, 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 ſhow'r;
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 firſt 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 humm'd a ſtave,
While 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 ſhall over it ſtumble;
'Tis beſt to take care; though the ſages declare
A *mortuum caput* can't tremble.

Woman that's born of man—that's wrong—the leaf's torn;
Ah!——man that is born of a woman
Can't continue an hour, but is 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 Strahan ſhould print for the crown.

Prithee, Moſes, you read, for I cannot indeed,
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 flagger'd together.

*Singing tol derol, &c.*

## SONG CCLXVIII.

WHEN to my pretty Poll I went,
And I to travel ſought her,
"Ah, ſtay at home, dear Jack, (ſays ſhe)
I cannot croſs the water."
What could I do? Away I flew,
A curricle I bought her:
Six ſmoaking boys, all Hyde Park's gaze,
From Tatterſall's I brought her.

"Dear Jack, (ſays ſhe) how kind you be,
(She'd cozen like Eve's own daughter)
With you will I both live and die——
Do all but croſs the water."
Then, ſplaſhing, daſhing, through the town,
She drove, the ſtare of all,
The echo of her rattling wheels
Was, "There goes pretty Poll!"
"Oh, pretty, pretty Poll!"
From ev'ry tongue the echo rung—
"See, there goes pretty Poll!"

What a life then was I!
All to dreſs at me try:
And my praiſe to withhold, none ſo curriſh.
With a girl ſo divine,
Such dinners! ſuch wine!
What a damn'd clever dog was Jack Flouriſh?
But an end to my caſh,
And my fame goes to ſmaſh:
No friends my good qualities nouriſh;
For they, once ſo kind,
Now agree in one mind—
"What a damn'd ſtupid flat is Jack Flouriſh!"

Thus left by friends, by bailiffs ſeiz'd,
And this vile limbo near,
Yet with one hope I ſtill was pleas'd,
That Poll my cage could cheer.
To Poll I told where I muſt go,
And not to leave me ſought her;
She laughing, cried, "Dear Jack, you know,
I cannot croſs the water."

## SONG CCLXIX.

AT the cloſe of the day, when the Hamlet is ſtill,
And mortals the ſweet of forgetfulneſs prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's ſong in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung ſymphonious, a Hermit began:
No more with himſelf or with nature at war,
He thought as a ſage, though he felt as a man.

Ah why, all abandon'd to darkneſs and woe,
Why, alone Philomela, that languiſhing fall?
For ſpring ſhall return, and a lover beſtow,
And ſorrow no longer thy boſom enthral.

But, if pity inſpire thee, renew the ſad lay
Mourn ſweeteſt complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O ſoothe him, whoſe pleaſures like thine pafs away,
Full quickly they paſs—but they never return.

Now gilding remote, on the verge of the ſky,
The moon half extinguiſh'd her creſent diſplays,
But lately I mark'd, when majeſtic on high,
She ſhone, and the planets were loſt in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladneſs purſue
The path that conducts thee to ſplendor again,
But man's fading glory what change ſhall renew!
Ah fool! to exult in a glory ſo vain!

'Tis night, and the landſcape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you:
For morn is approaching your charms to reſtore,
Perfum'd with freſh fragrance and glitt'ring with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo bloſſom will ſave:
But when ſhall ſpring viſit the mouldering urn!
O when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave!

'Twas thus by the glare of falſe ſcience betray'd,
That leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind:
My thoughts wont to roam, from ſhade onward to ſhade,
Deſtruction before me, and ſorrow behind.
O pity Great Father of light, then I cry'd,
Thy creature who fain would not wander from Thee!
Lo humbled in duſt, I relinquiſh my pride:
From doubt and from darkneſs thou only canſt free.

And darkneſs and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,
So breaks on the traveller, faint and aſtray,

The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn,
See truth, love and mercy, in triumph deſcending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's firſt bloom,
On the cold cheek of death ſmiles and roſes are budding,
And beauty immortal awake from the tomb.

## SONG CCLXX.

WHEN fortune doth frown,
I'll ne'er be caſt down,
Repining wont alter my ſtore;
For a good ſtate of health
Is better than wealth:
And I'll be merry although I am poor.

The ſoldier delights
In blood, wars and fights,
The ſailor too ſails the ſeas o'er:
But this mind I am in,
I'll keep a full ſkin;
And I'll be merry although I am poor.

When the ſailors drink wine,
Their lovers repine;
The miſer is fond of his ſtore;
Give the glutton his diſh,
And I what I wiſh,
And I'll be merry although I am poor.

Let ſtateſmen debate
On th' affairs of the State;
Let moraliſts frown and look ſour;
Let the world go as 'twill,
I'll drink to my fill;
And I'll be merry although I am poor.

Wine will diſcord aſſuage,
Enliven old age,
Make cheerful and gay at four ſcore:

Give me a full glaſs,
A complying ſweet laſs,
And I'll be merry although I am poor.

Ye benevolent ſouls,
With full flowing bowls,
Who chearfully add to the ſtore;
Give me but one quart,
Juſt to comfort my heart,
And I'll be merry although I am poor:

And ye drunken ſots,
Who call for your pots,
And ever are calling for more;
Only juſt let me drink,
And I'll make you all think,
That I'll be merry although I am poor.

Wine will its vot'ries ſave
From death and the grave;
When tipſy we fear death no more;
With a full glaſs in hand,
Firm as Atlas I'll ſtand;
And I'll be merry although I am poor.

## SONG CCLXXI.

OH, Cupid forever,
I fear not thy quiver,
Nor do I regard thy brave bow;
Thine arrows can't hit me,
Nor women out wit me,
I'm free from all ſorrow and woe.
*I'm free from, &c.*

It's true my ſweet Nancy,
A while pleas'd my fancy;
But yet, ſhe will cruelly frown,
If they'll not uſe freedom,

Then quickly I'll leave them,
I'll leave them to languish alone.
*I'll leave them, &c.*

Had Nancy prov'd loyal,
I should have had trial
Of no other girl in my life;
I often times told her,
Which made her the prouder,
I purpos'd to make her my wife.
*I purpos'd, &c.*

But she being wanton,
Must needs go a ranting,
So easily hush'd my heart's flame;
Yet best of her pleasure,
I left a fair treasure,
I left her to folly and shame.
*I left her, &c.*

That soft tender passion,
So much in the fashion,
Excited my wantoner's art—
Allurements of women,
So soft and so winning,
Yet never could conquer my heart.
*Yet never could, &c.*

## SONG CCLXXII.

FROM night till morn I take my glass,
In hopes to forget my Chloe;
But as I take the pleasing draught,
She's ne'er the less before me.
Ah! no, no, no, wine cannot cure
The pain I endure for my Chloe.

To wine I flew, to ease the pain
Her beauteous charms created;
But wine more firmly bound the chain,
And love would not be cheated.
*Ah! no, no, &c.*

# SONG CCLXXIII.

AH! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!
Citizens of Paris are of joy brimfull, Sir,
Ah! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!
Zounds! 'twill do, cries Bluff John Bull.
Firm federation unites the Gallic nation,
'Tis Ariſtocratics have reaſon to be dull.
Ah! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!
Citizens of Paris are no longer the ſame, Sir;
Ah! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!
Superſtition flies before the new born flame;
Slavery ſhall tie now no man's tongue;
Liberty ſhall bid her children prattle,
No more pleas'd with a gilded rattle,
While thus free is the Frenchman's ſong:
*Ah! ça ira, &c.*

Ah! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!
Citizens of France, for a glorious day, Sir;
Ah! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!
Liberty to peace and pleaſure points the way.
Firm federation unites the Gallic nation;
Long may her citizens the civic wreath diſplay!
Ah! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!
Citizens of Paris ſhall in hiſtory ſhine, Sir,
Ah! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!
While brethren with one another thus combine;
Happy in the ſmiles of a patriot King;
Happy in the proſpect now before us;
Freedom waves all her banners o'er us,
While thus joyfully Frenchmen ſing:
*Ah! ça ira, &c.*

Ah! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!
Citizens of France are as Engliſhmen free, Sir;
Ah! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!
Ever let them be together *bons amis*.
While firm federation unites the Gallic nation,

With all ſons of liberty ſhall each of us agree;
Ah! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!
Citizens of France are much in the right, Sir,
Ah! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!
Gallic wine and Britiſh ſpirit thus unite;
Cheerfully we now [illegible] the wine,
Merrily enjoy the fruits of labour,
Dancing blithe to the pipe and tabor,
While John Bull in the long ſhall join:
*Ah! ca ira, &c.*

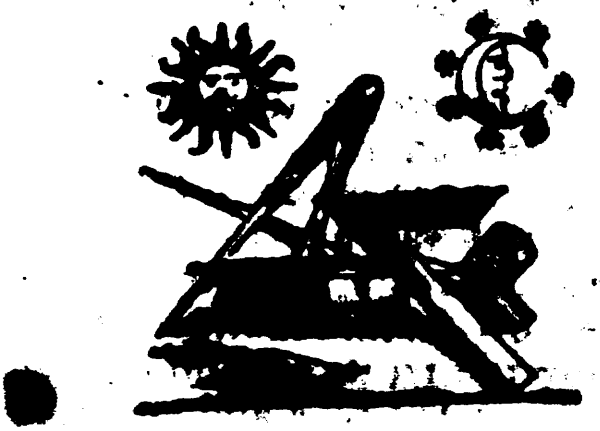
## SONG CCLXXIV.

IF your lovers, maids, forſake you,
Would you pine, and ſigh, and die,
To your bed for grief betake you?
If you would, ſo would not I.

Would you dreſs your heads with willows,
Let your hair neglected fly,
Baniſh ſlumber from your pillows?
If you would, ſo would not I.

Should a faithleſs ſwain perplex you,
Then for one more worthy try;
Would you let the falſe one vex you?
If you would, ſo would not I.

Men were ſent, I'm ſure, to pleaſe us;
Such their words, their looks, ſimply,
We were fools to let them teaze us;
If you will, ſo will not I.



# APPENDIX:

## CONTAINING A NUMBER OF CELEBRATED

## MASONIC SONGS.

### SONG I.

WHAT joys do the *Craft* on each Mason beſtow
(Such rapturous pleaſures as *Cowans* ne'er know)
All equally ſhare the delightful repaſt,
Which time cannot change, but eternal will laſt.

CHORUS.

*Hark away! Hark away! Hark away is the word!*
*To the Lodge let's repair;*
*Where echo! Where echo! Where harmony echoes,*
*And baniſhes care.*

Behold as the *Sun* in the *Eaſt* doth ariſe,
Our *Maſter* the Workmen and hirelings employ;

The *West* and the *South* their assistance impart,
T' embellish the *Fabric* and strengthen the ARK.

With *Level* and *Rule* we our business prepare,
We work by the *Compass*, and act on the *Square*;
No murmurs are heard and no discords are known,
Tranquility reigns, and Ambition has flown.

Let the World make a scoff, we their sneering despise,
Since they know not how much we Free Masonry prize;
In *brotherly love* let the time social pass,
And mirth and festivity garnish each glass.

Then charge, my dear Brethren, a bumper all round,
To the brim fill each glass, let no *day light* be found;
Here's a health to all *Masons* who honour the name,
By walking upright, and observing the same.

CHORUS.

*Hark away! Hark away! Hark away is the word!*
*Let us sing and rejoice;*
*Whilst echo! sweet echo! whilst echo of Masonry*
*Sounds from each voice!*

## SONG II.

YE dull stupid Mortals, give o'er your conjectures,
Since Free Masons' secrets ye ne'er can obtain;
The Bible and Compass are our directors,
And shall be as long as this world doth remain.
Here Friendship inviting here Freedom delighting,
Our moments in innocent mirth we employ:

CHORUS.

Come, see, Masons' felicity,
Working and singing with heart full of joy.

No other Society that you can mention,
Which has been, is now, or hereafter shall be,

However ſo laudable is its intention,
It cannot compare with divine Maſonry.
No envy, no quarrels, can here blaſt our laurels,
No paſſion our pleaſure can ever annoy:
*Come, ſee, &c.*

To aid one another we always are ready,
Our Rights and our Secrets we carefully guard;
The Lodge to ſupport, we like pillars are ſteady,
No Babel confuſion our work can retard.
Ye Mortals come hither, aſſemble together,
And taſte of thoſe pleaſures which never can cloy.
*Come, ſee, &c.*

We are to the Maſter forever obedient,
Whenever he calls, to the Lodge we repair;
Experience has taught us, that 'tis moſt expedient
To live within Compaſs, and act on the Square.
Let mutual agreement be Free Maſons' cement,
Until the whole Univerſe time ſhall deſtroy:
*Come, ſee, &c.*

## SONG III.

NO ſect in the world can with Maſons compare,
So ancient, ſo noble's the badge that they wear,
That all other Orders, however eſteem'd,
Inferiour to Maſonry far has been deem'd.

CHORUS.

We allways are free,
And forever agree;
Supporting each other,
Brother helps Brother,
No Mortals on earth are ſo friendly as we.

When firſt attick fire Mortals glory became,
Tho' ſmall was the ſpark, it ſoon grew to a flame;
As Phœbus celeſtial tranſcendently bright,
It ſpread o'er the world a freſh torrent of light.
*We always, &c.*

The greateſt of Monarchs, the wiſeſt of Men,
Free Maſonry honour'd again and again;
And Nobles have quitted all other delights
With joy to preſide o'er our myſtical rites.
*We always, &c.*

Tho' ſome may pretend we've no Secrets to know,
Such idle opinions their ignorance ſhows;
While others, with raptures, cry out, they're reveal'd,
In Free Maſons' boſoms they ſtill lie conceal'd.
*We always, &c.*

Coxcomical Pedants may ſay what they can,
Abuſe us, ill uſe us, and laugh at our plan,
We'll temper our mortar, enliven our ſouls,
And join in a chorus o'er full flowing bowls.
*We always, &c.*

## SONG IV.

GENIUS of Maſonry deſcend,
And with thee bring thy ſpotleſs train;
Conſtant our ſacred rights attend,
While we adore thy peaceful reign:
Bring with thee Virtue, brighteſt maid,
Bring Love, bring Truth, and Friendſhip here;
While ſocial Mirth ſhall lend her aid,
To ſmooth the wrinkled brow of Care.

Come, Charity, with goodneſs crown'd,
Encircled in thy heavenly robe,
Diffuſe thy bleſſings all around,
To every corner of the globe:
See where ſhe comes, with power to bleſs,
With open hand and tender heart,
Which wounded is at man's diſtreſs,
And bleeds at every human ſmart.

Envy may every ill deviſe,
And Falſehood be thy deadlieſt foe,

Thou, Friendſhip, ſtill ſhall towering riſe,
And ſink thine adverſaries low;
Thy well built pile ſhall long endure,
Through rolling years preſerve its prime,
Upon a rock it ſtands ſecure,
And brave the rude aſſaults of Time.

Ye happy few, who here extend
In perfect lines from eaſt to weſt,
With fervent zeal the Lodge defend,
And lock its ſecrets in each breaſt:
Since ye are met upon the ſquare,
Bid Love and Friendſhip jointly reign,
Be peace and harmony your care,
Nor break the adamantine chain.

Behold the planets how they move,
Yet keep due order as they run;
Then imitate the ſtars above,
And ſhine reſplendent as the Sun:
That future Maſons when they meet,
May all our glorious deeds reherſe,
And ſay, their fathers were ſo great,
That they adorn'd the univerſe.

## SONG V.

'TIS Maſonry unites mankind,
To generous actions forms the ſoul;
So ſtrict in union we're combin'd,
One ſpirit animates the whole.

CHORUS.

Then let mankind our deeds approve,
Since union, harmony, and love
Shall waft us to the realms above.

Where'er aſpiring domes ariſe,
Wherever ſacred alters ſtand,
Thoſe alters blaze up to the ſkies,
Thoſe domes proclaim the Maſon's hand.

The ſtone unſhap'd as lumber lies,
Till Maſon's Art its form refines;
So paſſions do our ſoul diſguiſe,
Till ſocial virtue calms our minds.

Let wretches at our manhood rail;
But thoſe who once our judgment prove,
Will own, that we who build ſo well,
With equal energy can love.

Though ſtill our chief concern and care
Be to deſerve a Brother's name;
Forever mindful of the fair,
Their choiceſt favours ſtill we claim.

From us pale Diſcord long has fled,
With all her train of mortal ſpite;
Nor in our Lodge dares ſhew her head,
Sunk in the gloom of endleſs night.

My Brethren charge your glaſſes high,
To our Grand Maſter's noble Name:
Our ſhouts ſhall beat the vaulted ſky,
And every tongue his praiſe proclaim.

## SONG VI.

HAIL MASONRY divine;
Glory of ages ſhine,
Long may'ſt thou reign:
Where'er thy Lodges ſtand,
May they have great command,
And always grace the land,
Thou Art divine!

Great fabricks ſtill ariſe,
And grace the azure ſkies,
Great are thy ſchemes:
Thy noble Orders are
Matchleſs beyond compare;

No Art with thee can ſhare,
Thou Art divine!

Hiram, the architect,
Did all the Craft direct
How they ſhould build;
Sol'mon, great Iſr'el's King,
Did mighty bleſſings bring,
And left us room to ſing,
Hail, royal Art!

## SONG VII.

COME let us prepare,
We Brothers that are
Aſſembled on merry occaſion:
Let's be happy and ſing,
For Life is a ſpring
To a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

The world is in pain
Our ſecrets to gain,
And ſtill let them wonder and gaze on;
They ne'er can divine
The word or the ſign
Of a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Nor why the great men of the nation,
Should aprons put *on*,
And make themſelves one
With a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,
Have laid by their ſwords,
Our myſt'ry to put a good grace on,
And ne'er been aſham'd
To hear themſelves nam'd
With a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

Antiquity's pride,
We have on our ſide,
To keep up our old reputation;
There's nought but what's good
To be underſtood
By a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

We're true and ſincere,
And juſt to the Fair;
They'll truſt us on any occaſion;
No mortal can more
The Ladies adore,
Than a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

Then join hand in hand,
By each Brother firm ſtand,
Let's be merry and put a bright face on:
What mortal can boaſt
So noble a toaſt
As a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

CHORUS.

No mortal can boaſt
So noble a toaſt } Three times.
As a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

## SONG VIII.

COME ye Maſons, hither bring
The tuneful pipe and pleaſing ſtring,
Exert each voice,
Aloud rejoice,
And make the ſpacious concave ring:
Let your hearts be blythe and gay,
Joy and mirth let all diſplay,
No dull Care
Shall enter here,
For this is Maſons' holiday.

*Let your hearts, &c.*

Friendſhip here has fix'd her ſeat,
And Virtue finds a calm retreat,
Go tell the Fool,
'Tis Wiſdom's ſchool,
Where Love and Honour always meet.
*Let your hearts, &c.*

Social pleaſures here invite,
To fill the ſoul with ſweet delight,
While hand in hand
Our friendly Band
In Love and Harmony unite.
*Let our hearts, &c.*

May we oft aſſemble here,
And long the Badge of Honour wear,
May joy abound,
And we be found
Forever faithful and ſincere.
*Let your hearts, &c.*

Take the flowing glaſs in hand,
And drink unto our Maſter Grand,
Long may he reign,
The Cauſe maintain,
And Lodges flouriſh through the Land.
*Let your hearts, &c.*

## SONG IX.

WE have no idle prating,
Of either whig or tory;
But each agrees
To live at eaſe,
And ſing or tell a ſtory.

CHORUS.

Fill to him,
To the brim,
Let it round the table roll:
The divine

Tells you wine
Cheers the body and the ſoul.

We're always men of pleaſure,
Deſpiſing pride and party;
While knaves and fools
Preſcribe us rules,
We are ſincere and hearty.
*Fill to him, &c.*

If an Accepted Maſon
Should talk of high or low church;
We'll ſet him down
A ſhallow crown,
And underſtand him no church.
*Fill to him, &c.*

The world is all in darkneſs,
About us they conjecture;
But little think,
A ſong and drink,
Succeeds the Maſon's lecture.
*Fill to him, &c.*

Then landlord bring a hogſhead,
And in a corner place it;
Till all rebound
With hollow ſound,
Each Maſon here will face it.
*Fill to him, &c.*

## SONG X.

A MASON's daughter fair and young,
The pride of all the village throng,
Thus to her lover ſaid;
Tho' Damon I your flame approve,
Your actions praiſe, your perſon love,
Yet ſtill I'll live a maid.

None ſhall untie my virgin zone,
But one to whom the ſecret's known,
Of fam'd Free Maſonry;
In which the great and good combine,
To raiſe with generous deſign,
Man to felicity.

The Lodge excludes the fop and fool;
The plodding knave and party tool,
That liberty would ſell;
The noble, faithful and the brave,
No golden charms can e'er deceive,
In ſlavery to dwell.

This ſaid, he bow'd and went away,
Apply'd, was made without delay,
Return'd to her again;
The fair one granted his requeſt.
Connubial joys their days have bleſt,
And may they e'er remain.

*To Maſons and to Maſons' bairns,*
*And women with both wit and charms,*
*That love to lie in Maſons' arms.*

## SONG XI.

ONCE I was blind and could not ſee,
And all was dark around;
But Providence did pity me,
And ſoon a friend I found;
Thro' ſecret paths my friend me led;
Such paths as babblers never tread,
With ſa, la, la, &c.

All ſtumbling block he took away,
That I might walk ſecure;
And brought me long e'er break of day,
To Sol's bright temple door;

Where there we both admittance found,
By power of Magick, ſpells and ſound.

The curber of my bold attempt,
Did then my breaſt alarm;
And hinted I was not exempt,
If raſh, from double harm;
Which quickly ſtopt my riſing pride,
And made me truſt more to my guide.

In ſolemn pace I was led up,
And paſs'd thro' the bright dome,
But ſoon I was oblig'd to ſtop,
Till I myſelf made known;
Then round in ancient form was brought,
To obtain the favour that I ſought.

With humble poſture and due form,
I liſten'd with good will;
And found, inſtead of noiſe and ſtorm,
That all was huſh'd and ſtill;
And ſoon a heav'nly ſound did hear.
That quite diſpell'd all doubt and fear.

The guardian of this myſtick charm,
In ſhining jewels dreſt;
Said, that I need to fear no harm,
If faithful was my breaſt:
For though to rogues he was ſevere,
No harm an honeſt man need fear.

Bright Wiſdom from his awful throne,
Bade darkneſs to withdraw;
No ſooner ſaid, but it was done,
And then—great things I ſaw;
But what they were—I now won't tell,
But ſafely in my breaſt ſhall dwell.

Then round and round me he did tie
An ancient noble charm;
Which future darkneſs will defy,
And ward off cowarns harm;

Then I return'd from whence I came,
Not what I was but what I am.

## SONG XII.

ADIEU! a heart warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the *mystic tye!*
Ye favoured, *enlighten'd* few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

Oft have I met your social Band,
And spent the chearful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the *Sons of light:*
And by that *Hieroglyphic* bright,
Which none but *Craftsmen* ever saw!
Strong mem'ry my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa!

May Freedom, harmony, and Love,
Unite you in the *grand design,*
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious *Architect* Divine!
That you may keep th' *unerring line,*
Till *Order* bright completely shine,
Shall be my Pray'r when far awa.

And *You*, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly that *highest badge* to wear!
Heav'n bless your honour'd noble Name,
To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear!
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
To him, *the Bard that's far awa.*

## SONG XIII.

LET drunkards boaſt the power of wine,
And reel from ſide to ſide;
Let lovers kneel at Beauty's ſhrine,
The ſport of female pride:
Be ours the more exalted part,
To celebrate the Maſons' Art,
And ſpread its praiſes wide.

To dens and thickets dark and rude
For ſhelter beaſts repair;
With ſticks and ſtraws the feather'd brood
Suſpend their neſts in air:
And man untaught, as wild as theſe,
Binds up ſad hurts with boughs of trees,
And feeds on wretched fare.

But Science dawning in his mind,
The quarry he explores:
Induſtry and the Arts combin'd,
Improv'd all Nature's ſtores:
Thus walls were built, and houſes rear'd,
No ſtorms or tempeſts now are fear'd
Within his well fram'd doors.

When ſtately palaces ariſe,
When columns grace the hall,
When towers and ſpires ſalute the ſkies,
We owe to Maſons all:
Nor buildings only do they give,
But teach men how within to live,
And yield to Reaſon's call.

All party quarrels they deteſt,
For Virtue and the Arts,
Lodg'd in each true Free Maſon's breaſt,
Unite and rule their hearts:
By theſe, while Maſons ſquare their minds,

The State no better ſubjects finds,
None act more upright parts.

When Bucks and Albions are forgot,
Free Maſons will remain;
Muſhroons each day, ſpring up and rot,
While oaks ſtretch o'er the plain:
Let others quarrel, rant and roar;
Their noiſy revels when no more,
Still Maſonry ſhall reign.

Our leathern aprons may compare,
With Garters red and blue:
Princes and Kings our Brothers are,
While they our rules purſue:
Then drink ſucceſs and health to all
The Craft around this earthly ball,
May Brethren ſtill prove true!

## SONG XIV.

YE thrice happy few
Whoſe hearts have been true,
In concord and unity found;
Let us ſing and rejoice,
And unite every voice,
To ſend the gay chorus around.

CHORUS.

Like pillars we ſtand,
An immoveable band,
Cemented by power from above;
Then freely let paſs
The generous glaſs
To Maſonry, Friendſhip and Love.

The GRAND ARCHITECT,
Whoſe word did erect
[illegible]rnity, meaſure, and ſpace,
Firſt laid the fair plan

Whereon, he began
The cement of friendship and peace.

Whose firmness of hearts,
Fair treasures of arts,
To the eye of the vulgar unknown;
Whose lustre can beam
New splendor diffuse
To the pulpit, the bar, and the throne.

The great David's son,
Unmatch'd Solomon,
As written in Scripture's bright page,
A Mason became,
The fav'rite of Fame,
The wonder and pride of his age.

Indissoluble bands
Our hearts and our hands,
In social benevolence bind;
For true to his cause,
By immutable laws,
A Mason's a friend to mankind.

Let joy flow around,
And Peace, olive bound,
Preside at our mystical rites;
Whose conduct maintains
Our auspicious domains,
And Freedom with Order unites.

Nor let the dear maid
Our mysteries dread,
Or think them repugnant to love;
To Beauty we bend,
Her empire defend,
An empire deriv'd from above.

Then let us unite,
Sincere and upright,
On the level of virtue to stand:
No mortal can be

So happy as we
With a brother and friend in each hand.

## SONG XV.

UNITE, unite, your voices raiſe;
Loud, loudly ſing Free Maſon's praiſe:
Spread far and wide their ſpotleſs fame,
And glory in the ſacred name.

Behold, behold, the upright band,
In Virtue's paths go hand in hand;
They ſhun each ill, they do no wrong,
Strict honour does to them belong.

How juſt, how juſt, are all their ways,
Superiour far to mortal praiſe!
Their worth deſcription far exceeds,
For matchleſs are Free Maſons' deeds.

Go on, go on, ye juſt and true,
Still, ſtill the ſame bright paths purſue;
Th' admiring world ſhall on you gaze,
And Friendſhip's alter ever blaze.

Begone, begone, thy diſcord hence,
With party rage and inſolence:
Sweet peace ſhall bleſs this happy band,
And Freedom ſmile throughout the land.

## SONG XVI.

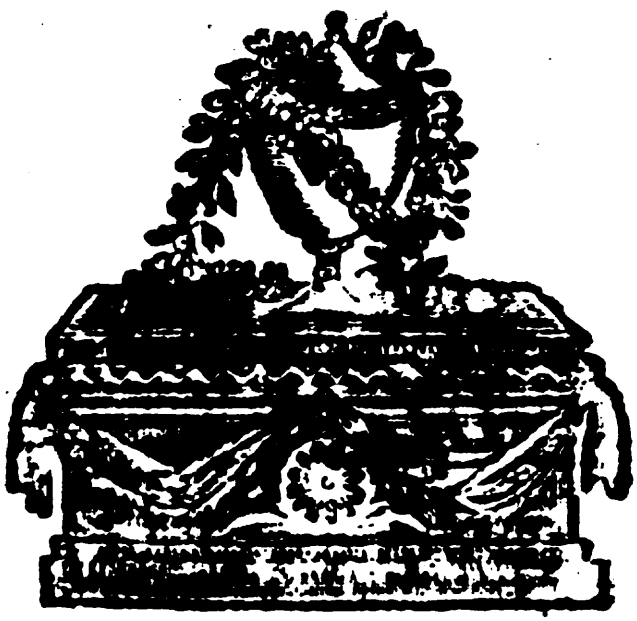
ARISE, and blow thy trumpet, Fame!
Free Maſonry aloud proclaim,
To realms and worlds unknown:
Tell them of mighty David's ſon,
The wiſe, the matchleſs Solomon,
Priz'd far above his throne.

The ſolemn temple's cloud capt towers,
Th' aſpiring domes are works of ours,
  By us thoſe piles were rais'd :
Then bid mankind with ſongs advance,
And through th' ethereal vaſt expanſe,
  Let Maſonry be prais'd.

We help the poor in time of need,
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
  'Tis our foundation ſtone :
We build upon the nobleſt plan,
For friendſhip rivets man to man,
  And makes us all as one.

Still louder, Fame! thy trumpet blow ;
Let all the diſtant regions know
  Free Maſonry is thine :
Almighty Wiſdom gave it birth,
And Heaven has fix'd it here on earth,
  A type of future bliſs.

END OF THE SONGS.



# COLLECTION

OF THE

# NEWEST

# *COTILLIONS*

AND

# *COUNTRY DANCES.*

---

## COTILLIONS.

### CA IRA.

BALANCE all eight, then half round, the ſame back again, 1ſt and 2d couple (oppoſite) take your partner with both hands, chaſſe with her to your ſide with five ſteps, back again to your places, balance with the oppoſite couple, then croſs hands half round, back again with four hands round, a gentleman with the lady oppoſite balance in the middle, and ſet, the other gentleman with the oppoſite lady do the ſame, right and left quite round until to your places.—The third and fourth couples do the ſame figures.

### LE PANTALOON.

All round, 1ſt and 2d couples (oppoſite) right and left quite round, turn your partners quite round, then balance

all four in the middle, chaſſe 4, back again, take your partner with both hands, go round to the oppoſite couple, the oppoſite couples do the ſame, ſo every one come to their former places, then all 8 chaſſe, back again, every gentleman balance with his partner, and turn her quite round.—Third and fourth couples do the ſame figures.

## THE COQUETTE.

All round, firſt couple ſet to the left couple, then the other couples, chaſſe all 4, back again, face to the laſt couple, and right and left quite round, face to your partner, chaſſe only five ſteps, back again, turn your partner to her former place: The ſecond couple to the left perform the ſame figures, and ſo the third and fourth couples.

## THE CONVENTION.

[*May be danced with the tune of York Fuſiliers.*]

All round, firſt and oppoſite couples, balance in the middle, ſet, and turn contrary partners, and retreat to your places, the other two couples do the ſame, chaſſe all eight and turn the lady to your right quite round chaſſe back to your places and turn the lady to your left, then form two lines long way four each ſide balance, croſs hands four, each corners, balance again, and croſs hands back, and come to your former places.

## LA FAYETTE FOREVER.

All round, chaſſe four open, back again, balance in the middle, then half right and left, the gentleman balance and turn the ladies to their left hand only half way, ſet, chaſſe la Marquis all eight, that you may be in your former places: The third and fourth couples do the ſame.

## GERMAN SPA.

All round, the two oppoſite couples take your partner's hands, and change places; chaſſe 4 only five ſteps, ſo back again, balance in the middle, ſet, half croſs hands that you may be in your places, the ſame couple turn contrary partners oppoſite, then turn your own with your right hand half way, balance with your partner, ſet, half right and

left with the oppoſite, couples, which brings you to your former places ;—the other two couple do the ſame.

## LA GUILLOTINE.

All round, two oppoſite couples balance oppoſite each other and take contrary partners, croſs between the other two couples that you may be in your former places ; then ſet with the lady to your right hand and turn her quite round, the other two couples go the whole figure as the firſt and ſecond couples, then form two lines all eight, and take the oppoſite lady with both hands and haize until to your places ; then balance with your partner and turn her quite round.

## MISS CHANDLER's COTILLION.

All round, right and left all eight half round until you meet your partners, then allemand with your partners until to your former places, chaſſe all eight, turn the lady to your right quite round, chaſſe back again and turn the lady to your left, then balance with your partner and turn her quite round.

## THE JACOBIN CLUB.

All round, a gentleman turn the oppoſite lady with his right hand half way, and rigadoon, then turn the ſame lady with the left hand, that ſhe may place herſelf between the ſecond couple, and the gentleman between the third couple, balance ſix and ſet, the ſame gentleman turn the ſame lady with his right hand only half way that they may be both oppoſite to their former places, balance with the lady and turn to your right ſide into your places ; then all eight balance, ſet, and turn your partners quite round with both hands, every gentleman do the ſame with the oppoſite lady.

N. B. The ſecond part of the tune muſt be repeated or played four times, and end with a *dcaſe*.

## LA BELLE CATHARINE.

BALANCE 4, then half right and left—the ſame back again, lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off one couple, then 6 hands round, back again.

## THE CORN PLANTER.

Lead down the middle, up again, caſt off one couple, the gentleman ſet to the third lady, and the lady ſet to the ſecond gentleman, then change hands with your partner, ſet to the ſecond lady, and your partner do the ſame to the third gentleman, four hands half round at the bottom, back again, right and left at top.

## THE NEW POMP ROOM.

Caſt off two couples, up again, four hands half round at top, back again, lead down the middle, up again and caſt off one couple, right and left at top.

## GRIFFITH's FANCY.

The firſt gentleman croſs between the ſecond and third ladies, his partner do the ſame between the ſecond and third gentlemen, balance ſix, and ſet, then turn your partner half way, four hands croſs half round at bottom, back again, right and left at top.

## CONSTANCY.

Croſs hands half round at top, back again, lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off one couple, balance ſix, ſet and turn your partner quite round, right and left at top.

## THE WIDOW DIXON.

Croſs hands half round at top, back again, ſecond and third couples four hands round, back again, firſt couple lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off one couple, ſet corners, then chaſſe with your partner back again.

## LADY BUCKLEY's WHIM.

Caſt off two couples, up again, lead down the middle, up again, the gentleman ſtand between the top couple, and his partner between the third couple, balance all ſix in the middle, and turn your partner, right and left at top.

## THE FRISKY.

Turn the ſecond gentleman, then the gentleman turn the ſecond lady, and retire to your places, lead down the middle, up again, caſt off one couple, turn your partner with your right hand half way, back again with your left hand, 6 hands half round, back again.

## THE YOUNG WIDOW.

Four hands acroſs half round at top, back again, lead down the middle, and turn your partner half way, then up again, and caſt off one couple, the firſt gentleman ſtand between the ſecond and third ladies, ſo his partner, between the ſecond and third gentleman, balance all ſix, then all half way round, firſt couple ſtand ſtill, when the ſecond and third couples balance in the middle, and half right and left, ſo every one come to their former places.

## THE IMPERIAL.

Balance three couples, change places, back again, lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off one couple, right and left at top.

## ALLEMAND SWISS.

[*With a new Figure*]

Croſs four hands at top, half round, back again, caſt off one couple, ſet, balance ſix, and ſet, then four hands round at the bottom, back again, right and left at top.

## WHITE COCKADE.

Caſt off two couples, up again, lead down the middle, up again, caſt off one couple, croſs hands at bottom, half round, back again, right and left at top.

## THE GRACES.

[*With a new and eaſy Figure for the dancer.*]

Firſt and ſecond couples balance at top, the two ladies give both hands and croſs between the firſt and ſecond gentlemen, changing ſides, balance again as before, and all go to your former places, four hands half round at top, turn your partner with your right hand, croſs hands back again, lead down one couple, up at top, and caſt off and ſtand between the ſecond and third couples, then balance all ſix; firſt couple turn partner quite round, right and left.

## RHODEISLAND MARCH.

Croſs four hands at top half round, back again, lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off one couple, balance with your partner, turn quite round, right and left at top.

## FISHER's HORNPIPE.

Caſt off two couples, up again, lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off one couple, croſs hands at the bottom right and left at top.

## WASHINGTON FOREVER.

Turn your partner with your right hand, ſet, back again with the left hand, lead down the middle, up again, caſt off one couple, turn corners, chaſſe with your partner, back again.

## THE MACARONI.

Balance with your partner and turn her quite round, down the middle, up again, caſt off one couple, four hands half round, back again, balance ſix, then right and left at top.

## CHARLOTTE M'CARTY.

Caſt off one couple, ſet, the ſecond couple do the ſame, lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off one couple, ſix hands round.

## PRETTY NANCY.

Croſs over the firſt and ſecond couples, balance at the bottom, then turn your partner, croſs hands at bottom, right and left at top.

## THE HUMOUR OF BOSTON.

Caſt off two couples, back again, four hands round at top, lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off one couple, ſix hands round.

## ALL GOES RIGHT.

Balance ſix, and change places, ſo back again, lead down the middle, up again, caſt off one couple, right and left at top.

## SEA FLOWER.

Croſs four hands, half round, back again, chaſſe only the firſt couple, firſt gentleman ſet with ſecond lady, and his partner with the ſecond gentleman, chaſſe back again, then turn the ſecond couple, that you may be between the ſecond and third couples.

## LOVE FOREVER.

Croſs hands four half round, back again, ſecond and third couples four hands round, back again, firſt couple caſt off two couples, come up through the middle, while the ſecond couple do the ſame, then the firſt couple caſt off the ſecond couple, right and left at top.

## GREENFIELD ASSEMBLY.

Caſt off one couple, ſet, caſt off another couple, ſet, four hands half round with the third couple, back again, lead up and caſt off the ſecond couple, balance ſix, ſet, right and left at top.

## THE SEASONS.

Four hands acroſs half round, back again, three firſt couples allemand quite round, lead down in the middle, up again, caſt off, ſix hands half round, back again, right and left at top.

## ORANGE TREE.

First and third couples balance, half turn partners and balance, the first couple foot it down out sides, third couple lead up the middle, balance, half turn partner and balance, first couple lead up the middle, third couple foot it down out sides, cast off one couple, fix hands half round, back again, right and left.

## YORK FUSILIERS.

First and second gentlemen pass to ladies side, ladies lead to gentlemens side, back again, down in the middle, up again, cast off, turn corners, and lead out sides with your partner.

## GERMAN SPA.

Balance two couples, then cross hands half way, the same back again, lead down the middle, up again and cast off one couple, right and left at top.

## BOSTON ASSEMBLY.

Four hands across half round, back again, the same allemand, lead down in the middle, up again, cast off, fix hands half round, back again, right and left.

## STEP TO IRELAND.

Balance four, half right and left, the same back again, lead down the middle, up again and cast off one couple, fix hands round, back again.

## LA THEODORE.

Balance six, then half round, the same back again, lead down the middle, up again and cast off one couple, turn your partner quite round, then right and left at top.

## THE DUNKILN HOUSE.

First gentleman three hands half round with the 1st and 2d ladies, 1st lady do the same with the 1st and 2d gentlemen, lead down in the middle, up again and cast off one couple, right and left at top.

## THE ROAD TO RUIN.

First and second couple foot it and change sides; the same back again; lead down the middle, up again; first and second pousſette quite round.

## THE SHEPHERDS HOLIDAY.

First Gentleman change places with the second Lady; first Lady change places with the second Gentleman; the same back again; lead down the middle, up one couple; right and left.

## JOCKEY OF THE GREEN.

Change sides, and back again; right hands across half round, and back again; lead down the middle, up again; and cast off hands six round.

## THE FEMALE SOLDIER.

Cast off two couple, up again; change sides, and back again; lead down, up again, and cast off; right and left.

## LEAP YEAR.

Cast off two couple, up again; right hands across half round, and back again; cross over one couple, turn your partner; right and left.

## THE SUN FLOWER.

First couple allemande, second couple do the same; lead down the middle, up again; right and left.



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