THE
Frisky Songster.

BEING A
Choice Collection of the Newest
SONGS,

Sung this and the last SEASON,

At Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, and
other Places of Public Entertainment.

CONTAINING,

I. The Irish MAID,
II. CUPID the Pretty Plough Boy,
III. The Englishman's WISH,
IV. The Cobbler of Castlesbury,
V. The T'OBIST,
VI. A N N A, a Favourite Irish Song,
VII. Willy's Rare, and Willy's Fair.

Printed by R. Carpenter, No. 14, HolbVeer-Neat
Weaver-Smithfield.
The Irish Maid

Come all you young fellows that follows the raking trade,
I would have you beware of a bonny black Irish maid.

With a Van Du Arroon, Se Ron du.

There's French, and there's Scotch, there's English and Germany,
A few can compare, with bonny black Irish maid.) With a Van, Du.

My love's like an angel, when she in her morning dress,
I close her sweet lips and her bosom I often press.
With a Van, Du, &c.

You talk of her beauty, and her so much do praise,

Come here Mr. Van Du, and tell me where her beauty lays.

Aran, Du Ayal, Du &c.

Her lips are like coral, her cheeks is like the damask rose,
Her teeth is like Ivory, and her eyes as black as sloes.) With a Van Du, &c.

My bonny black Irish maid, few with her can compare,
With her rosy cheeks and bonny black Irish hair.
With a Van Du, &c.

I have travel'd to Dublin, and from Dublin to
Cork and King Sail,
And in all my rovings, my hobby did never fail,
With a Van Du, &c.
Was I but in Dublin, among the green cocks of hay,
I would put two stones over her; to keep the wind from blowing her away.
With a Van Du, &c.

Come all you young sailors that follow the rak-ing strain;
Pray fail over to Dublin and have her new steel’d again,
With a Van Du, a Roon,
A yal Du my bonny black Irish maid.
So there’s an end to my bonny black Irish maid.

C U P I D  the Pretty Plough BOY,

A s I walk’d out one May morning,
When May was all in bloom,
I went into the meadows sweet,
To take the sweet perfume,
I went into a flow’ry fiedl,
I turn’d my head a-while,
Where I saw Cupid the plough boy,
Who did my heart beguile.

As this young man was ploughing,
His furrows deep and low,
Breaking his clods to pieces,
Some barley for to few,
I wish this pretty plough boy,
My eyes had never seen.
’Twas Cupid the pretty plough boy
With his arrow sharp and keen.
If I should write a letter,
My mind to him unfold,
Perhaps he'd take it scornful,
And say I am full bold,
I wish he'd prove much kinder,
And return my heart again,
’Tis Cupid, the pretty plough boy,
With his arrows sharp and keen.

A worthy rich young gentleman,
A courting to me came,
And because I would not marry him,
My parents did me blame,
Adieu young man for ever,
Farewell, for ever adieu,
’Tis Cupid, the pretty plough boy,
Has caused my heart to rue.

The plough boy hearing the lady,
Most falsely to complain,
Cried, my dearest jewel,
I will ease you of your pain,
If you will wed a plough boy,
For ever I will be true,
’Tis you my heart have wounded,
And I love none but you.

The lady soon consented,
To be his lawful bride,
And then they went into the church,
And there the knot was tied,
So now they live in pleasure,
For they have gold in store,
The lady and the plough boy,
Each other do adore.
The Englishman's W 1 S II.

Now England it seems does with troubles abound,
While false France and proud Spain, feign would run aground,
Rouz each loving Briton, your valour now show
Yes shew them old England was ever their foe,
And we'll conquer those blusterers with ease.

This American war, to us fatal has been,
But let us hope time will settle those matters again.
Then our vengeance we'll hurl on these frog eaten foes,
Till their lillies does homage to the English rose.

They've surely forgot how we beat them last war
Or they'd been so fond with old England to jar,
But our thunder shall soon bring they're gallic pride down,
For the insults they gave to King George and his Crown.

Let them think how Wolfe dy'd for his country's sake,
Boscawen and Hawke in achievements were great
Byron, How and Keppel, that's now on the main
The glory of old England will ever maintain.

Who the devil could think they'd ever us invade
When in Camp our brave soldiers nobly parade
Except 'twas to taste of our good English cheer,
Our roast beef and plum pudding and our humming strong beer.

Tho' there's many in England I've heard to cry
They're glad to their hearts we've lost America.
And for old England's ruin they aloud would cry
But such rebellious dogs ought at Tyburn to die.
Now push round the bumper and to the King,
Over a full flowing bowl the chorus let's sing,
To all soldiers and sailors that venture's their lives
Kind heaven preserve here their children and wives.

The Cobbler of Castlebury

IT was in a Village near Castlebury,
A Cobbler and his wife did dwell,
And for a time no two so merry,
Their happiness no tongue could tell,
But to this couple the neighbours tell us,
Did something happen which caused strife,
But going to a neighbouring ale-house,
The man got drunk and beat his wife.

Although he treated her so vilely,
What did his wife poor creature do,
Kept snug and found a method flily,
To ring his heart quite through and through,
For Dick, the tapster and his master,
Both perceiving of the strife,
Were both in hopes by this disaster,
To gain the Cobbler's pretty wife.

While all things went rack and ruin,
And all the furniture was sold,
She seem'd to approve of what was doing,
And got from each a purse of gold,
So now the Cobbler's cares are over,
He vows to lead an altered life,
To mind his work not to be a rover,
And love no other but his wife.
The TOAST.

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Likewise to the widow of fifty,
Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife, that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lads,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glasses.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
Likewise to her that has none sir,
Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,
And here is to her that's but one sir,

Let the, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry,
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl, that is merry.

Let the, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient I care not a feather,
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast them together,

Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lads,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glasses.

A N N A; a Favourite Irish Song.

Shepherd I have lost my love,
Pray have you seen my Anna,
Pride of every shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna.

I for my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain,
Let my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood 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.

Whether is my charmer flown,
Shepherds tell me whither,
Ah! woe for me, perhaps she's gone,
For ever, and for ever.

Willy's Rare and Willy's Fair

With tuneful pipe and merry glee,
Young Willy won my heart,
A blither swain there could never be.
All beauty without art,
Willy's rare and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wonderous bonny,
And Willy say's he'll marry me,
Gin ere he'll marry any.

How came you by yon water side,
Pulled you the rose or lilly,
How came you by yon meadows green,
Or saw you my sweet Willy,
Willy's rare, &c.

Since now the trees are in their bloom,
I'll meet my lad among the boughs,
And flowers spread all o'er the green,
I'll lead him to my summer's scene,
Willy's rare, &c.

FINIS