THE

NEW ENTERTAINING

Frisky Songster;

OR,

MUSES HOLIDAY.

BEING A

COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE

English, Scots, and Irish

Songs, Catches, &c.

CONTAINING

The best of those which have been sung at the public Places of Amusement from the Year 1700 down to the present Time, and interspersed with several Originals.

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THE
NEW ENTERTAINING
FRISKY SONGSTER;
OR,
MUSES HOLIDAY.

A Favourite Song.

Written by Dr. Percy.

Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
Nor ſigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can ſilent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and ruſſet gown?
No longer dreſt in ſilken ſheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canſt thou quit each courtly ſcene,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not caſt a wiſh behind?
Say, canſt thou face the parching ray,
Nor ſhrink before the wintry wind?
O can that ſoft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardſhip learn to bear,
Nor, ſad, regret each courtly ſcene,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

O Nancy! canſt thou love ſo true,
Thro' perils keen with me to go;
Or when thy ſwain miſhap ſhall rue,
To ſhare with him the pang of woe?
Say, ſhould diſeaſe or pain befal,
Wilt thou aſſume the nurſe's care;
Nor, wiſtful, thoſe gay ſcenes recal
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

And when at laſt thy love ſhall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repreſs each ſtruggling ſigh,
And chear with ſmiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathleſs clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret thoſe ſcenes ſo gay,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

VARIETY IS CHARMING.

I'M in love with twenty
I'm in love with twenty,
And could adore
As many more,
For nothing's like a plenty.
Variety is charming,
Variety is charming,
And conſtancy
Is not for me,
So ladies you have warning.

He that has but one love,
Looks as poor
As any boor,
Or like a man with one glove.
Variety, &c.

Not the fine regalia
Of eaſtern kings,
The poet ſings,
But oh! the fine ſeraglio.
Variety, &c.

Girls grow old and ugly,
And can't inſpire
The ſame deſire,
As when they're young and ſmugly.
Variety, &c.

Why has Cupid pinions;
If not to fly
Through all the ſky,
And ſee his favourite minions.
Variety, &c.

Love was born of beauty,
And when ſhe goes,
The urchin knows,
To follow is his duty.
Variety, &c.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. BARNSHAW at the GROTTO GARDENS.

The words by Mr. BOYCE. Set by Mr. BREWSTER.

THE ſprightly horn awakes the morn.
And bids the hunter riſe;
The opening hound, returns the ſound,
And eccho fills the ſkies;
And eccho fills the ſkies.
See ruddy health, more dear than wealth,
On yond' blue mountain's brow;
The neighing ſteed, invokes our ſpeed,
And reynard trembles now;
The neighing ſteed, invokes our ſpeed,
And reynard trembles now.

In ancient days, as ſtory ſays,
The woods our fathers ſought;
The ruſtic race ador'd the chace,
And hunted as they fought.
Come let's away, make no delay,
Enjoy the foreſt's charms;
Then o'er the bowl, expand the ſoul,
And reſt in Cloe's arms.

BE QUIET.

Sung by Mr. SUETT at the GROTTO GARDENS.

Muſic by Mr. BREWSTER.

AS to'ther day young Damon came,
Where Cloe ſat demure,
He ſigh'd and gaz'd to own his flame,
For love had ſtruck him ſure.
His awkward mein amaz'd the fair,
Which he, no doubt, ſeem'd ſhy at,
And when he prais'd her ſhape and air,
She anſwer'd, ſwain, be quiet, be quiet,
She anſwer'd, ſwain, be quiet.

My dear, he cry'd, O be not coy,
Nor deem my meaning rude,
Let love like mine thy mind employ,
True love can ne'er intrude.
Her hand he then aſſay'd to kiſs,
Which, frowning, ſhe cry'd, fie at,
And when he ſtruggled for the bliſs,
'Twas be a little quiet.

The ſwain perceiv'd her alter'd tone,
And boldly graſp'd her hand,
The nymph was forc'd to own the flame,
And join'd in Hymen's band.
Alas! how chang'd each wedded pair!
The power of words they try at,
Now Damon has not one to ſpare,
But pray, dear wife, be quiet.

Sung by Mr DUNSTALL, in Love in a Village.

A Plague of thoſe wenches! they make ſuch a pother,
When once they have let a man have his will;
They're always a whining for ſomething or other,
And cry, he's unkind in his carriage.
What tho'f he ſpeak 'em ne'er ſo fairly,
Still they keep teazing, teazing on,
You cannot perſuade 'em,
'Till promiſe you've made 'em;
And after the've got it,
They'll tell you——ad rot it!
Their character's blaſted, they're ruin'd, undone;
And then, to be ſure, ſir,
There is but one cure, ſir,
And all their diſcourſe is of marriage.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

MY Nancy quits the rural plain,
And kindly ſeeks her faithful ſwain,
Who, 'midſt the din of war's alarms,
His much-lov'd country calls to arms.

Of old, when heroes ſally'd forth,
To reſcue innocence and worth,
The fair one's image in the heart,
Could vigour to their nerves impart:

Then what ſuperior laurels, now,
Muſt grace the happy ſoldier's brow;
Bleſt with her preſence in the field,
To whom alone his heart can yield!

THE CAMP-MEDLEY.

THE lark was up, the morning grey,
The drum had beat a revelly,
And jolly ſoldiers on the ground,
In peaceful camp ſlept ſafe and ſound:
Only one poor ſoldier, who,
Nought but love could e'er ſubdue,
Wander'd to a neighb'ring grove,
There to vent his plaints of love.

For women are whimſical, changeable things,
Their ſweets, like the bee's, are mingled with ſtings;
They're not to be got without toil, care and coſt,
They're hard to be won and are eaſily loſt.
In ſeeking a fair-one, I found, to my ſmart,
I know not the way, but I loſt my own heart.

Ah! hapleſs, hapleſs day,
That e'er I ſaw fair Biddy;
My heart ſhe ſtole away,
My head ſhe turn'd quite giddy.
The world may laugh and ſtare,
'Tis truly ſtrange to ſee,
A lover ſo ſincere,
A ſwain admir'd like me.

She's graceful, tall and ſlender,
  She's brighter than the ſun;
Her looks are ſoft and tender,
  But oh! her heart's of ſtone:
Nor tears, nor ſighs can move her;
  My bleeding heart ſhe ſees,
She knows too well I love her,
  In vain I ſtrive to pleaſe.

Too vainly once I thought
  To gain the lovely charmer,
And every method ſought,
  In hopes to win and warm her;
But all my hopes are over!
  What charms then can I try?
But, like a hapleſs lover,
  I'll ſet 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:

  Riſe, ſoldier, riſe,
The drum has beat to arms,
Hark to her loud alarms!
  Hang her beauty,
  Mind your duty,
Think not of her charms.

  Riſe, ſoldier, riſe,
I'll take you by the hand,

And I'll lead you thro' the land ;
I'll give you the command
Of a well chofen band.
Don't be ſtupid,
Drive away Cupid,
Follow Minerva's wiſe advice.

Soldier, go home, go home,
Nor mind your miſtreſs's ſcorn ;
Slight, ſlight her again ;
For ſlighted vows ſhould ſlight return.

The ſoldier thus rouz'd from his amorous ſloth,
Haſted away to his duty ;
Swore to Minerva a terrible oath,
He'd never more think of her beauty.
Batchelor bluff, batchelor bluff ;
Heigh for a heart that is rugged and tough.

He that is ſingle can never wear horns ;
He that is ſingle is happy ;
He that is married lies upon thorns,
And always is ragged and ſhabby.
Batchelor bluff, &c.

He that is ſingle, he fears not the rout,
Nothing can to him be ſweeter ;
He has no wife that can wimper and pout,
Or cry, Can you leave me, dear creature.
Batchelor bluff, &c.

Ye belles and flirts, ſo ſmart and fair,
Say, are not ſoldiers form'd for love?

For you ſhall find them all ſincere,
  Would you but kind and conſtant prove:
But if you ſlight their paſſion ſtill,
  And tyrraniſe o'er hearts ſo true,
Depend upon't they'll all rebel,
  And will not care one fig for you.

Ah! hold your fooliſh tongue
A little laughing Cupid ſaid,
  Have you not heard it ſung,
That conſtancy will win a maid?
  And what on earth would ever prove
  Superior to the joys of love!

Let wiſdom preach in ſchools,
For what has ſhe with love to do;
  We go not by ſuch rules:
Unbounded pleaſure we purſue;
  On roſy wine our fancies fly;
  We ev'ry worldly care defy.

Let Mars in council boaſt,
Of reſolution, ſtrength, and art;
  Love comes without a hoſt,
And ſteals away the ſoldier's heart:
  Love breaks the bow, the ſword and ſpear,
  And turns the angry face of war.

E'en mighty Jove above
Hath been by Cupid's pow'r o'ercome;
  There's none can conquer love,
Tho' arm'd with ſword and ſpear, or gun.
  Then ground your arms, ye ſons of war;
  None can reſiſt the Britiſh fair.

A TOUCH ON THE TIMES.

Written by JAMES WORDALE, Esq.

COME listen, and laugh at the times,
Since folly was never so ripe;
For ev'ry man laughs at those rhimes
That give his own follies a wipe:
We live in a kind of disguise;
We flatter, we lye, and protest,
While each of us artfully tries
On others to fasten the jest.

The virgin, when first she is woo'd,
Returns ev'ry sigh with disdain:
And while by her lover pursu'd,
Can laugh at his folly and pain:
But when from her innocence won,
And doom'd for her virtue to mourn,
When she finds herself lost and undone,
He laughs (tho' unjust) in his turn.

The fools, who at law do contend,
Can laugh at each other's distress,
And while the dire suit does depend,
Ne'er think how their substance grows less;

Till hamper'd by tedious expence,
  Altho' to compound they are loth,
They'll find, when reſtor'd to their ſenſe,
  The lawyers ſit laughing at both.

But while we perceive it the faſhion
  For each fool to laugh at the other,
Let us ſtrive, with a gen'rous compaſſion,
  To correct, not contemn, one another.
We all have ſome follies to hide,
  Which, known, would diſhonour the beſt;
And life, when 'tis thoroughly try'd,
  Like friendſhip, will ſeem but a jeſt.

Written by Mr. SHENSTONE.

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
  What anguiſh I felt at my heart!
And I thought—but it might not be ſo——
  She was ſorry to ſee me depart.
She caſt ſuch a languiſhing view,
  My path I could ſcarcely diſcern;
And ſo ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
  I thought ſhe had bade me return.

Methinks ſhe might like to retire
  To the grove I had labour'd to rear;
For whatever I heard her admire,
  I haſted, and planted it there.

Her voice ſuch a pleaſure conveys,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſays,
I'm ſure ſtill to love hér the more.

And now, ere I haſte to the plain,
Come, ſhepherds, and tell of her ways;
I could lay down my life for the ſwain
Who would ſing me a ſong in her praiſe.
While he ſings, may the maids of the town
Come flocking, and liſten the while;
Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
Tho' I cannot allow her to ſmile.

To ſee when my charmer goes by,
Some hermit peeps out of his cell;
How he thinks of his youth with a ſigh!
How fondly he wiſhes her well!
On him ſhe may ſmile, if ſhe pleaſe,
It will warm the cool boſom of age——
Yet ceaſe, gentle Hebe, O ceaſe,
Such ſoftneſs will ruin the ſage.

I've ſtole from no flow'rets that grow,
To deck the dear charms I approve;
For what can a bloſſom beſtow,
So ſweet, ſo delightful as love?

I ſing in a ruſtical way;
A ſhepherd, and one of the throng;
Yet Hebe approves of my lay:
Go, poets, and envy my ſong.

THE EFFORTS OF LOVE AND MUSIC.

THE morning op'd ſmiling, all nature was gay,
And Flora had chequer'd the grove;
The thruſh and the linnet were heard on the ſpray,
Attuning their voices to love.

Young Damon, well pleas'd, in a woodbine retreat,
To Phillis unboſom'd his mind;
But his paſſion in vain did the ſhepherd repeat,
With coolneſs his ſuit ſhe declin'd.

In murmurs ſoft muſic now glides thro' the air,
To harmony wakens the vale;
The nymph caught the ſound, when her raptures declare
Full hopes of ſucceſs to his tale.

Exulting, thus Damon his wiſhes expreſs'd—
Thoſe notes breathing love's gentle fire,
Speaking joy to Alexis, with Sylvia bleſs'd,
And love all their virtues inſpire:

O ceaſe, then, my deareſt, to treat with diſdain
An heart ſway'd by virtue and love,
But haſte to yon fane at the top of the plain,
And Hymen's mild influence prove.

Thus muſic and love were too much for the fair;
In vain ſhe her wiſhes would hide;
Her bluſhes the ſtate of her boſom declare,
And Damon could not be deny'd.

THE CROSS-PURPOSES.

Sung at RANELAGH.

TOM loves Mary paſſing well,
And Mary ſhe loves Harry;
But Harry ſighs for bonny Bell,
And finds his love miſcarry;
For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
Whilſt Mary ſlights his paſſion:
So ſtrangely freakiſh are the turns
Of human inclination.

Moll gave Hal a wreath of flow'rs,
Which he, in am'rous folly,
Conſign'd to Bell, and in few hours
It came again to Molly:

Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo,
No turtles can be truer;
Each loves the object they purſue,
But hates the kind purſuer.

As much as Mary Thomas grieves,
Proud Hal deſpiſes Mary;
And all the flouts which Bell receives
From Tom, ſhe vents on Harry.
If one of all the four has frown'd,
You ne'er ſaw people grummer;
If one has ſmil'd, it catches round,
And all are in good-humour.

Then, lovers, hence this leſſon learn,
Throughout the Britiſh nation;
How much 'tis ev'ry one's concern
To ſmile at reformation.
And ſtill, thro' life, this rule purſue,
Whatever objects ſtrike you,
Be kind to them that fancy you,
That thoſe you love may like you.

Sung at FREE-MASONS HALL.

ASSIST me, ye fair tuneful nine,
Euphroſyne grant me thy aid;
Whilſt the honours I ſing of the trine,
Preſide o'er my numbers, blythe maid.

Ceaſe clamorous faction, oh ceaſe!
Fly hence all ye cynical train;
Diſturb not, diſturb not the Lodge's ſweet peace,
Where ſilence and ſecreſy reign.

Religion untainted here dwells,
Here the morals of Athens are taught;
Great Hiram's tradition here tells
How the world out of chaos was brought.
With fervency, freedom, aud zeal,
Our maſter's commands we obey;
No cowan, no cowan our ſecrets can ſteal,
No babler our myſt'ries betray.

Here wiſdom her ſtandard diſplays;
Here nobly the ſciences ſhine;
Here the temple's vaſt column we raiſe,
And finiſh a work that's divine.
Illum'd from the eaſt with pure light,
Here the arts do their bleſſings beſtow,
And all perfect, all perfect unfold to the ſight,
What none but a maſon can know.

If on earth any praiſe can be found,
Any virtue unnam'd in my ſong,
Any grace in the univerſe round,
May theſe to a maſon belong:

May each brother his paſſions ſubdue,
Practiſe charity, concord, and love,
And be hail'd, and be hail'd by the thrice happy few
Who preſide in the grand Lodge above.

Sung in the JUBILEE.

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

Ye trees of the foreſt, ſo rampant 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, is Britain's great boaſt;
Preſerv'd once our king; and will always our coaſt:
Of the fir we make ſhips; that thouſands that fight,
But one, only one, like our Shakeſpeare can write.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flow'rs;
The garden of Shakeſpeare all fancies 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 bays, and the vine, all in one.
All ſhall yield, &c.

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

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

HOW blithe was I each morn to ſee
My ſwain come o'er the hill!
He leap'd the brook, and flew to me:
I met him with good will.
I neither wanted ewe, nor lamb,
While his flocks near me lay:
He gather'd in my ſheep at night,
And chear'd me all the day.
Oh! the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
Where loſt was my repoſe;
I wiſh I was with my dear ſwain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed ſo ſweet,
The birds ſtood liſt'ning by:
The fleecy flock ſtood ſtill and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody:
While thus we ſpent our time, by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the faireſt dame,
Tho' e'er ſo rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
Could I but faithful be?
He ſtole my heart; cou'd I refuſe,
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
Hard fate! that I muſt baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt ſwain
That ever yet was born.
O the broom, &c.

BLITHE COLIN.

Written by Mr. HAWKINS.
Sung at RANELAGH.

BY the ſide of the ſweet river Tay,
Or elſe on the banks of the Tweed,
Young Colin he whiſtles all day,
Or merrily pipes on his reed.

His mind is a ſtranger to care,
For he is blithe, bonny, and free;
At harveſt, at wake, and at fair,
No ſwain is ſo chearful as he.

At eve, when we dance on the green,
How ſprightly he joins in the throng;
So pleaſing his air and his mien,
So gaily he trips it along!
The laſſes his manners adore,
And ſtrive his affections to gain;
When abſent, for him they deplore,
All ſigh for the ſmiles of the ſwain.

But I am the girl to his mind,
He choſe me above all the reſt,
And vows that to me he'll be kind,
With me he will ever be bleſt.
The maidens all envy my bliſs,
And tell me I'm ſimple and vain;
Yet I'm not diſpleaſed at this,
Nor heed their contempt and diſdain.

CUPID'S RECRUITING SERGEANT.

A Cantata. Sung by Mr. VERNON, at VAUXHALL.
Muſic by Mr. POTTER.

RECITATIVE.

FROM Paphos iſle, ſo fam'd of old, I come,
To raiſe recruits with merry fife and drum;
The queen of beauty here by me invites,
Each nymph and ſwain to taſte of ſweet delights:
Obey the call, and ſeek the happy land,
Where captain Cupid bears the ſole command.

AIR.

Ye nymphs and ye ſwains who are youthful and gay,
Attend to the call and be bleſt while you may;
Lads and laſſes hither come,
To the ſound of the drum,
I have treaſure in ſtore which you never have ſeen;
Then haſte, let us rove,
To the iſland of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

Each nymph of ſixteen who would fain be a wife,
Shall ſoon have a partner to bleſs her for life;
Then laſſes hither come,
To the ſound of the drum,
I have ſweethearts in ſtore ſuch as never were ſeen;

Haſte, haſte let us rove,
To the iſland of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

Would a ſwain but be bleſt with a nymph to his mind,
Let him enter my liſt, and his wiſh he ſhall find;
I can bleſs him for life,
With a kind loving wife,
More beautiful far, than was nymph ever ſeen:
Then haſte let us roye
To the iſland of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

In Paphos, we know of no diſcord nor ſtriſe,
Each nymph and each ſwain may be happy for life;
In tranſport and joy,
We each moment employ,
And taſte ſuch delights as were never yet ſeen;
Then haſte, let us rove
To the iſland of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

A FAVOURITE SONG,

Sung by Mrs. SMITH, in the Deserter.

SOME how my Spindle I mislaid,
And lost it underneath the grass;
Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
And said, what seek you pretty lass?
A little love when urg'd with care,
Oft leads a heart, and leads it far,
Oft leads a heart, &c.

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak,
That I my spindle lost just now;
His knife then kindly Damon took,
And from the tree he cut a bough;
A little love when urg'd with care,
Will lead a heart, and lead it far,
A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
While me he tenderly beheld;
He talk'd of love, I leapt for joy,
For ah, my heart did fondly yield:
A little love when urg'd with care,
Will lead a heart, and lead it far,
A little love, &c.

SWEET ROBIN.

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

A FAVOURITE SONG.

OH! how shall I, in language weak,
My ardent passion tell,
Or from my fault'ring tongue to speak,
That cruel word, farewell;
Farewell—but know, though thus we part,
My thoughts can never stray:
Go where I will my constant heart
Must with my charmer stay.

DEIL TAK' THE WARS.

DE'IL tak' the wars that hurried Billy from
me,
Who to love me juſt had ſworn;
They made him captain ſure to undo me;
Woe's me he'll ne'er return.
A thouſand loons abroad will fight him,
He from thouſands ne'er will run,
Day and night I did invite him,
To ſtay at home from ſword and gun.
I us'd alluring graces,

With muckle kind embraces,
Now ſighing, then crying, tears dropping fall;
And had he my ſoft arms
Preferr'd to wars alarms,
My love growing mad, all for my bonny lad,
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I waſh'd and I patch'd, to mak' me look provok-
ing,
Snares that they told me would catch the men,
And on my head a huge commode ſat poking,
Which made me ſhew as tall again;
For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
Which with golden flow'rs did ſhine;
My love weil might think me gay and bonny,
No Scots laſs was e'er ſo fine,

My petticoat I ſpotted,
Fringe too with thread I knotted,
Lace ſhoes, and ſilk hoſe, garter full over knee ;
But oh ! the fatal thought,
To Billy theſe are nought ;
Who rode to towns, and rifled with dragoons,
When he, ſilly loon, might have plunder'd me.

BONNY LASS LYE IN A BARRACK.

O Bonny laſs will you lye in a Barrack,
And marry a ſoger, and carry his wallet ?
Yes, I will go and think no more on it,
I'll marry my Harry and carry his wallet :
I'll neither aſk leave of my minnie or daddie,
But off and away with my ſoger laddie.

O bonny laſs will you go a campaigning,
Will you ſuffer the hardſhips of battle and famine,
When fainting and bleeding, O cou'd you draw near me,
And kindly ſupport me, and tenderly chear me ?

O yes I will go, though theſe evils you mention,
And twenty times more if you had the invention ;
Neither hunger, nor cold, nor danger alarms me,
While I have my ſoger, my deareſt, to charm me.

SWEET WILLY, O

THE pride of all nature was ſweet Willy O,
The pride of all nature was ſweet Willy O;
The firſt of all ſwains,
He gladden'd the plains,
None ever was like to the ſweet Willy O.

He ſung it ſo rarely did ſweet Willy O,
He ſung it, &c.
He melted each maid,
So ſkilful he play'd,
No ſhepherd e'er pip'd like the ſweet Willy O.

All nature obey'd him the ſweet Willy O,
All nature, &c.
Where ever he came,
Whate'er had a name,
Whenever he ſung follow'd ſweet Willy O.

He would be a ſoldier the ſweet Willy O,
He would, &c.
When arm'd in the field
With ſword and with ſhield,
The laurel was won by the ſweet Willy O.

He charm'd them while living the ſweet Willy O,
He charm'd, &c.

And when Willy dy'd,
'Twas nature that figh'd,
To part with her all in the fweet Willy O.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

THE lark's fhrill notes awake the morn,
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;
The yellow harveft, free from fpoil,
Rewards the happy farmer's toil;
The flowing bowl fucceeds the flail,
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

A FAVOURITE SONG,

By Dr. ARNE.

HUSH, ye birds, your am'rous tales!
Purling rills, in filence move!
Softly breathe, ye gentle gales!
Left ye wake my flumb'ring love.

O the joy beyond expreffion,
That inchanting form to own!
Then, to hear the foft confeffion,
That her heart is mine alone!

AULD ROBIN GREY.

WHEN the ſheep are in the fauld, and the ky at hame,
And a' the warld to ſleep are gane;
The waes of my heart fa's in ſhow'rs frae my ee,
When my gudeman lyes ſound by me.

Young Jemmy loo'd me well, and he ſought me for his bride,
But ſaving a crown he had nathing beſide;
To mak' that crown a pund, my Jemmy gade to ſea,
And the crown and the pund were baith for me.

He had nae been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither ſhe fell ſick, and the cow was ſtoun awa';
My father brak' his arm, and my Jemmy at the ſea,
And auld Robin Grey came a courting me.

My father coudna' work, and my mither coudna' ſpin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny for their ſakes, O marry me.

My heart it ſaid nay, I look'd for Jemmy back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ſhip it was a wreck,
The ſhip it was a wreck, why didna Jemmy die?
And why do I live to ſay waes me?

Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mither didna ſpeak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,
So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the ſea,
And auld Robin Grey is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When ſitting ſae mournfully at the door,
I ſaw my Jemmy's wreath, for I coudna think it he,
Till he ſaid, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we ſay;
We took but ae kiſs, and we tore ourſels away:
I wiſh I were dead! but I'm no like to die,
And why do I live to ſay waes me?

I gang like a ghaiſt, and carena to ſpin;
I darena think on Jemmy, for that wou'd be a ſin;
But I'll do my beſt a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Grey is kind unto me.

THE RESOLVE.

Sung by Miſs DOWSON, at the Grotto Gardens.

Set to Muſic by Mr. BATES.

MY father and mother for ever they chide,
Becauſe I young Colin approve :
Tho' witty and manly, they him can't abide,
But I'm alone guided by love.
My father, I warrant, when at Colin's age,
No doubt but purſu'd the ſame plan ;
My mother, 'tis certain, took care to engage
At once to make ſure of her man.

And why ſhould not I the ſame maxim purſue ;
I wonder ſhe angry can be,
When I in my turn the ſame thing but do,
As ſhe has long done before me.
But firſt when the ſhepherd my favour addreſs'd,
Like others I threw o'er a veil,
He'd ſigh, and he'd kiſs, when ſo cloſely he preſs'd,
I cou'd not but hear his fond tale.

I candidly own, whene'er the youth's by,
I've all I can wiſh in my view ;
Nor will I, like other coy maids, piſh and fie,
The deuce ſhall take me if I do.
Cool ſtreams to the heart, nor flow'rs to the bee,
Such pleaſure they each cannot gain,
As Colin's lov'd preſence is always to me,
For ſure he's the pride of the plain.

And tho' he ſhould ſhow all the arts of his ſex,
Or faithleſs as others might prove,
It wou'd not my mind by half ſo perplex,
But knowing none elſe worth my love.
That thought I will baniſh, lay fifty to ten
The licence he ſoon will procure;
Perhaps you will ſay, well and prithee, what then,
I'll wed him, my dear, to be ſure.

A NEW SONG:

Addreſs'd to Miſs S. P--TT--N.

By a YOUTH.

FAIR's my Sally as the day,
Brighter than the blooming May;
Cupid revels in her eyes;
On her lips rich nectar lies.

When ſhe moves, 'tis Juno walks;
When ſhe ſpeaks, Minerva talks;
When ſhe ſings, th' angelic ſtrain
Might aſſwage the fierceſt pain.

Claſp'd within her ſnowy arms,
Bleſs'd with all her world of charms;
Let me, thus enthron'd, expire.
Gods! 'tis all that I deſire.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

BY the ſide of a ſtream, at the foot of a hill,
I met with young Phebe who lives at the mill,
My heart leapt with joy at ſo pleaſing a ſight,
For Phebe, I vow, is my only delight.

I told her my love, and ſat down by her ſide,
And ſwore the next morning I'd make her my bride,
In anger ſhe ſaid, Get you out of my ſight,
And go to your Phillis; you met her laſt night.

Surpriz'd, I reply'd, Pray, explain what you mean,
I never, I vow, with young Phillis was ſeen,
Nor can I conceive what my Phebe is at,
Oh! can't you, ſhe cry'd, well I love you for that.

Say, did you not meet her laſt night on this ſpot?
O Colin, O Colin, you can't have forgot;
I heard the whole ſtory this morning from Mat,
You ſtill may deny it, I love you for that.

Tis falſe, I reply'd, deareſt Phebe believe,
For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive;
You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat,
And ſurely my charmer muſt hate him for that.

Come, come then, ſhe cry'd, if you mean to be
kind,
I'll own 'twas to know the true ſtate of your mind;
Tranſported I kiſs'd her, ſhe gave me a pat,
I made her my wife, and ſhe loves me for that.

THE CHARMS OF THE BOTTLE.

YE mortals whom trouble and ſorrow attend,
Whoſe life is a ſeries of pain without end,
For ever depriv'd of hope's all-chearing ray,
Ne'er know what it is to be happy a day.
Obey the glad ſummons, the bell-bar invites,
Drink deep, and I warrant it ſets you to rights.

When poverty enters, an unwelcome gueſt,
By hard-hearted duns too continually preſt,
When brats begin crying and ſqualling for bread,
And wife's never ſilent till faſt in her bed,
Obey the glad ſummons, &c.

Did Neptune's ſalt element run with freſh wine,
Tho' all Europe's powers together combine,
Our brave Britiſh ſailors need ne'er care a jot,
Surrounded by plenty of ſuch rare grape ſhot.
Obey the glad ſummons, &c.

Was each dull, pedantical, text-ſpinning vicar
To leave off dry preaching, and ſtick to his liquor,
O how would he wiſh for that power divine,
To change, when he would, ſimple water to wine!
Obey the glad ſummons, &c.

If wine, then, can miracles work, ſuch as theſe,
And give to the troubled mind comfort and eaſe,
Deſpair not that bleſſing in Bacchus you'll find,
Who ſhowers his gifts for the good of mankind.
Obey the glad ſummons, the bar-bell invites;
Drink deep, and I warrant it ſets you to rights.

ACHILLES AND PATROCLUS.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN ſtern Achilles left the Grecian band,
And orders gave to ſeek his native land;
Juſt as the naval fleet prepar'd to go,
Patroclus ſtrove Achilles's grief to know.
Whence comes that ſigh——why heaves thy manly breaſt,
What fiend invidious robs my friend of reſt?

Divine Achilles, let Patroclus know,
For friends ſhould always ſhare in private woe?
Enough, Achilles ſaid—moſt noble youth,
From thee, alas! who can conceal the truth?

AIR.

Know then, my friend, ungrateful Greece
This day demands my Briſeis fair;
And I, alas! no more ſhall ceaſe
To be immers'd in endleſs care.
But mark, ye gods, ſhould Hector carnage ſpread,
Unmov'd Achilles will ſmile o'er the dead.

RECITATIVE.

Patroclus heard, while tears half drown'd his eyes;
And could you ſee your country bleed? he cries;
Could you, relentleſs to the prayers of all,
See Hector triumph in the Grecian's fall!
Behold! they fly—to parly is diſgrace;
Lend me your armour, I'll the danger face:
Hector himſelf will be alarm'd with fears,
When in the front thy blazing creſt appears,
Achilles like, I'll ſee my country freed,
Or bravely in the glorious combat bleed.

AIR.

Omnipotent Jove,
And ye pow'rs above,

From dangers great Achilles ſhield,
While I undiſmay'd,
In his armour array'd,
Seek peril and death in the field.
Adieu then, my friend,
I'll ſtrive to defend
Thoſe princes Achilles did ſhield:
Oh! may I, like you,
Great Hector ſubdue,
Or breathleſs be ſtretch'd on the field.

RECITATIVE.

Alternate griefs Achilles' boſom rend,
He ſcarce can ſay, Farewell, adieu, my friend.
Patroclus clad in godlike armour bright,
Each Trojan trembles at the boding ſight.
The fight began; but oh! the fates decreed
Patroclus for ungrateful Greece ſhould bleed;
He fell——yet ere an herald could diſcloſe
What cauſe Achilles had for inward woes,
The godlike warrior the ſad tidings gueſs'd,
And thus the anguiſh of his ſoul expreſs'd.

AIR.

My friend, I conceive by the aſpect you wear,
Your meſſage my peace may deſtroy;
But Achilles is proof againſt ſorrow and care,
And never again will know joy.

If Patroclus is dead, oh! ye powers divine,
The hand that depriv'd him of breath,
Let it feel, in return, the vengeance of mine,
And death be aton'd for in death.

Once more in the field, cruel Hector ſhall find
Achilles his valour will try;
Achilles will prove him, no ſkulking-behind
Shall enable the traitor to fly.
Then grant, potent Jove, ſince Patroclus is ſlain,
This arm may the wretch's blood ſpill;
When revenge is compleat, on yon hoſtile plain,
Do with me, great Jove, what you will.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry ſwain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,
Tho' thus I languiſh, thus complain,
Alas! ſhe ne'er believes me.
My vows and ſighs, like ſilent air,
Unheeded, never move her;
At the bonny buſh aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I firſt did love her.

That day ſhe ſmil'd, and made me glad,
No maid ſeem'd ever kinder;

I thought myſelf the luckieſt lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there paſs'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet ſhe ſhews diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny buſh bloom'd fair in May,
It's ſweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my ſtrains,
Why thus ſhould Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her ſmiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn deſpair,
My paſſion no more tender,
I'll leave the buſh aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

BONNY CHRISTY.

HOW sweetly smells the simmer green!
Sweet taste the peach and cherry;
Painting and order please our een,
And claret makes us merry:
But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
Loss a' their charms and weaker powers,
Compar'd with those of Christy.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightsome is't to hear the lark
And birds in concert chanting;
But if my Christy tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration:
My thoughts with extasies rejoice,
And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping she'll prove a woman;
But dubious of my ain desert,
My sentiments I smother;
With secret sighs I vex my heart,
For fear she love another.

Thus ſang blate Edie by a burn,
His Chriſty did o'er-hear him;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But e'er he wiſt drew near him.
She ſpake her favour with a look
Which left nae room to doubt her;
He wiſely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My Chriſty!—witneſs, bonny ſtream,
Sic joys frae tears ariſing,
I wiſh this may na be a dream;
O love the maiſt ſurpriſing!
Time was too precious now for tauk;
This point of a' his wiſhes
He wadna with ſet ſpeeches bauk,
But war'd it a' on kiſſes.

THE MAN TO HER MIND.

LEAVE party diſputes, your attention I pray,
All you who to mirth are inclin'd,
And of thoſe I diſlike when you hear what I ſay,
You may gueſs at the man to my mind.

Ye ſelf-loving coxcombs, whoſe fondneſs is ſeen
From the form your falſe mirrors diſplay,

When you talk of a paſſion, as nothing you mean,
So all goes for nothing you ſay.

No pretenſion I boaſt to the aukward young heir,
Tho' born to a wealthy eſtate,
Who paying no court to the charms of the fair,
Buys a wife, like a calf, by her weight.

The old batter'd rake ſure no woman can love,
Who has long reckon'd marriage a curſe;
Tho' his great condeſcenſion he's ready to prove,
By taking his wife for a nurſe.

A fool for a huſband ſome females have choſe,
And repentance oft rues what is paſt,
Tho' he turns for a ſeaſon which way the wind blows,
The weathercock's ruſty at laſt.

But the man that has ſenſe, with a heart th ſincere,
Where paſſion and reaſon agree,
Whoſe fortune's ſufficient to combat with care
—Can't you gueſs at the lover for me?

A DRINKING SONG.

COME, my never-frowning glaſs,
Always welcome to my lip;
Here's to Delia, lovely laſs,
Oh, how grateful is the ſip.
This is pleaſure to the ſoul,
This will baniſh care away;
He who hates the ſmiling bowl,
What's he fit for, topers ſay?

Sung in the WEDDING RING.

THE trav'llers, that through deſarts ride
By conduct of ſome friendly ſtar;
When clouds obſcure their truſty guide,
Out of their courſe muſt wander far:

So I with penſive care and pain,
In abſence ſtill muſt ſtray;
Till you, my ſtar, ſhine out again,
And light me on my way.

Sung in the QUAKER.

WHILE the lads of the village ſhall merri-
rily, ah!
Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along;
And I ſay unto thee, that verily, ah!
Thou and I will be firſt in the throng.
While the lads, &c.

Juſt then, when the ſwain who laſt year won the
dow'r,
With his mates ſhall the ſports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladneſs reſounds from each
bow'r,
And thou long'ſt in thy heart to make one.
While the lads, &c.

Theſe joys which are harmleſs, what mortal can
blame?
'Tis a maxim, that youth ſhould be free;
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the
ſame,
Believe me, thou'lt preſently ſee.
While the lads, &c.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'TWAS Summer, and ſoftly the breezes were
blowing,
And ſweetly the nightingale ſung from the tree,
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,
I ſat myſelf down on the banks of the Dee,
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou ſweet river;
Thy banks' pureſt ſtreams ſhall be dear to me ever;
For there I firſt gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me and left me thus
mourning,
To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he:
And, ah! there's no hope of his ſpeedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapleſs youth! o'er the rude roaring
billows;
The kindeſt and ſweeteſt of all the gay fellows;
And left me to ſtray 'mong the once loved willows,
The lonelieſt maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet reſtore
him;
Bleſt peace may reſtore my dear ſhepherd to me;
And when he returns with ſuch care I'll watch
o'er him
He never ſhall leave the ſweet banks of the Dee.

The Dee then ſhall flow, all its beauties diſplaying;
The lambs on its banks ſhall again be ſeen playing;
While I with my Jamie am careleſly ſtraying,
And taſting again all the ſweets of the Dee.

RURAL CONTENTMENT.

Being the Sequel to the Banks of the DEE.

Tune, O bonny laſs will you lie in a Barrack.

I SAT on a bank by the ſide of a river,
I thought my dear Jamie had left me for ever,
But while I ſat penſively ſighing and mourning,
Ah! who ſhould I ſee, but my Jamie returning.

I ſtraight ran to meet him, I threw my arms round him,
Still charming, ſtill kind, ſtill conſtant I found him,
With ardor he preſs'd me, ah! who could oppoſe him,
While thus I reveal'd the warm wiſh of my boſom.

"O ſtay my dear Jamie, thy follies give over,
No more leave theſe plains, be no longer a rover,
No more ſeek for glory, where cannons loud rattle,
Nor leave my fond arms for the ſound of a battle.

For peace in a cottage and paſtoral pleaſure,
Where love trips with joy, in ſome frolicſome measure,
Believe me, my Jamie, are far more enticing,
Than war's empty pomp, which you've always been prizing."

My Jamie ſmil'd ſweetly, the linnets and thruſhes,
Who chanted their ſongs from the jeſſamine buſhes,
The groves and the plains were ſo gay, ſo inviting,
They made him forget his ambition for fighting.

He ſaid, he would love me, and never would leave me,
He gave me his hand, that he ne'er would deceive me,
He ſwore he'd no more ſhow his foes his reſentment,
But live with his Annie in Rural Contentment.

THE GREY COCK.

O Saw ye my father, or ſaw ye my mother,
Or ſaw ye my true-love John?
I ſaw not your father, I ſaw not your mother,
But I ſaw your true love John.

Its now ten at night, and the ſtars gi'e nae light,
And the bells they ring ding dong;

He's met wi' ſome delay, that cauſeth him to ſtay,
But he will be here ere long.

The ſurly auld carl did naething but ſnarl,
And Johny's face it grew red;
Yet tho' he often ſigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
Till all were aſleep in bed.

Up Johny roſe, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirled the pin;
The laſſie taking tent, unto the door ſhe went,
And ſhe open'd and let him in.

And are ye come at laſt, and do I hold ye faſt?
And is my Johny true!
I have nae time to tell, but ſae lang's I like myſell,
Sae lang ſhall I love you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
And craw when it is day;
Your neck ſhall be like the bonny beaten gold,
And your wings of the ſilver grey.

The cock prov'd falſe, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour o'er ſoon;
The laſſie thought it day, when ſhe ſent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE, LOVE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to ſee;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her ee';
Blyth Davy's blinks her heart did move
To ſpeak her mind thus free:
"Gang down the burn Davie, love,
"Down the burn Davie, love,
"Down the burn Davie, love,
"And ſoon I'll follow thee;
"Gang down the burn Davie, love,
"Down the burn Davie, love,
"Down the burn Davie, love,
"Gang down the burn Davie, love,
"And I'll ſoon follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad ſurpaſs
That dwelt on this burn-ſide;
And Mary was the bonnieſt laſs,
Juſt meet to be a bride.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were roſy red and white,
Her een were bonny blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

As Fate had dealt to him a routh,
Straight, to the kirk he led her,
There plighted her his faith and troth,
And a bonny bride he made her:
No more aſham'd to own her love,
Or ſpeak her mind thus free;
" Gang down the burn Davie, love,
" Down the burn Davie, love,
" Down the burn Davie, love,
" And I'll ſoon follow thee;
" Gang down the burn Davie, love,
" Down the burn Davie, love,
" Down the burn Davie, love,
" Gang down the burn Davie, love,
" And I'll ſoon follow thee.

SOCIAL POW'RS.

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

CHORUS.

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.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
Source of gen'rous passions;
But will ne'er bow down before
Those idols wealth and fashions.
Bring the flask, &c.

Why the plague should we be sad,
Whilst on earth we moulder;
Whether we're merry, grave or mad,
We ev'ry day grow older.
Bring the flask, &c.

Then since time will steal away,
Spite of all our sorrow;
Heighten ev'ry joy to day,
And never mind to-morrow.

Bring the flask the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
And leave dull care behind us.

CHORUS.

Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us:
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
And leave dull care behind us.

WILLIE OF THE DALE.

AS through the fields I chanc'd stray,
To hear the linnet's song,
I met a shepherd in my way,
The blithest of the throng.
He stopt and gave my cheek a pat,
And told a tender tale;
Then stole a kiss,——but what of that;
'Twas Willie of the dale.

He press'd my hand, and talk'd of love
With extacy divine;
Nay, swore he'd ever faithful prove,
And, if I pleas'd, be mine.

To meet him thus, (no creature near,)
Soon made my cheeks look pale;
But he declar'd I need not fear
Young Willy of the dale.

None sure poſſeſs ſuch charms as he,
To win a maiden's mind;
He's youthful, witty, gay and free,
And what's ſtill more he's kind;
For now he meets me ev'ry night,
At which the laſſes rail,
And vows I am the ſole delight
Of Willy of the dale.

THE CHESHIRE-CHEESE.

Tune, Ye gods, you gave to me a wife.

A Cheſhire-man ſet ſail for Spain,
To deal in merchandize;
No ſooner he arriv'd there, than
A Spaniard he eſpies,

Who ſaid, "You Engliſh dog, look here,
What fruits and ſpices fine
Our land produces twice a-year,
You've no ſuch fruit in thine."

The Cheſhire-man ran to his hold,
And brought a Cheſhire-cheeſe,
Then ſaid, " You Spaniſh dog behold!
You've no ſuch fruits as theſe.

" Your land produces twice a year
Rich fruit and ſpice you ſay;
But ſuch as now my hands do bear,
Our land gives twice a-day.

JOCKEY.

AS Jockey was trudging the meadows ſo gay,
So blithe and ſo bonny his air;
He met a young laſs who was going his way,
Her face all ſo clouded with care;
He ask'd her what made her ſo moping and ſad?
'Twas pity if ſhe were in pain:
She ſigh'd, " I have loſt the very beſt lad,
And I never ſhall ſee him again!".

Is he gone to the wars for full many a year,
Quoth Jockey, who troubles you ſo?
Or elſe, where on earth he can never appear,
Where you and I ſurely muſt go?
" No, he's fled (ſhe reply'd) with another fond ſhe,
Tho' to me he was plighted for aye,
O'er the mountains he's gone with another from me,
And therefore I cannot be gay."

If that's all, quoth Jockey, your wailing give o'er,
He's a loon, who is not worth your pain;
Let him go ſince he's chang'd, be you wretched no more,
Nor think of a falſe-hearted ſwain:
But take, if you will, for the lad of your heart,
Whom fortune has thrown in your way,
I'll ſoothe all your grief, and I'll baniſh your ſmart,
Here I'm ready to do as I ſay.

Then he wip'd her bright eyes, and he ſung her a ſong,
Her face look'd no longer deſpair;
He whiſper'd of love as they ſaunter'd along,
And ſhe thought him a lad worth her care:
She ſmil'd and grew pleas'd, late a ſtranger to joy,
And Jockey perceiving her kind,
More preſſing was grown, and the laſs was leſs coy,
So he drove the falſe loon from her mind.

VAUXHALL BALLAD.

IN a ſycamore ſhade, as I ſat t'other day,
As blithe as the birds in the grove;
It happen'd young Damon was walking that way,
Who often had hinted his love.
I ran to be gone, as I ſaw him appear,
When, kneeling, he beg'd I'd not fly;
So ſoft were his accents, they baniſh'd my fear,
I could not the ſhepherd deny.

He beg'd me to ſtay, whilſt his wiſh he expreſs'd,
And ſwore that he meant me no harm;
My hand to his boſom he eagerly preſs'd,
Which, throbbing, confeſs'd the alarm.
My cheek he declar'd wore the bluſh of the roſe,
My hand with the lily might vie;
That my breath was much ſweeter then either of thoſe;
All this I was forc'd to deny.

He ſaid he ſhould languiſh, and die with deſpair,
Unleſs I requited his love;
And pray'd me to end all his ſorrow and care,
For truer no ſwain e'er could prove:
He begg'd that a day I would ſpeedily name,
And waited to hear my reply;
My bluſhes confeſs'd that I felt all his flame,
Nor could I the ſhepherd deny.

Next morn to the church with my Damon I went,
And gave him my hand and my heart;
E'er ſince have my days been in happineſs ſpent,
Which Hymen alone can impart.
Then hear me, ye nymphs, who are youthful and gay,
From the ſhepherd you love never fly;
The ſpring of your lives will too ſoon glide away;
Beware, leſt too oft you deny.

SOMETHING NEW.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

IN all mankind's promiſcuous race,
The ſons of error urge their chace,
The wondrous to purſue;
And, both in country and in town,
The curious courtier, cit and clown,
Solicit ſomething new.

The poets ſtill from nature take,
And what is ready made they make;
Hiſtorians muſt be true:
How therefore ſhall we find a road,
Thro' diſſertation, ſong, or ode,
To give you ſomething new?

They ſay virginity is ſcarce
As any thing in proſe or verſe,
And ſo is honour too;
The papers of the day imply,
No more than that we live and die,
And pay for ſomething new.

We ſee alike the woeful dearth
In melancholy, or in mirth;
What, then, ſhall ladies do?

Seek virtue as the immortal prize;
In fine, be honeſt, and be wiſe,
For that is ſomething new.

THE LADY'S CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

Written by Mr. T. ADNEY.

I'D have a man of ſenſe and air,
The pride of ev'ry witty fair;
Genteel in make, in ſtature tall,
Polite to me, and good to all.

No powder'd, ſilly, flatt'ring beau,
Who of good ſenſe doth nothing know:
A man of ſcience, fond of books,
Whoſe temper's equal to his looks.

No jealous fears I'd have annoy
The pleaſing proſpect of our joy;
That life a ſcene of love may be
To the dear youth, the world and me.

I'd have this mild and gentle youth
Inſpir'd with wiſdom, grace, and truth;
And as for wealth, I'll not repine,
If he has none, I'll give him mine.

Ye gen'rous gods! I aſk no more;
If ſuch a man you've got in ſtore,
And I'm deſerving, ſpeak your mind,
I'll be to him for ever join'd.

A MAN TO MY MIND.

Written by Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and ſtale virgins deſpis'd,
To all batchelors greering, theſe lines are premis'd;
I'm a maid that would marry—ah! could I but find
(I care not for fortune) a man to my mind!

Not the fair weather fop, fond of faſhion and dreſs;
Not the 'ſquire, who can reliſh no joys but the chace;
Nor the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can bind:
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.

Nor the ruby-fac'd ſot, who topes world without end;
Nor the drone, who can't reliſh his bottle and friend;

Nor the fool, that's too fond; nor the churl that's unkind:
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.

Nor the wretch with full bags, without breeding or merit;
Nor the flash, that's all fury without any spirit;
Nor the fine master fribble, the scorn of mankind;
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.

But the youth whom good-sense and good-nature inspire;
Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should admire;
In whose heart love and truth are with honour conjoin'd:
This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.

Sung in the WEDDING RING.

OF woman to tell you my mind,
And I speak from th' experience I've had,
Not two out of fifty you'll find,
Be they daughters or wives,
But are plagues of their lives,
And enough to make any man mad.

The wrong and the right
Being ſet in their ſight,
They're ſure to take hold of the wrong;
They'll cajole and they'll whimper,
They'll whine and they'll ſnivel,
They'll coax, and they'll ſimper—
In ſhort they're the devil;
And ſo there's an end to my ſong.

Sung in the GOLDEN PIPPIN.

LET heroes delight in the toils of the war,
In maims, blood, and bruiſes and blows;
Not a ſword, but a ſword-knot rejoices the fair;
And what are rough ſoldiers to beaux?
Away then with laurels! come beauty and love,
And ſilence the trumpet and drum;
Let me with ſoft myrtle my brows bear inwove,
And tenderly combat at home.

KITTY; OR, THE FEMALE PHAETON.

Written by Mr. PRIOR.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Beſpoke the fair from whence ſhe ſprung,
With little rage inflam'd;
Inflam'd with rage at ſad reſtraint,
Which wiſe mamma ordain'd,
And ſorely vex'd to play the ſaint,
While wit and beauty reign'd.

Muſt Lady Jenny friſk about,
And viſit with her couſins?
At balls muſt ſhe makē all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens;
What has ſhe better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boaſt;
That all mankind, for her ſhould die,
While I am ſcarce a toaſt?

Dear, dear mamma, for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as ſhe,
Or know the reaſon why.

Fond love prevail'd, mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

Written by AMBROSE PHILLIPS, Esq.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softy speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost!

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away!

A CANTATA.

Sung at RANELAGH.

RECITATIVE.

AS Delia, bleſt with ev'ry grace,
Invok'd ſoft muſic's needleſs aid;
Compleatly conquer'd by her face,
Thus gentle Strephon ſmiling ſaid.

AIR.

Where partial nature may deny
The pow'r of beauty's melting glance,
Let tedious labour toil and try
To ſwell the ſong, or form the dance:
But let your charms alone ſuffice,
And truſt the muſic of your eyes.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who chanc'd to overhear,
Thus ſpoke, as he approach'd more near:
He flatters, do not truſt the ſwain,
But liſten to my honeſt ſtrain.

AIR.

Wonders are told of beauty's pow'r,
Nor faintly warms the tuneful lay;
Your voice and perſon ev'ry hour

By dozens steal our hearts away:
Then how trifling is the prize,
Since fops have ears, and fools have eyes!

Ah! lovely nymph, indeed to bless,
Select the worthiest swain you won;
Who, prizing sound and colour less,
Admires you for your sense alone;
Then leave all little arts behind,
And study to improve the mind.

Sung in BUXOM JOAN.

THE thund'ring drums did beat to battle,
And murm'ring cannons, too, did rattle:
The enemy fiercely assail'd,
And death with its horrors prevail'd.
Heavy moans,
Dying groans,
Cou'd be heard 'midst the loudest alarms!
I fought for your sake,
Made the enemy quake,
And with conquest return to your arms.

Written by Mr. LEMOINE.

HOW fair is my love,
As kind as the dove;
Her temper both lively and gay:
The lily, and roſe,
Upon her cheeks blows,
To give her the ſplendour of May.

Her ſhape, and her mien,
Proclaim her the queen
Of beauty, of virtue, and truth;
Her eyes are like jet,
Her teeth neatly ſet:
Ye gods! in the prime of her youth.

Her voice, like the thruſh,
That ſings on the buſh,
When meadows look blooming and gay:
Each nymph and each ſwain,
That dance on the plain,
Are charm'd with my Phyllis's lay.

She cries, don't repine,
I ſoon ſhall be thine,
And eaſe thy fond boſom of ſtrife;
In pleaſure's ſweet bow'r
We'll paſs ev'ry hour,
While nature ſupplies us with life.

Written by Mr. W—LL—S.

HOW happy was I,
When Delia was by;
Her preſence rejoiced my heart;
No troubles I knew,
My cares were but few,
Till the time I from Delia did part.

Then how ſad the reverſe!
With pain I rehearſe
The diſquiets my mind undergoes;
Time moves ſlowly on,
Content I have none;
Oh! feel for, and pity my woes.

My fair will be juſt,
I can't her miſtruſt,
Her promiſe is binding I'm ſure;
Then why ſo lament?
For ſhame, be content
For the preſent, her abſence endure.

The time ſhortly will be,
When I Delia ſhall ſee,
And with her in wedlock be join'd;
Then how happy my ſtate,
I'll not envy the great,
But enjoy, with my fair, peace of mind.

I covet not wealth,
But a good ſhare of health,
For myſelf and the girl I adore:
We'll live at our eaſe,
And do as we pleaſe;
Ye gods! what can mortals wiſh more.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

ROUSE Britain's warlike throng,
Sound the trumpet, ſtrike the lyre,
Let martial note and ſong
Martial order re-inſpire.

Peace, to Britain ever dear,
All her charms a while foregoes;
Britons will no longer bear
Inſults from diſdainful foes.

Sound the trumpets! ſound again!
Britain claims the martial ſtrain.

See bright honour rear its head,
And, while glory leads the band,
Awful war, with ſolemn tread,
Stalks majeſtic thro' the land.

NUMBERLESS KISSES.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

DEAR Chloe, come give me ſweet kiſſes,
For ſweeter no girl ever gave;
But why, in the midſt of my bliſſes,
Do you aſk me how many I'd have?
I'm not to be ſtinted in pleaſure,
Then, pr'ythee, dear Chloe, be kind;
For ſince I love thee beyond meaſure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields,
Count the flocks that on Tempe are ſtraying,
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;
Count how many ſtars are in heav'n,
Go number the ſands on the ſhore,
And when ſo many kiſſes you've given,
I ſtill ſhall be aſking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
And twiſt round thy neck like a vine.

What joy can be greater than this is!
My life on thy lips ſhall be ſpent;
But the wretch who can number his kiſſes,
Will always with few be content.

THE CONTENTED MILLER.

IN a plain, pleaſant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and ſome meadows, a freehold eſtate;
A well-meaning miller by labour ſupplies
Thoſe bleſſings that grandeur to great ones denies;
No paſſions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His conſtant companions are health and content;
Their lordſhips in lace may take note if they will,
He's honeſt, tho' daub'd with the duſt of his mill.

Ere the lark's early carols ſalute the new day,
He ſprings from his cottage as jocund as May,
He chearfully whiſtles, regardleſs of care,
Or ſings the laſt ballad he bought at the fair.
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of ſtate,
Or bribing elections in hopes to be great,
No fraud of ambition his boſom does fill,
Contented he works, if there's griſt for his mill.

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his homeſpun array,
At church he's the loudeſt to chaunt or to pray;
Then ſits to a dinner of plain Engliſh food,
Tho' ſimple his pudding, his appetite's good;

At night when the prieſt and exciſeman are gone,
He quaffs at the alehouſe with Roger and John,
Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill;
What monarch ſo bleſs'd as the man of the mill.

THE HONEST FELLOW.

PHO! pox o' this nonſenſe, I pr'ythee, give o'er,
And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more;
Their face, and their air, and their mien; what a rout!
Here's to thee, my lad, puſh the bottle about.

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

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

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

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

THE CHEARFUL SPRING.

SHARP winter melts, and ſpreads her wing;
A pleaſing change, a ſmiling ſpring;
The trees their vary'd bloſſoms wear,
And op'ning flow'rs perfume the air;
Sweet Philomela tunes her ſtrain,
And warbling charms the liſt'ning plain.

The ſun encreaſes ev'ry round,
The ſnow is vaniſh'd from the ground,
With ſongs the vocal foreſts ring,
All to adorn the chearful ſpring;
The meadows all around are ſeen
Cover'd o'er with lovely green.

The duſky clouds ſo ſwiftly fly,
And leave behind the azure ſky,
The mountains ſmile, the hills are gay,
And vallies boaſt the pride of May;
The ſtreams that overflow'd the mounds,
Now gently glide within their bounds.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

WHEN Hobbinol entreated Doll,
Within the grove to enter,
She hung her head, and bluſhing ſaid,
She was afraid to venture.

For there poor Nan put faith in man,
And ſorely does repent her,
Which makes me fear no good is near;
And therefore will not venture.

His fond requeſt he eager preſt,
And ſwore no harm he meant her;
By honour ſway'd, be not diſmay'd,
But kindly with me venture.

On wedlock bent was all he meant,
Wou'd that, he ſaid, content her;
To prove me true yon ſteeple view,
Say, will my Dolly venture?

Doubt ſtill poſſeſt the damſel's breaſt,
Till virtue counſel lent her.
Haſte, haſte, he cry'd, be made a bride,
And after you may venture.

Doll gave conſent, to church they went,
A wife back Hymen ſent her,

No more a maid, ſhe's not afraid
With him alone to venture.

A PRISON SONG.

WELCOME, welcome, brother debtor,
To this poor, but merry place;
Where no bailiff, dun, nor letter,
Dares 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 lives in true reſignment,
Thro' the various ſcenes of life.
Scorn to ſhew the leaſt reſentment,
Tho' beneath the frowns of fate;
Knaves and beggars find contentment,
Fears and cares attend the great.

Tho' our creditors are ſpiteful,
And reſtrain our bodies here,
Uſe will make a goal delightful,
Since there's nothing elſe to fear.

Ev'ry iſland's but a priſon,
Strongly guarded by the ſea;
Kings and princes, for that reaſon,
Pris'ners are, as well as we.

What made the great Alexander
Weep at his unfriendly fate?
'Twas becauſe he could not wander
Beyond this world's ſtrong priſon-gate:
For the world is alſo bounded
By the heavens and ſtars above;
Why ſhou'd we, then, be confounded,
Since there's nothing free but Jove?

THE STRAWBERRY-VALE.

Written by Mr. NICHOLLS.

T'OTHER day, in the ſtrawberry-vale,
When only my Phillis was there,
I begg'd ſhe'd attend to my tale,
I long'd to unboſom my care.

With ſmiles, ſweet as Flora's in May,
She bid me my pleaſure impart.
I ſaid, (in a faultering way)
Your eyes have ta'en captive my heart.

The dance and the tabor I ſhun,
No reſt on my pillow I find;
Believe me, wherever I run,
Your image ſtill dwells in my mind.

O! ſooth the keen anguiſh I bear,
Soft pity I read in thine eye;
Ah! quickly, dear charmer, declare,
If the ſhepherd who loves you muſt die?

O! this was a moment of bliſs;
I vow'd to be ever ſincere:
Her hand ſhe preſented to kiſs,
And brighten'd her bluſh with a tear.

And now, if my ſheep are ſecure,
I meet her at eve in the dale,
Where ſhe wiſhes that flame may endure,
She approv'd in the ſtrawberry-vale.

Written by Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

SHALL I, like an hermit, dwell
On a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the ſmalleſt part
That is miſſing of my heart,
To beſtow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?

If ſhe undervalues me,
What care I how fair ſhe be?

Were her treſſes angel gold;
If a ſtranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And, with a little more ado,
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown ſo free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hands as rich a prize
As her hairs, or precious eyes;
If ſhe lay them out to take
Kiſſes for good-manners ſake;
And let every lover ſkip
From her hand unto her lip;
If ſhe ſeem not chaſte to me,
What care I how chaſte ſhe be?

No; ſhe muſt be perfect ſnow,
In effect, as well as ſhow,
Warming but as ſnow-balls do,
Not like fire, by burning too:
But when ſhe by change hath got
To her heart a ſecond lot;
Then, if others ſhare with me,
Farewel her, whate'er ſhe be.

A FREE MASON'S SONG.

WHEN quite a young ſpark,
I was in the dark,
And wanted to alter my ſtation;
I went to a friend,
Who prov'd, in the end,
A free and an accepted maſon.

At a door he then knock'd,
Which quickly unlock'd,
When he bid me to put a good face on,
And not be afraid,
For I ſhould be made
A free and an accepted maſon.

My wiſhes were crown'd,
And a maſter I found,
Who made a moſt ſolemn oration;
Then ſhew'd me the light,
And gave me the right
Sign, token, and word, of a maſon.

How great my amaze,
When I firſt ſaw the blaze!

And ſtruck with the myſtic occaſion!
Aſtoniſh'd! I found,
Tho' free, I was bound
To a free and an accepted maſon.

When clothed in white,
I took great delight
In the work of this noble vocation:
And knowledge I gain'd,
When the lodge he explain'd
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

I was bound, it appears,
For ſeven long years,
Which to me is of trifling duration:
With freedom I ſerve,
And ſtrain ev'ry nerve
To acquit myſelf like a good maſon.

A bumper then fill
With an hearty good will,
To our maſter pay due veneration;
Who taught us the art
We ne'er will impart,
Unleſs to an accepted maſon.

A BUCK'S SONG.

WOULD you taſte the perfume of the morn,
While the dew-drops beſpangle the thorn;
Hark, away, when the ſounds
Of the merry-mouth'd hounds
Keep time with the mellow-ton'd horn;
Ere Phœbus with round ruddy face
The tops of the mountains ſhall grace,
To the ſports of the day
Brother Bucks haſte away,
Purſue with new vigour the chace.

It was Nimrod, the jovial and gay,
Who firſt taught us to hunt for the prey;
And with full-flowing bowls
To enliven our ſouls,
And joyouſly finiſh the day;
Due homage then pay at his ſhrine,
Pour mighty libations of wine;
Fill up to the brink,
To his mem'ry let's drink,
Proclaim our great founder, divine.

THE MARRIED MAN.

I AM marry'd, and happy; with wonder hear this,
Ye rovers, and rakes of the age,
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal blifs,
And who only looſe pleaſures engage:
You may laugh, but believe me you're all in the wrong
When you merrily marriage deride;
For to marriage the permanent pleaſures belong,
And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawleſs connections ariſe,
Are fugitive, never ſincere;
Oft ſtolen with haſte, or ſnatch'd by ſurprize,
Interrupted by doubts and by fear:
But thoſe which in legal attachment we find,
When the heart is with innocence pure,
Are from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection refin'd,
And to life's lateſt hour will endure.

The love which ye boaſt of, deſerves not that name,
True love is with ſentiment join'd;
But yours is a paſſion, a feveriſh flame,
Rais'd without the conſent of the mind.
When, dreading confinement, ye miſtreſſes hire,
With this and with that ye are cloy'd;

Ye are led, and milled, by a flatt'ring falſe fire,
And are oft by that fire deſtroy'd.

If you aſk me from whence my felicity flows;
My anſwer is ſhort—from a wife;
Who for chearfulneſs, ſenſe, and good-nature I choſe,
Which are beauties that charm us for life.
To make home the ſeat of perpetual delight,
Ev'ry hour each ſtudies to ſeize;
And we find ourſelves happy from morning to night,
By our mutual endeavours to pleaſe.

Sung in the ROYAL SHEPHERD.

VOWS of love ſhould ever bind
Men who are to honour true;
They muſt have a ſavage mind,
Who refuſe the fair their due.

Scorn'd and hated may they be,
Who from conſtancy do ſwerve;
So may ev'ry nymph agree
All ſuch faithleſs ſwains to ſerve.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

ON Old England's bleſt ſhore
We are landed once more,
Secure from the ſtorms of the main;
For great George, and his cauſe,
For our country and laws,
We have conquer'd, and will do again.

Where the ſun's orient ray
Firſt opens the day,
On India's extended domain,
The ſwarthy fac'd foes
Who dar'd to oppoſe,
We have conquer'd, and will do again.

Come, my brave hearts of oak,
Let us drink, ſing, and joke,
While here on the ſhore we remain;
When our country demands,
With hearts and with hands,
We are ready to conquer again.

A PASTORAL.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

FAREWELL, ye green fields and ſweet groves,
Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart;
Where nightingales warble their loves,
And nature is dreſs'd without art:
No pleaſure ye now can afford,
Nor muſic can lull me to reſt;
For Phillis proves falſe to her word,
And Strephon can never be bleſt.

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

Too late, to my ſorrow, I find,
The beauties alone that will laſt,
Are thoſe that are fix'd in the mind,
Which envy or time cannot blaſt:
Beware, then, beware how ye truſt
Coquettes, who to love make pretence;

For Phillis to me had been juſt,
If nature had bleſs'd her with ſenſe.

A FREE-MASON'S SONG.

HAIL, maſonry, thou craft divine!
Glory of earth from heav'n reveal'd;
Which doſt with jewels precious ſhine,
From all but maſons' eyes conceal'd;
The praiſes due who can rehearſe,
In nervous proſe, or flowing verſe!

As men from brutes diſtinguiſh'd are,
A maſon other men excels;
For what's in knowledge choice and rare,
But in his breaſt ſecurely dwells!
His ſilent breaſt, and faithful heart,
Preſerve the ſecrets of the art.

From ſcorching heat and piercing cold,
From beaſts whoſe roar the foreſt rends,
From the aſſaults of warriors bold,
The maſon's art mankind defends:
Be to this art due honour paid,
From which mankind receives ſuch aid.

Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false fire,
And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me from whence my felicity flows;
My answer is short—from a wife;
Who for chearfulness, sense, and good-nature I chose,
Which are beauties that charm us for life.
To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
Ev'ry hour each studies to seize;
And we find ourselves happy from morning to night,
By our mutual endeavours to please.

Sung in the ROYAL SHEPHERD.

VOWS of love should ever bind
Men who are to honour true;
They must have a savage mind,
Who refuse the fair their due.

Scorn'd and hated may they be,
Who from constancy do swerve;
So may ev'ry nymph agree
All such faithless swains to serve.

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From beaſts whoſe roar the foreſt rends,
From the aſſaults of warriors bold,
The maſon's art mankind defends:
Be to this art due honour paid,
From which mankind receives ſuch aid.

Enſigns of ſtate that feed our pride,
Diſtinctions troubleſome and vain!
By maſons true are laid aſide;
Arts free-born ſons ſuch toys diſdain.
Ennobled by the name they bear,
Diſtinguiſh'd by the badge they wear.

Sweet fellowſhip, from envy free,
Friendly converſe of brotherhood,
The lodge's laſting cement be!
Which has for ages firmly ſtood.
A lodge thus built, for ages paſt
Has laſted, and will ever laſt.

Then in our ſongs be juſtice done,
To thoſe who have enrich'd the art,
From Adam to great Leven down,
And let each brother bear a part;
Let our grand-maſter's health go round,
His praiſe in ev'ry lodge reſound.

THE FRIAR AND NUN; A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

IN Paris city, they report for truth,
There dwelt an active prieſt in prime of youth;

And in the convent, as ſome others ſay,
There liv'd a nun as blooming as the May:
The rev'rend father ſigh'd for her in vain,
He dar'd not openly his love explain;
Her beauty fann'd the embers of deſire,
But looks auſtere quite damp'd the riſing fire.
At length kind fortune did his wiſhes bleſs,
For the fair nun came to him to confeſs;
With great devotion ſhe her forehead ſign'd,
And thus reveal'd the troubles of her mind:

AIR.

Holy father, believe, for my ſorrows I grieve,
And ſincerely repent each trangreſſion;
One fault, above all, my mind does enthral,
And torments me ſurpaſſing expreſſion.
Tho' to Heav'n I'm bound, yet Cupid has found
The method to lead me aſtray;
Alas! I am frail, for love would prevail,
Tho' conſcience cry'd, ſternly, Stay, ſtay.

RECITATIVE.

The jolly prieſt, as near the fair he ſtood,
Feels genial warmth ſtir up his youthful blood;
Then ſmiling on the lovely ſuppliant fair,
He chuck'd her chin, and bade her not deſpair.
I know no harm there is in love, he ſaid,
Each ſex, my dear, was for the other made;

The church ordains it, and you do no fault,
If to the church you yield up what you ought:
But 'tis a sin if any one should feast
Upon those charms unless he is a priest.

AIR.

Consider how happy will be your condition,
If once you will form a resolution
To bed with a prelate—You need no contrition,
For prelates can give absolution:
Then yield to my arms thy ravishing charms,
Permit me your beauties to rifle;
You know I can bless you, as well as confess you;
Besides, it is only a trifle.

Sung in THOMAS AND SALLY.

WERE I as poor as wretch can be,
As great as any monarch, he,
Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,
I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye pow'rs, (I ask not wealth,)
Grant me but innocence and health;
Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?
'Tis only virtue gives it price.

Written by Mr. CHURCHILL.

A Jolly brisk tar; but a little time since,
As bold as a beggar, as drunk as a prince,
Fell foul of an ale-house, and thinking it sin
To pass without calling, reel'd jovially in.
Derry down; &c.

Scarce seated was he, when the landlord pass'd by,
With pudding and beef, which attracted Jack's eye;
By the main-mast, a sail, boys! then he leapt from his place,
And grasping his bludgeon, gave orders for chace.
Derry down, &c.

Now it happen'd together some Frenchmen were met,
Resolving soup-meagre and frogs to forget,
Convinc'd of their error, commanded this feast
To be drest and serv'd up in the old English taste.
Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord the sailor appears,
And makes the room ring with three British cheers;

Then he ſits himſelf down without further debate,
And claps an old quid in his next neighbour's plate.
Derry down, &c.

Sure nothing could equal the Frenchmen's ſurprize,
When they ſhrugg'd up their ſhoulders, and turn'd up their eyes;
From one dropt a ha, and the other a hem,
All gap'd at the landlord, the landlord at them.
Derry down, &c.

One, more bold than the reſt, by his brethren's advice,
Made a ſneaking attempt to come in for a ſlice;
Jack, cutting his hand, quickly gave him a check,
Cry'd, Down with your arms, or I'll ſoon ſweep the deck.
Derry down, &c.

The landlord enrag'd, now approach'd from afar,
And ſneaking behind, ſeiz'd the arms of the tar;
I have him, ſays he; but he cou'd ſay no more,
Ere he found his dull pate where his heels ſtood before.
Derry down, &c.

The landlord thus ſprawling, the Frenchmen u-
nite,
Each takes up his knife and prepares for the fight;
Of quarters, cries Jack, I would not have you
think;
Strike, ſtrike, you frog-eaters, ſtrike, ſtrike, or you
ſink.
Derry down, &c.

So ſaying, he handled his truſty oak ſtick,
And pour'd in his broad-ſide ſo ſtout and ſo
thick;
So well play'd his part, in a minute, that four
Were decently laid with their hoſt on the floor.
Derry down, &c.

The reſt all diſmay'd at their countrymen's fate,
For fear that Jack's ſtick ſhould alight on their
pate,
Acknowledg'd him victor, and lord of the main,
Withal humbly intreating to bury their ſlain.
Derry down, &c.

Three cheers then he gave, but inſiſted that
they,
For the beef, for the pudding and porter ſhould
pay:

They agreed; ſo the ſailor reel'd off with his wench,
And ſung as he reel'd, Down, down with the French.
Derry down, &c.

Written by SHAKESPEAR.

ORPHEUS, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themſelves, when he did ſing;
To his muſic, plants and flowers
Ever ſprung, as ſun and ſhowers
There had made a laſting ſpring.
Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
E'en the billows of the ſea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by;
In ſweet muſic is ſuch art,
Killing care, or grief of heart,
Fall aſleep, or hearing die.

Sung in the ELECTION.

WHILE 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 at 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.

Tho' ſmall the pow'r which fortune grants,
And few the gifts ſhe ſends us;
The lordly hireling often wants
That freedom that 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—ev'ry Briton's ſong ſhould be,
Or give me death or liberty.

WHAT IS THAT TO YOU; A SCOTCH SONG.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
The live-long ſummer's day,
Till we were almoſt ſpoil'd,
At making of the hay.
Her kerchy was of holland clear,
Ty'd to her bonny brow;
I whiſper'd ſomething in her ear;
But what is that to you?

Her ſtockings were of kerſey green,
And tight as ony ſilk;
O, ſic a leg was never ſeen!
Her ſkin was white as milk.
Her hair was black as ane could wiſh,
And ſweet, ſweet was her mou!
Ah! Jeany daintily can kiſs;
But what is that to you?

The roſe and lily baith combine
To make my Jeany fair:
There is nae beniſon like mine,
I have amaiſt nae care.
But when another ſwain, my fair,
Shall ſay you're fair to view;
Let Jeany whiſper in his ear,
Fray what is that to you?

Sung in the ORACLE.

WOULD you with her you love be bleſt,
Ye lovers, theſe inſtructions mind,
Conceal the paſſion in your breaſt,
Be dumb, inſenſible, and blind:
But when with gentle looks you meet,
And ſee the artleſs bluſhes riſe,
Be ſilent, loving, and diſcreet;
The oracle no more implies.

When once you prove the maid ſincere,
Where virtue is with beauty join'd;
Then boldly like yourſelves appear,
No more inſenſible, or blind:
Pour forth the tranſports of your heart,
And ſpeak your ſoul without diſguiſe;
'Tis fondneſs, fondneſs muſt impart;
The oracle no more implies.

Tho' pleaſing, fatal is the ſnare,
That ſtill entraps all womankind;
Ladies, beware, be wiſe, take care,
Be deaf, inſenſible, and blind:
But ſhould ſome fond deſerving youth
Agree to join in Hymen's ties,
Be tender, conſtant, crown his truth;
The oracle no more implies.

Written by Soame Jennyns, Esq.

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare,
But for heav'n's sake let it suffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your sway;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love of you?

Say, would you use that very pow'r
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin, in one fatal hour,
A life of spotless fame?

Ah! cease, my dear, to do an ill.
Because perhaps you may;
But rather try your utmost skill
To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not pursue;

Since 'tis a taſk for me too hard,
To fight with love and you.

Sung in the Maſque of ALFRED.

IF thoſe who live in ſhepherd's bow'r,
Preſs not the gay and ſtately bed;
The new-mown hay and breathing flow'r
A ſofter couch beneath them ſpread.

If thoſe who ſit at ſhepherd's board,
Soothe not their taſte with wanton art;
They take what nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a chearful heart.

If thoſe who drain the ſhepherd's bowl,
No high and ſparkling wine can boaſt;
With wholeſome cups they chear the ſoul,
And crown them with the village toaſt.

If thoſe who join in ſhepherd's ſport,
Dancing on the daiſy'd ground,
Have not the ſplendor of a court,
Yet love adorns the merry round.

A HUNTING SONG.

HARK! the huntſman's began to ſound the
ſhrill horn,
Come quickly unkennel the hounds:
'Tis a beautiful, glittering, golden-ey'd morn,
We'll chace the fox over the grounds.

See! yonder ſits reynard, ſo crafty and ſly;
Come ſaddle your courſers apace:
The hounds have a ſcent, and are all in full cry;
They long to be giving him chace.

The horſemen are mounted, the ſteeds feel the
ſpur,
And ſwiftly they ſcour it along;
Rapid after the fox runs each muſical cur;
Follow, follow, my boys, is the ſong.

O'er mountains and vallies they ſkim it away,
Now reynard's almoſt out of ſight;
But ſooner than loſe him, they'd ſpend the whole
day
In hunting—for that's their delight.

By eager purſuing they'll have him at laſt:
He's ſo tir'd, poor rogue, down he lies;

Now ſtarts up afreſh—young Snap has him faſt;
He trembles, kicks, ſtruggles, and dies.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

BELIEVE my ſighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe the heart you've won;
Believe my vows to you ſincere,
Or, Peggy, I'm undone:
You ſay I'm fickle, apt to change
At every face that's new;
Of all the girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

My heart was once a flake of ice,
Till thaw'd by your bright eyes;
Then warm'd and kindled in a trice
A flame that never dies:
Then take and try me, and you'll find
A heart that's kind and true;
Of all the girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

Written by Mr. CONGREVE.

PIOUS Selinda goes to pray'rs,
If I but aſk the favour:

And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her;
Wou'd she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done, boys,
Put the glass then around with the sun, boys;
Let Apollo's example invite us,
For he's drunk ev'ry night,
That makes him so bright,
That he's able next morning to light us.

Drinking's a Christian diversion,
Unknown to the Turk and the Persian;
Let Mahometan fools
Live by heathenish rules,
And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee;
While the brave Britons sing,
And drink health to the king,
And a fig for their sultan and sophy.

Written by Mr. BUDGELL.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
My raviſh'd eyes reprove?
And hide 'em from the only face
They can behold with love?

To ſhun her ſcorn, and eaſe my care,
I ſeek a nymph more kind;
And while I rove from fair to fair,
Still gentle uſage find.

But oh! how faint is ev'ry joy,
Where nature has no part;
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.

So reſtleſs exiles, doom'd to roam,
Meet pity ev'ry where;
Yet languiſh for their native home,
Tho' death attends them there.

CUPID, god of pleaſing anguiſh,
Teach the enamour'd ſwain to languiſh,
Teach him fierce deſires to know.
Heroes would be loſt in ſtory,
Did not love inſpire their glory,
Love does all that's great below.

A MARTIAL SONG.

Written by Mr. MAYOR.

TO arms, to arms! Britannia calls;
Awake, ye ſov'reigns of the main;
Lo! treach'ry bids the faithleſs Gauls
Preſume upon your native reign.
Rule, Britannia; Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be ſlaves.

Can free-born ſpirit ſink ſo low,
To ſhudder at a race of ſlaves?
Will Britiſh proweſs tamely bow,
And quit the empire of the waves?
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Tho' folly's baſe, inglorious ſway,
Thy once unclouded annals ſtain;
If wiſdom pointed out the way,
Thy ſons their ſplendor would regain.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

A Chatham, fir'd with honeſt rage,
Would rouſe the courage of this iſle;
Blot paſt diſgrace from mem'ry's page,
And make expiring commerce ſmile.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thrice bleſt the man, ordain'd to ſave
  Theſe nations, in this dreary hour;
To wake the flame that Heav'n firſt gave,
  Diſpel our fears, and raiſe our pow'r.
    Rule, Britannia, &c.

Till heaving ſurges ceaſe to roar,
  His praiſe ſhall grace the roll of fame;
When future ages feel no more
  Our preſent weakneſs, and our ſhame.
Rule, Britannia; Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be ſlaves.

A WELCH SONG.

COT ſplutter o'nails,
Hur was come from North Wales,
  To try hur good fortune in London;
But oh! hur poor heart,
Hur fears, for hur part,
  Alas! hur for ever is undone.

For as hur was coing,
With Shenkin and Owen,
  To pray to goot Tavit hur ſaint, Sir;
A young tamſel hur met,
Put hur all in a ſweat,
  Goot lack hur was ready to faint, Sir.

So pright was hur eyes,
As the ſtars in the ſkies,
Hur lips were like rupies ſo fine, Sir;
Hur cheeks were o'eripread
With a ſweet white and red,
She look't like an angel divine, Sir.

When ſhe ſpoke, how hur voice
Made hur poſome rejoice!
So charming and prafe were hur words, Sir;
The wood-lark, or thruſh,
That ſing on a puſh,
No accents ſo ſweet can afford, Sir.

Since that luckleſs hour,
So creat is love's power,
Hur croans and ſays nothing put Heigh day!
Put her paſſion, hur fear,
Hur can never declare,
For the laſs was as crand as a lady.

Yet true lovers all,
When you hear of hur fall,
O'er her crave ſhed a tear out of pity;
For ſo earneſt her crieves,
Hur ſhall tie, hur believes,
And ſo there's an end to hur ditty.

Sung at RANELAGH.

TO eaſe his heart, and own his flame,
Blithe Jockey to young Jenny came;
But, tho' ſhe lik'd him paſſing weel,
She careleſs turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol,
And prais'd her fingers long and ſmall;
Unuſual joy her heart did feel,
But ſtill ſhe turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

Then round about her ſlender waiſt
He claſp'd his arms, and her embrac'd.
To kiſs her hand he down did kneel;
But yet ſhe turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

With gentle voice ſhe bid him riſe;
He bleſt her neck, her lips, and eyes:
Her fondneſs ſhe could ſcarce conceal;
Yet ſtill ſhe turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

Till, bolder grown, ſo cloſe he preſs'd,
His wanton thought ſhe quickly gueſs'd;
Then puſh'd him from her rock and reel,
And angry turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

At laſt, when ſhe began to chide,
He ſwore he meant her for his bride:

'Twas then her love ſhe did reveal,
And flung away her ſpinning-wheel.

LABOUR IN VAIN.

IN purſuit of ſome lambs from my flocks that had
ſtray'd,
One morning I rang'd o'er the plain;
But alas! after all my reſearches were made,
I perceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length growing hopeleſs my lambs to reſtore,
I reſolv'd to return back again;
It was uſeleſs, I thought, to ſeek after them more,
Since I found that my labour was vain.

On this my return, pretty Phebe I ſaw,
And to love her I could not refrain;
To ſolicit a kiſs, I approach'd her with awe,
But ſhe told me my labour was vain.

But, Phebe, (I cry'd,) to my ſuit lend an ear,
And let me no longer complain.
She reply'd, with a frown, and an aſpect ſevere,
Young Colin, your labour's in vain.

Then I eagerly claſp'd her quite cloſe to my breaſt,
And kiſs'd her, and kiſs'd her again;
O, Colin (ſhe cry'd,) if you're rude, I proteſt
That your labour ſhall ſtill be in vain.

At length, by entreaties, by kiſſes, and vows,
Compaſſion ſhe took on my pain;
She now has conſented to make me her ſpouſe,
So no longer I labour in vain.

Written by Mr. WRIGHTEN.
Sung at VAUXHALL.

SOUND the fife—beat the drum——to my ſtandard repair,
All ye lads who will conquer or die;
At requeſt of my ſex, as a captain I'm here,
The men's courage and valour to try;
'Tis your king and your country now call for your aid,
And the ladies command you to go;
By me they announce it, and you, who're afraid,
Or refuſe, our vengeance ſhall know.

Then firſt to the ſingle— theſe things I declare,
So each maiden moſt firmly decrees,
Not a kiſs will be granted, by black, brown, or fair;
Not an ogle, a ſigh, or a ſqueeze.

To the married—if they but look glum, or say,
no,
Should the monsieur dare bluster or huff,
We've determined, nem. con. that their fore-heads
shall shew——
A word to the wife is enough.

These punishments we've in terrorem proclaim'd;
But still, should your courage be lacking.
As our dernier resort, this resolve shall be nam'd,
Which egad! will soon send you a packing,
We'll the breeches assume——'pon my honour 'tis
true!——
So determine, maids, widows, and wives;
First we'll march——beat the French——then
march back, and beat you——
Aye, and wear 'em the rest of our lives.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plains
With Sally can compare;
She wins the hearts of all the swains,
And rivals all the fair;
The beams of Sol delight and chear,
While summer seasons roll;
But Sally's smiles can all the year
Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the eaſt the morning ray
Illumes the world below,
Her preſence bids the god of day
With emulation glow :
Freſh beauties deck the painted ground,
Birds ſweeter notes prepare ;
The playful lambkins ſkip around,
And hail the ſiſter fair.

The lark but ſtrains his livid throat,
To bid the maid rejoice,
And mimicks, while he ſwells his note,
The ſweetneſs of her voice ;
The fanning zephyrs round her play,
While Flora ſhe'll perfume,
And ev'ry flow'ret ſeems to ſay,
I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
From morn to eve their tale ;
Her beauty and unſpotted fame
Make vocal ev'ry vale,
The ſtream meandring thro' the mead,
Her echo'd name conveys ;
And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
Is tun'd to Sally's praiſe.

No more ſhall blithſome laſs or ſwain
To mirthful wake reſort,
Nor ev'ry May-morn on the plain
Advance in rural ſport;
No more ſhall guſh the purling rill,
Nor muſic wake the grove,
Nor flocks look ſnow-like on the hill,
When I forget to love.

BRITANNIA; A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN diſcord ceas'd, and bloody broils no more
In war deſtructive ſhook this happy ſhore;
When carnage ceas'd, and death refus'd to ſtain
With Britiſh blood the dreadful martial plain:
Britannia roſe, and with a grateful ſmile,
In gentle accents, thus addreſs'd her iſle.

AIR.

Ye Britons, what nation like England can ſing,
In freedom we riſe ev'ry day;
In freedom we ſleep, and are bleſt with a king.
'Tis a pleaſure in all to obey;
Then, my children, encreaſe
The ſweet bleſſings of peace,

Let trumpets in melody join;
While truth ſhall proclaim
George's virtues and fame,
Which on record for ever will ſhine.

RECITATIVE.

The ſound ſeraphic reach'd the royal ear,
And gazing crowds the heav'nly accents hear;
Reviving joy returns in ev'ry breaſt,
War diſappear'd, and peace the kingdom bleſt;
The happy iſle no greater bleſſing ſeeks,
The monarch riſes, and thus nobly ſpeaks:

AIR.

Britannia, be aſſur'd I pride to ſee
Myſelf the monarch of a people free;
Happy to govern o'er this bliſsful iſle,
Where bleſſings on my ſubjects ever ſmile;
As long as I the royal ſcepter bear,
My country's good ſhall be my greateſt care;
May peace continue, nor my people know
The caſual griefs which from Bellona flow;
Firm to Britannia's cauſe my arms ſhall ſleep,
As long as England's foes their treaties keep;
But if my lion is induc'd to roar,
Deſtruction hovers round the Gallic ſhore.

JESSY; OR, APRIL DAY.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

WHILE the bee flies from bloſſom to bloſſom,
and ſips,
And my Jeſſy looks buxom and gay;
Let me hang on her neck, and taſte from her lips
All the ſweets of an April day.

The ſhepherd his flock, the ruſtic his plough,
The farmer with joy views his hay,
And Jeſſy, my charmer, when milking her cow,
Sings the ſweets of an April day.

Like ſnow-drops with innocent ſweetneſs array'd
As blithſome and chearful as May,
My Jeſſy, the pride of all the gay mead,
Sung the ſweets of an April day.

Remember, dear Jeſſy, and uſe well your pow'r,
Your roſe-buds then pluck while you may:
And guiltleſs enjoy all the ſweets of this hour,
For youth's but an April day.

A RECRUITING SONG.

Sung at SADLER'S WELLS.

COME, volunteers, come
To the head of the drum,
And all you can muſter along with you bring;
  Leave maſters and mothers,
  And fathers, and brothers;
Nor think of a duty, but that to your king.

  Thou'rt active, young neighbour,
  Then throw off thy labour,
And ſwop thy baſe pillow for bed of renown;
  Dick, Harry, and Hugh,
  Won't you do ſo too?
A guinea I'll give you, d'y'ſee, and a crown.

  Good linen and cloaths,
  With hats, ſhoes, and hoſe,
For a gentleman ſoldier fit every thing;
  To my quarters then come,
  Beer, brandy, and rum,
Swig your bellies full—God ſave the king.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

'TIS a twelvemonth ago, nay perhaps they are twain,
Since Thyrſis neglected the nymphs of the plain,
And would tempt me to walk the gay meadows along,
To hear a ſoft tale, or to ſing him a ſong.

What at firſt was but friendſhip, ſoon grew to a flame,
In my heart it was love, in the youth's 'twas the ſame;
From each other we ſought not our paſſion to hide,
But who ſhould love moſt was our conteſt and pride.

But prudence ſoon whiſper'd us, Love not too well,
For envy has eyes, and a tongue that will tell;
And a flame, without fortune's rich gifts on its ſide,
The grave ones will ſcorn, and a mother muſt chide.

Afraid of rebuke, he his viſits forbore,
And we promis'd to think of each other no more,
But to tarry with patience a ſeaſon more kind;
So I put the dear ſhepherd quite out of my mind.

But love breaks the fences I vainly had made,
Grows deaf to all cenſure, and will be repaid;
If we ſigh for each other, ah! quit not your care;
Condemn the god Cupid, but bleſs the fond pair.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

A Wit and captain ſtrove, Sir,
To gain a lady's love, Sir;
And warm in competition,
To pleaſe his miſtreſs moſt.
The bravo, like a warrior,
Thought he by ſtorm ſhou'd carry her,
And ſwore he'd guard her perſon
From danger and aſperſion,
And ſhe ſhou'd be his toaſt.

The poet ſoftly told her,
That tho' he was no ſoldier,
He'd make her fame eternal,
In Magazine or Journal,
And ſing away her cares.
The lady then reflecting
Whoſe parts were moſt affecting,
Thought ſpark of tuneful merit
Outweigh'd the bluſt'ring ſpirit,
And thus her mind declares.

My honour wants no Hector
To be its ſtern protector;
No Myrmidon to frighten,
But Phaon to delight in;
So, captain, march along.
'Tis gentle wit and breeding,
Is worth a lady's heeding;
No hopes our hearts of gaining,
Without firſt entertaining;
So let me have a ſong.

But juſt then in the nick, Sir,
A ſquire of ſilver quick, Sir,
With gold-knot on his rapier,
Who well could cut a caper,
Now play'd before her eyes.
His air and dreſs ſo taking,
Without the pains of ſpeaking,
This moſt engaging youngſter,
By far outſhone the ſongſter,
And danc'd off with the prize.

THE HUMOROUS LASS.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

SMART Doll of the green, who lov'd mirth as
her life,
By many a ſwain was requeſted to wife;
Her figure was graceful, and comely her face,
Yet in her affections no man had ta'en place;
The ſquire of the vill took it into his head,
That he by great proffers could win her to bed;
But all his fine artifice Dolly thro' ſaw,
And baulk'd the poor ſquire with a hearty ha! ha!

Next Hodge of the vale all his flame did impart,
Who knew nothing more than a plough or a cart;
With aukward addreſs he made a ſtrange fuſs,
Turn'd his hat o'er his thumb, and begg'd for a
'buſs.
The lout fetch'd a ſigh, and cry'd 'deed Doll 'tis
true,
Iſe love thee moſt woundily, i'faith, girl I do;
But ſhe ſlapp'd his fool's chaps and bid him with-
draw,
So ſent him away while ſhe laugh'd ha! ha!

The next was a fellow ſo ſmart and ſo ſpruce,
Who caper'd and ſung, 'mong the girls play'd the
deuce,

And poor Doll thought to ſerve as the reſt,
But ſhe was too ſharp, and of him made a jeſt.
Quoth Doll, I'll ne'er wed till I meet with a man!
Much leſs let a fop my affections trapan;
And ſaid, ſuch a thing ſhe before never ſaw,
But hop'd he'd excuſe it, and laugh'd out ha! ha!

With the ladies, I know, 'tis a primitive rule,
Much better be plagu'd with a knave than a fool;
An' others, again, this opinion impart,
Their eyes they will pleaſe if they torture their heart.
From theſe I diſſent, but approve of the plan
That Dolly laid down, till you meet with your man;
Then your hands and your hearts may unite without flaw,
And your conjugal ſtate be one ſcene of ha! ha!

A GOOD-FELLOW'S WILL.

SHOULD I die by the force of good wine,
'Tis my will, when I fall, that a tun be my ſhrine;
And for the age to come,
Engrave this ſtory on my tomb:
Here lies a body once ſo brave,
Who with drinking made his grave.

Since thus to die will purchaſe fame,
And raiſe an everlaſting name,
Drink, drink away, and dare to be nobly in-
terr'd:
Let miſers and ſlaves
Sneak into their graves,
And rot in a dirty church-yard.

THE MILITIA MARCH.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

HARK! the loud drum;
Hark the ſhrill trumpet ſounds to arms;
Come, Britons! come:
Prepar'd for war's alarms,
Whilſt in array we ſtand,
What Frenchman dares to land?
Sure in the attempt to meet his doom;
A leaden death, or a wat'ry tomb.
The Britons brave,
On land or wave,
Will invaders defy;
Will repulſe them, or die,
And ſcorns to live a ſlave.

Recal the days
When bravely your forefathers fought;
When, crown'd with praiſe,
They martial glory ſought.
Bid their high deeds inſpire!
Bid Magna Charta fire!
Greatly they labour'd for our good;
All forms of tyranny withſtood.
Theſe we defy:
On our own ſtrength rely.
What Briton ſo baſe,
Would his country diſgrace,
And from his colours fly?

Now party ſpite
No more our meaſures will oppoſe;
For all unite
'Gainſt our inſulting foes.
All then in chorus ſing,
Long live our gracious king!
Fill to George the ſparkling bowl;
Hand it round, each loyal ſoul.
Riſe patriot fame!
Thy glories proclaim:
Who his ſword boldly draws
In his country's cauſe,
Will win a deathleſs name.

Written by Mr. DAWRE.

YE ſongſters from ev'ry tree,
And all that inhabit the grove,
Come, liſten a moment to me,
Whilſt I ſing in the praiſe of my love.
How bleſt and how happy's your ſtate!
You can baſk in the beams of her eyes;
But, alas! ſad to tell, cruel fate
To me the dear bleſſing denies.

Ye lambkins who play at her feet,
And enjoy her ſweet ſmiles all the day,
I ſhould think my bliſs more than complete
In her preſence one moment to ſtay:
Thoſe beauties are hid from your eyes,
As bleating around her you ſtand;
Ye feel no emotions ariſe
While contented ye feed from her hand.

In her all the graces do meet;
In her all the virtues combine;
With all that is lovely or ſweet,
And all that is reckon'd divine.
Oh! would ſhe but ſmile on my lays,
'Twould more than compenſate my pain;
Ye poets contend for the bays,
Such trifles as theſe I diſdain.

BLUE-EY'D NANCY.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

THE flow'r of females, beauty's queen!
Who ſees thee ſure muſt prize thee;
Tho' thou art dreſt in robes but mean,
Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee:
Thy graceful air, and modeſt look,
Strike ev'ry ſhepherd's fancy O;
Thou'rt match for ſquire, for lord, or duke,
My lovely blue-ey'd Nancy O.

Oh! were I but ſome ſhepherd ſwain,
To feed my flocks beſide thee,
To tend my ſheep upon the plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myſelf a happier man,
With thee to pleaſe my fancy O;
Than he that hugs his thouſands ten,
Had I my blue-ey'd Nancy O.

Then I'd deſpiſe th' imperial throne,
And ſtateſmen's dang'rous ſtations;
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
And ſmile at conqu'ring nations;

Might I poſſeſs, and ſtill careſs,
This laſs that ſtrikes my fancy O!
For theſe are joys, and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with blue-ey'd Nancy O.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

IN good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty had no harm in't,
A zealous high-church man I was,
And ſo I got preferment:
To teach my flock I never miſt;
Kings are by God appointed;
And thoſe are damn'd that do reſiſt,
And touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law, I will maintain
Until my dying day, Sir;
That whatſoever king ſhall reign,
I will be vicar of Bray, Sir.

When royal James obtain'd the throne,
And pop'ry came in faſhion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration:
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my conſtitution,
And had become a Jeſuit,
But for the revolution.
And this is law, &c.

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

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

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, Sir,
I turn'd a cat in pan once more,
And then became a whig, Sir;
And ſo perferment I procur'd
By our new faith's defender;
And always every day abjur'd
The pope and the pretender.
And this is law, &s.

The illuſtrious houſe Hanover,
And proteſtant ſucceſſion,
To theſe I do allegiance ſwear,
While they can keep poſſeſſion;
For by my faith and loyalty
I never more will faulter,
And George my lawful king ſhall be,
Until the times ſhall alter.
And this is law, I will maintain
Until my dying day, Sir;
That whatſoever king ſhall reign,
I will be vicar of Bray, Sir.

Sung at RANELAGH.

WHEN firſt my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking firſt ſhow'd my young ſkill;
To bear the milk bowie nae pain gave to me,
So at eve I was bleſt with thy piping and thee:
For aye as I milk'd, and aye as I ſang,
My yellow-hair'd laddie ſhall be my good man.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on moreland, or ſweet riſing fells;
Nae birns, briers, or brakens, gave trouble to me,
So I eat the ſweet berries when gather'd by thee:

For aye as I walk'd, and aye as I ſang,
My yellow-hair'd laddie ſhall be my good man.

When you ran, or wreſtled, or putted the ſtane,
And came off the victor, my heart was aye fain;
Give me ſtill all theſe pleaſures, my ſtudy ſhall be
To make myſelf better and ſweeter for thee:
For aye as I wedded, and aye as I ſang,
My yellow-hair'd laddie ſhall be my good man.

A WELCH LOVE-SONG.

SOME ſing Molly Mogg of the Roſe,
And call her the Oakingham Pelle;
Whilſt others do verſes compoſe
On peautiful Molly Lepelle.

Put of all the young virgins ſo fair,
Which Pritain's crete monarchy owns;
In peauty there's none to compare
With hur charming tear Gwinifrid Shones.

Unenviet the ſplentit condition
Of princes that ſit upon thrones:
The higheſt of all hur ampition
Iſs the loſe of fair Gwinifrid Shones.

Pold mortals the clobe will ſearch ofer
For cold and for tiamond ſtones;
Put hur can more treaſure tiſcofer
In peautiful Gwinifrid Shones.

Not the nightingale's pitiful note
Can expreſs how poor Shenkin bemoans
His fate, when in places remote
Hur is abſent from Gwinifrid Shones.

Hur lofe iſs than honey far ſweeter,
And hur is no Shenkin ap drones;
Put hur would lapour in proſe and in metre,
To praiſe hur tear Gwinifrid Shones.

As the harp of Saint Tavit ſurpaſſes
The pagpipes poor tweetles and crones;
So Lepelle, Molly Mogg, and all laſſes,
Are excell'd by hur Gwinifrid Shones.

Sung in COMUS.

ON ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each ſtream,
Dear conſcious ſcenes of former love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
The hills, the groves, the ſtreams remain,
But Damon there I ſeek in vain.

Now to the moſſy cave I fly,
Where to my ſwain I oft have ſung,
Well pleas'd the browzing goats to ſpy,
As o'er the airy ſteep they hung.
The moſſy cave, the goats remain,
But Damon there I ſeek in vain.

Now thro' the trembling vale I paſs.
And ſigh to ſee the well-known ſhade,
I weep, and kiſs the bended graſs,
Where love and Damon fondly play'd.
The vale, the ſhade, the graſs remain,
But Damon there I ſeek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
Groves, flocks, and fountains pleaſe no more,
Each flower in pity drops its head,
All nature does my loſs deplore.
All, all reproach the faithleſs ſwain,
Yet Damon ſtill I ſeek in vain.

Sung in the WIVES REVENGER.

MASTER Jenkins ſmok'd his pipe,
And ſwore he'd ne'er be married,
But 'gainſt each huſband threw ſome wipe,
Or dry jeſt drolly carried.
Maſter Jenkins thought a wife
The greateſt mortal evil,
And ſwore to lead a husband's life
Muſt be the very devil.

Maſter Jenkins ſmok'd his pipe
At home, content, and married,
Regardleſs of each ſneer or wipe,
Or dry jeſt drolly carried:
Maſter Jenkins ſwore a wife
Was not ſo great an evil;
And any but a husband's life
Was now the very devil.

Maſter Jenkins ſmok'd his pipe,
And had been ſome months married;
Severely now he felt each wipe,
For horns the poor man carried:
Maſter Jenkins curs'd his wife,
And ſwore of ſuch an evil
To get well quit he'd part with life,
Or ſend her to the devil.

ROBIN HOOD.

AS blithe as the linnet ſings in the green wood,
So blithe we'll wake the morn;
And, thro' the wide foreſt of merry Sherwood,
We'll wind the bugle horn.

The ſheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood;
Bold Robin diſdains to fly;
Let him come when he will, we'll in merry Sherwood
Or vanquiſh, boys, or die.

Our hearts they are ſtout, and our bows they are good,
As well their maſters know;
They're cut in the foreſt of merry Sherwood,
And ne'er will ſpare a foe.

Our arrows ſhall drink of the fallow-deers blood;
We'll hunt them o'er the plain;
And thro' the wide foreſt of merry Sherwood,
No ſhaft ſhall fly in vain.

Brave Scarlet and John, who were never ſubdu'd,
Gave each his hand ſo bold;
We'll reign thro' the foreſt of merry Sherwood;
What ſay, my hearts of gold!

THE VIRGIN MONITOR.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

YE virgins of Britain, who wisely attend
The dictates of reason, who value a friend,
Come lift to my counsel, and mark what I say;
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

Tho' guarded by virtue's all fostering hand;
Tho' modesty lend you her magical wand;
Tho' innocence deck you with spotless array,
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

When first the gay beauties of nature appear,
And Phœbus' bright smile chears the juvenile year;
When the birds chant their amorous notes from each spray,
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

Should Flora propose you the vernal delight
Her delicate paintings exhibit to sight:
In her meadows and fields should you frolic and play,
Beware, O beware of the dangers of May.

When the blood briskly flows, the all-eloquent eyes
Reveal ev'ry secret the heart would disguise;

The boſom quick-panting with force ſeems to ſay,
'Tis hard to reſiſt all the dangers of May.

Should this amorous youth, this ſoft ſcene to improve,
With ardour implore the reward of his love;
If Hymen attend you, his dictates obey,
For wedlock removes all the dangers of May.

THE TEAR.

Written by the late Queen of DENMARK.

HOW prone the boſom is to ſigh!
How prone to weep, the human eye!
As thro' this painful life we ſteer,
This valley of the ſigh and tear.

When by the heart with ſorrow griev'd,
A thouſand bleſſings are receiv'd,
With ev'ry comfort that can chear;
'Tis then bright virtue's grateful tear.

When ev'ry parting pang is o'er,
And friends long abſent meet once more,
Fraught with delight, and love ſincere;
'Tis then ſweet friendſhip's joyful tear.

When two fond lovers doom'd to part,
Feel deadly pangs invade their heart,
Torn from the object each holds dear;
'Tis then, O then! the parting tear.

When wretches, on the earth reclin'd,
Their doom of condemnation sign'd,
(The end of earthly being near;)
'Tis then soft pity's gentle tear.

If on some lovely creature's face,
Rich in proportion, colour, grace,
A pearly drop should once appear;
'Tis then the lovely, beauteous tear.

When mothers, (O! the grateful sight)
Their children view with fond delight;
Surrounded by a charge so dear,
'Tis then the fond, maternal tear.

When lovers see the beauteous maid,
To whom their fond attention's paid,
With conscious blushing sobs draw near;
'Tis then the lovely, pleading tear.

When two dear friends, of kindred mind,
By ev'ry gen'rous tie conjoin'd,
Behold their dreaded parting near,
'Tis then, O then! the bitter tear.

But when the wretch, with ſins oppreſs'd,
Strikes in an agony his breaſt;
When torn with guilt, remorſe, and fear;
'Tis then the beſt, the ſaving tear.

FANNY OF THE DALE.

Written by Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

LET the declining damaſk roſe
With envious grief look pale;
The ſummer bloom more freely glows
In Fanny of the dale.

Is there a ſweet that decks the field,
Or ſcents the morning gale,
Can ſuch a vernal fragrance yield,
As Fanny of the dale?

The painted belles, at court rever'd,
Look lifeleſs, cold, and ſtale:
How faint their beauties, when compar'd
With Fanny of the dale!

The willow binds Paſtora's brows,
Her fond advances fail:
For Damon pours his warmeſt vows
To Fanny of the dale!

Might honeſt truth, at laſt, ſucceed,
And artleſs love prevail:
Thrice happy could he tune his reed
With Fanny of the dale!

A FAVOURITE SONG.

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 upon this bowl that's flowing,
And a thouſand charms you'll find,
More than in Chloe when juſt going
In the moment to be kind!

Alexander hated thinking;
Drank about at council board;
Made friends, and gain'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conquering ſword.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

AH! Chloris, could I now but ſit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happineſs nor pain!
When I this dawning did admire,
And pray'd the coming day,
I little thought that riſing fire
Would take my reſt away.

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay
As metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms inſenſibly
To their perfections preſt,
So love, as unperceiv'd, did fly,
And center'd in my breaſt.

My paſſion with her beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart:
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a beauty, ſhe
Employ'd the utmoſt of her art;
To make a lover, he.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

TELL me, laſſes, have you ſeen,
Lately wand'ring o'er the green,
Beauty's ſon, a little boy,
Full of frolic, mirth, and joy?
If you know his ſhelter, ſay;
He's from Venus gone aſtray:
Tell me, laſſes, have you ſeen
Such a one trip o'er the green?

By theſe marks the god you'll know,
O'er his ſhoulder hangs a bow,
And a quiver fraught with darts,
Poiſon ſure to human hearts:
Tho' he's naked, little, blind,
He can triumph o'er the mind.
Tell me, laſſes, &c.

Subtle as the lightning's wound,
Is his piercing arrow found;
While the boſom'd heart it pains,
No external mark remains;
Reaſon's ſhield itſelf is broke,
By the unſuſpected ſtroke.
Tell me, laſſes, &c.

Oft the urchin's ſeen to lie
Baſking in the ſunny eye:
Or his deſtin'd prey he ſeeks
On the maiden's roſy cheeks:
Snowy breaſts, or curling hair,
Oft conceal his pleaſing ſnare.
Tell me laſſes, &c.

She that the receſs reveals
Where the god himſelf conceals,
Shall a kiſs receive this night
From him who is her heart's delight;
To Venus let her bring the boy,
She ſhall taſte love's ſweeteſt joy.
Tell me, laſſes, have you ſeen
Such a one trip o'er the green?

A FAVOURITE SONG.

NOW hear me, dear Nanny, nor treat with diſdain
The voice of my paſſion, the words of my pain;
Thou dear ſource of all, 'tis to you I complain,
Then pr'ythee, now hear me, dear Nanny!

By all thoſe bright charms that appear in your face,
By thoſe eyes far outſhining bright Phœbus's rays,

By thy bosom where dwells ev'ry virtue and grace,
I beseech thee to hear me, dear Nanny!

By thy sweet ruby lips, where true eloquence dwells,
Whose sweets all the sweets of fam'd Hybla excels,
Whose accents alone all my anguish expels,
I beseech thee to hear me, dear Nanny!

By thy dearest dear self, fraught with charms so compleat,
By all that is lovely, and all that is sweet,
By love, that now makes me to sigh at your feet,
I beseech thee to hear me, dear Nanny!

By Hymen's bright torch, and by Cupid's bright flame,
By all that you love, and by all I can name,
By your spotless honour, your virtue and fame,
I beseech thee to hear me, dear Nanny!

Sung at VAUXHALL.

GAY Damon long study'd my heart to obtain,
The prettiest young shepherd that pipes on the plain;
I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss,
And I'd often say No, when I long'd to say Yes.

Laſt Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
And brought me two lambkins to witneſs his flame;
Oh! take theſe (he cry'd) thou, more fair than their fleece!
I could hardly ſay No, tho' aſham'd to ſay Yes.

Soon after, one morning, we ſat in the grove,
He preſs'd my hand hard, and in ſighs breath'd his love;
Then tenderly aſk'd, if I'd grant him a kiſs?
I deſign'd to've ſaid No, but miſlook, and ſaid Yes.

At this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his breaſt;
Ye gods (he cry'd) Chloe will now make me bleſt;
Come, let's to the church, and ſhare conjugal bliſs;
To prevent being teiz'd, I was forc'd to ſay Yes.

I ne'er was ſo pleas'd with a word in my life;
I ne'er was ſo happy as ſince I'm a wife:
Then take, ye young damſels, my counſel in this;
You muſt all die old maids, if you will not ſay Yes.

SOMETHING NEW.

HERE attend all ye ſwains,
And ye nymphs of the plains,
Quit your flocks and your herds for a while;
Hither quickly repair,
In our mirth a part ſhare,
And each laſs her love meet with a ſmile.

Hark, the drum Hymen beats!
Hark, how echo repeats
The ſweet ſound, as it flies ſwift away!
O'er hills, and o'er dales,
Ev'ry ear it aſſails,
And mocks their long, tedious delay.

O! how happy is he,
That contented can be,
To enjoy the beſt treaſure of life;
All he'd wiſh here to gain,
He'll be ſure to obtain,
In a prudent and ſenſible wife.

Should the rover pretend
That theſe joys will ſoon end,
And that love will expire with the moon;
Mark how pain and diſeaſe
The lewd libertine ſeize,
Ere he reaches the height of life's noon.

But how wretched indeed,
He whom fate has decreed
From the arms of his fair-one to part;
All endeavours are vain
To aſſuage the ſharp pain
Which is felt in a love-troubled heart.

Though life's buſy ſcene
May oft help to ſerene
And diſperſe the dark clouds of deſpair;
Yet when night's ſilent noon
Helps to add to it's gloom,
Who can ſay what the mind ſuffers there!

Haſte this day to employ,
Thus devoted to joy,
And with innocent mirth let's abound;
Thus in chorus we'll ſing,
While the foreſt ſhall ring
With the burthen of muſic's ſoft ſound.

May all preſent attain
A life free from pain,
Ever ſtrangers to diſcord and ſtrife;
May the ſingle ſoon find,
In the maiden that's kind,
The joys of an amiable wife!

Written by Dr. BYRON.

MY time, O ye muſes! was happily ſpent,
When Phebe went with me where-ever I went;
Ten thouſand ſoft pleaſures I felt in my breaſt;
Sure never fond ſhepherd like Colin was bleſt!
But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a ſudden I find!
When things were as fine as could poſſibly be;
I thought 'twas the ſpring, but, alas! it was ſhe.

With ſuch a companion to tend a few ſheep,
To riſe up and play, or to lie down and ſleep;
I was ſo good-humour'd, ſo chearful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.
But now I ſo croſs and ſo peeviſh am grown,
So ſtrangely uneaſy as never was known;
My fair-one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart, I am ſure, weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that wont to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'ſt, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
'Twas pleaſure to look at, 'twas muſick to hear:

But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by it's ſide,
And ſtill as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Muſt you be ſo chearful, while I go in pain!
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain!

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleaſant their ſporting, how happy the time,
When ſpring, love, and beauty, were all in their prime!
But now in their frolicks when by me they paſs,
I fling at their fleeces an handful of graſs.
Be ſtill, then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

My dog I was ever well-pleaſed to ſee,
Come wagging his tail to my fair-one and me;
And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog ſaid,
Come hither, poor fellow; and patted his head:
But now, when he's fawning, I with a ſour look,
Cry Sirrah! and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why ſhould not Tray
Be as dull as his maſter, when Phebe's away?

When walking with Phebe, what ſights have I
ſeen!
How fair was the flower, how freſh was the
green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the
ſhade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing
made!
But ſince ſhe has left me, though all are ſtill
there,
They none of them now ſo delightful appear;
'Twas nought but the magick, I find, of her
eyes,
Made ſo many beautiful proſpects ariſe.

Sweet muſick went with us both all the wood
thro',
The lark, linnet, throſtle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whiſper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the graſhopper under our feet:
But now ſhe is abſent, tho' ſtill they ſing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone;
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing elſe it's agreeable ſound.

Roſe, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?

Does aught of it's ſweetneſs thy bloſſoms beguile?
That meadow, thoſe daiſies, why do they not ſmile?
Ah! rivals! I ſee what it was that you dreſt
And made yourſelves fine for; a place in her breaſt:
You put on your colours to pleaſure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her boſom to die.

How ſlowly time creeps, till my Phebe return,
While amidſt the ſoft Zephyr's cool breezes I burn;
Methinks if I knew whereabout he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.
Fly ſwifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And reſt ſo much longer for't, when ſhe is here.
Ah! Colin! old time is ſo full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faſter, for all thou canſt ſay.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my diſquiet, or ſoften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou muſt, Colin, thy paſſion remove:
But what ſwain is ſo ſilly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor ſhepherd ſo ſadly forlorn.

Ah! what ſhall I do! I ſhall die with deſpair!
Take heed, all ye ſwains, how ye love one ſo fair.

Sung in the GOLDEN PIPPEN.

IF I have ſome—litttle—beauty—
Can I help it?—no, not I—
Some good luck, too—'tis my duty
Gifts ſo precious to apply.
Nature—fortune—gave 'em freely,
And I'll uſe 'em—quite genteelly.
If the ſmarts of the ſky
Cringe, ogle, and ſigh,
Whene'er I paſs by;
And cry,
Look y' there!
What an air!
Gods, how fair!
Pray, why
(To feed your ſtarch'd pride)
Muſt I go and hide,
Till you're made a bride?
Who, I?
No, no—If I do, may I die.

Sung in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

IF love's a ſweet paſſion, how can it torment!
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content?
Since I ſuffer with pleaſure, why ſhould I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, ſince I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the pain is, ſo ſoft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I graſp her hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And by paſſionate ſilence I make my love known:
But, oh! how I'm bleſt when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her love;
When, in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name!

How pleaſing is beauty! how ſweet are the charms!
How delightful embraces? how peaceful her arms!
Sure there's nothing ſo eaſy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:

And to beauty's bright ſtandard all heroes muſt
yield,
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair
field.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

YE gales that gently wave the ſea,
And pleaſe the canny boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scot-man:
In haly bands
We join'd our hands,
Yet may not this diſcover,
While parents rate
A large eſtate
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuſe in Highland glens
To herd the kid and goat-man,
Ere I cou'd for ſic little ends
Refuſe my bonny Scot-man.
Wae worth the man
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous faſhion,
Frae greedy views.

Love's art to uſe,
While ſtrangers to it's paſſion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haſte to thy longing laſſie,
Who pants to preſs thy bawmy mouth,
And in her boſom hauſe thee.
Love gie's the word,
Then haſte on board,
Fair winds and tenty boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er,
Frae yonder ſhore,
My blyth, my bonny Scot-man.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

IN ſtory we're told,
How our monarchs of old
O'er France ſpread their royal domain;
But no annals can ſhow
Their pride laid ſo low,
As when brave George the Second did reign.
Brave boys.

Of Roman and Greek,
Let fame no more ſpeak,
How their arms the old world did ſubdue;

Thro' the nations around,
Let our trumpets now ſound,
How Britons have conquer'd the new,
Brave boys.

Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South,
Our cannon's loud mouth
Shall the rights of our monarch maintain;
On America's ſtrand
Amherſt limits the land,
Boſcawen gives law on the main,
Brave boys.

Each port and each town
We ſtill make our own,
Cape-Breton, Crown-Point, Niagar;
Guadaloupe, Senegal,
Quebec's mighty fall,
Shall prove we've no equal in war,
Brave boys.

Tho' Conflans did boaſt
To conquer our coaſt,
Our thunder ſoon made monſieur mute;
Brave Hawke wing'd his way,
Then bounc'd on his prey,
And gave him an Engliſh ſalute,
Brave boys.

At Minden, you know,
How we conquer'd the foe,
While homeward their army now ſteals;
Tho' (they cry'd) Britiſh bands
Are too hard for our hands,
Begar we can beat them in heels,
Morblieu!

While our heroes from home
For laurels now roam,
Shou'd the flat-bottom boats but appear;
Our militia ſhall ſhow,
No wooden-ſhoe foe
Can with freemen in battle compare,
Brave boys,

Our fortunes and lives,
Our children and wives,
To defend is the time now, or never;
Then let each volunteer
To the drum-head repair;
King George and Old England for ever,
Brave boys.

A FREE-MASON'S SONG.

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
Chears the body and the ſoul.

We're always men of pleaſure,
Deſpiſing pride and party;
While knaves and fools,
Preſcribe us rules,
We are ſincere and hearty.
Fill to him, &c.

If an accepted Maſon
Should talk of high or low church;
We'll ſet him down
A ſhallow crown,
And underſtand him no church.
Fill to him, &c.

The world is all in darkneſs;
About us they conjecture,
But little think
A ſong and drink
Succeed a Maſon's lecture.
Fill to him, &c.

Then landlord bring a hogſhead,
And in the corner place it;
Till it rebound
With hollow ſound,
Each Maſon here will face it.
Fill to him,
To the brim,
Let it round the table roll;
The divine
Tells us wine
Chears the body and the ſoul.

THE MILLER'S WEDDING.

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to ſport and to play,
Let the tabor ſtrike up and the village be gay.
No day thro' the year ſhall more chearful be ſeen,
For Ralph of the mill marries Sue of the green.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we?

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a bride,
Be married to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd;
My body is stout, and my heart is as sound,
And my love, like my courage, will never give ground.
I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointers wed,
And prudently take the best bidders to bed;
Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss,
We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.
I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your beaus,
Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine cloaths;
In nothing he'll borrow from folks of high life,
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend, or his wife.
I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
While thou art kind, and thy tongue but lies still;

Our joys ſhall continue, and ever be new,
And none be ſo happy as Ralph and his Sue.
I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be ſo happy, ſo happy as we?

THE KING'S ANTHEM.

GOD ſave great George our king!
Long live our noble king,
God ſave the king!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God ſave the king.

O Lord, our God, ariſe,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politicks,
Fruſtrate their knaviſh tricks;
On him our hopes we fix;
God ſave us all.

Thy choiceſt gifts in ſtore,
On George be pleas'd to pour;
Long may he reign;

May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cauſe,
To ſing with heart and voice,
God ſave the king.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

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 their dominion.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine gives the lover vigour,
Makes glow the cheeks 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 heav'n in Pandora's box
All kinds of ill had ſent us,
In a merry mood,
A bottle of good,
Was cork'd up, to content us.

All virtues wine is nurſe to,
Of ev'ry vice deſtoyer,
Gives dullards wit,
Makes juſt the cit,
Truth forces from the lawyer.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine ſets our joys a flowing,
Our care and ſorrow drowning.
Who rails at the bowl,
Is a Turk in's ſoul;

And a chriſtian ne'er ſhould own him:
Power and wealth,
Beauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd:
Joys abound,
Pleaſure's found
Only where the glaſs goes round.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

COME, all ye jolly Bacchanals,
That love to tope good wine,
Let us offer up a hogſhead
Unto our maſter's ſhrine.
And a toping we will go, &c.

Then let us drink, and never ſhrink,
For I'll give a reaſon why;
'Tis a great ſin to leave a houſe,
Till we've drank the cellar dry.
And a toping, &c.

In times of old I was a fool,
I drank the water clear;
But Bacchus took me from that rule,
He thought 'twas too ſevere.
And a toping, &c.

He fill'd a goblet to the brim,
And bade me take a ſup;
But had it been a gallon pot,
By Jove I'd toſs'd it up.
And a toping, &c.

And ever ſince that happy time.
Good wine has been my chear;
Now nothing puts me in a ſwoon,
But water or ſmall beer.
And a toping, &c.

Then let us tope about, my boys,
And never flinch, nor fly;
But fill our ſkins brimful of wine,
And drain the bottles dry.
And a toping we will go, &c.

Sung in the Maſque of ALFRED.

WHEN Britain firſt, at Heav'n's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main;
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung this ſtrain:
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves;
Britons never will be ſlaves.

The nations not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt, in their turns, to tyrants fall:
Whilſt thou ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke;
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia. &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame;
All their attemps to bend thee down,
Will but arouſe thy gen'rous flame;
But work their woes, and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine;
All thine ſhall be the ſubject main,
And ev'ry ſhore its circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muſes ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair:
Bleſt iſle! with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves;
Britons never will be ſlaves.

THE INFALLIBLE DOCTOR.

ADVISE your friend, grave man of art,
I find a ſtrange, unuſual ſmart,
'Tis here—fierce ſymptoms at my heart.
Diſcover.

'Tis pleaſure, pain, a mix'd degree,
My pulſe examine, here's you fee;
What think you can my ſickneſs be?
A lover.

A lover!—'tis my caſe, too ſure!
O eaſe my ſtraight—I'll not endure;
Preſcribe, I'll follow cloſe the cure.
Take hope.

But if the (ſpite of ſpeech or pen)
Prove coy, or falſe with other men,
Ah, doctor!—what expedient then?
A rope.

Sung in the JOVIAL CREW.

NO woman her envy can ſmother,
Though never ſo vain of her charms;

If a beauty she spies in another,
The pride of her heart it alarms.

New conquests she still must be making,
Or fancies her power grows less;
Her poor little heart is still aching,
At sight of another's success.

By nature design'd, in love to mankind,
That different beauties should move;
Still pleas'd to ordain, none ever should reign
Sole monarch in empire of love.

Then learn to be wise, new triumphs despise,
And leave to your neighbours their due;
If one cannot please, you'll find by degrees,
You'll not be contented with two;
No, no, you'll not be contented with two.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

WOU'D you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suff'ring is the lover's Part:
Beauty by constraint possessing,

You enjoy but half the bleſſing;
Lifeleſs charms, without the heart.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

ARISE, ſweet meſſenger of morn,
With thy mild beam our ſkies adorn;
For, long as ſhepherds pipe and play,
This, this, ſhall be a holy-day,
Holy-day, holy-day, holy-day,
This, this, ſhall be a holy-day.

See! morn appears; a roſy hue
Steals ſoft o'er yonder orient blue;
Soon let us meet in trim aray,
And frolick out this holy-day,
Holy-day, holy-day, holy-day,
And frolick out this holy-day.

CATCHES AND GLEES.

ADMIRAL KEPPEL,

A new CATCH by way of Sandwich, or bon Morceau,
The principal part not by Sir Hugh.

'TWAS you Sir, 'twas you Sir,
I tell you nothing new Sir,
'Twas you that kept from Keppel's wake,
'Twas you Sir Hugh.

Who Sir? Sir Hugh Sir,
Vice adm'ral of the blue Sir;
Bold Windfor twice aloud did call
To deaf Sir Hugh.

'Twas he Sir, 'twas he Sir,
'Twas he that cou'd not fee Sir.
Who thought the day, the day was night,
'Twas blind Sir Hugh.

Oh! Sir, Oh! Oh! Sir,
And was it, was it ſo Sir,
Who lagg'd a-ſtern to knot and ſplice,
Do you know who?

'Twas Palliſer, 'twas Palliſer,
With dilly, dally, dally, Sir,
What, ſplicing, knotting all the while,
Was it ſo Sir Hugh?

Here's a ſad dog Sir,
To ſplice his very log, Sir,
And then accuſe brave Keppel, Sir,
But that he'll rue.

And now, Sir, rejoice, Sir,
With hand and heart and voice, Sir,
From noble Keppel Frenchmen fly,
Without Sir Hugh.

FOR THREE VOICES.

On Sophocles, by Simonides.

WIND, gentle evergreen,
To form a ſhade, around the tomb
Where Sophocles is laid;
Sweet ivy wind thy boughs,
And intertwine, with bluſhing roſes,
And the cluſt'ring vine;
Thus will thy laſting-leaves,
With beauties hung,
Prove graceful emblems
Of the lays he ſung.

FOR THREE VOICES.

JACK, thou'rt a toper,
Jack, thou'rt a toper,
Let's have t'other quart,
Ring, ring, ring, ring;
Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,
Ring, we're ſo ſober, ſo ſober,
So ſober, 'twere a ſhame to part;
None but a cuckold, a cuckold,
A cuckold, a cuckold,
Bully'd by his wife,
For coming, coming, coming,
Coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,
Coming, coming, coming, coming late,
Fears a domeſtick ſtrife;
I'm free, and I'm free, and ſo are you,
So are you, to call, knock, knock boldly,
Knock boldly, knock boldly, boldy knock,
Tho' watchmen cry paſt two o'clock.

FOR FOUR VOICES.

SOLDIER, ſoldier, take off your wine,
And ſhake your locks, and ſhake your locks,

As I ſhake mine.
How can I my poor locks ſhake,
That have but ten? I have
But ten hairs on my pate, and one of them
Muſt go for tithe, ſo there remains,
So there remains but four and five,
Four and five, and that makes nine,
Then take off your drink,
Then take off your drink,
As I take mine.

FOR THREE VOICES.

FYE, nay, prithee John,
Do not quarrel, man,
Let's be merry and drink about.
You're a rogue, you cheated me,
I'll prove before this company,
I caren't a farthing, Sir, for all you are ſo ſtout.
Sir, you lie, I ſcorn your word,
Or any man that wears a ſword;
For all your huff, who cares a t—d?
Or who cares for you?

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