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The Echo: or, Federal Songster.
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THE

ECHO:

OR,

FEDERAL SONGSTER.

BEING A

LARGE COLLECTION

OF THE MOST CELEBRATED, MODERN

POETICAL WRITINGS,

Of *DIFFERENT AUTHORS.*

FIRST EDITON.

BROOKFIELD: (MASSACHUSETTS.)
FROM THE *PRESS* OF E. MERRIAM & Co.
SOLD BY THEM IN BROOKFIELD AND
BY G. MERRIAM IN
WORCESTER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE favorable reception which works of a poetic nature have met with in PUBLIC; *the salutary effect they have had in softening the brow of care, exciting hilarity around the festive board and dispersing that unwelcome visitant* melancholy, *which so often assails those who confine themselves entirely to logical studies, has induced the* EDITORS *to undertake the subjoined work, which, to render more interesting and instructive, they have selected with the greatest precaution, from different authors, such pieces as may without exaggeration, be termed* Parnassian Flowers.

ECHO.

SONG I.

A FEDERAL ODE.

YE Sons of Columbia, unite in the cauſe
Of Liberty, Juſtice, Religion and Laws,
Should foes then invade us, to battle we'll hie,
For the God of our fathers will be our *Ally*.
Should Frenchmen advance, tho' Europe join France,
Deſigning our conqueſt and plunder,
United and free, we ever will be,
And our cannon ſhall tell them in thunder,
That foes to our freedom we'll ever defy,
Till the Continent ſinks, and the ocean is dry.

When Britain aſſail'd us, undaunted we ſtood,
Defended the land we had purchas'd with blood,
Our liberty won, and it ſhall be our boaſt,
If the old world united ſhould menace our coaſt,
Should millions invade, in terror array'd,
And bid us our freedom ſurrender,
Our country they'd find with bayonets lin'd,
And WASHINGTON here to defend her,
For foes to our freedom, &c.

We are anxious that peace may continue her reign;
We cheriſh the virtues which ſport in her train.
Our hearts ever melt when the fatherleſs ſigh,
And we ſhiver at Horror's funeral cry;
But ſtill tho' we prize that child of the ſkies,
We'll never like ſlaves be accoſted,
In a war of defence, our means are immenſe,
And we'll fight till our all is exhauſted,
For foes to our freedom, &c.

The Eagle of freedom with rapture behold
O'er ſhadow our land with his plumage of gold;
The flood-gates of glory are open'd on high,
And *Warren* and *Mercer* deſcend from the ſky,
They came from above with a meſſage of love,
They bid us be firm and decided,
At liberty's call, unite one and all,
For you conquer unleſs you're divided.
UNITE, *and the foes of your freedom, &c.*

Americans, ſeek no occaſion for war!
The rude deeds of rapine ſtill ever abhor,
But, if in defence of your rights you ſhould arm,
Let no toils diſcourage, nor danger alarm;
For foes to your peace will ever increaſe,
If freedom and fame you ſhould barter,
Let thoſe rights be yours, while Creation endures.
For OMNIPOTENCE gave you the CHARTER.
Then foes to our freedom, &c.

SONG. II.

THE BOSTON PATRIOTIC SONG.

Written by THOMAS PAINE, A. M.

YE ſons of Columbia who bravely have fought,
For thoſe rights, which unſtain'd from your Sires had deſcended,
May you long taſte the bleſſings your valor has bought,
And your ſons reap the ſoil, which their fathers defended.
Mid the reign of mild peace,
May your nation increaſe,
With the glory of Rome, and the wiſdom of Greece:
And never may the ſons of Columbia be ſlaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the ſea rolls its waves.

In a clime, whoſe rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whoſe ſhores are unſhaken by Europe's commotion,
The Trident of Commerce ſhould never be hurl'd,
To incenſe the legitimate power of the ocean.
But ſhould Pirates invade,
Though in thunder array'd,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of TRADE.
For never ſhall, &c.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild ſway,
And juſtly ennoble our nation in ſtory,
Till the dark clouds of Faction obſcure our young day,
And envellop'd the ſun of American glory.
But let *Traitors* be told.
Who their Country have ſold,
And barter'd their God, for his image in gold—
That ne'er ſhall, &c.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And ſociety's baſe threats with wide diſſolution;
May PEACE like the Dove, who return'd from the flood
Find an Ark of abode in our mild CONSTITUTION!
But though PEACE is our aim,
Yet the boon we diſclaim,
If bought by our Sov'reiguty, Juſtice, or Fame.
For ne'er ſhall, &c.

'Tis the fire of the flint, each American warms;
Let *Rome's* haughty victors beware of collision!
Let them bring all the vaſſals of Europe in arms;
WE'RE A WORLD BY OURSELVES, and diſdain a diviſion!
While, with patriot pride,
To our laws we're ally'd,
No foe can ſubdue us—no faction divide.
For ne'er ſhall, &c.

Our mountains are crown'd with imperial Oak,
Whose roots, like our Liberty, ages have nourish'd;
But long ere our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourish'd.
Should invasion impend,
Every grove would descend,
From the hill-tops, they shaded, our shores to defend.
For ne'er shall, &c.

Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm,
Lest our Liberty's growth should be check'd by corrosion;
Then let clouds thicken round us, we heed not the storm;
Our realm fears no shock, but the earth's own explosion.
Foes assail us in vain,
Though their fleets bridge the main,
For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain;
And ne'er shall, &c.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmov'd, at its portal would WASHINGTON stand,
And repulse with his *Breast*, the assault of the *Thunder!*
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,

And conduct with its point, every flash to the deep.
For ne'er shall, &c.

Let Fame to the world sound America's voice;
No intrigue can her sons from their government sever;
Her pride is her ADAMS—his laws are her choice,
And shall flourish, till liberty slumber forever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas' band
And swear by the GOD of the ocean and land.
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

SONG III.

HAIL COLUMBIA! happy land;
Hail ye Heroes! Heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
Let INDEPENDENCE be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies,
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

IMMORTAL PATRIOTS! rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore;

Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the ſhrine where ſacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
While offering peace ſincere and juſt,
In Heaven we place a manly truſt,
That truth and juſtice will prevail,
And every ſcheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united, &c.

Sound, ſound the trump of fame.
Let WASHINGTON's great name,
Ring thro' the world with loud applauſe,
Ring thro' the world with loud applauſe,
Let every clime to Freedom, dear,
Liſten with a joyful ear.
With equal ſkill and God-like power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with eaſe
The happier times of honeſt peace.
Firm—united, &c.

Behold the CHIEF who now commands,
Once more to ſerve his country ſtands—
The Rock on which the ſtorm will beat,
The Rock on which the ſtorm will beat,
But arm'd with virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and YOU.
When hope was ſinking in diſmay,
And glooms obſcur'd Columbia's day,
His ſteady mind from changes free,
Reſolv'd on Death or Liberty.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty:
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and ſafety we ſhall find.

SONG IV.

COME, hail the day, ye ſons of mirth,
Which gave your native country birth,
All hail th' important hour:
Let admiration mark the day,
When Fathers to their ſons did ſay,
Be free, till time's no more!

Columbia's ſons have rear'd a tree,
The root, the branch, are Liberty,
Expanding far and wide:
Refulgent years, have roll'd away,
Since Freedom bleſt America—
Like thoſe, two thouſand glide.

When time releas'd GEORGE WASHINGTON,
Not from affections he had won,
But from the height of care:
He left the reins of government,
To his ſucceſſor's management,
Quite tir'd with noiſe and war.

O guide, ye gods, this rev'rend ſage,
Until he's down the ſteep of age,
Then ſooth his cares to reſt:
Yet, may his virtues live again,
To vindicate the Rights of Man,
Of which we are poſſeſs'd.

JOHN ADAMS, with a finiſh'd mind,
Columbia's choſen ſon, inclin'd
To take th' important chair;
The hero takes the reins, and guides
America, 'gainſt winds and tides,
To ſhun degrading war.

But, if to war's terrific ſound,
We muſt devote fair freedom's ground,
To ſtain with blood its ſoil:
Then ROUSE, AMERICANS, and ſhow,
That you can wealth, or life beſtow,
Ere FREEDOM meets a foil.

Should Europe's factions once attempt,
T' annihilate our government,
Or tread upon our ſhore:
Burgoyn'd, Cornwallis'd, they would be,
Or Arnold like, this country flee,
Or fall, to riſe no more.

Then hail the day, ye ſons of mirth,
Which gave your native country birth,
All hail th' important hour:
Let admiration mark the day,
When fathers to their ſons did ſay,
Be free, till time's no more!

SONG V.

GOD ſave the United States,
Free from the worſt of fates,
Vile Gallic ſway.
May they forever be,
Juſt, Independent, free,
Liberty's nurſery,
Without diſmay.

O God, great ADAMS ſave,
The firm, the good, the brave,
Who now commands.
May every enemy,
Far from his preſence flee,

And be dire anarchy,
Cruſh'd by his hands.

Save too great WASHINGTON,
Columbia's deareſt ſon,
To be our ſhield.
When war's renew'd alarms,
Shall call again to arms,
And threat'ning danger warns
Us to the field.

"O Lord, our God ariſe,
"Scatter our enemies,
"And make them fall.
"Confound their politics,
"Fruſtrate their knaviſh tricks,
"On thee our hopes are fix'd,
"O ſave us all."

Let all with one conſent,
Unite with Government,
Our rights to guard.
May jarring diſcord ceaſe,
Our ſocial joys increaſe,
And ſmiling Heaven-born peace
Be our Reward.

SONG VI.

SING Yankee Doodle, that fine tune,
Americans delight in ;
It ſuits for peace, it ſuits for fun,
It ſuits as well for fighting.
Yankee doodle (mind the tune)
Yankee doodle dandy,
If Frenchmen come with naked bums,
We'll ſpank 'em hard and handy.

To Ca Ira and Carmagnole,
Direct'ry dance like Neroes ;*
But Frenchmen's ſongs, ſo full of wrongs
Are ſcorn'd by Yankee heroes.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The Preſident, with good intent,
Three Envoys ſent to Paris,
But cinq Tetes,† would not with 'em treat,
Of honor France ſo bare is.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Thro' X. and Y. and madame Sly,
They made demand of money ;
For as we're told, the French love gold,
As ſtinging bees love honey.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Nebuchadnezzar long ago,
Set up a golden image,

---

* *Nero fiddled while Rome was burning.*
† *Pronounced, ſank Tate.*

Shadrach, Meshach, Abednigo,
Would not fall down in homage.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Just so circ Tetes, with pride elate,
Of Marshall, Pinckney, Gerry,
Demand that they adore and pay,
The piper to make merry.
Yankee doodle, &c.

That Talleyrand might us trapan,
And o'er the country sound it;
He sent his pill. t' Aurora's mill,
And Benny Faction ground it.
Yankee doodle, &c.

But Marshall came, with trump of fame,
And brought the noble answer;
Without a joke he had in soak,
A rod for Talleyrand, Sir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

With fraud do the Directory,
Deal in conceit and evil;
Who Venice sold, for pow'er and gold,
Would sell us to the Devil.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Their 'fernal hugs, may squeeze Dutch bugs,
But we will have no master;
And while the Swiss, Sans* Culottes kiss,
We'll spread a blister plaster.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Americans, then fly to arms,
And learn the way to use 'em;

---

*i. e. wearing breeches.

If each man fights to 'fend his rights,
The French can't long abuſe 'em.
Yankee doodle, &c.
Bold ADAMS did, in ſeventy-ſix,
Our Independence ſign, Sir;
And he will not, give up a jot,
Tho' all the world combine Sir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Let every man, adopt his plan,
Like brothers ſtick together;
Then all the threats, of vile cinq Tetes,
Will never weigh a feather.
Yankee doodle. &c.

If we are firm, peace will return,
Sweet peace, the very dandy;
May they that flinch, a ſingle inch,
Ne'er taſte the ſugar candy.
Yankee doodie (mind the tune)
Yankee doodle dandy.
If Frenchmen come, with naked bum,
We'll ſpank 'em hard and handy.

SONG VII.

THE FARMER's PATRIOTIC ODE.

Tune—*Vicar of Bray.*

FROM th' ſoil our fathers dearly bo't,
No foe their ſons ſhall ſever;
The laws, for which our heroes fought,
Shall guard their rights forever.
When foes invade, with heart and hand,
We'll crowd the field of action:

From Gallic weeds, we'll purge our land,
And cruſh the reptile faction.

Ere Jacobins ſhall lord it here,
Or we for Frenchmen labor,
The pruning hook ſhall dart, a *ſpear*,
The ploughſhare glow, a *ſabre!*
When foes, &c.

Let Gallic's pirates croſs the waves,
To aſk a contribution;
On land, we'll point them to their graves,
By Sea, the CONSTITUTION.
When foes, &c.

Our ſwains ſhall quit their lover's arms,
And WASHINGTON ſhall lead 'em;
The huſband leave domeſtic charms,
And know no friend, but Freedom.
When foes, &c.

The free-born child, the tender wife,
Shall brave each ſad diſaſter;
The wolf's dread yell, the ſavage knife;
But, ſpurn a Gallic maſter.
When foes invade, Columbia's friends
Shall crowd the field of action,
Back to the waves repel the fiends,
That ſow the ſeeds of faction.

SONG VIII.

TO the ſtandard repair,
Each jolly bold Tar,
Our Country calls loudly to arms!
Teach the bullies of France,

The fam'd Yankee-dance,
'Tis Freedom our boſoms that warms.

Let the beau TALLEYRAND,
With his ſnuff box in hand,
Aſk again a *douceur* for admiſſion;
Come here Monſieur *Frog*,
Take a tiff of our grog,
And we'll ſhew you a Yankee commiſſion.

Do you think Gallic *Crows*,
Can catch us adoze,
While ſtorms are thick gath'ring aloft;
Pardonnez Monſieur,
Our Liberty's dear,
You'll not find us with ſculls quite ſo ſoft.

Each day a new ſhip,
With her anchor atrip,
Is arm'd, and the Eagle full ſpread;
If America ſtoops,
And her ſons become dupes,
It muſt be when her Tars are all dead.

Come each honeſt ſoul,
Paſs around the full bowl,
To ADAMS our glorious head;
Thank the good Gods above,
Who America love,
Great WASHINGTON too is not dead!

Mother Cary's foul brood,
Can do you no good,
While ſuch Worthies America lead;
Our Captains are bold,
And deſpiſe ſecret gold,
Our coin, boys, is Iron and Lead.

SONG IX.

Tune—*Lass of Richmond Hill.*

HAIL, victorious FREEDOM, hail!
Thy flame illumes the world:
Thy cause shall ever more prevail—
While DESPOTS down are hurl'd.
Fill high the glass,
And let it pass,
Let FREEDOM'S health go round:
From pole to pole
Her thunders roll,
And god-like voice resounds.

Cheer up COLUMBIA, ne'er dismay—
Bright QUEEN OF GLORY rise;
Rule pirates on the commerce prey—
To arms, thy HERO cries.
He again commands
Thy patriot bands,
With terror ne'er dismay'd;
But with delight
Defends their right—
Can FREEMEN be afraid?

Sound, sound the trump—the Chief appears—
Great WASHINGTON commands;
He's come to sooth COLUMBIA'S fears,
And lead her patriot bands.
Now with huzzas
And loud applause
Sound, sound aloud his fame;
At his command

We ready ſtand
To take the field again.
Now let bold FREEDOM raiſe her voice,
By *Tyrants* undiſmay'd;
May all the world, with us rejoice
To ſee her Flag diſplay'd.
Independent we
Will ever be;
Let haughty EUROPE ſee,
That while with gore
They drench each ſhore,
AMERICA IS FREE.

SONG X.

COME all Grenadiers let us join hand in hand,
And ſwear by our country moſt truly to ſtand;
Round the banners of liberty manfully range,
Reſolv'd to preſerve it unblemiſh'd by change.
And ſhould our proud foes in their inſults perſiſt,
Their arts as their arms we will firmly reſiſt;
For our glorious freedom we drew with our breath,
And with it we'll keep it unſully'd till death.

Our cauſe truly noble, and honor our guide,
The defence of our country ſhall e'er be our pride,
Determin'd her dear Independence to guard,
In her happineſs only we'll ſeek our reward,
For her ev'ry labor endur'd will be ſweet,
For her ev'ry danger we'll cheerfully meet,
For our glorious, &c.

From our father who gain'd it, our freedom we hold,
And it ne'er by their ſons ſhall be cowardly ſold.
To guard it our fortunes ſhall freely be ſpent;
But to buy it, COLUMBIA will ne'er give a cent:
Then let it by Frenchmen be well underſtood,
That if we muſt purchaſe, our price is, our BLOOD,
For our glorious, &c.

SONG XI.

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 not
the ſmart;
We join in the fraud, and ourſelves we deceive,
What we wiſh to be true, love bids us believe.

SONG XII.

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 XIII.

DESCRIPTION OF A WOMAN.

Written by a Man.

A WOMAN is like to—but ſtay—
What a Woman is like who can ſay?
There's no living with or without one—

Love bites like a fly,
Now an ear, now an eye—
Buz. buz, always buzzing about one.
When ſhe's tender and kind,
She is like to my mind,
(And Fanny was ſo, I remember.)
She's like to—Oh dear!
She's as good very near
As a ripe melting peach in September,
If ſhe laugh and ſhe chat,
Play, joke, and all that,
And with ſmiles and good humour ſhe meets me,
She's like a rich diſh,
Of veniſon and fiſh,
That cries from the table "come eat me."
But ſhe'll plague you, and vex you,
Diſtract and perplex you,
Falſe hearted and ranging,
Unſettled and changing,
What then do you think ſhe is like?
Like a ſand? like a rock?
Like a wheel? like a clock?
Aye, like a clock that is always at ſtrike,
Her head's like the iſland folks tell on,
Which nothing but monkies can dwell on,
Her heart's like a lemon—ſo nice,
She carves for each lover a ſlice:
In truth ſhe's to me,
Like to wind, like the ſea,
Whole raging will hearken to no man;
Like a mill,
Like a pill,
Like a flail,
Like a whale,

Like an aſs,
Like a glaſs,
Whoſe image is conſtant to no man:
Like a flow'r,
Like a ſhow'r,
Like a fly,
Like a pye,
Like a pea,
Like a flea,
Like a thief,
Like—in brief,
She's like nothing on earth, but a woman.

SONG XIV.

DESCRIPTION OF A MAN.

Written by a Woman.

A MAN, he is like to—but ſtay,
To what he's unlike, who can ſay?
And yet we can ſcarce do without him;
Love ſets in his breaſt
Like a hen on her neſt,
And his chickens are ſcratching about him.

When he's pleas'd I am ſqueez'd,
When he's not I am teaz'd,
And I never can tell where to find him;
He is like an old horſe,
Worth but little and croſs,
And a woman is fooliſh to mind him.

If he chance to but ſmile,
And look pleaſant a while,
And come chattering round like a chicken—

He is like a gay lark,
But a falſe hearted ſpark,
And his feathers are ſcarcely worth picking.

But when he is vext,
Confus'd and perplext,
Deceitful and vicious,
Baſe, falſe, and malicious,
He is like--hard to ſpeak it myſelf—
He is like to—alas!
Like a ſnake in the graſs,
He is then, only then, like himſelf.

His head's like a butcher's full ſhop,
Beef, mutton and pork, or what not:
His heart's like a pail of old ſwill,
Which the offal contributes to fill:

In ſhort, to a wife,
He is like a caſe knife,
To cut up my cake or my cheeſe;
Like a ſaint when he's civil,
But if not, like the devil;
But will turn to whatever he pleaſe;

To a hog, to a dog,
To a hare, to a bear,
Whoſe cruelty yieldeth to no man;
Like a mouſe, like a gooſe,
Like a mule, like a fool,
Like a lane, like a vane,
Like a leaf, like—in brief,
He's like every thing elſe, but a WOMAN.

SONG XV.

Tune—*Rule Britania.*

WHEN Britain with deſpotic ſway,
Would at her feet our freedom lay,
Would a:, &c.
We rais'd the Standard—to arms, to arms, we cry'd,
Our patriots fought—they bled, they di'd.
Independent Columbians, they would be,
Reſolv'd to periſh, or be free.

Great WASHINGTON did then command;
He led the bold heroic band,
He led, &c.
They fought and conquer'd—Columbia's Sons were free,
Reſolv'd on death or liberty.
Independent Columbians they would be,
Reſolv'd to periſh, or be free.

When France her ſtruggle firſt began
For liberty, the rights of man,
For liberty, &c.
Glowing with ardor—with ardor in her cauſe,
We ſcorn'd that Kings ſhould give her laws.
Independent--may Gallia ſtill be free,
They fought at firſt for liberty.

But France, you now forget your friend,
Our amity is at an end,
Our amity, &c.
You rob our commerce, inſult us on our coaſt,

Divide and conquer, is your boaſt.
Know proud Frenchmen, united we will be,
Reſolv'd to periſh or be free.

Shall we to France a tribute pay,
Or at her feet our freedom lay,
Or at, &c.
Forbid it Heav'n Columbia's freemen cry,
We will be free or nobly die.
Know proud Frenchmen, united we will be,
Reſolv'd on death or liberty.

United then with heart and hand,
Our conſtitution firm ſhall ſtand,
Our conſtitution, &c.
Then raiſe the ſtandard, let this your motto be;
Our father's fought, and ſo will we.
Hail Columbians, united we will be,
Like them we'll conquer and be free.

SONG XVI.

AT the ſound of the horn,
We riſe in the morn,
And waken the woods as we thunder along;
Yoix, yoix, tally-o,
After Reynard we go.
While echo on echo redoubles the ſong.

Not the ſteeds of the ſun
Our brave courſers out-run,
O'er the mound, horſe and hound, ſee us bound in full cry:
Like Phœbus we riſe
To the height of the ſkies,

And, careleſs of danger, five bars we defy.
We waken the woods, &c.

At eve, Sir, we ruſh,
And are cloſe at 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-o,
The next morning we go,
With Phœbus to end, as we mount with the ſun.

SONG XVII.

FAIR liberty! whom heaven gave
But where peculiarly it loves;
And put off all it meant for ſlave
With orange bow'rs and citron groves!
The children of the frozen north,
Where nature half her gifts retains,
Are doom'd to tame the churliſh earth,
For taſteleſs fruits, and tardy grains;
Yet while their weary taſk they ply,
By thee their fainting ſouls are cheer'd!
No ſtern unfeeling Lord is nigh,
No rods are ſeen, no chains are heard!

Still as they guide the delving plough,
Or bind pale Autumn's ſcanty ſtore;
To thee, their manly lives they vow,
To thee, their grateful ſtrains they pour!

SONG XVIII.

THE roſe had been waſh'd, juſt waſh'd in a ſhow'r,
That Mary to Anna convey'd;
A plentiful moiſture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And ſeem'd at a fanciful view,
To weep with regret for the buds it had left,
On the flouriſhing buſh where it grew.

I haſtily ſeiz'd it, unfit as it was,
For a noſe-gay, ſo dripping and drown'd,
And ſhaking it rudely---too rudely, alas!
I ſnapt it---it fell to the ground.

"And ſuch" I exclaim'd "is the pitileſs part,
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardleſs of wringing and breaking the heart,
Already to ſorrow reſign'd.

This beautiful roſe, had I ſhaken it leſs,
Might have bloom'd with the owner a while,
And the tear that is wip'd with a little addreſs,
May be follow'd, perhaps, with a ſmile."

SONG XIX.

HARK, hark, from the woodlands the loud
swelling horn
Invites to the ſports of the chaſe,
How ruddy, how bright, and how cheerful the
morn,
How healthy and blooming each face.
To the grove with Diana, I'll haſten away,
Nor loſe the delights of the morn,
The hounds are all out hark, hark forward, away,
While echo replies to the horn.

Gay health ſtill attends thro' the ſports of the
field,
O'er mountain and valley we go;
The joy of the chaſe, health and pleaſure can
yield,
No wiſhes beyond it we know.
To the grove, &c.

Our innocent paſtimes each virgin may ſhare,
And the cenſure of envy defy,
While Cupid ſoon follow'd by grief and deſ-
pair,
The bleſſing of youth would deſtroy.
To the grove, &c.

SONG XX.

AWAKE from deluſion, ye ſons of the
brave;
"Cries the Genius, that watches our Free-
dom and Fame;"

Thy virtue no longer from rapine can ſave,
Since Gallia's light up of diſcenſion the flame.
Then to arms let's repair,
While our wrongs fill the air.
That France and the world may behold,
That our freedom, our fame,
And our virtuous name,
We prize above friendſhip and gold.

Away with the veil, which thy charity ſpread
O'er the deeds of a nation, where tyrants preſide;
No glory of thine can its influence ſhed,
On the friends of deception, deſtruction and pride.
Then, &c.

Ariſe from thy bowers of contentment and eaſe,
And gird on the ſword of thy vengeance anew,
For in vain would thy wiſdom their madneſs appeaſe,
In vain will thy caution their plottings purſue.
Then, &c.

Deep dy'd with the blood of the valiant and good,
And cloth'd with deformity, guilt and deſpair,
In the portal of peace, like demons, they've ſtood,
And poiſon'd with venom ſweet liberty's air.
Then, &c.

To freedom, to virtue and bliſs they pretend,
And vauntingly offer redemption to ſlaves;

While abroad thro' the world their aſſaſſins they ſend,
And prove by each law that they glory in knaves.
Then, &c.

Riſe, ſcornful, my ſons, from a friendſhip ſo baſe,
And again be the banner of freedom unfurl'd;
While time on his records Columbia ſhall place—
The PRIDE, the DELIGHT, and the BOAST of the WORLD.
Then, &c.

SONG XXI.

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,
Determin'd 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 at 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 Mira his note!

"What gentleman coffee now chooſes?"
The compliment comes 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 ſhews 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,
To part ere the bottle is won?
At ſupper Apollo ſhall meet you,
And ſhew you what Bacchus has done.

SONG XXII.

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 roſy,
With whiſky, ale, and cyder,
I aſk'd young Betty Blowzy,
To let me ſit beſide her,

Her anger roſe,
And, four as ſlees,
The little gipſey 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 trackle,
They'd tempt you ſure to ſpoil it,
Sweet Sall and Bell
I've pleas'd you well——
But hold, I muſt'nt kiſs and tell,
So here I've rid
Along, to bid
Good-morrow to your night-cap."

SONG XXIII.

SIMPLICITY! thou fav'rite child
Of heav'nly Nature, chaſte and mild;
Sweet guard of playful youth:
Thy nakedneſs is thy defence,
Thy ſilent geſture eloquence;
Thy eloquence is truth.

Ah! ſay then, who could injure thee,
Nature's lov'd babe—Simplicity?
So ſweet, ſo chaſte, ſo mild:
The worſt of wretches, who has not
Thy parent's traces long forgot,
Could never hurt it's child.

SONG XXIV.

THE wealthy fool with gold in ſtore,
Will ſtill deſire to grow richer,
Give me but theſe, 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 come 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 ſo bewitch her;
With all my heart---can I be poor,
With my ſweet girl, my friend, and pitcher?
My friend ſo rare, &c.

SONG XXV.

DISTRESS me with thoſe tears no more,
One kiſs, my love, 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 ſt ll ſhall keep,
Your worth, affection ſt:ll 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 cheerful crew
Shall ſing of triumphs on the main,
My thought ſhall fondly turn to you,
Of you alone ſhall be my ſtrain:
And when we've bow'd the leaguing foe,
Revengeful of my country's wrong,
Returning home my heart ſhall ſhew,
No fiction grac'd my artleſs ſong.

SONG XXVI.

THO' 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 ſtray;
With raptures poſſeſſing,
In one ev'ry bleſſing,
Till torn from her boſom he flies far away.

SONG XXVII.

HOW happy the woman, whoſe charms
Gain ſweet-hearts ſtuck all in a row!
That if one ſhould deſert from her arms,
She ſtill has two ſtrings to her bow.

Should Thomas prove falſe—could he rob
My heart of its quiet? Oh no—
For if Thomas is gone there is Bob:
I ſtill have two ſtrings to my bow.

Then 'tis not ſo common a thing
Can vex me, I'd have you to know!
Since I have two beaux to my ſtring,
As well as two ſtrings to my bow.

SONG XXVIII.

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 ſome what 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 Nell-o,
I'll kiſs you here by this good light,
Lord, what a charming fellow.

You rogue, ſays I, you've ſtopp'd my breath!
Ye bells ring out my knell-o;
Again I'd die ſo ſweet a death
With ſuch a charming fellow.

SONG XXIX.

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 cannot grudge,
And blow out the ruſh light,
The little farthing ruſh light,
Fal, lal, lal, lal, la.
And blow out the ruſh right."

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 Simons 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 bell 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 bust,
Come, 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 wone 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 it was done,
For he turn'd down the Ruſh Light.

SONG XXX.

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 in ſtrange palpitation,
I bluſh'd like a pink of carnation,
When ſays he, my dear, how d'ye do?

The dickins, ſays I, here has popp'd him,
I thought to ſlip by, but I ſtopp'd him,
So my very beſt curt'ſy I dropp'd him;
With an air, then he took 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, which I granted,
And, pray now, what harm was in that?

Says I, Sir, for what do you take me?
He ſwore a fine lady he'd make me,
No, dem him, he'd never forſake me,
And then on his knee he ſtoop'd down;
His handkerchief, la! ſmelt ſo ſweetly,
His white teeth he ſhew'd ſo completely,
He manag'd the matter ſo neatly,
I ne'er can be kiſs'd by a clown.

SONG XXXI.

HOPE, treach'rous meteor, lucid vapour!
Ever flying,
Still belying
The village taper---
Wand'ring pilgrims---lone, benighted,
The blue fallehood, pleas'd, deſcry;
See the cheerful faggot lighted,
Think the ſocial cottage nigh.

Lambent fire, deceive, but harm not;
Pallid gleam, relume, but warm not---
Light no error in my breaſt,
Sooth my weary ſoul, but charm not;
Unrelenting,
Unconſenting,
Swearing never to be bleſs'd---

SONG XXXI.

MY mother ſays, I'm now ſixteen,
Muſt dreſs---in the beau monde be ſeen,
Reply to all the vows of men,
No, no, no.

In ſweeteſt buds there canker lies,
And in the roſe ſharp thorns ariſe;
All this ſhe ſays to make me wiſe,
And ſay no.

When Henry t'other morning came,
Profeſs'd an honeſt tender flame,
And aſk'd me, if the day I'd name,
I ſaid no.

I told him, mother I'd obey,
And muſt reply of courſe with nay;
He ſigh'd, then ſhall I far away?
I ſaid no.

My ſpeaking tears betray'd my love:
He ſaid, that Hymen doubt remove,
To church, you'll not deny to rove?
I ſigh'd no.

My mother now I have obey'd,
Attended well to what ſhe ſaid,
And will to all—but him I wed,
Still ſay no.

SONG XXXII.

A FLAXEN-headed cow-boy, as ſimple as may be,
And next a merry plough-boy I whiſtled o'er the lea:
But now ſaucy footman, I ſtrut in worſted lace,
And ſoon I'll be a butler and wag my jolly face.

When ſteward I'm promoted, I'll ſnip a tradeſman's bill.
My maſter's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill:
When rolling in my chariot, ſo great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy that whiſtled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,

I'll ſtand poll for parliament, and then vote in myſelf:
Whatever's good for—me, Sir, I never will oppoſe;
When all my ayes are ſold off, why then I'll ſell my noſe.

I'll bawl, harangue and paragraph, with ſpeeches charm the ear,
And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll ſit down a peer,
In court or city honor, ſo great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy that whiſtled o'er the lea.

SONG XXXIII.

AH! Delia, ſee the fatal hour, farewell my ſoul's delight,
Oh! how can wretched Damon live thus baniſh'd from thy ſight.
To my fond heart no rival joys, ſupply the loſs of thee,
Ah! who can tell if thou my dear will e'er remember me.

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 fav'rite
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 vot'riſt 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, thy
ſweetly pointed dart,
Thy dear remembrance left behind, has pierc'd
a hapleſs heart,
Think on the fatal, ſad adieu, that ſevers me
from thee ;
Ah ! who can tell, &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 XXXIV.

The Tempeſt.

CEASE, rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railer!
Liſt ye landſ-men, all to me;
Meſſmates, here a brother ſailor
Sing the dangers of the ſea.
From boundleſs billows, ſwift 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 halyards ſtand!
Down top gallants, quick be hauling!
Down your ſtay ſails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freſhens, ſet the braces;
Quick the top-ſail 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 ſprit-ſail yard get ;
Reef the mizen ; ſee all clear ;
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 !
Diff'rent deaths at once ſurround us !
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

The forem-aſt'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 land-yards 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 off ſhore.

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 ſweet-hearts, and our wives.
Fill it up, about ſhip wheel it;
Cloſe th' lips a brimmer join.
Where's the tempeſt now? who feels it?
None! our danger's drown'd in wine!

SONG XXXV.

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.

Life is ſhort, its but a ſeaſon;
Time is ever on the wing;
Let's the preſent moment ſeize on.
Who knows what the next 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 pleaſue,
There's no drinking in the grave.

SONG XXXVI.

IDELIA's beauties would diſcloſe,
More blooming than the bluſhing roſe,
And ſweeter than the ſpring:
She fa reſt 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 rhyme,
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 e'er 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,
Engag'd 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 blithſome 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 XXXVII.

THE lark was up, the morn was grey,
The drummers beat a reveille,
Whilſt jolly ſoldiers on the ground,
In peaceful camp ſlept ſafe and ſound.
All but one poor ſoldier, who
Nought but love, could e'er ſubdue;
Wandering through a ſilent grove,
There did vent his plaintive love.

For women are whimſical changeable things,
Their ſweets are like bees, they're mingled with ſtings.
They are not to be got without toil, care and coſt,
They are hard to be won and as eaſily loſt,
For in ſearching a fair one, I found to my ſmart,
I knew not the way, but I loſt my own heart.
Ah! hapleſs, hapleſs day, when firſt I ſaw fair Biddy,
My heart ſhe ſtole away, my head ſhe turn'd quite giddy.
The world may laugh and ſneer, tis wond'rous now to ſee,
A lover ſo ſincere, a ſwain admire like me.
She's comely tall and ſlender, ſhe's brighter than the ſun;
Her looks are kind and tender, but ah! her heart's like ſtone.
Too lovely ſtill I found her, and every method tried,
In hopes to win and wound her, but ah! I was denied.

And now all hopes are over, what ſchemes then
can I try,
But like a hapleſs lover, now lay me down
and die.

As on the ground he lay, Minerva came
that way,
In armour bright and gay, and thus to him
did ſay,
Ariſe! ſoildier ariſe! and I'll take you by the
hand,
And I'll lead you through the land
And I'll give you the command, of a well
choſen band.
Ariſe! ſoldiers ariſe! don't be ſtupid, drive
away cupid,
Follow Minerva's wiſe command,
Soldier go home, go home, ne'er mind your
Miſtreſs' ſcorn;
Slight, ſlight her again,
For ſlighted love ſhould ſlight return.

The ſoldier then roſe from his amorous ſloth,
Haſtened away to his duty,
Swore to Minerva a terrible oath,
He'd never think more of her beauty.
Bachelor's bluff, bachelor's bluff,
High for a heart that's rugged and tough.

He that is ſingle can never wear horns,
He that is ſingle is happy,
He that is married muſt lay upon thorns,
And always go ragged and ſhabby.
Bachelor's bluff, &c.

He that is ſingle fears not the rout,
Nothing to him can be ſweeter,

Having no wife to whimper and pout
And cry, can you leave me dear creature.
Bachelor's bluff, &c.

Ye Belles and Flirts, ſo gay and fair,
Say, are not ſoldiers form'd for love;
I'm ſure you'll find them all ſincere,
If you'll but kind and conſtant prove:

But if you ſlight their paſſions ſtill;
And tyrannize their wills to prove,
Depend upon't they'll all rebel
And will not give a thought to love.

Hold your idle prat'ling tongue,
Little laughing Cupid ſaid,
Have you never heard it ſung,
Conſtancy muſt win the maid.

Then ground your arms, ye ſons of war,
Who ſhine thro' Britain's happy Iſle,
Nor ever quarrel with the fair,
But patient wait to win their ſmile.
Rule ye fair of Britain's Iſle,
We'll patient wait to win your ſmile.

SONG XXXVIII.

IN ſtorms, when clouds obſcure the ſky,
And thunders roll, and light'nings fly—
In midſt of all theſe dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.
The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent paſſion prove;
Laſh'd to the helm

Should ſeas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love!

When rocks appear on ev'ry ſide,
And art is vain the ſhip to guide;
In varied ſhapes, when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my bolom cheers.
The troubled main, &c.

But ſhould the gracious pow'rs be kind—
Diſpel the gloom, and ſtill the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long loſt native ſhore:
No more the main,
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve,
I then with thee,
Should happy be,
And think on nought but love!

SONG XXXIX.

HAIL, Patriots all! This day combine,
Your off'ring make at Union's ſhrine.
Too long by parties we've been torn;
Too long degrading inſults borne.
Now to the phalanx form,
And firmly brave the threat'ning ſtorm,
Reſolve to face each hoſtile band,
For freedom and this Happy Land.

Can we—while France with treach'rous guile,
Employs the *Dagger* and the *Smile*—
To ev'ry ſenſe of honor dead,

Forget for what our Father's bled?
No, let us join, &c.

Shall we who planted firſt the Tree
Of ſoul endaring LIBERTY,
With tribute blight the rip'ning fruit,
Or with conceſſions blaſt the root?
No, let us join, &c

This Government, our common choice,
Shall we ſupport with Heart and voice?
Or ſhall we change its happy means,
For Tyrants, Dungeons, Guillotines?
Come, Patriots, join, the phalanx form,
And firmly brave the threat'ning ſtorm,
Reſolve to face each hoſtile band,
For Freedom and this Happy Land.

SONG XL.

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 will you own my words are true,
Friendſhip alone unfolds to view
Sources of real pleaſure.

Poor are the joys which fools eſteem,
Fading in 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 XLI.

SAYS Plato, Why ſhould man be vain?
Since bounteous Heav'n has made him great!

Why looketh he with inſolent diſdain
On thoſe undeck'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 ſcepter'd 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 titles bore:
The wealth and glory they poſſeſt,
And all their honors are no more.

So glides the meteor through the ſky,
And ſpreads a long, 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 XLII.

THE bright God of day, drew weſtward away,
And the evening was charming and clear;
The ſwallow remains nimbly ſailing o'er the plains,
And the ſhadows like giants appear.

In a gay ſummer bower, when the violet's in the flower,

And zephyrs breathe odors around,
Lov'd Celia ſhe ſat playing on her ſpinnet,
And ſhe charm'd all the grove with the ſound.

The gay God of love flew over the grove,
By zephyrs conducted along,
As ſhe touch'd on the ſtring, he beat time with his wing,
And the echo repeated the ſong.

Roſy bowers, ſhe ſung, while the harmony rung,
And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive;
Th' induſtrious bees, from the flowers on the trees,
Gently humm'd, with their ſweets, to the hive.

Ye mortals beware how ye venture too near,
Love doubly is armed to wound,
Your fate you may ſhun, but you're ſurely undone,
If you raſhly approach near the ſound.

SONG XLIII.

A ROSE tree in full bearing,
Had ſweet flowers, fair to ſee
One roſe beyond comparing,
For beauty, attracted me;
Tho' eager once, to win it,
When lovely, blooming, freſh and gay,
I found a canker in it,
And now, throw it far away.

How ſine this morning early!

The ſun ſhining fair and bright,
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Tho' loſt now, each fond delight,
The clouds ſeem big with ſhowers,
The ſun beams no more are ſeen,
Farewell, ye fleeting hours,
Your falſehood has chang'd the ſcene,

When fair Aurora bluſhes,
And heaven's ſerene and clear,
The linnets, larks and thruſhes,
With muſic, delight the ear;
When ſtorms begin to gather,
And clouds veil the vaulted ſkies,
They bid adieu to pleaſure,
In ſilence, their muſic dies.

So when you was my lover,
I thought you was all divine,
No blemiſh could diſcover,
But now, all your vices ſhine;
I find you are inconſtant,
You're falſe and fickle, as the wind,
I'll think no more upon you,
But baniſh you from my mind.

As little Cupid played,
The ſweet blooming flowers, among,
A bee, that lay concealed
Under th' leaves, his finger ſtung;
Tears down his pretty cheeks ran,
He frantic, blow'd the ſmarting wound,
And crying thro' the grove ran,
Until he his mother found;

Mamma, I'm ſorely wounded,
Aſſiſt me, or I die with pain,

My anguiſh is unbounded,
A bee ſtung me, on the plain ;
She ſmilingly, replying,
Said, O my ſon, how can it be ?
That by a bee you're dying,
What muſt ſhe feel, who's ſtung by thee ?

SONG XLIV.

HOW ſtands the glaſs around ?
For ſhame, ye take no care, my boys,
How ſtand the glaſs around ?
Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpets ſound ;
The colors 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 melancholy, boys ?
Why, ſoldiers, why,
Whole 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 land-lady boys,
Cure all again.

SONG XLV.

The Old Maid's laſt prayer.

COME all you pretty maidens, ſome older ſome younger,
Who all have got ſweethearts, but I muſt ſtay longer,
Some ſixteen, ſome eighteen, are happily married,
Alas how unequally ſuch things are carried;
A limner, a penman, a tinker, a tailor,
A fiddler, a pedlar, a ploughman, a ſailor,
Come gentle, come ſimple, come foolish, come witty,
Come don't let me die a maid, take me out of pity.

I have a ſiſter Sally, who's younger than I am,
Has ſo many ſweethearts ſhe's forc'd to deny them.
I never was guilty of denying many,
The lord knows my heart, I'd be thankful for any,
A limner, &c.

I have a ſiſter Suſan, tho' ugly ill ſhapen,
Before ſhe was ſixteen years old, ſhe was taken,

Before ſhe was eighteen, a ſon and a daughter,
And I'm ſix and thirty and ne'er had an offer,
A limner, &c.

It has often been ſaid, by my father and mother,
That going to one wedding, makes way for another;
If that be the caſe, I will go without bidding,
And let the world judge, if I don't want a wedding.
A limner, &c.

I never will ſcold, and I'll never be jealous,
My huſband ſhall have money, to go the alehouſe,
While he is there ſpending, I'll be at home ſaving,
And leave it to you all, if I an't worth the having.
A limner, &c.

SONG XLVI.

BOTH ſexes give ear to my fancy,
While the praiſe of a woman I ſing;
Confin'd not to Polly, nor Nancy,
But alike from the beggar to king.

When Adam at firſt was created,
And lord of the univerſe crown'd,
His happineſs was not completed,
Becauſe a help meet was not found.

He had all things that were wanting,
Which yield us contentment in life,
Both horſes and foxes, for hunting,
Which many love more than a wife.

A garden, ſo planted by nature,
Man could not produce in his life,
And yet, the all wiſe Creator
Saw that he wanted a wife.

Old Adam was caſt into ſlumber,
A rib taken out of his ſide,
And when he awoke, he with wonder,
Beheld a moſt beautiful bride;

With tranſport, he gazed upon her,
His happineſs now was complete,
He prais'd the bountiful doner,
Who thus had provided a mate.

She was not taken out of his head,
To rule and triumph over man,
Nor was taken out of his heel;
To be rul'd, and trampled upon:

But ſhe was taken out of his ſide,
His equal and companion to be,
And thus they both were united,
And man is the top of the tree.

Then let not the fair be deſpiſed
By man, for ſhe's part of himſelf;
Since woman by Adam was prized,
More than the whole world full of wealth;

For man without woman's a beggar;
Altho, the whole world he poſſeſs,
And the beggar, that has a good wife,
With more than this world he is bleſs'd.

SONG XLVII.

ANY one, who reads the ſcripture,
without a true Bunyanic rapture,
Will freely own ſome places in it,
Cannot be fathom'd in a minute.

Tho' God ſet a man to write it,
He ſtudy'd all the while to indite it
In ſuch a form as made a ſum,
For wrangling ages, yet to come.

Hence, aroſe fierce gooſe quill wars,
Which hack religion all to ſcars;
They lug and tug it, wring and twiſt it,
To ſhow how one another miſs it.

SONG XLVIII.

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 vicear, 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 child 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 re-
gard.---
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.---
O..! 'tis hard, quoth the vicar, to leave my
good liquor,
And go, where I'm ſure I can't ſtand,
Then the parſon ſore troubled, to the church-
yard he hobbied,
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 rhymes,
When the ridicule runs on a parſon.

Then, Satire, deteſt Immorality's jeſt,
Each profane or immodeſt expreſſion:
But we'll not rude, but drink, as we ſhould,
To the good folks of ev'ry profeſſion.

SONG XLIX.

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 command;
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 pleas'd 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 L.

'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, &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 ſheep;
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 above,
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 bleſs'd the kind propitious day;
The ſmiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny ran away,
With Jockey to the fair.

SONG LI.

A BEAUTEOUS Sterling 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, *ſhe cri'd*, 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.

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

Her bluſhes in his favor roſe,
Yet ſhe conſented not:
For ere ſhe ſpoke, the Sterling cri'd,
You can't untie the knot.

SONG LII.

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 LIII.

PARODY ON THE ABOVE.

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 *hook* beware!

SONG LIV.

SOME women take delight in dreſs,
And ſome in cards take pleaſure,
While others place their happineſs
In heaping hoards of treaſure,
In private ſome delight to kiſs,
Their hidden charms unfolding.
But they miſtake their ſov'reign bliſs,
There's no ſuch joy as ſcolding.

Each morn, as I open my eyes,
I ſoon diſperſe all ſilence,
Before my neighbors can ariſe,
They hear my clack a mile hence.
When at the board I take my ſeat,
There's one continued riot;
I eat, I ſcold, I ſcold, I eat,
My clack is never quiet.

Let it be fleſh, or fowl, or fiſh,
Though of my own providing.
I ſtill find fault with every diſh,
Still every ſervant chiding;
Too fat, too lean, too ſalt too freſh,
I never can be ſuited,
But give a blaſt at every diſh,
Bak'd, roaſted, boil'd or ſtewed.

Every night when I go to bed,
I ſurely fall a weeping.

For ſilence is the thing I dread,
I cannot ſcold when ſleeping.
But then my pains to mitigate,
And drive away all ſorrow,
Although to night may be too late,
I'll pay them off to-morrow.

SONG LV.

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 honor 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 harbor the ſtings
That jealouſy brings,
But be conſtant, and bleſt while you can.

SONG LVI.

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

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 mirtle 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 walking found my dream too true,
Alas! I was a ſlave.

SONG LVII.

I SIGH and lament me in vain,
Theſe wails 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 murmer around;
O Mary! prepare thee to die!
My blood it runs cold at the ſound!

SONG LVIII.

FLY YE TRAITORS.

FLY ye traitors from our land,
Fly ye Jacobinic band,
Who join the French and aid their cauſe;
Who join the French and aid their cauſe;
And ſhould the ſtorm of war come on,
No doubt you'd to their ſtandard run.
The independence which we boaſt,
By your vile arts was nearly loſt;
Each true Columbian will deſpiſe
The traitors who the Frenchmen prize.

All their arts employ'd we ſee
To deſtroy our liberty,
Like a band of raſcals join'd
May they be to hell conſign'd.

Ye Democrats who ſtrove once more
To make rude foes attack our ſhore,
Invited o'er the impious band,
Invited o'er the impious band,
Encourag'd by your artful lies
To wreſt from us the rights we prize;
While ye oppoſe each meaſure juſt,

The French in you place all their truſt,
That through your influence they'll prevail,
But all their wicked ſchemes ſhall fail.
All their arts &c.

May public infamy and ſhame
Forever brand the traitor's name,
Who boaſted he ſhould not oppoſe
The French, ſhould they come here as foes:
While they protect his intereſt dear,
He turns to them a joyful ear.
With matchleſs ſkill he makes his power
Aſſiſt his intereſt every hour;
For while he *gains*, his heart's at eaſe;
Tho' he deſtroys his country's peace.
All his arts, &c.

While thoſe who league with Talleyrand,
Once more to cheat our country ſtand;
Ye Democrats on you they call,
Ye Democrats on you they call,
For all the Jacobinic crew
Their hopes had fix'd on hell and you;
But now o'erwhelm'd with dire diſmay,
Their ſchemes expos'd in open day,
From vile French influence we'll be free,
Nor dread deſtructive anarchy.
Tho' all their arts employ'd ſhould be
To introduce vile anarchy,
The band of raſcals ſoon ſhall find
Their names to infamy conſign'd.

SONG LIX.

OF damaſk cheeks, and ſnowy neck,
Let other lovers tell:
Within the boſom of my fair,
Superior beauties dwell.

There all the graces of the mind,
In fair aſſemblage play;
There each endearing virtue ſhed
Its intellectual ray.

Unbounded ſympathy diſplays,
Each captivating charm!
While friendſhip pure, and virtuous love,
Her tender boſom warm.

When that fair form ſhall ſink in age,
And all thoſe graces fly,
The beauty of that heav'nly mind,
Shall length of years defy.

PHILANDER.

SONG LX.

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.

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 maſs, that ſtill the ſame,
"Does all our minds compoſe;
"But ſhap'd in twice ten thouſand frames;
"Thence 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 fellows 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 LXI.

I THAT once was a ploughman, a ſailor am now,
No lark that's aloft in the ſky,
E'er flutter'd its wings to give ſpeed to the plough,
Was ſo gay and ſo careleſs as I,
But my friend was a *Carſando* 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 plough-
ing the deep ;
Where ſo ſweetly the horn,
Call'd me up in the morn,
Ere I truſted to the *Carſinds* or the inconſtant
wind, (mind.
That made me for to go and leave my dear be-
When ſo ſweetly the horn ,&c.

I did'nt 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 flip,
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,
Ere I left my poor plough, to 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 *ax'd* for my
kin,
Father dead, and my wife run away,
Ah ! who but thyſelf, cry'd I, haſt thou to
blame,
Wives loſing their huſbands oft looſe 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;
Gi's a ſhake by your fiſt, all your care's at an end,
Dad's alive and your wife's ſafe at home:
Stark ſtairing with joy, I leap'd out of my ſkin,
Buſs'd my Wife, Mother, Siſter, and all of my kin:
Ah! cri'd I, let them roam,
Who want a good home;
I am well, ſo I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough, to go ploughing the deep:
Once more ſhall the horn, call me up in the morn, &c.

SONG LXII.

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 your's 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 LXIII.

FOR various porpoſe 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 LXIV.

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 LXV.

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

Arion, from his veſſel cait,
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 grew 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 LXVI.

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 ſiddle 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 neck,
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 LXVII.

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 a ſtride,
And when we'er once mounted full gallop we ride.
All on hobbies, All on hobbies, All on hobbies,
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 dress't,
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 the 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 LXVIII.

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 farcical 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,
Such a tetty
High down, ho 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, &c.

Then the lover next appears,
Sous'd all 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,
Guts and gizzard,
High 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, &c.

Then the juſtice in his chair,
With broad and vacant ſtare;
His wig of formal cut,
And belly like a butt;
Well lin'd 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, &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,
Vigor ſpent,

Shaking noddle,
Widdle, waddle,
High 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 dops.
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 in the cold ground,
All to finiſh this farcical ſcene, O.

SONG LXIX.

AS paſſing by a ſhady grove,
I heard a linnet ſing,
Whoſe ſweetly plaintive voice of love
Proclaim'd the cheerful 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.

This perch'd upon the ſpray you ſtand,
The monarch of the ſhade;
And even ſip ambroſial ſweets,
That glow from every 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 LXX.

SWEET Nightingale, beſt poet of the grove,
The plaintive ſtrain can ne'er belong to thee,
Bleſs'd with the full poſſeſſion of thy love,
O, lend that ſtrain ſweet Nightingale, to me.

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

You happy birds by nature's ſimple laws,
Lead your ſoft lives ſuſtain'd by nature's care,
You dwell where'er your roving fancy draws,
Your lovely ſongs enliven all the air.—

But we vain ſlaves of int'reſt and of pride,
Dare not be bleſt leſt envious tongues ſhould blame,

Hence, tis in vain, I languish for my bride,
Come mourn with me sweet birds, my helpless flame.

SONG LXXI.

WERE I to choose the greatest bliss,
That e'er in love was known,
I would be the highest of my wish,
To enjoy her heart alone.

Kings might possess their kingdoms free,
And crowns unenvied wear;
And should no rival have of me,
Might I reign monarch there.

Hear, Cynthia, hear the gentle air,
But whisper out my love:
And prove but half so kind as fair,
My sorrow you'll remove.

Cynthia, Oh! let us happy be,
Unite our hearts in love,
I'd change not such felicity
For all the joys above.

SONG LXXII.

CELIA, that I once was blest,
Is now the torment of my breast:
Since to cure me you bereave me
Of the pleasure I possess'd.
Cruel creature to deceive me,
First to love and then to leave me!
Cruel creature, &c.

Had you the bliſs refus'd to grant.
I then had never known the want;
But poſſeſſing once the bleſſing,
Is the cauſe of my complaint.
Once poſſeſſing is but taſting,
'Tis no bliſs that is not laſting,
Once poſſeſſing, &c.

Celia now is mine no more,
But I'm hers, and muſt adore:
Not to leave her will endeavor,
Charms that captiv'd me before.
No unkindneſs can diſcover,
Love that's true is love forever.
No unkindneſs. &c.

SONG LXXIII.

YOU ſay, Sir, once, a wit * allow'd
A woman to be like a cloud;
Accept a Simile, as ſoon,
Between a woman and the moon;
For, let mankind ſay what they will,
The ſex are heavenly bodies ſtill.
Grant me to mimic human life;
That ſun and moon are man and wife;
What e'er kind Sol affords to lend her
Is ſquander'd upon midnight ſplendor;
And when to reſt he lays him down,
She's up and ſtar'd at through the town!
From him her beauties cloſe confining,
And only in his abſence ſhining;

* *Dean Swift.*

Or, elſe, ſhe looks like ſullen taper,
Or, elſe, ſhe's fairly in the vapors;
Or owns at once a wife's ambition,
And fully glares in oppoſition,
Say, are not theſe a modiſh pair,
Where each for other feels no care?
Whole days in ſep'rate coaches driving,
Whole nights to keep a ſunder ſtriving.
But in the dumps in gloomy weather,
And lying once a month together:
In one ſole point unlike the caſe is,
On her own head the horns ſhe places.

SONG LXXIV.

TIME has not thin'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand
Ah! why ſo ſoon the bloſſom tear,
Ere Autumn yet the fruit demand.

Let me enjoy the cheerful day,
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;
Pleas'd let me trifle life away,
And ſing of love ere I grow old.

SONG LXXV.

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 melifferous 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 bodies 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 deſcerning
'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 School maſter rages,
For want of more wages,
And hurries his ſcholiars along;
He teaches them morals,
And whips thoſe that quarrel,
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 comes on,
His hopes are all gone,
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 manage her pride,
And her virtue bring down to a Song,

The ſilly Coquette,
Is all in a fret,
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 LXXVI.

'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 monstrus 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're coming home,
For we have tasted joys that come
  From pleasant Gretna Green.

SONG LXXVII.

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 tease.
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 adverti ſe,
  "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! ſuperſtitious 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 c'eriſh content,
And love the old bachelor's life;
So never I'd need to repent,
Nor wiſh Betty Wrinkle my wife.

SONG LXXVIII.

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 Almonoak ſhall ſcorn to 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 Almonoak 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 Almonoak 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 Almonoak, has ſcorn'd to complain.

SONG LXXIX.

THE ſails unfurl'd, the ſhip unmoor'd,
Her courſe to ſteer—all hands on board,
Propitious ev'ry gale;
Fair Sally on the beach deplores
Her ſailor bound to diſtant ſhores,
But nought her tears avail.

"Oh! cruel fate—ye Pow'rs above,
"Why thus bereft of him I love!

"Who on the reftleſs deep,
"The boiſt'rous tide muſt ſeek his bread,
"And meet, per chance, a wat'ry grave,
While I but live to weep."

Twelve months elaps'd when he return'd,
Her conſtant heart with rapture burn'd,
'Twas freed from ev'ry care;
And Henry's love, his heart, his ſoul,
Were true, as needle to the pole,
When abſent from his fair.

In wedded bliſs they taſte delight,
No winds diſturb, nor ſtorms affright
The lovely Sally's breaſt;
For now he makes a firm decree,
No more to truſt the raging ſea---
With her completely bleſt.

SONG LXXX.

HOW happy is the man,
Who has a quiet houſe;
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 riſe 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 LXXXI.

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 Taſte,
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 honor flows;
From thence we all came,
So we go to that ſame,
Here's to it, and to it, *Here goes*.

SONG LXXXII.

THE FRENCH RAFT.

AS Neptune in his coral bow'r,
Paſs'd t'other day a vacant hour,
Diſcourſing with his wench;
Truly, ſays he, the news above,
Will make you laugh your fill, my love,
At thoſe mad folks, the French.

They fain old England would invade,
But of the means are much afraid,
Though of the proj-ct fond;
Amidſt their viſionary ſchemes,
They find it difficult it ſeems,
"To croſs the herring pond."

'Twould be an awkward thing to meet,
Half way with Bridport and his fleet—
"Burnt children dread the fire;"
'Tis ten to one, but dire miſchance,

Would happen to the ſhips of France,
From one ſo full of ire:
They therefore thought of ſome balloon,
A little ſmaller than the moon,
To ſail aloft in air;
But from the ſcarcity of gas,
Or caſh to parchaſe it—alas!
The ſcheme would never bear.

They next propos'd, all hands to creep,
Through a long cave beneath the deep,
And *undermine our floor*;
But fearing miſchief over head,
This deep laid ſcheme no better ſped,
Than t'other did before.

At length, two men of wond'rous craft,
Have orders to conſtruct a *Raft*,
A wide as Hounſlow heath;
From which their army, one and all,
Are ſworn to land 'twixt Spring and Fall,
In ſpite of John Bull's teeth.

Their Caſh Subſcribers will be paid,
With int'reſt, when the landing's made!
And have it in a lump;
As ev'ry man on board the Raft,
Will in his pocket bring a draft,
At ſight—"*on Algate pump.*"

I never heard of ſuch a ſcheme,
(Says Amphitrite) ſure you dream,
They'll all be food for fiſh:
"They will be ſo (you jade) I grant,
That's juſt what the Directory want,
The very thing they wiſh."

They then no more will feel diſmay,
About their army and its pay,
But baniſh all their fears;
For when the Raft is overſet,
It pays at once the public debt,
And liquidates arrears!

SONG LXXXIII.

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 galiant 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 riſe,
I ſomewhat ſpy'd, like ſteeples: and cry'd,
Zooks, Nell look yonder 'tis!

So when as nearer to't we came,
We zee 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 fet'en up,
And ge'n a lock o' 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 flagon of their beer:
But when it come, Neil 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 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'lieve I ſlit 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 did'nt like the doings there,
And zo I took my hat;
I did'nt think they would ha' done so
In zich a place as that:
But Neil was for ſtaying, till they'd quite done playing,
Becauſe ſhe lik'd the tune;
For ſhe was ſure ſhe ne'er did 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 began
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 murder.
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 LXXXIV.

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 leſſen 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 LXXXV.

HAIL, godlike WASHINGTYN!
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.
Millions unborn to ſave,
Freedom to worlds he gave,
Liberty's Chief!
Terrific God of War,
Seated in Vict'ry's car,
Fame hails him from afar,
Virginia's boaſt.

Flow'rets 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,
Stem'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,
Spil' 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 ſoul fly,
And claim its native ſky,
Free from each earthly ſigh,
To Heaven aſcend.
Millions unborn to ſave,
Freedom to worlds he gave,
Liberty's Chief!
Terrific God of War,
Seated in Victory's car
Fame hails him from afar,
Virginia's boaſt.

SONG LXXXVI.

CEASE, a while, ye winds to blow,
Ceaſe, awhile, ye ſtreams to flow,
Hush'd be every ruder noiſe,
Methinks, I hear my lover's voice.

There's the rock, the hill, the tree,
Hark, a voice, methinks 'tis he:
'Tis not he, ſtill night comes on,
O where is my wanderer gone?

Thick, my doubts and fears ariſe,
Loud, for him, I raiſe my cries;
Why has he, ſo long delay'd?
Where's my lovely Wanderer ſtray'd?

Loud I call; I'll make him hear,
'Tis my voice, my love, my dear;
The time is paſt, why this delay?
My lovely Wanderer's loſt his way.

SONG LXXXVII.

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 the French navy ſwarms,
Our trade and commerce droop;
They'd our cities rob and leave forlorn;
Shall we to ſlavery ſtoop?
"Ah, no! ah, no! you ſhall be free,"
Liberty's goddeſs ſaid;
"The French ſhall ſtrike their flag to thee,
And droop its haughty head."

SONG LXXXVIII.

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 the 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 cheerfully 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 LXXXIX.

AMO, amas,
I love a laſs,
As a cedar tall and ſlender;
Sweet Cowſlip's grace
Is her nom'tive caſe,
And ſhe's of the feminine gender.
Rorum corum,
Sunt divorum,
Harum ſcarum, divo!
Tag rag, merry derry, perriwip and hatband,
Hic, hoc, horum genitivo!

Can I decline,
A nymph divine?
Her voice as a flute is dulcis,
Her oculus bright,
Her manus white,
And ſoft, when I tacto her pulſe is.
Rorum, &c.

Oh! how bella,
My puella;
I'll kiſs her ſecula ſeculorum:
If I've luck, ſir,

She's my uxor,
O dies benedictorum!
Rorum, &c.

SONG XC.

COME now, all ye ſocial powers,
Shed your influence o'er us,
Crown with joy the preſent hours,
Enliven thoſe before us.
Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring,
Joy ſhall quickly find us,
Drink and dance, and laugh and ſing,
And caſt dull care behind us.

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

Luv, thy godhead I adore,
Source of gen'rous paſſion;
But I'll ne'er bow down before
Thoſe idols, wealth and faſhion.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

Why the plague ſhould we be ſad,
Whilſt on earth we moulder?
Whether merry, grave, or mad,
We every day grow older.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

SONG XCI.

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 bolder,
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 bent on her pleaſure,
I left a fair treaſure,
I left her to folly and ſhame.
I left, &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, &c,

SONG XCII.

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, &c.

SONG XCIII.

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 man 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 XCIV.

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 celler below;
Sunſhine 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 XCV.

'TWAS at the break of day we ſpy'd
The ſignal to unmoor,
Which ſleepleſs Caroline deſcry'd,
Sweet maid, from Goſport ſhore.
The freſh'ning gale at length aroſe,
Her heart began to ſwell,
Nor could cold fear the thought oppoſe,
Of bidding me farewell !

In open boat, the maid of worth
Soon reach'd our veſſel's ſide,
Soon too ſhe found her William's birth,
But ſought me not to chide :—
Go, ſhe exclaim'd---for fame's a cauſe
A female ſhould approve ;
For who, that's true to honor's laws,
Is ever falſe to love !

My heart is loyal, ſcorns to fear,
Nor will it even fail,
Tho' war's unequal wild career,
Should William's life aſſail :
Tho' death 'gainſt thee exert his ſway,
Oh ! truſt me, but the dart
That woundeth thee will find its way
To Caroline's true heart.

Should conqueſt, in fair form array'd,
Thy loyal efforts crown,

In Gosport will be found a maid,
That lives for thee alone.---
May girls, with hearts so firm and true
To love and glory's cause,
Meet the reward they have in view,
The meed of free applause.

SONG XCVI.

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 council often told,
Too often told in vain,
Learn that best art, the art to hold,
And lock the lover's chain.
Gamesters to little purpose win,
Who lose again as fast:
Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
'Tis sweetness makes it last.

SONG XCVII.

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 paſs away,
Full quickly they paſs—but they never return.

Now gilding remote, on the verge of the ſky,
The moon half diſtinguiſh'd her crefcent 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 glit'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 humble in duſt, I relinquiſh'd 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 blending,
And beauty immortal awake from the tomb.

SONG XCVIII.

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 XCIX.

TO my muſe give attention, and deem it not a myſtery,
If we jumble together, muſic, poetry and hiſtory,
The times to diſplay in the reign of Queen Beſs, Sir,
Whoſe name and whoſe memory poſterity may bleſs, Sir,
Oh the golden days of good Queen Beſs!
Merry be the memory of good Queen Beſs.

Then we laugh'd at the bug-bear sof Dons and Armadas,
With their gun-powder puffs and their bluſtering bravadoes;
For we knew how to manage both the muſket and the bow, Sir,
And could bring down a Spaniard juſt as eaſy as a crow, Sir,
Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our ſtreets were unpav'd, and our houſes were thatch'd, Sir,
Our windows were lettic'd, our doors only latch'd, Sir;
Yet ſo few were the folks that would plunder or rob, Sir,
That the hangman was ſtarving for want of a job, Sir.
Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies with large ruff's ty'd round about the neck faſt,

Would gobble up a pound of beef ſteaks for
their breakfaſt,
While a cloſe quill'd-up coif their noddle juſt
did fit, Sir,
And they truſs'd up as tight as a rabbit for the
ſpit, Sir.
Oh the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins and doublets, and yellow worſted
hoſe, Sir,
With a huge pair of whiſkers, was the dreſs of
our beaux, Sir;
Strong beer they prefer'd too to claret or to
hock, Sir,
And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of
an ox, Sir,
Oh the golden days, &c.

Good neighborhood then was as plenty too as
beef, Sir,
And the poor from the rich never wanted re-
lief, Sir,
While merry went the mill-clack, the ſhuttle
and the plough, Sir,
And honeſt men could live by the ſweat of
their brow, Sir,
Oh the golden days, &c.

Then the folks ev'ry Sunday went twice, at
leaſt, to church, Sir,
And never left the parſon nor his ſermon in
the lurch, Sir;
For they judg'd that the Sabbath was for peo-
ple to be good in,

And they thought it Sabbath-breaking, if they din'd without a pudding.
Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men were great, Sir,
And the props of the nation were the pillars of the State, Sir,
For the sov'reign and the subject one interest Supported,
And our powerful alliance by all powers then was courted.
Oh the golden days, &c.

Thus renown'd as they liv'd all the days of their lives, Sir,
Bright examples of glory to those who survive, Sir;
May we, their descendants, pursue the same ways, Sir,
That King George, like Queen Bess, may have his golden days, Sir,
And may a longer reign of glory and success
Make his name eclipse the fame of good Queen Bess.

SONG C.

HARK! Echo! sweet Echo repeats the loud strain,
The shouting and hooting of chaste Dian's train;
Aurora smiles sweetly, and comes on apace,
The hounds and the horn call us forth to the chace.

Blind Cupid is baniſh'd from theſe happy fields,
His quiver to Dian the wanton now yields;
She blunts all his arrows, his power deſtroys,
While the virgins all follow her innocent joys.

SONG CI.

NO paſtime, no ſport can with hunting compare,
Let each lad and each laſs to the field then repair;
While health, roſy health, with delight ſhall keep pace,
And prove there's no joys like the joys of the chace:
When the horn's ſprightly notes calls the huntſman away,
Tantivy, tantivy, hark forward, huzza, huzza.
Let faſhion and ſcandal, and cards ſhare the time,
Of your fine London ladies who murder their prime;
Give me the delights that enliven this place,
While echo, re-echo'd, gives joy to the chace.
Hark forward, tantivy, huzza.

O'er mountain, o'er valley, with ſpeed haſte away,
No longer our innocent paſtime delay:
Aurora to welcome with bright ruddy face,
Let echo, re-echo'd, give joy to the chace.
Hark forward, tantivy, huzza.

SONG CII.

MINERVA in heaven diſconſolate mourn'd.
The loſs of her Cook, who Britain adorn'd;
She ſhun'd the celeſtials, and ſolitude ſought,
Then wept as ſhe glanc'd o'er the actions he wrought.

Surpriz'd at his deeds, ſhe ſat penſive, amaz'd!
When ſudden her eyes to a volume were rais'd;
'Twas fate's mighty mirror the goddeſs deſcry'd,
Where the glory he gain'd on its pages were dy'd.

Senſibility ſmil'd, as the records ſhe preſs'd,
And ſigh'd as in pity theſe words were expreſs'd:
"Oh! Cook, who till now the world dare explore?
"Who'll venture, my hero, now thou art no more?

"No more, ah! Owhyhee, the Cook will appear,
"The friend of mankind, whom you ſtruck "with a ſpear;
"He came to your ſuccour, proud ſavages know,
"He came as a friend, whom you ſlew as a foe."—

She ceas'd—when a voice ſhook the heav'ns around—
"Minerva forbear—ſee the gods have him crown'd:"
Be joyful, cry'd Jove, for the trophies he's won
Have prov'd him my daughter's legitimate ſon.

The portals of heaven were op'd to her view,
She ſaw him enthron'd in a veſture of blue:
Yes, Britain, ſhe cry'd in a tranſport of love,
Cook's honour'd on earth, and held ſacred above.

SONG CIII.

ON that lone bank where Lubin died,
Fair Roſalie, a wretched maid,
Sat weeping o'er the cruel tide,
Faithful to her Lubin's ſhade.

Oh! may ſome kind, ſome gentle wave,
Waft him to this mournful ſhore;
Theſe tender hands ſhould make his grave,
And deck his corps with flow'rs o'er.

I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,
And pray for his eternal reſt;
When time his form has worn away,
His duſt I'd place within my breaſt.

While thus ſhe mourn'd her Lubin loſt,
And echo to her grief reply'd;
Lo! at her feet his corpſe was toſt,
She ſhriek'd—ſhe claſp'd him—ſigh'd, and died.

SONG CIV.

THIS hot purſuit,
With threats to boot,
Have little to alarm me;
So war I wage,

Defy his rage,
And brave whate'e. may harm me.

He ſtill may ſwear,
And ſtamp and ſtare,
I'll neither fear nor falter;
Whate'er may bind,
'Gainſt woman's mind,
Will prove a rotten halter.

My miſtreſs flown,
I'll ſoon be gone:—
Old Cruſty ſwears he'll tame her;
For him ſhe loves,
Abroad ſhe roves,
In truth I cannot blame her,

In varied ſhapes,
Thro' hair-breadth ſcapes,
Each way he tries to win her:
She ſcorns reſtraint,
And ſuch a ſaint
Would make e'en me a ſinner.

Some trim diſguiſe,
No doubt ſhe tries—
I'll follow her example:
Of faith, of ſkill,
And wit at will,
I'll give 'em ſtraight a ſample.

So ſhe and I
Will fairly try,
Whoſe trick or change can blind moſt.
And ſince, old Don,
You chooſe to run,
The devil take the hindmoſt.

SONG CV.

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,
O 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 CVI.

WHEN Werter fair Charlotte beheld,
As she danc'd with the nymphs on the green,
He thought ev'ry maid she excell'd.
And he prais'd the soft grace of her mien;
But all her accomplishments known,
Gentle Werter began to adore;
He sighs for a heart not her own,
And the joys of poor Werter are o'er.

Tho' vows the fair Charlotte engag'd,
As a friend gentle Werter was dear,
Her smiles oft his sorrows assuag'd,
While pity has dropt a soft tear.
Urg'd by love, he grew bold, and she cry'd,
Werter leave me, and see me no more;
He sigh'd—he obey'd—and he dy'd,
Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

Ye nymphs, let not Cupid deceive,
Under pity's soft garb hide his dart,
Werter's sorrows are laid in the grave,
While pity still wrings Charlotte's heart:
And oft o'er his grave has she cry'd,
While with flow'rets she deck'd it all o'er,
He saw me—he lov'd—and he dy'd,
Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

SONG CVII.

WHEN up to London firſt I came,
An aukward country booby,
I gap'd and ſtar'd, and did the ſame
As ev'ry other looby.
With countenance demurely ſet,
I doff'd my hat to all I met,
With—"Zir, your humble ſervant!

Alas! too ſoon I got a wife;
And, proud of ſuch a bleſſing,
The joy and buſineſs of my life
Was killing and careſſing.
'Twas—"charmer! ſweeting! duck and dove!"
And I, o'er head and ears in love,
Was Cupid's humble ſervant.

But when the honey-moon was paſt,
Adieu to tender ſpeeches!
Ma'am lov'd quadrille, and loſt too faſt,
I ſwore I'd wear the breeches.
I ſtorm in vain,—reſtraint ſhe hates:
Adieu, ſhe cries—the party waits:—
My dear, your humble ſervant!

SONG CVIII.

POUNDS, ſhillings, pence and farthings,
I have at my finger's end,
And how to ſell, and how to buy,
To borrow or to lend;
But this, ſince I felt birch at ſchool,

My pate has run upon,
Addition be my golden rule,
Ha! dot and carry one.

At loſs and gain a ſcholiar good,
Full early was I taught,
To gain of guineas all I could,
To loſe the devil a groat.
At fractions and diviſions when
Hard knocks were laying on,
Subtraction was my practice then,
Ha! dot and carry one.

But words no more I'll numerate,
And thus ſum total lies;
Of terms I'll not an acre bate,
Reduction I deſpiſe:
And ſince cockade and roguiſh eye
Miſs Clara's heart has won,
If you're reſolv'd to multiply,
Ha! dot and carry one.

SONG CIX.

TO baniſh life's troubles, the Grecian old ſage
Preſt the fruit of the vintage oft into the bowl,
Which made him forget all the cares of old age;
It bloom'd in his face, and made happy his ſoul.
While here we are found,
Put the bumper around,
'Tis the liquor of life, that each care can controul.

This jovial philoſopher taught that the ſun
Was thirſty, and often drank deep of the main;
That the planets would tipple away as they run,
The earth wanted moiſture, and ſoak'd up the rain.
While here we are found,
Put the bumper around,
Tis the liquor of life, and why ſhould we refrain.

Its virtues are known both in war and in love,
The hero and lover alike it makes bold;
Vexations in life's buſy day 'twill remove,
Delightful alike to the young and the old.
While here we are found,
Put the bumper around,
That every ill may by wine be controul'd.

SONG CX.

'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 opening 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 Heaven will take a maid ſo true
To everlaſting peace.

SONG CXI.

THE Britiſh lion is my ſign,
A roaring trade I drive on;
Right Engliſh uſage—neat French wine,
A landlady may thrive on.
At table d'hotte, to eat and dring,
Let French and Engliſh mingle,
And while to me you bring the chink,
Faith let the glaſſes jingle;
Your rhino rattle, come
Men and cattle, come
All to Mrs. Caſey;
Of trouble and money,
My jewel, my honey,
I warrant I'll make you eaſy.

When dreſt and ſeated in my bar,
Let 'ſquire, or beau, or belle come,
Let captains kiſs me if they dare,
It's Sir, you're kindly welcome!
On Shuffle, Cog, and Slip, I wink,

Let Rooke and pigeons mingle,
And if to me they bring the chink,
Faith let the glaſſes jingle.
Your rhino rattle, come, &c.

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

SONG CXII.

BEHOLD this fair goblet—'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, oh! my ſweet Shakeſpeare, was planted by thee:
As a relick I kiſs it, and bow at thy ſhrine,
What comes from thy hand muſt be ever divine,
I ſhall yield to the mulberry tree:
Bend to thee,
Bleſs'd mulberry!
Matchleſs was he
That planted thee,
And thou like him immortal ſhall be.

Ye trees of the foreſt, ſo rampart and high,
Who ſpread round your branches, whoſe heads ſweep the ſky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taſte has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices ſo dear;
All ſhall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, in Britain's great boaſt.
Preſerv'd once, our king, and will always our coaſt;
Of the, Sir, we make ſhips—there are thouſands that fight,
But one, only one, like our Shakeſpeare can write.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowr's,
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flowr's,
The garden of Shakeſpeare all pleaſures will ſuit,
With the ſweeteſt of flow'rs, and the faireſt of fruit.
All ſhall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
Supplies law and phyſic, and grace for the church;
But law and the goſpel in Shakeſpeare we find,
He gives the beſt phyſic for body and mind.
All ſhall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;
From him and his merits this takes its degree:
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakeſpeare is ſtill more divine.
All ſhall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakeſpeare outſhines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bay, and the vine all in one.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Then each take a relick of this hallow'd tree,
From folly and faſhion a charm let it be;
Let's fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honor your country, do honor to him.
All ſhall yield, &c.

SONG CXIII.

WHILST happy in my native land,
I boaſt my country's charter,
I'll never baſely lend my hand,
Her liberties to barter,
The noble mind is not all
By poverty degraded:
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
And well I am perſuaded,
Each free-born Briton's ſong ſhould be,
Or give me death or liberty.
Or give me, &c.

Tho' ſmall the pow'r which fortune grants,
And few the gifts ſhe ſends us,
The lordly hireling often wants
That freedom which defends us;
By law ſecur'd from lawleſs ſtrife,

Our houſe is our caſtellum;
Thus bleſs'd with all that's dear in life,
For lucre ſhall we ſell 'em!
No!—every Britons ſong ſhould be,
Or give me death or liberty.
Or give me, &c.

SONG CXIV.

THURSDAY in the morn, the nineteenth of May,
Recorded be forever the famous ninety-two!
Brave Ruſſell did diſcern, by dawn of day,
The lofty ſails of France advancing now;
All hands aloft, aloft—let Engliſh valor ſhine;
Let fly a culverin, a ſignal for the line:
Let every man ſupply his gun;
Follow me,
And you'll ſee
That the battle will ſoon be won.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Ruſſell in combat of the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To ſink the Engliſh Admiral and his fleet.
Now ev'ry valiant mind to victory doth aſpire;
The bloody fight's begun, and the ſea is all on fire;
And mighty Fate ſtood looking on;
Whilſt a flood,
All of blood,
Fill'd the ſcuppers of the Riſing Sun.

Sulphur, ſmoke and fire, diſturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder, affright the gallic ſhore:
The regulated band ſtood trembling near,
To ſee their lofty ſtreamers, now no more;
At ſix o'clock, the Red, the ſmiling victor led,
To give the ſecond blow—the fatal overthrow:
Now death and horrow equal reign;
Now they cry,
Run or die:
Britiſh calors ride the vanquiſh'd main.

See, they fly amaz'd thro' rocks and ſands;
One danger they graſp at to ſhun the greater fate;
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands:
The nymphs and ſea gods mourn their loſt eſtate:
Forever more adieu, thou dazzling Riſing Sun,
From thy untimely and thy maſter's fate begun:
Enough, thou mighty god of war!
Now we ſing,
Bleſs the King!
Let us drink to every Britiſh tar.

SONG CXV.

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 reſtraint our bodies here,
Life will make a goal 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 CXVI.

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 each 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 CXVII.

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 vigor,
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 every vice destroyer;
Gives dullards wit,
Makes just the cit,
Truth forces from the lawyer,
Power and wealth, &c,

Wine sits our joys a flowing,
Our care and sorrow drowning.
Who rails at the Bowl,
Is a Turkish soul,
And a Christian ne'er should own him.
Power and wealth, &c,

SONG CXVIII.

YE Chieftains of Columbia, your forces marshal out,
'Tis time to make enquiry what these Frenchmen are about;
Your flag has been insulted, your commerce has been stopt;

Your citizens are plundered, and into prison pop'd.
Yankee Doodle, mind the tune,
Yenkee Doodle dandee ;
If Frenchmen come, with naked bum,
We'll ſpank 'em hard and handy.

Your miniſters degraded, your ſenate they condemn,
They ſay no treaties you ſhall make but what's approv'd by them :
Will you who fought ſo bravely, and bled in freedom's cauſe,
Now tamely ſit and ſuffer France to trample on your laws.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

They ſay they gave you freedom, and call you all ingrates ;
For by their valor you were made the independent States :
We know they join'd Columbia, and call'd themſelves our friends,
As well we know their plan was laid to anſwer their own ends,
Yankee Doodle, &c.

But let me aſk how, when, and where thoſe Frenchmen let you free ?
Was it their conqueſt made by land, or victory gain'd by ſea ?
When lord Cornwallis yielded, I will admit their fleet,
By laying off the harbor, prevented his retreat.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Ye advocates for Frenchmen, what can you more advance,
To prove your independence originates from France?
The Count D'Eſtang at Georgia was glad to make retreat,
And by a force inferior confeſs'd his own defeat.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

When Burgoyne and his army were forc'd to own your ſway,
The Yankee Boys alone ſhar'd the honors of the day.
Should any dare aſſert that France by victory gain'd at ſea,
Secur'd your independence and ſet Columbia free.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Tell them of Count de Graſſe's fall, and quick the charge deny,
Or from the ſhades old Rodney's ghoſt will thunder out "you lie."
I ſay, Columbia's glory, which ſhe this day enjoys,
Was gain'd by General WASHINGTON, who led the Yankee boys.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Then, ſhall your Senate be reproach'd, your citizens oppreſs'd,
Your miniſters degraded, your ſwords in ſcabbards reſt?
Say, ſhall your Eagle's wings be clipt, your ſtars' great luſtre fade,

And shall Columbia's stripes no more with honor be display'd?
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Arise, ye sons of freedom, Columbia's rights maintain,
Brave WASHINGTON you'll find prepard to wield the sword again:
Then raise your standard, draw your sword, prepare the pointed lance,
Evince your Constitution shall ne'er be sway'd by France,
May wisdom guide your commerce, and justice never cease,
To shield Columbia's glory, till victory brings you PEACE.
Yankee Doodle, &c,

SONG CXIX.

WHEN our great sires this land explor'd,
A shelter from tyrannic wrong!
Led on by heav'n's Almighty Lord,
They sung—and acted well the long,
Rise, united! dare be freed!
Our sons shall vindicate the deed.

In vain the region, they would gain,
Was distant, dreary, undisclos'd,
In vain the Atlantic roar'd between,
And hosts of savages oppos'd,
They rush'd undaunted, Heav'n decreed,
Their sons should vindicate the deed.

'Twas freedom led the vet'rans forth,
And manly fortitude to bear,
They toil'd they vanquish'd—such high worth
Is always Heav'ns peculiar care;
Their great example still inspires,
Nor dare we act beneath our sires.

Tis ours undaunted to *defend*
The dear-bought, rich inheritance:
And spite of each invading hand,
We'll *fight, bleed, die!* in its defence.
Pursue our father's path to fame,
And emulate their glorious flame.

As the proud oak inglorious stands,
'Till storms, and thunder root it fast,
So stood our new, unprac'tis'd bands,
'Till Britain roar'd her stormy blast:
Then her they vanquish'd, fierce led on
By *Freedom* and great WASHINGTON.

Hail godlike hero! born to save!
Ne'er shall thy deathless laurels fade,
But on that brow eternal wave,
And consecrate blest Vernon's shade.
Thy spreading glories still increase,
'Till earth, and time, and nature cease.

Oh! may that spirit on thee shed,
Columnia's truest, noblest friend!
On thy successor's honor'd head,
In copious, double show'rs descend!
This charge to ADAMS be consign'd;
Be thou the second of mankind.

So when Elijah, call'd to heav'n,
Up in flaming chariot rose,

Eliſha took the mantle giv'n,
And roſe a prophet—or a god!
Then ſhout, great ADAMS! freedom's ſon!
Immortal heir of WASHINGTON,

SONG CXX.

WHEN Jove was reſolv'd to create the round earth,
He ſupœnaed the virtues divine!
Young Bacchus then ſat the gay chairman of mirth,
And the toaſt was wit, women, and wine,

The ſentiment tickled the ear of each God;
Apollo he wink'd to the Nine;
And Venus gave Mars, too a ſly wanton nod,
When ſhe drank to wit women, and wine.

Great Jove ſhook his ſides, and the cup put around,
While Juno for once look'd divine:
Theſe bleſſings, ſays he, ſhall on earth now abound,
And the toaſt is, wit, women, and wine.

Theſe are joys worthy Gods, which to mortals are given,
Says Momus: Who will not repine?
For what's worth our notice, pray tell me in Heav'n,
If men have wit, women, and wine.

This joke you'll repent, I'll lay fifty to ſeven
Such attractions no power can decline,

Great Jove, by yourſelf you'll ſoon keep houſe in Heav'n,
For you'll follow wit, women, and wine.
Thou'rt right, ſays great Jove, let us hence to the Earth,
Men and Gods think variety fine;
Who would ſtay in the clouds, when good-nature and mirth
Are below, with wit, women, and wine?

SONG CXXI.

ON THE BIRTH OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

AS in a grot reclin'd
Columbia's genius pin'd,
With grief oppreſs'd,
She wept her fav'rite land,
Wrung by oppreſſion's hand,
Too feeble to withſtand
The direful peſt.

Dejected droop'd her head—
Thick gloom the ſcene o'erſpread,
Deſpotic Night!
'Till pitying Heav'n gave ear,
To check the guſhing tear,
Bade WASHINGTON appear,
"And all was light."

Againſt his country's foes
The patriot hero roſe,
Auſpicious hour!
Cloath'd with heav'n's vengeance, he

Cruſh'd galling Tyranny,
And ſet his country free
From lawleſs pow'r.

To hail his Natal day,
Then raiſe the vocal lay,
With joy ſincere;
Be every cheek bedew'd
With tears of gratitude,
To him the great, the good,
Whom kings revere!

Great ſire of freedom, hail!
Thy virtues ſhall prevail,
And cruſh thy foes:
Though demagogues combine,
Envy and malice join,
To tear the wreathes that twine
Thy ſacred brows,

Hence! ev'ry tongue profane,
Whoſe ſland'rous zeal would ſtain
Thy ſpotleſs fame;
Dazzled by worth ſo bright,
Let baneful party ſpite
Forever ſhun the light,
O'erwhelm'd with ſhame.

Thy fame illuſtrious ſage,
Shall laſt through every age,
Thy deeds have won:
Thy trophies ſhall remain,
Unſullied with a ſtain,
In freedom's ſacred fane,
'Till time is done.

Call'd by the public voice,
A free and graceful choice,
To guard the ſtates:
Lo! where the ſage preſides,
True policy abides,
Conſummate wiſdom guides
The high debates.

He check'd the raging tide
Of inſurrection's pride,
Bade faction ceaſe!
Collected and ſedate,
He rode the car of ſtate,
While dangers low'ring fate,
And gave us peace.

But, lo! the chief retires—
No vain ambition fires
His generous breaſt—
Reſigns ſublimely great,
His Preſidential ſeat,
And ſhuns the toils of State
For peace and reſt.

To hail his natal day,
Then raiſe the vocal lay—
Let joy preſide;
May Heav'n's beſt gifts deſcend,
Long happineſs attend,
On him the People's friend,
COLUMBIA'S PRIDE.

SONG CXXII.

HAIL Independence, hail,
Bright goddeſs of the ſkies!
Behold thy ſons unite,
Behold thine altars raiſe!
Lo, freeborn millions kneel and ſwear,
Their birth-rights to maintain,
Reſolv'd no foreign yoke to bear,
To drag no tyrant's chain.
'Tis Freedom's day—let millions riſe,
To freedom's ſtandard fly,
Obey Columbia's call,
UNITE—LIVE FREE—OR DIE.

Long has our favor'd clime,
Beneath indulgent Heaven,
Enjoy'd the ſmiles of peace,
Mid copious bleſſings given,
Here Independence banners wav'd,
Triumphantly unfurl'd;
With laurels crown'd, Columbia's roſe,
The envy of the world.
'Tis Freedom's day, &c.

But lo! what gathering clouds
Aſſail Columbia's ſhore?
From Gallia's crimſon'd clime,
What hellish thunders roar?
'Tis mad Ambition's hydra form
Loud threat'ning from afar,
That pours abroad th' impending ſtorm,
And ſwells the trump of war!
'Tis Freedom's day, &c.

Riſe, injur'd Freemen, riſe!
Out-ſtretch th' indignant arm;
Defend your country's cauſe,
Nor dread the rude alarm.
Around fair Freedom's altar throng,
Pronounce the firm decree,
Swear to avenge your country's wrong,
Live like your fathers *free!*
'Tis freedom's day, &c.

Hail, Vernon's hoary chief!
Glory's immortal ſon!
Long may thoſe laurels bloom
Thy matchleſs valor won;
And may thy grateful country long
Revere thy deathleſs name,
And with thy well earn'd praiſes ſwell,
Th' eternal trump of Fame!
'Tis freedom's day, &c.

Illuſtrious ADAMS, hail!
To thee the taſk is giv'n,
To guard thy country's rights,
And ſhare the ſmiles of Heav'n,
With what an honeſt patriot pride,
Th' immortal Leader glows,
Firm and undaunted as a rock,
To cruſh Columbia's foes.
'Tis freedom's day, &c.

Hail, Independence, hail,
Columbia's proudeſt boaſt!
Ne'er ſhall thy ſons forget,
The price thy bleſſings coſt.
Long may our youth undaunted ſtand,
To ſtem Oppreſſion's flood;

To guard their country's ſacred rights,
And ſeal it with their blood!
'Tis freedom's day, &c,

SONG CXXIII.

COLUMBIA's Bald Eagle diſplays in his claws,
The arrows of Jove, to confound her proud foes;
While the artful *French Bear*, with his wide ſpreading paws,
Would enſnare us by *hugs* far more fatal than blows.
But his *hugs* and his blows, we will meet them like men,
And the Eagle ſhall drive the beaſt back to his den.

The terrible bear, not yet ſated with blood,
Growls around his huge den o'er the bones of his prey;
Tho' now gorg'd to the full, he ſtill howls for more food,
And would lure by his tricks fair Columbia away.
But his tricks and his howls we deſpiſe them like men,
And the Eagle ſhall drive the beaſt back to his den.

Not a *Frog* e'er ſhall bribe him to ſlay his rude ſhocks,
For the Eagle diſdains to retreat from his ire:
We will marſhal our columns as ſolid as rocks,

And receive the proud Frenchmen in vollies of fire,
Like true ſons of Columbia, we will act ſtill like men.
And her Eagle ſhall drive the Bear back to his den.

SONG CXXIV.

TO Columbia, who, gladly reclin'd at her eaſe,
On Atlantic's broad boſom lay ſmiling in peace,
Minerva flew haſtily, ſent from above,
And addreſs'd her this meſſage from thundering Jove:
"Rouſe, quickly awake,
"For your freedom's at ſtake,
"Storms ariſe, your renown'd independence to ſhake;
"Then loſe not a moment, my aid I will lend,
"If your ſons will aſſemble your rights to defend."
Rous'd Columbia roſe up, and indignant declar'd,
That no nation ſhe'd wrong'd, and no nation ſhe fear'd;
That ſhe wiſh'd not for war, but if war was her fate,
She could meet it with ſouls independent and great;
Then tell mighty Jove,
That we quickly will prove,
We'll deſerve the protection he'll ſend from above.

For ne'er ſhall the ſons of America bend,
But united, their rights and their freedom defend.

Minerva ſmil'd cheerfully as ſhe withdrew,
Enraptur'd to find her Americans true;
"For (ſaid ſhe) our ſly Mercury oft-times reports
"That your ſons are divided"—Columbia retorts:
Tell that vile god of thieves,
His report but deceives,
And we care not what madmen ſuch nonſenſe believes.
For ne'er ſhall the ſons of America bend,
But united, their rights and their freedom defend.

Jove rejoic'd in Columbians this union to ſee
And ſwore by old Styx they deſerv'd to be free;
Then aſſembled the gods, and to all gave conſent,
Their aſſiſtance if needful in war to preſent;
Mars aroſe, ſhook his armour,
And ſwore, his old ſarmer
Should ne'er in his country ſee ought that could harm her;
For ne'er ſhould the ſons of America bend,
But united, their rights and their freedom defend.

Minerva reſolved that her Ægis ſhe'd lend;
And Apollo declar'd he their cauſe would befriend;
Old Vulcan an armor would forge for their aid

More firm than the one for Achilles he made ;
Then ſaid he I'll prepare
A compound moſt rare,
Of courage and union each a full ſhare.
That ne'er can the ſons of America bend,
But their rights and their freedom moſt firmly defend.
Ye ſons of Columbia then join hand in hand ;
Divided we fall, but united we ſtand ;
'Tis ours to determine, 'tis ours to decree,
That in peace we will live Independent and free.
And ſhould from afar
Break the horrors of war,
We'll always be ready at once to declare,
That ne'er will the ſons of America bend,
But united, their rights and their freedom defend,

SONG CXXV.

WHILE diſcord's bloody flag unfurl'd,
O'er Europe, war his torrent pours,
Rolls vollied thunder round the world,
From Boreal climes to India's ſhores,
Riſe united, Harvard's band,
Riſe the bulwark of our land,
Shall Gallia's clan our coaſt invade,
With hellish outrage ſcourge the main,
Inſult our nation's neutral trade,
And we not dare our rights maintain?
Riſe, &c.
What though Minerva's temple claim,

Our fervid vows at learning's ſhrine.
We boaſt the Patriot's glorious flame,
The ſons of Freedom and the nine.
Riſe, &c.

'Mid the wild deſert's gloomy waſte,
Our gallant Sires, untaught to yield,
This germ of ſcience whilom plac'd,
To ſhade the Muſe, the Hero ſhield.
Riſe, &c.

Here nurs'd by virtue' towers the oak,
Whoſe lofty branches prop the ſkies,
Defy the lightning's forceful ſtroke,
When earthquake whelms, or whirlwind flies.
Riſe, &c.

Beneath the ſhade by wiſdom taught,
The arts unfold their virgin charms
And, fir'd by genius, nervous thought
In triumph graſps his claſſic arms,
Riſe, &c.

To guard this pantheon of the globe,
While peace diſplays her rainbow veſt.
While, leagu'd with juſtice, ſwells the robe,
And great in valor nods the creſt.
Riſe, &c.

Let freedom's voice round earth proclaim,
Cabal ſhall ne'er divide our realm,
While time can trumpet GEORGE's fame,
Or ADAMS guide our Union's helm.
Riſe, &c.

Should fierce invaſion's powers combine:
To guard Columbia, great and free,

E'en Bunker, rent by burſting mine,
Would float an Andes o'er the ſea.

SONG CXXVI.

THE NEW-YORK PATRIOTIC SONG.

Tune—*Waſhington's March and Yankee Doodle.*

POETS may ſing of their Helicon ſtreams,
Their Gods and their heroes are fabulous dreams;
They ne'er ſang a line
Half ſo grand, ſo divine,
As the glorious toaſt
We Columbians boaſt,
The *Federal Conſtitution* boys, and LIBERTY forever.

ADAMS, the man of our choice, guides the helm,
No tempeſt can harm us, no ſtorm overwhelm;
Our ſheet anchor's ſure,
And our bark rides ſecure,
So here's to the toaſt
We Columbians boaſt,
The *Federal Conſtitution* boys, and Preſident forever.

A free navigation, commerce and trade:
We'll ſeek for no foe, of no foe be afraid;
Our frigate's ſhall ride
Our defence and our pride;
Our tars guard our coaſt,

And huzza to our toaſt,
The *Federal Conſtitution*, *Trade*, and *Commerce*, boys forever.

Montgomery, Warren, ſtill live in our ſongs,
Like them our young heroes ſhall ſpurn at our wrongs.
The world ſhall admire
The zeal and the fire
Which blaze in the toaſt,
We Columbians boaſt, [ever.
The *Federal Conſtitution*, and its Advocates for-

When an enemy threats all party ſhall ceaſe,
We bribe no intriguers to buy a mean peace,
Columbians will ſcorn
Friend or foe to ſuborn,
We'll ne'er ſtain the toaſt
Which as freemen we boaſt,
The *Federal Conſtitution* and Integrity forever.

Fame's trumpet ſhall ſwell in WASHINGTON's praiſe,
And time grant a furlough to lengthen his days.
May wealth weave the thread
Of delight round his head;
No nation can boaſt
Such a name—ſuch a toaſt—
The *Federal Conſtitution* boys, and WASHINGTON forever.

SONG CXXVII.

SONGS of ſhepherds in ruſtical roundelays,
By Pan form'd in fancy and wreath'd with the reeds,
Sung to ſolace young nymphs upon holidays,

Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds.
Sotish Silenus to Phœbus the genius
Was sent by dame Venus, a song to prepare
In phrase nicely coin'd, and verse quite refin'd,
How the states divine hunted the hare.

Stars quite tir'd with past times Olympical,
Stars and planets that beautiful shone,
Could no longer endure that men only should
Revel in pleasures, and they but look on.
Round about horned Lucina they swarmed;
And quickly informed her how minded they were,
Each god and goddess to take human bodies,
As lords and ladies to follow the hare,
Chaste Diana applauded the motion,
And pale Prosepina sat down in her place,
To guide the welkin, and govern the ocean,
While Dian conducted her nephews in chace,

By her example, their fathers to trample,
The earth old and ample, they soon leave the air:
Neptune the water, and wine Liber pater,
And Mars the slaughter, to follow the hare,
Young god Cupid was mounted on Pegasus,
Borrow'd o' the mules with kisses and prayers;
Stern Alcides upon cloudy Caucasus
Mounted a centaur that proudly him bears.
The postilion of the sky, light-heeled Sir Mercury,
Made his swift courser fly fleet as the air;
While tuneful Apollo, the pastime did follow,

To whoop and to hollow, boys after the hare.

Drowned Narciſſus, from his metamorphoſis
Rous'd by Echo, new manhood did take.
Snoring Somnus upſtarted from Cim'ries:
Before for a thouſand years he did not wake.
There was lame club-footed Mulciber booted;
And Pan, too, promoted on Corydon's mare.
Æolus flouted; with mirth Momus ſhouted;
While wiſe Pallas pouted, yet follow'd the hare.

Grave Hymen uſhers in lady Aſtrea.
The humour took hold of Latona the cold.
Ceres the brown, too with bright Cytherea,
And Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold;
Shamefac'd Aurora, with witty Pandora,
And Maria with Flora did company bear;
But Juno was ſtated too high to be mated,
Altho', Sir, ſhe hated not hunting the hare.
Three brown bowls of Olympical nectar
The Troy-born boy now preſents on his knee;
Jove to Phœbus now carouſes in nectar,
And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me;
Wherewith infuſed. I piped and muſed,
In language unuſed their ſports to declare,
'Till the vait houſe of Jove like the bright ſpheres did move,
Here's health, then, to all that love hunting the hare,

SONG CXXVIII.

RETURNING home, acroſs the plain,
From market, t'oher day,
A ſudden ſtorm of wind and rain
O'ertook me by the way:
With ſpeed I tript it o'er the ground,
To find ſome kinder ſpot,
And from the ſtorm a ſhelter found,
In Lubin's rural cot.

This ſwain had long poſſeſs'd a flame,
But modeſtly conceal'd;
Nor 'till thoſe fav'ring moments came,
His paſſion e'er reveal'd:
Will you conſent, ſweet maid, cried he,
To ſhare my humble lot;
Return, my love, and miſtreſs be,
Of Lubin's rural cot.

He ſpoke ſo fair it pleas'd my mind,
I bluſhing, anſwer'd yes;
He ſwore he would be true and kind,
And ſeal'd it with a kiſs:
Next day the wedding ring was bought,
All my fears forgot;
And bleſt the day I ſhelter ſought,
In Lubin's rural cot.

SONG CXXIX.

I'VE found, my fair, a true love knot,
'Tis looſe by ſome diſaſter,
Come then with me to yonder grot,

And let us tie it faſter:
Or ſhall we to the grove repair,
There is no time to dally,
The church, the prieſt awaits us there,
Let's tie the knot my Sally.

Methinks the knot was ſurely laid,
By Cupid's fond direction,
To prove, my ſweet, my charming maid,
The cement of affection;
'Tis form'd by ſome immortal hand,
Come, let us leave the valley,
And join in Hymen's ſilken band,
Let's tie the knot, my Sally.

No hand can e'er the band untie,
When once we are united:
For every guardian ſaint is by,
When lovers vows are plighted:
The deed recorded is above,
Then let's not ſhilly ſhally,
Oh, let us haſte my charming love
And tie the knot my Sally.

SONG CXXX.

A FEW years ago in the days of my grannam,
(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 ne'er declin'd what ſhe once undertook,

But twiſted,
Perſiſted,
Now flatter'd,
Now ſpatter'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 councils, I ventur'd to marry,
And fancy'd a wife, by my grand mother's rules,
Might be taught like a ſpaniel to fetch and to carry,
But ſoon I found out that we both had been fools;
In vain I ſhow'd madam the wonderful book;
I vex'd her,
I box'd her,
But truly,
Unruly,
Wives cannot be govern'd by hook or by crook.

SONG CXXXI.

GUARDIAN of our nation, ſtand firm in your ſtation,
While Europe is all in commotion;
We'll let the world ſee that America's free
Our flag ſhall ride ſafe on the ocean.

Since France doth aſpire to ſet us on fire,
And fill our Grand Court with diſtraction,
Then firm let us be, united and free,
In ſpite of proud France and of faction.

We'll ne'er have a king, tho' of ADAMS we'll ſing,
And chaunt to our children his ſtory;
We'll let the world ſee Columbia is free,
And fight for our country and glory.

Our Navy ſhall ride on the ocean ſo wide,
With all the proud billows in motion,
No tyrant ſhall dare his enſigns to rear,
And pirates ſhall fly from the ocean.

Theſe pirates of France have dar'd to advance
To our ſeas, and the mouths of our harbors;
But Frenchmen ſhall ſee our Tars will be free,
We'll clear all our coaſts of ſuch robbers.

Now let us unite to ſtand for our right,
And protect our commerce from plunder;
Theſe rovers at ſea, ſhall begin now to flee,
When Ganges diſcharges his thunder.

SONG CXXXII.

SWEET Laura ſee the fatal hour,
Farewell, my ſouls delight;
But how ſhall wretched Henry live,
Thus baniſh'd from my ſight?
To my fond heart no rival joys
Supply the loſs of thee;
But who can tell if thou my dear,
Will e'er remember me.

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 ſearch ſurvey,
But who can, &c.

Oft I'll review the ſmiling ſcene,
Each fav'rite brook and tree,
When gaily paſs'd the happy hours,
Thoſe hours I've paſs'd with thee:
What painful fond memorials riſe,
From ev'ry place I ſee;
But who can, &c.

SONG CXXXIII.

A SONG, a ſong, is the cry of mankind,
All know what to ſinging belongs;
'Tis intereſt governs us all you will find,
And gives us the pitch of our ſongs.

The miſer with riches, who's never content,
Can tell what is right or is wrong.
For he joins in the chorus of twenty per cent,
And owns it a very good ſong.

Behold next the merchant, the federal lad,
Who hopes that the union is ſtrong,
But ſays it is money that makes the heart glad,
And hammers away with a ſong.

The merchant is punctual—to ſee himſelf paid,
And wiſhes for credit that's long,
Yet ſtrikes up the ditty of commerce and trade,
How quickly he joins in the ſong.

The lawyer and parſon do know very well,
The things that to ſinging belong,
One fingers the fee, ere a word he can tell,
One "turns off his flock with a ſong."

And WASHINGTON too, the hero and ſage,
To Heaven he carols this ſong:—
"The bleſſings which thou to Columbia gave;
"Oh Heaven! I pray thee prolong."

SONG CXXXIV.

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:
Tho' ſome were ſo fooliſh to think
He wept at men's folly and vice,
'Twas only his cuſtom to drink
Till the liquor run out of his eyes.

Democratus 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 fancy'd the world, as his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Ariſtotle, that maſter of arts,
Had been but 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 CXXXV.

AS muſing I rang'd in 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 Serecino 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 CXXXVI.

MY name's Tippy Bob,
With a watch in each fob,
View me round—on each ſide and the top,
I'm ſure I'm the thing,
Nay, I wiſh I may ſwing,
If I an't now a nice natty crop!
I'm up to each rig,
Of my hat ſmoke the gig,
Like candles my locks dang'e down:
And look in my rear,
As an oſtrich I'm bare,
But the knowingiſt ſmart of the town.
As I walk through the lobby,
The girls cry out "Bobby!

"Here, Bobby!—my Biddy Bob!
Now ſqu aking, now bawling,
Then pulling and hall ng,
So ſmirking and pleaſing,
So coaxing and teazing,
I can't get them out of my nob;

Obſerve well my ſhape,
And the fall of my cape,
It's the thing! It's the thing! dam'me! an't it?
And this bow round my neck,
Will at leaſt hold a peck,
It may catch ſome old Dowager! mayn't it?
Then under this collar
I've got a large roller,
'Tis juſt like a large German ſauſage;
And ſqueez'd up ſo tight,
That, by this good light,
It goes nearly to ſtop up my paſſage.
As I walk thro' the lobbey, &c.

My veſt a foot long,
None capes in a throng,
My breeches—my ſmall clothes I mean,
From my cheſt to my calf—
Damn the mob, let them laugh,
I dreſs not by them to be ſeen!
The ſtrings at my knees,
Like chevaux de freze
My boots to the ſmall of my leg!
My ſpurs the nonſuch,
No crop can me touch,
I ſwear I'm at home to a peg.

SONG CXXXVII.

FAIR Kate of Portſmouth lov'd a tar,
Ben Surf, as kind a ſoul
As ever brav'd the hotteſt war,
Or ſlung the flowing bowl,
Yet, oft' he'd heave a ſigh, ſince fate
Had borne him far from lovely Kate,

For Ben in vain had often ſtrove,
(World parents but agree)
To wed fair Kate, his only love,
'Ere that he went to ſea;
But, ah! in vain, fond hope was o'er,
He ſigh'd, then left his native ſhore.

One night as the mid-watch he kept,
A looſe to love he gave,
For while his ſhip mates careleſs ſlept,
Plung'd in a wat'ry grave—
"The conflict's o'er, ſweet Kate," he cried,
Then ſunk in peace, alas! and dy'd.

Thus hope is like the ſummer gale,
That's tranſient as the wind,
Which reefs too ſoon ſoft pleaſures' ſail,
'Ere the wiſh'd port we find:
The tidings to fair Kate was brought,
Whoſe boſom was with anguiſh fraught.

"And is my love no more?" ſhe cried,
'Then peace adieu, farewell,
This heart to his was e'er allied.
And ſtill it ſhall be true—
I feel my ſpirit wing its flight—"
She ſpoke, and ſunk in endleſs night.

SONG CXXXVIII.

YOU aſk why I thus droop my head,
Why penſive and ſad I deplore?
All joy from poor Anna is fled,
My William, alas! is no more:
Theſe eyes dim and mournful appear,
Which from his all their luſtre did borrow;
I muſt pauſe o'er my tale--drop a tear,
For, alas! 'tis a ſtory of ſorrow.

I ſtood on the beach, while in view
The bark toſs'd, that brought him from far;
The rain beat, the winds fiercely blew,
The elements ſeem'd all at war:
On a rock (the dire thought bids me weep)
His ſhip ſplit--no aid could they borrow;
He immerg'd in the watery deep,
Full, alas! is my ſtory of ſorrow.

Diſtracted! but prayers could I give,
As he daſh'd the big billows aſide,
Hope faintly breath'd forth, "he'd ſurvive."
But, fatigu'd, he ſunk breathleſs--and dy'd:
Depriv'd of my love, I complain,
I his bride ſhould have been on the morrow,
But I'll plunge in the unfated main,
And cure a heart burſting with ſorrow.

SONG CXXXIX.

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 your care,
From this ſocial convention,
'Twill drive all contention,
Save only who longeſt can drink;
Then fill up their glaſſes
And drink to your laſſes,
The head-ache 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 ſorrows:
Come, the toaſt, boys, the toaſt!
There's no time to be loſt,
For our cares will return with to-morrow.

SONG CXL.

WHEN beating rains and pinching winds,
At night attack the lab'ring hinds,
And caus'd them to retire:
How ſweet they paſs their time away,
In ſober talk and ruſtick play;
Beſide the ſocial fire,
Beſide, &c.
There many a plaintive tale is told,
Of thoſe who linger in the cold;
With ſighs and groans expire;

The mournful ſtory ſtrikes the ear,
They heave a ſigh and drop a tear,
And bleſs their ſocial fire.
And bleſs, &c.

The legendary tale comes next,
With many an artful phraſe perplext,
Which well the tongue might tire;
The windows ſhake, the ſhutters crack,
Each thinks a ghoſt behind his back,
And hitches to the fire,
And hitches, &c.

And now perhaps ſome humble ſwain,
Who fann'd the lover's flame in vain:
With ſighs and groans expire:
Relates each ſtratagem he play'd,
To win the coy diſdainful maid,
And eyes the ſocial fire,
And eyes, &c.

To this ſucceeds a jocund ſong,
From lungs leſs muſical than ſtrong.
And all to mirth aſpire;
The humble-roof returns the ſound,
The ſocial can goes briſkly round;
And brighter burns the fire.
And brighter, &c.

Grant me kind Heaven a ſtate like this,
Where ſimple ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis all that I require:
And when to crown the joys of life,
I'll ſeek a kind indulgent wife,
To bleſs the ſocial fire,
To bleſs, &c.

SONG CXLI.

A PLAGUE of thoſe muſty old ſubbers,
Who tell us to faſt and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink:
A cann of good ſtuff had they twigg'd it,
Would have ſet them for pleaſure agog.
And ſpite of the rules,
The rules of the ſchools,
The old fools would have all of 'em ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when laſt I from Guinea
Return'd with a bundance of wealth
Cried—Jack, never be ſuch a ninny
To drink—Says I—here's father, your health.
So I paſs'd round the ſtuff—ſoon he twigg'd it,
And it ſet the old codger agog,
And he ſwigg'd, and mother ſwigg'd,
And ſiſter ſwigg'd and brother ſwigg'd,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

One day, when the Chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiouſly ſlunk,
And, while he our duty was teaching
As how we ſhould never get drunk,
I tip'd him the ſtuff, and he twigg'd it,
Which ſoon ſet his rev'rence agog.
And he ſwigg'd, and Nick ſwigg'd,
And Ben ſwigg'd, and Dick ſwigg'd,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

Then truſt me there's nothing like drinking
So pleaſant on this ſide the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en more valiant the brave,
For me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good ſtuff has ſo ſet me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
I've conſtantly ſwigg'd it,
And dam'me there's nothing like grog.

SONG CXLII.

DEAR Tom this brown jug which foams, with mild ale,
In which we will toaſt the ſweet Nan of the vale;
Was once Toby Fillpot a thirſty old ſoul
As e'er drank a bottle or fathom'd a bowl:
In Baccus's court 'twas his joy to excell,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he loll'd at his eaſe,
In a flower-woven arbor as gay as you pleaſe;
With his friend and his pipe puffing ſorrow away,
And with royal old ſtingo was ſoaking his clay.
His breath-door of life on a ſudden was ſhut,
And he died full as big as a Dorcetſhire butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had diſolv'd it again!
A potter found out in its covert ſo ſnug,

And with part of old Toby he form'd this
brown jug:
Now ſacred to friendſhip to mirth and mild ale,
Here's a health to my lovely ſweet Nan of the
Vale.

SONG CXLIII.

HOW brim full of nothing's the life of a
beau,
They've nothing to think of, for nothing they
do,
And nothing to talk of, for nothing they know,
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau,
Such, &c.

For nothing they riſe but to draw the freſh air,
Spend the morning in nothing but curling their
hair;
And do nothing all day but ſigh, ſaunter and
ſtare,
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau,
Such, &c.

For nothing at night to the play-houſe they
crowd,
To mind nothing done there they are always
too proud,
But to bow and to grin, and to ſay nothing
loud,
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau,
Such, &c.

For nothing they run to aſſembly and ball,
For nothing at cards a fair partner they call;

For they ſtill muſt be haſted who're nothing at all,
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau,
Such, &c.

For nothing on Sunday's at church they appear,
They've nothing to hope for and nothing to fear,
They can be nothing no where, who nothing are here;
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau,
Such, &c.

SONG CXLIV.

SPANKING Jack was ſo comely, ſo pleaſant, ſo jolly,
Though wind blew great guns ſtill he'd whiſtle and ſing.
Jack lov'd his friend and was true to his Molly,
And if honor 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'en 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 at ſea, boys,
We've pleaſures aſhore.

Whiffling 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, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly meſſmate a brother,
He was manly and honeſt, good natured, and
free,
If ever one tar was more true than another
To his friend and his duty, that ſailor was he;
One day with the David to heave the kedge
anchor,
Ben went in a 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, &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 fair mooring will bring us all up:
But 'tis always the way on't, one ſcarce finds a
brother

Fond as pitch, honeſt, hearty and true to the core,
But by battle, or ſtorm, or ſome bad thing or other,
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er ſee him more.
But, &c.

SONG CXLV.

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.

APPENDIX:

CONTAINING A VARIETY OF

MASONIC SONGS.

SONG I.

NOT the fictions of Greece, nor the dreams of old Rome,
Shall with viſions miſlead, or with meteors conſume;
No Pegaſus' wings my ſhort ſoarings miſguide;
Nor raptures detain me on Helicon ſide,
All clouds now diſſolve; from the Eaſt beams the day—
Truth riſes in glory, and wakens the lay.
The Eagle ey'd Muſe—ſees the light—fills the grove
With the ſong of Free Maſons, of Friendſhip and Love!
Inſpir'd with the theme, the Divinity flies;
And thron'd on a rain-bow—before her ariſe
Paſt, *Preſent* and *Future*—with ſplendid array,
In maſonic ſucceſſion, their treaſures diſplay.
She views murder'd Merit by ruffian hand fall,
And the grave give its dead up, at fellowſhip's call!

While the Craft, by their badges, their innocence prove;
And the ſong of Free Maſons is Friendſhip and love!

From thoſe ages remote, ſee the Muſe ſpeeds her way,
To join in the glories, the *Preſent* diſplay,
In freedom and friendſhip, ſhe ſees the true band, [land.
With their ſplendor and virtues illumine the
Religion's pure beam breaks the vapors of night.
And from darkneſs myſterious, the World gives the light!
While the Lodge here below, as the choirs from above,
Join the ſong of Free Maſons in Friendſhip and Love.

That the *Future* might keep, what the Preſent beſtows,
In rapture prophetic the goddeſs aroſe,
As ſhe ſung through the ſkies, angels echo'd the ſound,
And the winds bore the notes to the regions around!
The kind proclamation our ſong ſhall retain:
'Twas—"That Maſonry long may its luſtre maintain:
And 'till Time be no more, our Fraternity prove,
That the objects we aim at, are Friendſhip and Love!"

SONG II.

WHEN my divine Althæa's charms,
No more ſhall kindle ſoft alarms,
And the keen lightning of her eye,
Paſſes unfelt, unneeded by;
When moral Beauty's heavenly form
Shall ceaſe the frozen ſoul to warm;
When manners thus corrupt we ſee,
Farewell the ſweets of Maſonry!

When Science ſhall withdraw her light,
And Error ſpread a Gothic night;
When Pity's ſacred ſource is dry,
No pearly drop to melt the eye;
When truth ſhall hide her bluſhing head,
And famiſh'd Virtue beg her bread;
When manners thus corrupt we ſee,
Farewell the ſweets of Maſonry!

But while the fair tranſport our ſight,
And moral beauty's charms delight;
While Science lifts her torch on high,
And pity thaws the melting eye;
While Truth maintains deſpotic power,
And Virtue charms without a dower;
While manners thus unſtain'd we ſee,
All hail the ſweets of Maſonry!

SONG III.

YE ſons of fair Science, impatient to learn,
What's meant by a Maſon you here may diſcern;

He ſtrengthens the weak, he gives light to the blind,
And the naked he clothes—is a friend to mankind.
All ſhall yield to Maſonry,
Bend to thee
Bleſt Maſonry,
Matchleſs was he who founded thee,
And thou, like him immortal ſhalt be.

He walks on the level of honor and truth,
And ſpurns the trite paſſions of folly and youth;
The Compaſs and ſquare all his frailties reprove,
And his ultimate object is Brotherly Love.

The temple of knowledge he nobly doth raiſe,
Supported by wiſdom, and learning its baſe;
When rear'd and adorn'd, ſtrength and beauty unite,
And he views the fair ſtructure with conſcious delight.

With fortitude bleſs'd, he's a ſtranger to fears,
And govern'd by prudence, he cautiouſly ſteers,
Till temperance ſhews him the port of content,
And juſtice unaſk'd, gives the ſign of conſent.

Inſpir'd by his feelings, he bounty imparts,
For charity ranges at large in our hearts;
And an indigent brother reliev'd from his woes,
Feels a pleaſure inferior to him who beſtows.

Thus a Maſon I've drawn and expos'd to your view,
And truth muſt acknowledge the figure is true;

Should you members become—be brothers and friends,
There's a SECRET remaining, will make you amends.

SONG IV.

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.
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 Art.

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 reins 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 honor the name,
By walking upright, and obſerving the ſame.
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 V.

HOW happy's a Maſon whoſe boſom ſtill flows
With friendſhip, and ever moſt cheerfully goes,
Th' effects of the myſteries lodg'd in his breaſt,
Myſteries never'd, and by Princes poſſeſt.
Our friends and our bottle we beſt can enjoy,
No rancor or envy our quiet annoy,
Our plumbline and compaſs, our ſquare and our tools,
Direct all our actions in virtue's fair rules,
Direct, &c.

To Mars and to Venus we're equally true,
Our hearts can enliven, our arms can ſubdue;

Let the enemy tell, and the ladies declare,
No claſs or profeſſion with Maſons compare;
To give a fond luſtre we ne'er need a creſt,
Since honor and virtue remain in our breaſt,
We'll charm the rude world when we clap, laugh and ſing,
If ſo happy a Maſon, ſay, who'd be a king?
If ſo, &c.

SONG VI.

DEAR Brothers of fraternal mind,
Whom virtue, truth and honor bind,
In whom the ſons of ſcience find
No ſly diſſimulation;
Accept a tribute juſtly due,
From a fond heart, faithful and true,
Accept a tender, ſad adieu,
And believe
That I grieve,
Your worthy ſocial band to leave,
Becauſe I am a Maſon.

Yet tho' remote from you I ſtray,
Where fickle fortune leads the way,
Your mem'ry in my breaſt ſhall ſtay,
While I have reſpiration:
And let me hold that fond idea,
That you will mind unworthy me,
Whene'er you meet in ſocial glee:
Give a toaſt,
Let me boaſt
The friendſhip of your noble hoſt.
I aſk it as a Maſon.

If e'er the Syrens of the age
Has drawn me from your myſtic gage,
Pray blot the error from the page
Of rigid obſervation.
Your kindneſs on my heart I'll write,
And all unkindneſs from my ſight,
I'll baniſh to eternal night.
Let us be
Maſons free;
Forgive, likewiſe forgiven be,
The creed of every Maſon.

Your choiſeſt love I oft did ſhare,
Your brighteſt badge did often wear,
Plac'd in the Oriental chair,
By myſtic inſtallation.
And by the emblematic three,
Diſpers'd the gifts of Maſonry.
'Till the meridian hour we ſee;
Then we may
Wet our clay,
And paſs an hour cheerful and gay,
In grateful relaxation.

A liſtening ear obtain our art,
A ſilent tongue will ne'er impart
The ſecrets of a faithful heart,
Whatever the temptation,
Honor and truth will ſtill combine
To dignify the grand deſign,
And love will through their actions ſhine.
With a mind
Juſt and kind,
And all their pleaſures are refin'd,
So happy in a Maſon.

Then faith, upheld by reason's voice,
Their hopes foretell enjoyment's choice,
In charity their hearts rejoice
In bleſs'd conciliation.
When unforeſeen misfortunes proſs
The ſons and daughters of diſtreſs,
With kind fraternal tenderneſs,
Prompt relief
Soothe their grief,
Of their pleaſure 'tis the chief
To raiſe a fallen Maſon.

Humanity, that virtue bright,
Friendſhip ſo lovely to the ſight,
Brotherly love their hearts unite,
And bleſs each friendly action.
No doating ſot their mirth ſhall wound,
No minor knows their rights profound,
No atheiſt treads the hollow'd ground,
No alloy
To their joy;
Pleaſures pure, which never cloy
Belongs to ev'ry Maſon.

May friendſhip, harmony and love
Your guardians and companions prove,
Till the celeſtial Lodge above,
Shall be each brother's ſtation:
But death, the level, time the line,
And plumb of juſtice muſt combine,
To fit us for that bliſs divine,
Then ſhall we
Happy be;
Towards the Eaſt we'll bow the knee
To our Grand Maſter Maſon.

SONG VII.

ADIEU, a heart, warm, fond adieu,
Ye brothers of our myſtic tie;
Ye favor'd and enlighten'd few,
Companions of my ſocial joy;
Tho' I to foreign lands muſt hie,
Purſuing fortunes ſlippery ba'l:
With melting heart and brimful eye,
I'll mind you ſtill when far awa,

Oft have I met your ſocial band,
To ſpend a cheerful feſtive night,
Oft, honor'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 on my heart ſhall write,
Thoſe happy ſcenes when far awa.

May freedom, harmony and love,
Cement you in the grand deſign,
Beneath th' Omniſcient eye above;
The glorious Architect, divine;
That you may keep th' unerring rule,
Still guarded by the plummet's law,
'Till order bright completely ſhine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

And you farewell, whoſe merit claim
Juſtly that higheſt badge to wear.
May Heaven ſpare your noble name,
To Mary and Scotia dear;
A laſt requeſt permit me then,

When yearly you're assembled a'l,
One round, I ask it with a tear;
To him, the friend, that's far awa.

And you, kind hearted sisters, fair,
I sing farewell to all your charms,
The impression of your pleasing air,
With rapture oft my heart did warm,
Alas, the social winter's night
No more returns while breath we draw,
'Till sisters, brothers, all unite;
In that Grand Lodge that's far awa.

SONG VIII.

HERE social love serenely smiles,
Soft harmony inspires the breast,
Whose the weight of care beguiles,
And lulls each gloomy thought to rest.

Come dove-ey'd peace, thou heavenly guest,
And concord; attribute divine!
Reside within each Mason's breast,
Their hearts with sacred union join.

Thus long shall stand our noble art,
Hid deep within each faithful breast,
We feel its influence on the heart,
Therefore we say—*probatum est.*

SONG IX.

BACCHUS open all thy treasure,
Let sweet music charm the ear;
Love cements us all together,
Sons of Hiram welcome here.

Vulgar, baſe and ſordid wretches,
May deride us, what care we;
Slander write malignant ſketches,
By the fruit we know the tree.

Come my brothers, love unites us,
Come let beauty be our toaſt;
Here's to her that can delight us,
The charming fair we prize the moſt.

Let us join our hands together,
May peace and love the cement be;
Charge your glaſſes, prime together,
Here's a health to Maſons Free.

SONG X.

ASSIST my muſe, thy influence bring,
In praiſe of Maſonry I ſing;
In flowing notes my voice ſhall raiſe
To ſing the worthy Maſon's praiſe.
A Maſon's heart is free from envy's ſtain,
And while he lives will ſo remain.

Hail oriental ſplendid light,
And dove-ey'd peace, with beauty bright;
Thy all enliv'ning, ſtrengthning rays,
Doth crown our bliſs with happy days.
State men and Kings with hand and heart,
Support, adorn our royal art.

With muſic ſweet, ſage Tubal Cain,
On the deep organ tun'd the ſtrain;
Sweet melody inſpir'd his tongue,
With lofty note he ſweetly ſung:
Hail Maſonry! from heaven ſent,
In thee alone we find content.

Benevolence and mutual love,
Sent by our maſter from above,
Are pillars of our royal Art,
Engraved on each Maſon's heart.
Theſe lofty pillars ſtand ſecure,
And ſhall the date of time endure.

Hail royal Art, from Heaven reveal'd,
In Maſon's heart thou art conceal'd,
Cowans may ſeek and knock in vain,
Our ivory keys their arts diſdain.
Each Maſon ſmiles and ſees their art,
While prudence guards his faithful heart.

SONG XI.

KING Solomon, that wiſe projector,
In Maſonry took great delight;
And Hiram, that great Architector,
Whoſe actions ſhall ever ſhine bright.
From the heart of a true honeſt Maſon
There's none can the ſecret remove;
Our maxims are juſtice, morality,
Friendſhip and brotherly love.
Then a lie would not be a Free Maſon,
So happy and ſocial are we;
To all honeſt men we are Brothers,
And in every Lodge we are free.

We meet like true friends on the level,
And lovingly part on the ſquare;
Alike we reſpect king and beggar,
Provided they're juſt and ſincere,
We ſcorn an ungenerous action,

None can with Free Maſons compare:
We love for to live within compaſs,
By rules that are honeſt and fair.
Then who, &c.

We exclude all talkative fellows,
That will babble and prate paſt their wit,
They ne'er ſhall come into our ſecret,
For they're neither worthy nor fit;
But the perſon that's well recommended,
And we find him honeſt and true,
When our lodge is well tyl'd we'll prepare him,
And, like Maſons, our work we'll purſue.
Then who, &c.

Succeſs to all accepted Maſons,
There's none can their honor pull down;
For e'er ſince the glorious creation
Theſe great men are held in renown.
When Adam was King of all nations,
He formed a plan with all ſpeed;
And ſoon made a fit habitation,
For him and his companion Eve.
Then who, &c.

There's ſome fooliſh people reject us,
For which they are highly to blame,
They cannot ſhew any objection,
Or reaſon for doing the ſame.
The art's a divine inſpiration,
As all honeſt men will declare.
So here's to all true hearted brothers,
That live within compaſs and ſquare.
Then who, &c.

Like an arch well cemented together,
  Thus firmly united we ſtand,
And juſtly ſupport one another;
  With plumb line and level in hand.
'Till the world is conſumed by fire,
  And judgment is paſs'd on us all;
They ne'er ſhall come into our ſecret,
  Or we from Free Maſonry fall.
    Then, &c.

SONG XII.

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 famm'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 pliabling 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 Maſon's bairns,
And women with both wit and charms,
That love to lie in Maſons arm's.

SONG XIII.

WHEN orient *Wiſdom* beam'd ſerene,
And pillard *Strength* aroſe—
When *Beauty* ting'd the glowing ſcene,
And Faith her manſion choſe—
Exulting bands the Fabric view'd ;
Myſterious powers adorn'd ;
And high the Tripie Union ſtood,
That gave the *Myſtic Word.*

Pale Envy wither'd at the ſight,
And frowning o'er the pile,
Call'd Murder up from the realms of night,
To blaſt the glorious toil.
With ruffian outrage join'd in woe,
They form the leagues abhorr'd;
And wounded Science felt the blow,
That cruſh'd the *Myſtic Word.*

Concealment, from ſequeſter'd cove,
On ſable pinions flew :
And o'er the ſacrilegious grave,
Her veil impervious threw.
Th' aſſociate band in ſolemn ſtate,
The awful loſs deplor'd ;
And wiſdom mourn'd the ruthleſs fate,
That wreck'd the *Myſtic Word.*

At length, thro' Times's expanded ſphere,
Fair Science ſpeeds her way;
And warm'd by Truth's refulgence clear,
Reflects the kindred ray,—
A ſecond Fabric's towering height,
Proclaims the Sign reſtor'd;
From whoſe foundation—brought to light,
Is drawn the *Myſtic Word.*

To depths obſcure, the favor'd Trine,
A dreary courſe engage—
Till thro' the Arch, the ray divine,
Illumes the ſacred page!
From the wide wonders of this blaze,
Our ancient Sign's reſtor'd;
The Royal Arch alone diſplays,
The long loſt *Myſtic Word.*

SONG XIV.

COLUMBIAN'S ſons, attend awhile
To one who will the truth impart,
And ſhew that you are in exile
'Till ſcience guides you by our art;
Uncultivated paths you tread,
Unlevel'd, barren, blindfold be,
'Till by a myſt'ry you are led
Into the Light of Maſonry.

From chaos this round globe was form'd,
A Pedeſtal for us to be,
A mighty column it adorn'd,
In juſt proportion rais'd were we;
When our Grand Architect above

An Arch ſoon rais'd by his decree,
And plac'd the Sun the arch key-ſtone;
The whole was form'd by Maſonry.

It pleas'd our Sov'reign Maſter then
This glorious fabric to erect:
Upon the ſquare let us, as men,
Never the noble work neglect,
But ſtill in friendſhip's bonds unite
Unbounded as infinity,
'Tis a ſnure corner-ſtone fix'd right,
And worthy of Free Maſonry.

In ancient times before the flood,
And ſince, in friendſhip we've adher'd;
From pole to pole have firmly ſtood,
And by all nations been rever'd.
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move
We from oblivion rais'd ſhall be;
Then, ſince we're met in peace and love,
Let's ſing All hail to Maſonry.

MONSIEUR TONSON.——*A Tale*

THERE liv'd, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
At leaſt ſome fifty years ago, or more;
A pleaſant wight on town, 'yclep'd Tom King,
A fellow that was clever at a joke.
Expert in all the arts to teaze and ſmoke;
In ſhort, for ſtrokes of humor, quite the thing.

To many a jovial club this King was known,
With whom his active wit unrivall'd ſhone;

Choice ſpirit, grave Free Maſon, buck and blood,
Would croud his ſtories and bonmots to hear,
And none a diſappointment e'er could fear;
His humor flow'd in ſuch a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight,
A frolic he would hunt for day and night;
Careleſs how prudence on the ſport might frown,
If e'er a pleaſant miſchief ſprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew;
Nor left the game 'till he had run it down.

One night our hero, ramb'ling with a friend,
Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his courſe to bend;
Juſt at that ſpot the ſeven dials light,
'Twas ſilence all around, and clear the coaſt,
The watch, as uſual, doaſing on his poſt;
And ſcarce a lamp diſplay'd a twinkling light.

Around this place there liv'd the num'rous clans.
Of honeſt, plodding, foreign Artizans;
Known at that time by name of Refugees,
The rod of perſecution from their home,
Compell'd the inoffenſive race to roam;
And here they lighted, like a ſwarm of Bees.

Well! our two friends were ſaunt'ring thro' the ſtreet,
In hopes ſome food for humor ſoon to meet;
When in a window near, a light they view,
And tho' a dim and melancholy ray,

It ſeem'd the prologue to ſome merry play;
So tow'rds the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Strait at the door he gave a thund'ring knock,
(The time we may ſuppoſe near two o'clock;)
"I'll aſk" ſays King, "if Thompſon lodges here,"
"Thompſon" cries t'other, "who the devil's he,"
"I know not" King replies, "but want to ſee
"What kind of animal will now appear."

After ſome time a little Frenchman came,
One hand diſplay'd a ruſh-light's trembling flame;
The other held a thing they call Culotte,
An old ſtrip'd woolen night-cap grac'd his head,
A tatter'd waiſtcoat o'er one ſhoulder ſpread;
Scarce half awake he heav'd a yawning note.

Though thus untimely rous'd, he courteous ſmil'd,
And ſoon addreſſed our wag in accents mild;
Bending his head politely to his knee,
"Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you come ſo late?
"I beg your pardom Sare, to make you vate;
"Pray, tell me, Sare, vat your commands vid me?

"Sir, reply'd King, "I merely thought to know,
"As by your houſe I chan'd to-night to go;
"But, really, I diſturb'd your ſleep, I fear—

"I ſay, I thought that you perhaps could tell,
"Among the folks who in this ſtreet may dwell;
"If there's a Mr. Thompſon lodges here?"
The ſhiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleas'd to find,
The buſineſs of this unimportant kind;
Too ſimple to ſuſpect 'twas meant in jeer,
Shrug'd out a ſigh, that thus his reſt ſhould break,
Then with unalter'd courteſy, he ſpake;
"No Sare, no Monſieur Tonſon lodges here."

Our wag begg'd pardon, and tow'rds home he ſped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed;
But King reſolv'd not thus to drop the jeſt,
So the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a viſit to the place;
To break once more the poor old Frenchman's reſt.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before,
No footſtep ſeem'd approaching to the door;
Our Frenchman lay in ſuch a ſleep profound,
King with the knocker thundr'd then again,
Firm on his poſt determin'd to remain;
And oft indeed he made the door reſound.

At laſt King hears him o'er the paſſage creep,
Wond'ring what fiend again diſturb'd his ſleep;
The wag ſalutes him with a civil leer,

Thus drawling out to heighten the ſurpriſe,
(While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes;)
"Is there a Mr. Thompſon lodges here?"

The Frenchman faulter'd, with a kind of fright,
"Vy, Sare, I'm ſure I tell you, Sare, laſt night;
(And here he labor'd with a ſigh ſincere)
"No Monſier Tonſon in de varld I know,
"No Monſieur Tonſon here—I toll you ſo;
"Indeed Sare, dere no Monſieur Tonſon here."

Some more excuſes tender'd off King goes,
And the old Frenchman ſought once more repoſe;
The rogue next night purſu'd his odd career,
'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,
And then he utter'd in a pitious cry,
"Sare, 'pon my ſoul no Monſieur Tonſon here."

Our ſportive wight his uſual viſit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid,
Whoſe tongue, indeed than any jack went faiter—
Anxious ſhe ſtrove his errand to enquire:
He ſaid "'twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,
"He ſhould not ſtir 'till he had ſeen her maſter."

The damſel then began in doleful ſtate,
The Frenchmen's bicken ſlumber to relate,
And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day:
King told her ſhe muſt fetch her maſter down,
A chaiſe was ready, he was leaving town,

But firſt had much of deep concern to ſay.

Thus urg'd, ſhe went the ſnoring man to call,
And long indeed was ſhe oblig'd to ball;
Ere ſhe could rouſe the torpid lump of clay,
At laſt he wakes, he riſes, and he ſwears,
But ſcarcely had he totter'd down the ſtairs,
When King attacked him in the uſual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain
To this tormentor meekly to complain,
And ſtrait in rage began his creſt to rear—
"Sare vat the devil make you treat me ſo?
"Sare, I inform you, Sare, tree nights ago,
"Cot tam, I ſwear no Monſ. Tonſon here."

True as the night, King went, and heard a ſtrife,
Between the harraſs'd Frenchman and his wife;
Which ſhould deſcend to chaſe the fiend away,
At length to join their forces they agree,
And ſtrait impetuouſly they turn the key,
Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmneſs of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty ſhock,
Uttering the old enquiry, calmly ſtood!
The name of Thompſon rais'd the ſtorm ſo high,
He deem'd it then the ſafeſt plan to fly,
With—'well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood."

In ſhort our hero, with the ſame intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went;

So fond of miſchief was this wicked wit:
They threw out water, for the watch they call,
But King expected, ſtill eſcape them all,
Monſieur at laſt was forc'd his houſe to quit.

It happen'd that our wag about this time,
On ſome fair proſpect ſought the Eaſtern clime;
Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot,
At length content, amid his rip'ning ſtore,
He treads again on Britain's happy ſhore,
And his long abſence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope he flies,
And the ſame night, as former freaks ariſe,
He fain muſt ſtroll the well-known haunt to trace,
"Ah! here's the ſcene of frequent mirth," he ſaid:
"My poor old Frenchman, I ſuppoſe is dead;
"Egad! I'll knock, and ſee who holds his place."

With rapid ſtrokes he makes the manſion roar
And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal!
Why e'en our little Frenchman, ſtrange to ſay,
He took his old abode that very day:
Capricious turn of ſportive fortune's wheel!

Without one thought of the relentleſs foe,
Who, fiend like, haunted him ſo long ago;
Juſt in his former trim he now appears;
The waiſtcoat and the night-cap ſeem'd the ſame,
With ruſh-light as before he creeping came,
And King's deteſted voice aſtoniſh'd hears.

As if ſome hideous ſpectre ſtruck his ſight,
His ſenſes ſeem'd bewilder'd with affright;
His face, indeed, beſpoke a heart full ſore,
Then ſtaring, he exclaim'd, in rueful ſtrain,
"Begar! here's Monſ. Tonſon come again."
Away he ran—*and ne'er was heard of more.*

SONG XV.

YE dull ſtupid Mortals, give o'er your conjectures,
Since Free Maſons' ſecrets you 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:
Come, ſee, Maſon's 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 loudable 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 XVI.

FREE Maſons all,
Attend the call;
'Tis by command
You all are warn'd,
To fill up a bumper and keep it at hand,
To drink to "*The Mother of Maſons.*"
Let each give the word to his Brother,
To prove that we love one another;
Let's fill to the dame
From whom we all come.
And call her "*Of Maſons the Mother.*"
The Stewards have laid foundations,
To prove that we love our relations;
By toaſting the Dame

From whom we all came,
We'll call her "The Mother of Maſons."

In days of yore
Free Maſons bore
A flaſk of wine,
Of mirth the ſign,
And often they fill'd with the liquor divine,
To drink to "*The Mother of Maſons.*"
'Twas on theſe joyful occaſions,
All charg'd ſtood firm to their ſtations,
And toaſted the dame, from whom we all came,
Repeating, "*The Mother of Maſons.*"
The Stewards, &c,

Be all prepar'd,
Each motion ſquar'd,
And at the nod.
With one accord,
In ſtricteſt rotation we'll paſs round the word,
Drink, Drink, to "*The Mother of Maſons.*"
Have a care, right and left, and make ready,
Be all in your exerciſe ſteady;
And fill to the dame
From whom we all came,
And toaſt her "*The Mother of Maſons.*"
The Stewards, &c.

SONG XVII.

WE have no idle prating,
Of either whig or tory,
But each agrees
To live at eaſe,

And ſing or tell a ſtory,
Fill to him,
To the brim,
Let it round the table roll:
The divine
Tells us wine
Cheers the body and the ſoul.

We're always men of pleaſure,
Deſpiſing pride and party:
While knaves and fools
Prelcribe 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 clown,
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 XVIII.

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.

No mortal can boaſt
So noble a toaſt
As a Free and an Accepted Maſon. } Three times.

SONG XIX.

IN Hiſt'ry we're told, how the Lodges of old
Aroſe in the Eaſt, and ſhone forth like the Sun;
But all muſt agree, that divine Maſonry
Commenc'd when the glorious creation began:
With glory divine, oh, long may'ſt thou ſhine,
Thou choiceſt of bleſſings, deriv'd from above!
Then charge bumpers high, and with ſhouts rend the ſky

To Maſonry, Friendſhip, and Brotherly Love.

With glory divine, &c.

Judea's great King, whoſe vaſt praiſes we ſing,
With wiſdom contriv'd, while the temple he plan'd;
The myſterious art then took place in each heart.
And Hiram with Solomon went hand in hand:
While each royal name was record'd in fame,
Their works, Earth and Heavon did jointly approve;
Then charge bumpers high, and with ſhouts rend the ſky,
To Maſonry, Friendſhip, and Brotherly Love.

While each, &c.

Then Maſons were true, and the Craft daily grew;
They liv'd within Compaſs, and work'd by the Square;
In friendſhip they dwelt, no ambition they felt,
Their deeds were upright, and their conſciences clear;
On this noble plan, Free Maſons began,
To help one another they mutually ſtrove;
Then charge bumpers high, and with ſhouts rend the ſky
To Maſonry, Friendſhip, and Brotherly Love.

On this, &c.

Theſe maxims purſue, and your paſſions ſubdue

And imitate thoſe worthy Maſons of yore;
Fix a lodge in each breaſt, be fair virtue your
gueſt,
Let Wiſdom preſide, and let truth tile the
door.
So ſhall we ariſe, to an immortal prize,
In that bliſsful Lodge, which no time can
remove;
Then charge bumpers high, and with ſhouts
rend the ſky,
To maſonry, Friendſhip, and Brotherly
Love.
So ſhall, &c,

SONG XX.

ERE God the Univerſe began,
In one rude heap all matter lay,
Which wild diſorder overran,
Nor knew of light one glimmering ray;
While, in darkneſs o'er the whole,
Confuſion reign'd without control,
Then God aroſe, his thunders hurl'd,
And bade the Elements ariſe;
In Air he hung the pendant World,
And o'er it ſpread the azure Skies;
Stars in circles caus'd to run,
And in the centre fix'd the Sun.

Then man he cell'd forth out of duſt,
And form'd him with a living ſoul;
All things committed to his truſt,
And made him Lord of all, the whole;
But ungrateful unto Heaven

He prov'd, and was from Eden driven.

From thence proceeded all our woes,
Nor could mankind one comfort ſhare;
Until Free Maſons greatly roſe,
And form'd another Eden here;
Where true pleaſure ever reigns,
And native innocence remains.

Here cryſtal fountains bubbling flow,
Here nought that's vile can enter in:
The tree of knowledge here does grow,
Whoſe fruit we taſte, yet free from Sin;
While ſweet Friendſhip does abound,
And guardian Angels hover round.

SONG XXI.

COME, come, my brethren dear,
Now we're aſſembled here,
Exalt your voices clear.
With harmony.
There's none ſhall be admitted in,
Were he a Lord, a Duke or King,
He's counted but an empty thing,
Except he's free.
Then let ev'ry man take glaſs in hand,
Drink bumpers to our Maſter Grand,
As long as he can ſit or ſtand,
With decency.

By our arts we prove,
Emblems of mutual love,
Types given from above,
To thoſe who are free.

There's not a king who fills a throne,
Will ever be aſham'd to own,
Thoſe ſecrets to the world unknown,
But ſuch as we.
Then let, &c.

Now ladies try your arts,
To gain us men of parts,
Who beſt can charm your hearts,
Becauſe we're free.
Then take us, try us, and you'll find
We're true and loving juſt and kind,
And taught to pleaſe a lady's mind,
By Maſonry.
Then let, &c.

Great WASHINGTON, long may he reign,
To curb the pride of foes that's vain,
Long may his conquering ſword maintain,
Free Maſonry.
Then let, &c.

SONG XXII.

COME, ye Maſons, hither bring
The tuneful pipe and pleaſing ſtring,
Exert each voice,
And rejoice,
And make the ſpacious concave ring:
Let your hearts be blithe 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 honor 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 Honor 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 XXIII.

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,

Ho 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 huts 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 tow'rs 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 the hearts:
By theſe, while Maſons ſquare their minds,
The State no better ſubjects finds,
None acts 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 XXIV.

UNITE, unite, your voices raiſe;
Loud, loudly ſing Free Maſons's praiſe
Spread far and wide their ſpotleſs fame,
Bad 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 honor does to them belong.

How juſt, how juſt, are all their ways,
Superior 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, fly diſcord hence,
With party rage and inſolence:
Sweet peace ſhall bleſs this happy band,
And Freedom ſmile throughout the land.

SONG XXV.

HAIL Maſonay 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 fabrics ſtill ariſe,
And grace the azure ſkies,
Great are the 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!

END OF THE SONGS.

A

COLLECTION

OF THE

MOST CELEBRATED

COTILLIONS

AND

COUNTRY DANCES.

COTILLIONS.

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 gentlemen 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 ways four each ſide balance, croſs hands four, each corners, balance again, and croſs hands back, and come to your former places.

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 couples do the ſame.

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.

COUNTRY DANCES.

LA BELLE CATHERINE.

BALANCE four, then half right and left—the ſame back again, lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off one couple, then ſix hands round, back again.

THE NEW POMP ROOM.

Caſt off two couples, up again, four hands half round at the 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.

LADY BUCKLEY'S WHIM.

Caſt off two couples, up again, lead down the middle, up again, the gentleman ſtands 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 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 gentlemen, 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.

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.

CHARLOITE 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.

THE HUMOR 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.

BOSTON ASSEMBLY.

Four hands acroſs half round, back again, the ſame allemand, lead down in the middle, up again, caſt off, ſix hand half round, back again, right and left.

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TOASTS

AND

SENTIMENTS.

LIEUTENANT General WASHINGTON—the pride, the boaſt, the father, the protector of his country. In peace a Senate and in arms a Hoſt.

The Preſident of the United States—whoſe Spirit animates his Country—whoſe Wiſdom foils the intrigues of Corruption, and whoſe Fortitude leads Anarchy in triumph.

The American Flag—may every nation reſpect its bearers—may the radiance of its ſtars ſhed a luſtre over its friends, but its ſtripes lacerate the backs of its enemies.

The American Eagle—May the plots of diſorganizers be pierced by his eye, and their oppreſſion fall under his vallons.

The officers of the Army and Navy of the United States—May they prove themſelves the legitimate deſcendants of Mars, and may their portion of his eſtate, be future fame.

Old times---old principles, and none of the gipſey jargon of France.

The American Eagle. Under the protecting influence of its ſoſtering wing, we truſt our fate to Heaven---but, when its offered olive branch is ſpurned by the haughty mandate of imperious villains, quickly may the thunderbolts of its vengeance, be hurled on their devoted heads.

The Congreſs of the United States---while genius, eloquence and judgment preſide, as they have done over our national councils, we may with juſtice ſneer at the bombaſtic threats of our enemies.

The patriots of America, whoſe blood was ſhed at the altar of Liberty. May the ſons never loſe the fire of their fathers to preſerve thoſe bleſſings tranſmitted to them.

The ſoldiers of the United States---may they never want ſpirit to reſent the injuries done, or inſults offered their country, ardor to purſue to victory, nor mercy to adorn their conqueſts.

The gallant Youth of America.---may they juſtly appreciate the fair inheritance tranſmitted to them by their anceſtors.

The Fair Sex---may their arms prove our ſweeteſt refuge in adverſity, and their ſmiles the trueſt antidote to care.

The ſentiments of the day---"Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute."

May the volume of beauty never be ſtained by contaminating fingers.

May the cheerful heart never want agreeable companions.

May virtue ſhine when every other light is out,

May the ſmiles of the fair reward the efforts of the brave.

The voyage of life, may it end in the heaven of happineſs.

Reaſon in our actions, religion in our thoughts, and reflection in our expreſſions.

Serenity to every breaſt that beats with philanthropy.

Abſalom's end to the fomenters of public miſchief.

Community of goods, unity of hearts, nobility of ſentiments, and truth of feelings, to the real lovers of the fair ſex.

Love in an air-pump without a paſſage to breathe through.

Goodneſs in our thoughts, gentleneſs in our words, and generoſity in our actions.

All we wiſh and all we want.

The ſweets of ſenſibility without the bitters.

The pleaſure of imagenation realiſed.

Taſte to our pleaſure, and pleaſure to our taſte.

THE END.